After you have watched the film excerpt (if you miss this in class and are doing this at home, it is the 1930 version of the film; we watch the trench warfare scene from 41 mins in to 50 mins in – right after they take Kemmerich away on the stretcher) – closely examine the following quotes (from *All Quiet* and *Things*) – write on them, connect them – both to each other and to what you have just seen. Give yourself 10 minutes. After the note-taking stage write as much as you can, connecting these quotes – coming up with an overriding thesis. Write what you see as that thesis – and write a mini essay 2 paragraphs is fine on the most striking connection you see between these quotes (to each other) and to the film excerpt. Hint1: Think of the geography of trench warfare. Meta-hint – when you are considering the film excerpt, consider both the effect the warfare had on the men – but also how, we, as viewers of this film are connected to the 3rd box in the 2nd column below… – closely connected to each other – and as a whole connected to the boxes in the middle. The excerpts from *The Things They Carried* are in a different font. Connect it all! Turn this in by the end of the day tomorrow (100 points).

The sun goes down night comes, the shells whine, life is at an end.

[Paul remembering a youthful visit to a Cathedral] Between the glowing columns of the cloister is the cool darkness that only churches have, and I stand there and wonder whether, when I am twenty, I shall have experienced the bewildering emotions of love. The image is alarmingly near; it touches me before it dissolves in the light of the next star-shell. I lay hold of my rifle to see that it is in trim…Between the meadows behind our town there stands a line of old poplars by a stream…We loved them dearly and the image of those days still makes my heart pause in its beating.

[But here in the trenches they are completely lost to us. They arise no more; we are dead and they [memories of the past] stand remote on the horizon, they are a mysterious reflection, an apparition, that haunts us, that we fear and love without hope. They are strong and our desire is strong—but they are unattainable, and we know it.

I [Tim] would not swim away from my hometown and my country and my life. I would not be brave. That old image of myself as a hero, as a man of conscience and courage, all that was just a threadbare pipe dream. Bobbing there on the Rainy River, looking back at the Minnesota shore, I felt a sudden swell of helplessness come over me, a drowning sensation, as if I had toppled overboard and was being swept away by the silver waves. Chunks of my own history flashed by. I saw a seven-year-old boy in a white cowboy hat and a Lone Ranger mask and a pair of holstered six-shooters…

the feeling of a comradeship with the things and events of our existence, which cut us off and made the world of our parents a thing incomprehensible to us—for then we surrendered ourselves to events and were lost in them, and the least little thing was enough to carry us down the stream of eternity. Perhaps it was only the privilege of our youth, but as yet we recognized no limits and saw nowhere an end.

[Their [the muffled noise of shelling] stillness is the reason why these memories of former times do not awaken desire so much as sorrow—a vast, inapprehensible melancholy. Once we had such desires—but they return not. They are past, they belong to another world that is gone from us. In the barracks they called forth a rebellious, wild craving

His [Lt. Cross] mind wandered. He had difficulty keeping his attention on the war. On occasion he would yell at his men to spread out the column, to keep their eyes open, but then he would slip away into daydreams, just pretending, walking barefoot along the Jersey shore, with Martha, carrying nothing. He would feel himself rising. Sun and waves and gentle winds, all love and lightness.

If these scenes of our youth were given back to us we would hardly know what to do. The tender, secret influence that passed from them into us could not rise again. We might be amongst them and move in them; we might remember and love them and be stirred by the sight of them. But it would be like gazing at the photograph of a dead comrade; those are his features, it is his face, and the days we spent together take on a mournful life in the memory but the man himself it is not.

Today we would pass through the scenes of our youth like travellers.

On his [Norman Bowker's] tenth turn around the lake he passed the hiking boys for the last time. The man in the stalled motorboat was gone; the mud hens were gone. Beyond the lake, over Sally Gustafson's house, the sun had left a smudge of purple on the horizon. The band shell was deserted, and the woman in pedal pushers quietly reeled in her line, and Dr. Mason's sprinkler went round and round.

On his eleventh revolution he switched off the air-conditioning, opened up his window, and rested his elbow comfortably on the sill, driving with one hand.

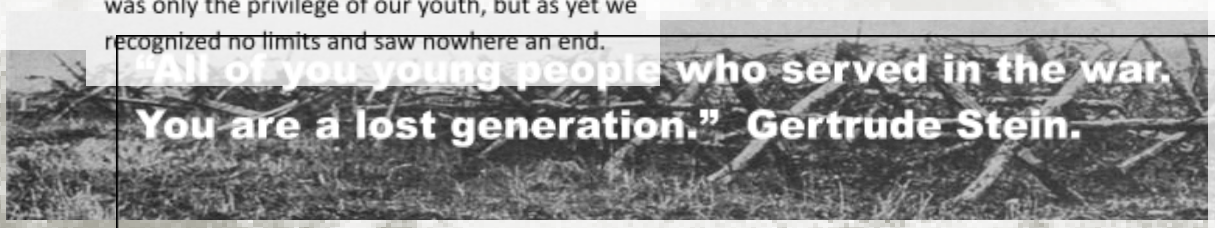
There was nothing to say.

He could not talk about it and never would. The evening was smooth and warm.

We are forlorn like children, and experienced like old men, we are crude and sorrowful and superficial—I believe we are lost.

It was summer when we came up, the trees were still green, now it is autumn. Now we freeze, it is autumn, the leaves rustle, the voices flutter out wearily.

For one of them we search two days in vain. He grows gradually hoarser. The voice is so strangely pitched that it seems to be everywhere. On the second day the calls are fainter. At first he called only for help—To-day he merely weeps. By evening the voice dwindles to a croaking. In the morning…there comes across to us one last gurgling rattle.



"All of you young people who served in the war. You are a lost generation." Gertrude Stein.