

We are at rest five miles behind the front. Yesterday we were relieved, and now our bellies are full of beef and haricot beans. We are satisfied and at peace. Each man has another mess-tin full for the evening; and, what is more, there is a double ration of sausage and bread. That puts a man in fine trim. We have not had such luck as this for a long time. The cook with his carrot head is begging us to eat; he beckons with his ladle to every one that passes, and spoons him out a great dollop. He does not see how he can empty his stew-pot in time for coffee. Tjaden and Müller have produced two wash-basins and had them filled up to the brim as a reserve. In Tjaden this is voracity, in Müller it is foresight. Where Tjaden puts it all is a mystery, for he is and always will be as thin as a rake.

What's more important still is the issue of a double ration of smokes. Ten cigars, twenty cigarettes, and two quids of chew per man; now that is decent. I have exchanged my chewing tobacco with Katczinsky for his cigarettes, which means I have forty altogether. That's enough for a day.

It is true we have no right to this windfall. The Prussian is not so generous. We have only a miscalculation to thank for it.

Fourteen days ago we had to go up and relieve the front line. It was fairly quiet on our sector, so the

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quartermaster who remained in the rear had requisitioned the usual quantity of rations and provided for the full company of one hundred and fifty men. But on the last day an astonishing number of English field-guns opened up on us with high-explosive, drumming ceaselessly on our position, so that we suffered heavily and came back only eighty strong.

Last night we moved back and settled down to get a good sleep for once: Katczinsky is right when he says it would not be such a bad war if only one could get a little more sleep. In the line we have had next to none, and fourteen days is a long time at one stretch.

It was noon before the first of us crawled out of our quarters. Half an hour later every man had his mess-tin and we gathered at the cook-house, which smelt greasy and nourishing. At the head of the queue of course were the hungriest —little Albert Kropp, the clearest thinker among us and therefore the first to be lance-corporal; Müller, who still carries his school textbooks with him, dreams of examinations, and during a bombardment mutters propositions in physics; Leer, who wears a full beard and has a preference for the girls from officers' brothels. He swears that they are obliged by an army order to wear silk chemises and to bathe before entertaining guests of the rank of major and upwards. And as the fourth,

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de la ruche : il n'a pas encore perdu la douceur du miel qu'il contenait, il retient encore quelque chose de l'odeur des fleurs dont il a été recueilli; sa couleur, sa figure, sa grandeur, sont apparentes; il est dur, il est froid, on le touche, et si vous le frappez, il rendra quelque son.

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myself, Paul Bäumer. All four are nineteen years of age, and all four joined up from the same class as volunteers for the war.

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Close behind us were our friends: Tjaden, a skinny lock-smith of our own age, the biggest eater of the company. He sits down to eat as thin as a grasshopper and gets up as big as a bug in the family way; Haie Westhus, of the same age, a peat-digger, who can easily hold a ration-loaf in his hand and say: Guess what I've got in my fist; then Detering, a peasant, who thinks of nothing but his farm-yard and his wife; and finally Stanislaus Katczinsky, the leader of our group, shrewd, cunning, and hard-bitten, forty years of age, with a face of the soil, blue eyes, bent shoulders, and a remarkable nose for dirty weather, good food, and soft jobs.

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Our gang formed the head of the queue before the cook-house. We were growing impatient, for the cook paid no attention to us.

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Finally Katczinsky called out to him: "Say, Heinrich, open up the soup-kitchen. Anyone can see the beans are done."

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He shook his head sleepily: "You must all be there first." Tjaden grinned: "We are all here."

The sergeant-cook still took no notice. "That may do for you," he said. "But where are the others?"

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"They won't be fed by you to-day. They're either in the dressing-station or pushing up daisies."

The cook was quite disconcerted as the facts dawned on him. He was staggered. "And I have cooked for one hundred and fifty men —"

Kropp poked him in the ribs. "Then for once we'll have enough. Come on, begin!"

Suddenly a vision came over Tjaden. His sharp, mousey features began to shine, his eyes grew small with cunning, his jaws twitched, and he whispered hoarsely: "Man! then you've got bread for one hundred and fifty men too, eh?"

The sergeant-cook nodded absent-minded, and bewildered.

Tjaden seized him by the tunic. "And sausage?"

Ginger nodded again.

Tjaden's chaps quivered. "Tobacco too?"

"Yes, everything."

Tjaden beamed: "What a bean-feast! That's all for us! Each man gets—wait a bit—yes, practically two issues."

Then Ginger stirred himself and said: "That won't do."

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Enfin toutes les choses qui peuvent distinctement faire connaître un corps, se rencontrent en celui-ci. Mais voici que, cependant que je

<p>Then we got excited and began to crowd around.</p> <p>"Why won't that do, you old carrot?" demanded Katczinsky.</p> <p>"Eighty men can't have what is meant for a hundred and fifty."</p> <p>"We'll soon show you," growled Müller.</p> <p>"I don't care about the stew, but I can only issue rations for eighty men," persisted Ginger.</p> <p>Katczinsky got angry. "You might be generous for once. You haven't drawn food for eighty men. You've drawn it for the Second Company. Good. Let's have it then. We are the Second Company."</p> <p>We began to jostle the fellow. No one felt kindly toward him, for it was his fault that the food twice came up to us in the line too late and cold. Under shell-fire he wouldn't bring his kitchen up near enough, so that our soup-carriers had to go much farther than those of the other companies. Now Bulcke of the First Company is a much better fellow. He is as fat as a hamster in winter, but he trundles his pots when it comes to that right up to the very front line.</p> <p>We were in just the right mood, and there would certainly have been a dust-up if our company commander had not appeared. He</p>	<p>gen 5:6</p> <p>91:11 ps 12:34 gen 5:6</p> <p>91:11 ps 12:34 gen 5:6</p> <p>91:11 ps 12:34 gen 5:6</p> <p>91:11 ps 12:34 gen 5:6</p> <p>91:11 ps 12:34 gen 5:6</p>	<p>informed himself of the dispute, and only remarked: "Yes, we did have heavy losses yesterday."</p> <p>He looked in the dixie. "The beans look good."</p> <p>Ginger nodded. "Cooked with meat and fat."</p> <p>The lieutenant looked at us. He knew what we were thinking. And he knew many other things too, because he came to the company as a non-com. and was promoted from the ranks. He lifted the lid from the dixie again and sniffed. Then passing on he said: "Serve out the whole issue. We can do with it. And bring me a plate full too."</p> <p>Ginger looked sheepish as Tjaden danced round him.</p> <p>"It doesn't cost you anything! One would think the quartermaster's store belonged to him! And now get on with it, you old blubbersticker, and don't you miscount either."</p> <p>"You be hanged!" spat out Ginger. When things get beyond him he throws up the sponge altogether; he just goes to pieces. And as if to show that all things were now the same to him, of his own free will he shared out half a pound of synthetic honey equally among us.</p> <p>To-day is wonderfully good. The mail has come, and almost every</p>
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parle, on l'approche du feu : ce qui y restait de saveur s'exhale, l'odeur s'évanouit, sa couleur se change, sa figure se perd, sa grandeur augmente, il devient liquide, il s'échauffe, à peine le peut-on toucher, et quoiqu'on le frappe, il ne rendra plus aucun son. La même cire demeure-t-elle après ce changement ? Il faut avouer qu'elle demeure; et personne ne le peut

nier. Qu'est-ce donc que l'on connaissait en ce morceau de cire avec tant de distinction ?
 Considérons-le attentivement, et éloignant toutes les choses qui n'appartiennent point à la cire, voyons ce qui reste. Certes il ne demeure rien que quelque chose d'étendu, de flexible et de muable. Or qu'est-ce que cela : flexible et muable ? N'est-ce pas que j'imagine

man has a couple of letters and papers. We stroll over to the meadow behind the billets. Kropp has the round lid of a margarine tub under his arm.

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longer understand why we should always have shied at it before. It is, in fact, just as natural as eating and drinking. We did not properly appreciate these boxes when we first enlisted; they were new to us and did not fill such an important rôle—but now they have long been a matter of course.

On the right side of the meadow a large common latrine has been built, a well-planned and durable construction. But that is for recruits who as yet have not learned how to make the most of whatever comes their way. We look for something better. Scattered about everywhere there are separate, individual boxes for the same purpose. They are square, neat boxes with wooden sides all round, and have unimpeachably satisfactory seats. On the sides are hand-grips enabling one to shift them about. We move three together in a ring and sit down comfortably. For two hours we have been here without getting up.

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The soldier is on friendlier terms than other men with his stomach and intestines. Three-quarters of his vocabulary is derived from these regions, and they give an intimate flavour to expressions of his greatest joy as well as of his deepest indignation. It is impossible to express oneself in any other way so clearly and pithily. Our families and our teachers will be shocked when we go home, but here it is the universal language.

I well remember how embarrassed we were as recruits in barracks when we had to use the general latrine. There were no doors and twenty men sat side by side as in a railway carriage, so that they could be reviewed all at one glance, for soldiers must always be under supervision.

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Enforced publicity has in our eyes restored the character of complete innocence to all these things. More than that, they are so much a matter of course that their comfortable performance is fully as much enjoyed as the playing of a safe top running flush. Not for nothing was the word "latrine-rumour" invented; these places are the regimental gossip-shops and common-rooms.

Since then we have learned better than to be shy about such trifling immodesties. In time things far worse than that came easy to us.

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We feel ourselves for the time being better off than in any palatial white-tiled "convenience." There it can only be hygienic; here it is beautiful.

Here in the open air though, the business is entirely a pleasure. I no

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que cette cire étant ronde est capable de devenir carrée, et de passer du carré en une figure triangulaire ? Non certes, ce n'est pas cela, puisque je la conçois capable de recevoir une infinité de semblables changements, et je ne saurais néanmoins parcourir cette infinité par mon imagination, et par conséquent cette conception que j'ai de la cire ne s'accomplit pas par la

faculté d'imaginer.

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These are wonderfully care-free hours. Over us is the blue sky. On the horizon float the bright yellow, sunlit observation-balloons, and the many little white clouds of the anti-aircraft shells. Often they rise in a sheaf as they follow after an airman. We hear the muffled rumble of the front only as very distant thunder, bumble-bees droning by quite drown it. Around us stretches the flowery meadow. The grasses sway their tall spears; the white butterflies flutter around and float on the soft warm wind of the late summer. We read letters and newspapers and smoke. We take off our caps and lay them down beside us. The wind plays with our hair; it plays with our words and thoughts. The three boxes stand in the midst of the glowing, red field-poppies.

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We set the lid of the margarine tub on our knees and so have a good table for a game of skat. Kropp has the cards with him. After every throw-in the loser pays into the pool. One could sit like this for ever.

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The notes of an accordion float across from the billets. Often we lay aside the cards and look about us. One of us will say: "Well, boys..." Or "It was a near thing that time..." And for a moment we fall silent. There is in each of us a feeling of constraint. We are all sensible of it; it needs no words to communicate it. It might easily

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exemple ce morceau de cire qui vient d'être tiré de la ruche : il n'a pas encore perdu la douceur du miel qu'il contenait, il retient encore quelque chose de l'odeur des fleurs dont il a été recueilli; sa couleur, sa figure, sa grandeur, sont apparentes; il est dur, il est froid, on le touche, et si vous le frappez, il rendra quelque son. Certes ce ne peut être rien de tout

have happened that we should not be sitting here on our boxes to-day; it came damn near to that. And so everything is new and brave, red poppies and good food, cigarettes and summer breeze.

Kropp asks: "Anyone seen Kemmerich lately?"

"He's up at St. Joseph's," I tell him.

Müller explains that he has a flesh wound in his thigh; a good blighty.

We decide to go and see him this afternoon.

Kropp pulls out a letter. "Kantorek sends you all his best wishes."

We laugh. Müller throws his cigarette away and says: "I wish he was here."

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Kantorek had been our schoolmaster, an active little man in a grey tail-coat, with a face like a shrew-mouse. He was about the same size as Corporal Himmelstoss, the "Terror of Klosterberg." It is very queer that the unhappiness of the world is so often brought on by small men. They are so much more energetic and uncompromising than the big fellows. I have always taken good care to keep out of sections with small company commanders. They are mostly confounded little

ce que j'y ai remarqué par l'entremise des sens, puisque toutes les choses qui tombaient sous le goût, ou l'odorat, ou la vue, ou l'attouchement, ou l'ouïe, se trouvent changées, et cependant la même cire demeure. Peut-être était-ce ce que je pense maintenant, à savoir que la cire n'était pas ni cette douceur du miel, ni cette agréable odeur des fleurs, ni cette blancheur,

martinets.

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thought about.

During drill-time Kantorek gave us long lectures until the whole of our class went under his shepherding to the District Commandant and volunteered. I can see him now, as he used to glare at us through his spectacles and say in a moving voice: "Won't you join up, Comrades."

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Strange to say, Behm was one of the first to fall. He got hit in the eye during an attack, and we left him lying for dead. We couldn't bring him with us, because we had to come back helter-skelter. In the afternoon suddenly we heard him call, and saw him outside creeping towards us. He had only been knocked unconscious. Because he could not see, and was mad with pain, he failed to keep under cover, and so was shot down before anyone could go and fetch him in.

These teachers always carry their feelings ready in their waistcoat pockets, and fetch them out at any hour of the day. But we didn't think of that then.

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Naturally we couldn't blame Kantorek for this. Where would the world be if one brought every man to book? There were thousands of Kantoreks, all of whom were convinced that there was only one way of doing well, and that way theirs.

There was, indeed, one of us who hesitated and did not want to fall into line. That was Josef Behm, a plump, homely fellow. But he did allow himself to be persuaded, otherwise he would have been ostracized. And perhaps more of us thought as he did, but no one could very well stand out, because at that time even one's parents were ready with the word "coward"; no one had the vaguest idea what we were in for. The wisest were just the poor and simple people. They knew the war to be a misfortune, whereas people who were better off were beside themselves with joy, though they should have been much better able to judge what the consequences would be.

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And that is just why they let us down so badly.

Katzinsky said that was a result of their upbringing. It made them stupid. And what Kat said, he had

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For us lads of eighteen they ought to have been mediators and guides to the world of maturity, the world of work, of duty, of culture, of progress—to the future. We often made fun of them and played jokes on them, but in our hearts we trusted them. The idea of authority, which they represented, was associated in our minds with a greater insight and a manlier wisdom. But the first death we saw shattered this belief. We had to recognize that our generation was

ni cette figure, ni ce son, mais seulement un corps qui un peu auparavant me paraissait sous ces formes, et qui maintenant se fait remarquer sous d'autres. Mais qu'est-ce, précisément parlant, que j'imagine, lorsque je la conçois en cette sorte ?

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more to be trusted than theirs. They surpassed us only in phrases and in cleverness. The first bombardment showed us our mistake, and under it the world as they had taught it to us broke in pieces.

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While they continued to write and talk, we saw the wounded and dying. While they taught that duty to one's country is the greatest thing, we already knew that death-throes are stronger. But for all that we were no mutineers, no deserters, no cowards—they were very free with all these expressions. We loved our country as much as they, we went courageously into every action; but also we distinguished the false from the true, we had suddenly learned to see. And we saw that there was nothing of their world left. We were all at once terribly alone; and alone we must see it through.

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Before going over to see Kemmerich we pack up his things: he will need them on the way back.

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In the dressing station there is great activity; it reeks as ever of carbolic, ether, and sweat. Most of us are accustomed to this in the billets, but here it makes one feel faint. We ask for Kemmerich. He lies in a large room and receives us with feeble expressions of joy and

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helpless agitation. While he was unconscious someone had stolen his watch.

Müller shakes his head: "I always told you that nobody should carry as good a watch as that."

Müller is rather crude and tactless, otherwise he would hold his tongue, for anybody can see that Kemmerich will never come out of this place again. Whether he finds his watch or not will make no difference. At the most one will only be able to send it to his people.

"How goes it, Franz?" asks Kropp.

Kemmerich's head sinks.

"Not so bad ... but I have such a damned pain in my foot."

We look at his bed covering. His leg lies under a wire basket. The bed covering arches over it. I kick Müller on the shin, for he is just about to tell Kemmerich what the orderlies told us outside: that Kemmerich has lost his foot. The leg is amputated. He looks ghastly, yellow, and wan. In his face there are already the strained lines that we know so well, we have seen them now hundreds of times. They are not so much lines as marks. Under the skin the life no longer pulses, it has already pressed out to the boundaries of the body. Death is working through from within. It already has command in

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the eyes. Here lies our comrade, Kemmerich, who a little while ago was roasting horse-flesh with us and squatting in the shell-holes. He it is still and yet it is not he any longer. His features have become uncertain and faint, like a photographic plate on which two pictures have been taken. Even his voice sounds like ashes.

I think of the time when we went away. His mother, a good plump matron, brought him to the station. She wept continually, her face was bloated and swollen. Kemmerich felt embarrassed, for she was the least composed of all; she simply dissolved into fat and water. Then she caught sight of me and took hold of my arm again and again, and implored me to look after Franz out there. Indeed he did have a face like a child, and such frail bones that after four weeks pack-carrying he already had flat feet. But how can a man look after anyone in the field!

"Now you will soon be going home," says Kropp. "You would have had to wait at least three or four months for your leave."

Kemmerich nods. I cannot bear to look at his hands, they are like wax. Under the nails is the dirt of the trenches, it shows through blue-black like poison. It strikes me that these nails will continue to grow like long fantastic cellar-plants long after Kemmerich breathes no more. I see the picture

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before me. They twist themselves into corkscrews and grow and grow, and with them the hair on the decayed skull, just like grass in a good soil, just like grass, how can it be possible—

Müller leans over. "We have brought your things, Franz."

Kemmerich signs with his hand. "Put them under the bed."

Müller does so. Kemmerich starts on again about the watch. How can one calm him without making him suspicious?

Müller reappears with a pair of airman's boots. They are fine English boots of soft, yellow leather which reach to the knee and lace all the way—they are things to be coveted.

Müller is delighted at the sight of them. He matches their soles against his own clumsy boots and says: "Will you be taking them with you then, Franz?"

We all three have the same thought; even if he should get better, he would be able to use only one—they are no use to him. But as things are now it is a pity that they should stay here; the orderlies will of course grab them as soon as he is dead.

"Won't you leave them with us?" Müller repeats.

figure se perd, sa grandeur augmente, il devient liquide, il s'échauffe, à peine le peut-on toucher, et quoiqu'on le frappe, il ne rendra plus aucun son. La même cire demeure-t-elle après ce changement ? Il faut avouer qu'elle demeure; et personne ne le peut nier. Qu'est-ce donc que l'on connaissait en ce morceau de cire avec tant de distinction ?

Kemmerich doesn't want to. They are his most prized possessions.

"Well, we could exchange," suggests Müller again. "Out here one can make some use of them." Still Kemmerich is not to be moved.

I tread on Müller's foot; reluctantly he puts the fine boots back again under the bed.

We talk a little more and then take our leave.

"Cheerio, Franz."

I promise him to come back in the morning. Müller talks of doing so too. He is thinking of the lace-up boots and means to be on the spot.

Kemmerich groans. He is feverish. We get hold of an orderly outside and ask him to give Kemmerich a dose of morphia.

He refuses. "If we were to give morphia to everyone we would have to have tubs full—"

"You only attend to officers properly," says Kropp viciously.

I hastily intervene and give him a cigarette. He takes it.

"Are you usually allowed to give it, then?" I ask him.

He is annoyed. "If you don't think so, then why do you ask?"

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I press a couple more cigarettes into his hand. "Do us the favour —"

"Well, all right," he says.

Kropp goes in with him. He doesn't trust him and wants to see. We wait outside.

Müller returns to the subject of the boots. "They would fit me perfectly. In these boots I get blister after blister. Do you think he will last till to-morrow after drill? If he passes out in the night, we know where the boots—"

Kropp returns. "Do you think —?" he asks.

"Done for," says Müller emphatically.

We go back to the huts. I think of the letter that I must write to-morrow to Kemmerich's mother. I am freezing. I could do with a tot of rum. Müller pulls up some grass and chews it. Suddenly little Kropp throws his cigarette away, stamps on it savagely, and looking round him with a broken and distracted face, stammers: "Damned shit, the damned shit!"

We walk on for a long time. Kropp has calmed himself; we understand: he sees red, out here every man gets like that sometime.

"What has Kantorek written to

rendra plus aucun son. La même cire demeure-t-elle après ce changement ? Il faut avouer qu'elle demeure; et personne ne le peut nier. Qu'est-ce donc que l'on connaissait en ce morceau de cire avec tant de distinction ? Commençons par la considération des choses les plus communes, et que nous croyons comprendre le plus distinctement, à savoir les

you?" Müller asks him.

gen 5:6

He laughs. "We are the Iron Youth."

We all three smile bitterly. Kropp rails: he is glad that he can speak.

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Yes, that's the way they think, these hundred thousand Kantoreks! Iron Youth. Youth! We are none of us more than twenty years old. But young? Youth? That is long ago. We are old folk.

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CHAPTER II

It is strange to think that at home in the drawer of my writing table there lies the beginning of a play called "Saul" and a bundle of poems. Many an evening I have worked over them—we all did something of the kind—but that has become so unreal to me that I cannot comprehend it any more. Our early life is cut off from the moment we came here, and that without our lifting a hand. We often try to look back on it and to find an explanation, but never quite succeed. For us young men of twenty everything is extraordinarily vague, for Kropp, Müller, Leer, and me, for all of us whom Kantorek calls the "Iron Youth." All the older men are linked up with their previous life. They have wives, children, occupations, and interests, they

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have a background which is so strong that the war cannot obliterate it. We young men of twenty, however, have only our parents, and some, perhaps, a girl—that is not much, for at our age the influence of parents is at its weakest and girls have not yet got a hold over us. Besides this there was little else—some enthusiasm, a few hobbies, and our school. Beyond this our life did not extend. And of this nothing remains.

Kantorek would say that we stood on the threshold of life. And so it would seem. We had as yet taken no root. The war swept us away. For the others, the older men, it is but an interruption. They are able to think beyond it. We, however, have been gripped by it and do not know what the end may be. We know only that in some strange and melancholy way we have become a waste land. All the same, we are not often sad.

* *

Though Müller would be delighted to have Kemmerich's boots, he is really quite as sympathetic as another who could not bear to think of such a thing for grief. He merely sees things clearly. Were Kemmerich able to make any use of the boots, then Müller would rather go barefoot over barbed wire than scheme how to get hold of them. But as it is the boots are quite inappropriate to Kemmerich's circumstances,

corps que nous touchons et que nous voyons. Je n'entends pas parler des corps en général, car ces notions générales sont d'ordinaire plus confuses, mais de quelqu'un en particulier. Prenons pour exemple ce morceau de cire qui vient d'être tiré de la ruche : il n'a pas encore perdu la douceur du miel qu'il contenait, il retient encore quelque chose de l'odeur des fleurs dont il a été

recueilli; sa couleur, sa figure, sa grandeur, sont apparentes; il est dur, il est froid, on le touche, et si vous le frappez, il rendra quelque son.

Commençons par la considération des choses les plus communes, et que nous croyons comprendre le plus distinctement, à savoir les corps que nous touchons et que nous voyons. Je n'entends pas

whereas Müller can make good use of them. Kemmerich will die; it is immaterial who gets them. Why, then, should Müller not succeed to them? he has more right than a hospital orderly. When Kemmerich is dead it will be too late. Therefore Müller is already on the watch.

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We have lost all sense of other considerations, because they are artificial. Only the facts are real and important for us. And good boots are scarce.

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* *

Once it was different. When we went to the district-commandant to enlist, we were a class of twenty young men, many of whom proudly shaved for the first time before going to the barracks. We had no definite plans for our future. Our thoughts of a career and occupation were as yet of too unpractical a character to furnish any scheme of life. We were still crammed full of vague ideas which gave to life, and to the war also, an ideal and almost romantic character. We were trained in the army for ten weeks and in this time more profoundly influenced than by ten years at school. We learned that a bright button is weightier than four volumes of Schopenhauer. At first astonished, then embittered, and finally indifferent, we recognized that what matters is not the mind but the boot brush, not intelligence but

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the system, not freedom but drill. We became soldiers with eagerness and enthusiasm, but they have done everything to knock that out of us. After three weeks it was no longer incomprehensible to us that a braided postman should have more authority over us than had formerly our parents, our teachers, and the whole gamut of culture from Plato to Goethe. With our young, awakened eyes we saw that the classical conception of the Fatherland held by our teachers resolved itself here into a renunciation of personality such as one would not ask of the meanest servant—salutes, springing to attention, parade-marches, presenting arms, right wheel, left wheel, clicking the heels, insults, and a thousand pettifogging details. We had fancied our task would be different, only to find we were to be trained for heroism as though we were circus-ponies. But we soon accustomed ourselves to it. We learned in fact that some part of these things was necessary, but the rest merely show. Soldiers have a fine nose for such distinctions.

* *

By threes and fours our class was scattered over the platoons amongst Frisian fishermen, peasants, and labourers with whom we soon made friends. Kropp, Müller, Kemmerich, and I went to No. 9 platoon under Corporal Himmelstoss.

parler des corps en général, car ces notions générales sont d'ordinaire plus confuses, mais de quelqu'un en particulier. Prenons pour exemple ce morceau de cire qui vient d'être tiré de la ruche : il n'a pas encore perdu la douceur du miel qu'il contenait, il retient encore quelque chose de l'odeur des fleurs dont il a été recueilli; sa couleur, sa figure, sa grandeur, sont apparentes; il est dur,

il est froid, on le touche, et si vous le frappez, il rendra quelque son. Enfin toutes les choses qui peuvent distinctement faire connaître un corps, se rencontrent en celui-ci. Mais voici que, cependant que je parle, on l'approche du feu : ce qui y restait de saveur s'exhale, l'odeur s'évanouit, sa couleur se change, sa figure se perd, sa grandeur augmente, il devient liquide, il

He had the reputation of being the strictest disciplinarian in the camp, and was proud of it. He was a small undersized fellow with a foxy, waxed moustache, who had seen twelve years service and was in civil life a postman. He had a special dislike for Kropp, Tjaden, Westhus, and me, because he sensed a quiet defiance.

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I have remade his bed fourteen times in one morning. Each time he had some fault to find and pulled it to pieces. I have kneaded a pair of prehistoric boots that were as hard as iron for twenty hours—with intervals of course—until they became as soft as butter and not even Himmelstoss could find anything more to do to them; under his orders I have scrubbed out the Corporals' Mess with a tooth-brush. Kropp and I were given the job of clearing the barrack-square of snow with a hand-broom and a dust-pan, and we would have gone on till we were frozen had not a lieutenant accidentally appeared who sent us off, and hauled Himmelstoss over the coals. But the only result of this was to make Himmelstoss hate us more. For six weeks consecutively I did guard every Sunday and was hut-orderly for the same length of time. With full pack and rifle I have had to practise on a soft, wet, newly ploughed field the "Prepare to advance, advance!" and the "Lie down!" until I was one lump of

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mud and finally collapsed. Four hours later I had to report to Himmelstoss with my clothes scrubbed clean, my hands chafed and bleeding. Together with Kropp, Westhus, and Tjaden I have stood at attention in a hard frost without gloves for a quarter of an hour at a stretch, while Himmelstoss watched for the slightest movement of our bare fingers on the steel barrel of the rifle. I have run eight times from the top floor of the barracks down to the courtyard in my shirt at two o'clock in the morning because my drawers projected three inches beyond the edge of the stool on which one had to stack all one's things. Alongside me ran the corporal, Himmelstoss, and trod on my bare toes. At bayonet-practice I had constantly to fight with Himmelstoss, I with a heavy iron weapon whilst he had a handy wooden one with which he easily struck my arms till they were black and blue. Once, indeed, I became so infuriated that I ran at him blindly and gave him a mighty jab in the stomach and knocked him down. When he reported me the company commander laughed at him and told him he ought to keep his eyes open; he understood Himmelstoss, and apparently was not displeased at his discomfiture. I became a past master on the parallel bars and strove to surpass my instructor at physical jerks;— we have trembled at the mere sound of his voice, but this runaway post-horse never got the

s'échauffe, à peine le peut-on toucher, et quoiqu'on le frappe, il ne rendra plus aucun son. La même cire demeure-t-elle après ce changement ? Il faut avouer qu'elle demeure; et personne ne le peut nier. Qu'est-ce donc que l'on connaissait en ce morceau de cire avec tant de distinction ?
Considérons-le attentivement, et éloignant toutes les choses qui

n'appartiennent point à la cire, voyons ce qui reste. Certes il ne demeure rien que quelque chose d'étendu, de flexible et de muable. Or qu'est-ce que cela : flexible et muable ? N'est-ce pas que j'imagine que cette cire étant ronde est capable de devenir carrée, et de passer du carré en une figure triangulaire ? Non certes, ce n'est pas cela, puisque je la conçois

better of us.

gen 5:6

One Sunday as Kropp and I were lugging a latrine-bucket on a pole across the barrack-yard, Himmelstoss came by, all polished up and spry for going out. He planted himself in front of us and asked how we liked the job. In spite of ourselves we tripped and emptied the bucket over his legs. He raved, but the limit had been reached.

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"That means clink," he yelled.

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But Kropp had had enough. "There'll be an inquiry first," he said, "and then we'll unload."

"Mind how you speak to a non-commissioned officer!" bawled Himmelstoss. "Have you lost your senses? You wait till you're spoken to. What will you do, anyway?"

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"Show you up, Corporal," said Kropp, his thumbs in line with the seams of his trousers.

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Himmelstoss saw what we meant and went off without saying a word. But before he disappeared he growled: "You'll drink this!"—but it was the end of his authority. He tried it on once more in the ploughed field with his "Prepare to advance, advance" and "Lie down." We obeyed each order, since an order's an order and has to be obeyed. But we did it so slowly that Himmelstoss became desperate. Carefully we went down

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on our knees, then on our hands, and so on; in the meantime, quite infuriated, he had given another command. But before we had even begun to sweat he was hoarse. After that he left us in peace. He did indeed always refer to us as swine, but there was, nevertheless, a certain respect in his tone.

There were many other staff corporals, the majority of whom were more decent. But above all each of them wanted to keep his good job there at home as long as possible, and that he could do only by being strict with the recruits.

Practically every conceivable polishing job in the entire camp fell to us and we often howled with rage. Many of us became ill through it; Wolf actually died of inflammation of the lung. But we would have felt ridiculous had we hauled down our colours. We became hard, suspicious, pitiless, vicious, tough—and that was good; for these attributes had been entirely lacking in us. Had we gone into the trenches without this period of training most of us would certainly have gone mad. Only thus were we prepared for what awaited us. We did not break down, but endured; our twenty years, which made many another thing so grievous, helped us in this. But by far the most important was that it awakened in us a strong, practical sense of esprit de corps, which in the field developed into the finest thing that arose out

capable de recevoir une infinité de semblables changements, et je ne saurais néanmoins parcourir cette infinité par mon imagination, et par conséquent cette conception que j'ai de la cire ne s'accomplit pas par la faculté d'imaginer.

Commençons par la considération des choses les plus communes, et que nous croyons comprendre le plus distinctement, à savoir les

corps que nous touchons et que nous voyons. Je n'entends pas parler des corps en général, car ces notions générales sont d'ordinaire plus confuses, mais de quelqu'un en particulier. Prenons pour exemple ce morceau de cire qui vient d'être tiré de la ruche : il n'a pas encore perdu la douceur du miel qu'il contenait, il retient encore quelque chose de l'odeur des fleurs

of the war—comradeship.

* *

I sit by Kemmerich's bed. He is sinking steadily. Around us is a great commotion. A hospital train has arrived and the wounded fit to be moved are being selected. The doctor passes by Kemmerich's bed without once looking at him.

"Next time, Franz," I say.

He raises himself on the pillow with his elbows. "They have amputated my leg."

He knows it too then. I nod and answer: "You must be thankful you've come off with that."

He is silent.

I resume: "It might have been both legs, Franz. Wegeler has lost his right arm. That's much worse. Besides, you will be going home." He looks at me. "Do you think so?"

"Of course."

"Do you think so?" he repeats.

"Sure, Franz. Once you've got over the operation."

He beckons me to bend down. I stoop over him and he whispers: "I don't think so."

"Don't talk rubbish, Franz, in a

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couple of days you'll see for yourself. What is it anyway—an amputated leg? here they patch up far worse things than that."

He lifts one hand. "Look here though, these fingers."

"That's the result of the operation. Just eat decently and you'll soon be well again. Do they look after you properly?"

He points to a dish that is still half full. I get excited. "Franz, you must eat. Eating is the main thing. That looks good too."

He turns away. After a pause he says slowly: "I wanted to become a head-forester once."

"So you may still," I assure him. "There are splendid artificial limbs now, you'd hardly know there was anything missing. They are fixed on to the muscles. You can move the fingers and work and even write with an artificial hand. And besides, they will always be making new improvements."

For a while he lies still. Then he says: "You can take my lace-up boots with you for Müller."

I nod and wonder what to say to encourage him. His lips have fallen away, his mouth has become larger, his teeth stick out and look as though they were made of chalk. The flesh melts, the forehead bulges more prominently, the

dont il a été recueilli; sa couleur, sa figure, sa grandeur, sont apparentes; il est dur, il est froid, on le touche, et si vous le frappez, il rendra quelque son.

Certes ce ne peut être rien de tout ce que j'y ai remarqué par l'entremise des sens, puisque toutes les choses qui tombaient sous le goût, ou l'odorat, ou la vue, ou l'attouchement, ou l'ouïe, se

trouvent changées, et cependant la même cire demeure. Peut-être était-ce ce que je pense maintenant, à savoir que la cire n'était pas ni cette douceur du miel, ni cette agréable odeur des fleurs, ni cette blancheur, ni cette figure, ni ce son, mais seulement un corps qui un peu auparavant me paraissait sous ces formes, et qui maintenant se fait remarquer sous d'autres. Mais

cheek-bones protrude. The skeleton is working itself through. The eyes are already sunken in. In a couple of hours it will be over.

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He is not the first that I have seen thus; but we grew up together and that always makes it a bit different. I have copied his essays. At school he used to wear a brown coat with a belt and shiny sleeves. He was the only one of us, too, who could do the giant's turn on the horizontal bar. His hair flew in his face like silk when he did it. Kantorek was proud of him for it. But he couldn't endure cigarettes. His skin was very white; he had something of the girl about him.

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I glance at my boots. They are big and clumsy, the breeches are tucked into them, and standing up one looks well-built and powerful in these great drain-pipes. But when we go bathing and strip, suddenly we have slender legs again and slight shoulders. We are no longer soldiers but little more than boys; no one would believe that we could carry packs. It is a strange moment when we stand naked; then we become civilians, and almost feel ourselves to be so. When bathing Franz Kemmerich looked as slight and frail as a child. There he lies now—but why? The whole world ought to pass by this bed and say: "That is Franz Kemmerich, nineteen and a half years old, he doesn't want to die. Let him not die!"

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My thoughts become confused. This atmosphere of carbolic and gangrene clogs the lungs, it is a thick gruel, it suffocates.

It grows dark. Kemmerich's face changes colour, it lifts from the pillow and is so pale that it gleams. The mouth moves slightly. I draw near to him. He whispers: "If you find my watch, send it home—"

I do not reply. It is no use any more. No one can console him. I am wretched with helplessness. This forehead with its hollow temples, this mouth that is now merely a slit, this sharp nose! And the fat, weeping woman at home to whom I must write. If only the letter were sent off already!

Hospital-orderlies go to and fro with bottles and pails. One of them comes up, casts a glance at Kemmerich and goes away again. You can see he is waiting, apparently he wants the bed.

I bend over Franz and talk to him as though that could save him: "Perhaps you will go to the convalescent home at Klosterberg, among the villas, Franz. Then you can look out from the window across the fields to the two trees on the horizon. It is the loveliest time of the year now, when the corn ripens; at evening the fields in the sunlight look like mother-of-pearl. And the lane of poplars by the Klosterbach, where we used to

qu'est-ce, précisément parlant, que j'imagine, lorsque je la conçois en cette sorte ?

Certes ce ne peut être rien de tout ce que j'y ai remarqué par l'entremise des sens, puisque toutes les choses qui tombaient sous le goût, ou l'odorat, ou la vue, ou l'attouchement, ou l'ouïe, se trouvent changées, et cependant la même cire demeure. Peut-être était-

ce ce que je pense maintenant, à savoir que la cire n'était pas ni cette douceur du miel, ni cette agréable odeur des fleurs, ni cette blancheur, ni cette figure, ni ce son, mais seulement un corps qui un peu auparavant me paraissait sous ces formes, et qui maintenant se fait remarquer sous d'autres. Mais qu'est-ce, précisément parlant, que j'imagine, lorsque je la conçois en

catch sticklebacks! You can build an aquarium again and keep fish in it, and you can go out without asking anyone, you can even play the piano if you want to."

gen 5:6

Suddenly Kemmerich groans and begins to gurgle.

I lean down over his face which lies in the shadow. He still breathes, lightly. His face is wet, he is crying. What a fine mess I have made of it with my foolish talk!

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I jump up, stumble outside and demand:

"Where is the doctor? Where is the doctor?"

"But Franz"—I put my arm round his shoulder and put my face against his. "Will you sleep now?"

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As I catch sight of the white apron I seize hold of it: "Come quick, Franz Kemmerich is dying."

He does not answer. The tears run down his cheeks. I would like to wipe them away but my handkerchief is too dirty.

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He frees himself and asks an orderly standing by: "Which will that be?"

He says: "Bed 26, amputated thigh."

An hour passes. I sit tensely and watch his every movement in case he may perhaps say something. What if he were to open his mouth and cry out! But he only weeps, his head turned aside. He does not speak of his mother or his brothers and sisters. He says nothing; all that lies behind him; he is entirely alone now with his little life of nineteen years, and cries because it leaves him. This is the most disturbing and hardest parting that ever I have seen, although it was pretty bad too with Tiedjen, who called for his mother—a big bear of a fellow who, with wild eyes full of terror, held off the doctor from his bed with a dagger until he collapsed.

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He sniffs: "How should I know anything about it, I've amputated five legs to-day"; he shoves me away, says to the hospital-orderly "You see to it," and runs off to the operating room.

I tremble with rage as I go along with the orderly. The man looks at me and says: "One operation after another since five o'clock this morning. You know to-day alone there have been sixteen deaths—yours is the seventeenth. There will probably be twenty altogether —"

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I become faint, all at once I cannot do any more. I won't revile any more, it is senseless, I could drop down and never rise up again.

We are by Kemmerich's bed. He is

cette sorte ?
Considérons-le attentivement, et éloignant toutes les choses qui n'appartiennent point à la cire, voyons ce qui reste. Certes il ne demeure rien que quelque chose d'étendu, de flexible et de muable. Or qu'est-ce que cela : flexible et muable ? N'est-ce pas que j'imagine que cette cire étant ronde est capable de devenir carrée, et de

passer du carré en une figure triangulaire ? Non certes, ce n'est pas cela, puisque je la conçois capable de recevoir une infinité de semblables changements, et je ne saurais néanmoins parcourir cette infinité par mon imagination, et par conséquent cette conception que j'ai de la cire ne s'accomplit pas par la faculté d'imaginer.
Enfin toutes les choses qui peuvent

dead. The face is still wet from the tears. The eyes are half open and yellow like old horn buttons.

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The orderly pokes me in the ribs. "Are you taking his things with you?" I nod.

He goes on: "We must take him away at once, we want the bed. Outside they are lying on the floor."

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I collect the things, untie Kemmerich's identification disc and take it away. The orderly asks about the pay-book, I say that it is probably in the orderly-room, and go. Behind me they are already hauling Franz on to a water-proof sheet.

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Outside the door I am aware of the darkness and the wind as a deliverance. I breathe as deep as I can, and feel the breeze in my face, warm and soft as never before. Thoughts of girls, of flowery meadows, of white clouds suddenly come into my head. My feet begin to move forward in my boots, I go quicker, I run. Soldiers pass by me, I hear their voices without understanding. The earth is streaming with forces which pour into me through the soles of my feet. The night crackles electrically, the front thunders like a concert of drums. My limbs move supply, I feel my joints strong, I breathe the air deeply. The night lives, I live. I feel a hunger, greater than comes from

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the belly alone.

Müller stands in front of the hut and waits for me. I give him the boots. We go in and he tries them on. They fit well.

He roots among his supplies and offers me a fine piece of saveloy. With it goes hot tea and rum.

CHAPTER III

Reinforcements have arrived. The vacancies have been filled and the sacks of straw are already laid out in the huts. Some of them are old hands, but there are twenty-five men of a later draft from the base. They are about two years younger than us. Kropp nudges me: "Seen the infants?"

I nod. We stick out our chests, shave in the open, shove our hands in our pockets, inspect the recruits and feel ourselves to be stone-age veterans.

Katczinsky joins us. We stroll past the horse-boxes and go over to the reinforcements, who have already been issued with gas-masks and coffee.

"Long time since you've had anything decent to eat, eh?" Kat asks one of the youngsters.

He grimaces. "For breakfast,

distinctement faire connaître un corps, se rencontrent en celui-ci. Mais voici que, cependant que je parle, on l'approche du feu : ce qui y restait de saveur s'exhale, l'odeur s'évanouit, sa couleur se change, sa figure se perd, sa grandeur augmente, il devient liquide, il s'échauffe, à peine le peut-on toucher, et quoiqu'on le frappe, il ne rendra plus aucun son. La même

cire demeure-t-elle après ce changement ? Il faut avouer qu'elle demeure; et personne ne le peut nier. Qu'est-ce donc que l'on connaissait en ce morceau de cire avec tant de distinction ?

Enfin toutes les choses qui peuvent distinctement faire connaître un corps, se rencontrent en celui-ci. Mais voici que, cependant que je parle, on l'approche du feu : ce qui y

turnip-bread—lunch, turnip-stew—supper, turnip-cutlets and turnip-salad." Kat gives a knowing whistle.

"Bread made of turnips? You've been in luck, it's nothing new for it to be made of sawdust. But what do you say to haricot beans? Have some?"

The youngster turns red: "You can't kid me."

Katzinsky merely says: "Fetch your mess-tin."

We follow curiously. He takes us to a tub beside his straw sack. It is nearly half full of a stew of beef and beans. Katzinsky plants himself in front of it like a general and says:

"Sharp eyes and light fingers! That's what the Prussians say."

We are surprised. "Great guts, Kat, how did you come by that?" I ask him.

"Ginger was glad I took it. I gave him three pieces of parachute silk for it. Cold beans taste fine, too."

Grudgingly he gives the youngster a portion and says:

"Next time you come with your mess-tin have a cigar or a chew of tobacco in your other hand. Get me?" Then he turns to us. "You get off scot free, of course."

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Katzinsky never goes short; he has a sixth sense. There are such people everywhere but one does not appreciate it at first. Every company has one or two. Katzinsky is the smartest I know. By trade he is a cobbler, I believe, but that hasn't anything to do with it; he understands all trades. It's a good thing to be friends with him, as Kropp and I are, and Haie Westhus too, more or less. But Haie is rather the executive arm operating under Kat's orders when things come to blows. For that he has his qualifications.

For example, we land at night in some entirely unknown spot, a sorry hole, that has been eaten out to the very walls. We are quartered in a small dark factory adapted to the purpose. There are beds in it, or rather bunks—a couple of wooden beams over which wire netting is stretched.

Wire netting is hard. And there's nothing to put on it. Our waterproof sheets are too thin. We use our blankets to cover ourselves.

Kat looks at the place and then says to Haie Westhus: "Come with me." They go off to explore. Half an hour later they are back again with arms full of straw. Kat has found a horse-box with straw in it. Now we might sleep if we weren't

restait de saveur s'exhale, l'odeur s'évanouit, sa couleur se change, sa figure se perd, sa grandeur augmente, il devient liquide, il s'échauffe, à peine le peut-on toucher, et quoiqu'on le frappe, il ne rendra plus aucun son. La même cire demeure-t-elle après ce changement ? Il faut avouer qu'elle demeure; et personne ne le peut nier. Qu'est-ce donc que l'on

connaissait en ce morceau de cire avec tant de distinction ?

Commençons par la considération des choses les plus communes, et que nous croyons comprendre le plus distinctement, à savoir les corps que nous touchons et que nous voyons. Je n'entends pas parler des corps en général, car ces notions générales sont d'ordinaire plus confuses, mais de quelqu'un

so terribly hungry.

gen 5:6

Kropp asks an artilleryman who has been some time in this neighbourhood: "Is there a canteen anywhereabouts?"

91:11
ps 12:34
gen 5:6

"Is there a what?" he laughs. "There's nothing to be had here. You won't find so much as a crust of bread here."

"Aren't there any inhabitants here at all then?"

91:11
ps 12:34
gen 5:6

He spits. "Yes, a couple. But they mostly loaf round the cook house and beg."

"That's a bad business!—Then we'll have to pull in our belts and wait till the rations come up in the morning."

91:11
ps 12:34
gen 5:6

But I see Kat has put on his cap.

"Where to, Kat?" I ask.

"Just to explore the place a bit." He strolls off. The artilleryman grins scornfully. "Let him explore! But don't be too hopeful about it."

91:11
ps 12:34
gen 5:6

Disappointed we lie down and consider whether we couldn't have a go at the iron rations. But it's too risky; so we try to get a wink of sleep.

91:11
ps 12:34
gen 5:6

Kropp divides a cigarette and hands me half. Tjaden gives an account of his national dish—broad-beans and bacon. He

despises it when not flavoured with bog-myrtle, and, "for God's sake, let it all be cooked together, not the potatoes, the beans, and the bacon separately." Someone growls that he will pound Tjaden into bog-myrtle if he doesn't shut up. Then all becomes quiet in the big room—only the candles flickering from the necks of a couple of bottles and the artilleryman spitting every now and then.

We stir a bit as the door opens and Kat appears. I think I must be dreaming; he has two loaves of bread under his arm and a blood-stained sandbag full of horse-flesh in his hand. The artilleryman's pipe drops from his mouth. He feels the bread. "Real bread, by God! and still hot too!"

Kat gives no explanation. He has the bread, the rest doesn't matter. I'm sure that if he were planted down in the middle of the desert, in half an hour he would have gathered together a supper of roast meat, dates, and wine.

"Cut some wood," he says curtly to Haie.

Then he hauls out a frying-pan from under his coat, and a handful of salt as well as a lump of fat from his pocket. He has thought of everything. Haie makes a fire on the floor. It lights up the empty room of the factory. We climb out of bed.

en particulier. Prenons pour exemple ce morceau de cire qui vient d'être tiré de la ruche : il n'a pas encore perdu la douceur du miel qu'il contenait, il retient encore quelque chose de l'odeur des fleurs dont il a été recueilli; sa couleur, sa figure, sa grandeur, sont apparentes; il est dur, il est froid, on le touche, et si vous le frappez, il rendra quelque son.

Commençons par la considération des choses les plus communes, et que nous croyons comprendre le plus distinctement, à savoir les corps que nous touchons et que nous voyons. Je n'entends pas parler des corps en général, car ces notions générales sont d'ordinaire plus confuses, mais de quelqu'un en particulier. Prenons pour exemple ce morceau de cire qui