

## AIR WAR PROPHECY AND INTERWAR MODERNISM

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The sirens sound. Schoolchildren, factory hands, housewives, office workers, one and all don their gas masks. Whirring planes overhead lay down a blanket of protective smoke. Cellars open to receive their refugees. Red Cross stations to succor the stricken and the wounded are opened at improvised shelters: underground vaults yawn to receive the gold and securities of the banks: masked men in asbestos suits attempt to gather up the fallen incendiary bombs. Presently the anti-aircraft guns sputter. Fear vomits: poison crawls through the pores. Whether the attack is arranged or real, it produces similar psychological effects. Plainly, terrors more devastating and demoralizing than any known in the ancient jungle or cave have been re-introduced into modern urban existence. Panting, choking, spluttering, cringing, hating, the dweller in Megalopolis dies, by anticipation, a thousand deaths. Fear is thus fixed into routine: the constant anxiety over war produces by itself a collective psychosis comparable to that which active warfare might develop. Waves of fear and hatred rise in the metropolis and spread by means of the newspaper and the newsreel and the radio program to the most distant provinces.<sup>1</sup>

The above passage, from Lewis Mumford's *The Culture of Cities* (1938), describes a sequence of events in what Mumford calls the "war capital" or "war metropolis." The events constitute an emergency, clearly, but for Mumford they are more importantly a *routine*: the metropolis, in this account, is a space where the civil defense crisis has become ritualized, quotidian, a general rather than an exceptional case: the city, in other words,

as battlefield or trauma ward. But more unnerving than this depiction of the routinization of emergency, more disturbing even than its vivid and primitivist take on urban terror, is Mumford's claim that "Whether the attack is arranged or real, it produces similar effects." The disaster that arrives and the disaster that may be about to arrive have equal powers here to engender a "collective psychosis"; the real war and the rehearsal for war become psychotically indistinct, nearly interchangeable backdrops before which the highly automated ritual of anticipation, dread, and mass-traumatization is enacted. By refusing to identify the event he describes as real or as rehearsal, Mumford suspends his reader, too, between the horror of the event and the horror of the drill in preparation for it, in the very space of future conditional anxiety inhabited by the war capital's citizens. In that space, the reader experiences at the hands of Mumford's tightly regulated prose a miniaturized version of what the citizen experiences in the air raid drill: "the materialization of a skillfully evoked nightmare" (275).

Entitled "A Brief Description of Hell," the section of *The Culture of Cities* that recounts the air raid alert does so in order to provide one example of a more general phenomenon: the assault on "all the higher activities of society" by what, masquerading as peacetime, is "equally a state of war: the passive war of propaganda, war-indoctrination, war-rehearsal: a preliminary maneuvering for position" (278; 275). In what follows I wish to take seriously Mumford's suggestion that a "collective psychosis" might be instigated by pre-war anxiety—that is, by the *eventuality* of a future conditional war as much as by the actual *event* of war. However, what is for Mumford only an example—the aerial bombardment of cities as a military practice that occasioned disciplined civilian rehearsals—will be my main ground. I argue that the memory and dread of aerial bombing not only figured prominently in interwar public discourse and the concurrent urban imaginary, but also constituted the locus classicus for a kind of proleptic mass-traumatization, a pre-traumatic stress syndrome whose symptoms arose in response to an anticipated rather than an already realized catastrophe. Making such an argument will entail treating the lexicon of futurity—terms such as *premonition*, *prevision*, *prophecy*, *prolepsis*, *foresight*, *forethought*, *anticipation*—in a non-magical fashion, or, better, as addressing the counterintuitive magic of the symptom rather than some mystified oracular power. I will suggest that among the symptoms of this pre-traumatic stress syndrome or "collective psychosis" of anticipation are the celebrated interwar modernist city texts, whose attempts to write the social totality should be seen, in part, as attempts to archive the city against the increasing

likelihood of its erasure.<sup>2</sup> These attempts to write the city as a total web or network of social, spatial, and economic interrelations, moreover, replayed in a different register an argument that was being made in military elites by the so-called “prophets” of air power: namely, that because no person or space or institution or form of labor was finally dissociable from a nation’s war effort, entire cities and all citizens should be considered legitimate targets for indiscriminate aerial bombings. It will be important here to bear in mind that the attitudes of the novelist and the bombing strategist toward the urban network were not simply or diametrically opposed. The modernist project of archiving the city did not only work “against” the possibility of the city’s eradication but potentially worked toward it as well. As the German “Baedeker raids” on British cultural centers demonstrated (1942), the exhaustive mapping, cataloguing, and narrating of urban space performed by both the Baedeker guidebooks and the modernist city text could be conscripted to the city’s destruction as well as to its preservation.

The more notorious city-bombings of World War II have eclipsed or at least diminished their antecedents in historical memory, but both the dread and the theory of future aerial bombardment during the interwar years were anchored firmly in the experience and memory of the Great War. Between 1914 and 1918, bombs dropped from airplanes and airships by both sides killed more than 2,000 people and injured nearly 5,000 others. German zeppelin and bomber raids on London between May 1915 and May 1918 set 224 fires, destroyed 174 buildings, seriously damaged 619 more, and caused total damages in excess of £2,000,000.<sup>3</sup> These raids also induced panic among civilians, whose stampedes resulted in several fatalities. Postwar bombing surveys, designed to assess wartime damage in order to inform air services’ future bombing plans, discovered that the material damage caused by bombs was outweighed by their “indirect effects,” which included the disruption of factories and railways by raids and alerts, drops in production levels owing to worker evacuation and absenteeism, and morale-damage to workers in target areas. A British survey of German chemical and munitions factories showed that frequent *false* alarms had in some cases caused larger output deficits than had the damage inflicted by actual bombing raids. The same report claimed that the loss of production due to disrupted manufacturing and distribution processes was amplified by the fact that “constant alarms and raids ruined [workers’] nerves, in some cases for life.”<sup>4</sup> Other findings contested the degree to which bombing alerts and raids had weakened the morale of the bombed. But whatever the actual experience of those on the ground had been, the surveys that followed the

Great War helped lock in two emerging strategies in modern warfare: the targeting of the enemy's entire industrial matrix, including worker housing; and the targeting of civilian morale both by physical bombs and by the psychological threat of bombs. By 1920, when the survey reports were issued, the routinized anxiety later described by Mumford had been recognized by military strategists as a potent psychological weapon. Regardless of whether bombs actually fell, the air raid siren, with its power to create a climate of dreadful and disruptive expectation, had been weaponized.<sup>5</sup>

By the late 1930s, of course, premonitions of the next war had saturated mass culture in the U.K. and on the Continent; the H. G. Wells and Alexander Korda film *Things to Come* (1936), with its opening scene of aerial bombardment, poison gas attacks, and mass death in "Everytown," offers only the most infamous example. One would be surprised, in a way, *not* to find a reference to the past and future bombing of cities in Mumford's book. But my contention here seems more counterintuitive: that a related, if less extreme, premonitory syndrome might be found not just in the early- and mid-1920s, but in the "high" modernist literary texts of that period as well. In *Reading 1922*, Michael North notes that the *Daily Mail* denominated that year as England's "first real postwar year, when 'signs of, and restrictions connected with, the Great War were finally abolished,' a return to normalcy that seemed to be symbolized in the press by the wedding of Princess Mary."<sup>6</sup> But if the arrival of the postwar period entailed a return to peacetime pursuits for most people, for international jurists and military planners it involved laying the groundwork for the next war, both in international law and in war theory. In fulfillment of a resolution passed at the 1921–22 Conference on the Limitation of Armament at Washington, D.C., a commission of jurists convened in December 1922 in The Hague to consider amending the international laws of warfare to incorporate two "new agencies of warfare": the radio and the airplane. Consisting of legal and technical delegations from six countries (France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, and the U.S.), the Commission met until the middle of February 1923, at which point it had arrived at a draft convention whose sixty-two Articles were to be taken home by the delegations and ratified by the participant nations.

Though the Hague Commission was comprised of state delegations, there was a sense among jurists that it had arisen in response to public concern more than out of legal or technical necessity.<sup>7</sup> That public concern, as the Commission's president (U.S. judge John Bassett Moore) noted, was concentrated around "the preservation of the distinction between combat-

ants and non-combatants, especially as affected by aerial bombardment. [. . .] The Commission is now face to face with the question of preserving this great principle, for the benefit of the present generation and of future generations."<sup>8</sup> Though several delegations had lobbied for more comprehensive prohibitions, the Commission finally reached unanimity on the following pivotal Articles:

Article 22.

Aerial bombardment for the purposes of terrorizing the civilian population, of destroying or damaging private property not of military character, or of injuring non-combatants is prohibited.  
[. . .]

Article 24.

(1) Aerial bombardment is legitimate only when directed at a military objective, that is to say, an object of which the destruction or injury would constitute a distinct military advantage to the belligerent.

(2) Such bombardment is legitimate only when directed exclusively at the following objectives: military forces; military works; military establishments or depots; factories constituting important and well-known centers engaged in the manufacture of arms, ammunition or distinctively military supplies; lines of communication or transportation used for military purposes.

(3) The bombardment of cities, towns, villages, dwellings or buildings not in the immediate neighborhood of the operations of land forces is prohibited. In cases where the objectives specified in paragraph 2 are so situated, that they cannot be bombarded without the indiscriminate bombardment of the civilian population, the aircraft must abstain from bombardment.

(4) In the immediate neighborhood of the operations of land forces, the bombardment of cities, towns, villages, dwellings or buildings is legitimate provided that there exists a reasonable presumption that the military concentration is sufficiently important to justify such bombardment, having regard to the danger thus caused to the civilian population.

(5) A belligerent State is liable to pay compensation for injuries to person or to property caused by the violation by any of its officers or forces of the provisions of this article.<sup>9</sup>

Article 24 was written to replace a vaguer provision in Article 25 of the 1907 Hague Convention IV forbidding “The attack or bombardment, by any means whatsoever, of undefended towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings.” Critics of the earlier provision pointed out that the criterion of “defense” did not fairly or rationally correlate to a city’s military industrial importance—that it made “undefended” manufacturing centers immune to bombardment while leaving trivially “defended” cities that lacked war industry plants open to bombing. Moreover, the projected growth of air power would change the very nature of “defense”; as Paul Whitcomb Williams put it, “a vastly augmented and almost ubiquitous air force [. . .] in a sense confers upon every town the distinction of being defended, and consequently of being destroyed.”<sup>10</sup> But Williams went on in 1929 to complain that the new 1923 draft convention had introduced fatal ambiguities of its own:

Who can say what are “distinctively military supplies” in wartime when so much of the output of almost every factory producing anything from jam to steel goes to assist the conduct of military operations? No doubt this provision was designed to exclude jam factories and include woolen mills making army clothing, for example, but who shall say that meat is less important to an army in the field than raiment, and why should aircraft be permitted to bomb one and not the other? (576–77)

Under emerging warfare trends, Williams argued, in which combatants “regard the industrial sinews of a state as vital and sufficiently related to the military arm as to be properly subject to attack [. . .] it is no longer possible to distinguish at all times and as sharply between the men at the front and the workers in the factories” (560). With the whole productive power of industrial nations feeding into their war efforts, no product or factory or worker could be detached from the military industrial complex and thereby exempted from bombing. Now that jam had been militarized, jam should be targetable. It was no wonder, Williams added, that rather than surrender their rights to bomb an enemy’s “industrial sinews” up and down their full length, the prospective signatories had so far, as of 1929, left the Hague Commission’s rules unratified. By the outbreak of war in 1939, the rules were still only draft rules, and though the belligerents voluntarily observed them during the first months of the war, the rules were quickly forgotten in the escalations of area bombings that became common practice during most of the Second World War.

1922, international modernism's *annus mirabilis*, saw not only the initiation of the Hague Commission but crucial developments in the classical air power theory that would eventually fill the vacuum left by the Commission's unratified draft convention. In that year, Mussolini appointed his new regime's first sub-secretary of aeronautics, Giulio Douhet, a professional soldier who was also an amateur novelist, painter, and poet, a friend of D'Annunzio's, and an admirer of the Futurist F. T. Marinetti. During World War I, the outspoken Douhet had been court-martialed and jailed for criticizing the Italian general staff's air power strategy and making dire predictions about how it would affect the outcome of the war; his commission was eventually restored when his forecasts were borne out in the Italian army's defeat by the Austrian Air Force at Caporetto. Douhet was promoted to Brigadier General in 1921, the year his *Il Dominio dell'Aria* [*The Command of the Air*] was published by the Italian Ministry of War. The book eventually became its generation's definitive work of air power advocacy, and its influence and reputation extended well beyond Italy. Though no German translation appeared until 1935 and no official English one until 1942, unpublished translations were circulating in the RAF and the U.S. Army Air Corps during the late 1920s, by which point Douhet's name and theories were also frequently mentioned in the pages of *Militär-Wochenblatt*, a semi-official journal of the German army.<sup>11</sup> By the outbreak of World War II, the basic position articulated in *Il Dominio dell'Aria* had become, whether by direct influence or by parallel development, the basis for the major air power theories, particularly those of William Mitchell and Alexander de Seversky in the U.S. and Jan Christian Smuts and Hugh Trenchard in the U.K.

Along with Douhet, these men became known as the "prophets" of classical air power theory. In the case of Douhet, who published his lectures and essays from the teens and twenties as *Le Profezie di Cassandra* [*The Prophecies of Cassandra*] (1931), the sobriquet announced his transformation from spurned into vindicated oracle during World War I, beginning with his 1909 prediction that "the sky too is about to become a battlefield."<sup>12</sup> But the name owed also to his conviction that when dealing with a technology as young as aviation, the analysis of past wars was useless in theorizing future ones. "Dimentichiamo, per carità, la passata guerra!" ["In the name of charity, let us forget the last war!"] he wrote, and many pages of *Il Dominio dell'Aria* and its sequels are written in a clairvoyant future tense, about a coming war that will take place in the maturity rather than the bygone infancy of aviation:

Per suo mezzo, la guerra può far sentire la sua ripercussione diretta oltre la più lunga gittata delle armi da fuoco impiegate sulla superficie, per centinaia e centinaia di chilometri, su tutto il territorio ed il mare nemico. Non più possono esistere zone in cui la vita possa trascorrere in completa sicurezza e con relativa tranquillità. Non più il campo di battaglia potrà venire limitato: esso sarà solo circoscritto dai confini delle nazioni in lotta: tutti diventano combattenti perchè tutti sono soggetti alle dirette offese del nemico: più non può sussistere una divisione fra belligeranti e non belligeranti.

Il fatto brutale, ma innegabile, che deve imporsi all'nostra mente e scuoterla, è questo: il più forte Esercito schierato sulle Alpi e la più forte Marina incrociante nei nostri mari, allo stato attuale della tecnica aeronautica, non potrebbero far nulla di effettivamente pratico per impedire, dato un conflitto, che un nemico, convenientemente preparato, ci distrugga, se tale fosse il suo beneplacito, Roma, Milano, Venezia, od una qualunque delle nostre cento città.<sup>13</sup>

[By virtue of this new weapon, the repercussions of war are no longer limited by the farthest artillery range of surface guns, but can be felt directly for hundreds and hundreds of miles over all the lands and seas of nations at war. No longer can areas exist in which life can be lived in safety and tranquility, nor can the battlefield any longer be limited to actual combatants. On the contrary, the battlefield will be limited only by the boundaries of the nations at war, and all of their citizens will become combatants, since all of them will be exposed to the aerial offensives of the enemy. There will be no distinction any longer between soldiers and civilians.

The brutal but inescapable conclusion we must draw is this: in face of the technical development of aviation today, in case of war the strongest army we can deploy in the Alps and the strongest navy we can dispose on our seas will prove no effective defense against determined efforts of the enemy to bomb our cities.]<sup>14</sup>

Despite having blurred the lines between soldier and factory worker, uniforms and jam, Williams and thinkers of his ilk remained ultimately invested in the difference between soldiers and civilians, arguing that widening the radius of permissible targets was the only way to get major powers to

sustain any kind of legal distinction between combatants and non-combatants. By contrast, Douhet and the other prophets of air power simultaneously predicted and promoted the final liquidation of that distinction, collapsing the distance between military fronts and home fronts, positing the city as the proving ground of an accelerated and total war; as British air power advocate J. M. Spaight put it, “the attacks on the towns will be the war.”<sup>15</sup> During the 1920s, the prophets of air power fought mostly rearguard bureaucratic actions within their own militaries and governments, combating a postwar preference for disarmament in making the case not only for increased spending on the buildup of air power but for the creation of air forces as independent rather than ancillary agencies. But the unratified 1923 Hague rules were evidence that the Commission’s “great principle”—in Moore’s words, “the preservation of the distinction between combatants and non-combatants, especially as affected by aerial bombardment”—had been weakened by the terror bombings of World War I, and that prospective signatories were unwilling to rule out the targeting of their adversaries’ urban factories, military industrial workers, and civilian morale in a future war. The heat-death of the Hague Commission, in other words, testified to a climate more and more hospitable to Douhet’s theories. As they gained influence and credibility internationally in the late twenties and on through the thirties, Douhetian paradigms prepared the way for a wartime future—one containing the London Blitz, Lübeck, the Baedeker raids, Hamburg, Dresden, Tokyo, Hiroshima, Nagasaki—that would consecrate the rough forecasts of interwar air power theorists as prophecy.

*Il Dominio dell’Aria* advises beginning a war with such devastating air strikes and poison gas attacks that the adversary’s citizenry revolts against its military leadership, demanding capitulation before land forces have had time to engage one another. Douhet’s claim that bombing would demoralize the bombed to the point of provoking their political revolt is one instance where his prophecies proved famously wrong: if bombing cities in World War II did not always strengthen the resolve of the civilians, it never resulted in their rising against the state to demand a surrender.<sup>16</sup> But however much this prediction of Douhet’s went astray, the anecdote with which he illustrates it is eerily descriptive of both the interwar years and the collective psychosis of the bombed, linking them through the centrality of catastrophic anticipation—that is, both the anticipation of catastrophe and an anticipation that is itself psychologically catastrophic. Douhet writes:

Necessariamente un dissolvimento deve prodursi, un dissolvimento profondo di tutto l’organismo, e non può mancare di giungere

rapidamente il momento in cui, per sfuggire all'angoscia, le popolazioni, sospinte unicamente dall'istinto della conservazione, richiederanno, a qualunque condizione, la cessazione della lotta.

Forse prima che l'esercito abbia potuto mobilitarsi e la flotta uscire dai porti.

Ed al lettore, cui sembri che in questo quadro io abbia caricato le tinte, rammento che cosa è avvenuto, per esempio, a Brescia nel momento in cui si svolgevano i funerali delle vittime del bombardamento aereo di qualche giorno prima, bombardamento trascurabile di fronte a quelli che prospetto, in seguito al panico prodotto nella folla da un uccello che, agli occhi esaltati di qualcuno, venne scambiato per un aeroplano. (66)

[A complete breakdown of the social structure cannot but take place in a country subjected to this kind of merciless pounding from the air. The time would soon come when, to put an end to horror and suffering, the people themselves, driven by the instinct of self-preservation, would rise up and demand an end to the war—this before their army and navy had time to mobilize at all! The reader who thinks I have overcolored the picture has only to recall the panic created at Brescia when, during funeral services for the victims of an earlier bombing—a negligible one compared with the one I have pictured here—one of the mourners mistook a bird for an enemy plane. (58–59)]

It is bad enough that the experience of being bombed should make every bird look like the next bomber. But for that apparition to arrive during the commemoration and interment of bombing victims, for it to turn mourning into an occasion for mass panic, suggests the power of aerial bombardment, as both a practice and a sustained threat, to rend chronology itself. The temporality of mourning—a looking backward in order that one may come to live forward again—is split open and made to accommodate a more violent futurity: the dread that accompanies the future conditional arrival of the next catastrophe. This co-presence of mourning and anticipatory panic—this interruption of mourning by a panic that forcibly returns the mourner to the originary scene of loss—characterizes not only the experiences of victims of repeated aerial bombardments, but, in a more general sense, the uncanniness peculiar to an interwar period conscious of its suspension between a past war and a likely future one.

The verb tenses in which the “prophets” of air power thought and wrote, then, bound them weirdly to the victims of the bombings they predicted—to the about-to-be-bombed or the potentially-bombed who awaited the arrival of bombers that, as Stanley Baldwin foretold in 1932, “would always get through.”<sup>17</sup> Though Douhet’s work imperfectly grasps it, this newly emergent strain of urban dread was not just epiphenomenal to air power; it was air power’s essence. The notion that coercion might be more effectively secured through expected rather than realized devastation, a notion only latent in Douhet, would become a rudiment of Cold War air power strategy thanks to key formulations such as Thomas C. Schelling’s in *Arms and Influence* (1966): “To be coercive, violence has to be anticipated. [. . .] It is the expectation of *more* violence that gets the wanted behavior, if the power to hurt can get it at all.”<sup>18</sup> This is nuclear deterrence strategy in a nutshell, and as such is concerned with the coercion of states; but the civilian bodies against whom that expected violence threatens to discharge itself cannot register coercion in the way a state can, by altering its alliances, its foreign policy, or its military posture; they register it, instead, in something like the “collective psychosis” described by Mumford—in a permanent and somatized version of the panic felt by the mourners at Brescia.

I suggested earlier that the air raid alert had, as a result of the bombing assessments following the Great War, been recognized as a weapon whose power rivaled that of the airborne bomb. This power lay not in the alert’s ability to inflict physical damage, obviously, but in its capacity to disrupt industrial war efforts and shatter the citizenry’s peace of mind. The same assessments implied that the panic induced by false alarms was in some ways more disruptive than that caused by actual raids. Unlike the realized physical violence of a raid, a false alarm provides no catharsis for the sense of endangerment it produces; it mobilizes anxiety without providing it with a kinetic outlet. Thus the very falsity of the alarm emphasizes a condition of hideously prolonged expectation, a state of emergency that is both perennial, in having been detached from the arrival of violence in a singular event, and horribly deferred—the advance symptom of a disaster still to come. In her diary entry for February 1, 1915 Virginia Woolf recorded how the mere threat of zeppelin raids, four months before bombs actually fell on London, had produced a continuous state of apprehensiveness and frayed nerves among Londoners during the Great War:

In St. James Street there was a terrific explosion; people came running out of Clubs; stopped still & gazed about them. But there was

no Zeppelin or aeroplane—only, I suppose, a very large tyre burst. But it is really an instinct with me, & most people, I suppose, to turn any sudden noise, or dark object in the sky into an explosion, or a German aeroplane. And it always seems utterly impossible that one should be hurt.<sup>19</sup>

The everyday urban sounds of a tire bursting or a car backfiring have been rewritten as signs of bombardment, occasions for scanning the sky even as the writer's saving sense of her own immunity from harm comes to her aid. That the 1915 incident made a lasting impression on Woolf seems clear from its turning up in her novel *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), in whose opening pages "a pistol shot in the street outside," a "violent explosion" coming from a royal car in Bond Street, causes Clarissa to jump and draws the attention of passers-by to the car and its exalted passenger.<sup>20</sup> That the event recorded in the diary has been shorn of its air raid referent in the novel, or rather split into an explosion and the subsequent appearance of a skywriting plane, attests not only to the postwar moment of *Mrs. Dalloway* but also to the fact that the raw material—and the raw nerve—of that postwar moment is still the war itself.

Set in 1923, *Mrs. Dalloway* reminds us early on that "The War was over, except for some one like Mrs. Foxcroft at the Embassy last night eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed and now the old Manor House must go to a cousin; or Lady Bexborough who opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John her favourite, killed; but it was over; thank Heaven—over" (5). Four-and-a-half years have elapsed since the war's end, yet the credibility of the pronouncement that "The War was over" is nearly breached by the exceptions the narrator makes for those bereaved civilians whose grief recognizes no Armistice. Mediating Clarissa's thoughts through free and indirect discourse, the narrator's "but it was over; thank Heaven—over" asserts closure as an ongoing psychic performance rather than testifying to it as an accomplished historical fact. If "the high singing of some aeroplane overhead" joins brass bands and barrel organs among the sounds Clarissa loves in "this moment of June" (4), it may do so thanks to a similarly forced and uneasy assertion of closure: the war machine is now, thank Heaven, a singer of benign peacetime songs—isn't it? The wartime translation of a burst tire into a bombing raid seems at last to have been reversed, but the demilitarized song of the plane still sounds some overtone of threat in the text, triggering, with all its nervous qualifications, the narrator's insistence in the next paragraph that "The War was

over." Though the hostilities have ceased, the funeral for the war dead is clearly still underway—those lost are still mourned as if their loss were fresh, the present is still defined as the aftermath of a war nearly five years gone—and as a consequence the winged objects overhead retain their potential for deadly transformation.

It is this sense of suspended, future-conditional violence rather than any direct representation of wartime panic that makes *Mrs. Dalloway* the closest analogue in interwar modernist fiction to the apparition of the bird/bomber over Brescia. In Douhet's account, the mourners' panic is less the point than the fact that bombardment has reorganized their perceptual reflexes: they are now predisposed to misread an airborne object by the light of past violence or to take on faith the misperceptions of others. Now, even the interval between raids, or between wars, has been disquieted by the survivor's obsessive query: is this the return of violence, or just a false alarm? Again, this drawn-out suspension between false and true alarm is not, as Mumford recognized, just a legacy of violence, but a new incarnation of violence, an uncertainty so dire and so prolonged that the psychic wound it inflicts can outlast a war by many years. Having sung overhead during Clarissa's morning walk through Westminster, the plane reappears shortly after the "pistol shot" of the motorcar, as if summoned by that false alarm to a second scene of anxious reading. This time the reading is literal: the plane performs a cryptic skywriting that the crowds in Bond Street and Regent's Park attempt, uneasily and inconclusively, to parse.

Suddenly Mrs. Coates looked up into the sky. The sound of an aeroplane bored ominously into the ears of the crowd. There it was coming over the trees, letting out white smoke from behind, which curled and twisted, actually writing something! making letters in the sky! Every one looked up.

Dropping dead down the aeroplane soared straight up, curved in a loop, raced, sank, rose, and whatever it did, wherever it went, out fluttered behind it a thick ruffled bar of white smoke which curled and wreathed upon the sky in letters. But what letters?

All down the Mall people were standing and looking up into the sky. As they looked the whole world became perfectly silent, and a flight of gulls crossed the sky, first one gull leading, then another, and in this extraordinary silence and peace, in this pallor, in this purity, bells struck eleven times, the sound fading up there among the gulls.

The aeroplane turned and raced and swooped exactly where it liked, swiftly, freely, like a skater. (20–21)

In the surprising amount of commentary it has provoked, the motor-car/skywriting sequence in Woolf's novel has been read as signaling everything from the supersession of human by technological authority to the new ascendancy of commercial over royal spectacle in the national imaginary. For Gillian Beer the skywriting functions as "an image of equalizing as opposed to hierarchy, of freedom and play. [. . .] Each person reads the plane's message differently. [. . .] The communality is not in single meaning but in the free access to meaning. [. . .] The aeroplane figures as the free spirit of the modern age returning the eye to the purity of a sky which has 'escaped registration.'" Beer adds that "the aeroplane in *Mrs. Dalloway* is no war-machine. Its frivolity is part of postwar relief."<sup>21</sup> Jennifer Wicke, too, cautions against conflating the skywriter and the warplane: "Precisely what is not meant, it seems to me, is that this airplane is the mere replica of that other engine of destruction. Here the airplane, for good or ill, is an ineluctable feature of modernity capable of hieroglyphic play, of hierophantic writing [. . .] emblematic of all writing under the sign of mass culture."<sup>22</sup> Vincent Sherry, by contrast, underscores the "ominous" sound of the plane, its "dropping dead down," and the connections between skywriting and the Air Ministry, which saw the practice as a commercially funded way to keep combat pilots in training. Sherry adds that the numerology of the eleventh hour, which strikes as the onlookers strive to read the skywriting, would have had a particular significance for the novel's postwar readership: "The recent war, which ended officially on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, still owns this number by rights of association as heavy as those ritualized, already annually ceremonialized memories [i.e., the minute of "Great Silence" that yearly commemorated the Armistice]."<sup>23</sup> The bells that break the silence of aerial writing and reading signal, in Sherry's account, mourning and memorialization more than postwar relief.

Given the military origins and potential of skywriting, one might argue that the aeroplane's significance in *Mrs. Dalloway* is not exclusively commercial or military but a new amalgam of the two; the power of the scene would emanate, then, not just from the confluence of consumer culture with gigantic scale and hierophantic mystery, but from the cohering of all three phenomena around the armature of a wartime technology that had all too recently terrorized civilians.<sup>24</sup> But the tendency in the novel's critics to assign the aeroplane either a military or a commercial significance confirms, in a way, the scene's power to transmit the characters' dire uncertainty to its readers, delegating to those readers the anxious work of assigning a value to a dangerously ambiguous object—the work, that is, of distinguishing between a true and a false alarm. Having depicted the skittishness

of the interwar urban civilian, *Mrs. Dalloway* also inflicts that skittishness on its readers by placing them among war survivors in a scene of high-stakes reading: standing on the ground amid the onlookers, the reader struggles alongside them not only to parse the gnomic skywritten message but also to ascertain the intentions of the writing machine. And if, as the *London Times* reported in 1922, skywriting “obviously thrills and fascinates everybody who sees it,” it did not succeed in totally eliminating the wartime association of planes over cities with bombardment.<sup>25</sup> As late as 1932, the Air Defences of Great Britain exercises were moved away from London to allay civilians’ anxieties; not only was the Geneva disarmament conference taking place concurrently but, as Biddle notes, “bombers over London seemed to have the effect of underscoring the concerns given voice in the popular fiction of the day.”<sup>26</sup> Unlike those popular fictions—a host of twenties and thirties science fiction novels including *Theodore Savage* (1922), *Ragnarok* (1926), *Europe at the Abyss* (1933), *Invasion from the Air* (1934), *The Day of Wrath* (1936), and *Air Reprisal* (1938)—*Mrs. Dalloway* neither describes bombing raids nor imagines the dystopian future of a bombed-out world.<sup>27</sup> Both its memory and its anticipation of the civilian-as-target are more attenuated, etched not in descriptions of realized violence but in scenes of imperiled aerial reading and in the alertness of its war-survivor characters, whose nerves have not yet heard the “All Clear.”

If the aeroplane in Woolf’s novel is an object of fearful ambiguity, even an embodiment of illegible alterity, what does one make of the fact that *Mrs. Dalloway*’s narrator seems to sit in its cockpit? One function of the skywriting scene is to tell the story of its readers, the crowd of Londoners and London visitors whose attention is first arrested by the appearance of the royal motorcar and then drawn away by the aeroplane. Coming from heterogeneous class backgrounds, the members of this crowd briefly constitute an audience thanks to the two spectacles they witness, yet the narrative emphasizes the disunity and variety of their responses to both car and plane. The skywriting, in particular, attracts a collectivized attention without succeeding in totalizing or dominating the collective through a coherent, authoritative message. Through the agency of the narrator, however, the onlookers’ unspoken reactions to the spectacles of car and plane are given voice, salted with details about those characters’ pasts and class identities and itineraries, and assembled in an image of the social totality; they are the first large-scale illustration of the gossamer social web in which the novel is so interested, and of which the central illustration will be the mysterious connection between Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Smith—be-

tween an M.P.'s upper-class wife and a petty-bourgeois Great War veteran she will never meet. *Mrs. Dalloway's* narrator achieves these radiant portraits of the social matrix by way of extraordinary powers of mobility, penetration, observation, and juxtaposition—by, in effect, turning and racing and swooping exactly where she likes, swiftly, freely, like a skater. Small wonder, then, that the narrator's descriptions of the aeroplane over London read like self-description, become sites for the assertion and exhibition of the narrator's mobility, cartographic precision, and highly reticulated vision:

Ah, but that aeroplane! Hadn't Mrs. Dempster always longed to see foreign parts? She had a nephew, a missionary. It soared and shot. She always went on the sea at Margate, not out o'sight of land, but she had no patience with women who were afraid of water. It swept and fell. Her stomach was in her mouth. Up again. There's a fine young feller aboard of it, Mrs. Dempster wagered, and away and away it went, fast and fading, away and away the aeroplane shot; soaring over Greenwich and all the masts; over the little island of grey churches, St. Paul's and the rest till, on either side of London, fields spread out and dark brown woods where adventurous thrushes hopping boldly, glancing quickly, snatched the snail and tapped him on a stone, once, twice, thrice. (27–28)

Only a narrator who can move effortlessly from Mrs. Dempster's disappointments to a panoramic overview of London airspace to a thrush's tapping a snail on a stone, the passage suggests, is capable of tracing the filaments of feeling, information, and fellow-suffering across the metropolis to connect Clarissa with Septimus.<sup>28</sup> Affiliated with the aeroplane's mobility and capacity for penetrating overview, the narrator seems to admit the aeroplane into her own airspace in order either to imitate it or to outperform it in the registers of sympathetic and high-resolution seeing.

To the extent the narrator finds an avatar in the aeroplane's mobile point of view, the onlooker's anxious questions of the plane must also be asked of the narrator: what are the intentions behind this narratorial reconnaissance? What resolution might be lost by its high-altitude view? Of what sorts of violence—or commerce—might this narrator be capable? In October 1922, Woolf recorded in her diary that her short story "Mrs. Dalloway in Bond Street" had "branched into a book," adding "I adumbrate here a study of insanity & suicide: the world seen by the sane & the insane side by side."<sup>29</sup> Whether or not Clarissa and Septimus are exhaustively described

as “the sane & the insane,” there is no denying that *Mrs. Dalloway* puts them “side by side” in a kind of novelistic stereovision, a juxtaposition of related but non-identical foreground figures.<sup>30</sup> Much work on the novel during the last two decades has focused on a stereopair different from “the sane & the insane”: that of the civilian and the soldier. The early pages of the novel appear to establish the discreteness of these categories: if for Clarissa the war is “over; thank Heaven—over,” for the shell-shocked Septimus “the world wavered and quivered and threatened to burst into flames” (15). He is still visited by the apparition of his commanding officer Evans, killed in Italy just before the Armistice, who sings to him how “the dead were in Thessaly [. . .] among the orchids. There they waited until the War was over” (70). Septimus sees himself during a delusional episode as a “giant mourner” with “legions of men prostrate behind him”; for the combatant, then, the traumatic aftereffects of the war overwhelm the present, whereas non-combatants like Clarissa seem free to buy flowers, mend a dress, meditate on aging, plan a party. Yet, as we have seen, even the early pages of *Mrs. Dalloway* acknowledge that civilians, too—Mrs. Foxcroft at the Embassy, Lady Bexborough—number among those for whom the war has not ended. For these civilians, the war has come home indirectly, through the battle-deaths of loved ones. But for others, the war has been more literally brought home: Clarissa’s aunt, old Miss Parry, is described as “an indomitable Englishwoman, fretful if disturbed by the War, say, which dropped a bomb at her very door, from her deep meditation over orchids and her own figure journeying in the ‘sixties in India” (178). In conditions of total war the bombs come calling like houseguests, and the domestic threshold, formerly a space for welcoming or warding off social calls, is made to receive more disastrous visitations. Whereas the “indomitable Englishwoman” in mid-Victorian India was at least theoretically protected from military violence by the “figure” she cut—by her gender and by her racial and social consecration as a *memsahib*—the same woman at home in England during the Great War enjoys no such protection. The bomb at Miss Parry’s door, blind to distinctions of gender, race, and class, signals the growing conflation of combatant and non-combatant, the remaking of the civilian as a target.

It would be going too far, of course, to suggest that *Mrs. Dalloway* connects Clarissa and Septimus solely in order to collapse the distinction between civilian and soldier or to endorse that collapse. The novel seems principally to link them through coincidental similarities of temperament and experience: they share a history of illness and a dread of doctors who worship the sister goddesses, Proportion and Conversion; they have both

witnessed the motorcar in Bond Street and the aeroplane above it; they can apprehend the coalescence of chatter and accident, occasionally, in a moment of radiant presence. Though they belong to utterly discontinuous classes, their social radii intersect: at her party, Clarissa learns from the wife of Septimus's doctor that "a young man [. . .] had killed himself. He had been in the army" (183), and this news precipitates Clarissa's feeling "somehow very like him—the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away. [. . .] He made her feel the beauty; made her feel the fun" (186). Even more intimate is the link forged between Clarissa and Septimus by narratorial echoes in scenes a hundred pages apart. Mending her dress for the party after she has completed her errands, Clarissa recalls a passage she read earlier that morning in an edition of *Cymbeline* propped open in the window of Hatchards' Bookshop: "Fear no more the heat o' the sun / Nor the furious winter's rages" (9). The narrator describes Clarissa's quiescence while sewing: "Fear no more, says the heart. Fear no more, says the heart, committing its burden to some sea, which sighs collectively for all sorrows, and renews, begins, collects, lets fall. And the body alone listens to the passing bee; the wave breaking; the dog barking, far away barking and barking" (39–40). In a later scene, Septimus experiences a similar moment of peace while his wife sews decorations on a hat: "his hand lay there on the back of the sofa, as he had seen his hand lie when he was bathing, floating, on the top of the waves, while far away on shore he heard dogs barking and barking far away. Fear no more, says the heart in the body; fear no more" (139). We know that Septimus reveres Shakespeare and may, like Clarissa, have been reminded of the phrase that morning by the same copy of *Cymbeline* in the same Picadilly shop window; the quotation will sound again in Clarissa's thoughts during the novel's final pages, just as she allows herself to be gladdened by the news of Septimus's death (186). But in the hat-decorating scene it is not just the phrase itself but the heart's articulation of the phrase, the oceanic language, and the far away bark of the dog that echo Clarissa's meditations.

The humanist reading of these echoes takes them to ratify Clarissa's feeling "very like" Septimus by demonstrating that the states of mind, the interior tableaux, even the mental diction of socially disparate people can be nearly identical. But a more disquieting reading emerges if one remembers the narrator through whose agency the momentary fusion of Clarissa and Septimus occurs—a narrator who is conspicuously mobile, surveillant, penetrating, sometimes totalizing, and possessed of an archivist's retentive and cross-referencing powers. This is a narrator, after all, who can not only

keep track of individual bodies, phrases, commodities, and thoughts as they circulate in the metropolis, but also map the complex transactions among them in space and time. This narrator can trace a Shakespeare quotation that sounds non-simultaneously in two minds back to a single shop window and forward to their mystical but indirect communion during a party, can track the ambulance carrying the dying Septimus past Clarissa's old suitor Peter Walsh, in whom, as he stands by the pillar-box opposite the British Museum, it triggers "a moment, in which things came together; this ambulance; and life and death" (152). The *Mrs. Dalloway* narrator can, from her cockpit, ravel the web that joins Shakespeare to shell shock, jam to the war machine: the narrator's gaze is, shockingly, the gaze of total war. In keeping with an airborne gaze that observes the interdependence of discrete things in order to deem them equally legitimate as targets, the narrator's command of particularities leads not to the fortification of discreteness but to its erosion. The sensitive apparatus through which Septimus and Clarissa are observed ends up fusing even the interior language of combatant and non-combatant, threatening to violate the very "privacy of the soul" on which the novel appears to insist (126–27).

This is not to claim that *Mrs. Dalloway* is a fundamentally hawkish or dehumanizing book. If the novel's narratorial gaze is the massively interconnective and totalizing gaze of a Douhet, it is also, paradoxically, the opposite—a gaze that wants to "travel the spider's thread of attachment" (115) between people, places, things, and beliefs in order to point up the fragility of their interdependence, the susceptibility of the whole social matrix to trauma if even a small part of it is assaulted or destroyed. Woolf's novel, one might say, attempts to capture the logic of total war for redeployment in a deeply pacifist agenda. But this is not the same thing as exempting the novel from that logic or the gaze it produces. To protest total war on the grounds that social, cultural, industrial, and military systems are crucially interpenetrative is not to step outside the logic of total war; it is simply to resist one application of that logic. By the same token, the novel's replication of a certain Douhetian gaze does not necessarily weaken its pacifism; it simply attests to the central sorrow of the pacifist in the era of total war: that the architecture of total war proceeds from assumptions few pacifists would reject. These assumptions—e.g., that the war machine is funded and built by civilian workers whose safety, morale, peace of mind, and consent are vulnerable and therefore effective targets—do not, of course, lead inevitably to an endorsement of total war; but to replicate such assumptions, even while deploring the end to which they are put, can seem like an ad-

mission of defeat, even an endorsement of that end. Clausewitz argued that whereas the purpose of war is to serve a political end, the nature of war is to serve only itself.<sup>31</sup> War, in other words, is utterly centripetal, subjecting the self-understanding of all things—ambulances, Bartlett pears, skywriting, Shakespeare, jam, civilians, this moment of June—to a military-industrial undertow. As the asymptote approached by war's tautological, self-replicating nature, total war is susceptible to rejection but not to disproof. The replication of its logic and its gaze in *Mrs. Dalloway*, despite the clearly pacifist vectors along which these are mobilized, may be both the text's primary symptom and its most strategic pacifism: the self-inflicted violence exhibited by the text acts out, at once neurotically and instructively, the brute circularity of war, conspicuously refusing to fabricate some fictive escape from total war's inexorable logic.

Margot Norris has written that when home fronts become combat zones, "the boundaries that separate war and peace become so thoroughly collapsed and confused that 'total war' takes on a temporal as well as an operational dimension, its effects perduring into the future, and into the lives of ensuing generations."<sup>32</sup> I have discussed *Mrs. Dalloway* as a portrait of the Great War's perdurable aftermath rather than addressing the novel's construction of a future subsequent to its 1923 setting. But in another 1920s modernist novel of the metropolis—Alfred Döblin's *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (1929)—the diegetic future is unavoidably prominent in the text's fascination with prophetic discourse, in its relentless foreshadowing, and in the warped chronology of its symptoms. More than *Mrs. Dalloway*, more even than Joyce's *Ulysses*, Döblin's novel seeks to represent the dense simultaneity and the interlocking spaces, systems, and communities of its target city. Famously, it accomplishes this representation by multiplying both its objects of scrutiny and the linguistic codes through which it describes those objects: in addition to providing cutaway views of, for example, all the apartments and tenants in a particular building on the Linienstrasse, *Berlin Alexanderplatz* is a montage of radically heterogeneous textual forms—advertisements, weather updates, police reports, scandal sheets, the Bible, popular songs, political ephemera—some of them clipped by Döblin out of source texts and pasted directly into the manuscript. The montages are intercut with passages of interior monologue whose technique is both more mobile and more disorienting than Dujardin's or Joyce's, often switching from one character's thoughts to another's without any clear indication. While these aspects of *Berlin Alexanderplatz* have been much discussed, however, their relationship to the city's new vulnerability in total war re-

mains overlooked—a strange oversight given the text’s fixation on urban demolition, on the sacking, razing, and excavation of cities, and, above all, on the remaking of the modern metropolis as a battleground even between wars. Despite the novel’s being set in the years 1927–29, Döblin’s Berlin provides an instance of what Mumford was later to call the “war metropolis,” and it illustrates Mumford’s rather Clausewitzian claim that in such a city, peacetime is “equally a state of war: the passive war of propaganda, war-indoctrination, war-rehearsal: a preliminary maneuvering for position.”

In his 1930 review of Döblin’s novel, Walter Benjamin noted that its full title, *Berlin Alexanderplatz: Die Geschichte vom Franz Biberkopf* [*Berlin Alexanderplatz: The Story of Franz Biberkopf*] subordinated the novel’s protagonist to its urban setting.<sup>33</sup> “What is Alexanderplatz in Berlin?” Benjamin asked. “It is the site where for the last two years the most violent transformations have been taking place, where excavators and jackhammers have been continuously at work, where the ground trembles under the impact of their blows [. . .] where the innards of the metropolis and the backyards around Georgenkirchplatz have been laid bare to a greater depth than anywhere else.”<sup>34</sup> Döblin’s novel takes place against a backdrop of urban renewal—torn-up pavement, fenced-off building sites, subway excavations, the rhythm of a steam pile-driver knocking rails into the ground. Yet the narrator likens the peacetime demolition and rebuilding of the Alexanderplatz not to the famous urban renewals of late modernity, such as Haussmannization, but to the sacking of ancient cities. Having been invited to peer through a construction fence at the evacuated shell of Hahn’s department store, we are asked to meditate on past and present ruins:

Ein Müllhaufen liegt vor uns. Von Erde bist du gekommen, zu Erde sollst du wieder werden, wir haben gebauet ein herrliches Haus, nun geht hier kein Mensch weder rein noch raus. So ist kaputt Rom, Babylon, Ninive, Hannibal, Cäsar, alles kaputt, oh, denkt daran. Erstens habe ich dazu zu bemerken, daß man diese Städte jetzt wieder ausgräbt, wie die Abbildungen in der letzten Sonntagsausgabe zeigen, und zweitens haben diese Städte ihren Zweck erfüllt, und man kann nun wieder neue Städte bauen. Du jammerst doch nicht über deine alten Hosen, wenn sie morsch und kaputt sind, du kaufst neue, davon lebt die Welt.<sup>35</sup>

[A dump-heap lies before us. Dust thou art, to dust returnest. We have built a splendid house, nobody comes in or goes out any longer.

Thus Rome, Babylon, Nineveh, Hannibal, Caesar, all went to smash, oh, think of it! In the first place, I must remark they are digging those cities up again, as the illustrations in last Sunday's edition show, and, in the second place, those cities have fulfilled their purpose, and we can now build new cities. Do you cry about your old trousers when they are moldy and seedy? No, you simply buy new ones, thus lives the world.]<sup>36</sup>

The comparison of the Alexanderplatz building site to the ruined cities of antiquity is partly ironic, a deflation of the sort of modern self-importance that can liken a condemned department store to a fallen empire. But the passage also does the more sober work of installing 1920s Berlin in a lineage of civilizations and leaders that “went to smash” and in a list of cities whose names are metonyms for their destruction. The city itself is made susceptible to exchange here, absurdly equivalent to a pair of old trousers that can be replaced; not just a site of trade, the city stands revealed as a unit of trade in the decisive transactions of war as well as in peacetime's slower inventory rotations. Yet the image of urban ruins is not limited to past and present in Döblin's novel; other passages project it into the future as well. In one of the narrative's many abrupt interpolations of Biblical prophecy, an argument between Franz Biberkopf and an anarchist mechanic is interrupted by a quotation from Jeremiah 9: “Ich will Jerusalem zum Steinhäufen und zur Wohnung der Schakale machen und will die Städte Judas wüste machen, daß niemand drinnen wohnen soll” (311) [“I will make Jerusalem heaps, and a den of dragons, and I will lay the cities of Judah desolate, without an inhabitant” (370)].<sup>37</sup> If *Berlin Alexanderplatz* presents itself as the story of a modern city, it is equally the story of the city's radical vulnerability—of its fungibility in peace and war, of its tendency toward ruins, and of its suspension between ancient prophecies and their future conditional fulfillment.

This suspension replicates itself in Franz Biberkopf, the novel's protagonist, through an uncanny splitting in the temporality of a certain recurrent symptom. In the first pages of the novel Biberkopf is released from Tegel Prison, where he has served four years for the manslaughter of his lover, and catches the 41 streetcar to Rosenthaler Platz. Biberkopf's release, strangely, marks the moment at which “Die Strafe beginnt” (12) [“The punishment begins” (4)], the punishment being a vertiginous sense of terror, ochlophobia, and agoraphobia that makes him seek out narrower and less crowded streets. His dominant symptom is not a general sense of en-

dangerment but a specific dread that the buildings of the city will collapse on him: “Die Wagen tobten und klingelten weiter, es rann Häuserfront neben Häuserfront ohne Aufhören hin. Und Dächer waren auf den Häusern, die schwebten auf den Häusern, seine Augen irrten nach oben: wenn die Dächer nur nicht abrutschten, aber die Häuser standen grade” (14) [“The cars roared and jangled on, house fronts were rolling along one after the other without stopping. And there were roofs on the houses, they soared atop the houses, his eyes wandered straight upward: if only the roofs don’t slide off, but the houses stood upright” (7)]. This hallucination, which recurs some ten times in Biberkopf’s memory and fantasies over the course of the novel, seems at first to be squarely rooted in his recent experience in prison, whose routines and sense of safe enclosure he is afraid to leave, and which he revisits frequently in his mind. His fear of the houses’ unroofing themselves and collapsing on him also speaks to the urban demolition and construction he sees going on all around him. But as the novel progresses, we also learn that Biberkopf fought in the trenches of the Great War on the Prussian side, that he was at Kovno and Arras during the war, and that he was stationed at Arras after the Armistice. There he would have seen the ruins of one of the war’s hardest-hit towns, its cathedral unroofed by German artillery and standing amid many blocks shelled nearly level. Though Biberkopf’s fear of crowds may have a lone origin in Tegel Prison, his hallucination about sliding roofs and collapsing houses, along with his fear of open spaces, gestures both to prison and to a time before his incarceration, seemingly rehabilitating experiences and images from the Great War. Though the novel seldom references his years as a soldier, two of its most active sites—the civic and commercial spaces populated by non-combatants and the private fantasies endured by the veteran—are haunted by the devastation caused and witnessed by combatants in the last war.

Though the infrastructure of *Berlin Alexanderplatz* would seem to be strictly that of the peacetime city, as suggested by the icons that open book two (“Handel und Gewerbe,” “Stadtreinigungs- und Fuhrwesen,” “Tiefbau,” “Finanz- und Steuerwesen,” etc. [“Trade and Commerce,” “Street Cleaning and Transport,” “Underground Construction,” “Finance and Tax Office”]), other aspects of the text repeatedly militarize the civilian spaces of the novel; it is as if the violent clashes between civilian and martial language were replicating the city’s violent refashioning as war metropolis. Section titles often apply to the acts of private citizens the vocabulary of battle, describing visits and schemes as “duels,” “invasions,” and “defensive wars” and enumerating Franz’s several “conquests of Berlin.” In a section in

book six entitled “Vorwärts, Schritt gefaßt, Trommelgerassel und Bataillone” [“Forward, in Step, Roll of drums and Battalions”] Franz’s bloody-minded march to confront his nemesis Reinhold is recounted in a mix of singsong war lyrics, battle shouts, and marching orders:

Achtung, Mensch, wenn Granaten kommen, gibts Dreck, vorwärts, Beene hoch, schlankweg durch, ick muß raus, vorwärts, mehr als die Knochen können mir nicht zerschlagen werden, dummdrummdumm, Schritt gefaßt, eins zwei, eins zwei, links rechts, links rechts, links rechts.

Da marschiert Franz Biberkopf durch die Straßen, mit festem Schritt, links rechts, links rechts, keine Müdigkeit vorschützen, keine Kneipe, nichts saufen, wir wollen sehen, eine Kugel kam geflogen, das wollen wir sehen, krieg ich sie, liege ich, links rechts, links rechts. Trommelgerassel und Bataillone. Endlich atmet er auf.

[. . .] Die Häuser stehen still, der Wind weht wo er will. Eiwarum, eidarum, ei bloß wegen dem Tschingdaradada. (336–37)

[Look out, old man, when the shells fall, there’ll be dirt flying around, forward, step high, straight on through, I gotta get out, forward, all they can do is smash my bones, drumdumm, druuummmmmmmmm. In step, one two, one two, left right, left right, left right.

Franz Biberkopf marches through the streets with a firm step, left right, left right, don’t pretend to be tired, no saloons, no boozing now, we’ll see about it, one ball wing’d by death came flying, that’s what we’d like to see, if it’s sent for me, I’m down, left right, left right. Roll of drums and battalions. At last he breathes easy.

[. . .] The houses stand still, the wind blows where it will. Oh why, just why, that’s why, that’s why, just because of tararara taraboomdecay. (402)]

Again, as in the earlier lament for the condemned department store, the passage mocks its subject by exposing its habits of heroic self-portraiture. And yet the recurrence of this heroic diction through much of the rest of the novel attests to something beyond the mock-heroic: the militarization of the citizen’s self-understanding in the wake of war. Though *Berlin Alexanderplatz’s* main subject is the city, its governing metaphor is warfare, and the conflicts that drive the novel’s plot—between male sexual adversar-

ies, between pimps and prostitutes, between rival criminal gangs, between anarchists and fascists, between individuals and their own violent reflexes—are routed through warfare’s linguistic grid. But war transcends even this status as governing metaphor in being both the inaugural trauma and the terminus of the novel: the Great War violence that subtends Biberkopf’s post-prison phobias and militarizes his interior monologue also stands at the novel’s end. With his release from the Buch Insane Asylum and his employment as assistant doorman in a factory, Biberkopf’s story is over; the narrator tells us explicitly that “Weiter ist hier von seinem Leben nichts zu berichten” (527) [“I have nothing further to report about his life” (632)]. But the story of the city—the novel’s true protagonist—is not over, and in the novel’s final section, “Und Schritt gefaßt und rechts und links und rechts und links” [“Forward March and get in Step and Right and Left and Right and Left”], the battlefield language of book six reasserts itself as the future of the metropolis, bringing the novel to a close with the sounds of drums and tramping feet, the resumption of bloodshed, and the declaration that “die alte Welt muß stürzen” (529) [“The old world must crumble” (635)].

Whether these final sentences are offered as celebration or admonition is unclear, not least because all utterances have a complex ontology in a novel so massively intertextual and many-voiced. But much as the pacifist *Mrs. Dalloway* remains complicit with the gaze of total war, *Berlin Alexanderplatz* concludes with an apocalyptic vision of total war that breaks the frame, whether pacifist or belligerent, of that vision. “Wach sein, wach sein, es geht was vor in der Welt. Die Welt ist nicht aus Zucker gemacht. Wenn sie Gasbomben werfen, muß ich ersticken, man weiß nicht, warum sie geschmissen haben, aber darauf kommts nicht an, man hat Zeit gehabt, sich drum zu kümmern” (528) [“Keep awake, keep awake, for there is something happening in the world. The world is not made of sugar. If they drop gas-bombs, I’ll have to choke to death; nobody knows why they are dropped, but that’s neither here nor there, we had the time to prepare for it” (634)]. Though Biberkopf subsequently wonders what he would do if he were conscripted in the coming conflict, the vision of poison gas-bombs—the pet civilian-killers of Douhetian theory and the doomsday weapon most dreaded before 1945—imagines the final arrival of total war for civilians and soldiers alike. An earlier passage has set the stage by envisioning a devastation of the collective by forces that pour down indiscriminately from the sky. Murdered by Reinhold in the Freienwalde, Biberkopf’s lover Mieke lies among trees the narrator tells us have grown up in peacetime and stand herded together so that only the outer sentinels and the weaklings have been damaged before now. But when the storm picks up “mit Trommeln

und Flöten" ["with fife and drum"], everything—sentinels and peacetime herd alike—goes to smash as the bombs fall and the sun disappears: "Wumm, da kommt er wieder, Achtung, wumm, wumm, wumm, das sind Fliegerbomben, er will den Wald abreißen, er will den ganzen Wald erdrücken. / Die Bäume heulen und schaukeln sich, es prasselt, sie brechen, es knattert, wumm, es geht ans Leben, wumm, wumm, die Sonne ist weg, stürzende Gewichte, Nacht, wumm, wumm" (409) ["Woom, there it is back again, look out, boom, zoom, zoom, those are bombs from airplanes, it wants to tear the wood down, to crush the whole wood. / The trees howl and rock, there is a crackle, they break, there's a rattle, boom. Life's at stake, boom, zoom, the sun is gone, tottering weights, night, boom, zoom" (491–92)]. Retroactively, the two passages emend the diagnosis of Biberkopf's symptoms in the novel's first pages: his fear of crowds and open spaces and of houses unroofed and collapsing points back to the Great War and to his years in prison, but also forward to a war that has yet to arrive, a war in which the former soldier will be one member of a vulnerable urban populace at the receiving end of the bombs.

The preposterous temporality of Biberkopf's symptom—its gesturing at once backward and forward in time—is eerily homologous with the psychological effects Mumford associated with the urban air raid alert, effects resulting from anticipation's power to wound. Like Biberkopf's hallucination, the "collective psychosis" initiated by the citizen's "constant anxiety over war" led both back in time to previous alerts—Mumford was describing the *routinization* of fear, remember, and thus could not imagine a "first" alert—and forward, either to an endless succession of false alarms or to the final arrival of the disaster in the true alarm. More broadly, Biberkopf's symptom shares its split temporality with the interwar period, in which memories of the Great War and dread of a possible future war became interlocking syndromes, each reinforcing the traumatizing power of the other. Anticipation alone, we should note, cannot traumatize. The repressed can only appear to return from the future, can only signal some looming eventuality in symbiosis with some past repression or wounding; only the thing that has already, in some sense, happened can be the cause of a traumatizing anticipation that imagines the disaster returning to complete its work. For these reasons, we misconstrue the apocalyptic imagination if we understand it as referring only to the future. For the prospect of that future revelation to wound, there must have been not only a prior concealment but also a prior revelation—prior yet incomplete, one whose consummation has been deferred, conditionally, to the future. Lodged in what it constructs as an interval between crises, as revelation's intermission, *Berlin*

*Alexanderplatz* maps with equal care the physical spaces of its target city and the collective psychoses engendered there by the coming of total war.

I have suggested here that Döblin's and Woolf's novels might, in different ways, be read as participating in the group psychosis initiated by war-anxiety, registering it in the events they retell but also replicating it through certain lineaments of form. By tracing the interdependence of various urban systems, communities, and spaces in the shadow of total war's devastating potential, both texts demonstrate the totality of what might be devastated as a result of its interconnectedness; by recreating the gaze of total war (Woolf) and an apocalyptic temporality that rewrites the symptom as an opening on a conditional future (Döblin), these texts compulsively repeat and transmit the psychoses Mumford described. They incarnate the novel as air-raid siren. But if, like that weapon, they inflict one kind of psychic damage, they also seek—again, like the Klaxon—to preserve the city by issuing a warning. They preserve it, too, by replicating as much of the urban totality as a book is able: they are synecdochic metropolises, surrogate cities, archived against the potential disappearance of the original. And their compulsive repetitions of a disaster that might arrive rehearsed their readers for such an eventuality, drilling them toward readiness if not toward mastery of anxiety; in this sense, these high modernist city texts of the interwar period might have more in common with concurrent science fiction than is commonly thought. Of course no single origin or logic can explain the ravenously inclusive, even encyclopedic, projects of *Mrs. Dalloway* or *Berlin Alexanderplatz* or—a precursor both novels share—Joyce's *Ulysses*. But the co-presence in all three of an all-encompassing cartographic gaze with a sense of the urban object's radical vulnerability suggests the emergence of a new sub-genre of the city novel in the wake of the Great War: the novel of the total-war metropolis. Put another way, to write seriously of the city after the first bombs had fallen on civilians was necessarily to write of the city in and as a state of total war. Italo Svevo's *La coscienza di Zeno* [*Zeno's Conscience*] (1923), with its apocalyptic closing paragraph, would be only the most extreme among many interwar modernist city novels to exhibit the new syndrome:

Forse traverso una catastrofe inaudita prodotta dagli ordigni ritorneremo alla salute. Quando i gas velenosi non basteranno più, un uomo fatto come tutti gli altri, nel segreto di una stanza di questo mondo, inventerà un esplosivo incomparabile, in confronto al quale gli esplosivi attualmente esistenti saranno considerati quali innocui giocattoli. Ed un altro uomo fatto anche lui come tutti gli altri, ma

degli altri un po' più ammalato, ruberà tale esplosivo e s'arrampicherà al centro della terra per porlo nel punto ove il suo effetto potrà essere il massimo. Ci sarà un'esplosione enorme che nessuno udrà e la terra ritornata alla forma di nebulosa errerà nei cieli priva di parassiti e di malattie.<sup>38</sup>

[Perhaps, through an unheard-of catastrophe produced by devices, we will return to health. When poison gases no longer suffice, an ordinary man, in the secrecy of a room in this world, will invent an incomparable explosive, compared to which the explosives currently in use will be considered harmless toys. And another man, also ordinary, but a bit sicker than others, will steal this explosive and will climb up at the center of the earth, to set it on the spot where it can have the maximum effect. There will be an enormous explosion that no one will hear, and the earth, once again a nebula, will wander through the heavens, freed of parasites and sickness.]<sup>39</sup>

The passage winds up the narrator's renunciation of psychoanalysis through both the embrace of his illness and the recognition that illness is an incurable general condition of human life rather than a curable exceptional one: "A differenza delle altre malattie la vita è sempre mortale. Non sopporta cure. Sarebbe come voler turare i buchi che abbiamo nel corpo credendoli delle ferite. Morremmo strangolati non appena curati" (478) ["Unlike other sicknesses, life is always fatal. It doesn't tolerate therapies. It would be like stopping the holes that we have in our bodies, believing them wounds. We would die of strangulation the moment we were treated" (435)]. But against this rehabilitation of illness as indispensable to life and breath is the narrator's final fantasy of an apocalyptic cure, a dreadful arabesque on Marinetti's glorification of war as "the world's only hygiene."<sup>40</sup> The Futurist's incendiary proclamation had scandalized European capitals in 1909, but its echo in *La coscienza di Zeno* signified differently in 1923, after a war marked by the use of poison gas and new devices such as the machine gun, the airplane, and the wireless—a war in which both Svevo and Joyce had seen Trieste bombed by Italian planes. What really ends in the final lines of *Zeno* is the pre-1914 Futurist fantasy of a selective, hygienic war, a fantasy Svevo explodes by taking total war even beyond the cities to its absolute limit in the extinction event.

In the nuclear condition that arose with the Cold War, the extinction event would come into its own alongside the prospect of a full-scale nuclear exchange. In such a scenario, the perdurability of war's effects in the future

took on a newly extreme meaning: a nuclear extinction event would not just “effect the lives of ensuing generations,” as Margot Norris writes of pre-nuclear total war, but would be the end of all generation, the annihilation of the human future. One might expect “the future” or “the world” or “the human endeavor” to have superseded the city as the thing most endangered by the nuclear condition, but the cities were, after all, the primary targets of both missiles and nukespeak, with its talk of “city-trading,” “city-busting weapons,” and “no-cities strategy.” Despite the discontinuities between conventional and nuclear warfare, certain features of the interwar urban novel continue echoing in Cold War city texts:

The city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible. A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of geese can quickly end this island fantasy, burn the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate the millions. The intimation of mortality is part of New York now; in the sounds of jets overhead, in the black headlines of the latest editions.

All dwellers in cities must live with the stubborn fact of annihilation; in New York the fact is somewhat more concentrated because of the concentration of the city itself, and because, of all targets, New York has a certain clear priority. In the mind of whatever perverted dreamer might loose the lightning, New York must hold a steady, irresistible charm.<sup>41</sup>

These final paragraphs of E. B. White’s 1949 essay “Here Is New York”—a flâneur’s homage to a city mapped lovingly in prose—have been quoted often in recent months as proof of the essay’s prescience and currency, as if White had looked out of the early years of the Cold War and foreseen the events of September 11, 2001 rather than the city’s possible devastation in nuclear war. It is common for the survivors of a catastrophe to project the disaster into the past, installing it as a sort of transcendental signified, as the thing we can now see was coming all along. Such a projection consecrates the disaster by making it the subject of prophecy, while also mitigating its power of traumatic rupture by placing it within a narrative already underway when the catastrophe arrives. But the *frisson* now produced by White’s words about the targeting of New York by a single flight of planes, about the burning of the towers and the mass-cremation of civilians, can only occur thanks to a certain amnesia, one that effaces White’s referent (nuclear war) and historical context (the dawning nuclear condition) and replaces them with contemporary ones. That amnesia forgets not only the

nuclear future dreaded by White's essay, but the essay's literary antecedents: those urban flâneur-texts whose cartographic tributes to the city meditate on, and are partly licensed by, the possibility of the city's erasure, linking that possibility to the city's allure. Although White claims that in the Cold War "the city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible," we have seen that the "stubborn fact of annihilation" had been familiar to the metropolitan imagination since well before the advent of nuclear weapons. The more authentic *frisson* produced by White's essay arises not from its twenty-first-century future but from the continuities it exhibits with its pre-nuclear past, a past in which bombs rather than The Bomb were sufficient to activate the apocalyptic imaginations of city-dwellers who walked and looked and wrote.

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## Notes

1. Lewis Mumford, *The Culture of Cities* (New York: Harcourt Brace & Co., 1938) 275; hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

2. I have made a related argument in respect to the Cold War in "Bombing and the Symptom: Traumatic Earliness and the Nuclear Uncanny," *Diacritics* 30 (2000): 59–82. That essay reads Joyce's *Ulysses* as exhibiting the drive to archive the urban totality in the face of its increasing susceptibility to erasure in wartime, a susceptibility that reached its apogee in the nuclear condition anticipated by *Ulysses* at the level of deep structure. The essay uses as its point of departure the novel's attempt, as Joyce put it, "to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book." Quoted in Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1960) 67–68.

3. Basil Henry Liddell Hart, *Paris or The Future of War* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1925) 38.

4. "Results of Air Raids on Germany Carried out by the 8<sup>th</sup> Brigade and Independent Force," *Air Publication (A.P.) 1225*, 3<sup>rd</sup> ed., Air Ministry, London, January 1920; quoted in Tami Davis Biddle, *Rhetoric and Reality in Air Warfare: The Evolution of British and American Ideas About Strategic Bombing, 1914–1945* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 2002) 57–59.

5. The famous Klaxon air raid siren did not make its appearance in England until 1917, as a result of the failure of other devices to sound the alarm audibly and unambiguously to an entire city. I mean "air raid siren" here as a synecdoche for the air raid alert generally and for the industrial and psychological disruptions it caused.

6. Michael North, *Reading 1922: A Return to the Scene of the Modern* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1999) 5.

7. William L. Rodgers, "The Laws of War Concerning Aviation and Radio," *American Journal of International Law* 17 (1923): 630. Rodgers writes: "It is doubtful if this demand for a code of rules for these two new agencies was felt by combatants so much as by the public. Technical representatives at The Hague of at least one Power said informally in conversation that to them personally the last war had not emphasized the need of any formal addition to the laws of war for the purpose of dealing with aviation and radio."

8. John Bassett Moore, *International Law and Some Current Illusions* (New York: Macmillan, 1924) 200–01. Moore's book contains a chapter on the 1922–23 Hague Commission followed by the full text of the Commission's General Report.

9. From 1922–23 draft Hague Rules, quoted in Moore, 241–43.

10. Paul Whitcomb Williams, "Legitimate Targets in Aerial Bombardment," *American Journal of International Law* 23 (1929): 573; hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

11. Azar Gat, *A History of Military Thought from the Enlightenment to the Cold War* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2001) 588, 592 n. 62.

12. Quoted in Eugene M. Emme, *The Impact of Air Power: National Security and World Politics* (Princeton, NJ: D. Van Nostrand, 1959) 161.

13. Giulio Douhet, *Il Dominio dell'Aria* (Rome: Rivista Aeronautica, 1955) 154, 10; hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

14. Giulio Douhet, *The Command of the Air*, trans. Dino Ferrari (New York: Coward-McCann, 1942) 131, 9–10; hereafter cited parenthetically in the text. Problems with the Ferrari translation are evident here, not least in its omission of the Italian cities named in the original; however, owing to the translation's importance in the international reception of *Il Dominio dell'Aria*—Ferrari's was the first official English translation and was widely circulated and read—I have reprinted it here.

15. J. M. Spaight, *Air Power and War Rights* (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1924) 12.

16. In fact, as Robert Pape points out, "in the more than thirty major strategic air campaigns that have thus far been waged, air power has never driven the masses into the streets to demand anything." Robert A. Pape, *Bombing to Win: Air Power and Coercion in War* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1996) 68.

17. Baldwin made this widely quoted remark between terms as British Prime Minister, in remarks to the House of Commons before he departed for the League of Nations Conference for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments in Geneva. "I think it well also for the man in the street to realize," Baldwin said, "there is no power on earth that can protect him from bombing, whatever people may tell him. The bomber will always get through, and it is very easy to understand if you realize area and space." See "The Bomber Will Always Get Through," in Emme, *Impact of Air Power*, 51–52. Though Baldwin meant his doomsaying as an argument in favor of air disarmament, his remark was quickly taken up by the prophet-advocates of air power.

18. Thomas C. Schelling, *Arms and Influence* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1966) 2–3; original emphasis.

19. Virginia Woolf, *The Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume One (1915–1919)*, ed. Anne Olivier Bell and Andrew McNeillie (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977) 32. The first zeppelin raids against England occurred in January 1915, but no bombs fell on London until the night of May 31–June 1, 1915.

20. Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1990) 13–14; hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

21. Gillian Beer, "The Island and the Aeroplane: The Case of Virginia Woolf" in *Nation and Narration*, ed. Homi K. Bhabha (London: Routledge, 1990) 275–76.

22. Jennifer Wicke, "Coterie Consumption: Bloomsbury, Keynes, and Modernism as Marketing," in *Marketing Modernisms: Self-Promotion, Canonization, Rereading*, ed. Kevin J. H. Dettmar and Stephen Watts (Ann Arbor: U of Michigan P, 1996) 122.

23. Vincent Sherry, *The Great War and the Language of Modernism* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2003) 265.

24. Skywriting was developed during World War I by the British flying ace J. C. Savage, who patented the technology; his company, Savage Skywriting, was the first to deploy it commercially, writing "Castrol," "Daily Mail," and "Persil" over Derby in May 1922. As for the military potential of skywriting, here is the Aeronautical Correspondent to the *London Times*, responding on August 18, 1922 to Savage's first skywriting over London: "Obviously the uses of the highly developed sky writing in peace and war are manifold. From the spelling out of a single word, or a single sentence, it is easy to foresee the stage when long mes-

sages will be written by cooperating machines. [. . .]he purposes to which, over sea or land in wartime, such a system of communication might be put are clearly apparent. One can imagine, too, the new sort of aerial conflict that would arise when, if the operating machines were not successfully attacked, efforts would be made to blot out their messages with heavy smoke clouds. The writing of misleading orders would offer a fascinating occupation to the imaginative, and the possibilities of the use of smoke writing for propaganda purposes over the enemy's lines would be considerable." Quoted from Unsigned, "Sky-Writing by Aircraft: Wide Scope in War and Peace," *London Times* (August 18, 1922) 5d.

25. Unsigned, "Sky-Writing by Aircraft: Wide Scope in War and Peace."

26. Biddle, 107.

27. For extended treatments of interwar science fiction on aerial bombardment, see I. F. Clarke, *Voices Prophesying War: Future Wars 1763–3749* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1992) and Sven Lindqvist, *A History of Bombing*, trans. Linda Haverty Rugg (New York: The New Press, 2001).

28. Karen Piper makes a similar point: "indeed, as a kind of roaming omniscient narrator, the airplane appears to determine the logic of the narrative itself. [. . .] It is a means of getting perspective, of getting beyond one's house and body and escaping into pure thought." Piper observes that the narrator of Woolf's short story "Kew Gardens" (1919) also "mimics an aerial perspective—with sudden shifts in altitude and visual resolution"; see Karen Piper, *Cartographic Fictions: Maps, Race, and Identity* (New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 2002) 66. See also Woolf's posthumously published essay "Flying Over London" (1950).

29. Virginia Woolf, *The Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume Two (1920–1924)*, ed. Anne Olivier Bell and Andrew McNeillie (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1981) 207.

30. For a discussion of hyperstereovision as a dominant scopic regime in late modernity, see my "Modernist Reconnaissance," *Modernism/Modernity* 10 (2003): 349–80.

31. The elegant paraphrase of Clausewitz is John Keegan's, in *A History of Warfare* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1993) 21.

32. Margot Norris, *Writing War in the Twentieth Century* (Charlottesville: U of Virginia P, 2000) 32.

33. Döblin wanted the novel entitled simply *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, but its publisher, Samuel Fischer, urged him to add the subtitle to enhance the book's commercial appeal. See David B. Dollenmayer, *The Berlin Novels of Alfred Döblin* (Berkeley: U of California P, 1988) 66.

34. Walter Benjamin, review of *Berlin Alexanderplatz* in *Die Gesellschaft*, 1930; reprinted in Walter Benjamin, *Gesammelte Schriften* III, 230–36; trans. Rodney Livingstone in Walter Benjamin, *Selected Writings Volume 2: 1927–1934*, ed. Michael W. Jennings (Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard UP, 1999) 302.

35. Alfred Döblin, *Berlin Alexanderplatz: Die Geschichte vom Franz Biberkopf* (Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag, 1931) 189.

36. Alfred Döblin, *Berlin Alexanderplatz: The Story of Franz Biberkopf*, trans. Eugene Jolas (New York: Continuum, 1999) 219–20; hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

37. Jolas renders "Schakale" here as "dragons" instead of "jackals" in accordance with the King James Bible

38. Italo Svevo, *La coscienza di Zenò* (Milan: Corbaccio, 1938) 479.

39. Italo Svevo, *Zeno's Conscience*, trans. William Weaver (New York: Knopf, 2001) 436–37.

40. Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, "The Founding Manifesto of Futurism," in *Marinetti: Selected Writings*, ed. R. W. Flint, trans. R. W. Flint and Arthur A. Coppotelli (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1972) 42.

41. E.B. White, *Here is New York* (New York: Harper, 1949) 50–51.