IDEOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF THE AMERICAN NOVELS OF WORLD WAR II

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Joseph John Waldmeir

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By

Joseph John Waldmeir

AN ABSTRACT OF A THESIS

Submitted to the School of Advanced Graduate Studies of
Michigan State University of Agriculture and Applied
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Abstract

This study is an attempt to set forth and examine the pattern of affirmative social criticism discoverable within and among the ideological World War II novels. It is an optimistic and affirmative pattern. It is a pattern painstaking and careful, complete with ferocious contempt for corruption and folly, but, denying the futility of a struggle with man's tendency toward evil, culminating in faith and hope in the dignity and goodness of the individual.

As the first step in the study, I have distinguished between the ideological novels and those whose primary concern is with the objective portrayal of combat action and psychological upheaval resulting from combat, or those whose insincerity or superficiality allows them to be classified as pseudo-ideological. And as the second step, in order better to clarify the ideological position of the war novelists, I have placed them within a historical context, within the tradition of American social criticism as it has developed from the Muckraker 'teens, through the iconoclastic disillusionment of the World War I novels, and the crusading social optimism of the depression years; and I have attempted to delineate points of comparison and contrast along the way.

The main body of the study, from Chapter III through Chapter V, is devoted to the negative and positive aspects of the ideology which informs the war novels. The novelists were violently opposed to fascism, which they found to be a moral rather than a political phenomenon,

epitomized in Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy, but certainly not restricted by national boundaries. They attack the German and Italian brands of fascism unrelentingly; but with equal vigor, they attack Americans who, actually or incipiently, are also fascistic. They see and make sound artistic use of the ironic implications in the use of an essentially fascistic institution like the armed services to wage a war against fascism.

But the novelists do not stop at a simple portrayal of the irony. They search for a positive means to resolve the dilemma from which it stems. They settle upon the individual who, if he is aware of and willing to accept his responsibility for the world as it is and as it may become, embodies the single, reliable resolution. They clearly believe that if the individual will not accept his responsibility and consequently act upon it, there is no hope; but more importantly, they have faith that the individual's experience with war will often convince him to act upon his acceptance. And allied with this faith is hope--a hope which can only be called affirmative, positive, and optimistic.

Chapter VI contains a summary statement of the conclusions arrived at in the dissertation, and suggests briefly that one area of further study may be a comparison of the war novels with other postwar literature, especially with the neo-naturalistic disaffiliated or Beat novels.

The study is concerned only with American novels primarily because the novel seems to have been the principal means of expression

for the serious ideological thinkers who wrote about the war, and secondarily, because the American novel seemed the logical choice in the necessary limitation of the discussion to manageable proportions. This hardly to say that poetry, drama, the short story, and reportage contain no ideological material worthy of study and commentary; nor that non-American--especially German and British--war literature should be ignored. Indeed, such work must be undertaken before any absolute statements concerning the ideological interpretation of the war by the creative intellect can be made.

The present study is at least one out of a large and complex procession of steps toward the formulation of such a statement; at best, it will be an important contributing step.

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INTRODUCTION

In 1951, John W. Aldridge wrote concerning the World War II novelists:

> They witnessed the defeat of human values in the midst of war and were sickened. But they were able only to present the gigantic zero of what they saw, for they never had the hope and the essential faith they needed to make an effective protest. The greatest failure...the thing that has left its stamp upon the weaknesses of all their novels, has been the failure in their time of a basic belief in the dignity and goodness of man. The sense of his tragic yearnings, his endless struggle to attain the perfection of a god, has been bred, analyzed, or frozen out of them and been replaced by a dazed contempt for his corruption and folly.[1]

This statement, and many others similar to it, I found astounding. "Because they had no illusions," Aldridge wrote about the generation which produced the war novelists before they went to war, "this generation found themselves beyond the possibility of disillusion and denied even the impetus of revolt."[2] When they went to war, they went "without illusions or romance. The numbing process which had begun in childhood and continued through college had insulated their minds against analysis. Still, truth came too often at the expense of hope, in the midst of futility, like the last chapter of a book without meaning."[3]

These statements are astonishing to me for two reasons. First, because I am a member of that generation, and as I recall, we were loaded with illusions during the late 1930's and early 1940's; and

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1. After the Lost Generation (New York, 1951), p. 132.

2. Ibid., pp. 118-19.

3. Ibid., p. 121.

we not only were not denied the impetus of revolt--we actively supplied it. This was not true of all of us, assuredly; but it was true of most of us who harbored liberal-intellectual pretensions, of those of us who, it was expected, would produce the war novels. Most of us were caught up in the glittering optimism of the 1930's. We were appalled by the situation in Spain, enchanted by the promise of the New Deal, boundlessly enthusiastic about the growing strength of organized labor, and eventually, bitter opponents of German and Italian fascism. It was this enthusiam, this optimism, and this bitterness which caused the few of that generation who embraced the Party Line to be such utterly undependable Communists, and which conversely sent many of us into the war against fascism as crusaders in the name of social right and justice.[4]

The second reason for my astonishment is directly related to the first. I was familiar with most of the war novels which Aldridge mentions, but I had found little evidence of the defeat and disillusionment in them which he finds characteristic of the World War II novel generally. In fact, it had seemed to me before I read _After the Lost Generation_, that the converse was true, that novels like _All Thy Conquests_, _The Young Lions_, and _The Naked and the Dead_ reflected the crusading optimism of the late 1930's and early 1940's. It had seemed to me that Hayes, Shaw, and Mailer were ideologically in favor of the

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4. The influence of 1930's social criticism upon the war novelists (some of whom, like Irwin Shaw and Alfred Hayes, were 1930's social critics themselves) seems to me undeniable. But Aldridge is in complete disagreement. "In this analysis," he writes in a footnote on page 118, "I am excluding the writers of the Thirties not because they did not share this same chaotic and uprootin experience [as the writers of the Forties] but because I feel they had less effect and influence upon, and are more distantly related to, the writing of today [1951]."

war, that they believed that it had to be won, that they had serious fears for the safety of humanity if it should have been lost.

But Aldridge finds that All Thy Conquests is simply a fair imitation of Hemingway disillusionment, that The Young Lions is little more than pro-Jewish propaganda, and that Norman Mailer, while appearing to support the war for ideological reasons, is actually so unconvinced of the justice of the crusade that he shifts gears in the middle of The Naked and the Dead, letting it end in futility and chaos.

This study began therefore out of a disagreement with Aldridge. I turned again to these three novels and the others which Aldridge dealt with. I turned too, to those novels which Aldridge did not have the advantage of considering since they have appeared since 1951. I searched particularly for those books and passages within books which I would call "ideological"; that is, books which tried to explain why the war was fought, whether it was worth fighting, how it might have been prevented, and so forth. Gradually, my position was corroborated. I found an optimistic, affirmative social criticism in the novels, built upon faith and hope in the dignity and goodness of the individual. I found that the novelists do hold only contempt for corruption and folly, but that in the very ferocity of their criticism of these tendencies, they deny the futility of the struggle with them. I approached the novels only in the belief that the novelists had presented something more in the way of ideological conclusion that a "gigantic zero," and I have found not only that this is so, but that they arrived at their conclusions painstakingly and carefully, and presented them with a clarity which can spring only from firmness of conviction.

And with these findings, my concern shifted more toward what the novels are in terms of themselves, and away from what they are not in terms of Aldridge's criticism of them. The war novelists' affirmation, their anger, their sense of right and wrong, of good and evil, their sense of responsibility, their hopefulness, are vastly more important as subjects of discussion--especially against the background of uncertainty, petulance, and individual futility which fills much of the non-war literature of the past decade--than simply as proof that the thinking of the novelists is not ultimately reducible to zero.

This study then is an attempt to set forth and examine the pattern of affirmative social criticism discoverable within and among the ideological war novels. As a preliminary step, I have distinguished between the ideological novels and those whose primary concern is with the objective portrayal of combat action and psychological upheaval resulting from combat, or those whose insincerity or superficiality allows them to be classified as pseudo-ideological. And in order better to clarify the ideological position of the war novelists, I have placed them within a historical context, within the tradition of American social criticism as it has developed from the Muckraker 'teens, through the iconoclastic disillusionment of the World War I novels, and the crusading social optimism of the depression years; and I have attempted to delineate points of comparison and contrast along the way.

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Germany and Mussolini's Italy, but certainly not restricted by national boundaries. They attack the German and Italian brands of fascism unrelentingly; but with equal vigor, they attack Americans who, actually or incipiently, are also fascistic. They see and make sound artistic use of the ironic implications in the use of an essentially fascistic institution like the armed services to wage a war against fascism.

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5. Charles Fenton, "Introduction," in The Best Short Stories of World War II (New York, 1957) is a brief (13 page) discussion of the short story of the war as art form and as ideological vehicle.

nor that non-American--especially German and British--war literature should be ignored.[6] Indeed, such studies must be undertaken before any absolute statements concerning the ideological interpretation of the war by the creative intellect can be made.

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Incidentally, Fenton agrees with me that depression literature cannot be ignored in studying the backgrounds of the war novelists ideas. He writes, on page xviii, that "The influence of the proletarian writing of the 1930s has been underestimated in the formation of these war writers."

6. See William Bittner, "Schweik Among the Herrenvolk," The Nation, CLXXXIV (June 22, 1957), 550-52 for a sound beginning of a study of German war novels. I am not familiar with studies of British or other national war novels.

CHAPTER I

The serious American novels of the second World War fall into three general categories: combat adventure, psychological, and ideological.[1] The categories are not mutually exclusive; they tend decidedly to overlap, making absolute categorization a virtual impossibility. But, while it is impossible to find a novel which is "purely" representative of any of the categories, it is possible to recognize those novels which belong predominantly in one or another of them. Thus, combat, either actual, retrospective, or expective, figures in all war novels as a necessary ingredient of the genre; but those novels which relegate combat action to a secondary, perhaps causal, position--as for example, most of the fictional studies of war neurosis do--are clearly distinguishable from those which are primarily concerned with tracing and filling the outlines of combat situations. A similar comment may be made concerning the relationship between the ideological and the combat novels, as well as between and among the novels of all of the categories. However, to forestall the confusion

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1. There are of course other possible means of organization. John T. Frederick, "Fiction of the Second World War," College English, XVII (January, 1956), 197-204 organizes his discussion according to: 1) books attempting to present the total experience of a major phase of war, 2) books dealing with experiences in a single branch of service over an extended area of time and action, and 3) books limited in focus to a brief time and relatively few characters. Malcolm Cowley's method essentially is to reject categories altogether so that he can convey the "general picture that, emerging from all these books, becomes their most impressive feature." (The Literary Situation, New York, 1954, p. 24). Both of these means of organization are sound and fruitful, but neither of them can serve my purposes as well as the three-part categorization I have arrived at, since the emphasis here is to be on the fundamentally ideological novel.

which could result from such a complex mathematical approach, it seems wiser to deal with the categories one at a time, defining and exemplifying each, and letting definitions and examples, wherever possible, point up relationships.[2]

A combat-adventure novel is one in which the author's primary intention seems to be to present a clear, realistic description of a segment of combat action. Its scope is limited and controlled by the action; it seldom ventures either backward or forward in time or space, except occasionally in the minds or memories of its characters. It is not concerned with a broad, panoramic view of war, but with the small, sometimes minute, segments of it. But often, if it is an honest novel, and is written carefully, it can cause the reader to be aware of the totality of combat through his acute awareness of the segment portrayed.

Harry Brown's A Walk in the Sun[3] is such a novel, as are Lawrence Kahn's Able One Four[4] and Peter Bowman's Beach Red.[5] A Walk in the Sun is the story of the landing of an infantry platoon during the invasion of Italy, and of the platoon's movement toward the securing of their objective, a farm house six miles inland. The platoon is a veteran of the African and Sicilian campaigns. Its one inexperienced man,

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2. It would be impractical even to list the authors and titles of all of the novels belonging to each category, let alone to summarize or discuss each of them. I have selected those which were received with the greatest approval by critics and reviewers, and which, at the same time, admittedly most clearly illustrate my points. I hope that not too many good novels have been overlooked; I am certain that, except where they have been used to illustrate something valuable in a good book, no bad novels have been included.

3. Harry Bown, A Walk in the Sun (New York, 1944).

4. Lawrence Kahn, Able One Four (Denver, [Colo], 1942).

5. Peter Bowman, Beach Red (New York, 1945).

Lt. Rand, is killed while still on the landing barge, and the role of platoon leader falls to Sgt. Porter, whose nerves are beginning to give way. The platoon moves out, getting directions from a pair of Italian soldiers who are wandering aimlessly toward the beach in an effort to surrender. Combat experience pays off for the platoon as they ambush and destroy a German armored car; but the action sends Porter into combat fatigue. The platoon leaves him behind to wait for the medics, and proceeds under the command of Sgt. Ward. Upon reaching the objective, Ward leads a patrol to cover the opposite side of the house and is cut down by German enfilading fire. The platoon continues under the command of Corporal Tyne, and the story ends as he leads the attack on the farmhouse across an open field in the face of the machine gun fire that had killed Ward.

The story is nearly as matter-of-factly presented as this plot summary has been. Brown is interested primarily in the presentation of action; his message, if it can be so called, is simply that, given an experienced group of fighting men, any objective can be achieved despite minor impediments like armored cars and possible catastrophes like loss of leadership. He is not propagandizing for the American soldier and his "will to win"; there are no heroes in the novel. He is simply telling cleanly a truthful story. This is the principal reason that the book is so short (137 pages), as it is the reason that Able One Four (107 pages) and Beach Red (122 pages) are also short. Plotting and characterization need not be highly complex if the action is inherently dramatic and if there is no grand message or moral involved, or if the author is concerned only with immediate causes and their effects.

Sgt. Porter's breakdown is a case in point. Another author--Norman Mailer, for example--might have stopped the action in order to examine closely Porter's emotions and psyche, might even have dug into his pre-war background seeking by a sort of inverse prophecy to explain his collapse. Brown simply portrays his nervousness and his indecisiveness, then lets the attack on the armored car push him over the edge.

This is not to say that the combat adventure novelist cannot and does not look into the minds of his characters, permitting them to express attitudes and opinions, and to comment on their own mental and emotional conditions. Brown reports the thoughts both of Corp. Tyne and Sgt. Ward, permitting Ward to discover, just before his death, that:

> The funny thing was that they were not very much concerned with what was facing them ahead. Each had his own problems, his own desires and wishes. They kept these personal things uppermost in their minds, as they had always done ever since they came into the Army. The war was incidental to a man's thoughts. It entered into them, of course, but it did not take them over bodily. There had been too many years of life, too many memories, before the war had come along. A man could exist on these memories, he could withdraw into them, he could construct them into an impenetrable shell. They were his defence against the violence of the world. Every man in the platoon had his own thoughts as he walked along, and they hovered unseen over the little group, an indefinable aura, a protection against fate, an indestructible essence.[6]

But Ward's discovery makes no difference. It has no effect on the outcome of the story; it has no measurable effect on the feelings or attitudes of the reader concerning the story.

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6. <u>A Walk in the Sun</u>, p. 108.

Able One Four is told totally from the points of view of a five-member Tank Destroyer crew advancing with the infantry into Germany. We see the action entirely through the eyes of Sgt. Tosky, a strong man and a good leader; Rick, a very green replacement; Doley, a nice guy; Hungry, a somewhat cowardly goldbrick; and Spec, a brave man on the verge of a collapse like Porter's. Kahn, unlike Brown, even lets the reader witness Spec's paranoic nightmare in which he tries to cross quicksand to reach his wife who is plaintively calling his name from the other side of the bog. And too, we are a party to his waking thoughts:

> Day after day you went through the motions of fighting a war. You lay around in basements or in the destroyer, you fired the gun or the machine guns at shadowy men who were always in front of you, you killed these men, but there were more, always more. They killed your friends, but there were more of these, too, and it went on and on. It would end when they killed him. It took too long. He was tired. He stared down the road, waiting for the men who would come to kill him, he had the tommy gun in his hands so he could kill them first, and he waited the long hours through till they came or till it was time for Rick to come up and wait.[7]

Beach Red is even more subjectively presented than Able One Four. All of the action is seen through the eyes of one soldier at the invasion of a Pacific island. The soldier makes a number of somewhat contradictory comments concerning the nature of war and its causes and consequences. He feels he is fighting to avenge the Bataan death march: "Do unto Japs as Japs do unto you--but first."[8] He feels that the monument to the war should be a drainage ditch

> ...with a pole over it and a crudely lettered sign saying "Latrine." And all the Joes would come and urinate in it and empty their bowels in it and throw garbage in it and fill it with red liquid that looks like

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7. Able One Four, pp. 56-57.

8. Beach Red, p. 78.

> died. And people would watch it flowing like a public fountain and they would smile it and they would be reminded of war.[9]

At another point, he feels that he is fighting for trees, grass, a car, a girl, hamburgers, movies, hot baths, gay neckties, trolley cars, and games at a baseball game.[10] And a few lines later, he insists that "Kneed, stands up and salutes on attitude and says, 'This is what I'm fighting for.'"[11] War is a duty of citizenship, for both Japanese and American, but ironically, "Battle doesn't determine who is right. Only who is left."[12]

The contradictions are understandable and forgivable. Beach Red is the story of one soldier's most horribly hectic hour on earth. Many thoughts occur to him, most only half digested with the aid of a heightened sentimalism. No time is given the soldier to think logically; no time is given him to argue carefully. And none need have been given him, for Beach Red, like A Walk in the Sun and Able One Four, is fundamentally a combat adventure novel.

In the final analysis, the emphasis in all three novels remains unmistakably and satisfyingly on the action. The authors' interest in their characters' thoughts and feelings is subservient to their desire to portray briefly and concisely a combat situation.

Thus, the death of Bowman's hero after frightful and frightening experiences in the invasion and on patrol, ends the novel. Thus, the

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9. Ibid., p. 102.

10. Ibid., p. 104.

11. Ibid., p. 105.

12. Ibid., p. 106.

walk in the sun is toward, and only toward, the climactic skirmish at the farmhouse. And thus, finally, the advance into Germany by the tank destroyer climaxes with the appearance of two Tiger tanks which demolish Tosky's gun, killing Rick, wounding Hungry and Doyey, and pushing Spec over the edge beside Porter.

None of the mental and emotional crises, none of the why we fight talk, means anything in the light of the fact of combat. These are simply not reflective novels; they are novels of action. If Brown, Kahn, and Bowman had shifted their emphasis to the reasons that the war was being fought, and had offered a judgment or a considered opinion of those reasons, their novels could be categorized as ideological. If on the other hand, they had been concerned primarily with their soldiers' minds, with war as a traumatic experience, we would have what I have chosen to call psychological novels.

Three novels stand out as psychological studies: Vance Bourjaily's The End of My Life,[13] William Hoffman's The Trumpet Unblown,[14] and Prudencio de Pereda's All the Girls We Loved.[15] All three books are concerned with mental difficulties, with war neurosis aggravated by the problems of youthful self-consciousness. Combat and ideology both are subservient to this emphasis. If anything, the

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13. The End of My Life (New York, 1947). Aldridge feels that "No book since This Side of Paradise has caught so well the flavor of youth in wartime, and no book since A Farewell to Arms has contained so complete a record of the loss of that youth in war. Actually, Bourjailly has written the one-volume, contemporary equivalent of both." (After the Last Generation, p. 121). There is little doubt that The End of My Life can be made to support Aldridge's thesis, but hardly conclusively enough to warrant such extravagant praise.

14. The Trumpet Unblown (New York, 1948).

15. All the Girls We Loved (New York, 1948).

psychological novel is even more segmentary than the combat adventure novel, for its scope is limited and controlled by the mental reaction of one individual to war. However, Bourjaily, Hoffman, and De Pereda--like Brown, Kahn, and Bowman--have written carefully and sincerely, so that their novels convey the distinct impression of universality. The individual soldier, young, sensitive, comes successfully to stand for almost all soldiers; and the segment comes to stand for the whole.

The End of My Life is the story of Skinner Galt and three friends, Rod, Freak, and Benny, who join the British army in Africa as ambulance drivers. Their object in joining is twofold: to find adventure and to reject responsibility. "'I want to see this war, just out of curiosity, and to say I've been,'" Skinner says to his college roommate just before he enlists. He gestures at their room, adding, "'I'd like to get all this crap out of my system.'" "'Skinner Galt in search of reality, huh?'" the roommate asks, and Skinner answers, "'Skinner Galt in search of a nice, thorough escape.'"[16]

But responsibility, both individual and social, is not to be denied. Freak comes to feel that his function as ambulance driver is worthwhile in humanitarian terms. Rod, in an attempt to rise above latent homosexual tendencies which soldier life has encouraged, deserts, like a latter day St. Anthony, seeking salvation among the Arabs in the desert. Benny discovers that he believes in the war even more strongly than Freak, strongly enough in fact to request transfer to the infantry. "'No human being is an exception to humanity, Skinner,'" he says as he breaks the news of his transfer. "'And this ambulance deal is an attempt to perpetuate the legend of non-participation.

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16. The End of My Life, pp. 91-92.

It lets you feel that you have chosen to try war, for the laughs, that you're at war voluntarily. I'm sick of feeling that way, Skinner. Maybe the infantry will knock it out of me.'"[17]

Fresk has something to hold to, Rod something to run from, Benny something to run to. Only Skinner has nothing. "'I don't think I want it knocked out of me,'" he replies to Benny. "'I think it's the only thing that keeps me alive.'"[18] But Skinner is wrong. His attempt to hold onto the past through a continuing rejection of convictions and beliefs amounts actually to a rejection of life itself, and his mind rebels. He is subject to attacks of acute depression during which he retreats utterly into himself, performing his duties mechanically, almost completely out of connection with the world around him. The attacks

> turned life into a sort of long endurance swim. You took a lot of deep breaths and paddled along the surface, in the sunlight for as long as you could. Then you began to tire, and you lost breath and began to sink, and at first you resisted sinking, but gradually the fight went out of you. And you floated down into the dark, cold depths, where the sun could no longer reach you.[19]

While in the deeps of one attack, he writes paranoic poetry: "Consider/ The feeling of death/ Inherent in the body./ My body, your body, all bodies./ Built in."[20] And he thinks of suicide as "an intellectual position, the inevitable result of thinking things through to the end."[21]

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17. Ibid., p. 212.

18. Ibid.

19. Ibid., p. 198.

20. Ibid., p. 192.

21. Ibid., p. 195.

But he always rises out of the depths, through the hangover of listlessness, to float buoyantly upon the cynical surface of life once again. Always, that is, until war itself takes a hand in investing him with a sense of responsibility. He has a brief affair with an army nurse, to whom he has communicated his own careless attitude toward life, and on a dare, they borrow a jeep and drive close to front line action. A German plane spots the vehicle and strafes it, killing the nurse instantly. Skinner ends in prison, with a year's sentence and dishonorable discharge before him.

The accident has a much more far-reaching effect on Skinner than the jail term or the discharge, however. For the first time in the novel, he truly feels his responsibility toward another human being. His affair with Johnny, the girl, had been simple and uncomplicated; he had not loved her. But this fact only compounds his sense of guilt--he had not cared, and not caring, he had acted stupidly, and his stupidity had led to tragic destruction. He plunges again into depression, but this time he knows it is too deep for him. He may rise out of it, but never into cynicism and irresponsibility again. And even more importantly, he does not want to become his old self once more. "'I'm becoming dead,'"[22] he says, rejecting his old friends, including the girl whom, as a civilian, he had promised to marry.

> 'Identity is a funny thing, and I'm losing it. Skinner Galt is on the way out. He had his day, now he's going. When I get out of here, I'll be someone else. Poor Mad Galt, perhaps, or Sailor Galt, or Virgil Galt, or even Galt the Ripper. But I'll be Tom Galt. I'm sure of that. I'm sick of Skinner. He's too God damn clever, and he hurt a lot of people.'[23]

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22. Ibid., p. 240.

23. Ibid.

He returns to his cell, to await impatiently the listlessness out of which he will not spring until the metamorphosis from Skinner to Tom is complete.

The End of My Life, for all its grimness, is actually an optimistic novel. War experience has not done as much to Skinner Galt as it has done for him. He has fought the discovery of himself, and this had been the major cause of his psychological upheaval. But war has forced him to face himself, as Freak and Rod and Benny had been forced to do, and now, finally, he is to change himself. His psychological upheaval has been a good thing; the war, if anything, has made him a better man.

Tyree Shelby (The Trumpet Unblown) and Al Figueira (All the Girls We Loved) also are drastically changed by their war experiences, but in a quite different sense from Skinner, and with entirely different results. Because Skinner was selfish and irresponsible from the outset, there is a possibility that he may improve, may rise from his own ashes once his war-inspired psychological troubles have destroyed him. But Shelby and Al enter the war far more aware of their human responsibilities than Skinner. Shelby volunteers as soon as he is old enough to be accepted into the army because it is in the tradition of his old Virginia family to fight America's wars, and because it is right to do so.[24] Al pastes the following quotation from Lenin to his footlocker top:

> Man's dearest possession is life, and since it is given him to live but once, he must so live as not to be seared with the shame of a cowardly and trivial past, so live as not to be tortured for years without purpose, so live that dying he can say: 'All my life and my strength were given to the first cause in the world--the liberation of mankind.'[25]

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24. The Trumpet Unblown, p. 48.

25. All the Girls We Loved, p. 9.

War-born psychological difficulties destroy Shelby and Al utterly. While Skinner sits in his cell awaiting the listlessness hangover out of which Tom Galt will be born, Shelby sinks deeper and deeper into a depression out of which it seems he can never rise, and Al puts a bullet in his brain.

Shelby, a medical corpsman, is assigned to a veteran Field Hospital unit in England, awaiting the invasion of France. The unit is made up primarily of Kentuckians[26] who had been through the African and Sicilian campaigns, who, while not participants in combat, had been witness to the tremendous carnage of combat, and who have reacted not with fear and humility but with sadistic viciousness. It is as if the blood and gore have so jaded their appetites, as if evil has become so attractive to them, that they get no pleasure except in violence. The officers have long since lost control of the men. In the first place, they are doctors and nurses incapable of command except in pursuit of their duties; in the second place, they are as morally corrupt, and for much the same reason, as are the men. Captain Coger, neither a doctor nor a medic, is the company commander of the enlisted men. He is fundamentally a good man, but, caught between the corruption of both his superiors and his charges, he has gradually compromised his ability to command practically out of existence. By the time Shelby joins the unit it is actually commanded by two enlisted men: a drunken brute named Blizzard, and a physically, mentally, and economically powerful law unto himself named Petras.

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26. Hoffman uses this symbolically, placing Shelby, the civilized representative of the Old Dominion who has volunteered as a gentleman to fight in his country's cause among the savage representatives of the Frontier, brawling brutes, fighting for the sake of fighting, not only un-realistic but anti-idealistic.

Blizzard rates the men according to toughness, forcing them to fight among themselves under penalty of fighting him if they refuse. Shelby refuses, and every night for a month he is pummeled by Blizzard, until finally, suspecting Shelby of having reported him to Coger, Blizzard beats him badly enough to send him to the hospital. Coger takes positive action and court martials Blizzard, but he can only give him company punishment since the men are too frightened to testify against him. For the balance of the novel, Blizzard remains a physical threat to Shelby, taunting him, grinningly promising retribution.

But retribution is postponed by the invasion of France. Significantly, once the unit goes into operation, near harmony prevails. Although there is a great deal of drinking, as long as the wounded, the bleeding and the dying are being brought in, there is no carousing or mayhem. An air of sullen satisfaction settles around the unit, and it operates with supreme efficiency. Only Shelby, two other new men, Kemper and Silver, and Moody, Shelby's highly intelligent and sensitive tent mate are disturbed by the carnage. Moody begins drinking very heavily. The other three, with Petras' help, desert the unit and try to join the fighting troops. But as they cross a bridge under fire by 88's, Silver is killed and Shelby is thrown into shock. Only Kemper goes on. Shelby is returned to the hospital, incapable now even of escaping the carnage by plunging into it.

Faced with what he interprets as his own cowardice, with the corrupt viciousness of the men and women of the hospital, and with the horrors of war in the person of the torn and mutilated wounded who pour in each day, Shelby gradually slips into depression. His world repels him, but there is no escape from it so he grasps a sense of duty, and

begins his own destruction. He cannot escape, as Moody does, into alcoholism; nor can he adjust in Moody's terms: 'You got to learn to think in terms of simple things. Think of beer. Think of sleep or the way a cigarette tastes. You got to learn to think of things isolated. That's what survival is. Think of sunshine.'"[27] His sense of right and wrong, of good and evil are too strong. He cannot stay and he cannot go and he cannot turn away. Like a robot, he works tirelessly among the wounded, and finally, among the tortured bodies newly freed from concentration camps. He is isolated, cut off from the world around him by repulsion for it, and cut off from the innocence that caused the repulsion by the evil surrounding him.

And symbolically, the unit too is isolated. At the war's end, they are sent to bivouac in a large, boggy meadow in the heart of Germany. Gradually, the troops around them move out, until finally, after many weeks, they are completely alone, apparently forgotten or consigned to a sort of limbo. There is no hospital work to do. They are ordered to build a road through the area, and each day they dig and haul gravel, and each night the road disappears, sinking irretrievably into the bog. Inevitably, the sadistic violence begins again. Blizzard's pack runs once more; beatings and knifings are commonplace, but now the situation is much worse than it had been in England. The hospital chaplain who had exhorted the men to reform is discovered consorting with a farm girl in a field, and is driven trouserless to suicide under the wheels of a train. Petras designates himself commandant of a nearby village as yet untouched by Allied troops, and governs it for his own profit. The nurses and doctors gradually desert the unit,

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27. The Trumpet Unblown, p. 166.

finding their way presumably to other hospitals for reassignment until Captain Coger is the only officer left.

Shelby and Petras have become friends, largely because Petras respects Shelby's abortive attempt to join the infantry. He takes Shelby with him to his village; he tries to talk Shelby out of his depression by pointing out to him that in the final analysis, the only law that operates is the law of the jungle, and that a man must learn to live with it and use it for his own profit. When the inevitable showdown between Blizzard and Shelby occurs--Blizzard had stolen a picture of Cotton, Shelby's girl, and defiled it, goading Shelby into attacking him--Petras intervenes, and a tremendous animalistic battle results. At the end, Petras has broken both of Blizzard's wrists and destroyed his manhood with a deliberate kick. Coger is unable to stop the fight, as he is unable to prevent Petras' desertion once the fight has ended. "'Aim to survive. That's the whole secret,'"[28] Petras advises Shelby as he leaves.

But for Shelby, survival is hardly simple. His honor, his principles, and his illusions have all been either dirtied or destroyed. It remains now only for him to contribute wilfully to his own destruction, to punish his world by punishing himself. Moody's alcoholism becomes acute, and Shelby failing to get him hospitalized, trades regularly in the black market to keep him supplied with drink. While on one of these errands for Moody, he is offered an orgy by a whore in exchange for penicillin. Utterly fascinated, not so much by the woman as by the evil she represents, he steals the penicillin from a medical warehouse, and loses himself for three days in complete

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28. Ibid., p. 211.

debauchery. When he returns to the unit, he finds that Moody in desperation had drunk wood alcohol and died a tortured, lonely death. Moody's death brings the unit to the attention of authority, and, rescued from their Limbo, the men are placed on rotation lists to be sent home.

The shock of Moody's death is too much for Shelby. Ridden by guilt, scarred by gonorrhea, the tangible symbol of his guilt, faced with the prospect of eventually going home and bearing with him his sin, his guilt, and his scar, he breaks down completely. At the novel's end, he is under psychiatric care, and has been furloughed against his wishes for thirty days. Adjustment seems impossible. His father still believes in honor and justice, but Shelby has been the victim of the pack; his girl is still prim and pretty, but first Blizzard then a German whore had defiled her. They no longer have a common ground; there is nothing they can even talk about. The fog of melancholy settles around him, even more thickly, and in the final scene of the novel he can only gaze at the darkened sky above his parents' brightly lit house, thinking hopelessly that "it was a long, a very long way to the stars."[29]

Guilt, growing out of a strong sense of responsibility, plays an important part in Al Figueira's mental difficulties too. However, Al's guilt is not precipitated or abetted by hatred of his own comrades as Shelby's is, but by love of them . And his is a rational, not an emotional or borrowed sense of responsibility. Shelby entered the war to fulfill tradition and because of a vague feeling that it was "right" to do so. Al entered it because of a firm belief in its justice

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29. Ibid., p. 256.

and necessity.

Al is an ideological anti-fascist who, along with Sidney Markowitz, his college friend, had tried to join the Loyalists in Spain. He was rejected for physical reasons, but Sidney went and was killed. Feeling himself at least partly responsible for Sidney's death, feeling more than a little guilty that he too has not died, and feeling as well that Sidney's death should not have been in vain--that the defeat of fascism is a worthy cause to die in--Al eventually convinces the United States Army to take him, although he had been turned down twice as 4F. He is placed in ASTP to be trained for Intelligence service, and for a time, it seems that his guilty feelings are to be expiated. He forms very close relationships with his fellow soldiers, particularly those with problems; he becomes a sort of father confessor for them:

> 'Every one of them had a problem. Maybe, it was because I had a problem myself, but I always seemed to hit that kind of guy and like them--and I got all their problems! Crazy happenings on furloughs, guys losing their girls, a guy who didn't have a friend in the world....'[30]

Primarily because of the nature of the confessions, Al comes to the conclusion that not every soldier "'is a rip-roaring anti-fascist. It's not so. Most of the guys are in because they were drafted, and most of them are fighting to win to get home--a kind of negotiated peace would be okay with most of them, I think.'"[31] And again: "'You've got to work awfully hard to undo a lifetime of thinking. The guys just want to get home and get back to peace--the wife, the home, the baby and the job.... You still have to have other guys to work them.

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30. All the Girls He Loved, p. 146.

31. Ibid., p. 97.

I think I'm one of these guys."[37] Therefore, Al works a transfer to the infantry, to stand as an example, to lead the way, and "because I should have done it with Sid."[38]

This rather complex set of motivations-- guilt for Sidney Markowitz' death, a strong feeling of brotherhood for his fellow soldiers, a sense of responsibility for the cause behind the war- is further complicated when Al forms an extremely close friendship with Madison and Bennett, two men with him in the same combat outfit. It is as if Sidney and the [illegible] he had known and, for that matter the whole human race [illegible]

[illegible] during the same assault, Al distinguishes himself sufficiently to win the Congressional Medal of Honor. The medal is the crowning blow. It is bad enough that Madison and Bennett, and Sidney, have been killed; it is bad enough that [illegible]

[illegible] or, as he terms it, "combat sickness." It [illegible] with his inability to readjust to civilian life. He has no feelings [illegible]

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37. *Ibid.*

38. *Ibid.*, p. [illegible]

the [illegible] he [illegible]; he has no desire either to [illegible] his studies at the university or to get a job. Al feels that his [illegible] Madison and Bernette had actually been homosexual, but the psychiatrist decides otherwise, and advises Al simply to find something else to fix his attention on, to find someone else to love. And Al finds Maya, a young, wealthy, beautiful, very desirable woman.

Slowly, Al's [illegible] states as the idea occurs to him that he can alleviate his guilt by seducing Maya, that the seduction will be for Madison and Bernette through him, that he can lay them finally to rest by offering the seduction up as a sort of expiatory sacrifice. The idea eventually becomes a conviction, then a [illegible] fixation which gathers strength as fear of failure causes Al to postpone action.

Finally, he acts, after his wife has accused him of having acted already. He dons his uniform and waits outside Maya's apartment half the night, building his courage, facing himself, assuring himself, until finally, Maya returns from an evening out, and the impotence has fled. Al accosts her, frightened, like a nervous boy. When she rebuffs him, he shrivels up again, more [illegible] than ever. He strikes her, and returns to his own apartment. He puts on his dog tags, exchanges his shirt for one of Madison's which he has kept, and, while the telephone rings, he shoots himself to death with Bernette's souvenir Luger.

Thus, Al Figueiro, like Tyree Shelby, is destroyed, though for for different reasons. Thus too, Al and Shelby resemble Skinner Gait, though Skinner's case is very different from theirs, since his destruction [illegible] result in a [illegible]. Just behind the

complexities of love and hate, pessimism and optimism, hope and despair in all three novels looms the specter of war as cause or partial cause of the psychological problems and consequent destruction of their heroes. It is war which brings Skinner Galt to face himself; it is war which places Shelby into the forsaken charnel house which is the field hospital; it is war which kills Sidney, and Madison and Bernetto. It is war which drives the heroes of these three novels over the brink of despair, as it is war which drives Spec and Porter over the same brink, and kills Tyne and Rick and the unnamed hero of Beach Red.

The act of war is portrayed as hateful, brutal, and cruel in all of the war novels of whatever category; and the viciousness of war spared no man. The brave, like Noah Ackerman in The Young Lions,[34] is killed; so are the honest, like It. Hearn in The Naked and the Dead;[35] the good, like Sgt. Ding in The Crusaders[36] and Danny Kantaylis in The Big War;[37] and the gifted, like Alan Newcombe, also in The Big War. Death, destruction, mayhem, maiming, the terrors of battle fatigue are portrayed in novel after novel. And there is no compensating glory available to ease the pain of body or conscience. The Congressional Medal cannot replace Madison and Bernetto for Al Figueria. The "dramatic mood of well-here-we-go-again-off-to-the-wars"[38] expressed by John Horne

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34. Irwin Shaw, The Young Lions (New York, 1948).

35. Norman Mailer, The Naked and the Dead, (New York, 1948).

36. Stefan Heym, The Crusaders (Boston, 1948).

37. Anton Myrer, The Big War (New York, 1957).

38. The Gallery (New York, 1947), p. 18.

Burns in one of the first person "Promenades" in The Gallery is stifled rapidly by the stark reality of the moral and physical degeneration of people caught up in war. Major Cary Fitzgerald, a Catholic chaplain in William Fridley's A Time to Go Home, has a run-in with a rude, sullen Pfc. named Barth. Fitzgerald has worked with slum dwellers, and he thinks he understands Barth's rudeness. But on checking Barth's record, he finds that he comes from a good family in Des Moines, Iowa, is a high school graduate with a GIQ of 114, has played baseball and has been a soda jerk. He is an ideal American boy, the sort best qualified and most desirable to bear arms for the glory and preservation of the nation. But he is a rifleman veteran of action in North Africa, Sicily, and Anzio, and war has changed him violently: "Fitz felt suddenly weak, and very frightened. With an almost involuntary movement, he sat down abruptly on a duffle bag. Resting his elbows on his knees, he covered his face with his hands. Oh, Father, he said silently. Oh, merciful Father. How many? How many?"[39]

An even more vital denial of any pretence of glory and adventure which war might make is given by Danny Kantaylis to his new wife, Andrea. "'It's all wrong,'" he says:

> 'I don't see any way out of it, I don't see we've got any choice now except go all the way, kill as many of them as we can--but it's all wrong, just as wrong as when Jesus said it was. Or the Ten Commandments either. And anything that makes a big, glorified deal out of killing is rotten through: anything at all. It's a foul, dirty, cruddy business....And it's only right we're doing it in a lousy cruddy jungle, too. Perfectly fitting and proper....'[40]

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39. A Time to Go Home (New York, 1951), p. 65.

40. The Big War, p. 104.

But in spite of their portrayal of war as vicious and hateful, none of these novelists, nor, as far as I have been able to discover, not one of all the war novelists, has taken a firm ideological pacifist stand. None of them has seen the war as a result of a capitalist, imperialist plot, or as a coup executed by bankers and munitions makers, as some of the World War I novelists saw their war. None of them has said war was good, but neither has any of them expressed the opinion that this war was being fought for evil reasons or ends, or that it should not have been fought at all.

Indeed, the novelists felt that World War II was fought for good and substantial reasons, that while the destruction and pain were saddening and bitter, they were not wasteful and unnecessary. They believed that they fought on the side of the right and the good; they believed in sacrifices, and they accepted them, in sorrow perhaps, but not in bitterness or embarrassment.

If the novelists tend to examine seriously the ideas and principles which precipitated the war; if they question certain of the values which motivated the actions of individual soldiers; if, upon concluding "that the time has come for 'ultimate' social loyalties and political decisions,"[41] they offer constructive social criticism, their novels may be labeled ideological.

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41. Irving Howe, Politics and the Novel (New York, 1957), p. 160. The total passage from which this phrase was taken is worthy of quotation here as a means of adding depth to the definition of the ideological novel which I am using: "The growth of ideology is closely related to the accumulation of social pressures. It is when men no longer feel that they have adequate choices in their styles of life, when they conclude that there are no longer possibilities for honorable maneuver and compromise, when they decide that the time has come for 'ultimate' social loyalties and political decisions--it is then that ideology begins to flourish."

This category, like the combat adventure and the psychological categories, is somewhat exclusive. In the sense that none of the novels in any of the categories is pacifistic or even implicitly expressive of the notion that the allied cause was unworthy or evil, all world war II novels are ideological. Certainly, the fundamental motivation of Al Figueira's actions is ideological; however, De Pereda's concern is not with ideology, but with the fact that Al's social consciousness and consequent social criticism become inner directed; the novel is essentially a study of the results of such inner-direction. And too, although many combat adventure novels, like Beach Red, contain some ideological commentary, their basic purpose remains an objective and realistic portrayal of a segment of combat action.

Conversely, ideological novels contain combat as part of their nature as war novels, and many of the novelists are intimately concerned with the psychological problems of their principal characters. But the controlling factor in categorizing them is emphasis or point of view or intention. The ideological novel is pointedly and often explicitly argumentative and conclusive in its conception, its formulation, and its purpose. Combat action and psychological problems subserve and contribute to ideological argument and conclusion.

But this definition and these exclusive remarks do not quite pin down the meaning of the word ideological as it is used here. The ideology of the serious novelists is born out of much sincere soul searching. The difficulty in resolving the paradox inherent in the concept of necessary evil leads to an apparent lack of clarity, assurance, and conclusiveness in ideology. This is best reflected in the ambivalent treatment of the paradox itself in many of the

novels. In addition to pacifistic scenes and dialogue such as those referred to above, there are also passages which must be construed as pro-war--descriptions of Gestapo torture technique in A Time to Go Home, of the horrors of concentration camps in The Young Lions and The Crusaders, of the rape-murder of a little native girl by three Japanese soldiers in The Big War, for instance.

These novelists are not so much concerned with resolving the paradox as with understanding and explaining it; or with making certain that their resolutions take into consideration all of the ramifications and complexities of the paradox. The word ideological as it is used here applies to novelists who are not satisfied with pat answers, whose ideology, though ultimately conclusive, is not based on simple assumptions of right and wrong, black and white.

Certain World War II novels were based on such assumptions. They appear to be ideological, but their social criticism is often blatantly sentimental, the problems they present and their solutions are most often over-simplifications, and their ideology--assumed and accepted rather than molded out of serious doubts and questions--is more correctly termed propaganda. It might be sensible, before entering the prolonged discussion of the ideological novels planned for the succeeding chapters, to examine a few of these pseudo-ideological books. Such an examination should help to clarify the definition of the term, and should suggest partially the reasons for the selection of certain novels for discussion and the neglect of certain others.

John Hersey's A Bell for Adano[42] is perhaps the best of the

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42. A Bell for Adano (New York, 1944).

pseudo-ideological novels. It is concerned with the rehabilitation of conquered Italians along American democratic lines. The flag is not waved too often or too hard in it, but the fact that it is not waved is too heavily underscored. America, Hersey makes clear, for all her gruffness and occasional meanness has more than her share of Christian goodness and charity. Adano is a city in Italy whose bell had been melted down by the fascists to make bullets. The bell comes to stand as a symbol for the pre-fascist Italy; its replacement symbolizes the resurrection and restoration of the old Italy by America. The plot and the "gimmick" present many opportunities for sentimentalizing and propagandizing. To Hersey's credit, he does not take them all.

Nor does Elliot Arnold in Tomorrow Will Sing,[43] a novel in which Italo-American relations are strained because of the natural mistrust of a conquered people for its conquerors, because of fascist propaganda that Italians are persecuted in America, and because of an economic slump in farming. An American Air Corps sergeant of Italian descent resolves all of these problems in addition to curing Italians of their prejudices. He suggests and successfully puts into operation a sort of farm cooperative; he plays over loud speakers one of Mayor La Guardia's Sunday speeches to the Italian people, proving thus that there is no nationalistic intolerance in America; and when he is robbed of the cooperative's receipts by an unregenerate fascist ex-soldier, and is accused of the theft himself, a large number of converted Italian character witnesses leap to his defense. The novel ends on a high note: every American finally knows what he is fighting for.

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43. Tomorrow Will Sing (New York, 1945).

Hersey and Arnold plot well and draw characters convincingly, so that, despite their over-simplification, A Bell for Adano and Tomorrow Will Sing convey an air of sincerity that almost compensates for their lack of depth. But within the general classification of propaganda novels there is a large sub-group which owe their reason for being to the oversimplification; they exist on the surface. These are the "gung-ho" combat novels. They embrace the naive ideological assumption that America is always right and always good, that therefore her causes are worth fighting for without question or argument, and that anyone, ally or enemy, who is not with her is definitely against her. There is a good deal of sentimentalized dying, heart-of-goldness-beneath-a-gruff-exterior, and poetic justice in them. Most of them came out early in the war, riding the wave of sentimental patriotism; but there have been some rather successful ones, like Leon Uris' Battlecry[44] and James Jones' From Here to Eternity,[45] since the war's end. Both appear to be seriously realistic and to have important ideological backgrounds, but both actually depend for most of their effectiveness on the "gung-ho" tradition.

In Battlecry, a wayward youth returns to and marries his pure first love, leaving the Scarlet Woman dripping tears into her martini. A meek, bespectacled (hence, sensitive) marine turns out to be every bit as tough as anyone else in his company; and, although he is killed, the whore he has converted to a straight and narrow path lives on, a pure testimonial to his enduring goodness. An embittered one-legged hero finds peace as the husband of an Australian war widow, upon the

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44. Battlecry (New York, 1953).

45. From Here to Eternity (New York, 1951).

land and among the trees of her magnificent farm. Finally, and most importantly, the regimental commander's rugged training techniques, so roundly condemned by the men, are vindicated at Guadalcanal and Tarawa--the Japanese are driven back, pounded down, and soundly defeated, in the true "gung-ho" manner:

> Huxley's Whores rose to the heights of their dead captain. They no longer resembled human beings. Savage beyond all savagery, murderous beyond murder, they shrieked, 'Blood!'
> 'BLOOD!'...'BLOOD!'
> The enemy, who were mere mortals, fell back.[46]

From Here to Eternity appears on the surface to be a much more serious book than Battlecry. In the first place, it contains a good deal of frank sex and frank toughness. In the second place, the army, its officers and its men, are not idealized throughout the major portion of the book; in fact, Jones sometimes seems to be exposing all the pettiness and sadistic meanness of soldier life in the regular army. But he lapses completely into a dependence on the "gung-ho" tradition for his denouement. With the attack on Pearl Harbor, differences, some of them murderous, among the soldiers disappear, become lost in the pursuit of a greater good: the defeat of an insidious foe. The army jells; there is a war to be won, and the men now have a purpose for existing. Jones' basic assumption seems to be that there is no such thing as a bad boy. Give a boy something to do, and he will work his way out of tendencies to whoring, homosexuality, alcoholism, and sadism. And he will perform valiantly during war because he is, above all else, an American.

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46. Battlecry, p. 498.

But the book which incorporates nearly all of the bad aspects of the "gung-ho", pseudo-ideological combat propaganda novel--which might in fact be considered archetypal--is Robert Skidmore's Valley of the Sky.[47]

This is an Air Corps story about a B24 crew fighting the war in the Pacific. The plane is named "The Heartless Harpie," and it and its crew "go through hell" fighting for Democracy and for the American Way. Individual members of the crew think about why they fight and die while they fight and die, and they kill in happy this-one's-for-my-buddy vengeance.

> Blood was running down Kris' face and across the front of his dislodged mask.
>
> Kris opened his eyes slightly, as if he had never opened them wider. "John, drive them into the water, blow them up," he whispered hoarsely and then his eyes closed. "Slaughter a generation," he pleaded.[48]

And as John prepares to avenge his dead buddy, he thinks

> ...progressing, unhurried thoughts that told him victory was near and yet beyond his time. He had known it since that afternoon on the road in Ohio. It had been his compulsion to enlist. Of course. That was it. He had almost known it all the time. They had forgotten what America meant and those who became alert quickest, fought quickest, sacrificed readily. It was as simple and right and inevitable as that, he realized. Men who know loyalty and belief and freedom, know death, too, for death, rightfully acquired, contains these.[49]

And shortly thereafter, having accomplished her mission, the plane is destroyed by two fighters (taking one of them with her, however). The crew dies gloriously, and "all men who ride on the wings of the

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47. Valley of the Sky (New York, 1944).

48. Ibid., p. 160.

49. Ibid.

heavens listen for the Harpie, knowing her spirit was infinite."[50] Brown, Bowman, Kahn and other fine combat-adventure novelists were aware that such sentimental romanticism is unrealistic under combat conditions, and either didn't employ it or, like Bowman, specifically disavowed it.

But there is yet a better example of Skidmore's desire to propagandize. Upon reaching its island base at the outset of the novel, the Harpie is surrounded by news-starved soldiers who pelt its crew with questions. One of the plane's new ground crewsmen, a father of two, inquires anxiously whether or not the allotment has been increased. "'They're voting on it now. It's in Congress, I think,'" he is told. He hurries away to get his tools, for the Harpie must be readied for combat, and Skidmore writes:

> Homer Harlan Miller, private and handyman, visualized the distant and high machinery of free government at work for him and for Mary and little Rose Ellen and for the new boy, Homer Harlan. The whole government was thinking of him and those he loved and they were going to take care of them. His family would be secure now, until he returned, and for the first time in months tears ran down his cheeks as he prayed; the hot wells of gratitude and relief poured from his quiet eyes. His prayer was simple. 'Thank you, thank you, thank you,' he repeated as he arranged each tool in an orderly row. It was hard for him and the thousands like him to love or to hate violently, and now that hatred of an enemy was constantly growing in him, love only came in infrequent and overwhelming waves, pouring itself out in gratitude for its own existence and with it now were all the unexpected wonders of free government, of men meeting in congress to help their fellow men. The relief was a glorious thing, shining about his eyes and he picked up his tools in his calloused hands and turned toward the mat. The giant ship rested there, her sides and wings bronzed by the sunset. He had never seen one look so dignified and purposeful. 'I'll help fix her up,' he said to himself. 'I'll fix her up for Congress.'[51]

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50. Ibid., p. 169.

51. Ibid., p. 62.

This sort of writing is propaganda posing as ideology. The characters are stock, as are the reader responses. Valley of the Sky was written at a time when it was possible to put an American into a GI uniform and make him ipso facto a right-thinking hero. Most of the pre-war anti-Nazi novels are guilty of the same oversimplifications for many of the same reasons. John Steinbeck in The Moon Is Down,[52] for example, could put a character into a German uniform and make him automatically a villain; or could invent a collaborator and have the reader understand that he is therefore a coward; or could give a woman a baby and/or a dead husband and make her per se capable of magnificent heroism in her own right. The stock response is the stock in trade of such novels as The Moon Is Down and Valley of the Sky, and of the many "gung-ho" novels, most of which are much worse than Battlecry and From Here to Eternity. It is less the stock in trade of the slightly more serious pseudo-ideological novels like A Bell for Adano and Tomorrow Will Sing, but here too, the stock response has been too blandly appealed to and manipulated.

But the serious ideological novel is not a sentimentalized acceptance without question and propagation without discrimination of old cliches and tired truisms; nor is it simply a realistic account of combat action or psychological difficulties. It is an attempt to blend these ingredients artistically with firm ideological convictions into a conclusive ideological statement. The novelists are intent upon a re-examination and a re-evaluation of the fundamentals and bases of the American ideology, as well as of the ideology of the total Western world. The war, as a struggle with fascism, serves as a

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52. The Moon Is Down (New York, 1942).

focal point for these fundamentals; the services as a vantage point from which to watch them in operation in an extraordinary situation. It is a situation sufficiently extraordinary to put the fundamentals to the supreme test, for the easily controlled controls, the conditioned responses of a peacetime or even, during wartime, a civilian America, are missing. The novels are complex entities, motivated by complex social, cultural, intellectual, and emotional forces; and for these reasons, they contribute much more valuably to an understanding of the nation, its soldiers, and the war than do the combat adventure, the psychological, or the propaganda novels.

CHAPTER II

In 1944, Arthur Miller published Situation Normal, a non-fiction report of his travels from army camp to army camp in pursuit of facts and atmosphere for a screenplay which he was writing.[1] Besides some rather run-of-the-mill descriptions of various kinds of training from paratroops through tanks; besides a rather interesting report of an interview with Ernie Pyle, and some rather superficial speculation about the reasons behind the war, there is some highly interesting discussion of the serviceman's awareness of, and sympathy with, the reasons.

Miller resents "the wide-spread, wise-guy notion that Belief is unnecessary because we have no men in the army who are affected either way by such factors."[2] Although he is troubled because "never in any of these calculations about the soldier can I honestly bring in the socio-political context of this war. I can't seem to find men who betray a social responsibility for doing or not doing anything,"[3] still he cannot agree with "these wise guy writers" for whom "war is not supposed to make any sense. Soldiers are supposed to be suckers."[4] Neither can he agree with those who think of the soldier as "a kind of mentally helpless puppy, a literal dogface stoically suffering the buffetings of a fate he does not understand, a kind of

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1. Miller, Situation Normal (New York, 1944). The motion picture was Ernie Pyle's, "The Story of G.I. Joe."

2. Ibid., p. 113.

3. Ibid., p. 44.

4. Ibid., p. 176.

good schlemiel destined throughout history to take the rap and still give away his candy rations to kids in some newly captured foreign town."[5]

For Miller, the American serviceman is a thinking human being, perhaps reluctant to discuss ideas, but "longing to understand the why of this war and the why of the peace."[6] The soldier's tendency to overlook the spiritual and the idealistic in favor of the physical and animalistic ("Some people say he has no ideas which cannot be summed up in three words; beer, women, and going home"),[7] his refusal to express or discuss ideas, should not be interpreted to mean that he lacks ideas:

> ...always you sense how afraid they are of being mocked for passing moral judgments. It almost seems that they feel the fascists merely went out to take what they wanted from the world, to change some fences, and that we had to stop them because one of the fences happened to adjoin our property. It almost sounds like a property owners' war, with either side acting like the other if their real estate holdings were reversed. And yet you know, listening to the way they speak, that they do not want it to be merely a property owners' war because it is a mockery to die for property alone.[8]

Most of the ideological novelists felt the same way that Miller felt about the war and about the serviceman's attitude toward it. None of them was willing to sell the serviceman's rational faculties and moral inclinations short. Stefan Heym says of the American soldier that:

> ...even if he was very wise and saw the reason for the war and the good in it, he was confronted every day with finding the reason for many smaller events occurring in the

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5. Ibid., p. 6.

6. Ibid., p. 176.

7. Ibid., p. 6.

8. Ibid., pp. 176-76.

> process of the war, events which made no sense whatever. Best not to ask any questions. Best to take the opportunities as they came, reduce life to the minimum essentials: sleep, food, digestion, fornication--and the hell with the rest and the immortal soul.[9]

But later, he writes feelingly that the Germans were defeated at the Adrennes by

> average men, without rank and name. But they had that remarkable American quality: They were able to put down their foot and say, Wait a minute, Bud. Don't push us around. Let's see what this is all about. Perhaps they didn't say it in these words. But they felt it, and they acted on it, and they stood fast, and many of them gave their lives. And this collective attitude came about in spite of the difference in personal background--in spite of the fact that some didn't know what it was all about, and what the Bulge Battle meant; that some of them did; that most were afraid, and few weren't; that all of them were miserable and cold and tired and worn with nerves frazzled. In the hour of crisis, they proved themselves citizens of the Republic.[10]

And Michael Whitaker, clearly as spokesman for Irwin Shaw in The Young Lions, echoes loudly Miller's assertion that the American soldier would not fight and die in a property owners' war:

> The orientation lectures. Military courtesy. The causes of the war which You Are Fighting. The expert on the Japanese question, a narrow, gray-faced professor from Lehigh, who had told them that it was all a question of economics. Japan needed to expand and take over the Asiatic and Pacific markets and we had to stop her and hold onto them ourselves. It was all according to the beliefs that Michael had had about the causes of war for the last fifteen years. And yet, listening to the dry, professional voice, looking at the large map with spheres of influence and oil deposits and rubber plantations clearly marked out, he hated the professor, hated what he was saying. He wanted to hear that he was fighting for liberty or morality or the freedom of subject peoples, and he wanted to be told in such ringing and violent terms that he could go back to his barracks, go to the rifle range in the

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9. Heym, The Crusaders (Boston, 1948), p. 76.

10. Ibid., p. 399.

morning believing it.[11]

He had wanted to say, as he thought, 'This is horrible. This is no faith to die by.'[12]

The World War II ideological novelists in general held to the necessity of a faith to die by, to the necessity of a sustaining Belief in the hour of crisis, as they held to the necessity of the war. Their novels are dedicated to propounding, challenging, and defending the Belief. While it is true that only through irony are most of their paradoxes resolvable, still the pain and sorrow this engenders is hopeful. Theirs is a sort of anguished optimism, with little of the wise-guy about it. Most of them disdain and even hate the services, seeing bitterly that the services themselves, by their very nature, militated against the serviceman's ideological convictions. The services denied freedom of movement, of thought, of expression; they encouraged ignorance among the ignorant and apathy among the intelligent.[13] Stefan Heym refers to the soldier's inability to make logical sense out of the small things that happen even though he may see clearly the sense within the larger things; hence, he may compromise by reducing life to "the minimum essentials." And Shaw's Michael Whitaker explains to Louise why he does not resent his rejection for OCS: "'When I went into the Army, I made up my mind that I was putting myself at the Army's disposal. I believe in the war. That doesn't mean I believe in the Army. I don't believe

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11. Shaw, The Young Lions (New York, 1948), p. 308.

12. Ibid., p. 309.

13. This subject, and the irony implicit in the further realization that the services were an essential ingredient in the ideological struggle, will be discussed at length in a later chapter.

in any Army. You don't expect justice out of an Army, if you're a sensible, grown-up human being, you only expect victory.'"[14]

The ideological novelists hated not only the services, but, as mentioned earlier, they hated war itself. "'Fighting a war to fix something works about as good as going to a whorehouse to get rid of a clap,'" says Red in The Naked and the Dead;[15] and Alan Newcombe, just before he is killed, thinks: "The gentle and the noble died in war; the brutish survived and were increased. There was the truth of the matter, if truth there was...."[16]

But neither Heym nor Shaw, Mailer nor Myrer, nor any other of the ideological novelists is what Miller would call a wise-guy writer: one who sees war as senseless and the soldier as a sucker. Jay O'Neill, gentler, newly ennobled, does survive, and so do Helen and Andrea and Newcombe's mother; and Red is not Hearn or Toglio and he does not know General Cummings and therefore cannot be aware of Cummings' defeat through victory. And Heym found that "In the hour of crisis," the soldiers "proved themselves citizens of the Republic;" and the most important sentence in Whitaker's speech is "'I believe in the war.'"[17]

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14. The Young Lions, p. 387.

15. Norman Mailer, The Naked and the Dead (New York, 1948), p. 578.

16. Anton Myrer, The Big War (New York, 1957), p. 391.

17. It is difficult to determine just what Miller means by wise-guy writers. He refers not only to those who see war as senseless and soldiers as suckers, but also to those for whom "It is becoming quite fashionable to shut out all possibility of causation and merely deal with the effects in art" (p. 176). Thus, he may mean the combat adventure novels, which are certainly not ideological. But non-ideology does not constitute counter-ideology, and such wise-guy-ism as Miller refers to is ideology. From the context of the book,

The sentence is important as an expression not only of Shaw's liberal-intellectual attitude toward the war, but as an indication of the attitudes of all the ideological war novelists. They believed. They criticized the services; they criticized certain enlisted men and most officers; they hated the necessity of acting like animals--but they believed in the war.

This belief makes them unique as social critics in this century. The pre-World War I liberal-intellectuals were violently pacifistic. With Marx, they felt that the Common Man could only lose, never gain, in a capitalistic-imperialistic war, and they opposed without qualification American intervention in Europe in 1917. By the time of intervention, their attitude was extremely unpopular; and before the war had ended, their publications were outlawed and their writers were in jail or otherwise silenced.[18] But their pacifism informed the

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one would think he had screen writers in mind; but on the surface this seems preposterous, since there had not been a movie about the second World War up to 1944 which portrayed soldiers as suckers--nor, come to think of it, has there been one since 1944. Still, he could have meant screen writers who specialized in the serio-comic and/or "gung-ho" type of movie co-starring William Bendix. Or he could have been looking very deeply into pseudo-ideological novels like Valley of the Sky. It is possible to interpret Skidmore's oversimplifying propaganda as wise-guy-ism if one assumes--or knows--that the author is too intelligent to believe what he has written. Certainly, Harlan Miller is a sucker, and the war as Skidmore sees it through Harlan Miller's eyes is senseless. Certainly, if Skidmore wanted subtly to convey this impression, he very nearly succeeded; and consequently, he certainly qualifies as a wise guy. Miller does not identify the wise guys; he gives no evidence, and there is a strong suspicion that some of his evidence is personal--that he knows how certain writers think because he knows the writers, not simply their writings. Suffice to say that I have found no evidence of wise-guy-ism--by any of Miller's definitions--in any of the ideological novels I have chosen to write about here. But, it must be emphasized, all of these novels have been published since 1944, the date of Situation Normal.

18. See Walter B. Rideout, The Radical Novel in the United States (Cambridge, Mass., 1956) for a sound discussion of the pre-World War I

ideology of the serious World War I novelists. Ernest Hemingway, John DosPassos, Thomas Boyd, William March, in the 1920's, and Humphrey Cobb and Dalton Trumbo in the 1930's, denied the necessity of war and glowered pessimistically upon the hope of peace. Instead of the anguished optimism which characterizes the World War II novels, theirs were permeated with an angry disillusionment; instead of a firm and steady hold on belief, the novelists of the first war wielded a slashing iconoclasm from which no beliefs were safe.

Frederic Henry is possibly the clearest example among the heroes of World War I novels of an American fighting man who hadn't the faintest notion why he fought, though he knew very well what he was not fighting for. Certainly, though the viciousness of Dos Passos and Trumbo among others is lacking in it, the classic statement of disillusionment with war-born ideals is made by this Hemingway hero:

> I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them, sometimes standing in the rain out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations that were slapped up by billposters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. Certain numbers were the same way and certain dates and these with the names of the places were all you could say and have them mean anything. Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of regiments and the dates. Gino was a patriot, so he said things that separated us sometimes, but he was

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liberal-intellectual milieu. See also John Waite, "Masses, 1911-1917, A Study in American Rebellion." Unpublished Ph. D. Thesis, Department of English, University of Maryland, 1949. Waite reports the pacifist case clearly, and in addition, reports accurately the events and their dates leading up to the padlocking of The Masses, the key publication in the pacifists' losing cause.

[illegible] I [illegible] of his [illegible]. He was [illegible].[19]

Frederic Henry deserts this idea of chess, seeking quietly and [illegible], and then, wearily. He deserts not only to save his life but to rebuild it upon the foundation of himself and his love for Catherine and the child who is to be tangible proof of the love, of the fineness of the second life. But his hopes are frustrated, and at the end of the novel he stands alone, all possibility of escape gone, all ideals gone, all hope of outside assistance in rebuilding his life taken from him. His responsibility to himself has been thrust upon him; it is the only responsibility he has, and yet he is extremely reluctant to accept it. Only the rain accompanies him as he walks away from the hospital.

Dos Passos' John Andrews deserts too, and he sounds very much like Lt. Henry as he justifies his desertion:

> '...how silly these words are, these pompous, efficient words: detachment, battalion, commanding officer. It would have all happened anyway. Things reached the breaking point: that was all. I could not submit any longer to the discipline.... Oh, these long Roman words, what millstones they are about men's necks!'[20]

But the words that bother Andrews are words which Lt. Henry respects for their emptiness. Hemingway and Dos Passos both portrayed soldiers disillusioned with beliefs, but Dos Passos is far more bitter and unremitting than Hemingway. His problem was not only by a belief that fighting the war was unnecessary and against the best interests of a majority of the world's population, but also by the feeble and futile attempts of the

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19. A Farewell to Arms (New York, [illegible]), p. 190.

20. Three Soldiers (New York, 1[illegible]), p. 4[illegible].

victorious nations to establish a just and lasting basis for peace.

The ideals of duty and patriotism do not simply embarrass John Andrews; they anger him. For him, freedom in the name of individual liberty, even if it leads to death, is preferable to bondage in the name of country.[21] The world is wrong; society is evil. There is little hope of changing it:

> 'It seems to me...that human society has been always that, and perhaps will be always that: organizations growing and stifling individuals, and individuals revolting hopelessly against them, and at last forming new societies to crush the old societies and becoming slaves again in their turn.'[22]

But John Andrews must try to change it though he knows he will fail. He is a creator, a musician; he cannot walk away into the rain. He must move toward artistic fulfillment as the one certainty in a chaotic world. The first movement of his symphony, the "Soul and Body of John Brown" is completed when the Military Police finally capture him. He is led away, his stillborn music left behind; Frederic Henry walks away from the dead Catherine and his stillborn child. The difference in emotional intensity between Hemingway and Dos Passos is relatively unimportant; the important thing is that escape works for neither of their heroes, that it simply reinforces their pessimism and compounds their disillusionment.

But Dos Passos' muckraker-like conviction--perhaps shared by Hemingway but never expressed by him--that the war was fought to protect American investments abroad, and that the peace was lost because Woodrow Wilson was on the one hand a fool and on the other

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21. See Ibid., pp. 426-29.

22. Ibid., p. 458.

an unprincipled compromiser should be noted here as a prime expression of the ideological conclusions within the serious World War I novels.

The refrain from "The House of Morgan," one of the vignettes in 1919:

> (Wars and panics on the stock exchange,
> machinegunfire and arson,
> bankruptcies, warloans,
> starvation, lice, cholera and typhus:
> good growing weather for the House of Morgan.)[23]

is altered in "Meester Veelson," another vignette, to read: "machine gun fire and arson/ starvation, lice, cholera, typhus;/ oil was trumps" as a description of the atmosphere in which the Versailles Treaty was written. Dos Passos continues:

> On April 19 sharper Clemenceau and sharper Lloyd George got him [Wilson] into their cosy three card game they called the Council of Four.
>
> On June 28th the Treaty of Versailles was ready and Wilson had to go back home to explain to the politicians who'd been ganging up on him meanwhile in the Senate and House and to sober public opinion and to his father's God how he'd let himself be trimmed and how far he'd made the world safe
> for democracy and the new Freedom.[24]

In a third vignette, "The Body of an American," Dos Passos angrily vilifies the war, the army, duty, patriotism, and all of the things, people, and ideals which came under attack in the ideological novels. The vignette is concerned with the selection and ceremonious entombment of the Unknown Soldier; it closes in bitter irony:

> The blood ran into the ground, the brains oozed out of the cracked skull and were licked up by the trenchrats, the belly swelled and raised a generation of bluebottle flies,

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23. 1919 (New York, 1932) p. 390.

24. Ibid., p. 249.

and the incorruptible skeleton,
and the scraps of dried viscera and skin bundled in khaki
they took to Chalons-sur-Marne
and laid it out neat in a pine coffin
and took it home to God's Country on a battleship
and buried it in a sarcophagus in the Memorial Amphitheatre in the Arlington National Cemetery
and draped the Old Glory over it
and the bugler played taps
and Mr. Harding prayed to God and the diplomats and the generals and the admirals and the brasshats and the politicians and the handsomely dressed ladies out of the society column of Washington Post stood up solemn
and thought how beautiful sad Old Glory God's Country it was to have the bugler play taps and the three volleys made their ears ring.

Where his chest ought to have been they pinned the Congressional Medal, the D.S.C., the Medaille Militaire, the Belgian Croix de Guerre, the Italian gold medal, the Virtutea Militara sent by Queen Marie of Rumania, the Czechoslovak war cross, the Virtuti Militari of the Poles, a wreath sent by Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, and a little wampum presented by a deputation of Arizona redskins in warpaint and feathers. All the Washingtonians brought flowers.

Woodrow Wilson brought a bouquet of poppies.[25]

A somewhat similar scene, conveying a more than somewhat similar attitude, occurs in William March's Company K. One of the heroes is terribly wounded and trapped on the barbed wire of no-man's land. It occurs to him that there will be prayers and speeches over his dead heroic body, and he cries "'I can't stand the thought of that! I can't stand it!... I never want to hear military music or high sounding words again: I want to be buried where nobody will ever find me.--I want to be wiped out completely...'"[26] Then he destroys all possibility of identifying his remains and convinces a sympathetic German

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25. Ibid., pp. 472-73.

26. Company K (New York, 1933), p. 1[illegible].

soldier that he should be put out of his misery, and dies with the whispered statement on his lips: "'I have broken the chain.... I have defeated the inherent stupidity of life.'"[27]

March, like Dos Passos again, and representative of the other angry war novelists, castigated "Christian people who pray in their churches for the destruction of their enemies, and glorify the barbarity of their soldiers in bronze...."[28] In Three Soldiers, the Reverend Dr. Skinner bemoaned the fact, before an audience of wounded and crippled soldiers, that the Allies had not crushed Germany completely; then he led the singing of the hymn, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus."[29]

Neither side could win such a war with such people as these novelists described. There was no sense even in fighting; there was nothing to fight for. Frederic Henry and John Andrews desert; the heroes of Company K fight on, as do the men in Thomas Boyd's Through the Wheat;[30] pessimistic, believing finally that they fought for nothing.

And neither side did win. The peace, as well as the war, was a tremendous failure. As Frederick J. Hoffman puts it in The Twenties:

> The postwar generation felt honestly that it had been victimized by a gross and stupid deception. Nothing genuine had come out of the war. American politicians had refused to accept their responsibility in a world league (which, as it was plotted at Versailles, seemed unworkable anyway) and had chosen isolation. The elders had made fools of themselves, and involved the young in

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27. Ibid., p. 193.

28. Ibid., p. 178.

29. Three Soldiers, pp. 233-34.

30. Through the Wheat (New York, 1923).

murderous folly; how could they respect them?[31]

And again:

> The failure of the war as they [the disillusioned] saw it was proof of the absurdity of the forces that had caused it and of the propaganda which had helped to bring it to a successful conclusion.[32]

It was noted earlier that the pacifism, indeed the total ideological attitude of the pre-World War I social critics, informed the ideology of the war novelists. There were significant differences however, since the war novelists were concerned with an actual conflict, not merely with the idea of war. Though they owed a great deal to the pre-war generation and its optimistic crusading for social change, they were actually a different generation; they were the disillusioned, pessimistic results of the pre-war ideologists' predictions. In effect, they were living proof that the muckrakers had been correct--and they knew it.

As a consequence, the ideological attitude of the postwar generation was destructive rather than constructive. They were not so concerned with buttressing an ideology which had predicted their destiny as they were with tearing down, demeaning, sweeping away that ideology which had prevailed in the face of the prewar liberal-intellectual attacks, which had caused the war to be begun, waged, and "won." They disowned the values of the world they lived in and became "lost." They clung tenaciously to a new belief, a belief in "nada"--a belief not in nothing, but in the reduction of something to nothing; a belief in the free, iconoclastic criticism of everything

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31. The Twenties (New York, 1955), p. 77.

32. Ibid., p. 78.

"normal" on the ground, supported by the observable cause and effect of the war, that normality equates with invalidity.

They did not deny their cultural heritage, but they modified it. And this rather curious combination of iconoclastic and muckraker social criticism continued on into the 1930s. Depression writers like James T. Farrell, Richard Wright, John Steinbeck, and John Dos Passos were neither muckrakers nor iconoclasts, but a little of each. Like their immediate predecessors, they attacked the ideals of the "bourgoisie," but their attacks were more bitter and personal; the situation was more serious. Sinclair Lewis' George F. Babbitt and James T. Farrell's Uncle Al O'Neill are essentially the same man--but Lewis laughs at Babbit and Farrell despairs at Uncle Al. Like the muckrakers, their ideological emphasis was on the class struggle, on social and economic inequities, on the rights and duties of the majority; but like the iconoclasts, they focused a good deal of attention on the individual and his place in the American scheme. On this point, one of the most significant modifications is apparent; for the depression writer, unlike the muckrakers or the iconoclasts, concentrated particularly on the individual members of minority groups. Wright's Bigger Thomas[33] or Farrell's Davey Cohen[34] could not have been created by Scott Fitzgerald or by the Hemingway of The Sun Also Rises[35] or if created, they would have to have been misfit crybabies like Robert Cohn, or misfit climbers like Jay

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33. Richard Wright, Native Son (New York, 1940).

34. James T. Farrell, Studs Lonigan (New York, 1935).

35. The Sun Also Rises (New York, 1926).

Gatsby.[36] Nor could they have been created by the social critics of the teens, part of whose message was that a man was a man, whether white or black, Jew or gentile--and his only enemy was capitalism.

But, undoubtedly, the social critical tradition established by Upton Sinclair, Max Eastman, and Michael Gold, directly or indirectly, constituted a tremendous influence on the depression novelists. In Dubious Battle,[37] the inter-chapters of Grapes of Wrath,[38] Farrell's portrayal of the evils of paternalism in the instance of the Upton Oil and Refining Company in My Days of Anger,[39] all attest to the ideological persistence of the muckraker reform tradition. So too, even more graphically, do the following few lines from Dos Passos' "Meester Veelson":

> In Seattle the wobblies whose leaders were in jail, in Seattle the wobblies whose leaders had been lynched, who'd been shot down like dogs, in Seattle the wobblies lined four blocks as Wilson passed, stood silent with their arms folded staring at the great liberal as he was hurried past in his car, huddled in his overcoat, haggard with fatigue, one side of his face twitching. The men in overalls, the workingstiffs let him pass in silence after all the other blocks of handclapping and patriotic cheers.[40]

Evident here, as elsewhere in 1919, is the heavy strain of pacifism which penetrated on into the social critical literature of the 1930's. Paths of Glory[41] and Johnny Got His Gun[42] represent most

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36. F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby (New York, 1925).

37. John Steinbeck, In Dubious Battle (New York, 1936).

38. Steinbeck, Grapes of Wrath (New York, 1939).

39. My Days of Anger (New York, 1943).

40. 1919, pp. 249-50.

41. Humphrey Cobb, Paths of Glory (New York, 1935).

42. Dalton Trumbo, Johnny Got His Gun (New York, 1939).

forcefully and eloquently the strength of this attitude.

Paths of Glory is a powerful argument that war is a consummate evil which presents an occasion for the eruption of evil in all men, particularly ambitious officers. It concerns the execution of five French soldiers for cowardice during an abortive attack on impregnable German positions.[43] The punishment is ordered by a vainglorious General to cover the fact that the attack should never have been undertaken.[44] The men are not cowards. The General's order reads that one man from each of five units should be selected for execution as an example to the rest. The five are chosen by lot, and after a token trial, are submitted to a firing squad.

Johnny Got His Gun is even more bitterly pacifist than Paths of Glory. Johnny is an American soldier who, as the result of a shell burst, is a horribly pitiful basket case. He has no arms, legs, stomach, face, or tongue. He cannot see, hear, speak, feel, or taste. He even lacks identity. His painful memories of home, his agonized hope that his family and girl believe him dead, his

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43. The story is based on actual circumstances. In a "Note," p. 265, Cobb writes: "All the characters, units, and places mentioned in this book are fictitious.

"However, if the reader asks, 'Did such things really happen?' the author answers, 'Yes,' and refers him to the following sources which suggested the story: Les crimes des conseils de Guerre, by R.-G. Réau; Les fusillés pour l'exemple, by J. Gautier Boissière and Daniel de Ferdon; Les dessous de la guerre révélé par les comités secrets and Images secrètes de la guerre, by Paul Allard; a special despatch to The New York Times of July 2, 1934, which appeared under this headline: 'FRENCH ACQUIT 5 SHOT FOR MUTINY IN 1915; WIDOWS OF TWO WIN AWARDS OF 7 CENTS EACH'; and Le fusillé, by Blanche Maupas, one of the widows who obtained exoneration of her husband's memory and who was awarded damages of one franc.

44. A similar situation is presented by Ned Calmer in his World War II novel, The Strange Land. Here however, General Mallon's tactical error is merely covered up; no officers or men are made scapegoats for it.

passionate desire for death, and his equally violent desire to remain alive so that he may be placed on display as an object lesson to his fellow men--all enlist the reader's sympathy, not for Johnny, but for Johnny as a pacifist argument.[45]

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45. Considerations of style are actually outside the purview of this discussion; however, one is almost required to say something about it as he talks about these two novels. It is possible for a novel to be too ideological, and to become therefore more a tract or a sermon than a work of art. Anger is the cause; anger growing out of righteous indignation coupled with a desire to propagate the indignation and anger in others. The novelist's personal convictions may enter too prominently into the story, as Cobb's and Trumbo's do; and while this does not necessarily damage the message--rather it may strengthen it--it can harm the artistic effect considerably. The doomed characters in Paths of Glory, for example, lose their depth as they come more and more to represent ways to face injustice and death. The General is a caricature throughout. Only Captain Etienne, the defense attorney, is endowed with what might be called human characteristics--pity, love, hate--but Cobb shies away from the Captain's point of view, as if fearing that his message might get lost in the individual. And Trumbo's Johnny is and remains a pacifist argument, not a human being. The situation is too abnormal; Johnny's thoughts and desires are too perfectly in tune with the book's message. This is most evident when in page after page Johnny denounces his sacrifice as unnecessary, denies the validity of the war's causes, and wishes his fate upon the perpetrators of war. The book's ending, suspenseful and powerful though it is, underscores the fundamental difficulty which the ideological novelist faces when he tries to make his work both argumentatively conclusive and artistically acceptable. Frequently, he feels he must choose between these as alternatives; Trumbo chose the former. Through exercise, Johnny strengthens his neck muscles to the point that he can tap out Morse code messages with his head. After many tries, he gets someone to understand him, and makes his request to be placed on display. The book ends as a curt refusal--in the names of patriotism and good taste--is tapped out on his forehead. The reader cannot help being disappointed and even angry; but neither can he help disbelieving in Johnny.

Simply, yet profoundly, because their ideological position did not run counter to the position of the majority of Americans, the World War II novelist was seldom faced with this art versus argument dilemma. There certainly was a vast difference between the liberal-intellectual and the standard American definitions of fascism and democracy, but there was also a basic agreement that the war had to be fought in order to protect one by destroying the other. Thus, the novelists' ideological position did not need the violent defense and apology that the pacifism of Cobb and Trumbo needed; and thus too, few World War II novels are failures as works of art because of a tendency to sermonize, whatever their other shortcomings might be.

[illegible] is modeled in Irwin Shaw's [illegible] "Bury the Dead," in which six dead soldiers in "the war that is to begin tomorrow" refuse to be buried because, as one of them says, "[illegible] the ground and new. Maybe the world won't stand for more. Maybe we change groups and stay." [46] Generals, businessmen, and politicians are blamed for the war and the deaths. The soldiers are enjoined from [illegible]; their women flood with [illegible], [illegible] refuse the devil possessing them, a General fires on them with a machine gun. Two of the only three who stay, walk off the stage, hand in hand, [illegible] the world's [illegible] with laughter. Significantly, they are followed off-stage by a number of live soldiers.

Now, for the thirty years, [illegible] liberal literature, the 1930's social critics [illegible] were generally [illegible] rather than [illegible] pessimists. They [illegible] and institutions not simply as the sites of wrongdoing, but as the sites of redemption. The [illegible] bridge and the 1930's was modified to [illegible] the 1930's, and was further modified and passed down to the World War II liberal intellectual novelists.

1929, the beginnings of the Great Depression, the New Deal, the birth of the CIO out of the monumental labor of the sit-down strike were parts of the modification. They supplied the liberal social critics something to fight for, and something to fight against.

The critics were dedicated to social reform; they struggled for individual and minority rights. Their enemy was anybody or anything not

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46. "Bury the Dead" in Best Plays of 1936 (New York, 1937).

"liberal." As a result, their social criticism struck out in all directions at once. There was no one thing, no one villain which received a concentrated attack. In Studs Lonigan, the villain is environment; in Wessel Smitter's F.O.B. Detroit,[47] it is production line capitalism, in In Dubious Battle, it is the Have-Nots who are in the pay of the Haves; in Native Son, it is racial prejudice and political intolerance.

But by the middle of the decade, the liberal reformers had been presented with fascism, a perfect ideological enemy, the embodiment and personification of all their enemies, since it represented an antithetical method of solving the same problems which the liberals were struggling to solve. Hitler came officially to power in 1933, the same year that Franklin Roosevelt took office, and the ideological battlelines were drawn. In 1935, Mussolini waged his Ethiopian campaign and the American Communist Party established the People's Front against fascism, enlisting such notoriously uncommunistic social critics as Ernest Hemingway to the cause. From this date, the efforts of the majority of American liberals, both organized and unorganized, were bent toward the destruction of fascism. But not until 1936 (ironically, the same year in which "Bury the Dead" was produced) was the open challenge to physical struggle issued by fascism. Spain was chosen as the battleground, and without hesitation, the liberals took up the gauntlet and declared, by word and deed, for the Loyalists.

The strength of the anti-fascist impulse among American liberals was not tested until the signing of the Russo-German pact in 1939.

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47. F.O.B. Detroit (New York, 1938).

The People's Front movement collapsed in the ensuing intra-ideological conflict. Granville Hicks led the liberal defection most articulately; Alfred Hayes, author of All Thy Conquests, was at that time an editor of the Partisan Review, and was one of those who pulled that journal away from ideological orthodoxy on grounds that the pact was immoral and not in the best interests of the Common Man. The People's Front split open ideologically, but the liberals closed ranks.[48] They were united in their opposition to fascism; it had to be destroyed, even if destroying it meant a physical struggle. The masses must never fight a capitalistic war, but this was counter-revolution, and now they must defend themselves.

Thus, there is no Hemingway or Dos Passos or March or Boyd or Cobb or Trumbo among the World War II novelists; there never can be one. The Americas which produced each war were vastly different. The social critical atmospheres within the nation before each war, while basically quite similar, were sufficiently different to produce the startling reversal in the liberal-intellectual attitude toward war so well illustrated by Irwin Shaw, whose The Young Lions and forceful three-act play, The Assassin,[49] effectively contradict the message of "Bury the Dead." Just as the muckraker thinking of the teens helped to shape the pacifist ideology which informed the World War I novels, so the depression-proletariat thinking of the 1930's has contributed much to the formation of the basic ideological conviction

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48. See Rideout, The Radical Novel in the United States, Chapters 8 and 9; Frederick Lewis Allen, Only Yesterday (New York, 1931) and Since Yesterday (New York, 1940); and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., The Crisis of the Old Order (New York, 1957) and The Age of Roosevelt (New York, 1957).

49. The Assassin (New York 1946).

of the World War II novelists: That fighting the war--and winning it--was a primary and worthwhile objective.[50]

But specifically, against whom and against what were they fighting? And was it only against something; were they not for something as well? "Since the war began," Arthur Miller wrote:

> our most brilliant statesmen and writers have been trying... to frame a statement, a 'neme' for this war. They have not found it and they will not find it because they are looking for something new.... From the first day of this war we should have understood that the kind of thing we fight for is a very old thing. We fought for it in 1776 and in 1865, and we found the words for it then, and they are perfectly good words, easy to understand, and not at all old-fashioned. ...The words are not 'free enterprise,' as the well known ads for our big industries maintain. Nor are the words 'Keep American the Same,' as a certain automobile company insists nearly every week in the national magazines. Neither the people of America nor those of any other nation ever fought a war in order to keep everything the same, and certainly never for free enterprise or jobs.... But we did fight two wars for our Belief. And that Belief says, simply, that we believe all men are equal. We really believe it, most of us, and because a powerful force has arisen in the world dedicated to making the people of the world--us included--unequal, we have therefore decided to fight.... We believe that everything will rot and decline and go backwards if we are forced to live under laws that hold certain notions and peoples to be inferior and without rights.[51]

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50. It seems almost mandatory to note the startling irony apparent beneath this obvious shift in attitude. 1929 vindicated completely the pessimistic iconoclasm of the 1920s' social critics, but resulted in one of the greatest periods of social optimism in American intellectual history. The 1930s belief in positive action, in the justice of concrete causes, was not a reaction to pessimism, but was a logical result of it. The iconoclasts had been proved correct; now action was necessary. In the same way, the 1980s pacifists stand in a cause-to-effect relationship to the belligerent World War II novelists. The second war was fought to protect the gains which had been won as a result of the social struggles of the 1930s--struggles which had been motivated by the vindication of the bitter social criticism of the 1920s. Within twenty years, the term "liberal" was successfully redefined so that it came very nearly to mean the exact opposite of its old self. But even more amazing, the redefinition was not a result of disenchantment with the old definition; the new seemed indeed, necessarily to follow from the old.

51. Miller, Situation Normal, p. 160.

This ideological statement is perhaps too simple, though it reaches close to the heart of the matter. Within it are the implications that all Americans inherently agree on the principle of equality, and that the principle of inequality is exclusively the property of the Germans, the Italians, and the Japanese. The serious novelists had grave misgivings about such either-or, black-white arguments and conclusions. They were aware that the ideological conflict was far more complex than Miller suggests, that evil was not the exclusive province of the enemy nor good of America and her allies, and that consequently, the simple statement of and solution to the problem of the reasons behind the war are highly inadequate.

The novelists fought fascism wherever and under whatever circumstances it might occur, as many of them had fought it for a decade preceding the war. They accused self-centeredness and complacency of the crime of letting fascism rise and flourish in America as well as in Germany and Italy. Thus all men caused the necessity of the war, and all men must pay, must expiate their guilt for the rise of fascism.

These two points, fascism as a crime against humanity and the guilt of all men of the crime, are basic to an understanding of the ideological convictions held and expressed by the war novelists. The ensuing chapters are detailed discussions of these points. They are organized according to the novelists' opposition to and criticism of German and Italian fascism, their attacks on what might be termed American fascism, and the nature of their constructive criticism as it is embodied in their belief that all men, as individuals, must accept

responsibility for the war if they are to win the peace.[52]

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52. It should become apparent through the discussion that these novelists have had some very important things to say; that none of them are, in Miller's terms, "wise-guy writers." Neither are they concerned only with an objective portrayal of violence, as most reviewers of their novels seem to have felt. And, unfortunately, as some critics seem to have also felt. The discussion will show that John T. Frederick, for example, was not looking closely enough at the novels when he charged the novelists with "failures in vision, failure to see in the horrible jungle of war the root and leaf of human meaning. For too many of these writers, the surface of experience is enough, the surface is all." "Fiction of the Second World War," College English, XVIII (January, 1956), p. 204.

Chapter III

In general, the ideological novelists who wrote about the European war mistrusted, feared, and often hated the German enemy. Lt. Garnett's Company in The Strange Land had come close to capture in the Ardennes fighting, and Garnett reflects on what might have happened had the Bulge battle been a German success:

> Right now the two Jews in my platoon would be headed for Dachau concentration camp. That's where they hang living men up by the collar bone on meat hooks. Or Belsen concentration camp. That's where they turn loose ravenous dogs on naked Jews to tear off their genitals. In Poland the Nazi exterminator squads throw little Jewish boys and girls into concrete mixers for a joke. At Ravensbrueck the women wardens whip the breasts of the most beautiful Jewish girls until there's nothing left but ribbons of flesh.[1]

This is admittedly a paranoic reverie; Garnett is on the verge of battle fatigue. But, with only slightly less emphasis upon the sensational aspects of Nazi sadism, Stefan Heym and Irwin Shaw portray at length the horrible conditions of a German concentration camp on the day of its liberation,[2] and Heym describes the wilful murder of fifteen American prisoners immediately after their surrender.[3]

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1. Ned Calmer, The Strange Land, p. 330.
2. See The Crusaders, pp. 466-76, and The Young Lions, pp. 672-80.
3. The Crusaders, pp. 366-67.

These were Nazi crimes; the SS was in command of both concentration camps, and Col. Pettinger, who ordered the execution of the prisoners, is a Party leader. But the ordinary German, whether soldier or civilian, was also an object of mistrust and fear. Lt. Garnett's thoughts continue with: "Those are the Germans. Those are the people we're fighting. Every one is as guilty as the next. It's the disease of a whole people. And nothing under God's sun can ever cure them."[4] And Lt. Stillman in A Time to go Home, retreating from the Bulge battle with only some forty men left out of an entire infantry battalion,

> now understood, what he could not have known before--that the Nazis were fighting fiercely and with courage and passion for their cause. They were not a bewildered mass praying for deliverance. There had been no black-clad SS troops standing behind those soldiers moving out across the valley today. Those green-clad troops were fighting for the base creed of the Nazis with . . . intensity of conviction.[5]

There are very few instances of sympathy for the German people, or even for individual Germans. There is none of the World War I attitude prevalent among the ideological novelists that Germans are human beings, even as you and I; that they were duped by their leaders; that they were guiltless tools in the hands of clever and unscrupulous men. William Smith's Last of the Conquerors[6] is the novel which comes

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4. The Strange Land, p. 330.

5. William Fridley, A Time to go Home, p. 104.

6. William G. Smith, Last of the Conquerors (New York, 1948).

closest to expressing this idea. It is a story about Negro occupation troops and their acceptance as equals by the German people though they are discriminated against within the army. But Smith is concerned not so much with absolving Germans of their guilt for the war, nor with praising them as tolerant, enlightened human beings, as with condemning America and Americans for their unenlightened intolerance.

Edward Loomis' End of a War[7] is a soul searching work in which an American soldier, George Leggett, sick with guilt for the killing he has done in the name of duty, tries to expiate the guilt by becoming the protector of a German family. Leggett finds however that the Hesse family, while it is willing to accept him as guilty, even to forgive him, will not accept at least an equal amount of guilt for their own part in the war. At the end of the war, he is assigned to guard a Displaced Persons camp; the majority of the inmates had been liberated from concentration camps. It depresses him terribly that these people must still be locked up, that they cannot be freed because there is no place for them to go. He tries to explain his feelings to the Hesses, but they cannot sympathize; to them, Displaced Persons are evil simply because of their displacement. "The typical German reaction!" Leggett thinks. "People who are not Germans are bad people to begin with; people who are in camps behind wires are the worst kind of bad people. And the Germans know all this because they've been taught it by their masters."[8]

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7. End of a War (New York, 1958).

8. Ibid., p. 214

Leggett comes eventually to the conclusion that the war was right and good because through war a man is made to face himself. "'It is a hard thing to decide,'" he tells the Hesses. "'To fight in a war is to hurt other people, and after a war it is hard sometimes to believe that the world is better for it.'"[9] Then in a burst of expiatory eloquence, he tells them everything: how it felt to kill, the joy at seeing German corpses, and the sudden oppressive guilt which descended upon him when the war ended. But his hopeful expectation that the Hesses will accept him, after his confession, understanding and forgiving him, thereby showing that they understand themselves and therefore meriting his forgiveness in turn, is not realized. They reject him, fearfully, even scornfully; and he knows finally that their attitude is their own, not something imposed upon or fed to them by their masters. "Leggett was suddenly angry. 'You Germans!' he said. 'You're always the same! You never learn; anything that happens to you is a crime, but a German can never commit a crime! Oh, never!'"[10]

At the novel's end, the reader is aware that it will take Leggett a terribly long time to learn to live with his guilt. But he is aware too that Leggett's realization of the basic nature and motives of the German enemy is the first large step toward reconciling himself to the necessity and worth of the war.

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9. Ibid., p. 234
10. Ibid., pp 239-40.

Italy was never the physical enemy of America that Germany was. For all practical purposes, she had retired from the war in Africa by the time Americans arrived, and the battles of Sicily and Italy were fought against German troops. She was not an ideological enemy comparable to the Germans either. She was certainly a fascist state, totally undemocratic, and political terrorism and reprisal were common occurrences while she flourished; but certain other outer manifestations of inner evil--slave labor, persecutions of Jews, concentration camps--were not so common. These were largely German, Nazi-fascist refinements.

Furthermore, the Italian people did not seem to the novelists to be as guilty of the crimes of their leaders as were the German people; consequently, they were not treated with the same harshness. There are Hesse families in the novels concerning the war in Italy. John Horne Burns, in The Gallery, finds an attractive sort of Weltschmerz in the actions of the Italians--love is sadly beautiful, hate is sadly bitter, sin is committed knowingly but with infinite sadness. They are naive yet terribly sophisticated children whose naivete is far from innocence, but almost equally far from guilt; they never believe that sin will solve their problems, but they know that innocence will not solve them either. "'Sometimes,'" Michael Patrick says:

> 'I like you Eyeties better than I do my own. There's something good and gentle in most of you. Where are we going in this war? I don't know, for all the orientation talks they used to give us. There's something about Italy and you Eyeties that gets me. There's dirt and poverty here. But there's something else that gets me. Seems to survive your battered towns and your bitter men and your degraded women.

> Why is all this? Why must it be? Something terrible has come into this world.'"[11]

Alfred Hayes' Liza,[12] in The Girl on the Via Flaminea, is one of the good and the gentle who is morally and psychologically maimed by the war. She sins hopelessly, in order to prevent the dirt and poverty, becoming the lover and pretended wife of an American soldier whom she had never before met. Her friend, Nina, consort of American officers, arranges the liaison and convinces Lisa of its necessity and rightness: "'One doesn't live as one likes to, but as one must. Go through the city. On the Corso, on the Via Veneto, on all the bridges--it's the same. Everywhere the soldiers and the women. Why? Because there is nothing else, cara mia, except to drink and to make love and to survive.'"[13]

But the argument is not convincing enough. Lisa submits, but finds no happiness in her role as hired mistress. Even though Robert, the soldier, grows more warmly and sincerely attached to her, she cannot help feeling that she is little more than a prostitute. And when the American Military Police discover the deception, arrest her, force

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11. Burns, The Gallery, p. 10. The ellipses are the author's. John Hersey, A Bell for Adano, and Elliott Arnold, Tomorrow Will Sing, caught the naivete of the Italians but apparently either did not sense or disregarded the profundity of awareness which so impressed Burns and Hayes. For Hersey and Arnold the Italians are simply highly sentimental children whose hurts are easily satisfied by an obvious symbol like a bell, or by direct proof like a radio broadcast.

12. The Girl on the Via Flaminia (New York, 1949).

13. Ibid. p. 29.

her to take a physical examination and thenceforward to carry the yellow identification card of the prostitute, she can no longer justify the arrangement with Robert. She leaves, going apparently toward the bridges, either to leap or to pursue openly the profession which she feels she has been practicing.

In Lisa, Hayes presents a warm, sensitive human being, hurt terribly by the war, and reacting to the hurt. There is no question of guilt or innocence for the war; there is only suffering and bitterness and failure to understand. "'Something terrible has come into this world,'" Yes; terrible enough to hurt the Lisas of a conquered Italy irreparably.

In Hayes' first war novel, All Thy Conquests, besides treating other ordinary Italians as sympathetically as he treats Lisa—there is Carla, who does for love what Lisa does for security, and who is equally disappointed; there is Giorgio, whose great desire to reattain his pre-war dignity conflicts sharply with basic drives, hunger and shelter—Hayes has given us the Questore of Rome, a portrait of the evils of fascism as convincing and unforgettable as Irwin Shaw's Christian Diestl and Lt. Hardenburg, and as Stefan Heym's Col. Pettinger.

Important and effective as the portrayals of ordinary Germans and Italians, like Lisa and the Hesse family, are in clarifying the war novelists' opinions concerning the causes and consequences of the war—important as are the flat statements of ideological opposition such as those cited above from The Strange Land and A Time to go Home—it is through characters like Diestl, Hardenburg, Pettinger, and the Questore

that the novelists make their ideological argument with fascism ultimately clear and understandable.

Shaw, Heym, and Hayes have succeeded in a very difficult task here. They have created convincing villains who function integrally, artistically, within the novels, but who, at the same time, so represent an ideology as almost to personify it. Indeed, a close examination of them as they function can lead us inductively toward a definition of fascism and Nazi-fascism--a definition upon which not only Shaw, Heym, and Hayes, but all of the World War II novelists in either theater of operations could agree.[14]

The Young Lions is a story of the war in the European Theater from Africa through the fall of Germany. It is told from the point of view of three soldiers: two Americans, Michael Whitaker and Noah Ackerman, and a German, Christian Diestl. Ackerman is a Jew who fights courageously and, at least in his own case, successfully against anti-semitism in the United States Army. His is a cataclysmic role. At the end of the novel he is shot by Diestl in what Shaw pictures as the last gasp of Naziism. And he is avenged by Whitaker in what is apparently the first breath of a responsible democracy. Whitaker, in the beginning a conviction-less dilettante, gradually grows into a man of sincerity and purpose, a fitting defender and propagator of Shaw's democratic ideal.

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14. The Young Lions, The Crusaders, and All Thy Conquests are the only novels I have read in which extended characterizations of German and Italian fascists appear. The Strange Land and End of a War have none; nor have The Gallery and The Girl on the Via Flaminia. The novelists of the Pacific war of course could have none. This is not intended as adverse criticism of novels without such characterizations; each novelist has his own intentions and sets his own limitations, and his work must be judged accordingly.

Christian Diestl follows an almost exactly opposite path to Whitaker's, traveling downward--largely through the influence of his ideological mentor, Lt. Hardenburg—from the position of an idealistic reformer to that of an irrational, nearly unemotional animal, betraying comradeship in the name of a cause he knows is lost, and killing simply for the sake of killing.

At the outset of the novel, Margaret Fremantle, a young American woman on a skiing vacation in the Austrian Alps, is nearly raped by a drunken German servant at the inn. The next day she complains to Diestl, at this time a ski-instructor, that to her mind, the German's action was "all of a piece" with Naziism. After a moment of anger, Diestl answers that "'Frederick did not climb into your room because he was a Nazi....Frederick did that because he is a pig. He's a bad human being. For him it is only an accident that he is a Nazi. Finally, if it comes to it, he will be a bad Nazi, too.'"[15]

Then, very patiently, he explains to Margaret why he believes in Naziism, and why he feels that Naziism is the only answer for a troubled Europe. Communism is too reasonable; "'In Europe nothing will ever be accomplished by reason.'" Brotherhood is nonsense; lying, murdering, cheating are the only things that Europeans understand. However, Diestl's social idealism shines through this realistic appraisal:

> 'Do you think I like to say that? But it is true, and only a fool will think otherwise. Then, finally, when things are in order, we can stop what you call the "lying and murdering." When people have enough

15. The Young Lions, p. 17.

> to eat, when they have jobs, when they know that their money will be worth the same tomorrow as it is today and not one-tenth as much, when they know they have a government that is their own, that cannot be ordered around by anyone else, at anyone else's whim . . . when they can stop being defeated. Out of weakness, you get nothing. Shame, starvation. That's all. Out of strength, you get everything.'[16]

But his amorality, his belief in expediency, the seeds of his later viciousness are present in these final words:

> 'And about the Jews..' He shrugged. 'It is an unlucky accident. Somehow, someone discovered that that was the only way to come to power. I am not saying I like it. Myself, I know it is ridiculous to attack any race. Myself, I know there are Jews like Frederick, and Jews, say, like myself. But if the only way you can get a decent and ordered Europe is by wiping out the Jews, then we must do it. A little injustice for a large justice, It is the one thing the Comrades have taught Europe——the end justifies the means. It is a hard thing to learn, but, finally, I think, even Americans will learn it.'[17]

At the fall of Paris, Diestl, by now a Wehrmacht sergeant, is still idealistic enough to look optimistically toward future days "because they were going to be peaceful and rich, and all the ideas for which he had been willing to risk his life would be put into law and made permanent and a new time of prosperity and order was beginning."[18]

But Diestl's idealistic hopes are gradually undermined during the next few months. He is given the unpleasant duty, for a soldier, of working with collaborators to break up incipient underground movements and to

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16. Ibid., p. 19.

17. Ibid.

arrest hiding Jews. Events and circumstances seem to carry him uncontrollably in the wrong direction. He is even offered the opportunity--by, of all people, the brother of the husband of his French mistress—to enter the black market. He declines the offer, even though part of the justification for making it is that his own lieutenant operates in the market.

At this point, Diestl receives leave, and travels hopefully back to Germany, to an energetic world without hypocrisy or phoniness. But he has been asked by Lt. Herdenburg to deliver a gift to Gretchen, his wife, in Berlin, and he discovers a sort of Roman corruption in the new capital of Europe that lay unsuspected beneath a facade of dignity and ceremony. Gretchen does an important job in the Ministry of Propaganda trying to convince German girls that it is unpatriotic to consort with the foreign slave laborers who have been imported into the country. She herself is a consort for members of the General Staff, and is paid for her services in favors and in loot from defeated countries. She seduces Christian on the very first day they meet, and convinces him with a minimum of effort to spend his entire leave in Berlin, waiting for her call for service. But Gretchen is more than sexually competent and sexually hungry; she is also sexually jaded. She returns to Christian one evening with a Lesbian friend, and the three of them engage in a tumultuous orgy.

Revolted, yet terribly attracted by the uninhibited evil of Gretchen, and by his own newly discovered evil potential, Christian allows her to use her influence in an attempt to have him commissioned

and transferred to Berlin, attached to the General Staff. With few pangs of conscience, Christian is willing to sacrifice his desire to be an active part in world reform in order to remain an active part of corruption. And this willingness leaves him considerably emptier when, because he had once been a communist, his commission and transfer are denied him. The crowning blow comes when Gretchen rejects him for the same reasons, as a danger to her position in the government.

Bitter, considerably less the idealist, Diestl returns to France, resolved to forget his scruples and enter the black market, knowing that whatever wealth he can gain will win Gretchen's favor in spite of the danger involved. But even this satisfaction is denied him, for while he was on leave, his outfit was alerted to move into combat with Rommel.

While in Africa, the badly shaken foundations of Diestl's convictions are utterly destroyed. He takes part in the cold-blooded massacre of an English patrol--the glory of war is denied him; he retreats with Lt. Hardenburg, leaving the balance of the company behind to defend a defenseless position--he rejects and betrays comradeship; and the convoy to which he and the lieutenant have attached themselves in retreat is bombed by American planes, so that both men wind up in hospitals on Capri--he tastes defeat.

Thus is Diestl brought to the brink of that total disillusionment which Remarque's German soldiers reached at the moment of imminent defeat in _All Quiet on the Western Front_. He is rescued by the realization that, while Africa might be lost, the balance of the New Germany

remained intact; and by the lessons taught him in the sickroom of Lt. Hardenburg, "a combination of lecture room and confessional, a place in which Christian could find his own mistakes clarified, his own vague hopes and aspirations crystallized, understood, categorized."[19] His mistake had been his idealism; his vague hope had been for power at any cost.

Lt. Hardenburg, masochist (he had asked to be flagellated by a French whore on his first night in Paris), sadist (humming tunelessly, he had waited to open fire on the English patrol in Africa until most of them were squatting at their latrine), grotesque (his face had been destroyed in the bombing), devotes himself wholeheartedly to the education of his sergeant. He gives Christian no new idealism, nor even attempts to shore up the old. He gives him instead the hard, practical facts of Nazi-fascism.

Lying in his hospital bed, his face hidden in bandages, the room steeped in the odor of its other patient--a mummy-swathed, moaning figure identified only as The Burn--Hardenburg lectures to the visiting Diestl:

> 'After this one is over, we must leap into another war. Against the Japanese. It is always necessary to subdue your allies. It is something that is left out of Mein Kampf, perhaps out of shrewdness on the author's part. And after that, it will be necessary to permit some nation, somewhere, to grow strong, so that we can always have an enemy who will be difficult to beat. To be great, a nation must always be stretched to the limits of its endurance....It is never possible to enjoy the fruits of war in peace. The fruits of war can only be enjoyed in further war, or you lose everything.....

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19. Ibid., p. 287

> 'We Germans have the best chance of all. We have an elite of daring and intelligent men, and we have a large, energetic population. It is true that other nations, say the Americans, have as many daring and intelligent men, and a population that is at least as energetic. But we are more furtunate, for one reason, and we shall conquer because of it. We are docile and they are not and probably never will be.[20]

He goes on to speak of his wound, of the fact that it can be turned to his advantage after the war if he enters politics--it will be his badge of honor, his medal. The horror of it, he is convinced, will not repel him; the soldier lives on horror, on death and the threat of death. Hardenburg expands this theme:

> 'For the purpose of our country we need an empty Europe, It is a mathematical problem and the equalizing sign is slaughter....
>
> 'Wherever we go everyone must realize that we are quick to kill. It is the most satisfactory key to dominion. Eventually I came to enjoy killing, as a pianist enjoys the Czerny which keeps his fingers limber for the Beethoven.'[21]

He upbraids Diestl for feeling optimistic about the end of the war and the coming of peace and prosperity:

> 'We can be prosperous only if all Europe is a pauper....Do I want the illiterate Pole, drunk on potato alcohol in the winter mud of his village, to be prosperous? Do I want the stinking goatherd in the Dolomites to be rich? Do I want a fat Greek homosexual to teach Law at Heidelbert? Why? I want servants, not competitors. And failing that, I want corpses.[22]

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20. Ibid., pp. 288-89.

21. Ibid., p. 290.

22. Ibid., p. 291.

Uncompromising brutality and viciousness are absolutely essential to victory. Hardenburg proposes that Germany should kill one hundred thousand Europeans ("'And not Jews, because everyone is used to seeing Jews killed and everyone is more or less secretly delighted with our efficiency in that field'"[23]) for every day that the war continues, and should drop their names and photographs over London instead of bombs. "'Killing is an objective act and death is a state beyond right and wrong.'"[24]

Pure logic, sweet reasonableness, and a willingness to deviate from the rules--these are the ingredients of victory and power. They are abnormalities, and are the causes and effects of further abnormalities. But to Hardenburg's mind, the abnormal is essential:

> 'The German soldier has the good luck that at this balancing moment in history he is being led by men who are a little mad. Hitler falls into fits before the maps at Berchtesgaden. Goering was dragged from the sanitarium for dope addicts in Sweden. Roehm, Rosenberg, all the rest, would make old Dr. Freud rub his hands in Vienna if he peeked out and saw them waiting in his anteroom. Only the irrational vision of a madman could understand that an empire could be won in ten years merely by promising to institutionalize the pogrom... We are being led against the sane and reasonable armies of men who could not deviate from the rules if they burst a kidney in the effort, and we are being led by men exalted by opium fumes and by gibbering Corporals who picked up their lessons in military affairs from serving tea in a trench to a broken Captain twenty-five years ago at Passchendaele. How can we expect to lose?[25]

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23. Ibid.

24. Ibid. p. 292.

25. Ibid. p. 293.

So end Hardenburg's lectures to Diestl, and, as if to punctuate them finally, Hardenburg has Christian smuggle a bayonet to him so that he can put The Burn out of his misery. Diestl complies, then limps away from the room on his shattered knee, going back into action, feeling "like a scholar who has finally been graduated from a university whose every book he has memorized and sucked dry."[26]

Lt. Hardenburg is Shaw's symbol, his personified definition, of Nazi-fascism. Because he recognizes and is willing to utilize abnormality, because he is openly, expediently, amoral, Hardenburg is potentially more dangerous even than Hitler. But Naziism is defeated in the end, and Shaw carries the symbol to its logical conclusion: rejected by Gretchen when he expresses a desire to return to her, Hardenburg commits suicide with a pen-knife.

This Christian learns when, after front-line duty in Italy, he returns on leave once more to Berlin. Gretchen shows him the Lieutenant's letter and the photograph of his disfigured face which he had sent her. She tells Christian that she turned him down as tactfully as possible, and then she heard he had killed himself.

Gretchen too is a significant symbol. No longer a glamorous woman doing a glamorous job in a glamorous society, she is the lover of a French Lesbian who keeps her carefully locked away from men. Gretchen is the New Germany, slowly retreating, slowly being destroyed both from within and from without. She is defeat; she is the land to

26. Ibid., p. 297.

which the maimed and humiliated German army must return. And in her selfishness, she rejects her responsibility for that army: "'You people are getting queerer and queerer these days....Sometimes I have the feeling you all ought to be locked up, really I do,'"[27] and turns about to make the best of defeat in a war that was never her fault.

Diestl by this time has become so hardened, so almost monomaniacal in his acceptance of Naziism, that the corruption of Gretchen and the suicide of Hardenburg only make him more stubbornly loyal to a losing cause. There seems to be a rather serious weakness in characterization here. Christian is hardly moved, and his faith is never shaken, by news of Hardenburg's death. Granted that the destruction of his illusions and ideals coupled with the Lieutenant's lectures effectively have made him more a machine and less a man than he was before, it still seems reasonable to suppose that Hardenburg's suicide should shock him back to humanity, if only for a moment. Still, he is consistent, and, if such a thing is possible, he becomes even more consistent throughout the remainder of the novel.

He is given one final opportunity to regain his humanity.. Retreating, his outfit wiped out, Diestl meets Brandt, an artist, an old friend and ex-comrade. Brandt has an automobile, and he convinces Christian to consider deserting. They motor to Paris, and move into the house of Brandt's French fiancee, Simone. Christian and Brandt had known Simone five years before, at the fall of Paris; Brandt had

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27. Ibid., p. 426.

remained in Paris when Christian had moved to Rennes. There had been another girl, Francoise, and though they had dated, Christian had never been allowed to make love to her. Francoise shares Simone's house, and because "'You're very tired now....A little gray. And I notice that you limp a bit, too. In '40 it did not seem you could ever grow tired. You might die, then, I thought, in one glorious burst of fire, but never weary, never...'"[28] because "You're not a conqueror anymore, darling, you're a refugee...'"[29] she now gives herself to Christian.

The chance for redemption through humility is given him, but Diestl rejects it:

> Better friends than Brandt had died beside him for four years; should Brandt be left alive to suck on Hardenburg's bones? The end justifies the means --and after the geometric slaughter, was the end to be civilian Brandt, after three or four easy months in an American stockade, returning to his soft French wife, painting his silly, piddling pictures, apologizing for the next twenty years to the victors for the hard, dead men he had betrayed?[30]

The answers are obvious; Diestl steals out of the house and goes directly to the SS. He even accompanies them to make the arrest.

The balance of Diestl's story is anti-climactic. In an attempt to reach the German lines, he is trapped in a woods near the concentration camp which the American Company that Whitaker and Ackerman belong to have liberated. In a futile, senseless gesture, Diestl kills

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28. Ibid., p. 576.

29. Ibid., p. 578.

30. Ibid., p. 579.

Ackerman from ambush and is hunted down and killed by Whitaker. The symbolic significance of the fact that Ackerman is a Jew is underscored by the fact that Diestl does not know this when he fires; the death of Ackerman, the whole Jewish persecution, was simply an accident of history. It was the result of a belief in the simple, single solution, in expedient, capricious action; it was the result of a whole way of thinking and living which, spawned by and living on death, had to end in death as well. The whole final scene of the novel calls to mind Brandt's prophecy made before Christian betrayed him:

> 'Maybe, somewhere, they'll collect some troops and draw a line, but it will only be a gesture. A temporary, blood-thirsty gesture. A sick, romantic Viking funeral. Clausewitz and Wagner, the General Staff and Siegfried, combined for a graveyard theatrical effect.'[31]

In spite of the slickness of the novel's execution—a slickness which stamps it, as Aldridge points out, "with that anonymous but universally familiar New Yorker label"[32]—in spite of the overwhelming coincidence which brought his three soldiers together to perform a perfect, hence somewhat unconvincing climax to the novel, Shaw has succeeded in causing Christian Diestl to personify not only the German army as a physical enemy, but the Nazi-fascist as ideological enemy. And in the destruction of the one Shaw promises hope for the destruction of the other.

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31. Ibid., p. 563.

32. After the Lost Generation, p. 146.

SS Lt. Col. Pettinger in Stefan Heym's The Crusaders combines the best--or worst--aspects of both Christian Diestl and Lt. Hardenburg. He is utterly vicious, but completely rational. He knows where he came from, what made him:

> The men who yammered and were depressed by a few defeats went to pieces not so much because of nervous strain, but because their horizon had the approximate reach of a toilet seat. When Pettinger compared the present state, even considering all that had happened in the past year and a half [i.e., 1943-44], with his pre-Nazi days--next morning's breakfast an uncertainty, no job, no future in sight, tramping the streets of his own country, turned away from the doors of factories and offices by men who claimed to be his countrymen--he knew that then he had known fear; and he shuddered even now, when he thought back to it. That had been the real fear: the fear of starvation, of becoming chaff, of losing one's hold over oneself, of dirt and disease and decay in a gutter.[33]

He knows where he is going, and he is certain of the result:

> A thorough change could be brought about only by uprooting that permanent strata of life--only then would the peasant, the grocer, the clerk follow blindly, because there would be no place for him to return. The mass migrations from west to east, from east to west, the destruction of home and town, the creation of a new type of man--the barracks man, who had no home and who existed only to be worked and mulcted--were the real guarantees of a new time. They were the guarantees of ultimate National-Socialist victory, regardless of the issue of battle. And the Allies, the fools, were helping this new world on its way, by their invasion that turned Europe into a battlefield, by their mass bombings that daily destroyed more roots and daily decreased the strata of permanences. Let them come, with their fagged-out, outmoded institutions, let them try to set up once more a world as they knew it!. It was impossible.

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33. The Crusaders, p. 135

> Yes, the storm he had helped to whip up might be only a lot of wind; but even wind, if it moved fast enough, could tear out and carry away the strongest trees.[34]

And later, after the defeat of Germany is complete, Pettinger is even more optimistic. "'Play along with them!'" he advises the Allied-appointed mayor of Kremmen:

> 'Preserve for us what can be maintained. Because, beaten and defeated, we still hold the balance of power. But we must know where we're going! We must have a perspective! We must have a leadership, an organization that works through all channels—through what government the occupants permit us, through business, schools, the Church, through demobilized officers and returned prisoners of war. Slowly, playing one occupant against the other, making it difficult for them, rebuilding only what we need, patiently—until Der Tag when we'll spring forward, full-grown, and dictate our terms!'[35]

For Heym, Col. Pettinger is the complete Nazi, as was Lt. Hardenburg for Shaw. He is cold, calculating, bitter, and ruthless —and not in the melodramatic or comic opera sense. There are plan and purpose in his reasoning, in his decisions, and in his actions. A Europe destroyed, a population without roots, an expediently hypocritical leadership—these are both the means and the ends of the Nazi ideology as Pettinger formulates it.

As allied troops move into Germany, he conceives and sells the General Staff on a scorched earth policy under the slogan "Not a Soul to the Enemy!" As the enforcer of the policy, he uses not only

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34. Ibid., p. 132.

34. Ibid., pp. 528-59.

propaganda techniques, but physical coercion as well. Those Germans who are not willing to desert and destroy their villages and homes are forced to do so at gunpoint. The people of a village named Ensdorf, for instance, refuse to leave, and hole up in an abandoned mineshaft. Pettinger cold-bloodedly orders the mine sealed by a dynamite blast.

But even more indicative of Pettinger's viciousness and potential dangerousness is his murder of Field Marshall Klemm-Borowski, his commanding officer. The Marshall, having decided after the Ardennes failure that Götterdämmerung is at hand, places in Pettinger's hands a testament, beginning with the words "I die at the head of my troops to save Germany." He tells Pettinger that the testament argues that Germany's mistake had been in waging a two-front war, that the true enemy of all the Western world is Russia, and that the next war must find the West solidly together in a struggle with the East. In Pettinger, the Marshall believes, lies the hope of the new Germany. Pettinger realizes the full political value of the document, and realizes too that its value is greatly lessened unless Klemm-Borowski actually dies. The chance that he will do so at the head of his troops is good, but not perfect. Pettinger murders him, calls it suicide, and charges the members of the Marshall's staff to give out the news that he died bravely in battle "so that Germany may live."[36]

The Crusaders is a far more complex novel than this discussion of the attitudes and actions of Obersturmbannführer Pettinger indicates.

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36. Ibid., pp. 481-88.

For Pettinger is at the heart of the story. Directly and indirectly —by standing as an invidious comparison or a noxious contrast—he influences the reader's conception of and reaction toward the other characters, especially the Americans. Heym's primary concern is with the lack of ideological certainty and with the consequent lack of foresight and planning, on the part of the Americans waging the war. Pettinger's dangerousness is greater or less in relation to this ideological weakness.

The Crusaders is the story of a Propaganda Intelligence Detachment. It begins in France, shortly after the invasion, goes through Luxembourg, and ends in Germany, shortly after the end of the war. The principal American characters are Lt. Yates, an intellectual, somewhat cynical young college professor of Germanics; Sgt. Bing, a high-principled naturalized American of German-Jewish parentage; Capt. Troy, an infantry company commander, a man not given to speculation, but a man with a strong instinct for right and wrong; Gen. Farrish, tough Division Commander, stupid, egocentric, a man of little principle; Col. De Witt, liaison officer in charge of propaganda, and in a sense, the General's conscience; Lt. Col. Willoughby, a "typical" American businessman and a man of high principles all of which, Heym insists, are bad; and Mess Sgt. Dondolo, vicious and corrupted enlisted man counterpart of Willoughby, as Willoughby is the counterpart of Pettinger.

Yates carries the burden of Heym's message, helped by Bing, Troy, and De Witt. By the time these men have committed themselves

ideologically, and have decided to act, the war has ended and the peace is being lost. Pettinger has survived and is on his way successfully to a behind-the-scenes leadership in a rejuvenated German industry and a chaotic German government. He has become the perfect physical and ideological symbol of fascism, and at this point, Yates and Troy destroy him by causing him to be buried alive in an old bomb shelter. But, Heym makes clear, he cannot be destroyed except by men who, because they are committed, recognize his evil potential. Farrish and Willoughby never do recognize it. Except for Yates, Troy, and De Witt, Pettinger would have succeeded in his plans.

For this reason, Pettinger is a far more perfect and convincing villain than Lt. Hardenburg. And because his is integrally worked into the plot, he is at least as convincing as Christian Diestl. In fact, since the element of coincidence is far less prominent in The Crusaders than in The Young Lions, one could argue that Heym has succeeded where Shaw failed in binding his novel neatly and logically together.

Heym's success stems largely from his ability to create convincing minor characters. Prince Yasha, Mayor Lämmlein, the widow Rintelen, the German soldiers Heberle and Mulsinger are among the large number of lesser villains through whom the gross villainy of Pettinger and the potential evil of Willoughby are seen most clearly. Yasha is the owner and operator of Delacroix & Cie., a steel and mining industry in Occupied France which has an interest in the German Rintelen Works. Yahsa's only concern is his business; "'I have no

loyalty to one of the other side,'" he says to Pettinger on the eve of the German retreat from Paris. "'In order to become a traitor, one must have had some loyalties, isn't that so?'"[37] He arranges for Pettinger's escape at the same time engaging him to protect Delacroix' German interests from Nazi confiscation. In addition, Yasha works out a similar deal with Willoughby in the event Germany should lose the war. The widow Rintelen is a stupid, frightened old woman whose vision extends no farther than the boundaries of the estate which her late industrialist husband built from the profits of his munitions business in both World Wars. It is she, along with her nymphomaniac daughter-in-law, who allows Pettinger to assume her son's identity, thus giving him his great chance to gain control of German industry. Mayor Lämmlein affords him his foothold in government. A minor official in the Rintelen Works, Lämmlein is made mayor by Willoughby. He was never a Nazi, but was certainly a sympathizer, and for the good of the New Germany, he plays along with Pettinger. For the good of the New Germany too he makes the following speech to Gen. Farrish:

> '...shall we judge a man by a label, or by what he has done? Let him be punished, yes, for his weakness in having been a Nazi —but let him be put to work rebuilding what his weakness help to destroy! We cannot get the streetcars running without skilled personnel! We cannot begin to think of taking up production in the Rintelen Works without the managerial talent required! Ultimately, the decision is up to you, sir, you who have the greatness of mind to weigh the importance of every one of us, you who have the interest of the city at heart. I am sure, you will make the right choice.'[38]

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37. Ibid., p. 138.

38. Ibid., p. 553.

And Farrish does "make the right choice." "'I have the best Division in the United States Army, and I'm going to have the best occupation area in Germany,'"[39] he had announced, and with this decision obviously in mind, he concurs completely with Lämmlein's argument and conclusion.

The materialism, amorality, and expediency of fascism are evident in the thoughts and actions of these three minor characters. But, it might be argued, they are not literally fascists, or at least, not Nazi-fascists. That is, none of them is a Party member.[40] However, Party membership plays no real part in the definition of fascism as the World War II novelists conceived it. Subscription to the principles and ideals of fascism is sufficient to earn one the label. And these characters illustrate the definition remarkably well. In fact, they illustrate too another very important point in the definition: the buck-passing refusal to accept responsibility for the crimes committed by and in the name of the Party. Paula Concentration Camp with all its horrors stands just outside the city which houses the Rintelen Works owned and operated by Yasha, Lämmlein, and the widow Rintelen. Yet they feel themselves no more responsible for its horrors than they do for the use made of the munitions which were produced by the Works. And all of them tacitly accept the evil that is Pettinger in the name of their personal well-being, as each had accepted, on the same terms,

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39. Ibid., p. 551.

40. Cf., Loomis, End of a War. However, there are no Pettingers in Loomis' novel against whom the Hesse family may be set up so that its perhaps unwitting fascism may be made clear.

the evil that was Hitler. But each refuses to admit his responsibility for either evil on the grounds that he paid no overt allegiance to either evil--on the grounds that he was never a Nazi.

But Heym presents us with an ever clearer example of this term in the definition of fascism in his portrayal of Heberle and Mulsinger, two assassins whose job it is to kill Gen. Farrish. They are part of an elaborate plan of assassination conceived by Marshall Klemmborowski to be carried out coincidentally with the Ardennes battle.[41] All Allied General officers are on the list. English-speaking German soldiers are specially trained--incidentally, Pettinger is in charge of the training program--are clothed in American uniforms, and are sent behind the Allied lines. The plan, labeled "Operation Buzzard," is a resounding failure. The assassinations never take place, and most of the assassins, including Heberle and Mulsinger, are discovered, tried as spies, and sentenced to death.

Lt. Yates is given the job of making propaganda capital out of the situation. He interviews the condemned men, and hears them argue that the penalty is unjust:

> 'I don't want to die,' Heberle said miserably.
> 'D'you think the man you went out to kill wanted to die?'
> 'But we didn't kill him!'
> 'Not because you didn't try!....And do you think that all the defenseless people that your Army, your SS, your Secret Police have killed in the course of this war, and still are killing, wanted to die?"
>
> 'But I have nothing to do with that! Don't you see, sir--I only followed orders! I'm not responsible!'[42]

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41. Walter Freeman, The Last Blitzkrieg (New York, 1959) is a rather poor novel written from a screenplay of the same title which is based upon the same incident.

42. The Crusaders, p. 400.

Yates, angry, and certain of the justice of his anger for the first time, dashes out at the complainants:

> He said sharply, 'Let's get another thing straight, Heberle--and you, Mulsinger! The time has come when men have to stand up to the things they do. This hiding behind your superiors is no good any more--because, no doubt, they will hide behind their superiors, and so on up the line, until nobody is guilty but one man; until all the suffering of the war is atoned for by one bullet in that one man's brain. It's not going to work that way. If you have a heap of dung, the lowest layer stinks just as much, even though you take a shovelful off the top. You're going to be judged by what you, yourselves have done--every single one of you.'[43]

He does not convince Heberle and Mulsinger; they go to their deaths still believing that they had been unfairly treated. But Yates has convinced himself. It is with a great deal of satisfaction that he records the execution for broadcast into Germany. The discussion of Yates' conversion from apathy to commitment in the crusade against fascism has been reserved for a later chapter. But it is important that it be noted here, for Heym's message rests essentially upon the premise that the powerful fascist ideology can only be defeated by a counter-ideology just as powerful. Thus, while Pettinger represents the physical defeat of Germany at this point in the novel, it is only after Yates' dedicated conversion that he comes to represent the ideological defeat of fascism; it is only after Yates' acceptance of responsibility coupled with his insistence that others accept it that Pettinger can be destroyed.

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43. Ibid., p. 401.

One of the clearest and most powerful treatments of the theme of fascist responsibility for fascist actions is presented by Alfred Hayes in All Thy Conquests. At the heart of the novel is the trial as a war criminal of the fascist Questore of Rome. Upon the order of the German Colonel in command of the city, he had submitted a list of 350 innocent Italians--ten for each member of a German patrol which had been wiped out by the underground--for retaliatory execution. The 350 men, women, and children were machinegunned in a sandpit at the outskirts of Rome. Surrounding the story of the trial, but never directly impinging upon it, is a collection of story-portraits of American soldiers and Italian civilians. The stories are unrelated; there is very little interaction among the characters. But because Hayes has selected for portrayal a significant cross-section of the population of Rome in the days immediately following its fall to the Allies, and because the stories stand in juxtaposition to the trial, drawing on it for their significance, the book is a unified whole.

Hate, apathy, love--these are Rome in 1945, and behind these emotions, along with them, explaining and clarifying them, Hayes seems to be saying, lurks the specter of fascism. Thus, the story of the Marchese Aldo Alzani, decadent aristocrat, homosexual, negative and destructive force who drives his Italian Army General father-in-law to suicide, who drives his wife into an affair with a neo-fascist politician--all for his personal gain--is clearly more bitterly ironic because of the trial. Thus, too, the trial emphasizes the irony of Captain Pollard's moral sterility; the Captain is part of the Allied

government of Rome, in a reasonably responsible position, and his world is shattered when his American Red Cross mistress decides to return to her husband. And the trial makes clearer the poignancy of Carla's tragic affair with a married American soldier, and of Harry's fruitless search for the nameless girl who had been kind to him on the day of liberation, before the fighting took him farther north to be wounded.

The story of the trial is told from the points of view of the prosecution and the defense. In a dream, the accused Questore defends his action by refusing to accept responsibility for it. He points out that he had authorization ("One has one's job, and besides, one has the authorization--" the Prosecutor had said; "the wonderful absolution of authorization!"[44] that he had fought to get it, in fact. He had forced his reluctant superior, the Minister of the Interior, to sign the authorization. "That is how our life is arranged," he had argued: "there is a dynasty of superiors to whom one is answerable, who give the orders and who accept the responsibility. That is how it must be."[45]

In order both to explain and to excuse his actions, the Questore argues that he had never been a very intelligent or a very gregarious person:

> 'Inside me there was this heaviness, this lack of something always....It was not that I did not wish to respond; it was that I could not respond, ever. It was difficult for me to feel or to penetrate an existence that was not my own; a flower, an animal, another being....So that I was alone inside my

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44. All Thy Conquests, p. 108.

45. Ibid., p. 198.

> nature, always. ...in the end, I accepted this separation of myself from the others."[46]

He was loose, without human ties, without faith and with nothing he wished to hope for. "His very defects as a human being contribute to his success as a fascist,"[47] the Prosecutor had argued earlier, and he had been essentially correct. But the Prosecutor had pointed out too that not simply a psychological quirk or intellectual inadequacy had caused the birth and growth of fascism (the Questore, like Pettinger and Diestl, comes slowly to represent the party, not simply an individual member of it), environment too had played a major role. After the first World War, Italy was economically and socially depressed, and her citizens were restless for a change, for better times. Projecting backward, the Prosecutor sees that the ex-soldier misanthrope "is poor; he is discouraged; he is bitter; he sleeps badly. He is ripe for politics."[48]

And the Questore corroborates the attachment to the party. A man had been beaten in the piazza, and he was part of the crowd which wonders who had beaten him, and why:

> 'In the war it had been different. In the war one assumed that others were responsible: the king, the general staff, the mystical nation. The dead in the mountains during the war were obviously not one's own responsibility, and besides, one was always in the war so near death oneself. It was only that soldiers did not like to see the man they shot fall. The falling was for a brief moment uncomfortable.

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46. Ibid., p. 198.

47. Ibid., p. 108.

48. Ibid., p. 107.

> But in the war it was different, and the responsibility was clearly theirs during the war, but here, in the piazza, the responsibility was not yet clear.'[49]

So, in answer to the restless grumbling of the crowd, an orator steps forward to make it clear:

> 'They lived, he and the others, and the bleeding man, in a time of great historical change. History, the orator wished them to understand, was beyond good or evil, beyond scruples, beyond questions of conscience. The nation was the conscience. And since history, which demands of us only the noblest of acts, the greatest of devotions, the profoundest of loyalties, the most rigorous of disciplines, is born out of violence, the Party (a noi! a noi!) itself, that great instrument of history, would assume the responsibility.
>
> Violence, a bleeding man, was necessary. The necessity, and the Party, absolved one.'[50]

Thus does Hayes portray the birth of fascism; through the mind and eyes of a sheep rather than a shepherd. The Questore is no Pettinger, Hardenburg, or Diestl; he is more an effect than a cause. But he must not be allowed to hide behind this fact in order to escape responsibility for his crimes. His stupidity, his poverty, his bitterness may not excuse him. Nor may the authorization. The Prosecutor asks for the death penalty:

> 'Twenty years, signori: twenty years we have endured these careers. Twenty years we have bled from such authorizations. O youth youth, they sang, springtime of beauty! But this is the

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49. Ibid., p. 196.

50. Ibid., p. 197.

> harvest of their age; from Istria to the Gulf our country lies irreparably ruined. And who knows what terrible surgery may be needed before we are healed? Who knows what medicine, bitterer than the illness, may be necessary before we are well again?[51]

And at the end of his dream, in a superbly ironic passage, the Questore stands before the Pope at the gates of paradise:

> And heaven opened: there, rank upon rank, with all their transfigured faces, stood the blessed armies of the subordinates, each forgiven identically, each washed clean of his sin, each at last having transferred the burden of his humanity to the Son, and each, while choirs sang and doves plunged through the humming air, celestially and eternally authorized.[52]

The only element not figured upon either by the prosecution or the defense is the people, those who had been misled, deluded, and finally disillusioned for twenty years by men like the Questore and their masters. Hayes introduces them as a cynical, disbelieving, mistrusting Chorus:

> Who knows, perhaps they will acquit:
> How can they acquit? How can they dare acquit?
> He has too much money, says Paolo Benedetto, who will begin driving a bus again for his old company as soon as the directors can find some tires. Besides, says Benedetto, they are all former fascists themselves. Which one of them, says Benedetto, has really clean hands?[53]

And neither the specious arguments of the Questore, nor the reassuring announcement of the Prosecutor in reply to the temptation to argue

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51. Ibid., p. 109.

52. Ibid., p. 204.

53. Ibid., p. 8.

emotionally instead of rationally—"'I will restrain myself, because in a time when justice is in disrepute and truth hardly believed in, I find myself oddly believing in justice and in truth'"[54]—can prevent the explosion of the people into violent action. They invade the court on the day that sentence is to be passed and drag the Questore away to retribution. A nuncio describes the scene to the Chorus:

> '...the Court itself must have been in panic. For it was not what the magistrates had expected. This was to be a trial, carefully prepared for, carefully announced, of great political import and dignity: a calm dispensation of the law, a ceremony of witnesses and speeches, in which careers would be made and reputations enhanced, climaxed at last by a solemn sentence handed down by His Excellency, the President, and photographed by the newsreels. They had, all the distinguished gentlemen of the Court, so carefully groomed themselves for this moment, and justice, in their hands, was to come forth, neatly packaged, tied with their little sanctioned bows. They would avenge the people, of course, for, after all, they were the instruments of the people, but the people did not wait.'[55]

The people beat the Questore, stone him, and drop him from a bridge into the Tiber. A boat full of young men row out and pound on the struggling victim until finally he sinks and drowns. His crimes have been paid for; he has been made to accept, if not to admit, his responsibility for them.

Thus, the Questore, like the other fascist villains under discussion here, comes to a violent end. The physical enemy is physically destroyed. But there seems to be little doubt that the novelists, through their careful characterization of these men as ideological,

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54. Ibid., p. 104.

55. Ibid., pp. 290-291.

not merely physical villains, are portraying the destruction of an ideological as as a physical enemy. The army is defeated; the government is destroyed; but more importantly, the epitome of all that is morally and ethically hateful is punished with the deaths of these villains.

Fascism--the epitome of all that is morally and ethically hateful. But the definition to be drawn from these characterizations is far more specific than this.

For Shaw, Heym, and Hayes fascism must be defined as a pseudo-pragmatic philosophy in which materialistic ends justify amoral means, and in which the individual if he so desires may refuse to accept responsibility for his actions though he may with impunity enjoy the fruits of them. And Naziism is fascism plus a belief in the simple, single solution to physical and philosophical problems--a belief in racism, in concentration camps, and in mass murder.

But clearly, the limits of applicability of this definition extend beyond these German and Italian villains. All of the enemies of the 1930's social critics are defined here, as are all of the enemies of the 1920's iconoclasts and of the reformers of the teens --and, perhaps, the enemies of all ideological moralists from all time. Time, space, nationality--all are transcended in this definition; and the novelists, intent on making their ideological points clearly conclusive, determined not simply to present the reader with fascism as political villainy, strike out at amoral, pragmatic materialism wherever they find it. They saw in such a philosophy the

keystone of fascism; they saw in the presence of parts of the definition the immanence of the whole; they saw in the tendency toward evil the shadow of its epitome. They saw, ironically enough, among Americans, within the businessmen's morality, the potentiality of fascism and even of Naziism; and, as we shall see, they reserved their most withering attacks for this villainy which they considered to be at least equal to that of Diestl, Hardenburg, Pettinger, and the bloody-handed Questore of Rome.

Chapter IV

The novelists who wrote about the European war felt no constraint about sitting in judgment upon German and Italian fascism. The Germans and Italians stemmed from a heritage which they held in common with the rest of the Western World. The novelists felt that fascism was evil, in large measure, because its viciousness and hatefulness are treasonous to that heritage and to humanity as they knew it. For the novelists—and consequently, for the fascists—there is a line dividing white and black, good and evil, which Western man can trace and identify, shaded over though it might be. The novelists saw, and portrayed, the German and Italian fascists as guilty of perverting, corrupting, and denying their common heritage; they saw and portrayed them as willful criminals, and in effect, they demanded justice for their crimes in the name of an outraged Western society.

Such clarity of motive and such strong justification for action against the enemy were missing for the novelists of the Pacific war. The Japanese were extremely dangerous physical enemies. They were on the defensive for most of the war, and the novelists portray them as fighting with the ferocity of trapped animals, as snipers and night raiders, or as foolish Banzai attackers. They were not ideological enemies, at least, not in the sense that the Germans and Italians were. The possible extension of the Japanese Empire as an ideological threat, unlike the possible extension of fascism, seemed never seriously to occur to the novelists. The Japanese soldier was considered to be a stupid, impetuous upstart. He was dangerous and

vicious, but only as an animal is vicious. He was hated primarily because he caused the misery of jungle warfare; he was killed dispassionately for the most part, or out of a sense of self-preservation. As Peter Bowman put it: "Do unto Japs as Japs do unto you--but first."[1]

Francis Irby Gwaltney tries unsuccessfully to soften this attitude by letting the hero of The Day the Century Ended, Sam Gifford, rebel mentally against Col. Miles' pompous statement that "'There'll be good hunting, men,'" in his pep-talk just prior to the invasion of Leyte. Gifford thinks: "as much as we hated the Japs, we couldn't help thinking of them as humans. The idea of their being game sickened me."[2] But as the novel proceeds, and the fighting becomes more fierce, and good men are wounded--physically, mentally, emotionally--or killed through the terror of jungle warfare, Sam's feelings change considerably. He is hardly touched, let alone sickened, as Terry searches through the mouths of dead Japanese for gold teeth--once even, Sam watches impassively as Terry pulls the teeth of an unconscious Jap soldier, then shoots him through the head.[3]

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1. Beach Red, p. 78. Doubtless one of the major reasons for the distinct differences in the novelists' portrayals of the Japanese and the German Italian enemies was the completely artificial quality of the Pacific war. That is, the Japanese were never seen acting as human beings; the war was fought in the jungles remote from their homeland, while the European war was fought in Europe, much of it in Germany and Italy. Soldiers saw the Japanese as animals largely because they did not have the opportunity to see them as anything else; and the novelists, I think have recorded faithfully the average soldier's attitude. This conclusion is supported by the evidence of such occupation novels as MacKinley Kantor's Don't Touch Me (New York, 1951), and James Michener's Sayonara (New York, 1954) in which the novelists discover with amazement and pleasure that the Japanese are actually highly civilized, sensitive human beings. They are different from us perhaps, but certainly are not animalistic, as the evidence of jungle warfare would lead us to believe.

2. Francis Irby Gwaltney, The Day the Century Ended (New York, 1955), p. 195.

3. Ibid., p. 241

Gwaltney's assertion of Japanese humanness through the mind of his hero has a hollow ring in the light of these later developments. So has Carl Jonas' attempts to plumb Japanese reasoning in Beachhead on the Wind. This novel is concerned with the building of an airstrip on Tartu in the Aleutians. When unopposed Japanese aircraft refuse to attempt the destruction of the Seebee dock, Jonas guesses that they simply do not want to risk losing a plane:

> Perhaps this is a national trait...to hang onto their proud constructions. They are so young in the world of modern enterprise, so proud of their achievements, and hold the symbols of their progress in such child-like veneration. Time after time they have done this. At Tarawa they failed to destroy the jetty thrown out past the coral reef..the one lane which proved practicable for the Marine advance ashore and without which our men might never have landed. or at least would have landed with three times the loss of life which was great enough as it was, the Japs thus losing face, island, and five thousand troops, the best they ever had. It disturbed us all, but then we are queer people, too. Perhaps the Japs over Tartu were simply cold, sick of this corner of the world, and fouled up like everyone else in the North.[4]

Such a tenuous resolution of his mystification leaves Jonas as far removed from an understanding of Japanese thinking and motivation as ever. A few pages further on in the novel, a sailor named O'Higgins discovers and kills a Japanese soldier who had apparently been landed on Tartu for reconnaisance purposes. The description of the killing betrays no searching feelings for the Japanese by Jonas through O'Higgins or any other of his characters. The soldier is stabbed with a boat hook, then his skull is cracked with its haft, and finally he is shot with his own gun.[5] Ramirez, one of the men on the burial detail, finds some gold

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4. Carl Jonas, Beachead on the Wind (Boston, 1945), pp. 83-84.

5. Ibid., pp. 92-93.

fillings which had been knocked from the mouth of the dead man, and he uses them to play an elaborate gold-mine hoax on Krotch, the Chief Petty Officer in charge of the work crews on the island.[6]

Norman Mailer introduces a Japanese prisoner as a human being--frightened, hungry, thirsty, grateful--into The Naked and the Dead, but Mailer's purpose is to illustrate the sadism of Sgt. Croft, not to give the reader a greater understanding of the Japanese enemy. Croft, in mounting excitement, bids the prisoner to sit down, feeds him a chocolate bar and water, looks at a picture of his wife and two children, gives him a cigarette and lights it for him--then shoots him in the head.[7] The episode, for all its apparent sympathy for the enemy soldier, casts considerable light on Croft's character, but none at all on the Japanese's:

> Croft stared for almost a minute at the Jap. His pulse was slowing down and he felt the tension ease in his throat and mouth. He realized suddenly that a part of his mind, very deeply buried, had known he was going to kill the prisoner....He felt quite blank now. The smile on the dead man's face amused him, and a trivial rill of laughter emitted from his lips. 'Goddam,' he said....and he prodded the body with his foot. 'Goddam,' he said, 'that Jap sure died happy.' The laughter swelled more strongly inside him.[8]

Just as there are no serious attempts among the Pacific novelists to humanize the Japanese enemy, so there are few attempts to tie them in ideologically with their German and Italian allies. There is a concentration camp liberation scene in Anton Myrer's The Big War[9]

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6. Ibid., pp. 133-43.

7. The Naked and the Dead, pp. 194-95.

8. Ibid., pp. 195-96.

9. Myrer, The Big War, pp. 306-9.

the only such scene I am familiar with in all of the Pacific novels. Alan Newcombe, Danny Kantaylis, and Jay O'neill, the three heroes of The Big War, are active in the liberation. Newcombe leads a small boy to freedom, then "this is what it is all about, he thought with sudden, prodigious simplicity; his eyelids had begun to smart. All of it--in this one dirty, wasted, fearful, ecstatic face of a half-naked child."[10] Danny beats the butt of his BAR and a heavy stone against the gate until he splinters it. O'Neill rescues and soothes a frightened teen-age Chamorran girl, eventually to fall in love with her. All of this echoes strongly similar scenes much more common in the European novels, but with an important exception: The concentration camp was integral to the ideological conflict in Europe; it was part merely of the physical conflict in the Pacific. The continuation of Newcombe's thoughts clarifies this distinction:

> He does not know me nor I him, we cannot speak the same tongue, he has lived his short life ten thousand miles from mine: but he is a part of me all the same. One momentous, indissoluble entity we are, and he needs my succour--and it is just as much my need to succour him. This is the vindication of our destiny--not the high-heaped verbiage of ideologies and waspish reasonings, the chill mask of thought, but simply in the comforting of man where he is in misery. For we are all in misery, in darkness, nightwalkers all of us, toiling, toward the light, the light--[11]

In general, the Pacific novelists supported the war against the Japanese because the Japanese had brought it on themselves with Pearl Harbor, Bataan, and Corrigedor. However, it was very much a property

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10. Ibid., p. 308

11. Ibid.

owner's war, retaliatory and vengeful. Any depth of meaning to the war, and vindication of it, had to be, in Myrer's terms "simply in the comforting of man where he is in misery." Nonetheless, the same social forces which had convinced the European novelists that fighting the war was necessary and good had also operated on the Pacific novelists, and most of them--including Myrer, as we shall see--were anxiously concerned about the ideological aspects of the war. But they wrote about war in a jungle against animals, whose intellectual position was almost incomprehensible to them, while their European counterparts wrote about fighting in a civilized world against a rationally understandable enemy. The anti-fascist convictions of both groups of novelists were identical, as was the impulse to destroy the fascist enemy. But the Japanese were not fascist, in spite of their alliance with the Germans and Italians. To attempt to superimpose this Western ideology upon the Eastern enemy would have been unrealistic and unsuccessful--as unrealistically unsuccesful as the abortive attempt by Martin Dibner in The Deep Six to tie East and West together by having a paranoic Executive Officer of the Atlantis commit hara-kiri.[12]

Still, the Executive Officer illustrates the Pacific novelists' major means of expressing their anti-fascist impulses: by pointing up American tendencies toward the ideology, personifying them, and placing them in an American uniform. The Executive Officer expresses to Lt. Austen the belief that "'tyranny and fear breed the highest form of efficiency man has ever known,'"[13] in justification of his nasty

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12. The Deep Six, pp. 262-64. The officer is never named; he is simply given his title, or called "the exec."

13. Ibid., p. 213.

treatment of the crew. "Strange," Austen thinks, "to find the enemy here. Right in the goddamned pilot house."[14]

But, in spite of the obviousness of Dibner's technique, there is little exaggeration in his conclusion. Dibner, like very many of the novelists of both theaters, simply recognized that the armed services of any nation are almost by definition fascistic, and used this recognition in a recognition scene. The services deny freedom of thought, of action, even of conscience to the serviceman; and as a consequence, they encourage an amoral pragmatism which may develop into a particularly vicious kind of irresponsible expedient materialism—a "spoils of war" sort of attitude. Force is the weapon of the serviceman, but it is used not only by him upon others, but by others to impose upon him a realization of the necessity of conformity to the mass will of a power elite. The only way to "beat the system" in the services is to become a part of it, to move upward in the power hierarchy. And in order to move upward one must subscribe to the moral and ethical principles adhered to by the military. Hence, the successful military man is very often fascistic; and the Executive Officer's belief that tyranny and fear equate with efficiency is hardly extraordinary among high-ranking enlisted men like Sgt. Diestl, and among officers like Lt. Hardenburg, Obersturmbannführer Pettinger, and the Exec of the Atlantis: The

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14. Ibid., p. 214.

enemy was to be found in more than one pilot house.[15]

But it is on land that we find the perfect example in all of the Pacific novels of the fascist mentality in operation, in Norman Mailer's portrayal of Major General George Edward Cummings. The Naked and the Dead is the story of the successful attempt to re-take an island in the Pacific named Anopopei; Cummings is in command of the campaign. The story is told on two levels; on one, the physical, with a substantial amount of the ideological mixed in, we follow the enlisted men of a reconnaissance platoon from shipboard through the invasion and many skirmishes, to the conclusion of the battle. On the other level, almost purely ideological, we are given the well-organized, carefully reasoned thoughts of General Cummings as he expresses them to his aide, Lt. Robert Hearn, a right-thinking though ineffectual liberal who stands at once as an exciting challenge to Cummings' intellectual position and as a straightman for his sophistries.

From the outset of the novel, Cummings works to educate and convert Hearn. The situation is somewhat similar to the relationship between Diestl and Hardenburg in The Young Lions, with the important difference that Hardenburg has a receptive and responsive pupil while Hearn stubbornly quarrels with the General's ideas and tactics. But Hearn's arguments have neither the strength nor the self-assurance of Cummings'.

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15. Cf., Captain Queeg in Herman Wouk's The Caine Mutiny (New York, 1951), to be discussed in the next chapter. Cf., also the humorous treatment of Captain Morton in Thomas Heggan's Mr. Roberts (New York, 1946). Note that for all of the humor in the situations involving Captain Morton, there are serious overtones to Heggan's characterization of him. He has no really redeeming features; no heart of gold resides beneath his gruff exterior. He is being laughed at, not with; he remains the counterpart of the Executive Officer and of Captain Queeg.

The General has thought his way carefully to his conclusions and beliefs; Hearn is literally feeling his way. "'The root of the liberals' ineffectiveness comes right spang out of the desperate suspension in which they have to hold their minds,'" Cummings tells Hearn: "'If you ever followed anything through to the end, not one of your ideas would last for an instant.'"[16]

These sentences are part of one of the two major exchanges between Cummings and Hearn. It has been precipitated by Hearn's protests that the enlisted men had not received their share of meat while the officers had received more than their share. The General justifies the situation in terms of a power philosophy:

> 'We have the highest standard of living in the world and, as one would expect, the worst individual fighting soldiers of any big power....They're comparatively wealthy, they're spoiled, and as Americans they share most of them the peculiar manifestation of our democracy. They have an exaggerated idea of the rights due themselves as individuals and no idea at all of the rights due others. It's the reverse of the peasant, and I'll tell you right now it's the peasant who makes the soldiers.'
>
> 'So what you've got to do is break them down,' Hearn said.
>
> 'Exactly. Break them down. Every time an enlisted man sees an officer get an extra privilege, it breaks him down a little more.'
>
> 'I don't see that. It seems to me they'd hate you more.'
>
> 'They do. But they also fear us more....The Army functions best when you're afraid of the man above you, and contemptuous of your subordinates.'[17]

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16. Mailer, The Naked and the Dead, p. 174.

17. Ibid., pp. 175-76.

Tyranny, fear, hatred--echoes of Hardenburg and Pettinger resound here. And in the continuation of the argument, Cummings' epigrammatic statements sound more and more like gleanings from Dr. Goebbels' notebooks:

> 'You're misreading history if you see this war as a grand revolution. It's power concentration.'
>
> '...politics have no more relation to history than moral codes have to the needs of any particular man.'
>
> 'The natural role of twentieth century man is anxiety.'
>
> 'The machine techniques of this century demand consolidation, and with that you've got to have fear, because the majority of men must be subservient to the machine, and it's not a business they instinctively enjoy.'[18]

Hearn is incapable of sustaining a verbal defense against Cummings' remarkably facile attacks. He resorts therefore to a stubborn refusal to admit defeat, and finally, to childish, willful actions, like stubbing out a cigarette on the immaculate floor of the General's tent. It is this incident which leads to the second important ideological exchange between the two men--an exchange which indirectly results in Hearn's death.

Cummings sees the cigarette butt as "a symbol of the independence of his troops, their resistence to him;" sees it as " a threat, a denial of him." But there is no paranoia here as there was in the Executive Officer of the Atlantis who demanded to know why the members of the crew hated him; Cummings' reaction is coldly rational. The cigarette butt was a sign that the kind of fear he wanted his subordinates to feel about him, "the unreasoning kind in which his powers were immense

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18. Ibid., p. 177.

and it was effectively a variety of sacrilege to thwart him" was lacking. And "the longer you tarried with resistance the greater it became. It had to be destroyed."[19]

Certain that the culprit was Hearn, Cummings uses an oblique dialectic approach to accuse him of it and at the same time to justify punishment. "'Have you ever wondered, Robert, why we're fighting this war?'" he asks. And Hearn answers: "'I don't know. I'm not sure. With all the contradictions, I suppose there's an objective right on our side. That is, in Europe. Over here, as far as I'm concerned, it's an imperialist tossup. Either we louse up Asia or Japan does. And I imagine our methods will be a little less drastic.'" But such an off-hand statement does not satisfy the General--nor Mailer. "'It seems to me, Robert,'" says Cummings, "'you can do a little better than that.'"

> 'All right, I can. There's an osmosis in war, call it what you will, but the victors always tend to assume the...the, eh, trappings of the loser. We might easily go Fascist after we win, and then the answer's really a problem.' Hearn puffed at his cigarette. I don't go in for the long views. For want of a better idea I just assume it's a bad thing when millions of people are killed because one joker has to get some things out of his system.'"[20]

With this speech, Mailer has begun to tie the wars in the two theaters together, has begun to clarify the fight against fascism in the Pacific. Cummings' lecture-like retort clarifies it still further. He proceeds, after a chuckle at Hearn's naivete, to "'explain the war'" to him:

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19. Ibid., p. 318.

20. Ibid., pp. 319-20.

'I like to call it a process of historical energy. There are countries which have latent powers, latent resources, they are full of potential energy, so to speak. And there are great concepts which can unlock that, express it. As kinetic energy a country is organization, co-ordinated effort, in your epithet, fascism.' He moved his chair slightly. 'Historically, the purpose of this war is to translate America's potential into kinetic energy. The concept of fascism, far sounder than communism if you consider it, for it's grounded firmly in men's actual natures, merely started in the wrong country, in a country which did not have enough intrinsic potential power to develop completely. In Germany with that basic frustration of limited physical means there were bound to be excesses. But the dream, the concept was sound enough.' Cummings wiped his mouth. 'As you put it, Robert, not too badly, there's a process of osmosis. America is going to absorb that dream, it's in the business of doing it now. When you've created power, materials, armies, they don't wither of their own accord. Our vacuum as a nation is filled with released power, and I can tell you that we're out of the backwaters of history now.'

'We've become destiny, eh?' Hearn said.

'Precisely. The currents that have been released are not going to subside. You shy away from it, but it's equivalent to turning your back on the world. I tell you I've made a study of this. For the past century the entire historical process has been working toward greater and greater consolidation of power. Physical power for this century, an extension of our universe, and a political power, a political organization to make it possible. Your men of power in America, I can tell you, are becoming conscious of their real aims for the first time in our history. Watch. After the war our foreign policy is going to be far more naked far less hypocritical than it has ever been. We're no longer going to cover our eyes with our left hand while our right is extending an imperialist paw.'

Hearn shrugged. 'You think it's going to come about as easily as that? Without resistance?'

'With much less resistance than you think. In college the one axiom you seem to have carried away is that

> everyone is sick, everyone is corrupt. And it's reasonably true. Only the innocent are healthy, and the innocent man is a vanishing breed. I tell you nearly all of humanity is dead, merely waiting to be disinterred.'[21]

And finally, Cummings narrows the argument down to the particular case at hand:

> 'Ive been trying to impress you, Robert, that the only morality of the future is a power morality, and a man who cannot find his adjustment to it is doomed. There's one thing about power. It can flow only from the top down. When there are little surges of resistance at the middle levels, it merely calls for more power to be directed downward, to burn it out.'[22]

The man who stubbed out the cigarette must be made to admit it, and then must not only be punished, but be made to crawl: "'The only way you generate the proper attitude of awe and obedience is through immense and disproportionate power.'"[23] Cummings tosses a lighted cigarette at Hearn's feet and orders him to pick it up. After only a momentary hesitation, Hearn obeys; and at this point, his physical, intellectual, and moral trial begins.

Hearn is transferred, at his own request, to another section within headquarters and eventually to command of Sgt. Croft's reconnaissance platoon. He feels overwhelmingly the necessity to act, to protest in some manner against fascism as represented by "Generalissimo Cummings." He decides to resign his commission, but before he can put his decision into effect, he is killed in action.

As General Cummings is the indirect cause of Hearn's death,

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21. Ibid., pp. 321-22.

22. Ibid., p. 323.

23. Ibid., p. 324.

Sgt. Croft is the willing and witting direct cause of it. On the second level of the story, Croft equates with Cummings. He is non-intellectual, in fact, he is only semi-literate. He is sadistic--witness the scene with the Japanese prisoner cited above. He is a man filled with hate and fear, as is Christian Diestl at the end of The Young Lions. But Diestl had at least once been capable of human feelings and action; Croft is incapable of them from the outset:

> His ancestors pushed and labored and strained, drove their oxen, sweated their women, and moved a thousand miles. He pushed and labored inside himself and smoldered with an endless hatred.
> (You're all a bunch of fuggin whores)
> (You're all a bunch of dogs)
> (You're all deer to track)
> I HATE EVERYTHING WHICH IS NOT IN MYSELF[24]

He represents the physical aspect of fascism as Cummings represents the intellectual, and on his own level, he desires power as strongly as does Cummings. He alone has commanded the platoon since the invasion and the death of Lt. Hennessey, and he so resents the fact that Hearn has been placed over him that he purposely holds back scouting information about a Japanese machine-gun emplacement and lets Hearn walk directly into point-blank range.[25]

Thus it appears that the fascists win; Hearn and liberalism are defeated and destroyed. Yet Mailer, interested in warning the reader about the immanent danger of fascism, not in predicting its eventual pre-eminence, makes this a hollow victory.

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24. Ibid., p. 164.

25. Ibid., p. 602.

General Cummings' strategy for ending the battle of Anopopei includes a pincer attack, frontal and rear, upon the Japanese. To succeed, the plan needs Navy support; to get Navy support, Cummings needs proof that the plan is feasible. He sends the reconnaissance platoon on the scouting expedition on which Hearn is killed, and he leaves for GHQ to argue for the needed destroyers, hoping that a favorable message from the platoon will clinch the argument. But while both Cummings and Croft are away, by a lucky accident, the Japanese General and half his staff are killed and two thirds of the Japanese supplies are either captured or destroyed. American troops penetrate disorganized enemy lines, and easily roll up the flanks. Before either Cummings or Croft returns, the campaign has concluded. But neither of the apostles of power can claim credit for the victory.

Hearn is dead, unconverted by Cummings, at his death more a liberal than he had ever been before. The destroyer must be ordered back to Headquarters upon its arrival. Croft is unable to complete his mission. The physical victory constitutes an ideological defeat for the two men whom Mailer has implicitly and explicitly labeled fascistic.

But Mailer does not confine his social criticism to what is after all a relatively simplified, straight-line sort of attack. He saw, and showed, that the real danger lay not so much in open commitment to the cause of fascism as in unwitting adherence to its ideas and ideals. Thus, Cummings can call the anti-semitic, anti-Negro and anti-labor views of Lt. Col. Conn a "'kind of filth'"; nevertheless, he does not reject the views on these grounds--"'he's more nearly right

than you suspect.'"--but on the grounds that such filth is boringly pointless.[26] One sees that Cummings would not hesitate to use the filth pointedly; and that therefore, Conn must be considered an ally of fascism though he is chauvinistically American and is certainly not politically committed to the fascist ideology.

This sort of chauvinism was manifested as a loose political form during the 1930's in the "America First" and "Social Justice" movements. Anti-intellectual, highly emotional on a primitive love-hate level, boldly and blatantly appealing to prejudices, these movements built their memberships out of largely disaffected, disenchanted schizophrene segments of American society: people who could only love through hating, and who usually were incapable of considering their emotions rationally. The movements did their thinking for them, and used their conclusions to feed the emotions. Because they claimed to be for good and against evil--and claimed only this; because they posed as genuinely altruistic guardians of national justice, their motives and methods were beyond question. They stood as the nationalistic conscience of the politician, until Washington and Rome collaborated with Pearl Harbor to silence them. But until they were silenced, the astute politician could find the movements and their semi-organized membership very useful.

In Pvt. Roy Gallagher, Mailer has drawn a vital portrait of one of those 100% Americans. Gallagher is a stupid, bitter, spiteful man, born and raised in a Studs Lonigan environment in Boston.[27] He sees a fantastic plot by all people who, racially, religiously, or in nationality are different from himself, at the basis of his poverty and

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26. Ibid., pp. 82-83.

27. See Ibid., "The Time Machine," pp. 266-79. Each principal character

inability to get ahead. He joins Christians United, a radically reactionary, semi-military organization whose members are bound together by a mutual hatred of Jews and Communists. He sells Father Kilian's magazine (apparently Mailer is referring to Father Coughlin's Social Justice) on street corners; he electioneers against liberal or labor-supported candidates for public office; he drills with old Springfield rifles at secret meetings once a week. And after war is declared, he attends a special meeting where he hears the following speech:

> All right, we're in a war, men, the speaker says, we gotta fight for the country, but we don't want to be forgettin' our private enemies. He pounds the speaker's table over which a flag with a cross is spread. There's the foreign element we got to get rid of, that are conspiring to take over the country. There are cheers from the hundred men seated in camp chairs. We gotta stick together, or we'll be havin' our women raped, and the Red Hammer of Red Jew Fascist Russia WILL BE SMASHING YOUR DOOR DOWN...
>
> Who takes away your jobs, who tries to sneak up on your wives and your daughters and even your mothers 'cause they wouldn't stop at nothing, who's out to get YOU and YOU 'cause you ain't a Red and a Jew, and you don' want to bow down before a filthy goddam no-good Communist who don't respect the Lord's name, and would stop at nothing.

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character in The Naked and the Dead is given one of these time machine capsulized treatments, in which some pre-war motivation for his wartime actions and thoughts is presented. Thus, in Croft's section, we learn that Croft had been a hunter, a killer since early youth, that his wife had been promiscuously unfaithful to him, and that he had killed a striker with great satisfaction while on strike-breaking duty with the National Guard. (pp. 156-64). And we learn that Cummings had been cowed by his powerful father, babied into a touch of effeminacy by his doting mother, and, in the inevitable compromise, had become a discerning opportunist. But the compromise has resulted in near impotence so that his wife is unfaithful to him while he directs his tremendous energies toward making his position within the army more secure. (Pp. 403-27).

> Let's kill them! Gallagher shrieks. He is shaking with excitement.
>
> That's it, men, we're gonna clean up on 'em, after the war we're really gonna have an organization, I got telegrams here from our com-pat-riots, patriots as well as friends, and they're all stickin' with us. You're all in on the ground floor, men, and those of ya that are goin' into the Army gotta learn to use your weapons so that afterward... afterward...you get the idea, men. We ain't licked, we're gettin' bigger all the time.[28]

Gallagher is not an ideological fascist, he is not an ideological anything; and this speech is not an ideological appeal. Gallagher is a vicious fool, potentially dangerous, whose danger remains potential until it is controlled and directed. But after the war, imagine it under the control and direction of a General Cummings, who would sneer at the speech while he applauded it.

Characters like Croft and Gallagher--incipient fascists and tools of fascism--are present not only in the Pacific but in the European war novels as well. There is Dondolo, the black marketeering mess sergeant in Heym's The Crusaders, who "had a simple way of disposing of his scruples; he told himself that everybody at home was making money on the war, and that he had to compensate himself for the opportunities he missed."[29] He is a brute who enjoys tormenting, physically and psychologically, the frightened, wounded, combat veteran, Thorpe; Dondolo eventually frames Thorpe as a black market operator, thus saving his own neck and driving Thorpe into a state of shock.[30]

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28. Ibid., pp. 277-78. Mailer does not use quotation marks in these "Time Machine" sections.

29. The Crusaders, p. 163.

30. Ibid., pp. 166-70.

He is anti-semitic; his opening gambit to all Jews is "Vot ees it?" and he says to Bing, a naturalized American, German-Jewish sergeant:

> 'It's because of people like you I had to leave my kids . If anything happens to them, I'll kill you. Bunch of Jews get themselves into trouble, and the whole American Army swims across the ocean. This fellow Hitler, he knew what he was doing, and Mussolini, he, too. Everything is wrong. We should be fighting with them, against the Communists.'31

And finally, Dondolo's attempted rape of a German girl is the indirect cause of the massacre of 5000 German civilians who are frightened by the girl's treatment out of asking for the opportunity to escape Pettinger's scorched-earth policy by surrendering their city to American troops. Fleeing ahead of the Americans, they are caught in a murderous crossfire of artillery, and are wiped out. Dondolo thus is unwittingly in league with Pettinger.

There is the anti-semitism of the entire Company in The Young Lions, especially of Sgt. Rickett, who tells Noah Ackerman: "'Ah'll tell yuh, heah an' now. Ah ain't got no use for Niggerth, Jewth, Mexicans or Chinamen, an' from now on you're goin' to have a powerful tough row to hoe in this here company....Now get your ass inside and keep it there....Move, Ikie. Ah'm tahd of lookin' at your ugly face.'"32 This attitude is shared by the other men in the Company, and its persistence, coupled with a severe beating administered to Noah anonymously, on the darkened company street, prompts Noah to issue his vainglorious challenge to fight each of the men one at a time, and finally, to desert.

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31. Ibid., p. 37.

32. The Young Lions, p. 302.

He eventually wins the right to his self-respect and dignity, but at the expense of a badly battered body and mind.

There is the anti "nigra"-ism of the self-styled Virginia gentleman, Capt. Motes, in The Gallery. But in the same novel there is Lt. Moe Shulman, on leave in Naples, who meets a Jewish artillery captain who hates the Germans bitterly. The captain is a Viennese by birth, but he fled Austria in 1938, after his father had been killed. "'Lissen a vile,'" he says to Moe:

> 'I'm goink back to Vienna....Dis year or da next...Ven falls the Stadt to our army...because I spik good Deutsch, I have a high position...Lissen...I pay back those Viennese for everytink day do to me and my fader....I cut them up in liddel pieces if I can. You hear me?...Dey pay. Vait and see. Day pay. I pay back dose doity bestards. I spit in deir faces. I'm mekking dem eat deir word Jude...'[33]

When Moe protests that such vengefulness cannot solve the world's problems, the captain accuses him of treason to his own race and threatens to lose his temper. "'You've already lost more than the temper,'" Moe replies, aware that justified hatred can be as viciously dangerous as an unreasoning anti-semitism.

There is General Mallon in The Strange Land who mentally labels the war correspondent, Marks, as "Jew-Boy," and "Jew-Red," and who calls his newspaper a "'red rag.'"[34] And in the same novel there is John C. Wexel, syndicated columnist of human-interest stories. He He is unprincipled--Marks and Farrelly, another correspondent, rag him about a series he did on accident insurance. "'I couldn't tell which side you were on,'" Farrelly says, "'the insurance company's

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33. Burns, The Gallery, p. 322. The ellipses are Burns'.

34. Calmer, The Strange Land, p. 73.

or the women who couldn't collect the money their dead husbands left them. It was masterly.'"[35] He is anti-semitic and anti-Negro:

> Maybe you can't expect to see much cooperation from soldiers commanded by a Jew. Garnett looks Jewish. He could be one of them who's changed his name. No matter how much these liberals...would deny it, the hatred exists. It's buried deep down. We have our American system of fair play, yes. But in the crisis hatred comes to the surface. That's when we show it. Garnett's men may feel it without knowing what it is. I couldn't blame them. It's almost as bad as expecting white men to be led into battle by a Negro. It won't work, that's all. Hitler knows that. It's one of the things he's right about.[36]

And finally, Wexel is anti-labor, which makes him the complete unliberal. Seeing Sgt. Vorak, he thinks:

> That's the platoon sergeant, what's-his-name, the one who took out the patrol to bring back that prisoner. Some kind of foreign name. Looks like an ape...He lurks. He lurks even when he's supposed to be resting. Probably was a gangster type back in the States. I may run into him yet, doing a union series after the war.[37]

The portrayal of Wexel as an American subscriber to fascist ideals is perhaps a little too pat and perfect. This is largely due to Calmer's style, in which he shifts from point of view to point of view among his characters, allowing them to speak and interpret their own thoughts. Thus, there is a one-sidedness, almost a flatness in Calmer's characterizations. Still, there is a musing paragraph from the mind of his ideological spokesman, Major Lowell Harrod, which

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35. Ibid., pp. 22-23.

36. Ibid., p. 229. Incidentally, Lt. Garnett is not Jewish.

37. Ibid., p. 256.

deftly summarizes the danger which most of these novelists felt was embodied in the Wexels, the Mallons, the Dondolos, the Ricketts, the Gallaghers, and even in the little Jewish Captains from Vienna:

> General Mallon is not really a bad man. I imagine he's basically sincere, in his fashion. He just wants to win, and he probably believes that any sacrifice, by others, is worth it. He's just selfish, a Wexel with more power. It's these men in the aggregate, big and little, that are bad for the country. They're stupid as well as selfish. And underneath, they're scared. It's dog eat weaker dog, in the jungle. That's all they know.[38]

In their search for and use of power, however, Mallon and Wexel rise slightly above the level of incipient fascism, above Gallagher, Croft, and Dondolo, and approach the airy perch of General Cummings' philosophical conviction. Approaching even nearer are General Farrish and Lt. Col. Willoughby in Stefan Heym's The Crusaders. They never quite reach it--Heym has Col. Pettinger as a philosophical purveyor of ideological fascism, there is no need to force an American directly into the Nazi mold[39]--but through their actions and words, Heym clearly sets them forth as ideological allies of Pettinger and Cummings even more dangerous than Dondolo.

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38. Ibid., p. 81. The italics are mine.

39. There are no American characters comparable as fascist ideologists to General Cummings in the European novels. Not that the European writers were not as shocked as Mailer at finding the enemy in the pilot house, but with the Germans present as actual enemies, they had no need to set up an American as a fascist spokesman. I may seem to be attributing an artistically base motive to Mailer, Dibner, and certain other ideological novelists of the Pacific; and in a sense, I am: because the Japanese lacked ideological propensities as enemies, and because the Pacific novelists wished to portray an ideological conflict, they frequently resorted to character exaggeration. The European novelists, on the other hand, could stop short of General Cummings in their characterizations. They could personify those aspects of fascism present in the American ideology in unorganized, unpolitical form. They could leave them more believably American, and as a consequence, present us with more believable character and a more convincing ideological argument.

"'Dondolo!'" Thorpe, the maltreated combat veteran cries after the mess sergeant's anti-semitic remarks to Bing:

> 'He's just one of them! It goes up all the way!.... Willoughby, Farrish! I've seen Farrish come through our hospital in North Africa. There was a guy with shock, crazy. The guy stands before his bed, at attention, and has to listen to Farrish calling him names. Afterwards, they had to take the guy to the other ward where they don't allow visitors. I tell you, I was grateful I at least had a couple of honest-to-goodness shrapnel holes in my body to show.'
>
> He took a deep breath.
>
> 'So I fight for democracy, against fascism. Wonderful idea, you know? Government of the people, by the people, for the people. Then I think about it, and I see: Everybody free to cut everybody else's throat.'[40]

And a few pages further on, Thorpe crashes an officers' party to tell his fears and issue his warning to Lt. Yates:

> 'You're an honest man.... You're in the same boat. Don't you see this war is being lost? We're losing it every day. The fascists are all over us. I'm not sick. I see it, with my own eyes I see it, creeping up on us. Right here, in this room, in this Chateau, in this Army, at home....'[41]

Thorpe is a soothsayer, a prophet of doom, trying to focus Yates'—and the reader's—attention on the true nature of the ideological conflict. These passages occur early in the novel, while the Propaganda Intelligence Detachment is still in Normandy; but their full impact does not strike Yates until he is in Germany after the war has ended. It hits the reader sooner, however, since, unlike Yates, he is privileged

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40. The Crusaders, p. 40. The similarity of Farrish to General Patton is apparent here. Patton also seems to have been the inspiration for Calmer's General Mallon in The Strange Land.

41. Ibid., p. 57.

to watch Farrish and Willoughby in action at crucial moments, to hear their words and read their thoughts.

After Farrish has discovered that a Parisian black market in gasoline has drained off his supplies and kept his armor from moving past Metz, he calls angrily for "'a purge. We must weed out the undesirables--the crooks, the politicians, the guys who talk back and always have dozens of considerations. There is too much democracy in the Army, and that doesn't work.'"[42]

He speaks these sentiments to Col. DeWitt, another American who, like Lt. Yates, becomes convinced over the course of the novel--largely through his exchanges with Farrish--that fascism is a near and present danger; and who, in company with Yates, finally acts to stop it.

"'What do you mean by democracy?'" DeWitt asks, and Farrish answers: "'What I said. Talk, inefficiency, politics, double-crossing, stealing my gas. A war has got to be run on the basis of dictatorship--'" And to DeWitt's disapproving stare, he replies:

> 'You can't get around it old man! Afterwards, when there's peace, they can have it all back--the politicians their politics, and the crooks their graft. We've got to take our lesson from the enemy--much as we might hate doing it. God, if one tenth of the gas sold in Paris had been stolen on <u>their</u> side, hundreds of them would be lined up against the wall, and justly so! My record is spotless, and yours is spotless, and there are many others like us. Let's get together and clean out that stable!'[43]

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42. <u>Ibid</u>., p. 258.

43. <u>Ibid</u>.

Dewitt hints that this is fascistic, and Farrish answers: "'I don't care what you call it. As long as it works,'" and DeWitt argues that it does not work with the Germans, that "'Fascism is the most corrupt system ever.'" "'I didn't say I wanted fascism,'" Farrish replies. "'If we want to win this war, it's got to be a soldier's war, it's got to be handled of, by, and for soldiers. Citizens' army...Sure, we've got to have citizens in it--whom else? But soldiers have got to run it, according to the laws of a soldier....'"[44]

This naive expedient pragmatism becomes far more dangerous once the war has ended and Farrish is commanding occupation troops in Kremmen, the city in which the Rintelen Works are located. Willoughby, now the General's chief sycophant, has put the city back into smooth operation--back, as Heym comments, into "a setup in which everybody had his place--the Chamber of Commerce men running their businesses, and the other people working for them."[45] And it does not much matter, either to Willoughby or to Farrish, that these same Chamber of Commerce men were running things under the Nazis. Willoughby "'talks about reopening the Rintelen Works,'" Farrish tells DeWitt:

> 'About city planning. I'm very much interested in that. Don't you see the great chance we have.? We can really do things here! If we had one tenth that power in the States! Look at the mess there--strikes! Here, I put my finger on the map, and tomorrow they start cleaning up where I had my finger. You see results! For my money, the Krauts aren't so bad. They're willing, they're accustomed to discipline.'

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44. Ibid., p. 259.

45. Ibid., p. 551.

> 'You seem to know a lot about them.'
>
> 'What is there to know? I know Americans, don't I? Where's the difference?'[46]

Willoughby has convinced the General that he should allow himself to be drafted to run for Senator on the strength of the record he has made in Kremmen. "'I thought you hated politicians,'" DeWitt says, and Farrish answers: "'I'd be the politician to end all politicians.'" I've got my strategy all lined up. It's like at Avranches. I break through, and then there's no holding me.'" And "DeWitt's hand trembled slightly and he rested it on his knee. He was afraid of something. Not of Farrish, not of any one person--he didn't know of what."[47]

He obviously fears ambition, but ambition is not terribly dangerous unless it is coupled with unscrupulous cunning. The cunning which Farrish lacks, Willoughby is capable of supplying. He has taken control of Farrish for two reasons: First, because he truly sees the General as a potential political force, and secondly, because his proximity to the General is a good cover for his "'plunge into international cartelization'"[48] with Prince Yasha and the Delacroix and Rintelen steel empires.

The Pettinger-Yasha alliance at the fall of Paris is repeated at its liberation by Yasha and Willoughby. A lawyer in civilian life, Willoughby has assumed the task of tying American and European steel interests together to the advantage of the law firm in which he is a

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46. Ibid., p. 573.

47. Ibid., p. 574.

48. Ibid., p. 185.

junior partner. He calls on Yasha, knowing "that by no stretch of the imagination could his mission be called in the line of duty,"[49] and explains "'that in the delicate balance of the play of free economic forces, lack of harmony, undue competition, and so on can be damaging not only to your House and to my friends whom I represent, but to the general task of reconstruction which confronts all of us.'"[50]

When Yasha asks for protection, says he fears Nationalization or Socialization of the steel industry, Willoughby sympathizes: "'Nationalization, socialization--I don't give a damn what you call it—in effect, it means a decrease of efficiency which we cannot tolerate in an emergency situation. The Army needs the know-how of Management.'" [51] And later, when Yates, having discovered the alliance between Yasha and Willoughby, protests that it is undemocratic to permit an ex-collaborator to continue to operate so important an industry as steel, Willoughby answers that it is just the magnitude of the industry which makes it imperative to keep men like Yasha in control: "'Democracy, Yates, is purely a matter of form. What we're concerned about, it: Will Yasha Bereskin, who knows about production and management, control the Delecroix mills? Or will it be a committee of the great unwashed, men

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49. Ibid., p. 184. It is interesting to note that, in 1937, General Cummings performed a similar service for international chemical interests. War had not at the time been declared, but Mailer shows that the effects of Cummings' machinations are more farreaching even than Willoughby's: American foreign policy toward Spain is entrenched against the Loyalists through an industrial alliance with France--an alliance achieved through an appeal to the forces of conservatism and compromise which, inevitably, inspired or evolved into Vichy, the epitome of conservation compromise. See The Naked and the Dead, pp. 421-24.

50. The Crusaders, p. 187.

51. Ibid., pp. 188-89.

from the DP camp, perhaps, who know only one thing--to work with their hands?'"[52]

Such expedient arguments are difficult to combat, and Yates at this point in the novel is no match for Willoughby. And as Willoughby moves upward, promoted to Lt. Colonel after he has been named Farrish's Adjutant, it appears that he will remain unmatchable. He protects Pettinger, who is posing as the Widow Rintelen's son-in-law, though Willoughby knows that the son-in-law is dead, because as the son-in-law, Pettinger controls the Rintelen Works. He works indefatigably toward a tripartite agreement among American, French, and German steel interests. "The war, after all, had ben a good investment," he thinks. "Some people went in for paintings and diamonds, others collected cameras, or sold watches to the Russians, or soap and chocolate and cigarettes to the Germans. Small fry, breaking the law for petty booty. Laws were not made to be broken, laws were made to stay within. He had always maintained that war was like peace; except that in war the stakes were bigger, the opportunities greater...."[53]

But Willoughby cannot resist an easy dollar. He discovers that Captain Loomis, an underling, is taking a ten per cent graft from every business which he allows to function in Kremmen. Instead of putting a stop to such a relatively small-fry operation, Willoughby cuts himself in, and finally, it is his own petty greed, coupled with Pettinger's petty lust, which descredits Willoughby and destroys Pettinger. The Nazi had literally posed as the Rintelen son-in-law, living on the estate as man and wife with Pamela Rintelen Dehn; and

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52. Ibid., p. 292.

53. Ibid., p. 598.

when Willoughby had ensconced Marianne, his German mistress, in the Rintelen house, Pettinger took her also, causing Pamela, in a jealous rage, to turn him in to Yates and DeWitt. Willoughby is relatively in the clear--no one can prove that he knows the true son-in-law is dead --but when he refuses to protect Marianne, she angrily accuses him of the ten per-centing, and suddenly, Yates and DeWitt have the ammunition to become a match for Willoughby and Pettinger.

Yates, along with Capt. Troy, kills Pettinger. DeWitt proves to Farrish that Willoughby is guilty of graft and corruption, and that Farrish has been his willing tool:

> 'General, in your nice clean Dragoon Barracks, in your nice, comfortable apartment, you've been presiding over a nest of corruption that's falling apart right now, under your very eyes that never saw a sign of it. You don't see anything because you're smug as all hell, sitting on top of your victories and forgetting that they're not an end in themselves, but a means to an end. Well, maybe you didn't forget it. But the end that you have in mind: to use them to climb higher, to become Senator or Governor of your State and maybe President of the whole United States--that's not the end that counts.'[54]

And Farrish, convinced, dismisses Willoughby, shipping him back to the States. But Willoughby has landed on his feet, has come up with the Rintelen shares and has achieved his cartelization. "They imagined they had won--" he thinks. "Yates, DeWitt, the whole faction of Crusaders. But they hadn't. They couldn't win. They would never win."[55]

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54. Ibid., pp. 628-29.

55. Ibid., p. 633.

To a degree, Willoughby is right. He has his cartel; Farrish still has his reputation and his political future. But the man of ambition and the man of cunning have been unmasked and sundered by DeWitt and Yates, the men of principle newly awakened to a consciousness of their social responsibility. There is hope in their victory, minor though it might be.

Farrish and Willoughby are not fascists in the same sense that General Cummings is. They have no ideological commitment; they are not political philosophers. They are Americans within whom, along with Dondolo, Stefan Heym has blended most of the potential evil of Americanism. Ironically, Heym permits Yasha Bereskin to summarize the evil:

> Yasha could not help being amazed at Willoughby. What ability to blend a concern for the welfare of mankind with sound business practice! The Germans were orphans compared to it; they had covered their unashamed bullying and grabbing with love for the Fatherland--lately, they had dropped even that pretense. But the Americans really believed their own liberalism, at least this Major did. A healthy people. They had achieved the perfect amalgam of God, democracy, and the interest rate. Too bad that they were running up against the unashamed decadence of Europe.[56]

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56. Ibid., p. 187. Cf., The Naked and the Dead, p. 424. As Cummings leaves Sallevoissiux' office after completing the international chemical agreement, he says: "What we're doing is really in the long run what is best for France and America." "Of course, Major Cummings," the Frenchman replies. "A peculiarly American statement, do you know?"

Cf. also the comparative discussion of World War I and World War II novels in Chapter II. Both groups of writers were highly critical of America; both would see Willoughby as a villain. But he would be a villain for the World War I writer because he is not enough an individual, he is a business-man conformist who cannot think beyond business, and who consequently materially contributed to the cause of the war. For Heym he is villainous because he is too much an individual, too selfish, refusing to see himself as part of the great Crusade--refusing to contribute to and participate in a necessary and just war.

Many of the novelists of both theaters of operation struck out at the actual and incipient fascism inherent in 100% Americanism, but few of them were so explicit or so well-organized in their criticism as are Norman Mailer and Stefan Heym. Anton Myrer in the Pacific, and John Horne Burns in Europe, for instance, did not personify in a Cummings or a Willoughby or a Gallagher those unfortunate aspects of the American ideology which had helped to cause the war and which endangered the peace; nor did they cast these aspects into a fascist mold. That the aspects might be labeled fascistic is almost incidental; that they are American is most important. Myrer and Burns make all Americans feel the lash as they whip, editorially, American tendencies toward materialism, pragmatism, and expediency in thought and action. There are no scapegoats in The Big War and The Gallery; each American is demanded to realize that much of the guilt for the war was his, as is much of the responsibility for the peace.

Alan Newcombe, intellectually the most important of the three heroes in The Big War, concludes that Americans

> ...had been reared incorrectly...they had been brought up to believe that life was easy and good, that possessions and vitamins were the unfailing buttress against ill fortune (for ill fortune did not need to happen really, it was somehow or other only the result of carelessness or self-destructive impulses, a consequence of some inherent weakness that good people--really good people--never permitted to take root): that they were, in short, Americans--the privileged ones of this earth, endowed with good clothing and good teeth, with destinies sure and sound as the orbit of the moon. The handsome young boy always got the beautiful young girl. The concept of disaster, of an implacable, hostile fate, of a life swept irreparably away from comfort or superiority or even individual identity--such a concept never penetrated their minds;

> it was not consonant with tile bathrooms and tweed jackets and built-in cabinets, all the good things of this world...
>
> They had lost that, he saw with sudden burnished clarity: and for this dereliction they had paid--as he himself had--with a terrible estrangement from the rest of the world--an alienation they dimly sensed and which had filled them with a peculiar raging dissatisfaction. And so they had seized on the false trappings, the old economic superiority, had clung to it, flung it riotously in each others' faces, in fevered pride climbed out of bulbous flashing cars and thrown open the doors of extravagant mansions, thrown half-dollars from the rails of liners to dripping divers, chucked the chins of brown-skinned children in picturesque streets, whipped out fantastically expensive cameras and snapped and snapped and snapped--all to veil from themselves their sense of self-repugnance, their guilt, their isolate despair....[57]

Here, in the constitutional inability of Americans to face themselves and the world clearly and straight, Myrer is saying; in their tendency to substitute materialistic superficialities for values, rests on ever-present danger to peace. The Japanese are evil. Myrer shows this in the concentration camp scene as well as in the scene where O'Neill rescues the little girl from the rape of four Japanese soldiers--a scene unfortunately sentimental, and more than a little "gung-ho"[58] and certainly, a war against such evil, a war to "comfort man where he is in misery," is justified. But much of the built for war must be assumed by short-sighted, complacent Americans.

This conclusion is reinforced in John Horne Burns' The Gallery, primarily in the "Portrait" of Hal and in certain of the introspective,

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57. The Big War, p. 392.

58. Ibid., pp. 371-75.

first-person sections of the novel called "Promenades."[59] Consider this passage from the "Third Promenade": "There was something abroad which we Americans couldn't or wouldn't understand. But unless we made some attempt to realize that everyone in the world isn't American, and that not everything American is good, we'd all perish together, and in this twentieth century...."[60] Or consider these editorial snatches from the "Seventh Promenade":

> I found that outside of the propaganda writers (who were making a handsome living from the deal) Americans were very poor spiritually. Their ideals were something to make dollars on. They had bankrupt souls....
>
> Our propaganda did everything but tell us Americans the truth: that we had most of the riches of the modern world, but very little of its soul. We were nice enough guys in our own country, most of us; but when we got overseas, we could not resist the temptation to turn a dollar or two at the expense of the people who were already down. I can speak only of Italy, for I didn't see France or Germany. But with our Hollywood ethics and our radio network reasoning we didn't take the trouble to think out the fact that the war was supposed to be against fascism--not against every man, woman, and child in Italy....But then a modern war is total. Armies on the battlefield are simply a remnant from the old kind of war. In the 1944 war everyone's hand ended by being against everyone else's. Civilization was already dead, but nobody bothered to admit this to himself.[61]

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59. The Gallery is a collection of nine story-portraits loosely bound together by eight first-person interludes, and by the fact that the Galleria Umberto Primo in Naples figures prominently, often climactically, in the lives of each character. It is not a novel in the traditional sense: there is no overall story development which carries all of the characters forward, letting them interact, and bringing them to a common climax and denouement. It is a frame novel, a novel in the same sense that USA and Winesburg, Ohio are novels. The reader arrives at an awareness of war and of peace which grows out of the novel as a whole, and which, gestalt-like, binds together its parts at the same time that it transcends their sum.

60. Ibid., p. 97.

61. Ibid., pp. 259-60.

Then, becoming more specific, Burns comments on black marketing and related evils:

> I remember that there were not a few really big criminals who stole stuff off the ships unloading in Naples harbor, stuff that didn't belong to them by any stretch of the imagination. For all this that I saw I could only attribute a deficient moral and humane sense to Americans as a nation and as a people...I saw that we could mouth democratic catchwords and yet give the Neapolitans a huge black market. I saw that we could prate of the evils of fascism, yet be just as ruthless as Fascists with people who'd already been pushed into the ground.... The arguments that we advanced to cover our delinquencies were as childishly ingenious as American advertising.[62]

These excerpts recall the words of Antonio, an anti-fascist Italian ex-soldier, addressed to Robert in Alfred Hayes' Girl on the Via Flaminea:

> 'When we go into the street...what do we see? Your colonels, in their big cars, driving with women whose reputations were made in the bedrooms of fascist bureaucrats! With my country's enemies'. Or your soldiers, drunk in our gutters. Or your officers, pushing us off our own sidewalks! Oh, the magnificent promises the radio made us! Oh, the paradise we'd have! Wait, wait--there will be bread, peace, freedom when the allies come! But where is this paradise?'[63]

Where, indeed? It can never be realized as long as Americans remain peculiarly American. Burns makes this most articulately clear in his "Portrait" of Hal. Hal is an extremely sensitive, young American officer whose attempts to square his pacifist convictions with the necessity of the war (reflecting Burns' intellectual struggle with the paradox of necessary evil discussed in Chapter I, above) complicated by

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62. Ibid., p. 261.

63. The Girl on the Via Flaminea, p. 109.

his attempts to understand the conflicting forces in his own nature--forces which include impotence and latent homosexualism--lead him finally to a megalomania in which he conceives of himself as Jesus Christ. And in the process, Hal's mind plays strange tricks; all of his repressed anger pours forth in a figment of his imagination: the ghost of an ex-Broadway chorus-boy paratroop Captain who had been killed in Sicily. The vision appears to Hal in a bar in the Galleria, and it speaks Hal's repressed thoughts concerning Americans freely and openly. One passage in particular is worth quoting at length:

> —You don't like Americans? Hal said....
>
> —Who does, except themselves? Automatons from the world's greatest factory....They have no souls, you see... only the ability to add up to one million. Did you ever hear them try to carry on a sensible conversation? ...Oh, they've got quite an ingenious system of government, I grant you. But none of them gives a damn about it except when it gets them into a war....They've got less maturity or individuality than any other peoples in the world. Poetry and Music to them-why they're deaf to anything that isn't sold by an advertising agency....They don't know how to treat other human beings. With all their screaming about democracy, none of them has the remotest conception of human dignity....Listen to the sounds that Negro band is making. That's their American music. Sexual moans and thumps...They don't know how to make love to a woman, and all their hatreds are between football teams or states of the same Union or for people they don't understand. Victims of the mob spirit and regimentation....They've never really suffered. But when they get the first twinge of toothache of the soul, they start feeling sorry for themselves instead of learning any wisdom from pain.
>
> —You're talking treason, Hal said....
>
> —Truth is always treasonous, the captain said, clicking his glass with a soft ferocity on the bar. And now these poor dears are involved in a war. This war is simply the largest mass murder in history.

> Theirs is the only country that has enough food and gasoline and raw materials. So they're expending these like mad to wipe out the others in the world who'd like a cut of their riches. In order to presume their standard of living for a few more years, they've dreamed up ideologies. Or their big business has. So they're at war with nearly everybody else in the world. The rest of the world hates Americans because they're so crude and stupid and unimaginative... They will win this war. They'll reduce Europe to a state of fifteen hundred years ago. Then their businessmen and their alphabetical bureaucracies will go into the shambles of Milan, Berlin, and Tokyo and open up new plants....International carpetbaggers.... Millions of human beings will be dead, and most of the human feelings will be dead forever....Hurray for our side....We're destroying all the new ideas and all the little men of the world to make way for our mass production and our mass thinking and our mass entertainment. Then we can go back to our United States, that green little island in the midst of a smoking world. Then we can kill all the Negroes and the Jews. Then we'll start on Russia. [64]

The primary trouble with America and Americans as Myrer and Burns see it, is Americanism: a way of thought and action materialistically oriented and pragmatically justified. Mailer, Heym, and the other novelists discussed here found in Americanism the potentiality, often the realization, of fascism. That Myrer and Burns did not push their thinking to this extreme makes very little difference. The point is that all of these novelists knew the enemy to be not merely physical but ideological as well; and not merely German and Italian and Japanese therefore, but American as well. That the ideology was on the one hand unformed and inchoate and on the other fully developed only made the evil of it that much more dangerous. Fascism and Americanism were not the same, but they differed only in degree. A conflict with one was necessarily

64. The Gallery, pp. 75-76. The ellipses are Burns', as are the hyphens.

a conflict with the other; and the destruction of both was devoutly to be desired.

Actual fascism among Germans, Italians, and Americans; incipient fascism, represented by 100% Americanism, the values and ideals of American businessmen, and the non-thinking "average" Americans who let the values and ideals prevail by tacitly supporting them--all of this has come under concentrated attack in the World War II novels. However, most of the novelists were not satisfied with a simple portrayal of good versus evil or hero versus villain; nor were they satisfied merely to point out the irony inherent in a situation which found an army of fascists carrying the fight against fascism. This sort of positive-negativism is at the core of the novels, but the meat of them is a concern with a search for a positive, constructive answer to the problem of fascism; with a search for the means to resolve the paradox from which the irony stems.

Chapter V

Herman Wouk and James Gould Cozzens supply an extremely simple solution to those problems which so vitally concern the other ideological war novelists. It is so simple that it is hardly a solution at all; in effect, it is a denial of the validity, perhaps even of the existence, of the problems. In both The Caine Mutiny and Guard of Honor the sacrifice of human rights and dignities is demanded for the sake of victory in the war. Wouk and Cozzens both seem to feel that one's duty in a crucial situation such as war is to close his eyes to ironies; to relinquish his conscience to men and institutions which, bad as they might be, operate for the greatest good of the greatest number; to postpone willingly any desire to reform the men and the institutions until the physical enemy is defeated, the times are more propitious, and reform is "safe." The man who is reluctant to make such a sacrifice, who insists that such times do not exist, who finds that the danger which inspires reform is either lacking or so completely in control that reform is impossible at apparently "safe" times, is portrayed as suspect by both novelists.

Captain Queeg, of the mine sweeper, Caine, is a mean, ignorant career officer with paranoiac tendencies manifested as petty acts of viciousness. But he functions at all times within his rights as ship's captain, and though the officers and men in his command alternately find him ridiculous or hate and fear him, they must obey him. Lt. Keefer--wit, intellectual, novelist--convinces the other officers, especially

Lt. Maryk, the Caine's executive officer, that there is a latent danger in Queeg's obvious mental problem. The officers do not need much convincing; Queeg's arbitrary and capricious actions speak for themselves. He frequently cuts off water or coffee for the whole crew as punishment for minor infractions. He suspends movies for six months because someone failed to inform him that a performance was about to start. He develops the habit of summoning his officers at the oddest hours of the day or night, demanding written reports and investigations of the trivia which has assumed such gigantic proportions in his own mind; things like a burnt-out silex or a seaman caught with his shirt tail hanging out.[1]

Lt. Maryk, sincere, slow-witted, methodical, keeps a secret log of Queeg's actions after Keefer has sown the seeds of suspicion in him. Besides these relatively minor abuses of authority, the log records Queeg's vindictive attempt to rig a summary court-martial so that a seaman named Stilwell—who had tried fraudulently to obtain a Red Cross leave in order to check up on his wife's rumored unfaithfulness—would receive a Bad Conduct Discharge.[2] It records also two instances of apparent cowardice on Queeg's part. The first of these occurs while the Caine acts as a landing craft escort at the invasion of Kwajalein Atoll. Under Queeg's command, the ship outspeeds the escorted vessels to the departure point, drops a yellow dye marker as a guide for the vessels, and proceeds at full speed away from possible shore

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1. The Caine Mutiny (New York, 1951), p. 271.

2. Ibid., pp. 258-70.

battery fire.[3] The second instance of cowardice occurs at the invasion of Saipan: a destroyer 1000 yards on the Caine's beam is hit by shore batteries, and, though the Caine's guns are on target and ready to fire, Queeg orders the ship to pull away from the impending battle at twenty knots.[4]

Slowly, with some prodding from Keefer, Maryk comes to admit that the captain may be a dangerous paranoiac. The evidence in the log is undeniable: the most damning entry is a pathetically comic incident in which all of the officers are forced to search the ship from top to bottom, and to search the enlisted man's clothing as they stand naked before them, trying to find a key which an unknown seaman had apparently used to pilfer the wardroom stores of a quart of strawberries. Everybody, including Queeg, knows that no such key exists.[5]

At this point, Maryk resolves to report Queeg as unfit to command by reason of illness under Article 184 of Navy Regulations. Aware of his own shortcomings in an argument, and of Keefer's articulateness, Maryk tries to convince Keefer to go with him to make the report, using the log as evidence. At the crucial moment however, Keefer reneges, claiming that they could never buck the system, that while the log would convince any psychiatrist, it could not possibly convince an admiral; and action is postponed.[6]

But Article 184 provides not only for the relief by Navy Department order of a commanding officer unfit, for physical, ethical, or moral

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3. Ibid., pp. 237-39.

4. Ibid., pp. 272-74.

5. Ibid., pp. 287-99.

6. Ibid., pp. 311-16.

reasons to command, but "When reference to such higher authority is undoubtedly impracticable," it also provides for his immediate relief by a subordinate without such an order. And when the Caine is caught in a typhoon, and Queeg's orders become contradictory; when he becomes firmly convinced that Queeg's continued command will endanger the ship and its crew, Maryk finally takes over, bringing the Caine safely through the typhoon, but leaving himself open to the charge of mutiny.[7]

His defense of course is based upon Article 184, and after a long and bitter trial in which Maryk's log is Exhibit A for the defense, and Queeg unwittingly its chief witness--skillfully led to betray his megalomania and his paranoia in cross examination by Lt. Greenwald, the defense attorney--Maryk's action is partially vindicated, and the charge of mutiny is dismissed.[8]

Lt. Greenwald dominates the novel's denouement, acting as author Wouk's spokesman in one of the most drastic and inexplicable shifts in intention among all of the war novels. Half drunk, Greenwald attends the party celebrating Maryk's acquittal--and incidentally, celebrating the acceptance of Keefer's war novel for publication--and declares that the trial was a miscarriage of justice, that Maryk is guilty, and that Queeg actually is a hero. Greenwald is Jewish, and he argues that the only thing that kept the Nazis from invading America and melting his

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7. Ibid., pp. 328-45.

8. Ibid., pp. 348-440. The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial became a quite successful broadway play, following faithfully section VI of the novel, "The Court-Martial," pp. 348-448.

mother down for soap were "'these birds we call regulars—these stuffy, stupid Prussians in the Navy and the Army.'"[9] "'Yes, even Queeg, poor sad guy, yes, and most of them not sad at all, fellows, a lot of them sharper boys than any of us, don't kid yourself, best men I've ever seen, you can't be good in the Army or Navy unless you're goddamn good. Though maybe not up on Proust n' Finnegan's Wake and all.'"[10]

Queeg is not a dangerous paranoiac and a coward, all of the evidence of 400 pages to the contrary; and Maryk had no right to usurp Queeg's authority under Article 184 or any other—the action was really mutinous. But Maryk is only partially responsible for thinking Queeg ill, and is consequently only half guilty of the mutiny. Greenwald turns on Keefer, the reader of Proust and Joyce, the writer of novels, and suddenly unmasks him as the true villain of the piece:

> 'I defended Steve (Maryk) because I found out the wrong guy was on trial. Only way I could defend him was to sink Queeg for you. I'm sore that I was pushed into the spot, and ashamed of what I did, and thass why I'm drunk. Queeg deserved better at my hands. I owed him a favor, don't you see? He stopped Hermann Goering from washing his fat behind with my mother.'

And with this, Greenwald sloshes champagne into Keefer's face.[11]

The Queegs in the armed services must be tolerated, indeed, accepted and respected, simply because they are in the services. The man most apt to be intolerant is the witty intellectual, Wouk is saying; and in this, he is probably correct. But it is doubtful that he is correct

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9. Ibid., p. 446.

10. Ibid., p. 447.

11. Ibid., p. 448.

in implying that intolerance of evil and stupidity are even greater evils, and consequently, in implying that the intellectual must, for the sake of the war effort, disavow his intellectualism. A victory over German fascism on these terms would seem to be a hollow victory indeed.[12]

Essentially the same sort of thinking underlies James Gould Cozzens' treatment of Negro-white relationships in the South and within the armed services. One of the principal plot lines in Guard of Honor concerns the proposed training of an all-Negro medium bomber group at Ocanara, a Florida air base. The Negroes of course are denied the freedom of the Florida city near the base, but, largely to placate the delicate sensibilites of the civilian population, they are also segregated on the base, given separate but equal living, mess, and Officer's Club facilities. A good deal of the book is given over to a discussion of the integration-segregation issue in the services. Cozzen's position is clear. At best he feels that, if integration will upset the delicate balance between servicemen at an American base and the civilians surrounding the base, and thus hamper the war effort, it must be sacrificed; at worst, Cozzens is an exponent of segregationism; an articulate

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12. William H. Whyte, Jr. devotes Chapter 19 of The Organization Man (New York, 1957), pp. 269-75 to a discussion of The Caine Mutiny. Whyte's conclusions and mine are quite similar, though he sees in Wouk's peculiar message an unfortunate manifestation of the modern American's tendency toward conformity, and does not tie this in with fascism as I have done. Whyte's thinking is solid, but he is a bit careless with his evidence. He calls Keefer an ex-writer, and he says that Greenwald's grandmother was boiled down for soap in Germany, whereas it was really his aunt and uncle in Cracow. These sorts of offhand errors in scholarship can cast the pall of doubt over otherwise useful secondary source material. I find them extremely unfortunate.

spokesman for one of the most deplorable manifestations of 100% Americanism, Southern variety.

There is no Captain Queeg in Guard of Honor--no narrow-minded, stupid bully with paranoiac-fascist tendencies. But there is a Lt. Keefer. His name is Lt. Edsell, and he is a liberal-intellectual writer in the Public Relations Office at the base. He is potentially as dangerous to the status quo as Keefer, though not nearly so successful in his attempts to upset it. Edsell is a loud-mouthed, Northern, non-combat trouble-maker[13] who argues nastily against segregation with anyone who will listen to or challenge him. But, unlike Keefer, largely because of his intolerant integrationism and because of his brashness, Edsell convinces no one and antagonizes everyone, even fellow Northerners who might be expected to sympathize with his views. Capt. Nathaniel Hicks, Special Projects PRO visiting the base to do a magazine story which is to include the training of the Negro pilots, asks Edsell: "'For God's sake, Jim, do you have to argue all the time? Can't you just think what you think, keep still, and let us work?'"[14] And WAC Lt. Amanda Turck--who, along with Hicks, supplies the love interest in the novel--after being told by Edsell that "'something might be made out of

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13. Guard of Honor (New York, 1948). The fact that Lt. Edsell is not a combat soldier is extremely important. Lt. Col. Carricker, who is court-martialed and acquitted for striking one of the Negro pilots after an error in judgment by the Negro had almost resulted in a serious air tragedy (pp. 87-88), is the holder of the Distinguished Service Cross with oak leaf cluster; and Captain Wiley, a Southerner with whom Edsell argues integration, holds the British Distinguished Flying Cross for his services to the RAF before the United States entered the war. Furthermore, there is a strong suggestion that Edsell is a coward--are not all big-talking reformers actually cowards deep down within?--in his too-violent protest to Lt. Turck that he is not (pp. 304-05) and in his double-talking backing down when he is accused of calling Wiley a liar (p. 339).

14. Ibid., p. 337.

you. You have a nasty disposition, which is the first thing you need if you're going to stand up to those sons of bitches....Don't tell me you like swallowing their crap! I don't think you want to see people walked on either!'" replies "'Oh no!....No, you don't. I don't have to join up with you--or else! This is a free country, my fine big-hearted liberal friend!'"[15]

But Cozzens allows the utter deflation of Edsell to be accomplished by Capt. Wiley, a gentleman, a fighter pilot, and a Southerner. Edsell argues for a form of mutiny by the Negro flyers, argues that they ought to get themselves arrested by trying to force their way into the Officers' Club:

> 'They have a chance to force the issue, and maybe end this whole segregation business, once and for all. The Army can't afford to practice segregation, if it's known they do. They'd have to allow Negroes the same rights as white men; and once that was established, I don't think the rights could later be taken away, even in the South--'
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> 'They don't rate the same rights as white men,' Captain Wiley said gently [Edsell simply speaks, but clearly without gentleness; he is given to "thoughtfully picking his nose" (p. 333) when he does speak gently]. 'That's why the same rights aren't and can't be allowed them. The worst thing that could happen to them would be to end segregation. That would mean that a white man in the South would have to act every day as an individual to protect himself. That would be very bad for the Negroes. With segregation, now, both parties know where they stand, so there's almost no friction, see? Except when somebody from outside comes in and stirs it up. Your idea is mighty dangerous, Lieutenant.'

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15. Ibid., p. 305.

> 'The dangerous idea is Wiley's . It is very dangerous to deny people their rights. It means that, in the long run, you drive them to take their rights by force....'
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> 'That, friend, they never will do, because they can't....What you're trying to say is that a Negro is equal to a white man. Don't you see that if he was equal, you wouldn't have to be demanding "rights" for him? Like you say, he'd have them by force, if no other way. He hasn't got them, though they gave them to him, and more, after the War Between the States. But he couldn't keep them; he wasn't up to it. That's where the North was wrong then, and that's where you're wrong now. The two races just aren't equal. Anyone who says they are, either doesn't have good sense, or doesn't know Negroes....
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> 'No amount of chances, and nothing I could do, would change the fact that a Negro happens to be a member of a relatively inferior race; physically, mentally, every way. It may be too bad, from his standpoint, and yours; but it's true.'

Edsell calls this an unscientific statement which no anthropologist could or would accept, "'Outside some of Hitler's phoneys;'" to which Wiley replies, "Please don't call me a liar, Lieutenant.'" Edsell rapidly backs and fills:

> 'Who called you a liar?....A liar is a person who says what he knows isn't true; but it never occurred to me that you would know it wasn't true and still be saying it. That leaves you out, as far as I'm concerned. However, if you mean I'm not free to say that a statement which I know to be untrue is a lie, get rid of the notion, Captain. I believe you can't help your prejudices. I think if you could, you surely would; because nobody likes to make himself absurd. I wish I could help you straighten out your thinking; but it doesn't look as if I could, and I've got to get downtown; so we may as well drop it.'

> 'I believe that would be a right smart thing for us to do,' Captain Wiley said. 'I appreciate your wanting to help me, Lieutenant; and I'm glad that you did not call me a liar.'[16]

The argument is a tour de force; Wiley says all of the ideologically wrong things, but the reader has far more sympathy for his honest error than for Edsell's hypocritical, apparently short-sighted righteousness. Now, it is perfectly true that a man like Edsell can look bad even when he is in the right, can actively rub a person the wrong way to the point where one could not agree with him if he were the voice thundering over Mt. Sinai. But a very important question transcends this observation: Why did Cozzens make Edsell such a man? Except possibly for The Caine Mutiny, in any of the other ideological novels discussed here, Wiley would have been so portrayed as to attract the reader's ire, and Edsell his sympathy.

Cozzens may have been trying to be "different" simply for reasons of artistic integrity, having seen that the portrayal of the intellectual in the ideological war novel had been pretty much one-sidedly favorable up to the time he wrote Guard of Honor. If so, he was quite successful. Nine years after its publication, in a review of By Love Possessed, Malcolm Cowley called Guard of Honor "still the most thoughtful, the most brilliantly organized and the best written of all the American novels of World War II."[17]

But, granting Cozzens' artistic integrity, it is reasonable to assume that Edsell is obnoxious to the reader for the same reason that

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16. Ibid., pp. 336, 37, 38, 39.

17. The New York Times Book Review, LXII (August 25, 1957), 1.

Gen. Cummings, or Pete Dondolo, or John C. Wexel is obnoxious: because their creators found them and the things they stand for obnoxious. This is not to say that Cozzens agrees wholly with the things which Wiley stands for--he has made Wiley's question-begging irrelevancies far too vulnerable--but clearly, he leans toward Wiley's argument.

Cozzens' ideological position is best expressed by Col. Norman Ross, the older and wiser head who actually operates the Ocanara air base for the boyish flying hero Major General "Bus" (for "Buster") Beal. Ross opposes the original segregation order, issued impetuously by a foolish colonel named Nowbray, on the grounds that it might result in bad public relations, and might even draw a reprimand from the Pentagon. No principles are involved; Ross is concerned purely with the practical aspects of the situation. The Pentagon does react, but again, only in terms of expediency, not on principle. It orders that the potential trouble on the base be somehow averted. Ross handles the situation very cleverly, explaining to the Negro pilots that racial considerations have nothing to do with placing such buildings as the Officers' Club off limits: "'This is the Army. There are no Army Regulations that make any distinction on the basis of race, creed, or color.'" The buildings have been placed off limits because, "'The use of them, along with permanent party personnel having no connection with your group, would work against the development of that group spirit which it is one of the most important objects of this project to inculcate.'"[18]

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18. Guard of Honor, p. 238.

This is the sort of speech an institution like the army wants; Ross is perfectly equipped, psychologically, morally, and ethically to deliver it. He holds to no principles, outside of loyalty to the status quo represented by his superiors in the army hierarchy from the Pentagon on down to Gen. Beal. Principles are nonsense, believed in only by the grossly ignorant: "Though the level of intelligence in the average man might be justly considered low, in very few of them would it be so low that they accepted notions that they fought, an embattled band of brothers, for noble 'principles.'"[19] He holds to the idea of expediency in justification of all his thought and actions, and he searches confidently for an explanation in these terms of the thought and actions of others. When his wife protests that the Negro officers have a point, he answers:

> 'Whether you like it or not, there are things you can't buck--no matter how much you want to, how vital it is to you....For reasons of justice and decency; and also for reasons of political policy, the War Department decided that colored men must be given the chance to qualify as officers. We have about a thousand of them in the Air Force, we have now somewhere around three hundred thousand white officers. A certain number of these, I don't know how many, but in relation to the whole, a proportion infinitely larger than that of colored to white officers, hold that a nigger is a nigger. They will not have anything to do with him socially. That is their decision, inculcated in them from their first conscious moments, handed down to them with the sanctions of use and interest. I don't say that this couldn't be changed, or that it won't ever be; but it won't change today, tomorrow, next week: A man cannot choose to see what he cannot see.[20]

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19. Ibid., p. 275.

20. Ibid., pp. 439-40.

Furthermore, a man does not always truly see what he thinks he sees. Ross' wife argues that since the majority is for Negro rights, then they should prevail. The colonel answers:

> 'That a big majority may feel that a Negro is a human being all right; but when you add that they want to see him treated fairly, you're wrong. That is not the condition. The condition is that the big majority doesn't mind if he's treated fairly, a very different thing. The big majority does not want him to marry their sister. The big majority does not want to insult or oppress him; but the big majority has, in general, a poor opinion of him.'[21]

The wonderful thing about all of this is that Ross is perfectly correct; the terrible thing is that he feels nothing about it all, that his interest goes no further than a statement of the problem itself. And Ross is portrayed in a highly favorable light by Cozzens; in a much more favorable light than Edsell, or even than Wiley. He tightropes down the center of a dangerous problem, army discipline acting as the balancing pole, and expediency as the rope. When he teeters, it is in the proper, white-supremacy direction:

> Behind the black face might be a courageous spirit and a sharp intelligence; but you must expect both to be damped and spoiled by the inbred resignation, the experience of generations bitterly resenting, yet always resenting impotently, the white man's yoke. Every day the white man's greed and folly proved that his claimed superiority was a lie. He was not clever; he was not strong; he was not good; he was nobody's born master. All he was, was, to a black man's sorrow and his shame, a little too much for most black men.[22]

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21. Ibid., p. 440.

22. Ibid., pp. 166-67.

And through Col. Ross, Cozzens brings the segregation problem neatly to a solution: the order stands, and the Negro officers who challenged it are gently reprimanded. They do not like it, but there is nothing they can do about it; the inevitable showdown is postponed indefinitely, or at least until the war should be won. And all is accomplished without benefit even of a Jewish lawyer who fears for the life of his gray-haired old mother. The war must be won, will be won, but for no intellectual or emotional reason. Ross opines that the American soldier's

> ...war aim was to get out as soon as possible and go home. This didn't mean that he wouldn't fight--on the contrary. Brought within fighting distance of the enemy, he saw well enough that until those people over there were all killed or frightened into quitting, he would never get home. He did not need to know about their bad acts and wicked principles. Compared to the offense they now committed by being here, and by shooting at him and so keeping him here, any alleged atrocities of theirs, and evil schemes of their commanders, were trifles.[23]

Don't think, is the advice Cozzens seems to be giving; don't worry. Thinking and worrying are the cause of your problems, not vice versa. Above all, don't try to change things, bad as they might be. Concentrate on doing your job from day to day, on making things run smoothly, and all will be well. And in spite of the contrast between Ross' cool detachment and Greenwald's emotional involvement, one can hear Wouk echoing agreement. There is a war to be won; your object is to win it, whether in order to keep somebody's mother from being boiled down to soap, or merely in order to get back home and forget the whole mess.

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23. Ibid., p. 275.

As an end to the search for a positive, constructive solution to the problem of fascism, this sort of wise-guy-ism (to use Arthur Miller's most appropriate term) would be as unacceptable to the other ideological novelists under discussion here as the "gung-ho" pseudo-ideology of Hobert Skidmore who let the bomber mechanic "fix...up" the Heartless Harpie "for Congress."[24] In fact, most of them would find such a solution to be potentially as dangerous as fascism itself. "History was in the grasp of the Right," Lt. Hearn thinks: "and after the war their big political campaigns would be intense. One big push, one big offensive, and history was theirs for this century, perhaps the next one. The League of Omnipotent Men."[25] The Power of Positive Thinking approach which makes a virtue of viciousness for the sake of the status quo ("All discord, harmony not understood;/All partial evil, universal good--" Col. Ross quotes mentally[26]), supplies a perfect climate for the growth of the League and makes fertile the ideological seedbed nourishing the Cummingses and Willoughbys.

What then must be done? What positive, constructive steps must be taken to prevent the formation of the League or to combat it once it has been formed?

First of all, the novelists other than Wouk and Cozzens insist, one must be able to see the danger; one must be able to generalize from the physical to the ideological, so that the war stands as it were metaphorically or symbolically for the conflict in thought and idea which precipitated it. Thus, one may see fascism as the exclusive property of no nation or race, may see it not simply as the primary cause of the war,

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24. Valley of the Sky, p. 62.

25. The Naked and the Dead, p. 391.

26. Guard of Honor, p. 535.

but more importantly, as the inevitable result of the very anti-intellectualism, indifference, and complacency advocated by Wouk and Cozzens.

And finally, one must see that only through caring, through a sense of personal, individual responsibility for the actions and fate of his fellow man--a sense of responsibility totally incompatible with indifference or complacency--through a feeling even of culpability if one has been indifferent to the justice of the cause for which the great Crusade was begun, can the cause prevail.

And seeing this, one may then in complete rational and emotional awareness, voluntarily involve himself in and commit himself wholeheartedly to the waging of the great Crusade. Notice the use of the singular here; notice the stress on the word "voluntarily." Enforced commitment is negation. Morality cannot be legislated; hypocrisy may not cause physical defeat, but it can prevent ideological victory. Each man must not only act, he must choose to act. In the choice rests the positive, constructive aspects of action. Here, say the novelists, is the only hope of a sick world. If fascism is to be defined as pragmatic expediency and a buck-passing refusal to accept responsibility, only the responsible man positively committed to an unpragmatic morality can permanently destroy Diestl and Pettinger; only such a man can hope to prevail against the League.

In order to make these points clear, many of the novelists introduce protagonists who are nearly, in John W. Aldridge's terms, "beyond the possibility of disillusion and denied even the impetus of revolt."[27]

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27. After the Lost Generation, pp. 118-19.

At the outset, Norman Mailer's Robert Hearn, Stefan Heym's David Yates, and Irwin Shaw's Michael Whitacre are men uncommitted to values and principles. Their minds have rejected the pinkish socialsim of the 1930's as well as the so-called integrity of free spirits of the 1920's but they have found no convictions strong enough to replace either of these. They cannot want war, but they cannot not want war either. They are sterile, and their sterily breeds cynicism, and out of this combination grows an individualism which stands apart from an acceptance or even a realization of its own responsibilities.[28]

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28. Indifferent, uncommitted individualism is attacked by the majority of the ideological novelists besides the three to be discussed here, though not usually with the same skill and affirmative forcefulness. Carl Jonas in Beachhead on the Wind portrays a sailor who had hidden in his foxhole on the beach from the tremendous struggle with the elements with which the book is primarily concerned. As the sailor lay there, "It had come sharply to him that he was the whole war, that on what he did about it, whatever it was, depended the future not just of this operation but that of the campaign, of the country, of the world and the people in it. He was shaking there where he lay in his sack, not with cold but with guilt and fear." (p. 202). And he rises, and goes back, and this act becomes for him "a marvelous burning iridescent thing." (p. 204).

As Lt. Potnik in William Fridley's A Time to go Home carries his wounded friend to safety in the house of some Belgian partisans, he asks himself "What am I doing here?...What is my purpose here, across the sea and across the continent from home?" (p. 147). As if in answer, a short time later one of the partisans speaks:

> 'We are still afraid, my son, because we do not know what you will do when the time of peace arrives. Will you continue the parable of the children and remain both generous and cruel? Will you, with the truce, wish to return to your cars and your pictures and your ice cream? Will you desert us when most we need you?
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> 'For you must understand that this war in which you are engaged is a holy war, and though you have beat down the devil, he was alive and fouled the air and his spoor is everywhere. It is then, my son, that that the true war begins. It is then that you must climb, naked and shivering, from your steel shelter and grapple in the mud with the powerful spirit of evil.' (p. 160).

But the novelists, by putting these men into close contact with war and with fascism, with death, with love, with good and with evil, gradually give each of them the sense of responsibility essential to values and principles, essential to involvement and commitment. Gradually the men are converted to a belief in the rightness and justice of the war, to the necessity of action and the worth of sacrifice; gradually, they are converted to a belief in the great Crusade.[29]

And Potnik decides that the time to go home is only when the job is done, and that may be never, but this realization must make no difference. He returns to action, thinking: "...among the good ones, among the men of good will, the strong survive and the weak fall by the way. And of the men of good will, the strongest shall have the greatest duty." (p. 224).

And Leggett, in Edward Loomis' End of a War, loses his touch with reality as his conscience advances to destroy his indifference. Much of the novel is concerned with his struggle to justify the war, and his own actions once he is no longer able to share his responsibility with others, with his fellow soldiers or with the Hesse family. At the end of the novel, he is slowly finding a new self, rising out of his purgatory:

> Leggett pulled off his shirt and socks and lay down on the bed, remembering the oversimple scheme which he had spoken to himself at the displaced persons' camp, the words which meant that a man had to do his duty as he saw it, and then bear the private consequences; and as part of the consequences endure a private light. 'What I didn't know was that the private consequences could hurt so!' he said. 'What I didn't know was that you have to be so all alone.' (pp. 243-44).

It would be possible to carry this discussion through a dozen or more novels--including even certain of the non-ideological works, such as Vance Bourjailly's End of My Life and Prudencio De Pereda's All the Girls We Loved--but the discussion would be necessarily far too repetitive.

29. These four, and a sizable number of the other war novels, are actually "conversion" novels. This term ordinarily is applied to those proletarian works of the 'teens in which the hero nearly always is a close relation of the wealthy mine-mill-factory-owner villain. Through accidental or subversive contact with the downtrodden workers, he slowly comes to see the error of his ways, and becomes an active convert to the workers' cause. See Upton Sinclair, King Coal (New York, 1917), for an excellent example of this kind of novel.

As a civilian, Hearn had been rootless both physically and ideologically. He had disowned his wealthy father while a student at Harvard. He had been a moderate success as a student writer; he was a notable failure as a student Communist. After graduation, he was a moderate success as a publisher's reader, and again a notable failure as a union organizer. He succeeds in doing the things which he is apathetic about; he fails at those which he feels strongly about. He fails largely because of the strength of his feelings: he demands action from the Communists, but they want discussion; he demands that the union strike once it has been organized, but it develops that they had organized simply to keep another union out. Such situations provide good conditions for the growth of cynicism, and Hearn succumbs, returning to his wealthy family in Chicago and trying to live the life dictated by the conventions of Lake Shore Drive. This does not work either; he is at once not enough and too much the cynic to succeed in the world of carloads and contracts, high finance and wife-trading. In November, 1941, he enlists in the Army.[30]

This action is clearly a means of escape; no convictions, no beliefs motivate it. But then Mailer juxtaposes Hearn to Cummings, and out of the clash of the uncommitted liberal intellectual and the totally committed fascist intellectual grows a Hearn newly capable of strong feelings, capable of hatred, fear, and the desire for action. After the incident of the cigarette butt, Hearn thinks:

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30. Mailer, "The Time Machine: Robert Hearn, The Addled Womb," The Naked and the Dead, pp. 328-53.

> 'The only thing to do is to get by on style.' He had said that once, lived by it in the absence of anything else, and it had been a working guide, almost satisfactory until now. The only thing that had been important was to let no one in any ultimate issue ever violate your integrity, and this had been an ultimate issue. Hearn felt as if an immense cyst of suppuration and purulence had burst inside him, and was infecting his bloodstream now, washing through all the conduits of his body in a sudden violent flux of change. He would have to react or die, effectively, and for one of the few times in his life he was quite uncertain of his own ability. It was impossible; he would have to do something, and he had no idea what to do.[31]

But it is not until he is on the mountain with Croft and the Recon platoon that Hearn decides that there is hope in a struggle against all that Cummings represents; not until he is up and away from Cummings that his latent cynicism operates to help him choose meaningful action:

> If you granted Cummings that man was a sonofabitch, then everything he said after that followed perfectly. The logic was inexorable.
>
> But the history wasn't. All right, all the great dreams had blunted and turned practical and corrupt and the good things had often been done through bad motives, but still it had not all been bad, there had also been victories where there should have been defeats. The world, by all the logics, should have turned Fascist and it hadn't yet.[32]

He realizes that "if the world turned Fascist, if Cummings had his century," there would be small hope. Underground terrorism was one possibility; the concerted action of the Left--to which thought Hearn replies "Aaah, horseshit." There was also reliance on the blunder factor. One could "sit back and wait for the Fascists to louse it up."

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31. Ibid., pp. 326-27.

32. Ibid., pp. 585.

But concerted inaction is as unsatisfactory as concerted action; and both alternatives, since they argued for postponement of action, were actually dangerous: "For whatever reason, you had to keep resisting."[33]

But how is a man to resist when the opportunity for resistance is denied him? Mailer's answer is deceptively simple: he lets Hearn resolve that, on his return to headquarters, he will resign his commission. It is a small thing, insignificant, perhaps silly: "Hearn and Quixote. Bourgeois liberals."[34] It is never even put into effect, thanks to the treachery of Croft. But it is decided upon; this is the important thing. Hope rests within the individual, Mailer is saying. Constructive action begins with the individual. It is absolutely essential that each man choose rightly at each moment to do what he can do. Hearn's death signifies only that the action must not be postponed. Hearn dying is a far better man than Hearn the living dilettante; Hearn dying underlines Mailer's message imperatively.

Unlike Hearn, Lt. David Yates is not a cynic at his entrance into the war, though he is the next best thing: a complacent, lazy, lover of mental comfort who convinces himself that the war and the struggle against fascism are none of his business. He had taught German at a small university, had embarked upon a reasonably successful career by judicious politicking, and by making of himself a good mediocrity who would mind his own business, taking it easy and biding his time. He refuses his wife's insistence and plea that he come out publicly for the Spanish Loyalists though "he knew just as well as she did what was wrong in the world," on the grounds that it might cost him his job. At the outset,

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33. Ibid., p. 586.

34. Ibid.

he is a compromiser, a man not lacking in principles really, but lacking integrity.[35] Through the course of the novel, through his association with good men and evil, his principles are strengthened to the point where they cannot be denied and action on them is inevitable.

The evil cast of characters, as we have seen, includes Pettinger, Willoughby, Dondolo, Farrish, and Prince Yasha. In these men, Heym has personified every aspect of Nazi-fascism, both physical and philosophical. Pettinger is a murderer, Dondolo a brute, Yasha an example of the total amorality of international business. All five of them are greedy; all five, but especially Farrish, are ambitious. And all five justify their thoughts, words, and actions in terms of pragmatic expediency, tending at the same time to reject whatever responsibility is rightly theirs to accept.

Heym puts Yates into relatively close contact with each of these men, lets him gradually become aware of the motives as well as the actions of each. He constantly places before Yates a challenge to his complacency—from Dondolo's brutality to Thorpe which sends Thorpe into madness, through Willoughby's complicity in the nearly successful escape of Pettinger. And Yates, ever so slowly taking only one step at a time, comes finally to recognize his own indifference to the evil around him as responsibility for the evil, comes finally to commit himself unselfishly to the Crusade and acts accordingly. Through Yates' action, primarily, Pettinger is destroyed and Farrish's headlong rush into political prominence is stalled.

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35. Heym, The Crusaders, pp. 218-19.

Willoughby and Yasha and Dondolo, though discredited, are actually successful in what they had set out to do. Heym leaves it this way for the same reasons that Mailer permits Hearn to die: as a prophetic warning that the war against fascism is not ended with the success of the physical conflict, and further, as a warning that postponement of individual commitment, for what ever reason, makes the ideological struggle much more difficult and places the outcome much more dangerously in doubt.

But Yates' progress toward conversion is aided not only by a growing awareness of evil, but as well by a developing consciousness of good fed by a number of admirable people who surround him even more closely than do the evil people. And in spite of himself, their influence upon him is enormous. There is Tolachian, too old to fight, but who fights anyway because "'When you see a bad weed, you tear it out, roots and all. Otherwise it will swallow the whole field'";[36] and who is killed because Yates did not insist strongly enough that a younger man should have been given his assignment. There is Thorpe whose fate also rests on Yates' conscience since it was to him that Thorpe's mad pleas were first addressed. The memory of these men prods him, goads him, helps to force him into action: "In Tolachian's as well as Thorpe's case, he had gone part of the way, and then stopped and said to himself: Somehow, it'll work out. Well, it hadn't. It never did, because you couldn't let things ride you; you had to be in the saddle."[37]

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36. Ibid., p. 41.

37. Ibid., p. 175.

There is Mme. Glodin, the French schoolteacher at Isigny whose house has been destroyed and whose son has been left a cripple, but who can declare that "'It was worth while to lose everything just to see the Boches run.'"[38] About her, Yates says: "'When the war's over...and it is going to be over someday...how will they ever live together? So much hate! A schoolteacher talking that fanatically!'"[39] But recalling her a short time later, he thinks: "there must be something more to it than he, himself, knew or cared to admit."[40] There is Kavalov, an escaped Russian slave laborer in a German coal mine who had led a May Day strike and had been hung by the wrists and flogged; who had escaped to become a guerilla fighter, eventually joining American troops in Germany for a short time, then drifting off to fight in his own way again. He becomes a symbol for Yates of dogged purposefulness, of joyful certainty of the rightness of the present and the glory of the future--a symbol of all of the things which Yates has not felt or known and, at the end, wants desperately to feel and know. On the Russian side of the Elbe, getting drunk with Russian troops, Yates toasts the missing Kavalov;

> '...you have the joy. Maybe the joy doesn't come from resting and looking back. Maybe it comes with looking ahead, seeing life as a struggle, burning yourself out in it, giving yourself to it. You're a sonofabitch. You force me into this. I didn't want it. I was content. I thought I'd done enough. But all right. We'll go on from here, you, and I. Only give me your joy. Give it to me. I need it....'[41]

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38. Ibid., p. 22.

39. Ibid., p. 23.

40. Ibid., p. 31.

41. Ibid., p. 512.

There is DeWitt, whose soul-searching parallels Yates', and who arrives with Yates at the decision to act. There is Capt. Troy, honest, tough, whose company was massacred at Pettinger's order. Simply by being what he cannot help being, by suffering but continuing to fight, Troy teaches Yates that "You can't be just a sharer of burdens.... You must work with people, join in with people, be one of them, even if you have to trim some of your finery.[42]

And finally, there is Sgt. Bing, a German-Jewish immigrant American under Yates' command who knows exactly why the war is being fought, and who acts consciously as an antagonist to Yates' conscience. Bing hates the German prisoners he interrogates as part of his job in the Propaganda Intelligence Unit, and Yates argues: "'Hate....This is a scientific war. You want to understand the Germans, don't you? If you have to guage their state of mind, you have to put yourself in their place. How can you, if you hate them?'" "'You talk like the German prisoners,'" Bing answers, and adds: "'They believe they know what they're fighting for, and they think we don't!" This exchange takes place in the first few pages of the novel, and Yates' reply reflects his early thinking: "'They don't know either. Nobody knows. You start out into the war equipped with newspaper headlines. Flimsy stuff.'"[43]

Bing is equipped with firm, not flimsy, stuff however. When General Farrish advances a plan to fire 48 rounds from 48 guns on the

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42. Ibid., p. 492.

43. Ibid., pp. 9-10.

Fourth of July, Yates opposes the plan because of its corniness, because of the General's obvious publicity consciousness, and because "the leaflet imposed upon him the necessity of facing questions he was not prepared to answer."[44] "...what we are fighting for was a maze of motives, some clear, some hidden, some idealistic, some selfish, some political, some economic...one would have to write a book instead of a leaflet; and...even then, the issue would be anything but straight."[45]

But Bing seizes the opportunity, in spite of the grandiosity of the plan, to explain his beliefs to his former countrymen. The leaflet is written and fired; it is too long to quote in its entirety here, but part of it must be cited as evidence not only of Bing's but also of Heym's ideological attitude and conviction:

> On July Fourth, 1776, the United States was born as a nation—a nation of free men, equal before the law, and determined to govern themselves.
>
> For these rights and liberties, we went to war in 1776. For these rights and liberties, we are fighting today. For, wherever they are threatened, we are threatened. Wherever the dignity of Man is affronted, we feel that it happens to us. Wherever people are oppressed and suffering, we are affected. Because we are that kind of nation, we have come to Europe to stop a tyrant from imposing his will on a nation, on Europe, and on the whole world.[46]

The naivete so evident here grates on Yates' sophistication, but gradually Heym brings Yates around to thinking and feeling about the war and fascism quite as strongly as does Bing. The change is impelled by all of the people with whom Yates associates, the evil as well as the good; but of all of them, Bing is the most influential. The infantry

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44. Ibid., p. 13.

45. Ibid., p. 15.

46. Ibid., p. 63. In a "Note" to the novel, Heym points out that such a leaflet actually was fired on July 4, 1944.

company to which the unit is assigned takes part in the conquest of Neustadt, Bing's German birthplace. His experiences in the town disillusion and depress Bing terribly. He loses his enthusiasm; he loses hope, and as Yates comes to realize Bing's condition, and to care about it, he begins to find himself: "He knew Bing needed help, now, or at least straightening-out, and he had learned that in war this help is an obligation as holy as that of the medic who pulls you, wounded, out of the line. He had denied it to Thorpe, once; he had paid the penalty."[47]

Ironically, the realization comes too late. Bing is killed before Yates can help him. But even in death, in fact, especially through death, he figures most importantly in the conversion of Yates to a consciously responsible individual. In effect, Bing's death is a sacrifice necessary to spur Yates on toward the destruction of Pettinger and to make of him an obstacle to the growth of Willoughby and the League.

Noah Ackerman in The Young Lions functions much as Bing does in The Crusaders. It is through Noah primarily that Michael Whitacre achieves a sense of purpose and direction. Whitacre, like Hearn, is rootless at the outset of the novel; and like Yates, he is complacent and mentally lazy. But unlike Hearn, he is not utterly cynical; and unlike Yates, he is not given to compromising or explaining away his principles. He lacks conviction; he is so uncertain of his beliefs that he has trouble articulating them, and he is equally uncertain of those he can articulate. All three heroes progress toward belief, but Whitacre has a head start because he wants to believe.

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47. Ibid., p. 491.

His civilian life mirrors too closely, in its artificiality and superficiality, the world of the theater to which it is so closely bound. Whitacre is a Broadway stage manager; Laura, his wife, is an actress; their friends are playwrights, actors, directors, producers. They do not like one another, yet they gather together for gay parties; they do not love one another, yet they form adulterous alliances. "A nest of snakes hibernating for the winter," Whitacre thinks while attending one of the parties. "There was no honor to this life, no form... Martinis, beer, brandy, scotch, have another, and everything disappeared in a blur of alcohol--decency, fidelity, courage, decision." He sees himself: "too fat, too much liquor, too many attachments, a wife who was practically a stranger...doing God knows what with how many other men...while he frittered away the years of his youth...making a little money, being content, never making the bold move...[48]

The restlessness behind such thoughts takes slow and inconclusive form. At a garden party, Whitacre gets into an argument with a post Russo-German pact, party-line pacifist who declares that the impending war (Paris is about to fall) is simply a step toward the consolidation of ruling-class power. Whitacre answers that there must be hope, that perhaps America should enter the war. "'You want Americans to get killed too, in this swindle....Is that it?'" "'If necessary,'" Whitacre answers. "'That's something new for you....War-mongering.'" "'It's the first time I thought of it.... This minute.'"[49]

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48. Shaw, The Young Lions, p. 40.

49. Ibid., p. 98

And the thought stays with him. At his enlistment, he turns down a chance to enter Special Services. As we have seen, he rejects the economic interpretation of the cause of the war. Later, when the party-line pacifist has become a party-line militarist demanding a second front, Whitacre refuses to sign the petition. His friends displease him greatly, he finds: "Either they were insensitively militant like Johnson the pacifist , in their untouchable civilian occupations, or, under a thin veneer of patriotism, they were cynical and resigned. And this was no time for resignation....This was no time for saying no or perhaps. This was a time for great yea-saying.[50]

But Whitacre has nothing to say "yea" to. He is a willing convert, searching hungrily for a "faith to die by," and he enlists in the infantry hoping to find it there. Instead he finds that his support of a committee to send ambulances and blood banks to Spain has given him a dossier with the FBI, and will keep him out of OCS;[51] he finds that Captain Colclaugh, his company commander, "'is crazy on the subject of Reds. You'll do KP from now till we go overseas, and you'll be the first scout on every advance in combat, and I wouldn't give a used condom for your chances of coming out alive;'"[52] he finds that, in the army, there is no appeal from the FBI or from the Colcloughs. But most importantly, he finds himself in the same company as Noah Ackerman, finds himself an unwilling witness of the anti-semitism climaxed by the ten merciless beatings. And because he had no firm belief to begin with, his strong

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50. Ibid., p. 240.

51. Ibid., p. 337. Cf., Christian Diestl's inability to obtain a commission in the German army because of previous communist affiliations.

52. Ibid.

desire to believe is badly shaken. Disillusioned, approaching cynicism, he uses the influence of a civilian friend to obtain a transfer to Special Services.

He goes to England in this capacity, his cynicism becoming more and more entrenched. But because he is not sufficiently politic, not respectful enough of rank, he finds himself in France as chauffeur for a Civil Affairs Colonel. Col. Pavone is a fine and sincere man worried more about the peace than about the war, seriously concerned about the present and the future of innocent civilians caught up in the invasion. Through his influence, Whitacre's cynicism melts, and he begins to feel once more the desire to act. His petitions for a transfer to the infantry are denied by Pavone on the grounds that Whitacre is needed where he is; but when the Colonel is killed, Michael is shipped to a Replacement Depot, marked for front-line duty.

There, Whitacre finds Noah Ackerman, who had been wounded and was waiting for reassignment. But this is a new Ackerman, sure of himself, tough, but not bitter. He has shaken off the physical and psychological effects of the beatings; through courage and conviction he has made a spot for himself in the company, and he intends to find his way back to it. Whitacre goes with him, his hope renewed, feeling that

> Somewhere just ahead of him...under the constant trembling of the artillery among the hills, he was going to find that America he had never known on its own continent, a tortured and dying America, but an America of friends and neighbors, an America in which a man could finally put away his over-civilized doubts, his book-soured cynicism, his realistic despair, and humbly and gratefully lose himself.[53]

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53. Ibid., p. 636.

He finds it—in Noah's grief for the death of his friend, Johnny Burnecker; in Noah's willingness to teach and protect him; in Noah's and his own, physical repulsion at the anti-semitism of the liberated concentration camp inmates; in Noah's wailed hope that "'The human beings are going to be running the world!'"[54] He finds it tragically in the death of Noah, and it becomes a conviction upon which he can and must act. Alone, disregarding the consequences, certain of the rightness of his choice to act, Whitacre commits himself finally and unalterably to the conviction and to his own responsibility to it: he stalks and kills Christian Diestl.

Noah, like Bing in The Crusaders, is sacrificed in order that the potentially good among mankind, personified by Yates and Whitacre, may be redeemed from indifference and sent forth enlightened, apostle-like, to defeat consummate evil and to do battle with the forces of evil still prevalent among their fellow men. In The Naked and the Dead, the converted hero himself is sacrificed upon the same altar; it is Mailer's prayer that the reader, not simply a personification, may be the newly enlightened apostle.

At the conclusion of The Young Lions, as at the conclusions of The Naked and the Dead and The Crusaders, hope for the future is proferred by the authors in Hearn, Yates, and Whitacre, who voluntarily involve themselves in the fate of humanity. If Whitacre had stalked Diestl under orders, if Hearn's commission had been stripped from him—if a man takes the abuse of Queeg or allows himself to be convinced by

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54. Ibid., p. 680.

the swollen sophistries of Col. Ross because he must, not because he chooses to--then no conversion could result; then there would be no hope.

Interestingly enough, in the light of the discussion of The Caine Mutiny and Guard of Honor earlier in this chapter, Mailer, Heym, and Shaw portray their protagonists at the outset as intellectuals. Hearn is a Harvard literature graduate, Yates has been a professor of Germanics, and Whitacre has received a liberal enough education in the theater to see the relationship between his own indecision to commit himself and Hamlet's.[55] These authors show clearly that they believe this intellectualism to play a major part in a man's indecision or lack of conviction; for it is only after the intellectualism of Hearn, Yates, and Whitacre has been supplemented by emotionalism, only after they have begun to feel and to care, that their conversion is possible. This is not to say that Mailer, Heym, and Shaw are anti-intellectual in the same sense that Wouk and Cozzens are, for they find intellectualism to be dangerous for almost exactly the opposite reasons. While Wouk and Cozzens see its danger in its active challenge to the status quo, Mailer, Heym, and Shaw find its danger to be in its passively cynical tendency to accept the status quo.

Furthermore, these three authors do not demand emotionalism to the exclusion of intellectualism; they simply ask that emotions be added to reinforce intellect. The necessary first step toward voluntary involvement, they feel, is caring enough about someone or something to desire to be involved. This in part explains the emphasis upon human

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55. Ibid., pp. 379-50.

love in these and the other serious novels. Most war novels contain a good deal of loving, a great deal of sex. It is frequently the novelists' way of portraying the chaotic letting down of bars that accompanies war; it is as frequently his way of assuring a good sale. In the serious novel it is more than either of these. To love means to accept responsibility and implies an ability to hate; loving therefore is beyond the capacity of an indifferent man. The love affairs in these novels help to convert the heroes by giving them something to feel strongly about; it is then a simple matter to transfer the strength to other feelings. Yates has Thérèse Laurent, Whitacre has Margaret Freemantle, Leggett has Chrystel Hesse, Robert has Lisa in The Girl on the Via Flaminea, Newcombe has Helen, whom he remembers, just before he is killed, as the girl who "had freed him, even while he had thought her inferior, unworthy of him—who had healed him of his ruthless indifference....[56] Only Hearn has no one, but Mailer clearly makes the same point as the other novelists by showing blighted love to be one of the principal motivations of the physical evil of Croft, and the intellectual evil of Cummings.

But there is more than physical, sexual love involved in caring. There is the kinship which Yates comes to feel for Bing, which Whitacre comes to feel for Noah—there is the kinship which makes the deaths of Bing and Noah sacrificial. It is a mystical sense of oneness, illogical inexplicable, transcending far a simple esprit de corps. It can only be called love.

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56. Myrer, The Big War, p. 393.

When Danny Kantaylis tells Andrea, his new wife, that he is returning to combat because he believes he must, she asks him to tell her exactly what he believes in. "'Love between people,'" he answers; "'and the love of God. The feeling in the heart and soul....That stands fast. That's the only thing they society can't twist around and foul up and make into something else. Everything else slithers under your feet like mud.'" "'How do you know that?'" Andrea asks; and Danny answers: "'I don't know. I just know it, that's all....[57]

Caring is sufficient; emotions cannot be articulated. Reason tells Danny it is foolish to return; reason tells Pete Donatti "to quit, to get out of it any way he could," because, "When you went to the front, you knew the only way you'd go back was feet first unles you were very, very lucky."[58] But Pete, like Danny—and like Noah Ackerman—returns to the front, unable to explain why, knowing only that he must. And Pete, like Danny and Noah, does go back feet first.

Colonel Hobson, Pete's doctor, refuses Pete's request to return to action but does not prevent him from returning unofficially. Hobson has not seen combat, but (or perhaps, therefore) he is able to explain the feelings of men like Pete and Danny and Noah:

> Perhaps, he thought, it is love of a sort, love that they would never understand, because it was not related to passion but a deep feeling of belonging to men they had lived with for many months. It could be a love they needed, or thought they brought to the men with whom they served, or that they wanted desperately to believe they brought those comrades.

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57. Ibid., p. 69.

58. James Garrett, And Save Them for Pallbearers, p. 238.

> Or it could be, Hobson decided, that, despite the carnage, the filth, the hunger and thirst, the cold, the obscene terrors to which they were subjected, they knew already that these were the times whose passage they would remember forever afterward, if they survived, with regret and a knowledge that life would never again be so uncomplicated and full.[59]

The desire to be involved; the desire to know by being part of—this is motivation enough for sacrifice. The growing sense of responsibility in each of the protagonists discussed on these pages is accompanied by a growing realization that every man is at once island and not island, that every man who stands alone stands necessarily not alone, that the bell tolls for each and all if it tolls for one.[60]

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60. Ernest Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls (New York, 1940), though not technically a World War II novel, was the first important war novel to deal with the responsibility of the individual in the struggle with fascism.

Chapter VI

The ideological World War II novelists have shown that fascism is a moral evil; that as such, it is universal, not the exclusive property of any nation or race. They have assumed that the evil can and must be destroyed, and they have shown that the greatest impediment to its destruction is intellectual indifference. They have shown that emotionally traumatic experiences with war and with fascism, coupled frequently with love, will wash away indifference. And they insist that a man's conversion from indifference implies his conversion to an acceptance of responsibility, and results in his commitment to involvement in a world he did make and is continuously making. Such involvement must be voluntary in order to remain compatible with individualism. At this point the majority of the novelists veer most sharply from the ideological position of Herman Wouk and James Gould Cozzens. For while Wouk and Cozzens espouse enforced involvement, and consequently, the postponement, perhaps the destruction of individualism, Heym, Mailer, Shaw, Myrer and the rest let their heroes choose freely to relinquish individual rights. Clearly, they believe that only through such a free choice to forego his rights may a man involve himself with dignity and justice in the struggle to retain and buttress those rights. They believe that only through choosing to become part of what he hates may a man earn the freedom to attack all things, men, and institutions—whether enemy or ally, regardless of national taboos--which constitute what he hates.

One of the most striking aspects of this Weltanschauung is that it is non-political or apolitical, even anti-political, yet remains ideological. Naziism and Fascism, as political institutions, were merely surface manifestations of the universal moral evil. To see and fight and win the war politically would be to see and fight it superficially, and to stand in danger of a victorious defeat. Therefore, the novelists refused to juxtapose any political philosophy to Naziism and Fascism. Neither Democracy nor Communism, the two great antagonists of Nazi-fascism during the war, are offered as solutions to the problems which led to war--though the novels are fastened together by the same idealism which ostensibly unifies the philosophies of both Democracy and Communism: justice, dignity, human rights, and freedom. The novelists simply have little faith in political institutions as forces either for the destruction of evil or for the propagation of good, though paradoxically, they ask all men to stand together for just these purposes. Herein, the novels are ideological. No political institutions are praised or reinforced, the formation of no new ones is suggested; yet the novelists clearly believe that moral reform will necessarily lead to political reform, that the League of Omnipotent Men will be impotent in the face of the collective individualism which must result as men probe beneath the surface of their problems to their solutions.

Paradox is rampant here, upon a field of irony. War is a necessary evil; the battle against fascism is waged by basically fascistic civilian and service institutions, the most successful members of which are

incipient fascists; the most obvious, most hopeful solution to the problems introduced by these anamolies is a sort of collective individualism, in which all men agree singly to act concertedly; and a necessary condition to a firm agreement is the innocence which can only arise from an awareness of guilt.

The familiarity of this is readily apparent. These novelists are on the threshold of existentialism, the philosophical position resurrected if not spawned and bred by the second World War. The free individual, capable of choice--indeed, incapable of not choosing--is the fundamental unit in existentialistic thought. The necessity of choice is a terrible moral responsibility; choosing not to choose may result in the emasculation of the individuality of the self or another, and leads therefore to the most awful form of guilt. Herein is the pain called ankst, the pain which grows out of being alive.

The war novelists do not cross the threshhold, though they pause perilously close to it--witness the anguished cry of the guilt-ridden Leggett who is faced with the post-facto choice of accepting responsibility for blindly choosing to participate in war: "'What I didn't know was that the private consequences could hurt so!.... What I didn't know was that you have to be so all alone.'"[1] The war is present, ominous and urgent. The novelists' minds are fastened upon it and its reality, and upon the reality of the essential evil which was its cause. Their individuals are those who have been affected by war; their anxiety is bounded and limited by the desire on the one hand

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1. Loomis, End of a War, p. 244.

to destroy the cause, and on the other, by the hope that it may eventually be destroyed utterly. The resolution of the paradoxes however, for both the war novelists and the existentialists--in spite of the war novelists' belief in essential evil and essential good, in spite of their particularized rather than universalized anxiety--is individual commitment and involvement, is conscious action.

This has not been an attempt to set up a cause and effect relationship between the war novelists and existentialism, nor even to suggest the possibility of influence. The war novelists discussed here have been Americans; existentialism was primarily a French intellectual movement which has never gained a firm foothold in American thought. The same world, the world from 1939 to 1945, produced both. But existentialism is a logical, unified system of thought, complete with philosophers and apostles, with answers and with dialectic. It grew out of chaos, out of a need to rebuild a society which had capitulated its dignity and pride. At the time existentialism rose, America was a strong, confident, self-assured nation, dangerously in need of an examination of conscience and of reform, but hardly in need of rebuilding. The thinking of the war novelists paralleled that of the existentialists, but remained unformalized, a mixture of philosophy and social criticism held together by the facts of war and fascism.

Now that the war and fascism have become a part of the past, the unformalized thought of the American war novelists has appeared to lose much of its vitality, its ability to speak clearly to an audience which is no longer engrossed in a life or death struggle with a hated ideology.

In the context of war, in the context of the cheapness hence the dearness of life in combat, the novelists' beliefs and conclusions bear the marks of truth and certainty. It is clearly evident why Yates considers helping Bing to be a holy obligation, why Whitacre stalks Diestl, why Danny Kantaylis and Pete Donatti voluntarily return to combat. Equally clear, in context, is the angry optimism which inspired the indignant outbursts of Myrer and Burns and the wonderfully sarcastic proposal by a character in The Young Lions of a "Guided Tour System of Democracy" under which America would continue, in peacetime, to maintain a large standing army and to build and destroy ships, tanks, and planes for the sake of prosperity and the good life.[2] War and fascism are gone, and it is difficult to see the application of the conclusions which they forced men to render to a world no longer beset by them. The book reviewers, whose favorite terms to describe the war novels seem to be concerned only with the vividness of their portrayals of violence, have not seen the application; nor have the readers, who made a best seller out of The Caine Mutiny: nor have the moviemakers, who turned Christian Diestl into a hero. Nor, much more importantly, have the Beat, the Angry, and the generally disaffiliated postwar creative intellectuals, who find the world to be naturalistically oriented (or disoriented), who find the universe capricious or irrational, and who consequently deny both the validity of social critical optimism and the efficacy of involvement.

Perhaps the crusading emotionalism of the war novelists, like the fearful logic of the existentialists--and the social criticism

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2. Shaw, The Young Lions, pp. 395-97

implicit or explicit in both--actually does not apply to postwar America. Perhaps the disaffiliates are right, and the best a man can do is retreat from and live outside his world, and the worst he can do is involve himself in his world, since involvement necessitates compromise with the world. The serious thinker, novelist or not, must know and believe before he can act either negatively or positively. And the process of learning, of arriving at convictions is, as we have seen in the case of many heroes in the war novels, a slow and tedious one. Perhaps the disaffiliates will never arrive at convictions as strong as those held by the war novelists; certainly they can never arrive at the same convictions. But it is far more comforting to think that disaffiliation is merely a pause on the way toward a rebirth of that individual and social responsibility represented by the best of the ideological novels of World War II.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This bibliography is organized into two sections: 1) Secondary source material--books, articles, and novels---which has been useful in writing the dissertation; and 2) As complete a listing of World War II novels written by Americans concerning Americans in the uniforms of any of the Allied powers as I could compile. Those World War II novels mentioned, either briefly or at length in the body of this work, are asterisked in the left-hand margin. A prefatory word should be introduced here concerning the peculiar bibliographical problems presented by the subject, and the methods pursued in solving them.

Aside from John W. Aldridge's _After the Lost Generation_, there is very little secondary source material directly related to the subject of the World War II novel. Two doctoral dissertations, two articles--one of them my own--and part of a chapter in Malcolm Cowley's _Literary Situation_ bear immediately on the subject. On the other hand, dozens, perhaps hundreds, of publications in many fields have been influential on my thinking. I cannot list all of these; I cannot even remember all of them. But I have listed those--like Beach's _American Fiction: 1920-1940_, Schlesinger's _The Coming of the New Deal_, _The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes_, Frohock's _The Novel of Violence in America_--which, various and far-ranging though they may be, have made the most recent and most obvious impression on the thinking which has gone into this book.

The reviews of the novels were generally cursory, superficial, and worthless; few of them have been included here, since I used them primarily only as sources of bibliographical information.

Compiling a list of World War II novels was a far more difficult task even than selecting items for the list of secondary sources. Nowhere is current American fiction catalogued under subject headings. And since the title of a novel rarely betrays its subject matter, the Library of Congress Catalogue, Books in Print, and the Cumulative Book Index were of very little help. Publisher's Weekly was unreliable simply because all publishers do not list all of their publications in it all of the time, and because their listings, when they appear, are not always assorted according to subject. The same statement holds true for the Publisher's Trade List Annual. I used four methods to compile the list presented here: 1) I haunted book stores, new and used book lists, and the standard reviewing organs--I also picked the memories and shelves of my friends; 2) I raided the bibliographies of Oldsey's and Feigenbaum's theses; 3) I obtained, on microfilm, a list of all the war fiction in the New York Public Library; 4) And finally, I requested all publishers, large and small, who appeared from their entries in the Trade List Annual to have possibly brought out a war novel, to supply me with bibliographical data. This last was the most satisfactory method, though hardly infallible. Alfred A. Knopf informed me that they had published no war novels, though A Walk in the Sun came from them. E. P. Dutton left A Time to go Home off their list. And Little, Brown refused twice flatly

to cooperate. Furthermore, many of the publishers padded their lists with non-American war novels.

The only foolproof method would have been to get the novels into my hands, preferably at the Library of Congress, for at least a cursory examination of their contents. The present list is incomplete, and, I am sure, unreliable; but I am also certain that it is the lengthiest and most complete list yet brought together.

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