



La Grande Guerre et le phénomène du scandale

Expiation et filiation :

Death of a Hero de Richard Aldington (1929)

Sophie Aymes (Université de Bourgogne)

Mapping Golgotha: Selected Letters and Poems of Wilfred Owen (Gwasg Gregynog, 2007)

Illustrations de Harry Brockway

‘La Parabole du vieil homme et du jeune’

The Parable of the Old Man and the Young

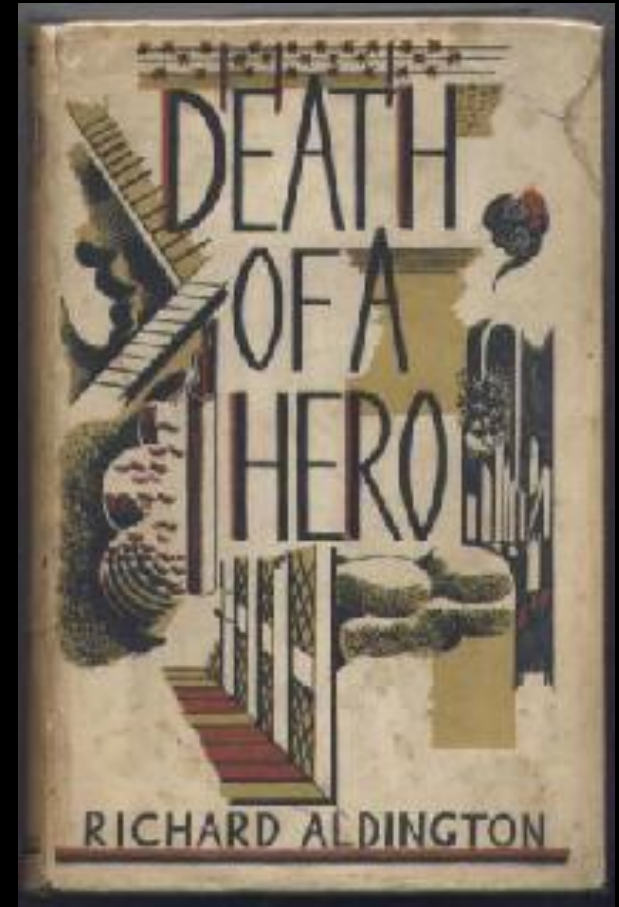


So Abram rose, and clave the wood, and went,
And took the fire with him, and a knife.
And as they sojourned both of them together,
Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father,
Behold the preparations, fire and iron,
But where the lamb, for this burnt-offering?
Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps,
And builded parapets and trenches there,
And stretched forth the knife to slay his son.
When lo! an Angel called him out of heaven,
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
Neither do anything to him, thy son.
Behold! Caught in a thicket by its horns,
A Ram. Offer the Ram of Pride instead.

But the old man would not so, but slew his son,
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

Richard Aldington, *Death of a Hero* (Chatto & Windus 1929)

Jaquette de l'édition originale
réalisée par Paul Nash



La mort du « héros »

Six twenty-five. Fives minutes to zero hour. The cold November night was utterly silent. Thousands of men and hundreds of guns were facing each other on the verge of battle, and there seemed not a sound. [...]

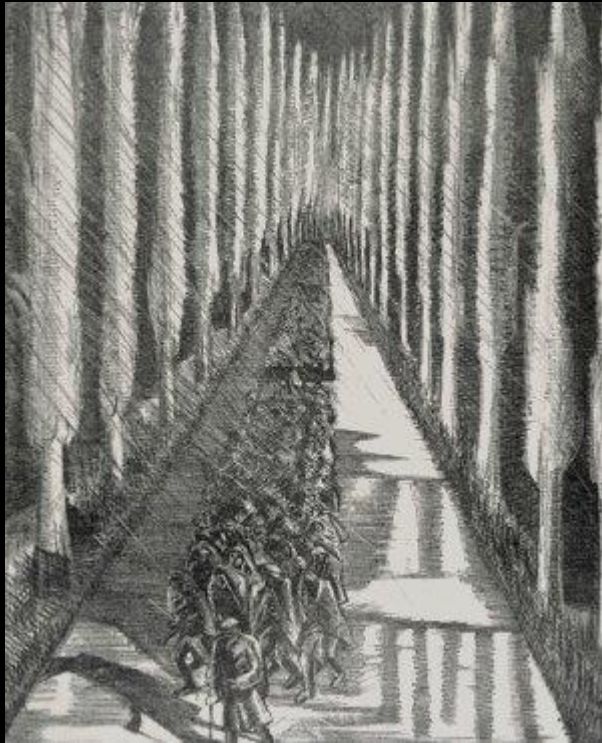
Crash! Like an orchestra at the signal of a baton the thousands of guns north and south opened up. [...]

Something seemed to break in Winterbourne's head. He felt he was going mad, and sprang to his feet. The line of bullets smashed across his chest like a savage steel whip. The universe exploded darkly into oblivion.
(p. 340)

I hold a brief for the war generation (p. 136)

George's death is a symbol to me of the whole sickening bloody waste of it. (p. 23)

[...] the combined influence of dear Papa, dear Mamma, Ma and Pa Hartly, George Augustus, and Isabel started him off on the race of life with a pretty heavy handicap weight. (p. 45)



Paul Nash

Men Marching at Night
(lithograph, 1918)



C.R.W. Nevinson

The Road from Arras to Bapaume
(oil on canvas, 1917)

One might think that happiness was 'hubris,' the excess of which calls down the vengeance of Fate. (p. 166)

The whole world is blood-guilty, cursed like Orestes, and mad, and destroying itself, as if pursued by an infinite legion of Eumenides. Somehow we must atone, somehow we must free ourselves from the curse... (p. 24)

‘Mother of the race of Aeneas, voluptuous delight of gods and men, sacred Aphrodite’ —How does it go? But the poet is right. She, the sacred one, the imperious reproductive instinct, with all her Wiles and charms, is indeed the ruler over all living things. [...]

Generations She yields Him, the Devourer, as His prey, and unwearyingly raises up new races of men and women. (p. 117-118)

‘ Increase and multiply’. [...] We’re a sacrifice to over-breeding. [...]

Europe’s decennial picnic of corpses (p. 219)

The war to end wars? Is any one so asinine as to believe that? A war to breed wars rather...
(p. 234)

Violence and butchery beget violence and butchery. Isn't that the theme of the great Greek tragedies of blood? Blood will have blood.

(p. 220)

We must find—where? how?—the greater Pallas who will absolve us on some Acropolis of Justice. (p. 24)

When you approve of murder you violate the right instincts of every human being. And a million murders [...] will raise a legion of Eumenides about your ears. (p. 220)

I have a vendetta, an unappeased longing for vengeance. [...] an impersonal vendetta, an unappeased conscience crying in the wilderness, a river of tears in the desert. What right have I to live? (p. 178)

George Winterbourne

Private Bourne

The Middle Parts of Fortune (1929) de Frederic Manning

Giles Winterborne

The Woodlanders (1887) de Thomas Hardy

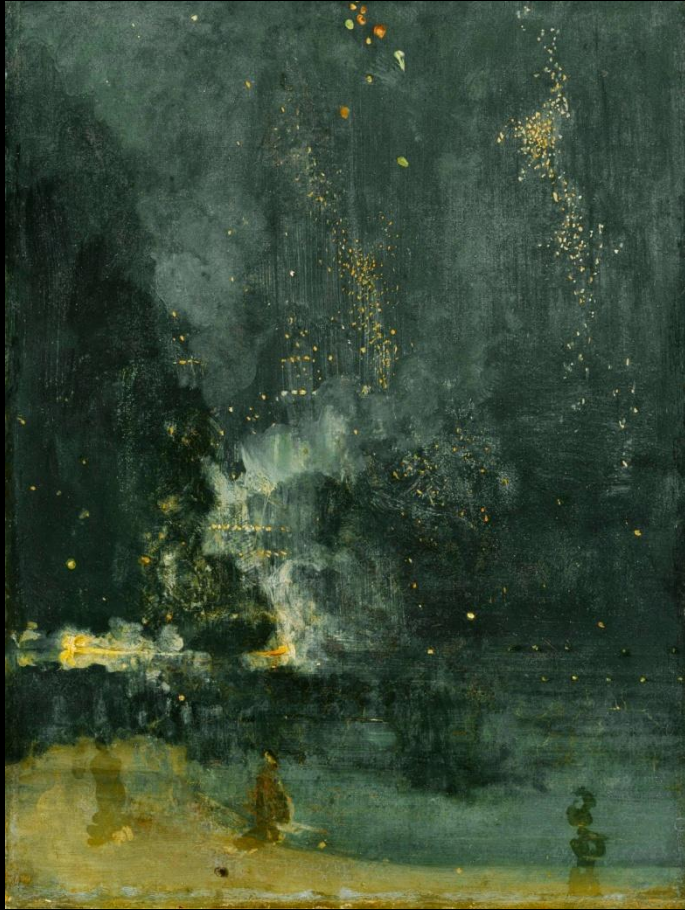
They used their intelligence, they actually used their intelligence, before embarking on a joint sexual experience. That's **the great break** in the generations.
(p. 149)

For Winterbourne the battle was a timeless confusion, a chaos of noise, fatigue, anxiety and horror. He did not know how many days and nights it lasted, lost completely the sequence of events, found **great gaps** in his conscious memory. He did know that he was profoundly affected by it, that **it made a cut** in his life and personality. (p. 293)

A life, they say, may be considered as a point of light which suddenly appears out of nowhere, out of the blue. The point describes a luminous geometrical figure in space-time; and then just as suddenly disappears. (p. 1)

James Abbott McNeill Whistler

Nocturne in Black and Gold – The Falling Rocket (1875)





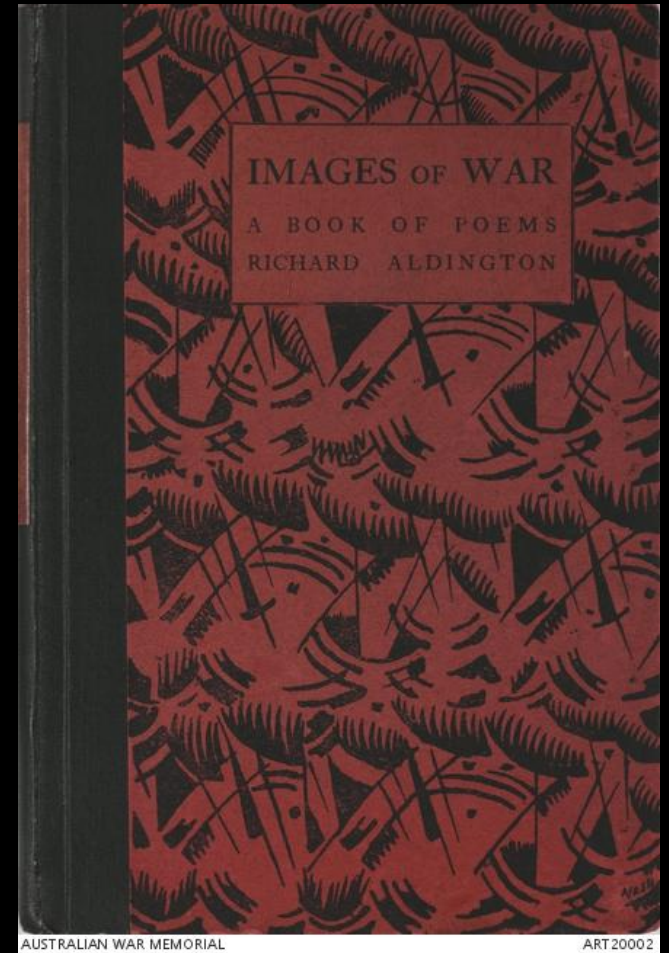
TRENCH IDYLL

WE SAT together in the trench,
He on a lump of frozen earth
Blown in the night before,
I on an unexploded shell;
And smoked and talked, like exiles,
Of how pleasant London was,
Its women, restaurants, night clubs, theatres,
How at that very hour
The taxi-cabs were taking folks to dine . . .
Then we sat silent for a while
As a machine-gun swept the parapet.

Richard Aldington, *Images of War*
(Beaumont Press, 1919)

Couverture de l'édition originale
Réalisée par Paul Nash

(19,6 x 13,5 cm)





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GWASG GREGYNOG

Harry Brockway

Jeremy Hooker

John Sewell

(18 x 28 cm)

