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Reflections of Jones's Life in War Trilogy

Abstract:

Jones is considered to be the premier novelist of World War II. His trilogy of war novels, *From Here to Eternity*, *The Thin Red Line*, and *Whistle* have often been cited as his best works. *From Here to Eternity* is more than merely a famous novel. It is an entertaining exposition of not only what military service does to men, but also what it emotionally did to Jones. Jones initially writes *From Here to Eternity* to cover the entire trilogy's time period, but later he split that into three related works. *From Here to Eternity* covers Army life in pre-Pearl Harbour, *The Thin Red Line* follows the same character archetypes into combat, and *Whistle* describes the post-Guadalcanal return of the first war wounded to hospitals in the states. Quest for freedom and individual liberty is the root of Jones's themes; ultimately his protagonists attain personal integrity. This paper mainly focuses on the evolution of the soldier in the army life and the reflection of author's life in his work through the characters.

Keywords: Army life, Jones, Warden, Soldier, Trilogy, World War.

Introduction

James Jones' life in the Army as a peacetime Regular Army soldier, a fight soldier and a wounded veteran returning to a society that couldn't apprehend what the fight soldier had necessarily become. Regular lifer characters only desired to be thirty year troopers, writing and speak me about the war and the Army, telling what he saw, what he did and what he heard. Jones said in his later years, "I write about combat because it's the only *métier* I've ever had." Because of that, he has written about war better than everyone else. It is a correct portrayal of a cross area of American life and records as it is.

The first book in the trilogy, *From Here To Eternity*, gained the National Book Award in 1952 and introduced him fame and fortune as the most promising novelist to come out of World War II, that is the pinnacle of his success, and he in no way quite lived up to his promise in subsequent books except he wrote about war. Ernest Hemingway, a mentor of sorts, contended that Jones was a one-novel creator who would stay off of his *Eternity* popularity for the relaxation of his life.

In *Eternity*, set in the peacetime Army in pre-World War II Hawaii, Jones will become the ordinary soldier in a way Hemmingway by no means did and started the process of what Jones later called the evolution of a soldier. He is Prewitt, the insurrection bugler, boxer, straight-duty soldier, who loves the Army, but hates the device that takes away his individualism and honour; he is Warden, the cynical, hard-nosed organization 1st Sgt., who dislikes officers and runs the company, taking care of his enlisted guys barring seeming to care about them; he is Stark, the Mess Sgt., who feeds the troops well and runs the mess hall with interference from nobody, consisting of Warden.

As the rugged individualist, Jones breaks the language barrier in literature with *Eternity*. Realism in literature grows to become a reality, something Hemingway, Henry Miller and a

host of different writers had failed to accomplish. Many people who had stayed on the home front filling their pockets at some point of the war did not like that. But lifestyle in the Army is regularly frank and brutal. And if artwork is mirror to life, no censorship, no barriers can exist. Jones mirrored the peacetime Army, with its adventurers, bums, drifters, many escaping the Depression, and its Regular Army non commissioned officers and officers waiting for warfare to test their manhood or earn their promotions in a way, without the realism he could not. It is a man's world the place the sturdy continues to exist and the vulnerable perish. Still, the writing is not spectacular especially for the increased part of the book.

The evolution of a soldier had begun in earnest. Jones' eyes have been good, his thoughts are clear. And for most of the next a hundred and fifty pages you see how the Japanese attack must have appeared to these who had been there, can see the grinning, waving Japanese pilot (who Jones certainly saw) strafing Schofield Barracks, the opening of a war, the beginning of a new generation for the United States and all the relaxation just as actually as you see the exhilaration of Warden and Stark about the prospect of going to war, like two younger boys about to have their first sexual experience. It makes all the erroneous writing, detail after detail about every character and each mundane theme really worth in the peacetime Army to get to the real thing. Eternity may additionally not to be Jones nice book, as he maintained it is not, however it is one of the fine eyewitness debts of the peacetime Army being compelled into war, and the subsequent months following the assault that you are likely to study anywhere.

It is Jones at his best, can even receive the compassionate prostitute Prewitt loved and the commanding officer's cuckolding wife who loved Warden and had loved Stark. Even Prewitt's death is acceptable. But for the gain of the trilogy, which Jones would have us trust was once conceived shortly after he started writing Eternity, Prewitt's loss of life used to be neither indispensable nor realistic.

That sounds more like a protection of a trilogy concept that used to be developed after the success of *Eternity* and the relative failure of non-military books. Saying the notion of the trilogy used to be developed then does no longer make it so. As Jones as soon as said, there are very few honest men, including myself. Whatever, Jones is not accomplished with the Army and wished the characters he knew so well. Killing Prewitt looks even more unrealistic because he resurrected him in the second book of the trilogy, in *The Thin Red Line* Perwitt as Whitt. Jones said, due to the fact he couldn't "resurrect him, and have him there again, in the flesh, sporting his same name." So he changed his name. He also changed Warden to Welsh, Stark to Storm, Lt. Ross, an officer in the Schofield Barracks company, to Capt. Stein.

Although Jones said identify the changing would possibly sound stupid now, but then he did the equal thing in *Whistle* the place Whitt (he did not die on Guadalcanal) becomes Prell, Welsh turns into Winch, Storm will become Strange, and Fife from *The Thin Red Line* turns into Landers. What bothers you most about all this identify changing is that you be aware of the characters are the same, yet they are not. They are not quite the same personalities. And the evolution of a soldier does not account for it, despite the marked similarities. By using the equal characters, Jones should have sincerely proven the evolution of a soldier, using the refined and not-so-subtle psychological modifications each man went via as he stepped forward from peacetime soldier to fight soldier to wounded veteran attempting to alter to a changed society where he didn't feel he suit and didn't particularly desire to. The simple name adjustments and resulting adjustments in characterization motive the trilogy to suffer in a way it have to no longer have.

In WWII, a fantastic book of non-public remembrances and point of view of the war, complete with the hostilities art, Jones said, "The reality is, 35 years has glossed it all over and given World War II a polish and a glow it did no longer have at the time." No question about that. But that's no longer the point. The point is that Jones' reminiscence wasn't as exact as it was

once when he wrote *Eternity*. His own aging, maturation even, had to alternate his viewpoint of the war, his philosophy, his individual concern the Winch character in *Whistle*, for example, has congestive coronary heart failure and ought to learn to cope with it as Jones did. The truth that *The Thin Red Line* is one of the best, if now not the best, books ever written about men in combat. Published 17 years after the quit of the war, Jones' mindset seems to have matured slightly, he maintained that his books have been clearly antiwar in scope, from his early excitement with an adolescent view of war; if this is no longer definitely authentic in the book, then it really is in the dedication. It is not besides a contact of irony that he dedicates the book: This book is cheerfully committed to those best and most heroic of all human endeavours, war and warfare; can also they by no means cease to give us the pleasure, exhilaration and adrenal stimulation that all need, or provide with the heroes, the presidents and leaders, the monuments which we erect to them in the title of peace.

Again, as in *Eternity*, Jones is the popular soldier. Only this time the honour of the person is not what is at stake. Honour does not maintain you alive. Survival does; survival of the individual soldier in any possible way and survival is all that counts in combat. The glory of warfare quickly vanishes. You see the collective behaviour of a move section of American guys compelled into a scenario where they have no choice without to fight; can see man at his lowest, most base level. Patriotism means no greater to Jones' combat troopers that it did to their later counterparts in Korea or Vietnam. Only in World War II there was nowhere to go. They fought and dead and the evolution of a soldier take the final step. Warden, who seemed eager to go to war at the time of Pearl Harbour, he gleefully went to the barracks roof to shoot at Japanese fighter planes is not pretty so keen to fight as Welch on Guadalcanal. Only Whitt looks to be unconcerned about survival. Still the rebel, he has been transferred to every other business enterprise because he is a troublemaker. But he rejoins the business enterprise to battle when he pleases and in accordance to whether or not he's under

the command of any one he respects. The soldiers' soldier, Whitt swears he no way return to the organisation when the green organization commander makes a tactical error and all however two of a squad-size patrol Witt is on are killed. Shortly before the agency leaves for New Georgia, however, Witt returns. His loyalty is with the company. But he is nonetheless Prewitt, hostilities for his individuality, stressful that his superiors be as capable a soldier as he is. Yet he is a distinctive man.

Conclusion

Jones had to be a lifer, a not so endearing time period for the career soldier. That's about the only way to provide an explanation for his lifelong love affair with the U.S Army, combat and consequences of combat on the combat soldier. But that was once an unusual love affair, almost schizophrenic in nature. He cherished the Army, but he hates it. War fascinates him, yet it terrifies him. The consequences of battle touches him deeply; made him a writer, but they made him an outsider in general, in most literary circles specifically. Not an intellectual, no centre ground existed for him. He lives a black and white world. Jones' appreciation of the feelings of guys in combat and his know how of army techniques is overwhelming

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