CHAPTER I
FIRST WORLD WAR : MAN AT WAR

"I have not been at the front
I have been in front of it."

This is what Wilfred Owen wrote to his mother Susan Owen in a letter dated 16th January 1917.

Through a study of letters, Blunden's memoir, Sassoon's autobiography, and Remarque's novel, this chapter strives to bring out the experiences of the First World War. A study of letters is carried out because they reveal the immediacy of the experience that the soldier wished to share with some one; while the memoirs and autobiographies bring out in greater detail the experiences of every day life and tend to become elaborative at times. Only one novel All Quiet On the Western Front by Erich Marie Remarque has been considered in this chapter. This novel has been considered as one of the greatest novels of its time and in this chapter it has been used only as a document and not as a literary work. The novel being a German work gives an insight into the experiences and feelings of the German soldiers which it has been found were quite akin to those of the British soldiers, during the First World War. Although the novel is a work of fiction the incidents being so representative of the actual experience of war will be
referred to in this chapter as if they were records of actual experience.

This chapter will proceed to explore the war in the following sections.

Section 1.1 : Early Illusions

This section will reveal the earlier view of war reflecting a mood of enthusiasm, followed by personal views on war as expressed in the letter of three popular First World War poets that is Isaac Rosenberg, Wilfred Owen and Charles Sorley.

Section 1.2 : Moving to the Front

Through the novel, autobiography and memoir the initial persuasions and instructions given at the training centres and the experiences of the soldier going to the front will be brought out.

Section 1.3 : The Trenches

In this section a picture of the trenches, the initial experience of the shellings, the slow transition and the shock as revealed in memoirs, letters and novel will be examined.

Section 1.4 : The Full Exposure to War

This section will proceed to bring out the appalling horrors of war revealed mostly through Owen's letters and the novel.
Section 1.5 : Compensations

The compensations that made life endurable to the soldiers at the front will be brought out here.

Section 1.6 : Alienation from Civilian Life

This section will reveal the final metamorphosis in a soldier, as to how he becomes a total stranger to the civilian world, unable to communicate with anyone around him.

Section 1.7 : Conclusion

The conclusion will seek to show what distinguishes man at war during the First World War. It then proceeds to indicate how the poetic expressions will be found to differ from the accounts discussed in this chapter.

1.1 Early Illusions

Arthur Marwick in his book Britain in the Century of Total War mentions that the phrase 'First World War' was first used by Colonel Rephington when he published his war diaries in 1920.¹

Britain had not been involved in a major war since the time of Napoleonic. Hence the initial mood when volunteering for the war was one of loyalty and patriotism exhibited by the great mass of the nation.
This view was even held after the first volunteers went to the war.

Julian Grenfell is bubbling with enthusiasm and sounds as excited as a school child in his letter from Flanders in October 1914. He writes in his letter:

I adore the war. It is like a big picnic without the objectiveness of a picnic. I have never been so well or so happy.

Rupert Brooke's letter in the autumn and winter of 1914-15 also carries a similar message that the war was all great fun.

In a sense it was fun for those public school youth who were just finishing their schooling. These enthusiasts were expecting a war of tradition, the cavalry charging at the foe, dying a heroic death or returning as noble, chivalrous soldiers. A certain sense of heroism was overriding in their outlook.

In fact even in March 1915 when the call for new enlistment was made, minors from public schools and university joined. There were young radicals like F.H. Keeling who wrote:

I may possibly live to think differently; but at the present moment, assuming that this war had to come, I feel nothing but gratitude to the Gods for sending it in my time.
The English belief in their own superiority, patriotism, the chivalric belief that they were fighting for 'Little Belgium' was widespread; the general conviction that the war was the outcome of profound forces was present everywhere.

Yet some of the letters written at the outset of the war (August 1914) by two major soldier poets of the First World War, Wilfred Owen and Isaac Rosenberg, (who incidentally lost their lives in the war), give an insight into their earlier views on joining the war - a view which contrasts with the popular view.

A letter by Isaac Rosenberg to Edmund Marsh written in August 1914 from Cape Town goes like this:

But know that I despise the war and hate war and hope that Kaiser William will have his bottom smacked - a naughty aggressive schoolboy who will have all the plum-pudding. ...

... Now is the time to go on an exploring expedition to the north pole and come back and find settled order again. 4

The letters expresses Rosenberg's hatred of the war and also his view on the short duration of the war. It was not just Rosenberg's but a widely held view that the war would be over by the Christmas of 1914.

Rosenberg joined the "Bantam Battalion" in October 1915, and it is interesting to read how he finally joined the army.
Even in a letter written in June 1915 to Mr Schiff he writes:

I am thinking of enlisting if they will have me, though it is against all my principles of justice - though I would be doing the most criminal thing a man can do. I am so sure my mother would not stand the shock that I don't know what to do.

It is obvious through this letter that Rosenberg had no wish to be a combatant; killing people was as abhorrent to his natural instincts as it was to the faith in which he had been brought up. He enlisted purely in order to help his family having been told that half his pay could be paid to his mother as a 'separation allowance'.

Wilfred Owen who actually joined the war much later expresses his view about the war in a letter to his mother dated 2nd December 1914 written from Bordeaux:

My life is worth more than my death to Englishman.
Do you know what would hold me together on the battlefield? The sense that I was perpetuating the language in which Keats and the rest of them wrote.

Owen we see is preoccupied with poetry. For him patriotism and loyalty take the form of an obligation to his language and to his literature. His immediate concern is over the fate of poetry rather than war.

It is interesting to review at this stage the feelings of the poet Charles Sorley. Sorley became a student
at the University of Jena in Germany in April 1914 and remained there till the outbreak of the war. His letters from Germany show how much he enjoyed his stay there and also how he developed a deep affection for Germany and its people. In a letter dated 14th November 1914 he expressed his views about the war:

Indeed I think after the war all the brave men will renounce their country and confess that they are strangers and pilgrims on this earth ... But all these convictions are useless for me to state since I have not had the courage of them ... I might have been giving my mind to fight against sloth and stupidity: Instead, I am giving my body (by a refinement of cowardice) to fight against the most enterprising nation in the world.

1.2 Moving to the Front

After examining the initial momentum of the war we are drawn towards the actual experience of the battle and the battlefield. The memoirs, letters and the novel recount various incidents describing the pressure exerted by those who themselves would not fight, the instruction at the camps, the life at the camps, the trench warfare and the gripping exposures of the war.

In Erich Maria Remarque's novel All Quiet On The Western Front the narrator sounds extremely bitter as he recollects the initial persuasions by the school teachers to join the war. He felt that they carried their feelings in their waistcoat pockets so that they could use them at
any time of the day. In Germany they addressed these lads as 'Iron Youth' and the teachers were convinced that there was only one way of doing things the right way and that was their way. These teachers were guides, mediators to the young maturing mind that strongly believed in duty and progress. So intense was their faith in their teachers that their first experience of death shattered them. They felt that their teachers only surpassed them in phrases and cleverness. They felt they had been robbed of their youth; their innocent mind destroyed. They started comparing themselves to the older men who had their links with the civilian world. The older men came from an established background; they had occupations interests, wives and children, things that war cannot obliterate. The older men (if they survived) could go back to it all while the youth could not.

Siegfried Sassoon in his Memoirs of an Infantry Officer attempts to show the effects on a somewhat solitary minded man. He recalls the final words of the lecture on 'The Spirit of the Bayonet' by 'Highland Major' as follows:

Remember that every Bosche you fellows kill brings victory one minute nearer and shortens the war by one minute; kill them! kill them! There's only one good Bosche, and that's a dead one! 8

If they did not kill the Bosche then the Bosche would kill them. This was deeply engraved in their minds. Here
we notice one more aspect, the enemy, the Bosche as he is termed, is the demarkation representing the enemy. This belief that they were fighting an enemy on the other side was very strong in the earlier stages of the war although with the indefinite continuation of war a different feeling of comaraderie sprung up.

Another shocking experience during the instruction on 'Trench Education' is related by Edmund Blunden in his memoir *Undertones of War*. The youth standing in rows undergoing lessons in trench education are thunderstruck to find their instructor sergeant major lying dead with a mangled head at the end, a victim of his own demonstration.

In spite of these, varied initial experiences the 'infant war mind' (as Blunden puts it) absorbs the joyous images of the countryside on the way to the front; only later to be replaced by the howling and whooping of shells.

The soldiers recruited to go to the French borders did not fail to notice every detail of their surroundings. The new surroundings enchanted them. To quote from Blunden's book:

> Life abundant sang here and smiled, the lizard ran warless in the warm dust and the ditches were trembling quick with odd tiny fishes in worlds as remote as Saturn. 9

Windows with blue shutters exhibited silk postcards with loving messages.
One can actually feel the enthusiasm of these soldiers, how they were welcoming all these changes and their presence of mind in noticing every detail of their new environment.

1.3 The Trenches

But once the environment changed to that of the trenches the tone of the observers also changed. In a reserve trench one had to crawl into a kind of low recess in the dugout, where there were sandbags below, above and around you. The walls were of sandbags, with wooden fire-steps, their roofings of corrugated iron or old doors. And when Blunden walked along the reserve lines he observed "at some points in the trench bones pierced through their shallow burial, and skulls appeared like mushrooms." 10

These soldiers often found their trench life dull and monotonous and preferred the exciting idea of crossing the mine-craters and getting into the German front line. They watched the shellings with great astonishment. After an explosion the dusty yellow smoke was attractive to them. Blunden vividly describes one such shelling.

The red sparks of German trench mortars described their seeming slow arcs, burning momentary cloudlets, smoke billowed into a tidal wave, and the powdery glare of many a signal-light showed its rolling folds. The rollings and the cracklings of the contest between artillerys and small arms sometimes seemed to lessen as one gigantic burst was heard. 11
At this stage there is an open admiration and the soldiers watch with awestruck amazement the German cartridges as they soar up and sink in beautiful curves. The knowledge of modern man was infinitesimal so that the soldiers were enchanted by the colourful sight, the flares coming up the noise. It is evident that they had not grasped the consequence that was to follow.

Grenfell died of wounds on the 27th May 1915. He was a professional soldier, not a volunteer from civilian life. He was able to sense that the heavy artillery and the machines were going to drive out the romantic and chivalric view of war. He writes in one of his letters:

> About the shells, after a day of them one's nerves are really absolutely beaten down. I can understand now why our infantry have to retreat sometimes: a sight which came as a shock to me at first, after being brought up in the belief that the English infantry cannot retreat. 12

All through the winter of 1914-15 the British soldiers lived under canvas and dressed in civilian clothes. There were few camps and little equipment. Their artillery was insufficient and the British soldiers were unprotected against gas.

Rosenberg mentions the revolting conditions in his camp in his letter to Mr Schiff after joining the Bantam battalion in October 1915.
I have to eat out of a basin together with some horribly smelling scavanger who spits and sneezes into it etc. It is most revolting at least up to now. I don't mind the hard sleeping the stiff marches etc. but this is unbearable. Besides my being a jew makes it bad amongst these wretches. I am looking forward to having a bad time altogether. 13

Slowly war was unveiling its true nature. Ignorance that had inflamed a passion was turning into bitter experience. The sights they saw around them in the battlefield shattered their nerves. They saw around them men slaughtered like animals, then with skulls blown open; men running with their feet cut off; men staggering on splintered stumps into the next shell-hole; men crawling on their hands dragging their smashed knee after them; sometimes they saw strange sights like a man who held the artery of his arm in his teeth for two hours in order not to bleed to death; or they noticed a soldier standing at the entrance of a trench, when they went close by they found him dead.

Remarque's narrator Paul Baumer reveals some of the feelings of these soldiers in the novel All Quiet on the Western Front. He says that while their teachers taught them that duty towards their country was their ultimate goal these men realised that the death throes were stranger. The soldiers went courageously into every action and soon they realized how to distinguish the false from the true. They saw nothing of the world that was taught to
them and they realized that whatever the consequences, they had to go through it alone. They were all alone, only facts were real and important. Only the situation that was before them and how they could make the best of it was of prime importance.

One such incident described by the narrator Paul Baumer in the novel is about one of his young friends named Kimmerich. This friend was wounded, his leg was to be amputated and death was working through him. This dying friend had a good pair of boots and boots were scarce. Friends were sympathetic and feel sorry that Kimmerich was going to die but they had lost all sense of consideration. It was an effort to continue to sympathise. One of the other friends named Miiller could make good use of the boots, as they would fit him exactly, and also he felt he had more right to them than the hospital orderly. Miiller felt there was nothing wrong in his thinking because the boots were no longer going to be of use to Kimmerich who was going to die.

A letter dated 26th August 1915 shows how deeply Sorley was affected by his whole experience of war. He describes the front at night in 'No Man's Land' which was like a long graveyard of bodies. The tension and the silence of those encounters are brought out with suddenly the wail of an exploded shell, along with the animal cries
of a wounded man. After a time when there is no noise around they realise that the man is dead. They are thankful that he is dead because they don't have to carry his heavy body, dragging his body will do. They haul the body (that does not resist any longer) in the dark and the head rattles along behind as they drag on. Sorley realises how the bullet that first made the man an animal, had now made the animal into a corpse. The bullet first made you a slave and later made you its victim. The scene is hauntingly before one's eyes; but a soldier soon got hardened by all this. Sorley died in October 1915 when he was barely twenty years old.

1.4 The Full Exposure to War

It was the battle or rather the battles of Somme that blew away forever any romantic illusions about the war. On the 1st July 1916 thousands of British and French troops poured from their trenches towards the German lines staggering across 'No Man's Land' only to be mowed down by machine gun fire. By nightfall an appalling 20,000 British troops were dead, 40,000 wounded. This was the heaviest loss sustained in a single day in the whole of the First World War. The carnage did not stop there. It was followed by monstrous futile attacks again and again all through autumn, followed by heavy rains that turned the battlefield into thick treacherous mud, and by the time of the last
offensive on 15th November 1916 the 'British Expeditionary Force' had lost 42,000 men dead or wounded. The carnage resulted in a crimson coloured flood and the soldiers fervently wished the war to end.

Neither the politicians nor the generals had expected that the war would proceed to pose such a threat to civilization; because nothing even remotely resembling such carnage had ever occurred before. This ceaseless slaughter continued throughout 1915 and 1916 both on the Western and Eastern fronts and in 1917 the situation grew even worse.

In a letter dated 16th January 1917 Owen describes 'No Man's Land' thus:

I can see no excuse for describing you about these last 4 days. I have suffered seventh hell.

I have not been at the front.

I have been in front of it. I held an advanced post that is, a 'dug out' in the middle of No Man's Land.

We had a march of 3 miles over shelled road then nearly 3 along a flooded trench. After that we came to where the trenches had been blown flat out and had to go over the top. It was of course dark, too dark, and the ground was not mud, not sloppy mud, but an octopus of sucking clay. 3, 4 and 5 feet deep, relieved only by craters full of water. Men have been known to drown in them. Many stuck in the mud and only got on by leaving their waders, equipment and in some cases their clothes.

High explosives were dropping all around out(side), and machine guns spluttered
every few minutes. But it was so dark that even the German flares did not reveal us.14

Owen's description of the mud, the dug out, the sucking clay leaves no doubt regarding what the mental state of the youth might be.

Owen's horror of 'No Man's Land' and the situation is brought out in his letter to Susan Owen dated 19th January 1917. He writes about 'No Man's Land':

'No Man's Land under snow is like the face of the moon chaotic, crater ridden, uninhabitable, awful, the abode of madness.

To call it 'England'!

I would as soon call my House(!) Kruppa Villa or my child Chlorina Phosgena.15

To call that part of 'No Man's Land' England after capturing it sounds bitter mockery to Owen. To him it is as insulting as using abusive terms for his own house or his child.

This language used in Owen's letter reveals his disgust regarding the continuity of war. Through his letters and through his verses (that will be examined in the next chapter) one feels Owen wants to purge himself of all the universal ugliness which the men were surrounded by in the battlefield. Owen's letters written mostly to his mother describe the battle in minutest detail. Owen seems to be compulsively reliving his experiences. This may be
his way to find some relief from those dreadful experiences. He wishes to share every experience with his mother however shocking it may be and through her in turn reach a wider circle.

But one does not come across many letters that describe every experience in such a detailed way as Owen does.

The overwhelming magnitude of death, the ravaged land, all this created a nausea. The soldiers had to live through it and if they survived they would have to live through it all their lives. The cold, the fatigue, adding to the landscape of dead bodies that one had to keep looking at day in and day out was enough to drive all the spirit out of a living human being. The unburiable bodies, the skulls propping out like mushrooms all these no doubt presented a hideous picture.

Owen writes in a letter dated 4th February 1917 to Susan Owen.

We were marooned on a frozen desert. There is not a sign of life on the horizon and a thousand signs of death.

Not a blade of grass, not an insect; once or twice a day the shadow of a big hawk scenting carrion.

I suppose I can endure cold and fatigue, and the face-to-face death, as well as another, but extra for me there is the universal pervasion of ugliness. Hideous landscapes, vile noises, foul language and nothing but foul, even from one's own mouth (for all are
devil ridden), everything unnatural, broken, blasted, the distortion of the dead whose unburiable bodies sit outside the dug outs all day, all night, the most execrable sights on earth.

    In poetry we call them most glorious. But to sit with them all day, all night ... and a week later to come back and find them still sitting there, in motionless groups - That is what saps the 'soldierly spirit' ...16

Thus the horrors of the trenches were manifold. There were the lice, trench feet (a gangrenous condition), a shortage of ammunition, filth, lack of privacy, dead bodies, rats, fear of shells, yet something unique developed and flourished among these men and that was comradeship.

    Blunden in Undertones of War mentions how after his leave he eagerly wants to go back to his battalion and the regular life there a battalion whose friendship outweighed all the sorrows. But he is extremely disappointed because he is detached from his battalion to undergo a course in musketry.

    When the soldiers went home on leave they realised how the war had changed then even without their knowing. They envy and despise the civilians at home. Envy because they are absorbed in their own work and would never understand the war; at such moments the soldier too feels that he should forget the war, how he hates it; soon the scenes of war, the whining of the shells, the men dying
hit by splinters, come before his eyes and he despises the men at home for being away, ignorant of all that was happening at the front; they repel him and he wishes to go back to his friends. He realises that only they will understand him and he can understand them.

The narrator in Remarque's novel *All Quiet on the Western Front* was often on guard over Russian prisoners in Germany. He perceives in their dark bearded forms their suffering the 'melancholy of life' and the 'pitilessness of men' while he watches them. They wait to become friends. He takes out his cigarettes, breaks each one in half and gives them to the Russians. He says they bowed to him and then lit their cigarettes. Now as the cigarettes glowed, he visualised a glow on their faces and this in a way comforted him.

A stage had come when the soldiers saw in the sufferings of their enemies their own selves and at such times the natural instinct of a human being surfaced above the army man to touch the other suffering human being.

One such instance is described by the narrator in *All Quiet on the Western Front* where in a face-to-face encounter he kills a man and later watches him dying. The narrator brought water for the dying man, and wanted to help him to be more comfortable.
'But how slowly a man dies' the narrator remarks. His remorse at killing this man is like an invisible dagger with which the enemy is killing him. The narrator promises to look after the dying man's family. Only later on the next day does he realize that one day it would be his own turn to die. Death comes to everyone and he does not have to panic about his killing.

Here on seeing the dying soldier the narrator's instinct prompts him to go forward and help him. It is no longer the trained army man who was helping the dying soldier. The other natural being had surfaced to the top.

There were such moments in most soldier's lives when they acted as they did not knowing why, only to chastize themselves later that they should not pay attention to such human values.

1.5 Compensations

Comaraderic was one of the compensations that the young men who went to war enjoyed. This relationship made life at the front endurable to these men.

During the First World War a recourse to books was another form of relief enjoyed by those soldiers whose writings have been examined. These soldiers who turned their war experiences into poetry were well equipped to do so. They came from predominantly educated upper-class or
middle-class families. Their urge to read, to write, to communicate with the civilians could be pursued fairly easily. They received their periodicals, magazines, books regularly in the trenches. As Sir Herbert Reed mentions in his diary he had his own bookshelf. These soldiers were overjoyed when they entered the deserted houses and found bookshelves full of their favourite authors. Books were slipped into their haversacks and read at the earliest moment available.

1.6 Alienation from Civilian Life

Seigfried Sassoon writes in his Memoirs of an Infantry Officer: "I didn't want to die - not before I'd finished reading The Return of the Native anyhow. I wanted to explore the book slowly. It made me long for England and it made the war seem waste of time." 17

Rosenberg sends his poem to Edward Marsh (his patron) and awaits his criticism and replies. In a letter to Edward Marsh in August 1917 Rosenberg writes:

I was most glad to get your letter and criticism. You know the conditions I have always worked under, and particularly with this last lot of poems. You know how earnestly one must wait on ideas. (You cannot coax real ones to you) and let it as it were, a skin grow naturally round through them. If you are not free you can only when the ideas come hot, seize them with the skin in tatters raw, crude, in some parts, beautiful in others monstrous. 18
In this way the soldiers seized every small opportunity to read or write thus relieving themselves of the monotony and drudgery of the trenches.

Such war experiences no doubt scarred the soldier's mind. They haunted him when he was away on his much-awaited leave, so that he felt a stranger in his own home. Sassoon writes in his Memoirs of an Infantry Officer:

To be there, on a fine Sunday evening in June, with the drawing room windows open and someone playing the piano next door, was an experience which now seemed as queer as the unnatural conditions I had returned from. Books, pictures, furniture all seemed kind and permanent and unrelated to the present times and its troubles. I felt detached from my surroundings rather as if I were in a doctor's waiting room, expecting to be informed that I had some incurable disease. ... I was only an intruder from the Western Front. But the room contained one object which reminded me of the trenches - a silent canary in a cage. I had seen canaries in cages being carried by the men of the tunnelling company when they emerged from their mine galleries. 19

The silent canary mirrored the soldier to Sassoon. They were silent victims, suffering alone their experiences that could not be shared.

When the narrator in All Quiet on the Western Front returns home he is more sad than before. He feels how his people felt that he was better off at the front (in terms of food) while at home their food condition was pretty bad. We come across one more aspect; the German soldier while
being questioned by his mother about the front feels he does not want to reveal the truth to her. He feels that she won't understand it and also that she should never realize it. When she repeatedly questions him about the gas and other terrible things out at the front he feels that she was asking all these questions merely because she was anxious about him and she did not know what she was saying. He is enabled to look at his mother while she watches him all day long. On the last day of his leave he bites his pillow, grasps the iron rod of his bed with his fists and feels that he should never have gone home on leave. He writes: "Out there I was indifferent and hopeless; I will never be able to be so again. I was a soldier, and now I am nothing but an agony for myself, for my mother, for everything that is so comfortless and without end."  

One can only conclude after reading the above incident how life had become so cheap and meaningless and nature mutilated at the front.

As Sassoon has expressed in his *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* that exploring his way into the war he had discovered the impermanence of its humanities. He says one evening could be in a cosy room but within a week a simple machine gun or a few shells could wipe out the whole picture.

Paul Fussell in his book *The Great War and Modern Memory* entitles a chapter 'Persistance and Memory', where
he writes how the Second World War was felt as a continuation of the First World War. He relates various incidents how during the Second World War the people could make sense of what was going on because they had read novels like Vera Britain's *Honourable Estate* (1930) and other books and poems on the First World War. Also when one mentions the Great War it is always the First World War that is recollected.

This was the first time that people became conscious that the war ceased to have a purpose war had become a great industry and guns and shells were made in unimaginable numbers to feed this industry. War had resulted in a disenchantment and the poets had captured every moment of this war so that it was permanently stamped in the memories of generations to come.

1.7 Conclusion

At the end of this chapter one can conclude from the material used how the people were totally unprepared for this kind of modern war. They were appalled at the actual conditions that existed at the camps and the battlefields. And in the letters incidents are described in minutest detail and absolutely candidly, even more so than in the poetry. For example Rosenberg's letter where he describes how he had to share a plate with a man who spits into it, is an experience one cannot find in poetry. Also in poetry
there is a little dressing of the experience through the language so that at times one has to sit down at leisure and meditate over what the poet wishes to convey through certain lines.

Most of the letters dwell in great detail on the dead mutilated bodies causing the stench, the soldiers wading through flesh and blood, all this creating a disgusting picture. There is the hideous ugly landscape of the dead, the horror of spending days and nights with the dead in the descriptions of 'No Man's Land'.

When we examine the poetry it will be observed that the descriptions do not cause a revulsion in the reader. Sometimes it may be disgusting as will be seen in Owen's 'Mental Cases' but there is a certain element of pity that tones it all down.

Lastly one observes in the letters there is more often the expression of personal suffering or a personal view of the sufferings of the soldiers whereas in the poetry will be observed the sufferings of a group rather than an individual or if it is an individual it is not the speaker himself.

End Notes ...
End Notes:


5. ibid, p.216.


10. ibid, p.13.

11. ibid, p.14, 15.

15. ibid, p.63.
16. ibid, pp.63,64.
17. Sassoon, op.cit. p.357.
18. Rosenberg, op.cit. p.239.