Literature of the Vietnam War

Throughout history, soldiers as well as citizens have written about the traumatic and moving experiences of war. The Vietnam War, which left a deep impression on America’s soldiers and citizens alike, has produced its share of literature. From the surreal fantasy of Going After Cacciato to the grim realism of A Rumor of War, much of this literature reflects the nation’s lingering disillusionment with its involvement in the Vietnam War.

GOING AFTER CACCIATO

In Going After Cacciato, Vietnam veteran Tim O’Brien tells the story of Paul Berlin, a newcomer to Vietnam who fantasizes that his squad goes all the way to Paris, France, in pursuit of an AWOL soldier.

“How many days you been at the war?” asked Alpha’s [Alpha Company’s] mail clerk, and Paul Berlin answered that he’d been at the war seven days now.

The clerk laughed. “Wrong,” he said. “Tomorrow, man, that’s your first day at the war.”

And in the morning PFC [Private First Class] Paul Berlin boarded a resupply chopper that took him fast over charred pocked mangled country, hopeless country, green skies and speed and tangled grasslands and paddies and places he might die, a million possibilities. He couldn’t watch. He watched his hands. He made fists of them, opening and closing the fists. His hands, he thought, not quite believing. His hands.

Very quickly, the helicopter banked and turned and went down.

“How long you been at the war?” asked the first man he saw, a wiry soldier with ringworm in his hair.

PFC Paul Berlin smiled. “This is it,” he said. “My first day.”

—Tim O’Brien, Going After Cacciato (1978)
A RUMOR OF WAR

In *A Rumor of War*, considered to be among the best nonfiction accounts of the war, former marine Philip Caputo reflects on his years as a soldier in Vietnam.

At the age of twenty-four, I was more prepared for death than I was for life. . . . I knew how to face death and how to cause it, with everything on the evolutionary scale of weapons from the knife to the 3.5-inch rocket launcher. The simplest repairs on an automobile engine were beyond me, but I was able to field-strip and assemble an M-14 rifle blindfolded. I could call in artillery, set up an ambush, rig a booby trap, lead a night raid.

Simply by speaking a few words into a two-way radio, I had performed magical feats of destruction. Summoned by my voice, jet fighters appeared in the sky to loose their lethal droppings on villages and men. High-explosive bombs blasted houses to fragments, napalm sucked air from lungs and turned human flesh to ashes. All this just by saying a few words into a radio transmitter. Like magic.


FALLEN ANGELS

Richie Perry, a 17-year-old Harlem youth, describes his harrowing tour of duty in Vietnam in Walter Dean Myers's novel *Fallen Angels*.

The war was about us killing people and about people killing us, and I couldn’t see much more to it. Maybe there were times when it was right. I had thought that this war was right, but it was only right from a distance. Maybe when we all got back to the World and everybody thought we were heroes for winning it, then it would seem right from there. . . . But when the killing started, there was no right or wrong except in the way you did your job, except in the way that you were part of the killing.

What you thought about, what filled you up more than anything, was the being scared and hearing your heart thumping in your temples and all the noises, the terrible noises, the screeches and the booms and the guys crying for their mothers or for their wives.

—Walter Dean Myers, *Fallen Angels* (1988)

THINKING CRITICALLY

1. **Comparing** What similar views about war do you think these books convey?

   SEE SKILLBUILDER HANDBOOK, PAGE R8.

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