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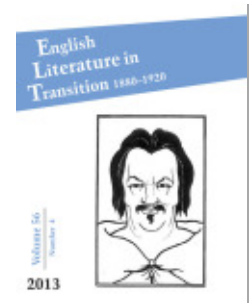
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English Literature in Transition, 1880-1920, Volume 52, Number 4,
2009, pp. 387-416 (Article)

Published by ELT Press

DOI: [10.2487/elt.52.4\(2009\)0045](https://doi.org/10.2487/elt.52.4(2009)0045)



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Battlefield Cemeteries, Pilgrimage, and Literature after the First World War: The Burial of the Dead

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Here was the world's worst wound. And here with pride
"Their name liveth for evermore" the Gateway claims.
Was ever an immolation so belied
As these intolerably nameless names?
Well might the Dead who struggled in the slime
Rise and deride this sepulchre of crime.

—Siegfried Sassoon, "On Passing the New Menin Gate," 1928¹

In a war where the full strength of nations was used without respect of persons, no difference could be made between the graves of officers or men. Yet some sort of central idea was needed that should symbolize our common sacrifice wherever our dead might be laid and it was realized, above all, that each cemetery and individual grave should be made as permanent as man's art could devise.

—Rudyard Kipling, *The Graves of the Fallen*, 1919²

ON 17 FEBRUARY 1919, *The Times* of London published an article by Rudyard Kipling—popular author, vocal war propagandist, and be-reaved father—describing how the British war cemeteries overseas would be designed and built, thus outlining for a reeling nation what the graves of their loved ones would look like.³ The article, prosaically titled "War Graves: Work of Imperial Commission: Mr. Kipling's Survey," was quickly republished as an illustrated booklet, *The Graves of the Fallen*, that broke up Kipling's text with elegant watercolor artist's impressions of the cemeteries. The rapid evolution of this article from news item to souvenir booklet exemplifies the dynamic process by which the battlefield cemeteries, the core British memorial site of

the First World War, were written into cultural existence and acceptance, largely through the efforts of Kipling, the official “literary advisor” to the organization in charge, the Imperial War Graves Commission. Because so many elements of the cemeteries’ design were new and controversial—most importantly the uniformity of their appearance and the equal treatment of all ranks of the dead—the Commission had to work hard to persuade the public that its decisions were right, proper, and inevitable. Thus in the years of their design and creation, the battlefield cemeteries had a significant engagement with the contemporary literary culture and as such constitute a rich and productive area of literary-historical inquiry. The cemeteries had conceptual roots in the poetry of Rupert Brooke, and under Kipling’s guidance they were inscribed with poetic fragments and laden with symbolism that turned visitors into active readers and interpreters. The popular practice of cemetery pilgrimage, especially the model tour undertaken by King George V in 1922, offers an underexplored context for one of the signature works of modernism, published at the end of that year, T. S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land*. Meanwhile, contemporary short stories by Katherine Mansfield and—somewhat ironically—by Kipling himself feature pilgrimage and the cemeteries as emblems of abiding war trauma.⁴

Before 1914, the commemoration of war was usually the private business of families or the army rather than of the state. The most recent British conflicts, in South Africa and the Crimea, were memorialized inconsistently, usually via domestic or battlefield monuments that named primarily high-ranking officers. The bodies of the dead might be repatriated if families could afford to pay, but common soldiers often rested in mass graves. No single body had authority for all the battlefield sites, nor were those sites preserved and transformed into places of pilgrimage.⁵ The First World War cemeteries deviated from these precedents in several ways. From early in the war it was widely recognized that existing commemorative modes were not sufficient for this new kind of war; combatants and civilians alike reflected on its exceptionality and questioned how, where, when, and by whom it would be remembered. Classically educated British officers could draw upon a wealth of sources for such reflection, such as the notorious Horatian ode from which Wilfred Owen drew the title and bitter conclusion to his most famous poem: “*Dulce et decorum est / Pro patria mori.*” For Owen, the use of this kind of poetry by civilians to sublimate the horrors of the battlefield was morally indefensible. For the War Graves Commission, the struggle was to find a form and language for remembrance that

would comprehend the soldiers' disgust at what Owen called "the old lie" of Horace, but would avoid suggesting to the bereaved that their losses had been meaningless.

The solution for the cemeteries, which came to guide the First World War memorialization project as a whole, was to focus on the individual: meticulously naming and recording every lost life and imposing with absolute rigidity the concept of equality in death between working-class soldiers and aristocratic officers. Every aspect of the planning, creation and care of the British cemeteries was overseen by the independent Commission, created in 1917.⁶ Its single authorship ensured the cemeteries' legibility as symbolic spaces both in themselves and as part of an international network of remembrance. By its controversial decisions to limit the scope for personal messages and to ban any individual monuments, the Commission imposed a coherent memorial narrative across the wide diversity of sites where the graves were located. Accordingly, despite local differences in horticulture and scale that lent the cemeteries a degree of individual character, the headstones and monuments were identical whether the cemetery was in Belgium or Baghdad. The uniformity of the cemeteries was meant to be thrown into relief by the diversity of the surrounding landscapes, as Kipling described in *The Graves of the Fallen*: "These resting-places are situated on every conceivable site—on bare hills flayed by years of battle, in orchards and meadows, beside populous towns or little villages, in jungle-glades, at coast ports, in far-away islands, among desert sands, and desolate ravines."⁷ Each commemorative space was meant to recall the others, conjuring in the visitor's imagination a web of remembrance connecting all the parts of the world that had been engulfed in the fighting. Furthermore, the sites would last forever: each headstone was a rectangular slab with a curved top, carved from British Portland stone, its shape and material being chosen to ensure the endurance of the cemetery for at least a thousand years.⁸ (Fig. 1) Permanence and uniformity were the two most important principles guiding the creation of the battlefield cemeteries: the effect of timelessness that is still striking today is not just a tribute to the labor and money devoted to their maintenance by the Commission, but was a deliberate feature of their design. For the most part the stone appears as bright and stark now as it must have in the early 1920s. (Fig. 2)



Fig. 1 Standard British Headstones for Identified Soldiers

Arras Cemetery France

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Fig. 2 Headstones

Tyne Cot Cemetery Belgium

Largest British First World War cemetery

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The Poetic Grounds of Cemetery Design

Before Wilfred Owen made his poetic protests against the war's wasteful violence and exposed the empty rhetoric of noble sacrifice for one's country, the most influential articulation of the First World War soldier-poet's attitude to his own death was Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier." The poem is the last in his five-poem "1914" sonnet sequence, which represents the volunteer soldier as an embodiment of an ideal Englishness, asserts the nobility of death on the battlefield, and welcomes the war as an invigorating antidote to "a world grown old, and cold, and weary."⁹ "The Soldier" described a war grave on foreign soil in simple, stirring language that lodged deeply in the national psyche and came to underpin cemetery design principles:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth, a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam.
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home. (1-8)¹⁰

The poem was incorporated into the Easter Sunday service at St. Paul's Cathedral in 1915 and reprinted in newspapers nationwide; it had therefore already moved into a position of cultural prominence when, two weeks after Easter, Brooke died of infection on a troop ship bound for the Dardanelles, and any ironic distance between the glamorous soldier-poet and the sentiments expressed in the poem promptly collapsed.¹¹ A poem that began in the tradition of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" became the elegy that underwrote the country's graveyards.

The poem's opening lines were precisely realized in the planning of the cemeteries: a fact widely noted in the press. British cemeteries in France and Belgium were created and walled off at the edges and "corners" of former agricultural land—"foreign fields"—and no matter how small these areas were, the foreign governments agreed to lease the land in perpetuity—"for ever"—to England.¹² *The Times* on 11 April 1919 quoted Brooke's poem to explain the political land-leasing agreement: "The ground of which they are formed, thanks to the chivalrous sense of what is due to the devoted warrior felt by the several Governments, 'will be for ever England.'"¹³ Readers are clearly intended to understand the allusion without attribution and not to think it striking

or strange that, as a historian of postwar pilgrimage to the battlefields puts it, the cemeteries were to be Brooke's poem "transformed into reality."¹⁴ In Britain, unlike France, there was no widespread call for the bodies of the dead to be returned to their families for burial; instead, it was generally accepted that soldiers should be buried on the land where they died, and that the foreign soil would become literally and figuratively nationalized.¹⁵

In its details, however, Brooke's poem serves as much to remind us of past practices of war commemoration as to predict new forms and beliefs. In the vision of remembrance that Brooke's speaker articulates, he does not expect his own monument, headstone, or even his own separate grave; instead, he imagines his anonymous absorption into the ground, his body's "richer dust" hidden. The poem assumes that, in accordance with long-established conventions of military burial, the graves of ordinary soldiers will go unmarked and that the speaker's body, for all its infusion with national symbolism, will neither designate the battlefield as a battlefield nor sanctify it as a commemorative site. The poem instead appeals to the imagination of survivors by reconfiguring the decomposing body as a sort of fertilizer capable of imbuing foreign soil with Englishness; the speaker privileges physical immersion in the landscape over any commitment to abstract nationalist ideals ("A body of England's, breathing English air").¹⁶ The disjunction between the poem and the reality of the fighting is most painfully apparent in its idea that a body may be buried in one piece and left undisturbed. For the soldiers who survived to fight later in the war, and who became horribly familiar with the violent disintegration and total disappearance of bodies, the notion that the battlefield was a safe place to conceal corpses soon came to seem like an idea from the distant past. Brooke's early death meant that he could not predict how completely the commemoration of this war would reject anonymity.¹⁷ The destructive nature of the war meant that the planners had to make overt, visible, and permanent the values that for Brooke are secret, sublimated, and sustained in the imagination of the living.¹⁸

The Literary Advisor: Writing the Sites of Pilgrimage

When he was appointed as literary advisor to the Imperial War Graves Commission, Rudyard Kipling was well known not only for his long and successful literary career—he had won the Nobel prize for literature ten years before—but also for his public efforts in favor of the war, and particularly in support of ordinary servicemen. He never

served in the military but he loved and valued the forces, and his turn-of-the-century short stories and poetry had been instrumental in ennobling the modern cultural perception of ordinary soldiers. Kipling's militarism was powerfully instilled in his only son, John, whose commission in the Irish Guards his father managed to push through despite the boy's poor eyesight. John was killed at the battle of Loos in 1915, a few weeks after his eighteenth birthday, a victim of the carnage that devastated the professional army in the early years of the war. His body was never found, and this double loss lent a deep personal impetus to Kipling's work with the Commission, on whose behalf he worked tirelessly until his death in 1936.¹⁹ As its literary advisor, Kipling provided the Commission with its overarching memorial narrative, most visibly through his choice of inscriptions for the two monuments that were to stand in every cemetery. The monuments were designed by two of the three principal cemetery architects and named by Kipling, in rhythmic parallel, as the Cross of Sacrifice and the Stone of Remembrance.

The Cross of Sacrifice (Figs. 3 and 4) was designed to forestall criticism that the cemetery plans were too secular. However, believing that a cross alone would not mark the spaces specifically as war cemeteries, the architect, Sir Reginald Blomfield, added a bronze inverted Crusader's sword within the cross, which would clearly indicate the military nature of the cemeteries and evoke a martial as well as a sacrificial Christianity. Furthermore, inlaying the iconography of the Crusades in this way helped to nationalize the symbol, which already had a Celtic shape to counterbalance what were still, to British eyes, its uncomfortably Catholic associations.²⁰ As Blomfield's design became established and familiar, it was frequently reproduced in Britain as a local memorial, thus linking the extensive domestic network of commemoration with the cemeteries overseas, and helping to allay anxieties over the distance of the grave sites from home and the foreignness of their surroundings. Just as the cross was a reminder of Christ's and the soldiers' sacrifice, and the inverted sword a warning about the fragility of peace (how easy to turn it the other way up again), Kipling's inscription for the Cross warned that visitors must make a conscious effort to maintain the memory of the dead and thus ensure continued peace. The phrase "Lest We Forget" was taken from the refrain of Kipling's 1897 poem "Recessional," written for Queen Victoria's diamond Jubilee as a warning against imperial hubris. The poem elaborates on the dangers of Britain "forgetting" that God is the ultimate authority and



Fig. 3 Cross of Sacrifice

Tyne Cot Cemetery Belgium

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Fig. 4 Headstones and Cross of Sacrifice

Douai Cemetery France

Joanna Scutts July 2006

that empires always fail: “Judge of the Nations, spare us yet / Lest we forget—lest we forget!”²¹ To “forget” in the context of the poem is a failing of collective historical awareness and Christian humility rather than of personal memory. Nearly twenty years after the death of the monarch whose life the poem was written to celebrate, and in the midst of overwhelming evidence of the destruction of war, such nationalist overreach as “Recessional” warns against must have seemed an unlikely risk. But removed from the context of the poem and transferred to the monument, the phrase acquired the resonance of an incantation or prayer, its very flexibility of meaning making it one of the most enduring memorial formulations.²²

Contrasting with the more recognizable iconography of the Cross of Sacrifice, Sir Edwin Lutyens’s Stone of Remembrance (Fig. 5) was a coffinlike stone slab on a stepped base, with no obvious religious or symbolic associations. The head of the War Graves Commission, Fabian Ware, had sent Lutyens to France in 1917 to survey the future memorial landscape and make recommendations for the cemeteries, ranging from practical considerations over the most durable form of headstone to questions about appropriate symbolism. Lutyens was deeply moved by what he saw as the destruction of the civilized world and wrote to his wife that “the only monument can be one in which endeavour is sincere to make such a monument permanent—a solid ball of bronze!”²³ Lutyens held a quasi-mystical belief in the symbolic power of abstract forms, and for a time his ball of bronze was seriously considered as a cemetery monument, its geometrical perfection devoid of all religious associations or historical references. Less obviously, but no less seriously, such ideas were embedded in Lutyens’s iconic memorial structures, the Stone of Remembrance, the Cenotaph in London, and the Thiepval memorial on the Somme. The Cenotaph’s slightly sloping sides, for instance, are calculated so that if extended, its lines would meet exactly 1,000 feet above and below the ground. For Lutyens it seems not to have mattered how such symbolism was read or whether it was entirely missed: despite its secular intent, the Stone was frequently referred to and used as an altar in cemetery dedications and remembrance rituals after the war. Kipling’s inscription for the Stone, however, emphasizes the intrinsic permanence that Lutyens articulated as the central, indeed the sole, necessary quality of the memorial. The inscription, “Their Name Liveth for Evermore,” shared with a number of other memorials on and off the battlefield, is taken from the Apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus (44:14). The entire line—“Their bodies are buried in



Fig. 5 Stone of Remembrance

Douai Cemetery France

Joanna Scutts July 2006

peace, but their name liveth for evermore”—suggests that the survival of identity depends on corporeal burial. It was necessary, however, to transcend the physicality of the phrase in a place where peaceful burial was a distant memory.²⁴ Kipling’s inscription thus erases the body to turn the “name” of the dead into a collective abstraction expressing a concept of permanent remembrance not dependent on proper funeral ritual or, indeed, on the faith and dedication of survivors.

The coexistence of the apparently contradictory memorial formulae, “Lest We Forget” and “Their Name Liveth for Evermore,” turns visitors to the cemeteries into active readers, challenging them to interpret and to reconcile the two poles of warning and reassurance. The relationship of the inscriptions to the cemetery space suggests that they can explain the losses, the war, the cemetery—yet in their fragmentary quality they seem at the same time to be evading explanation, putting the onus of interpretation back onto the visitor. The method of quotation in the cemeteries bears a surprising affinity with modernist poetry of the same immediate postwar period. Erik Svarny could be describing the curious elusiveness of Kipling’s inscriptions in his reading of the epigraph to T. S. Eliot’s 1919 poem “Burbank with a Baedeker,” which points out that its fragments do not seek to elucidate the poem but instead draw attention to themselves *as* fragments: “We are not gestured back to the source, as a sanction or authority for whatever meaning the fragment may contain. The meaning, if meaning there be, is largely irrelevant to the primary aesthetic effect of disjunction, the very strangeness of the fragment in its new literary context.”²⁵ Of course the cemetery is a very different kind of “literary context,” but Svarny’s reading of the oblique relationship of the epigraph to the poem offers a way to understand the relationship of the inscriptions to the memorial space, in that they seem to carry meaning without explaining or dictating the interpretation of their surroundings.

Svarny’s further description of Eliot’s method of allusion emphasizes its violence and jarring effect, but also imagines it in spatial terms, so that quotations, like inscriptions, are read as single, movable objects: “quotation wrenches lines from their original context and places them as foreign bodies in an alien structure.”²⁶ In the planning documents the cemeteries are talked of as enduring for a thousand years and were thus always understood as eventually changing their primary purpose from spaces for grieving and recovery into sites that had to communicate with those who were not personally affected by the war, who would come as readers rather than mourners. The epigraphic inscrip-

tions would then gain a new importance, since they would become the sole basis for visitors to construct an interpretation of the commemorative space and to make sense of the palpable devastation to which the cemeteries and memorials to the missing attest. In his poem "On Passing the New Menin Gate," inspired by a visit to the recently unveiled Memorial to the Missing in Ypres, Belgium, Siegfried Sassoon predicted the failure of the memorial to communicate with survivors, arguing that the vast structure in "peace-complacent stone" expresses pomp and pride that dangerously mitigate the horror of the "intolerably nameless names" carved on its surface (Fig. 6). Already by the late 1920s Sassoon was looking anxiously forward to a period when visitors would bring to the recovered battlefields not painful personal memories but mere curiosity: when they would come not as pilgrims but as tourists.

Anxiety over different forms of cemetery visitation, and the need to distinguish pilgrimage from tourism, were pervasive in postwar British culture. As David Lloyd shows in his detailed history of cemetery pilgrimage, these concerns were heightened by the recent emergence of a mass tourism industry and the alacrity of companies such as Thomas Cook in responding to the demand for cemetery visits by including them on sightseeing package tours. To counterbalance the feared irreverence of these commercial operations, a number of charitable organizations ran free or low-cost pilgrimages to the cemeteries for many thousands of the bereaved, which were extensively reported and commemorated in their turn in handsome bound and illustrated books. The reports in these books of the movements of pilgrims around and within the memorial space demonstrate how the healing of the landscape and the healing of individuals intersect: there are stories of a mother reconstructing the last movements of a son by reference to his letters or of a veteran "sharing" a pipe with an old comrade by his gravestone.²⁷ According to the reports, it is in such practices that the meaning and purpose of pilgrimage reveal themselves: physical, active inhabitation of the cemetery environment leads to some measure of resolution and comfort for the bereaved. The low-key, private nature of these rituals is emphasized in the reports as an important counterweight to official ceremonies and rituals such as Armistice Day services. Pilgrimage was understood as both a mass, public phenomenon performed in large groups and reported in the press, as well as at the same time an essentially private communion of the pilgrim with the person he or she had lost.



Fig. 6 Interior of Menin Gate Memorial

Carved Names of the Missing

Ieper Belgium

Joanna Scutts July 2006

The somewhat *ad hoc* practices of cemetery pilgrimage that developed in the early postwar years were formalized in 1922, when King George V undertook an exemplary pilgrimage to the Western Front battlefields, accompanied by Kipling and Fabian Ware, among other dignitaries. The carefully orchestrated visit balanced its public and private demands by avoiding pomp and ceremony, with the king traveling as the everyman representative of his bereaved subjects, dressed in civilian clothing rather than military uniform. The king's pilgrimage thus underscored the Commission's principles of equality and subtly reinforced its authority over the behavior of participants in commemoration, even over the ruler in whose name the dead had fought. Following the pattern of Kipling's *Graves of the Fallen*, a detailed account of the pilgrimage originally appeared in *The Times* and was quickly republished in book form.²⁸ Although he did not write the text, the conceptual framing of the event belonged to Kipling through his prefatory poem, "The King's Pilgrimage" and his composition of the king's culminating address at Terlinthun Cemetery near Boulogne.²⁹ Quotations from Kipling's poem divide the text into chapters marking the stages of the king's geographic and emotional journey, and structure the pilgrimage as a chivalric quest. The poem describes the king setting forth on his journey, crossing the sea, and moving through a series of four different landscapes, from "shoal and banky ground" (9) on to "low and hollow ground / Where once the cities stood" (21–22), then "bare and hilly ground / Where once the bread-corn grew" (29–30). The beginning of each subsequent stanza describes the new geographical space; through rhythmic echoes and the repetition of the word "ground" the verse form embodies the notion that the essence of the journey lies in its progress forward, following connected steps, until the pilgrim reaches the cemeteries: "fair and level ground" both topographically and morally. The king's steady, ritualistic procession through the recovering war landscape, and the poet's bird's-eye perspective on it, contrast strikingly with the stasis and limited visibility that marked combatants' wartime experience of, and poetic responses to, the same landscape.

At the culmination of the pilgrimage, Kipling describes the king's encounter with the recently constructed cemetery monuments as though he is discovering ancient forms in the landscape rather than recently constructed artifacts partly shaped by the poet himself:

And the last land he found, it was fair and level ground
Above a carven Stone,

And a stark Sword brooding on the bosom of the Cross
Where high and low are one. (45–48)

The implication that the cemeteries were already there to be “found,” rather than in the process of being created by human hands, helps conceal the innovation of the Commission’s designs, while the suggestion that “high and low” are already “one” legitimizes its controversial equal treatment of all ranks of the dead. The atmosphere of reassuring permanence and memorial solidity that these final verses evoke is, however, shaken at the end of the poem by the veiled threat that inappropriate attitudes from survivors could disturb the fragile peace of the dead:

There can no knowledge reach the grave
To make them grudge their death
Save only if they understood
That, after all was done
We they redeemed denied their blood,
And mocked the gains it won. (59–64)

A harsher reiteration of “Lest We Forget” and “If I should die, think only this of me,” the verse does not specify what form such denial and mockery would take, nor what the “grudging” of the dead would look like. It hardly seems possible that in the cemeteries themselves the “blood” of the dead would or could be denied; if nothing else, pilgrimage then and now brings visitors to a stark realization of the scale of death. Nevertheless, the warning here attests to Kipling’s—and the Commission’s—anxiety over the possibility of political protest. Just as Sassoon, in “On Passing the New Menin Gate,” would marshal the anger of the unquiet dead to express his own protest at the failures of commemoration (“Well might the Dead who suffered in the slime / Rise and deride this sepulchre of crime”), Kipling here employs the same conceit to urge survivors towards appropriate, Commission-sanctioned commemorative attitudes. In each case the poet seems by no means sure that the dead are safely buried: a fear that was pervasive across the postwar literary scene.

“The King’s Pilgrimage” (poem), *The King’s Pilgrimage* (book) and the King’s Pilgrimage (national event) belong to the year that stands in literary history as a high-water mark of modernism. To consider the pilgrimage as an interpretive context for T. S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land*, published in late 1922, is to discover a number of important concerns shared by memorial-makers and modernists alike: how to situate one-

self in space and time in relation to the dead, how to communicate with them, and how to leave them behind. Seen through Kipling's poetic lens, the king's exemplary pilgrimage became as much romance quest as religious ritual and offers suggestive parallels to Eliot's similar poetic journey through a ruined postwar landscape in pursuit of coherent meaning. To read them together may disturb the apparently clear division between conservative, traditional commemoration and antiestablishment modernism.

During the period of *The Waste Land's* composition, the creation of the cemeteries was extensively reported in newspapers, while domestic memorials, after similar public discussion, were under construction in central London and around the country. Eliot wrote much of *The Waste Land* over the winter of 1921 while on sick leave from Lloyd's Bank, first in Margate, on the Kent coast, and later in Lausanne, Switzerland. In Margate he spent much of his time writing in a shelter on the windswept beach, and in the weeks leading up to his departure shortly after Armistice Day, 11 November, he would have watched war veterans there selling paper flowers to raise money for sick and disabled survivors—a tradition newly established by the British Legion.³⁰ Local commemorative rituals and press reports on more distant memorial schemes would also have been visible to Eliot as he was writing, and the poem's imagery of bodies, bones, and burial might thus have been born in part of immersion in this memorial-obsessed environment. Although Eliot's own notes tend to advance a symbolic reading of such imagery, they do not negate an approach that takes the references in the poem at face value. At the time of the poem's initial reception, such a realistic reading was apparently commonplace: Stephen Spender claimed that for Eliot's 1920s readership, the poem "was concerned with a life we felt to be real. It carried the equipment of the world beyond the screen, a landscape across which armies and refugees moved."³¹

The Waste Land is populated with the dead. At the time of its writing and publication, "The Burial of the Dead," the title of the first section of the poem, referred not only to the formal liturgy of the Anglican funeral service, but also to the urgent task of burial and commemoration of the war dead. During the same period, "The Dead" as a collective entity and a symbolic abstraction had begun to name loss as the central legacy of the war: the only inscription on Edwin Lutyens's Cenotaph, unveiled in central London in 1920, is "The Glorious Dead," while the "Ode of Remembrance," recited on Armistice Day, made a commonplace out of the idea of the dead's collective existence outside time: "They shall not

grow old / As we that are left grow old.”³² It was no doubt easier for Britain to come to terms with “the Dead” as a monolithic group; as *The Waste Land* makes clear, horror lies in those moments of recognition that the collective is made up of hundreds of thousands of individuals. The urban crowd, so often symbolic of modernity in contemporary literature and art, offers the speaker in “The Burial of the Dead” just such a moment, in realizing the numbers that make up “the Dead”: “A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many / I had not thought death had undone so many.”³³ The poetic allusion is to Dante’s *Inferno*, but it also evokes the particular contemporary “shock” that Rudyard Kipling described during a cemetery visit in 1925: “one never gets over the shock at this Dead Sea of arrested lives.”³⁴

The horror expressed in this section that the mass of the dead is in fact made up of “so many” individuals is exacerbated by the anxiety that burial may not represent permanent closure. If the cemetery context is foregrounded in a reading of the poem, its ubiquitous corpses—drowned and picked clean, buried yet speaking—emerge as disturbingly physical, rebelliously individual figures of resistance to the symbolic mass of the dead, which the commemorative culture is struggling to keep underground. The opening of the poem is spoken in the voices of the buried: “Winter kept us warm, covering / Earth in forgetful snow” (5–6) yet this benign collective voice already hints at the fear that whatever has been buried underground will grow back up through the soil when the “forgetful snow” melts. Later the same idea returns in the jauntily macabre questions: “That corpse you planted last year in your garden, / Has it begun to sprout? / Will it bloom this year?” (71–72). The question is biting ironic in light of the prevalent commemorative idea that the bodies of the dead were supposed, rhetorically, to “sprout,” generating renewed patriotism, personal courage and self-sacrifice, even international peace. The way that Brooke’s soldier’s body was supposed to enrich the surrounding soil is here taken to its crass logical conclusion, deflating its potential to comfort, and emptying out that earlier poem’s rhetorical sublimation of death.

While the movement of the poem is usually read as a version of the medieval romance quest, the poem also gestures toward a literary tradition of pilgrimage. The opening lines allude to the General Prologue of the *Canterbury Tales*, the most famous account of setting out on a pilgrimage in the English literary canon. The Chaucerian idea that what is most important on the pilgrimage is the storytellers and their tales rather than the spiritual purpose of the journey also shapes El-

iot's darker version of the pilgrimage, in which the various speakers are not individuated as characters and can offer up only fragments of stories as the reader gropes through the disorienting landscape. The Chaucerian opening and the poem's closing phrase from the Upanishads, "Shantih Shantih Shantih"—which Eliot tells us in his notes roughly corresponds to "the Peace which passeth understanding"—suggest the start and end of a pilgrimage toward peace and spiritual union (433). Yet the organized progress that would make such a journey into a meaningful reworking of the movement of Dante's pilgrim out of the underworld, or of the king to the battlefield cemeteries' "fair and level ground," is missing here. Jerked from a vanished aristocratic Europe presided over by an archduke, to an exhausted postwar London, to a barren desert, the pilgrim is constantly interrupted by markers of the war's profound disruptions. Responding to an environment rendered unreal by the disappearance of visual markers—buildings, streets, trees—"What the Thunder Said" evokes the violent sense of physical and psychic dislocation caused by a city's "falling towers." In such a space people and voices are not fixed in place or organized by architecture, but instead "swarm" across a flat, endless, unbounded and unmarked landscape:

What is that sound high in the air
 Murmur of maternal lamentation
 Who are those hooded hordes swarming
 Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
 Ringed by the flat horizon only. (366–370)

The presence of the murmuring mourners evokes the landscape of pilgrimage after war, nightmarishly heightened, and suggests that the speaker who uneasily tries to orient himself within it is on a quest that desperately needs some kind of peace and reassurance that the dead are finally dead: "Dry bones can harm no-one" (390). Yet in a world in which dead men can "lose" their bones, corpses speak, sprout, and resurface, the assertion of harmlessness inevitably raises the specter of harm. In the real postwar world to which the poem belongs, dead bodies do continue to have political, symbolic, and emotional life; *The Waste Land*, however, forcefully suggests that the blurring of this fundamental boundary is dangerous, and that the separation of the living from the dead must be reiterated and reinforced.

“The Fly” & “The Gardener”: Two Failures of Comfort

By 1922, when *The Waste Land* was published, the language in which the cemeteries were described in press reports had become familiar, even clichéd, and their design had for the most part ceased to be controversial. As they developed from sites of intense public debate to established and accepted features in the landscape, the cemeteries' very familiarity began to evoke new kinds of literary responses; instead of engaging with the same memorial concerns as the planners, writers began to react to the solutions the cemeteries offered to these concerns. In her prescient short story “The Fly,” written in early 1922 and published the following year in her posthumous collection *The Dove's Nest*, Katherine Mansfield drew upon the formulaic language of press descriptions to evoke in a few sharp details the world of commemoration in the war zones. Her brief, brutal story devastates the cemeteries' central effort to comfort and reassure the bereaved by exposing the yawning gap between acceptable public remembrance and private, incommensurable grief. The horror evoked by the cemeteries in Mansfield's story echoes that witnessed and expressed by Eliot's nameless pilgrims, but where *The Waste Land* surveys the vastness of destruction and the universal struggle of recovery, “The Fly” shrinks its perspective to offer a forensic examination of individual bereavement.

The story contrasts two old friends who have lost sons in the war: the invalid Mr. Woodifield, who has a barely functioning memory and passively submits to the ministrations of his unnamed female carers, and his healthy, strapping foil, named only as “the boss.” The boss is proud of his health and proud of his office, both literal and figurative, and shows both off willingly to the friend whose memory loss makes him newly appreciative every time. For all his pomposity, however, he is sympathetic to Woodifield's plight, tolerant of the old man's repetitive conversation, and during his visit is moved to share a glass of whisky, noting conspiratorially that “the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q.T. it came from the cellars at Windsor Castle.”³⁵ The whisky brought out from underground disinters a memory from Woodifield's “chill old brain,” and he begins to tell a story that has an unexpectedly powerful effect on his listener:

“That was it,” he said, heaving himself out of his chair. “I thought you'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They're quite near each other, it seems.”

Old Woodifield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver in his eyelids showed that he heard.

“The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept,” piped the old voice. “Beautifully looked after. Couldn’t be better if they were at home. You’ve not been across, have yer?”

“No, no!” For various reasons the boss had not been across.

“There’s miles of it,” quavered old Woodifield, “and it’s all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice broad paths.” It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice broad path.³⁶

Woodifield’s expressions of pleasure at the way the cemeteries are kept, their neatness and their flowers, correspond to the conventions of newspaper reports on the cemeteries, and his satisfaction at these details, deployed as evidence of the “rightness” of the overall project, manages to divert his attention and mask his emotion. He continues to take pleasure in his storytelling as he relays a detail about the hotel in Belgium overcharging for jam, which allows for the expression of an acceptable emotion: indignation at the behavior of foreigners: “It’s trading on our feelings. They think because we’re over there having a look round we’re ready to pay anything.”³⁷ These stock phrases—“trading on our feelings” and “having a look round”—acknowledge the painful purpose of the cemetery visit without the speaker having to express the personal impact of grief.

Once Woodifield has left, the boss takes immediate action to defuse the emotional shock of his story. He closes his door, tells the office messenger to let nobody in, and sits down to summon up the expected catharsis: “He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep....” Yet he finds himself frustratingly unable to do so, confused by his inability to control his feelings: “Something seemed to be wrong with him. He wasn’t feeling as he wanted to feel.”³⁸ The story implies that the boss’s emotional paralysis is precisely tied to his success in matching his experience of loss to the demands of commemoration. He thinks about his (also unnamed) son exactly as the “Ode of Remembrance” commands, as a figure who does not grow old: “Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep for ever.”³⁹ Because the boss is unable to imagine the boy as truly dead, he is unable to realize the passage of time and remains in shock: “it might have happened yesterday.”⁴⁰ In order to stimulate himself to tears, the boss crosses to look at a photograph of the boy in uniform, but this fails to match his memories of his living son. Instead, the photo looks “cold” and “unnatural,” the way he

imagines the boy looking in his grave—not dead and gone but disturbingly alive in death. The commemorative photograph on the mantelpiece does not point to the lost, living person but to this in-between, buried-yet-present figure.

The boss's contemplation of the photograph is interrupted by a fly that falls into his "broad" inkpot, the adjective lingering from the description of the cemeteries' paths. The boss's attention is caught. He watches closely as the fly struggles to escape until he rescues it by lifting it out of the inkpot onto blotting paper, where it lies as though bleeding, in a "dark patch that oozed around it." The bereaved father's repressed anger at his son for not similarly escaping the "horrible danger" of the grave, impossible though it is to articulate, is manifested in his sadistic exercise of flicking fresh ink on the fly's wings every time it has cleaned itself. The fly's laborious activity inspires an admiring commentary from the boss, full of war-rhetorical clichés—"the right spirit," "never say die"—but when the fly does eventually give up and die, it immediately becomes an object of horror. Its tormentor has to dispose of the corpse in disgust, flinging it into his wastepaper basket.⁴¹ The immediacy of this confrontation with death calls up a powerful, debilitating emotion—not the cathartic tears the boss had hoped for, but something much sicker: "such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened." Being seized by this unexpected emotion obliterates the memory of his earlier emotional paralysis: "he fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was.... He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember."⁴² Ending with these words, the story makes it clear that remembering and forgetting, the mental processes underpinning commemoration and operating in tension with each other in the cemeteries, on public monuments, and in private homes, are unpredictable and unbidable. Mr. Woodfield's dementia and the boss's distraction suggest the ironic instability of even so peaceful and secure a commemorative environment as the cemeteries, as they are unexpectedly remembered and then unexpectedly forgotten in the story. The loneliness, "wretchedness" and unpredictability of grief are here its essential qualities, even at the distance of several years and despite the best efforts of commemoration to contain it in an interpretive frame.

As a literary representation of what we might term postwar "cemetery anxiety," "The Fly" has an important parallel in Kipling's similarly focused, psychologically acute and enigmatic short story "The Garden-

er,” published in 1926 in his final story collection *Debits and Credits*, but likely begun considerably earlier. Both Mansfield and Kipling were bereaved by the war—Mansfield’s brother, Leslie, was killed the same year as Kipling’s son, John. Both authors create protagonists of the opposite gender, and both represent bereavement as a fundamentally isolating experience—no mention is made of the boss’s wife, and Kipling goes to convoluted lengths to ensure that his protagonist, Helen Turrell, has not even the memory of a husband. His muted, melancholic story culminates in Helen’s journey to a British cemetery in Belgium to locate a grave, the details of which are rooted in Kipling’s frequent trips to the former battlefields on official Commission business or with his wife Carrie to search for their son’s grave. The description of Michael Turrell’s death and disappearance suggest the similar loss of John Kipling: “A shell-splinter dropping out of a wet dawn killed him at once. The next shell uprooted and laid down over the body what had been the foundation of a barn wall, so neatly that none but an expert would have guessed that anything unpleasant had happened.”⁴³ Michael’s death is represented as instantaneous, inevitable, and immediately erased. Yet the description contains a seed of hope in the suggestion that “an expert” might be able to discover the location of the makeshift grave. Kipling, of course, knew from his work with the War Graves Commission that such experts existed and would be called upon to hone their skills repeatedly during and after the war, but any reader familiar with Kipling’s biography would also have known the bleak twist that no such expert was able to help the author and his family. The plot development by which Michael’s body is “found, identified, and re-interred in Hagenzeele Third Military Cemetery,”⁴⁴ thus offers a painfully truncated kind of closure. Despite the discovery and burial of Michael’s body within a named cemetery, “The Gardener” represents the official efforts at recovery and remembrance as hopelessly incomplete, and unable to offer any lasting solace to the bereaved.

Once Michael’s guardian Helen is informed of his death, she enters involuntarily into the public process of mourning that is designed to comfort, but which is described in language with very different resonances. In a striking image, Helen imagines herself being “manufactured” by the experience and the business of loss just as she recalls a shell being manufactured in a munitions factory that Michael showed her: “It struck her at the time that the wretched thing was never left alone for a single second; and ‘I’m being manufactured into a bereaved next of kin,’ she told herself.” This comparison suggests the potential explosive

and destructive power of a bereaved person and makes it clear that the industry of remembrance exists partly in order to tamp down and contain that power. The state of “blessed passivity” that Helen eventually achieves is outwardly peaceful but inwardly numb; even “the Armistice with all its bells broke over her and passed unheeded.” She remains in this alienated state even as she goes through the proper motions of the bereaved after the war: “she sat on various relief committees and held strong views—she heard herself delivering them—about the site of the proposed village War Memorial.”⁴⁵

The gulf between what is expected of the next of kin and what Helen actually feels widens further when she is “moved on to another process of the manufacture” and encouraged to locate and visit Michael’s grave. The ease and practicality of visiting the cemeteries is pressed upon Helen, yet she is anguished by the idea that all it takes to visit the grave is a short journey and an easy overnight stay: “She learnt that Hagenzeele Third could be *comfortably* reached by an afternoon train which fitted in with the morning boat, and that there was a *comfortable* little hotel not three kilometers from Hagenzeele itself, where one could spend quite a *comfortable* night and see one’s grave next morning.”⁴⁶ The repeated emphasis on physical ease here deliberately points up the grotesque inadequacy of this notion as compared to the prospect of emotional or spiritual relief. Being made comfortable is nothing like being comforted: a pilgrimage should be longer and more difficult than this. The irony of this language of comfort is deepened by the sinister atmosphere of the world of graves registration and disoriented pilgrims that Helen encounters in Belgium, where the officials who inform her about the comfortable hotel are shadowy, anonymous beings operating in a bleak landscape: “All this she had from a Central Authority who lived in a board and tar-paper shed on the skirts of a razed city full of whirling lime-dust and blown papers.”⁴⁷ The unnamed, Orwellian “Central Authority” appears in this story—by that very authority’s real-life public-relations chief—as a helplessly limited force, barely in control of its situation. Amid this desolation “lime-dust,” a byproduct of building and burial, and the “papers” that might record identity blow freely through the ruined city, making any attempt to locate, bury and record the dead seem like a hopeless task.

When Helen finally travels, alone, to find “her” grave, she encounters an unfinished cemetery. There is a stark contrast between the temporary grave markers—black crosses that appear to Helen as malevolent weeds rising to choke her—and the area that has begun to be trans-

formed by the work of the War Graves Commission into an orderly and well-tended plot, representing proportionate and well-ordered mourning. But the comfort suggested by these new graves is not available to Helen: "it was not here that she must look." Even with the row and plot number of "her" grave neatly typed out, she is unable to find it until she is given help by the gardener of the title. In her final opportunity for communication and understanding in a series of incomplete encounters throughout the story, in which nothing is emphasized so much as people's alienation from one another by secrecy and misunderstanding, Helen asks for her nephew's grave, and the man replies: "Come with me and I will show you where your son lies."⁴⁸ The gardener's preternatural ability to guide her at just the right moment, and the echoes of biblical language, indicate to the reader that he is a Christ figure, yet Helen herself does not acknowledge his divinity, and the story remains grounded in its melancholy realism. The gardener is busy patting down the soil around a new plant, a task that was carried out in the cemeteries by combat veterans employed by the Commission. Knowing this, we can see Kipling blurring the symbolic and literal interpretations of his "gardener," imbuing a surviving combatant with divine qualities. Helen leaves the cemetery, in the language of John 20:15, "supposing him to be the gardener," and although the reader may catch the biblical reference, there is no space left in the story for Helen to correct her assumption. The spiritual comfort that Kipling thus offers his readers is complicated and undercut by Helen's ultimate failure to read the symbolism of the cemetery and derive the same comfort.

Just as Kipling's cemetery inscriptions insist that remembrance is both the survivor's obligation and an impersonal, transcendent state, "The Gardener" remains trapped between irreconcilable meanings. The gardener in the story may be a Christ figure or an ordinary man, and the reader's decision rests on another decision, whether Helen is Michael's mother or his aunt. If we believe, as most critics have, that Helen is hiding her illegitimate maternity behind an elaborate story of raising her dead brother's child, the gardener seems the more gifted with supernatural insight and able to lift, perhaps, the burden of years of secrecy. If, on the other hand, we accept the facts the story gives us, the gardener may simply make a logical mistake, assuming Helen to be a bereaved mother—which in all emotional, if not biological, senses she certainly is.⁴⁹ Whatever we decide, the story holds the symbolically loaded reading—Christ, bereaved mother—in tension with the prosaically human—gardener, guardian. Its multiple meanings and re-

sistance to closure recall the narrative techniques of modernists such as Eliot and Mansfield and suggest that neither here nor in his cemetery inscriptions did Kipling offer any guarantees about the cemeteries' ability to comfort.

The postwar period in which Kipling was working on behalf of the Commission and writing in response to its efforts was a period of energetic experiments in modern mockery of the kinds of concepts that he tried to shore up in the battlefield cemeteries. Yet to see these places as confident expressions of an outmoded cultural certainty is to miss the notes of anxiety that haunt their creation. Helen Turrell's ambiguous misinterpretation of the gardener is a central but tragic failed connection with both divine and human comfort. In this moment the shortcomings of symbolism are clear. The ultimate reliance of the cemetery designers on the imagination, will, and belief of those deeply bereaved (like Kipling himself) recalls the crucial appeal to the reader in the opening line of Brooke's sonnet, in which the speaker attempts to limit and control the imagination and interpretation of his surviving interlocutor: "think *only* this of me." Yet the thoughts and memories of the living will not be so easily controlled; if in memorialization there is a desire to avoid the kind of alienation experienced by Helen Turrell as she is "manufactured into a bereaved next of kin," then the enigmatic inscriptions offered by Kipling are perhaps ultimately successful in leaving interpretation open. Such indeterminacy, and its sculptural embodiment, abstraction, as practiced in the cemeteries by Lutyens, has been the dominant form of memorial design in the twentieth century, a period in which the raising (and toppling) of figurative statues in public places has been a defining political image. The Western Front battlefield cemeteries thus stand unwittingly on the cusp between two historical eras, looking back in confidence and forward in doubt to the future. They both offered a comforting narrative by which the recent violence could be understood and presented a surface upon which protesting counternarratives could be projected. They survive as haunting physical reminders in the landscape of the war; yet the traces they left in the literary and cultural landscape have yet to be fully uncovered.

Notes

1. Siegfried Sassoon, *The War Poems: Arranged and Introduced by Rupert Hart-Davis* (London: Faber & Faber, 1983), 143.
2. Rudyard Kipling, *The Graves of the Fallen* (London: Imperial War Graves Commission, 1919), 5.
3. *The Times*, "War Graves: Work of Imperial Commission: Mr. Kipling's Survey," 17 February 1919, p. 4, col. C. *The Times Digital Archive*, via Infotrac at <http://infotrac.galegroup.com>.
4. In considering commemoration as a creative process I am primarily indebted to the work of Jay Winter, whose *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning* demonstrates so powerfully the importance of war memorialization in Europe between the wars and treats healing and recovery seriously as public, artistic problems as well as private, psychological ones. George Mosse's insights into the political ramifications of war commemoration in Germany, Britain and France have also been indispensable, along with James Young's and Andreas Huyssen's theoretical work on memorials, and the cultural histories of death and commemorative traditions by Alan Borg, David Cannadine, Roy Porter, Eric Hobsbawm, and John R. Gillis. See Jay Winter, *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning: The Great War in European Cultural History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995) and *Remembering War: The Great War between Memory and History in the Twentieth Century* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2006); George L. Mosse, *Fallen Soldiers: Reshaping the Memory of the World Wars* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1990); Andreas Huyssen, *Twilight Memories: Marking Time in a Culture of Amnesia* (New York: Routledge, 1995) and *Present Pasts: Urban Palimpsests and the Politics of Memory* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2003); Alan Borg, *War Memorials: From Antiquity to the Present* (London: Leo Cooper, 1991); David Cannadine, "War and Death, Grief and Mourning in Modern Britain," *Mirrors of Mortality: Studies in the Social History of Death*, Joachim Whaley, ed. (London: Europa, 1981); Roy Porter, *Myths of the English* (Cambridge, UK, and Cambridge, MA: Polity Press, 1992); Eric Hobsbawm and Terence Ranger, eds., *The Invention of Tradition* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983); John R. Gillis, *Commemorations: The Politics of National Identity* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1994); James Young, *The Texture of Memory: Holocaust Memorials and Meaning* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1993).

As objects of historical inquiry, the British war cemeteries have usually been attended to for the rich evidence they offer about concepts of national and imperial identity and the relationship of the individual to the state, for which purpose they are usually examined as established sites. More recent historical work by Alex King, Mark Connelly, and David W. Lloyd has returned to the period before their completion, when monuments were fluctuating, debatable ideas rather than unassailable monoliths. My reading of the cemeteries builds on this work in considering memorialization as the result of decisions made by individuals in response to a particular situation, but foregrounds the conceptual and aesthetic—rather than political—challenges it poses for those in charge. See Alex King, *Memorials of the Great War in Britain: The Symbolism and Politics of Remembrance* (New York: Berg, 1998); Mark Connelly, *The Great War, Memory and Ritual: Commemoration in the City and East London, 1916–1939* (Woodbridge, Suffolk; Rochester, NY: Royal Historical Society/Boydell Press, 2002); David W. Lloyd, *Battlefield Tourism: Pilgrimage and the Commemoration of the Great War in Britain, Australia and Canada, 1919–1939* (New York: Berg, 1998).

5. Commemoration during the American Civil War, especially the language of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, was an often unspoken but widely discernable influence on battlefield commemoration of the First World War, particularly in its articulation of burial on the battlefield as a ritual that sanctified the land and guaranteed the principles for which the war had been fought. See Gillis for more detailed accounts of earlier commemorative principles and practices.
6. For a detailed history of the Commission, see Philip Longworth, *The Unending Vigil: A History of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission* (1967; London: Pen and Sword, 2003; 3rd ed.).
7. Kipling, *The Graves of the Fallen*, 5.
8. The physical durability of this shape was one of the main arguments the Commission used to forestall criticism from those who argued for a more overtly religious, cruciform headstone.
9. Rupert Brooke, "Peace," line 5. *1914 and Other Poems* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1915), 11.
10. *Ibid.*, "The Soldier," 15.
11. The poem's original title was "The Recruit," which implies a more knowing distance between the poet and the views of the speaker caught up in early war enthusiasm.

12. The smallest cemetery holds just 12 graves, but most are considerably larger.
13. *The Times*, "British War Graves: Tombstone Design," 11 April 1919, p. 14, col. E. *The Times Digital Archive*, via Infotrac, <http://infotrac.galegroup.com>.
14. Lloyd, 124.
15. By contrast, Jay Winter describes strong public opposition in France to the government's refusal to return dead soldiers to their homes. The official intransigence had given rise to a black-market traffic in human remains; when the policy was reversed, around a quarter of the bodies were returned. See Winter (1995), 23–27.
16. The philosophy here, while driven to a more jingoistic conclusion, is in fact continuous with Brooke's Georgian poetry background and his prewar poetry, which always resists, and often mocks, the notion of literary, intellectual, or metaphysical transcendence of all-important sensory pleasures and human emotions.
17. Previous war memorials would usually name only officers. Borg and Mosse provide detailed histories of the development of conventions of war commemoration; Borg's study is concerned with aesthetics and looks back to antiquity, while Mosse's more political work compares commemoration in Europe and the U.S. since the eighteenth century.
18. An early proposal to design cemeteries without headstones was rejected for fear that they would look too much like parks.
19. For a detailed account of the search, see Tonie and Valmai Holt, "My Boy Jack?" *The Search for Kipling's Only Son* (Barnsley: Leo Cooper, 1998). A grave was identified as John's in 1992, but the authors believe this to be incorrect.
20. The cross—once seen as a Catholic and foreign symbol—enjoyed renewed popularity in Britain from the late nineteenth century, at the same time and in a similar way to the revival of pilgrimage described by Lloyd. King, 129–35.
21. "Recessional," lines 17–18, in *Rudyard Kipling: Selected Poems* (London: Penguin, 1993), 81.
22. In its appeal to the living, "Lest We Forget" may be read as an archaic version of the injunction "Never Again," which has an important place in memorials to the Holocaust and other twentieth-century atrocities.
23. Quoted in Gavin Stamp, *Silent Cities: An Exhibition of the Memorial and Cemetery Architecture of the Great War* (London: Royal Institute of British Architects, 1977), 5.
24. About half of the approximately 1.1 million British Empire war dead are "missing" rather than having their own grave plot and headstone. In the years since the war, farmers have recovered thousands of bones; the War Graves Commission is scrupulous in its efforts to identify, bury, and record these remains.
25. Erik Svarny, *The Men of 1914: T. S. Eliot and Early Modernism* (New York: Open University Press, 1989), 152.
26. *Ibid.*, 162.
27. The main charity organizing pilgrimages was the St. Barnabas Hostel, which published five souvenir accounts between 1923 (*The Somme and Ypres*) and 1927 (*The Menin Gate*). Lloyd cites the pipe-sharing anecdote, 146.
28. The Imperial War Graves Commission [Sir Frank Fox], *The King's Pilgrimage* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1922).
29. Kipling's authorship is not acknowledged in *The King's Pilgrimage*, where the speech is represented as the outpouring of emotion stored up during the journey (Holt and Holt, 149–51).
30. Described in David Seabrook's literary history of Margate, *All the Devils Are Here* (London: Granta, 2002), 6–10.
31. Quoted in Svarny, 201.
32. The ode was verse four of Lawrence Binyon's 1914 poem "For the Fallen."
33. *The Waste Land*, lines 62–63, in *T. S. Eliot: Collected Poems 1909–1962* (London: Faber & Faber 1974), 65. Subsequent line references in text.
34. Kipling to Rider Haggard, 14 March 1925. Quoted in William B. Dillingham, "Rudyard Kipling and Bereavement: 'The Gardener,'" *English Language Notes*, 39.4 (2002), 60.

35. "The Fly," *Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield* (London: Constable & Co., 1973), 423.
36. *Ibid.*, 415.
37. *Ibid.*, 425.
38. *Ibid.*
39. *Ibid.*
40. *Ibid.*, 426.
41. *Ibid.*, 427.
42. *Ibid.*, 428.
43. Rudyard Kipling, "The Gardener," *Debits and Credits*. Edited with an introduction and notes by Sandra Kemp (1926; London: Penguin, 1987), 281.
44. *Ibid.*, 282.
45. *Ibid.*
46. *Ibid.*, 283. My italics.
47. *Ibid.*
48. *Ibid.*, 286.
49. See Dillingham for a lengthy account of this critical commonplace and the author's painstaking, if not entirely convincing, efforts to refute it.