Mr. Gorham

U.S. History II/*The 1920s*

**The First World War & the Birth of the Modern World**

The Great War, 1914-1918, replaced the Romantic notion of gallant warfare with mass murder on an industrial scale. Think of the Battle of the Somme, with 60,000 casualties in a single day. Our lesson today, investigates whether this colossal event “modernized” not only warfare, but the views of world society as well. Did WWI create the modern world?

To answer this, we will evaluate pre-war and post-war art, starting with some classical music. Jot down notes after each piece.

Piece 1: Edward Elgar, *Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1*

Piece 2: Claude Debussy, *Claire de Lune*

Piece 3: Alexander Mosolov, Op. 19, *The Iron Foundry*

Piece 4: Arthur Schoenberg, *Piano Concerto No. 42*

Piece 5:Anton Webern*, Symphony Op. 21,* begin at 4:00…

**Pre-War & Post-War Visual Arts**

*Jot down a few words that come to mind viewing each image.*

1. *Ophelia*
2. *Landscape of sheep near coastline*
3. *German Soldiers*
4. *Battleground*
5. *Portrait of woman with glasses*
6. *Drawing of horse*
7. *“Pillars of Society”*
8. *Grosz No. 2*
9. *Soldiers*

**Prewar/Postwar Literature**

*Artists are the antennae of the race*—*Ezra Pound*. You have examined how artists processed the trauma of the Great War through music and the visual arts. **Today**, select two pieces of prose below, one from the prewar, and one post-war. Compare the two in a ONE-PAGE examination.

“What passing bells for these who die as cattle?

Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifle's rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers, nor bells,

Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,

The shrill demented choirs of wailing shells,

And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes,

Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall,

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,

And each, slow dusk a drawing down of blinds.”

― *Wilfred Owen*

The year’s at the spring,

And day’s at the morn;

Morning’s at seven;

The hillside’s dew-pearled;

The lark’s on the wing;

The snail’s on the thorn:

God’s in his heaven—

All’s right with the world!

--*Robert Browning*

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,

Thy tribute wave deliver:

No more by thee my steps shall be,

For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,

A rivulet then a river:

Nowhere by thee my steps shall be

For ever and for ever.

-*A Farewell, Alfred Lord Tennyson*

“Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liverslices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencods' roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.”

― *James Joyce, Ulysses*

“We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world lay spread before me.”

― *Charles Dickens, Great Expectations*

“There is nothing else than now. There is neither yesterday, certainly, nor is there any tomorrow. How old must you be before you know that? There is only now, and if now is only two days, then two days is your life and everything in it will be in proportion. This is how you live a life in two days. And if you stop complaining and asking for what you never will get, you will have a good life. A good life is not measured by any biblical span.”

*― Ernest Hemingway, For Whom the Bell Tolls*

“A woman knows very well that, though a wit sends her his poems, praises her judgment, solicits her criticism, and drinks her tea, this by no means signifies that he respects her opinions, admires her understanding, or will refuse, though the rapier (a small sword) is denied him, to run through the body with his pen.”― *Virginia Woolf, Orlando*