I had to learn a lot to write this book. As a result, I have a lot of people to thank. First, thanks to Fred Nachbaur and Kurt Piehler for considering the book and then including it on Fordham’s list. The care and intelligence with which they approached the proposal, the readers’ reports, and the manuscript itself meant a great deal to me and helped me to see it through. Thanks, too, to Eric Newman and Will Cerbone, who helped to oversee the editorial and production processes. They make it seem easy. I can’t say enough about Michael Koch’s copyediting. He read the manuscript with attention and intelligence and made *War Pictures* a much better and clearer book. I also need to thank the anonymous Press readers for their sharp, directed, and generous comments on the manuscript: both saw things about the book that I wouldn’t have seen without them. Wendy Xin and Luke Terlaak Poot offered detailed and scrupulous assistance getting the manuscript into shape at a key moment. Evan Winchester did fantastic work chasing down leads (especially on Robert Newton) early on.

A number of friends and colleagues read and commented on some or all of the manuscript at different stages of its development. Four in particular read and commented on the manuscript, helping me to write a much better book than I could have otherwise: my many conversations with Cathy Gallagher about the manuscript and about the spoken and unspoken compromises that underwrote the war were invaluable; her thinking about the war and, in particular, the anxieties that characterized its early days is a shaping influence throughout. David Miller read the manuscript at a critical moment and helped me to see and embrace what it was really all about. Alexander Nemerov encouraged me not only to write about eccentricity but also to let some of my own eccentricities to come a little closer to the surface. Alan Tansman showed me late in the game how much I could gain by cutting; he made the book sharper, smarter, and shorter—a gift to us all! Several others read and commented on parts of the book, often giving guidance and encouragement when I needed it most: Dan Blanton, Mitch Breitwieser, Eric
Bulson, Jeff Knapp, Paul Saint-Amour, and Linda Williams. Who could ask for better, smarter, more sensitive, and more humbling readers? Special thanks go to Alex Nemerov (again) and Sue Zemka, whose brilliant responses to my essay on *Brief Encounter* in *ELN* encouraged me to think in better and broader ways about Celia Johnson’s face.

Given the time I managed to take with this, I’ve had the chance to discuss its ideas and arguments with many others who have improved the book in ways they may or may not recognize: Elizabeth Abel, Charlie Altieri, Julia Bader, Julie Carr, Ian Duncan, Eric Falci, Josh Gang, Steve Goldsmith, Donna Jones, Celeste Langan, Jos Lavery, Colleen Lye, Maura Nolan, Derek Nystrom, Katherine O’Brien O’Keeffe, Doug Pfeifer, Ben Robinson, Mary Ann Smart, Garrett Stewart, Elisa Tamarkin, Bryan Wagner, Alex Woloch, and Adam Zucker.

Thanks, too, to the participants at the events where I presented parts of the book: the “Shape of the I” conference in Boulder, Colorado, 2012; the UC Berkeley Consortium on the Novel, 2011 and 2013; and the Musical Pasts Consortium in London, 2016. Thanks also to the Townsend Center for the Humanities for making possible the graduate and undergraduate courses that I organized with Alan Tansman. The brilliant students and colleagues in those two classes did much to make me see what might be valuable about work like this. Parts of chapters 1 and 3 were published in modified form in *Critical Inquiry* 35, no. 1, and *ELN* 49, no. 2, respectively. Thanks to both journals for publishing those earlier pieces and for allowing me to use heavily revised versions of that material here. Thanks also to British Pathé for permission to use the images of Halifax in Berlin that appear in Chapter 1.

Many thanks go to Adam Boardman, whose wonderful work let me focus on my own. Thanks to my parents, Kent and Franceen. Their support and longstanding obsession with movies of all kinds inspired me in ways that still catch me off guard. Thanks to my sister, Nora, for her patience and advice as she listened to me talk about this for years. My greatest thanks go to Kara Wittman, who followed this book’s development at every step and improved its arguments, its language, and its sense of the world with her grace, intelligence, and generosity. As with so much else, I couldn’t have done it without her. And, although it’s a heavy phrase to use in a book partly about *Henry V*, this is for Harry.