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Muerte Roadan PR

BIOGRAPHY Maurice Rowdon

Maurice Rowdon is a professional author/playwright trained in philosophy, and a breath-master. He was born in London in a working-class family. 'My life work, whether in books, plays or hands-on breath guidance has been a continual involvement with the nature of intelligence, human and animal.'

Not that this was ever in his mind at the beginning of his career. 'You can't write like that---you just have to let it happen.' Only later did he begin to see humans in an entirely new way, not as masters of themselves but as **beleaguered animals,** namely animals **without a fixed habitat.**

What does 'a fixed habitat' mean? It mean one to which your nervous system is perfectly attuned, you eat from the trees or grasses or soil or waters of sea or lake, you never have to guide your wings or fins, you have a perfect inner radar system so that you are never required to 'think' as the human does; in a word, your nervous system is that which your habitat devised for you as a perfect guide to what you should eat and where you should sleep and whether by day or night.

But the human must think of every aspect of his life, how he will move, by what means he may eat better or be safer in sleep. Indeed this thinking takes so much hold of him that he *begins to despise the other animals for being thoughtless.* He sees them as 'machines' and himself as 'free'.

How must we approach our study of this animal?...
'Not until we see ourselves in our performance as animals do we reach the truth about ourselves. The only way we can judge the intelligence of animals is by how they leave their habitat, whether enriched or degraded. By this criterion the human animal is the least animal on earth.'

But we have to see this---our human predicament---with sympathy, not blame, otherwise our enquiry grounds to a halt. The most striking thing about the human, historically, is that **he has mastered first many and now all habitats on the earth.**

This means that he has been a stranger to his original fixed habitat, and obliged to seek ever new habitats in the hope that his nervous system would be perfectly attuned to it, as other animals are attuned to theirs.

We call those acts of mastery **mutations and adaptations.** These names indicate the human's astonishing efforts to master one strange habitat after another in search, always, of the one that will fit his nervous system perfectly. That perfect state of animality was never reached, so that ultimately, in his doomed search, he mastered every habitat on the earth.

The serenity we find in other animals, the eyes so wide and unblinking, the stealth and vigour and expertise of their movements, which require neither forethought nor afterthought, mean **a perfect inheritance of which the human has been robbed.**

So we should not be surprised that human mastery of the entire planet has ruined that planet.

Here the matter of what can only be called, from the animal point of view, **human dementia** must be faced.

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Only Socrates, in our Western civilisation, faced human dementia squarely. He discussed it in its two roles---as a kind of divine ardour, and as the dark side of that ardour, **a state of self-**

horror. Thus it is that **the religions and civilisations** he has tirelessly brought into being address and heal and canalize that state.

We know of no civilisation which wasn't **the product of a religion**. Indeed the civilisations is always and everywhere the *realisation of the religion in a community form.*

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There is one feature of the human that has persisted from his first strange appearance on the earth.

He has always talked about himself, always wondered about his own nature, until at the height of his bafflement he has concluded that we do not properly exist at all. Descartes personified this distracted, indeed demented attitude. He said 'cogito ergo sum' which means, literally, not 'I think therefore I am', as is usually said, but 'I contemplate or meditate upon myself, and only in this act do I have a clear proof that I exist'

This kind of thinking has been called 'philosophy', which means 'the love of wisdom'. In other words, floundering as he does in the schizophrenia that is always a part of dementia, he congratulates himself, and his helpless human audience congratulates him, so that he is now able to say that his very dementia contains a dignity far beyond the power of other animals to attain.

And these self-consoling thoughts have a remarkably powerful influence, such that they may actually groom the thoughts not only of one generation. Thus it is that our minds, all our Christian minds, and increasingly the minds of everyone on earth as Western modes of money-making and technology spread across the earth, are today, whether we like or not, the product of the philosophy of Aristotle, the ancient Greek, indeed they are *the very basis and content and form of our daily thoughts.*

His philosophy was bogus and trifling but I who call his philosophy bogus and trifling have a mind entirely formed by him, I am as much his helpless prisoner as everyone else on earth. He was for the middle ages the arbiter of all disputes, the criterion against which every new idea must be weighed, he alone could determine, dead though he was by many centuries, what thoughts were valid and what not. His influence was so great that more than one pope tried to curb his influence, bring some balance into the matter, but he always gave it up as hopeless.

This is not my book. This is my late husband, Maurice Rowdon's book, and I wish it was Maurice and not me sitting before you and trying to speak on this most courageous and radical work. He was an enormously erudite man, very eloquent and funny and comfortable and natural talking with people from all walks. He was very entertaining, like this book. It's just packed with new thoughts about humans. In fact it is an examination of what the human is instead of what he thinks he is.

He came from very simply roots, he was from a working class family and it was a time in England, the early 1940s, when there was not much mobility between the classes in England and yet he earned a scholarship to Oxford and he received a 'short' degree in history---they gave him a year there before sending him off to war as a front line forward observation officer on the Italian front. He survived it--- The FOO was what the French called the Lost Sentinel, they didn't last very long. When he got back to Oxford he was simply shattered by the war and yet he went on be invited to study philosophy as well as history. He came down from Oxford with degrees in both disciplines and where he also dived deeply into theology and economics. He was invited to teach English Literature at Bhagdad University. This he did for a period while writing his first novel. And soon he saw that writing was his passion. He left bhagdad and went back to Italy to live and that is where his career took off. He lived between Italy and London for many years and not only did he publish twelve books, non-fiction and fiction, but he was also a prolific playwright---I have found so far some thirty two plays in his archives, and he was a poet. He went to California in the early eighties before finally ending up in California where he taught a breathing system, Oxygenesis, that he devised from thirty years of pranayama. He meant to stay in California for a few months and stayed off and on for ten years. The breathing system was to initiate an inner guidance system that he felt had eroded to a desperate degree in the human. It was these years of work with his clients and his meeting with Dr. Penny Patterson's charge, Koko the gorilla who communicates in American Sign Language that gave Maurice the basic inspiration for this book.

How to talk about Maurice's book? This is his most sensitive work. In his earlier published work Maurice was struggling to understand his own message, his subjects were so varied and wide and indeed he was told by his agent that he was risking his career by ranging so widely, that he needed to basically write the same thing over and over, which is what most writers do to be continually published. Maurice was writing on the same subject but even he didn't see his theme until very late in his life---that being humans, what are we really? I have in my possession quite a few very interesting manuscripts on this subject which were considered unpublishable, there was no market for addressing collective human dementia as Maurice has done. He started this book in 1984 and worked exclusively on it for some 10 years before he began sending it out. Even in the mid nineties anyone questioning the status quo about the human was not going to get a hearing, unless of course, it came from academia. Maurice had been free-lance all of his career and had done very well, only his most sensitive and daring work was not being accepted. It was always rejected. From the mid-nineties onward, he revised the book over and over, in an attempt to make it more palatable and the end result was that it found its way to the stacks of unpublished work in the library at home. About three years ago, we decided to take the bull by the horns and get it out. I had always said to Maurice he had to do like Beckett, for instance, he simply had to take charge of his own most radical work. He decided he would do this, only by that time we were lost in dozens of revisions. The archives are huge at home and scattered and somehow Maurice

succeeded in coallating several versions to finally produce this book. And I think he went back to the first versions, they were the most powerful, they did not try to placate. I don't know how he did it because his health was by this time very fragile, but Maurice worked on this book again with the most amazing speed and concentration and dedication. By November 2008 we had it with the publisher, iUniverse, and were working hard together getting it into the formats the published needed. On December 22 Maurice was diagnosed with Leukemia and he was gone from us on 15 February 2009. We all think he forged on until this most important creation of his life was on its way and then he could allow himself to give out. When Maurice finished any work he always got ill, had to go to bed for a few weeks, he worked with that intensity. This time he left us completely.

His goal was to examine the human as he is and not as he thinks he is. And to do this he

He says that the only measure we have to judge of any animal's intelligence is whether it leaves its habitat enhanced or depleted, and by this measure the human is the least intelligent of all the creatures.

He was examining how it happened that we humans came to see and treat every resource on the planet and every non-human animal as more dead than alive. And how it is that we humans can extend the same doctrine to whole races---exterminate others of our own species. He says that the only measure we have to judge of any animal's intelligence is whether it leaves its habitat enhanced or depleted, and by this measure the human is the least intelligent of all the creatures.

Maurice says that the human has always been a beleaguered animal, that in fact it was always the weakest creature, not the fittest. We never had a habitat into which we fitted comfortably, our weakness had us adapting, mutating very creatively, mind you. Our weakness had us develop non-biological tools and become a deferral animalin order to survive and in fact creature and our history of ourselves as being the wisest creature, the most intelligent, the master of the earth is nonsense, a giant grandiose fabrication that comes from misguided theology. And through We. This beleaguered animal was and is different from other primates soley in his manner of perceiving. P 41.

His natural faculties are eroded and the kind of life the human has constructed erodes the faculties further.. He says that far from being a question of survival of the fittest, the human was the weakest of the animal kingdom. He never had a habitat into which he fit comfortably. He was ill-equipped for all of them. He had to develop –non biological tools and deferred thinking in order to survive as he wandered from habitat to habitat, mutating and adapting and fabricating for all he was worth. He had to develop his brain in a special way as his very life depended upon it. He had to become a master of self-withdrawal.p 53-63.

The strange and haunting circumstances: Maurice says that humans had to contain their biological dementia in some way. They did this by devising religion and civilization. Our perceptions came from these institutions. They replaced our natural faculties. Every religion is founded on a vision and the civilization follows.

But if the theology isn't right, the human is in deep trouble as we are now, as our planet is now.

It is from our theology that the human has come to see the earth's resources and all other non-human animals on it as more dead than alive. The only measure we have of any animal's intelligence is whether it leaves its habitat enhanced or deplete, and by this measure the human is the least intelligent of all creatures.'

The dead-habitat metaphysics came from the Church's misconceptions and frank corruption of Aristotle and out of the Church's interpreatating

P117, p146,

He examines our civilization and he argues that Christianity has not been based upon Jesus's teachings at all. But upon the most mediocre and worse teachings of Aristotle and a total incomprehension of Socrates. He simply puts forth those two philosophers teachings against Jesus's teaching and it is apparent that we are to this day following Aristotle!

And he traces Aristotle through the Medieval world, the church's struggles, until we arrive at the puritan doctrine which governs us today and which has brought our planet to this state and to our own collective suicide.

philosopher, historian, p novelist, poet who has recently been very

• • **INTRODUCTION**

Maurice Rowdon (1922-2009) was a 'part-prophet part anthropologist' whose writing ranges from accounts of Leonardo da Vinci and the Fall of Venice to an investigation into the singular case of the talking dogs in Bavaria in the early 1970s. He was a ferocious enquirer and astute visionary. Rowdon had an incredible ability to prophesize, for example, the future congestion in inner cities and the political dominance of environmental and green issues. Despite the weight of his topics his writing was characterized by a lightness of touch and tone of wry amusement. His colourful and varied career ~~was combined with a whimsical personality and~~ led him to Bagdad, ~~India~~, Switzerland and California during the course of his life.

• **EARLY LIFE**

Maurice Rowdon was born in Wandsworth, South-West London in 1922 to Gladys and William Rowdon, a dock worker. He attended Emanuel Grammar School and went on to apply for an ~~organ scholarship at Cambridge University, a position which he narrowly missed.~~ ~~He~~ and was accepted into Keble College, Oxford, in 1941 to read History. Rowdon had a deep passion for history, taking it to 'mean everything the human has ever thought about himself - even when his own actions have been deeply mysterious to him,' yet was perplexed by the

OF SINS in Winter

Maurice Rowdon is an Oxford-trained philosopher ~~and~~ professional author. **He has published with** Chatto and Windus, Heinemann, Constable, Weidenfeld, Barrie and Rockcliffe, Gollancz and Macmillan in London, Praeger/Putnam and St.Martin's Press in the USA, S.Fischer Verlag in Germany.

His last year at school was interrupted by World War 11 and he took a war degree in Modern History. He was in the Italian campaign 1943-45 with one of the most dangerous jobs in the army as Forward Observation Officer (described in his **Forward Into Death *A study in shock)***. He resumed his studies at Oxford from 1945, this time in philosophy for three years, specialising in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. ~~After Oxford his first job was at Baghdad~~ university teaching English literature. There he wrote his first novel, **(Hellebore the Clown, *Laughter and War*).**

~~When his first year at Baghdad was over~~ later he returned to Europe by boat from Beirut to Naples, drawn back to Italy by his memory of the Italians during battle---honest, open, humane to both sides without exciting resentment on either. He resolved to live there but first returned to London where he wrote two books, **Perimeter West *A parable of the Berlin ruins and Afterwards,*** ~~which chronicles~~ an American publicity agent ~~who perceives Hiroshima as dividing history into the Before and the Afterwards,~~ and who plans for the exploitation of space, thus foretelling fifty years of space ~~experiment~~ by the USA and Britain. ~~Maurice~~ Rowdon ~~returned to Italy and~~ began living in Rome, where he wrote his first two books on Italian life, **Italian Sketches** and **A Roman Street.** These two books gave him a serious literary following ~~for the first time~~. He and his wife ~~borrowed money to buy~~ bought a 21-hectare farm in the Sienese Hills where, helped by Brussels subsidies, he planted 400 olive trees, constructed new vineyards and learned every aspect of honest wine-making. ~~His new status as writer opened the way to many~~ commissions such as **The Companion Guide to Umbria, The Fall of Venice, The Spanish Terror, Leonardo da Vinci, Lorenzo the Magnificent.**

He and his wife (who had been brought up in the United States) went there on many visits, during which he got to know New York well, which led to his **Brain Fevers, *Two Englishwomen in New York*** (awaiting publication). ~~His wife taught at a college in Williamsburg and he joined her to give a lecture there, while mainly taken up by his new~~ book on animal intelligence, **The Talking Dogs**, which was published simultaneously in London and New York. He sought out a talking horse (namely, a horse that like the dogs tapped their answers) and traced it to Richmond, Virginia, but was twenty years too late, with only press records of the horse available.

Back at the farm he began to read books emanating by chance from Berkeley, Ca., more especially a book by a physicist and another by an ophthamologist ~~on the possible relation~~ between disturbed 'kundalini' (sexual energy in western language) and psychosis. By this time Maurice had been doing daily *pranayama* or yoga breathing over a period of at least seventeen years, which made a session in Earl's Court London with Janabai, a close associate of the remarkable Leonard Orr the 'rebirther'. The effect of the first two-hour session was remarkable. He awoke a changed individual, with urgent resolves he appeared not to know anything before. He sold a Spanish table on the farm which gave him the price of a ticket to San Francisco, plus a few months' keep. He had already begun working on his own breathing system which started from the breathing muscles, not the breathing, avoiding all aspects of tetanus and hyperventilation. He had a letter of introduction to a Greek professor of comparative myths at San Francisco university, Nanos Valoritis, who was a poet, and they were astonished to find they had common friends all over Europe. Nanos set him up with a group of mostly university people who would study the breath with me, and Maurice set up a practice which thrived for over four years, with offices in the medical area of San Francisco, which led to his writing **Breathtaking Moments,** which awaits publication. This contact with Orr initiated in him an interest in old age, which he began to see as a preventable aberration which cuts off human life decades before the full biological capacity of 120 years. At these offices he met the best friend he ever had, Dachiell, a Texan lady, and they took up life together in San Anselmo, Ca., and now have a house in London and another in France.

Observation of these clients + your working together on the distortions in their breathing systems that you began work on your major ~~The Mad Ages~~ the most important of his study

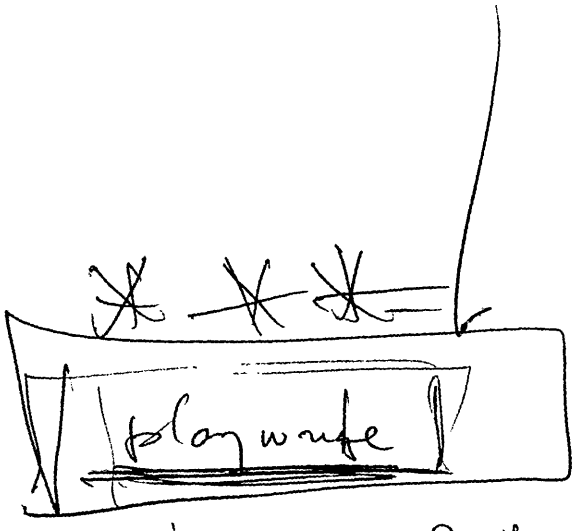
The Mad Ages — (it is only through hermetic (spiritual) practices that man is

- walking symbol of Spiritual practices are the only necessary to sanity

argue that man has eroded faculties, that which reduced his is among the poorly equipped of all the animals hence his destruction + this

~~His for those he received education~~

'Cranky' → predicted ~~the~~ world politics to be determined by green issues.



Summary of theatre or persons

plays

Cosmopolis and the Racing ~~Late~~

new plays in progress

his ~~early~~ plays Mercy, Lucretia, I was Mercy, Daddy and Boy Boulevard (new plays), Boy

see Red 3/1 L

→ His first place Berklin Trace was ~~produced~~ produced at the Stoke on Trent Theatre in the round, and he subsequently directed it Liverpool at the Mermaid Theatre. He produced his play Macbeth at the Arts Theatre London.

Dear Mr. Branson:

I have just seen the Millionaires television program about you and was so struck by your questing nature that I'm taking the rather hairbrain liberty of trying to interest you in a publishing project of Maurice Rowdon, my husband.

Two top New York editors have called this non-fiction book 'The Mad Ape' subtitled The Animal that Said it Wasn't twenty-years in advance and have placed it in the catagory of human intelligence (a book catagory which doesn't exist in England but in the U.S.). The book rewrites our human history in a totally revolutionary and entertaining way, presents extremely new and hard to digest ideas ~~(virgin territory!)~~ to explain the visible and accelerating decline of civilizations globally. It offers new solutions to this, ones which have never been written about before. It's written in simple language to reach a maximum commercial audience.

The main stumbling block is that of presenting the book because no matter how you slice it, condensing the radical ideas down to outline and synopsis makes the book look academic (which it certainly isn't) and thus limited for a small and select audience.

Everybody knows the big publishing houses are after blockbusters that require the minimum effort to put out. Mostly they don't reflect people's real concerns and worse, the reader is now widely regarded as being of low-level intelligence with low-level interests. Obviously the ghost-written Joan Collins type books eat up the money that could go to real writers who have important contributions to make. The few small remaining houses don't have money enough to risk on something new.

So more and more mid-line writers who were once the main-stream and backbone of serious publishing are having to self-publish if they want to be heard. Bernard Shaw and Dickens were quite the exceptions in being able to turn their work into business and Dickens, clever as he was, I'm sure you know, was haunted by poverty. But who cares about poverty if at least you can get your work out? IF YOU ARE A real, you can endure terrible financial stress if at least you can get your work out!

My husband has been a non-fiction, fiction, art historian, travel, animal intelligence book and play writer all his life. He never concerned himself with building a commercial reputation. Early on, his agent told him that his main problem was that he wouldn't write the same thing over and over again, that his versatility would eventually kill his career!

Where is the Medici of this century? If he doesn't appear all new expression is going to be totally lost. Your balloon flying and what you're looking for up there and how you conduct yourself on the earth---by creating a viable working civilization in your

enclosed
The CV is merely a fraction of the work he has been able to get out by hook or crook.

in short, a healthy community which is a rare commodity indeed,

in ~~the your~~ businesses that create harmony, peace, security and good relations between people makes me wonder if perhaps you aren't at least one of the culture patrons who must appear and who always existed until ~~really after~~ World War II.

THE MAD APE was born out of a hermetic breathing therapy which my husband developed some twenty years ago and practiced in San Francisco for seven years, guiding people from all walks in this technique which opens the breather to unconscious collective information that is, for lack of a better word, out-there, but not available by rational channels. The name of this process is Oxygenesis and it's rather like high-flying, only you're lying on a nice comfortable pallet and doing it without drugs and airplanes and balloons. My husband happened upon this gradually and learned that really he had tapped into ancient and secret hermetic techniques which were at the grasp of oriental yogis and swamis and most certainly ~~certain~~ ancient Christians sects such as the cathars, but with the breakdown of civilization ~~had gotten~~ these techniques got lost such that the modern gurus could only find material manifestations for in airplanes and balloon and drugs and computers, then telephones etc.

I do hope I've intrigued you enough to wish to know more about this project. I'm taking the liberty of sending you the outline and some sample chapters just so you can see the quality and seriousness of it, ~~which~~ that we need someone who is well outside of mediocrity to champion. It is truly virin territory.

I thank you very much for your patience.

Im NOT AMAZED I cant get

it now

Maurice Rowdon has guided many hundreds of people in Oxygenesis throughout the West, including California for eight years. He wrote his first book in Baghdad where he was teaching at the university. He took a boat to Naples, then a train to Rome, where he settled.

He wrote two books on the Italian people and was suddenly established as a writer. Twelve others followed on various aspects of civilization. He worked in television, in the theatre, he wrote on animal intelligence.

But he wasn't getting to the core of what he wished to say. He began to realise that **we pursue excellence far more than happiness**, that we willingly suffer for **the directives inside us**. A totally paralysed Frenchman dictates a full-length book letter by letter by blinking one eye, before he dies.

At Oxford Maurice took two honours degrees, in history and philosophy. He was short-listed for a fellowship in philosophy at Oxford's most prestigious college but, again, he wanted more.

He went to an Indian guru who introduced him to pranayama but with the admonition that the deepest secrets of the breath were dangerous, though they led to `remarkable discoveries'.

For twelve years Maurice practised pranayama, always seeking a way to those `discoveries'. One day he found himself plunging beyond his guru's barriers. The promised `remarkable discoveries' followed day after day. He patiently built a breath system that would be safe.

The world is getting harder to live in, for all animals, all life. We may awaken with fear. Everything we count on may collapse. **Such unhappiness is natural** for species losing their sources of nourishment. There are also famines in career, family, friendship. Oxygenesis brings the mind by gentle stages to an awareness of itself. It bypasses suffering and **illumines the directives that guide us.** It handles work problems, floods the mind with new ideas. It can be triggered off in the direst circumstances, unnoticed by others.

Maurice's upcoming titles---HOW TO STOP DYING IN CALIFORNIA and THE MAD APE.

One- or two-week workshops. La Luciole (Firefly) is an eighteenth-century farmhouse in a superb show garden with pool. Guests will stay in Cucuron, a charming village in the Luberon foothills, and they will enjoy a delicious Mediterranean cuisine. Write Oxygenesis, La Luciole, Chemin des Patins, Cucuron 84160, France or phone/fax UK (44) 171.858.2937.

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it illuminated the kind of existence we were striving for, ~~and disliked all we like and disliked.~~ the directions we ~~were~~ ~~the~~ ~~leaning~~ seemed. Sometimes the directions are destructive. This myth is the intellect, how it can be received.

The world is getting harder every day to live in, & all animals, and the plants, too. We experience periods of famine — in career, family, relationship. We feel it fall from heaven and it rise from failure. Oxygenesis is a myth the dysfunction the suffering, ~~that~~ ~~disease~~ even the emotions, ~~it is simply these~~ ~~accord with physics~~ being the effect of our directions, not causes. ~~they~~ It is a myth for those ~~who have the "gift"~~ (evolved in this society) whether high performers, ~~but there is never a failure~~ mindful endowed or handicapped, ~~fortunate~~ ~~or poverty, rich or poor~~ in good luck or in bad, in sickness or health. Excellence takes no account of circumstance.

Maria, while in California, began an affair (and then) the 'unthinkable divorce' of a book called The Naked Ape, soon to be completed. ~~The Naked Ape and Me~~ ~~The Naked Ape and Me~~ She wondered how in the world by means of ~~physiological~~ experience may ~~physiological~~ which is ~~moment~~ changes — lifetime of conditioning. ~~Then~~ ~~Maria began~~ ~~began~~ →2

2

Oxygenetic intelligence can be shown as a state, a problem, a crisis, a future moment — either anyone else observing it.

~~[illegible]~~

This book analyzes the directives behind our civilization, and how the presence of other species can lead to a world in three millennia ~~[illegible]~~ to a world all will be destroyed.

Then was the lid (xtra his fees had matured?
And My had his fees refused to teach even tha a
mild breath-system, saying the 'drastic' breathing
was dangerous and required big fees, tho
Hoyle it did lead to '(x)traordinary discoveries'?
My habit he allowed some) his devotion to the
the rite.

Maurice did his mild pranayama daily
for about twelve years, always looking for a closer
acquaintance with those hidden directions that were
making his work so hard, and one day, in Bedford Court,
London, he took a session with a breath-practitioner
and found himself plunging far beyond the limits his
fears had set. [Then] (x)traordinary discoveries
followed day after day, tripping over each other.
He began to be able to examine those
directions he was living in — the ways of beyond
the realm of happiness + comfort + die.) ~~He was~~
~~finally able to elicit information about~~

The patient curled up his breath system
so that it would be ~~safe~~ and provide immediate
~~physical~~ ~~significance~~ (triggered by his research)
~~support he needed. Effect safe and that~~
~~motion was made the truth like the Indian~~
~~Encouragement he required to create a~~

Maurice

A 'no thing fails like success,' as Wilde said.

B was striving toward it all the time. ~~He came to the conclusion that we were not content seekers~~ pleasure
~~If we want that way we would run find~~
~~unhappiness and Psychoanalysis was used in vogue~~
~~Suffering and unhappiness~~ He began to realize
that we did strive to achieve happiness but
excellence. But in fact our directives inside us
even if we don't know what they are. Why
should we be attracted to suffering and turn
to unhappiness as if they were shameful? The
more he thought about it the more he felt
that we weren't pleasure - a content-seekers.
~~The world handicapped Living with terrible~~
~~physical harm~~ People

~~At last~~ As we see "handicapped"
people, ~~some~~ almost entirely
dependent on ~~mechanical aspects~~ sisters,
~~following~~ pursuing the excellence
they know ~~is independent~~ also ~~tirelessly~~
~~struck~~ ~~by~~ ~~marked by the~~
~~malfunctioning exterior. Recently~~
~~an extraordinarily accomplished woman~~
~~made a book~~ dictated it
~~letter by letter before~~

This is how it is possible for an entirely handicapped person, we see locked in pain and misery, in monastic seclusion.

history and the second (three years) in philosophy, and he'd even been shortlisted for a fellowship in philosophy at one of Oxford's most prestigious colleges. Now it all came i useful. He made the `astonishin discoveries' his guru had promised, and over a period of ten years, most of them in California, he began setting these out in a book called the mad ape which is now in its final stages. Our workshop takes us into this new land, this new civilization, and the breath suuports it, as it supports the breath.

One- and two-week workshops. La Luciole (Firefly) is an eighteenth-century farmhouse in a superb show garden with pool. Guests will stay in Cucuron, a charming village in the Luberon foothills, and they will enjoy a delicious Mediterranean cuisine. Optional excursions, guided tours, exhilarating hill walks. 45 mins from international airport Marseille. Phone/fax France (33) 490771240 or write Oxygenesis 40 Glenluce Road London SE3 7SB UK.

A writer in Baghdad

Maurice Rowdon has guided many hundreds of people in Oxygenesis all over the Western world, including California. He published his first book (now one of thirteen) at the age of 29 with Chatto and Windus, at that time London's most interesting imprint. He wrote it in Baghdad where he was teaching at the university and comparing his comforts with the poverty on the streets.

~~**All paths lead to Rome**~~

~~He~~ took a boat to Naples, then a train to Rome. The sale of a short story to Harper's Magazine boded well. He stayed in Rome ~~two~~ ten years, learning from the Italians not to fear ~~and~~ thoughts or words. He wrote two books on the ~~people~~ Italian and was suddenly established as a writer.

~~**Nothing fails like success**~~

He worked in television, in the theatre, ~~he discussed film projects with Joe Losey, Ken Russell~~, he met ~~Dylan Thomas~~, Brecht, Thomas Mann, was published by Mann's publisher in Germany. New books were commissioned. ~~He~~ wrote on animal intelligence. ~~But~~ He wasn't getting to the core of what he wished to say. The new path leads back to life

He met an Indian guru in Switzerland who ~~said~~ `I give you yoga, plus a bit extra.' He emerged from ~~the experience~~ a changed person. But he was surprised that there were the same ups and downs as before. ~~He~~ He may have changed but life hadn't. ~~Shouldn't this new lightness he felt have changed the life too? Or was he trying to achieve a false life without calamities? Was all this enlightenment business a doomed search for happiness?~~ ~~He remembered that~~ His guru refused to teach any `drastic' breathing. `The breath is dangerous, it requires long preparation'. But when mastered it led to `extraordinary discoveries'.

Urgent questions

~~Maurice~~ practiced the pranayama daily for years. ~~He felt more and more that we aren't pleasure and comfort seekers, that our goal is excellence, and that we will achieve this if necessary at the expense of happiness. We may do a hundred theraples but still the old life will return because we have certain directives inside us which we obey.~~

He found the breath system he was looking for. He did all the drastic breathing he'd been forbidden, and indeed it was dangerous but it meant that his system was safe, he knew what limits to set. The `extraordinary discoveries' his guru had promised began and over a period of ten years---he was by now in California--he set these down in a book THE MAD APE now nearing completion.

The forgotten Oxford scholar

But suddenly a lot of new thinking was required---for the system began to work on him too, as he began to teach it to more and more people. They asked for explanations---wat was the conditioning? how did it happen? where was it lodged? Maurice had taken two honours degrees at Oxford, the first in

and in our conditions.

~~[illegible]~~

1) practical pronouncement = the certainty that his game had taken place. 2) the game had opened to each 'drastic ...' dangers, the 'unlikely' ... 3) One day, in a session with a shooter, he took through it the 'drastic' area. 4) And then we have a clear division between the positive & negative – you could say that you could somehow certainty in happiness: one can close the directories

Maurice Rowdon has guided many hundreds of people in Oxygenesis throughout the West, including California for eight years. He wrote his first book in Baghdad where he was teaching at the university. He took a boat to Naples, then a train to Rome, where he settled.

He wrote two books on the Italian people and was suddenly established as a writer. Twelve others followed on various aspects of civilization. He worked in television, in the theatre, he wrote on animal intelligence.

But he wasn't getting to the core of what he wished to say. Yet he knew he was striving for it. He began to realise that **we pursue excellence** far more than happiness, that we suffer for **the directives inside us** even if we don't know what they are. We see it all round us. A Frenchman dictates a full-length book **letter by letter** by blinking one eye, unable to move, before he dies.

At Oxford Maurice took two honours degrees, in history and philosophy. He was shortlisted for a fellowship in philosophy at Oxford's most prestigious college. But the excellence he was pursuing, while it required the power to analyse, went beyond.

He went to an Indian guru and returned a changed person. But he also returned to the same ups and downs of fortune. **He** had changed. Why hadn't **life**?

His guru refused to teach more than a mild breathing system, saying that `drastic' breathing was dangerous, though it led to `remarkable discoveries'.

For twelve years Maurice did his daily mild pranayama, always seeking a way to those `discoveries'. One day he had a session with a breath practitioner and found himself plunging beyond his guru's barriers. The promised `remarkable discoveries' followed day after day. He patiently built a breath system that would be safe.

The world is getting harder to live in, for all animals, all life. We may awaken with fear. Everything we count on may collapse. Such unhappiness is natural for species losing their sources of nourishment. There are also famines in career, family, friendship. Oxgenesis bypasses suffering and **illumines the directives that guide us.** It handles work problems, floods the mind with new ideas. It can be triggered off in the direst circumstances, unnoticed by others.

Maurice's upcoming titles---HOW TO STOP DYING IN CALIFORNIA and THE MAD APE.

One- or two-week workshops. La Luciole (Firefly) is an eighteenth-century farmhouse in a superb show garden with pool. Guests will stay in Cucuron, a charming village in the Luberon foothills, and they will enjoy a delicious Mediterranean cuisine. Write Oxygenesis, La Luciole, Chemin des Patins, Cucuron 84160, France or phone/fax UK (44) 171.858.2937.

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~~The sale of a short story to Harper's Magazine boded well.~~ He wrote two books on the Italian people ~~and was~~ which suddenly ~~established~~ as a writer, He worked in television, and ~~in~~ the theatre, ~~he met Bert Brecht, Thomas Mann, was published by Mann's publisher in Germany. One book commission followed another. He wrote on animal intelligence.~~

But he wasn't getting to the core of what he wished to say. ~~Not that he knew what this was. He did know he was striving toward it all the time.~~

He began to realise that ~~we~~ **pursue excellence** far more than we do happiness, that we suffer for **the directives inside us**, even if we don't know what they are. We see it all round us ~~dreadfully handicapped people demonstrate genius, at whatever cost.~~ A Frenchman ~~recently~~ dictates a full-length book **letter by letter**, unable to move, before he dies.

At Oxford Maurice ~~had taken~~ two honours degrees, ~~the first in~~ history and ~~the second in~~ philosophy. He was shortlisted for a fellowship in philosophy at ~~one of~~ Oxford's most prestigious colleges, ~~Christ Church.~~ But the excellence he was pursuing, while it required the power to analyse, ~~logically, couldn't be triggered by thought.~~

He ~~met~~ an Indian guru ~~in Switzerland, who told him 'I teach hatha yoga, plus a bit extra which I don't mention.'~~ ~~Maurice emerged~~ from ~~his~~ retreat a changed person. But ~~after a time he experienced the same~~ ups and downs of fortune ~~and hope as before~~. **He** had changed. Why hadn't life?

~~He remembered that~~ the guru ~~had~~ refused to teach ~~his pupils~~ more than a mild breathing system, saying that 'drastic' breathing was dangerous ~~and required both aptitude and long preparation, though undoubtedly the~~ proper 'drastic' breath led to 'remarkable discoveries'. For twelve years Maurice did his daily mild pranayama, always ~~looking for~~ a way ~~means of illuminating those directives inside him that omitted to declare themselves.~~ ~~One day~~ in Earl's Court, London, ~~in a room over a busy, noisy street~~, he took a session with a breath practitioner and found himself plunging far beyond ~~the barrier~~ his guru ~~had set him into a new life.~~

The 'remarkable discoveries' followed day after day, ~~tripping over each other~~. He patiently built a breath system that would ~~do for others what he wished it to do for him, and safely do it with perfect safety~~. ~~It took many experiments, some frightening.~~

The world is getting harder to live ~~in every day~~, for all animals, all life. We ~~experience periods of famine, we~~

awaken ~~frequently~~ with fear. Such unhappiness is natural for species losing their ~~very sources of nourishment~~. We ~~may also~~ ~~experience~~ famine in career, family, friendship. ~~In success we fear to fall and in failure to rise~~. Oxgenesis ~~is a system that~~ bypasses ~~the unhappiness, the~~ suffering, ~~the~~ emotion, and **illumines ~~those directives we obey through thick and thin, failure and success~~**, ~~some of which may be destructive~~. ~~Oxygenesis can in a few moments, by the simplest means, illumine the darkest moments, the crisis, the unexpected loss~~. ~~It will never evade~~. ~~Help can be~~ triggered ~~off~~ in ~~any~~ circumstances, ~~even imprisonment~~, without anyone ~~being able to~~ observe it, ~~not a singly movement~~.

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Italians had made on him during the war. He wanted to highlight the detriment of war to the human nervous system. His ability to cut to the core of human experience was evident in *Of Sins and Winter (1955)* in which *Encounter* reviewed it to be 'profoundly serious... here, it seems to me, is described the dilemma not only of war and peace, but that of this century.' He settled first in Rome and then on a farm near San Gimignano, Tuscany, where he began ~~publishing~~ books on Italy. He started with famous figures such as da Vinci and Lorenzo the Magnificent, examining time and time again what it is to be human. He spent four decades in Italy where his observations on Italian life, culture and society were so highly regarded that he was invited to become an Italian citizen, an honour he kindly declined. His insights were praised as 'so piercingly accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new appraisal almost of a new country.' Rowdon had an uncanny ability to ~~philosophise~~ accurately far beyond his time. In his acclaimed *Italian Sketches* 1963, he casually wrote that cars would eventually be banned from city centres and politics in the future would be determined by environmental issues. Similarly, his skill as an ~~astute visionary and observer was made blatant~~ in his book *Perimeter West* 1965, ~~where~~ he described menacing yet absent frontier posts of a nameless German city which became the reality of Berlin with the construction of the Third Wall in 1961. It was these radical and original theories that earned him the title of 'part-prophet and part anthropologist,' his visions reflected the current instability of today's world and civilization. Out of the twelve books published in his life time, the travel books were the most critically acclaimed, including A Roman Street (1964), Lorenzo the Magnificent (1974) and The Fall of Venice (1970).

~~However~~, Rowdon grew restless and dissatisfied with Occidental thought and disciplines and ~~thus~~ he immersed himself in all that was Oriental. He embarked on an exploration that extended mental enquiry, undertaking hermetic techniques as well as physiological disciplines such as yoga, Pranayama, meditation, fasting and vegetarianism. From this he ~~formed~~ his own breathing technique, Oxygenisis, designed to stimulate the inborn intelligence-systems that lie waiting in our bodies, ready to be used. He practiced in Europe and then in Berkley and San Francisco, California for over eight years, and later as part of the medical director's team at the Hale Clinic in London. His most ambitious work, *The Ape of Sorrows, From Stranger to Destroyer: The Inside Story of Humans*, is a culmination of his explorations in the Occidental and Oriental, and took fifteen years of refinement ~~until completion~~.

Rowdon's messages and predictions, despite being chillingly accurate, were ~~not always~~ compatible with the society in which he was writing; he was a visionary to which his time could not accommodate. ~~Whilst~~ his visions were sometimes viewed as 'cranky' Rowdon was adamant that he would not compromise his views. Unconcerned with the cult of celebrity and fame he wrote for the necessity of his message rather than appraisal of an audience. Making it even harder to pin-point Rowdon as an author was the fact that, in ~~publishing~~, he was mostly outside the various literary paradigms and categories. Some of his works, such as the play 'Christophe the Haitian King' were highly regarded by companies such as The National Theatre, but rejected in 1975 on the grounds that ~~they~~ simply could not supply a large enough black cast. Even the emphasis that a television adaptation would translate brilliantly could not be put into practice due to insufficient funding. Rowdon, always the rapid generator of ideas, could not wait for the world to catch up with his visions, and thus much of his highly ~~perceptive work~~ did not surface.

- **PHILOSOPHY – 1. Breath intelligence 2. Animal/Human intelligence 3. Views on history/religion**

Rowdon's preoccupation with the restrictions of 'mind' culminated ~~to~~ the formation of his own breathing technique, Oxygenisis, in an attempt to escape the inherent ~~pre~~conditions of society. He was fascinated by breathing ~~as it is~~ the most vital and basic aspect to human survival. As emphasised in *The Ape of Sorrows*, Rowdon had a conviction that Christian civilisation had unwittingly stripped humans of their natural intelligence, and this spear-

thought-reflex which says that the past is inferior since nearer the 'dark' or 'animal' past we are trying to fling off in an ever upward journey.

Of course Christendom in the 'dark' ages had exactly the same structure as the 'middle' ones, with the same major towns, the same names and the same connecting roads.

> **At Oxford, I began to see that we were all living inside *highly intellectual systems* without knowing it. These are fixed within out perceptive apparatus, whether we're illiterate or poorly educated, or educated not at all.**
>
> **We now call these systems 'complex systems' and they govern every aspect of work, nourishment, domestic life, being theological systems fulfilled.**
>
> **At Oxford I dodged between disciplines trying to find a clue to their parameters, but they didn't question their parameters because they didn't believe these had ever come into being as intellectual systems, or were anything but reality! What they called 'thinking' was the mental application of the enlightenment theology they carried about with them. This enlightenment reflex said that it was just a question of getting more enlightened, and the more enlightened we were the more we were in touch with the absolute and final and unimpeachable 'facts'. This 'thinking' is all but universal today. The idea worldwide is that we now think more than people did before, we have more information available and altogether we are more conscious. This coincides with the New Knowledge idea that unlike the animals we fashion ourselves, with conscious designs, and are capable as never before of 'detached' thought. The pork butcher's 'They can't feel anything' in the midst of heart-rending screams shows just how powerful theology is.**
>
> **On the contrary, no animal is capable of 'detachment' from the habitat since he is a function within it, and that goes for humans too.**
>
> **But, to repeat, theology forms our perceptions and is therefore our life-line. But it has to be right. There is right theology and wrong theology. The medieval mystics were greatly handicapped because they had only**

*"Of Sins and Winter", Chatto & Windus, London 1955
*(Unpublished) "War In Italy: War Between Friends", written between 2006-7.
*(Unpublished) "The Indian Crucifixion" 1971
===Plays===
*"[illegible]", performed in a theatre in the Round Stoke on Trent, 1974.
*"[illegible]", performed at Mercury Theatre London directed by author.
*"[illegible]
*([illegible]

**INTRODUCTION
*

Maurice Rowdon (1922-2009) was a British author, philosopher and historian who published thirteen books on investigative history and culture. A writer of fiction and non-fiction as well as a prolific playwright and poet, he also taught his own breathing system, evolved from Yoga practices, in California and Europe. He has been called a Œpart-prophet part-anthropologist[1] for the radical and original theories espoused throughout his work. His earliest works demonstrate a highly unconventional and brilliant thinker. At 15 his first poem was published in *Poetry London*. At 18, Mass Observation employed him upon the recommendation of Stephen Spender. He was educated at Emanuel School

and took a one-year war degree in Modern History at Keble College, Oxford before becoming, at 21, a Forward Observation Officer in the Italian Campaign of WW2. He returned to Keble after the war and took his second degree in Modern Greats specializing in Philosophy and the works of Immanuel Kant, with Politics and Economics as subsidiary subjects. He taught English Literature at Baghdad University Iraq and left academics early on to settle in Italy where he became an expert on Italian civilization.
He went on to receive a Master of Arts degree from Oxford in 1983. By the

early 1950s he was preoccupied with the extreme effects of human activity on the planet, accurately predicting that environmental issues would become the political platforms of the future. These concerns, along with his WW2 battle experiences, provoked his life-long examination into the nature of intelligence, both human and animal. Dissatisfied with

Occidental philosophy, he turned to the Orient, its teachings and the practice of yoga, meditation and pranayama from which he pioneered his own breathing system, Oxygenesis. Early on, his large and disparate body of work
on genius, civilization, religion, war, sexuality and history (both published and unpublished) had his agents and publishers despair he would write himself out of public visibility. Indeed, his predictions and messages in their chilling
accuracy were not compatible with the society for which he was writing. Later in his life he declared privately that he felt he had a public but was uncertain that his most sensitive work would
reach it in his lifetime. With the publication of his non-fiction ŒElke and Belham, The Talking Dogs[1] (1979) Rowdon ceased accepting book commissions. His observations of these dogs communicating with their human teacher, together with his own intense exploration in breathing techniques had him leave for northern California where he intended to stay for several weeks and instead remained for almost a decade. He focused on Oxygenesis, established private practices in San Francisco and Berkley. He continued to write prolifically, both novels and plays, and his massive archives on his therapy became the basis for his last, most ambitious non fiction work, The Ape of Sorrows, From Stranger to Destroyer, The Inside Story of Humans religion . *The Ape of Sorrows* Œa work of unparalleled provocation[1] (Neil Norman). Œa profound analysisŠof the arid, super-rationalist civilization that has shaped Western cultureŠintricately constructed, beautifully argued, compelling[1] (Andrew Tyler, Animal Aid) <*http://www.theapeofsorrows.com/*> *,., In this, he attempts to redefine human history, declares the human species to be suffering from Œfaculty erosion[1]. He examines Œthe role of religions and civilizations in trying help the human contain what would otherwise be an untamed state of dementia.[1] Rowdon[1]s thought was so far ahead of his time
that temporary invisibility was inevitable. His theories, however, now reach an epoch in which human behavior, in and out of declared war, the state of the planet and rapid species extinction is mirroring his vision once considered extreme and unacceptable.
His poignant message is that Œthe only measure we have of any animal[1]s intelligence
is whether it leaves its habitat enhanced or depleted, and by this measure the human is the least intelligent of all creatures.[1]

Throughout his productive and varied writing career he was published by Chatto and Windus, Heinemann, Victor Gollancz, Collins, Barrie and Rockcliff, Constable, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, Macmillan, Praeger, St. Martin[1]s Press, Putnam, S. Fischer Verlag. He was reviewed favorably by Cyril Connolly, The *Observer*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Guardian*, *Punch*, *The New Yorker*, *New Statesman*, The *Times Literary Supplement*, *The Daily Express*, *Sunday Telegraph*.

*2.** **PERSONAL LIFE

*
Maurice ROWDON was born in 1922 in South-West London, the third of three

brothers, (television documentary-maker John Rowdon, OBE civil service Lesley Rowdon) to Gladys and William Rowdon, a dockworker. He was educated at Emanuel School in London. Along with thousands of youths he was

evacuated to Petersfield Sussex to escape the World War Two London bombardments and there he met Hungarian Philosopher and Economic Historian Karl Polanyi (The Great Transformation) and the German Sociologist Norbert Elias (The Civilising Process). Both men became Rowdon¹s mentors and he remained friends with Elias for many years as letters from Elias in Rowdon¹s archives demonstrate.
He took a Œwar degree¹ in Modern History at Keble College in 1941. At the

age of 21 he became a
Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign. His front-line battle experiences shaped his life-long preoccupation with war, its long-term effects on the fighting soldier and the human nervous system. After the war he took his second degree in Modern Greats at Keble College, specializing in Philosophy and the works of Immanuel Kant, with Economics and Politics as subsidiary subjects. His two guides at Oxford were John Stewart and Donald Mackinnon. He married Joan Wyndham, British

writer and memoirist, and together they had a daughter Clare. He took his family to Iraq where he was a lecturer in English Literature at Baghdad University. They divorced amicably in 1958 as a result of Joan becoming in involved with Shura Shiwarg, a Russian intellectual living in London and with whom she eventually married. A journey to Naples had Rowdon leave academics and settle in Rome when the sale of his short story No Enemy but Time (Harpers) financed the beginning of his long and varied freelance career. He met

and married sculptress Annette Fischer and after several years in Rome they moved to Tuscany and spent the next years living between their working farm in the countryside near San Gimignano Tuscany and London. Great lovers of

nature and animals he and Annette produced their own wine and olive oil. After the collapse of their marriage Rowdon then went to Northern California with the intention of remaining for several weeks and instead remained for almost a decade. There he met his third wife, artist and writer, Dachiell Ahlschlager in 1984. They eventually returned to Europe where they
lived and worked together between London and France until Rowdon¹s death

in their home in France in February 2009.
Although he lived mostly abroad in Iraq, Italy, Switzerland, Northern California and France, Rowdon always boomeranged back to London.

CAREER

1. On War, Debunking Œa great human institution with its special laws and shared glory¹.

His front-line battle experiences as a Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign of WW2 cemented his aversion to war. So it is that the major thrust of his work, in his non-fiction and fiction as well as his plays and poetry (published and unpublished), returns ceaselessly to the trauma and shock experiences of the frontline solder. He de-romanticizes war and the idea of heroism and seeks to understand what seemed to him an inner compulsion of the human to make war. In Rowdon¹s *Of Sins and Winter *(1955) the longstanding effects of war were given haunting and metaphorical resonance*; ŒYour religion is dead, and as for eternity, war is the shadow that constantly falls on your sleeve.*¹ ŒProfoundly seriousŠas an indictment of modern warfare Of Sins and Winter is extremely powerfulŠhere, it seems to me, is described not only the dilemma of war and peace, but that of this century¹ (Encounter). ŒŠin its first pages are revealed the guilt a man may feel for the part he had played in mass slaughter, and the terrible sense of exile which accompanies it¹. In 1953 he gave us Hellebore the Clown, the story of a professional¹s clown guilty encounter with the best friend of his son who died on a battlefield. ŒŠtakes the reader to the heart of an unhackneyed emotional situation¹(Birmingham Post.) ŒŠone of the truest novels I have ever read¹ (Nigel (). In Perimeter West 1956, he described menacing yet absent frontier posts around a nameless German city which became the reality of Berlin with the construction of The Wall in 1961. Welt and Wort called this book at the time Œthe most
important novel to come to us out of England since 1945Š deals with war and it¹s spiritual meaning. The theme is fear, force, terror and horror¹. He gave us his novel, Afterwards (1973) in which an American publicity agent sees Hiroshima as dividing history into Before-The-Bomb and afterward---the final step into dementia.

3. Italian Years

His work on Italy and her people won him wide critical acclaim. Of ŒItalian Sketches¹ Isabel Quigley of The Guardian wrote, Œso often piercingly

accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new appraisal almost of a new country. Of ŒA Roman Street¹ Bernard Wall (The Observer) wrote Œa first-class daily-life writer and all the Romanists will want to read himŠEvery word of it rings trueŠreminds us of Lawrence¹. J.I.M Stewart wrote ŒIt catches the very voice and breath of Rome¹. His general insights had Punch write of ŒA new writer of importance¹. Sunday Times wrote ŒEndowed with a sharp reporter¹s eye¹. ŒHe can describe what he sees and hears with an unpretentious immediacy that brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life¹ (Times Literary Supplement). His ŒFall of Venice¹ had Nigel Dennis of Sunday Telegraph write Œbold and vigorousŠone cannot help concluding that to fall is happier than to rise¹. Cyril Connolly of the

Sunday Times wrote ŒMr Rowdon is fortunate, because after reading his

enthralling essays one can still return to Venice and see so much that has survive the Fall¹. The New Yorker wrote ŒStylish and haunting¹. Of his The Companion Guide to Umbria¹ the Eastern Daily Press wrote Œthis is an outstanding travel book¹. He wrote ŒLeonardo da Vinci¹ (seeking reviews) and ŒLorenzo the Great¹ (seeking reviews). His ŒThe Fall of Venice¹ was commissioned by the BBC for a television special. Vladek Shabel starred in this production.

*> .¹ Rowdon¹s long presence on his working farm in the Tuscan countryside and his writings earned him an invitation to become an Italian citizen, an offer he kindly declined preferring to remain an Englishman abroad.

His deep enquiry into the nature of human perception translated into a restless and intense questioning of history and established facts, implicit in all the disciplines devised to explain what it means to be human. Unpublished archives. Rowdon¹s messages and predictions, despite being chillingly accurate, were not always compatible with the society in which he was writing; he was a visionary to which his time could not accommodate. Making it even
harder to pin-point Rowdon as an author was the fact that his writing was mostly outside the various literary paradigms and categories. He even declared himself to be basically un-publishable. His
category, Œhuman intelligence¹ doesn¹t exist. Some of his works, such as the play ŒChristophe the Haitian King¹ were highly regarded by companies such as The National Theatre, but rejected in 1975 on the grounds that they simply could not supply a large enough black cast. He
even sent out his own manuscripts, one on Hermaphroditism called *Sophia The Wild *and his apocalyptic *Songs of the End of the World *in
the 1970s with a wry letter to publishers that he was sending these himself, wishing to spare his literary agent from doing so as his agent declared he needed to eat. Along with the manuscripts he sent the most damaging rejections from various other publishers. Rowdon, always a rapid generator of ideas,
could not wait for the world to catch up with his visions, and thus much of his highly perceptive work did not surface.
*
*
*4.** **PHILOSOPHY - 1. Breath intelligence **2. Animal/Human intelligence 3. Views on history/religion

*
Rowdon¹s preoccupation with the restrictions of the rationalist mind had him become dissatisfied with Occidental philosophy and turn to Oriental thought, notably that of various mystics such as Ramakrishna, Mahara. By 1960 he was

practicing yoga, meditation and pranayama under the guidance of his Indian guru, Yevsudian (Northern Italy and Switzerland). He was fascinated by breathing as being the Œprincipal key to human life¹ and began to experiment with other systems of breathing. He was drawn to Leonard Orr¹s ŒRebirthing¹

method and underwent a series of guided sessions in London, the results of which had him begin experimenting with many forms of breath control. Gradually he pioneered his own breathing system that he eventually called Oxygenesis and which could Œstimulate inborn intelligence systems in our bodies¹. ŒOxygenesis: Secret of Breath¹ (Creative Consultants, 1983) As emphasized in *The Ape of Sorrows, *Rowdon had a conviction

that Christian civilization had unwittingly stripped humans of their natural intelligence, their physiological guidance systems, and he was curious to explore whether or not some of this lost intelligence (Œeroded faculties¹) could be recovered through various breathing techniques. As he worked with the effects of the breath on his own organism he began to challenge the assumption that the mind is the seat of power to objectify our sensations. Rather, his emphasis lay on the nervous system; the seat of the ego as well as the bank from which we draw our resources and information. Further, he believed that it was a great error to regard perceiving as a mental and not physiological activity, and was anguished by the fact that no one questioned perception in this manner. His archives show that by the time he had for over eight years guided clients through Oxygenesis he felt he could demonstrate that his breathing system could provide Œpsychoanalysis without
words, regeneration without medicine, information without thinking.¹ In northern California he attracted intellectuals and clients interested in changing their consciousness or ways of perceiving. He held weekly discussions that were recorded and some of these recordings are available in his archives (seeking others). He also worked with singers and various performers in California and in Italy. Back in London very much later in his life he became part of the medical director¹s team (Rajendra Sharma) at The Hale Clinic in London and participated in a television documentary where he treated patients who wished to stop smoking at a health spa.
*> .¹
Animal - Rowdon¹s study of Oriental thought and his practice of Oriental

physiological techniques, including his own therapy, Oxygenesis, provoked a deepening of his enquiry into the nature of human and animal intelligence, most
especially the human¹s status-quo collective vision of himself as being the most highly evolved and superior creature on the planet. Known for his unconventional tendencies, he was invited to observe two dogs communicate with their teacher through tappingin their Œclassroom¹. From this came, ŒElke and Belham, The talking Dogs¹ (1978) which was later

reviewed as Œone of the most remarkable animal books ever written. Some may accept it. Others may reject it. But nobody puts it down unfinished.[5] <* IN California he visited KoKo, the lowland gorilla who communicates in the American Sign Language with Dr Penny Patterson as her guide, philosopher and friend. He writes, ŒI went straight to her and ³exchanged² breath with her. It was upon the heels of that meeting that he

began his last, most ambitious work.
to In notes within his many revisions of The Ape of Sorrows he states that

Œonce we see human performance in the world as arising not from the greatest intelligence, but from loss of intelligence, we are well placed to recognize the lethal erosion all around---from the fatally low oxygen content of the air, the poisoning of seas and soils and sunrays---an exact reflection of the erosion that grips our own faculties¹. Rowdon¹s piercingly relevant dictum that Œnow
that truth is dawning on us¹ is a reminder of the self-perpetuated environmental situation that dominates politics today. Rowdon himself knew

that such issues were and would increasingly become important; in a letter to his agent, Arthur Ormont, New York, (early 1990s), in regard to The Ape of Sorrows (then entitled The Mad Ape) he highlighted the absurdity of Œsuch a theme,
which every day is getting more and more evidence for its truth, should (be) submerged in a sea of argument.¹ He explored what he called Œdead habitat¹ doctrines and offered an explanation as to how and why we are tragically committed to the destruction of our planet, our evolutionary mutations revealing a hard-pressed creature who seems to have no other course.
*> ¹
5.History and Philosophy
Rowdon writes ŒI take history to be everything the human has ever thought of himself---even when his own actions have been deeply mysterious to himŠ ŒI learned more History from Philosophy than I could believe. Philosophy asked me to consider what I meant by the word ³facts², namely what History is all about. It asked me even more severely what I meant by ³indisputable² facts, since anything and everything was open to dispute. ³Truth², ³reasoning², ³analysis² ---all the things claimed by History---were drawn from the study of Logic, which again belongs securely to Philosophy.
Equally, he was perplexed by the Œstrange time categories¹
Historians invented for us Œquite as if human life was on the bubble all the time¹. He began to question epochs and structures of history; why, for example, does the world accept Herodotus to be the beginning of ancient history? Taking up
philosophy thus allowed him to challenge Œfact¹ and Œtruth,¹ and delve into areas such as theology which were rarely questioned. He was inspired by T.H Bradley, the only philosopher, in his view, to have humanity. Rowdon felt an affinity to Bradley¹s view on the credulous nature of humanity; that we

base our lives on ridiculous assumptions about ourselves, and that chief of these assumptions is that we Œlead¹ our own lives. In ŒThe Ape of Sorrows¹ he maintained that ŒMan might indeed be called the visionary creature

because without a vision of what life should be or what life means or how life should be lived, he cannot even form a society.¹ Civilization, in Rowdon¹s view, had a tendency to divide humans from one another, indeed Œnot only the living from the dead but the living from the living.¹ His first

step in questioning this led him to the realization that all the civilizations we know about are perceived through their religions; we know of no civilization that was not preceded by a religion, of which that civilization was the community¹. (p76-77)

6. PLAYS

7. Death

Rowdon fell ill with a blood condition after suffering from an insect bite in France in 2000. The ten year illness relegated him to increasing isolation in which he was unable to access the recognition that his ideas and work deserved. He passed away in February 2009, leaving behind extensive

archives and unpublished work. Conclusively there are thirty-five plays, ten novels, two non-fictions, numerous travel books on Italy, an extensive body of poetry concerning war and shock, a large body of short stories, articles and notes concerning his breathing therapy Oxygenesis

8 Unpublished Archives

Rowdon was a polymath whose vision has barely surfaced as much of what he wrote was deeply unconventional and outside of the various literary paradigms. Or as in his play ŒChristophe the Haitian King¹ Ronald Bryden of The Royal Shakespeare Theatre wrote in 1975, ŒWe (he and Trevor Nunn) can both see that it¹s a play with immense theatrical possibilities. But it¹s hard to see how they could be realized with a cast of less than twenty-five or thirty, all but six of them black¹. Rowdon had tried to mount a black company himself. Peter Hall wrote him in September 1975 ŒI think the play rings of truth and that the characters are drawn with clarity and compassion. The story line is strong and important, and the part of ³Christophe² would provide a black actor with an opportunity for a great tour-de-force performance. The background is colourful, exciting and extravagantŠ.In our current state of flux we do not have the flexibility

which would be required to enable us to incorporate this particular piece into our repertoire.¹ Lord Birkitt of the National Theatre wrote in October 1975,¹ Like Peter Hall, I found the play extremely powerful in many respects, and it has, as he said, a marvelous part for a black actor.¹ Lord Birket went on to say his subsidy position was worse although thy National Theatre now had a new theatre and so he could not take on the play. He suggested that ŒThis may seem obvious to you<if so, you must forgive me---but it does appear to me that ³Christophe² would make a marvelous television spectacular, or indeed a marvelous film.¹ An investigation of

Rowdon¹s archives does not show that he pursued this line but it does show that a great deal of his work, both his books and his plays, received the same sort of outstanding praise and yet never came to light. There are similar letters from theatres pertaining to two of his last plays, ŒAnd In Came Ophelia¹ and ŒGenes¹. One of Rowdon¹s difficulties was his prolific creativity. He could concentrate on trying to promote a work for a very limited period of time before it was relegated to his archives as he was already pursuing another subject. In regard to his most difficult and sensitive work his archives show that in the 1970s he sent out two of his own manuscripts, one of a fascinating novel on Hermaphroditism called ŒSophia The Wild¹ and an apocalyptic poetry and prose work entitled ŒSong of the End of the World¹ with a wry letter to publishers that he was sending these
himself, wishing to spare his literary agent from doing so as his agent declared he needed to eat. Along with the manuscripts he sent the most damaging comments from various other publishers. As of this date (July 2012) the compilation of his archives remains incomplete. There are, so far,

thirty-five plays, ten novels, two non-fictions, numerous travel books on Italy, an extensive body of poetry concerning war and shock, a large body of short stories, articles and notes concerning his breathing therapy Oxygenesis, various works on barbarism, on the first eight centuries of Christendom (the age of monks), on various figures such as Gustav Mahler, Alma Mahler, Casanova, Diaghilev, Hitler. ŒDespite the weightiness of his topics his work is characterised by a lightness of touch and a tone of wry amusement.¹ (Neil Norman)

On 20 July 2012 22:33, Dachiell Rowdon <msr@dhrowdon.com> wrote:

> Hello Emily,
>
> I'm traveling tomorrow. I'll get into the wikipedia in a few days...if you can send me the one you sent in that would be helpful. I don't think it was the one I corrected. Best, Dachiell
>
> On 7/19/12 5:25 PM, "emily neaarn" <enearn777@googlemail.com> wrote:
>
> > Hi Dachiell,
> > I'm home but can't get to my laptop until later tonight. I'll look it over tonight and email you for Friday morning.
> > Best,
> > Emily.
> >
> > On Jul 17, 2012 3:56 PM, "Dachiell Rowdon" <msr@dhrowdon.com> wrote:

Emily, my trip to France is cancelled until Saturday so perhaps we can speak
on Thursday?

Hope you had a good trip.

Best,

Dachiell

Contact @ rate - the

Trust

monies are invested are rolled back into investmen

50,000 —
25,000 —
9,600
84,600 = 54,000 50,000

17/808
96

1.800.000 investment point of view

Hampton Court Palace
Kingston - Wimbledon -
Barnes - Kew - Richmond -
Kingston - Hampton 850 or
A3 south

800,000

Maurice Rowdon
44 Brookwood Road London SW18 5BY
tel:0208.874.5361 e-mail:rowdoxy@aol.com

Michael Alcock
Michael Alcock Management
96 Farringdon Road
London EC1R 3EA

1] There was friendship.
2] We didn't want another 1914. But the Jews...
3] We were cagey in any case & Chamberlain's sudden, unexpected + disastrous declaration of war which Roche seemed baffled by. As Churchill said (Hitler had given his approval to, but in C's absence), it was tragically ill timed. It guaranteed Poland, a place no one cared about. It ignored the dire

THE LIES WE DIE FOR [working title]
Notes on a lying time 1939-1945

Dear Michael Alcock:
I wonder if I could send you excerpts from the above non-fiction title. This letter is a combination of outline and a resume of my professional background.

THE LIES WE DIE FOR is a narrative of my battle experience during the second world war. Its tenet is that this war established war as the basis of human life.

challenges the received idea that it was against Hitler and nazism. Wars are never about what the war journalism decides it should be seen as. The second world war was a disastrous extension of a small conflict between Britain and Germany to the whole world. This is usually attributed to the mistakes of 'appeasement'. But no appeasing went on. You appease a wild maverick you are afraid of. Britain had no fear of Hitler, whose hold on his country was slight and whose military force was negligible. The two governments enjoyed an enthusiastic friendship together, on the basis of a foreign policy long agreed between the US, France and Britain.

None of us wanted war. Certainly the right wing didn't, and the left, which I worked ardently for as a child of 15, clamoured for it but also didn't want it. No one wanted it. Nevertheless this war was different. It had a very convincing moral ticket, a quite spurious one but it got us in. Many if not most gentiles in this country (I was one of them) were drawn into giving their assent to this war because it seemed to them urgent to get rid of a man who believed in the death of Jews.

But Chamberlain's seemingly reckless declaration of war (Churchill called it 'tragically ill-timed')

Even the Jews ... Hitler would have stuck us till it was convenient to have them.

My first chapter gives the explanation for this declaration which no one, even all Churchillians, wanted. It explains the proper sequence →

~~It didn't require [illegible]~~

we knew at any time a war against Britain
a region. The Casablanca conference of 1943 made clear
except ~~we never didn't understand~~ that this was a new
type of war called 'total', meaning it demanded
an absolute armistice with no terms whatever.

→ of events instead of the fog-bound history that was just taking place
[illegible] was journalism (especially an agreement between Churchill
and Beaverbrook). ~~describes~~ The facade put up at
that time was remarkably effective — the fact that it
has become 'history' testifies to that. ~~[illegible]~~ There was

Maurice Rowdon

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e-mail: rowdoxy@aol.com

Georgina Morley
Macmillan Publishers
The Macmillan Building
4 Crinan Street
London N1 9XW

08.06.03

WAR IN MY EYES

Some personal notes on front-line warfare

Dear Georgina Morley:
Do you have time to consider the above title for Macmillan?

My book is about my experience of front-line warfare in world war two, over a period of two years in the Italian campaign. My function was that of a Forward Observation Officer who had to place himself at the spearhead of attack and sometimes beyond, which at times involved getting lost in enemy lines. I describe battle in great detail and concentrate on the shock involved. This shock is a day and night constant and has to be managed by youths in their early twenties if they wish to survive or (it may be) die by a chosen method. My story treats courage and cowardice as components of each other, and their proper interplay as the key to performance. Afterwards you see that this performance had nothing to do with you as someone with a past and future. A citation for gallantry is a comment on nothing. There is a strangeness in battle which soldiers never talk about because it defies words, and these words take years to unfold.

My previous publishers have been Chatto and Windus (2), Heinemann (1), Constable (1), Gollancz (2), Macmillan (1), Weidenfeld (3), Collins (1) and in the States Putnam, St. Martins' Press, Praeger. Most of these were commissioned non-fiction titles. Length: 75000 words.

I enclose some reviews and an SAE.

with best wishes

CANONGATE BOOKS LIMITED

14 *High Street, Edinburgh* EH1 1TE
TEL: 0131-557 5111 • FAX: 0131-557 5211

Mr Maurice Rowdon
44 Brookwood Road
London
SW18 5BU

13 April 2004

Dear Mr Rowdon,

Many thanks for submitting your synopsis and sample chapters for our consideration.

Your work displays a literary style of great eloquence with astounding moments of brilliance and terrifying insight. In light of the high quality of writing and the subject matter exposed, I am convinced your work should be published, but do not feel we are the best publishers to ensure it receives the full attention it so deserves.

Naturally I wish you well in finding a suitable publisher and thank you for thinking of Canongate. I recommend the Writers' and Artists' Yearbook published by A & C Black Ltd which lists agents and publishers and their submission procedures. In particular I would recommend Bantam Press, Corgi, and Doubleday all of which are imprints of Transworld Publishers. Their address is 61-63 Uxbridge Road, London W5 5SA, telephone number 020 8579 2652, fax number 020 8579 5479, email info@transworld.co.uk, website www.booksattransworld.co.uk.

With best wishes,

Katie Gould
Submissions Assistant

info@canongate.co.uk
www.canongate.net

DANIEL KIRMATZIS
5 MAGNOLIA COURT
BLENKARNE ROAD
BATTERSEA, LONDON SW116JD
07950209921
dkirmatzis@googlemail.com
dachiell@dhrowdon.com

11 July, 2012

Archivist
Archives Regiment Head Quarters
Grenadier Guards
Wellington Barracks,
London SW1E 6HQ

Dear Archivist,

I called on Wednesday 11th July about finding information on a former soldier who fought in the Italian Campaign. His name was Maurice Rowdon, military number 53847. He was a Forward Observation officer & was part of the US 5th Army, 46th division. He was 21 in 1943. From his cap badge it looks as if he was in the Grenadier Guards. I am trying to find as much information as I can about his war service. Please find enclosed a cheque for £30 to carry out the research. I, and his widow, Dachiell Rowdon, are writing a book about Maurice's experiences in the Italian Campaign and the effects of war.

Thank you.

Kind regards,

Daniel Kirmatzis MA

Dachiell Rowdon

Coppergate Dnt. 09066 422701698

London School of Orthodontics Surg

John Mew Surgery 3D20394

info@popplandental.co.uk

orthodontics.co

Pearl Dental Clinic
Kingston Vale 02085479997

Daniel Mehygan

Prof Richard

Richard Bear - Dentist
21 Harcourt House
19 Cavendish Sq

Orthodontics
Jarod Lerisch
1 King St. Lond EC2V 8AU

Subject: Maurice
Date: Thursday, December 27, 2012 1:18 PM
From: Daniel Kirmatzis <dkirmatzis@googlemail.com>
To: "msr@dhrowdon.com" <msr@dhrowdon.com>
Conversation: Maurice

Hi Dachiell,

I have been reading through Maurice's second account of Italy/ Cairo/Greece/Austria

Perhaps it's Maurice's spirit guiding me but we haven't a moment to lose.

I think we must do this now.

I have a few questions.

1. Are there more war photos? I have some you lent me but reading Maurice's account he mentions a photo of him smoking in Cairo in uniform, having been taken by a nurse. Does this & others exist?

2. We should try & gather any war related materials together & put them in one box, protective box against water or sunlight.

3. Does his second account end in Austria, meeting the Jewish Concentration Camp survivor in British uniform?

4. I think we should plan to go to Italy in a quiet period i.e. not in School holiday time.

5. We know so far that Maurice was in the Royal Artillery, 46th Division, part of the 10th Corps. Tracing his steps should be relatively easy. He mentions certain locations in the account. Paths may have been altered/rebuilt since 1944 but we should still be able to trace them.

6. We will have to speak to Jonathan about filming & putting a documentary proposal together.

7. I think the book should accompany the film. I've been thinking that it should be text accompanying Maurice's images, with sections of war poetry. The thread is Maurice's journey & the theme is impact of war on the individual & how one works through that impact.

Speak when your free. I'm at home most of the time. 0207 924 5744.

All the best,

Daniel.

Subject: Re: Maurice
Date: Friday, December 28, 2012 9:48 PM
From: Daniel Kirmatzis <dkirmatzis@googlemail.com>
To: Dachiell Rowdon <msr@dhrowdon.com>
Conversation: Maurice

Dear Dachiell,

take time to be at peace with the house & your memories. I heard a wonderful line a few days ago from a film but I think it is a much older saying, 'yesterday is history; tomorrow a mystery; but today is a gift, that is why it is called the present'.

I am applying it to my life now & will never lose a moment looking at what has gone...although as a historian it is hard not to look back...I mean that I will not allow my own past to stop me from living today.

Best wishes,

Daniel.

On Dec 28, 2012 8:30 PM, "Dachiell Rowdon" <msr@dhrowdon.com> wrote:

> Hello Daniel,
>
> I have gone through the last trunk here---huge amount of writing, lots of

letters and nothing that dates back into the forties. I did find a few letters about the first war book---These were rejections, I think the book must have been in early stages. Maurice had a habit of sending out work too quickly but whenever he got rejections he used them to work through the next version. Here is a letter from Harper Brothers in Jan 1954 when Simon Bessie wrote him declining the book. He wrote'...I say it with considerable difficulty because the book is so beautifully written and because some of its passages seem to me as vivid and penetrating as anything I have seen on war'. He goes on to praise and say it does not hold together etc etc...He also got a letter from James Mickie his agent and one of the most erudite gentlemen I have ever read. James wrote, ' The honesty, strength and personality of your book are tremendous. What you have put into it must not be lost and will not be lost... Yet as it is it appears to be still a draft, a tremendous note- book, a confession indeed (of general importance) full of beautiful writing but not a book as yet, alas. The letter talks about his having made the book a novel---in the end it was an autobiography. Maurice got there no doubt through James who also wrote about Chatto 'They are justified in my view to be critical of the MS but if they want to be worthy of the name of responsible and serious publishers, they must say to you (and perhaps they have done so by now): this book MUST not be lost, it is immensely important---you still have to make it. -- If they were honest in offering literary criticism that is what they must say. I feel now what I felt at the first reading: this is original, this is alive, this makes a penetration, a funking publisher won't publish. You have to fight for this book, make it irresistible for it MUST appear. Yours always, James'.

I take that last sentence as our challenge too, Daniel---his writing is already irresistible. We have to put it all together in such a way that it MUST appear.

It was a long day in that trunk. Lots of interesting things---also maybe some poetry including war poetry I don't have at home. It's not familiar to me....

There are some boxes to look through at Brookwood. That will be high priority for me when I get back...

Meanwhile, keep pulling those passages and know that great critics and scholars are with you in spirit....

I think I'm going to have to leave this house. The memories it provokes in me at this time of the year are so raw. I am scheduled to go into the mountains tomorrow and if I don't write again and the next you hear from me is from London on the phone then you know I was able to leave. My sleeplessness is so intense I can barely function...

Blessings upon you, Daniel...

Dachiell

On 12/28/12 12:05 AM, "Daniel Kirmatzis" <dkirmatzis@googlemail.com> wrote:

> I have parts of two versions of the book so it would be good to get all parts together. I have a bit of War in Italy & a lot of forward to the death so it would be good to get all parts of both versions to work from.
>
> I have been going through writing down all the places he mentioned. I have a one page list.
>
> Do you know if Maurice kept the camera he confiscated from the SS Officer in the POW camp in Udine? I've been reading about his time in the camp where they brought German SS Officers & have been fascinated by the account. It is generally overlooked in the war's historiography. I'm excited to learn more.
>
> Do you know if he kept any of the items he mentions such as the camera?
>
> If we pitch it right I think we can make a gripping film. The film could be produced with the book but I do think we could get a commission for one of the TV channels.
>
> All the best.
>
> On Dec 27, 2012 10:13 PM, "Dachiell Rowdon" <msr@dhrowdon.com> wrote:
>
> > It is hugely late, Daniel, and I'm so delighted you feel a sense of urgency to get moving on the book. And yes, Maurice is with us, I know he is wanting us to move on it. No, the version I have ends with his being in Greece, I believe and he is asking himself what the devil he had done to himself.---which must be what every soldier asks himself at the end of it all. But Daniel, I have found other chapters that are not in the book. And I think there is another whole ending. We might could go through all the different versions and come up with things he cut that could be very interesting. Yes, I have more war photos and some are in very bad condition. There is one which is of him but which partially destroyed. I think it is on the website and somehow I think that photo should

be on the cover as that is what happens to soldier, he returns in many ways destroyed.

I don't know if Jonathan will help us. Probably not. But Lou Gardy wants to help us or she says she does, only she directs---she doesn't film. We'll look around. I thought a CD should accompany the book. Are you saying it should be the other way around? I think we might not be able to interest the ITV or BBC in our project. But maybe you have other ideas....and I remember your saying you have maps etc. I think we can follow the campagin through following Maurice's writings....in both books...I have two young friends here who are professionals, they are landing huge contracts. I don't know but maybe I can get them to help us, it depends on their time and schedule and of course if I can pay them enough. I cannot ask them to do this for nothing.

Yes, I agree that we should go to Italy in a quieter time than ordinary vacation time. We can go this April or May. For instance..But you know, he landed in September. We might ought to go once in the spring to reconnoiter, really find the places he went to---travel up italy locating them. And then do the filming beginning in September and go back to Italy through the winter to try to be with him and the men, how it was for them. The winter was ghastly. We have to do the book carefully and we'll need all that time anyway to get it together.....

When I am back at the house it would be good if you could come over and go through some of the stacks of revisions and maybe we can get more material out of it and organize it differently. I do wish to employ you, Daniel, part-time for this. Please accept that.

Now I must go to bed. I am exhausted!!!I've not been sleeping here, I think because the house is so huge, no kitties and Maurice died here and Christmas for me is the pits anyway because that is when he got so sick and we came here for our usual Christmas in 2009 not knowing he would never step foot in England again....My world came apart then. anyway, it's hard for me here. I'm a little better in England because when I get down I can duck out and go to a museum or go have a tea somewhere. Here I feel his absence and in fact my aloneness so acutely. Take

good care, Daniel....we'll speak hopefully tomorrow. I'm hoping to go up into the mountains to see the new year in with friends of long ago, anything to leave the house.....best, D

On 12/27/12 1:18 PM, "Daniel Kirmatzis" <dkirmatzis@googlemail.com> wrote:

> Hi Dachiell,
>
> I have been reading through Maurice's second account of Italy/Cairo/Greece/ Austria
>
> Perhaps it's Maurice's spirit guiding me but we haven't a moment to lose.
>
> I think we must do this now.
>
> I have a few questions.
>
> 1. Are there more war photos? I have some you lent me but reading Maurice's account he mentions a photo of him smoking in Cairo in uniform, having been taken by a nurse. Does this & others exist?
>
> 2. We should try & gather any war related materials together & put them in one box, protective box against water or sunlight.
>
> 3. Does his second account end in Austria, meeting the Jewish Concentration Camp survivor in British uniform?
>
> 4. I think we should plan to go to Italy in a quiet period i.e. not in School holiday time.
>
> 5. We know so far that Maurice was in the Royal Artillery, 46th Division, part of the 10th Corps. Tracing his steps should be relatively easy. He mentions certain locations in the account.
> Paths may have been altered/rebuilt since 1944 but we should still be able to trace them.

Subject: Lines from war memoir
Date: Thursday, December 27, 2012 9:46 PM
From: Daniel Kirmatzis <dkirmatzis@googlemail.com>
To: "msr@dhrowdon.com" <msr@dhrowdon.com>
Conversation: Lines from war memoir

I'm just reading Maurice's unpublished work & these lines jumped out at me...

'You can't get used to the unexpected, expect it as you might. Of course you know that the bell is always tolling and it may or may not be for you but it tolls so madly, so minute by minute, it is bound to seem to be always in some measure tolling for you and there is no escape from it, even when it has tolled, in a split second choice, for someone else'.

Such great words. So right. I wish i'd known Maurice.

EARLSFIELD OFFICER DOES GALLANT SERVICE

Gunners Defy Enemy on Italian Heights

In the dusk through a narrow valley beneath the barren heights in which a British division of the Fifth Army is now fighting in Italy, walked a young officer and two gunners—Lieut. Rowden, of 49 Waldron-road, Earlsfield, Gunner J. Walton, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Gunner Asbury, of Burton-on-Trent. They were on their way to the assembly area of an infantry regiment which was about to go into the line. Their wireless and equipment necessary to set up an observation post were carried on two mules. The next three days were spent in the assembly area—three days of rain and sleet, extreme discomfort and boredom only enlivened by occasional shell-fire.

On the night of February 10 they moved up to the forward crest of Mount Cerasela, bleak, shell-swept rock mass from which they were to direct the fire of the Field Regiment, R.A. The two gunners set about the vital business of communication at once. They installed their wireless on the reverse slopes of the crest with the mast bent away from the enemy to avoid giving away the post.

SUBJECTED TO SHELL-FIRE

Lieut. Rowden built himself a "sangar" or stone shelter on the crest. All that night they were subjected to shell-fire to which mortar fire was added in the early hours of the morning. Just before dawn the enemy counter-attacked, venturing within 30 yards of the post. Lieut. Rowden coolly continued to observe, giving his fire orders to one of the gunners who scribbled them down on a scrap of paper for the other to send over the air. The infantry sent them grenades for self-defence and these were used with telling effect.

The next three days were spent under much the same conditions. Counter-attack after counter-attack was put in by the Hun, only to be driven off by a combination of infantry dash and the devastating effect of the fire directed by Lieut. Rowden. On one occasion shell-fire became so heavy that the post had to be moved further east along the crest. Shortly afterwards Gunner Walton had to crawl up the crest with a message for Lieut. Rowden which had come over the air. He reached the "sangar" without being seen by the enemy 60 yards away but as he raised his hand to give the message to his officer it was spotted.

A RAIN OF GRENADES

At once a rain of "lolly grenades"—German grenades on the end of sticks—came down upon them. The infantry on Cerasole replied and there was a short sharp battle at the end of which the Hun retreated further down the slopes. The gunners played their part in this action, flinging grenades at the retreating enemy.

The post remained in action until the battalion whom they were supporting was relieved on the night of February 13. They were never out of wireless communication and were constantly able to engage the enemy throughout this period. The conditions under which they fought were almost indescribable—rain, sleet and snow during the day, fog at dusk which enabled the enemy to creep close to them, severe frost at night which left their hands numb with frost bite, and, perhaps most trying of all, a never ceasing strain from being under constant fire.

By the time they were relieved they were stiff and aching from exposure, almost deafened by shell bursts. They were infinitely glad to get out and they went with the knowledge that they had done their job and done it extremely well.

Lieut. Rowden is the youngest of the three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Rowdon, of 49 Waldron-road. From the time when they each won scholarships to Emanuel School and from there to universities, the three brothers have had remarkably successful careers.

Now, in war-time they are distinguishing themselves equally well. Mr. Rowden, sen., is in the employment of Wandsworth Borough Council.

John, the eldest son, is aged 30. After winning a scholarship from the Emanual School, he took a diploma in journalism at the London University. He is now in India. He went there shortly before the war to write script for radio plays and to broadcast educational talks to Indian children. He is working as a commentator in short government films.

After entering the same university on a similar scholarship, Leslie, who is 28, became an accountant. He is now an officer in a heavy A.A. battery.

LETTERS HOME

The youngest son, Maurice, who is only 21, also went to Emanual School and from there he won a scholarship to Keble College, Oxford. He joined the Royal Artillery two years ago and went abroad with the rank of lieutenant last August. His parents know very little about his war service. In his letters home he never mentioned his job, or the conditions out there.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowden now know through the call of a reporter and they have greater reason than before to be proud of their youngest son.

SALUTE THE S

Battersea and Wa Their

FIRST THREE CHAPTERS OF WAR BOOK, REVISED IN 2009, AND TITLED
WAR IN ITALY: *THE HITLER-CHURCHILL HONEYMOON*

MAURICE REVISED THE FIRST THREE CHAPTERS OF THE WAR BOOK, CUTTING IT BY 20 PAGES AND THEN HE WENT BACK TO THE ORIGINAL TEXT (CHAPTER 4---APPARITION).

HE ALSO CHANGED THE NAME OF THE BOOK FROM **FORWARD TO THE DEATH** TO **WAR IN ITALY**: *the Hitler-Churchill Honeymoon*

I have found another title, I think, a recent one, and it may have been a part of a title: **WAR BETWEEN FRIENDS**

DACHIELL ROWDON

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WAR IN ITALY is a literary account of what it was to be a Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign of World War II by Maurice Rowdon.

Maurice took two degrees at Oxford, the first, before the war, in Modern History (one year) and the other, afterwards, in Modern Greats (philosophy, politics and economics). He went on to teach English Literature at Bhagdad University before making Italy his home where he became a specialist in Italian civilization.

About WAR IN ITALY, before his death in 2009, he wrote, 'I describe battle in great detail and concentrate on the shock involved. This shock is a day and night constant and has to be managed by youths in their early twenties if they wish to survive or (it may be) die by a chosen method. My story treats courage and cowardice as components of each other, and their proper interplay as the key to performance. Afterwards you see that this performance had nothing to do with you as someone with a past and future. A citation for gallantry is a comment on nothing. There is a strangeness in battle which soldiers never talk about because it defies words, and these words take years to unfold'.

mwdluce@aol.com

SYNOPSIS/FORWARD TO THE DEATH

Why another WW2 book?

Because this is not a military history. Military histories are accounts of frontline warfare as a rational undertaking, and in living fact the front line is devoid of any reason whatever. Shock renders that out of the question. 'Advances' and 'retreats', 'victories' and 'cowardice' and 'courage' are illusory concepts used to dress up the corpse and temper the scream, the progeny of press room and military academy.

My eye-witness narrative of frontline warfare in the Italian campaign over a period of two years from my 20th to my 22nd year presents an altogether different account of World War Two from that of the press archives and histories. Simply by being a moment by moment account of battle, without polemics or speculation, it page by page removes World War Two from view as a serious, considered or in the least way moral chain of events.

Every inherited 'fact' about that war falls away not under the weight of argument but that of events, as if the war itself were anxious to achieve self-demolition, being only words and attitudes.

Never at any time was World War Two a war against Hitler or nazism. Never was it a war in defence of the Jews. In fact, because of the frivolous declaration of war in September 1939 the Jewish civilisation in Europe was trapped within

Hitler's regime for six long years. This was confirmed (after the war) by Churchill---'The declaration of war was tragically ill-timed, causing the deaths of tens of millions of people'. At the time, however, he was in the cabinet and voted for the declaration---was indeed elated by it, and predicted a 6-weeks walkover in Poland, which neither French nor British forces could reach.

As to World War Two being in the least sense concerned about getting rid of Hitler or Nazism the Casablanca Conference of ~~June~~ January 1943 (before the Italian campaign and the Normandy landings) turned what seemed to us a simple conflict with Hitler into declared genocide against the entire German people, including Hitler's many bitter enemies and even the Jews, who now remained at his mercy. Germans were declared to be preternaturally evil on the lines of the former genocide called World War One. Germans no longer had any chance of British help for their many attempts to assassinate Hitler, which were continuous from as early as 1938. It was this conference that determined the

Every inherited concept about those times, from the 'appeasement' that never took place to the 'stirring' nature of Churchill's speeches, simply falls away of itself when you recount what actually happened on the ground. A soldier in the front line is one in seven of an army, which means that this army is largely there to serve him. So 'the war', that imagined bigger scenario, is always in his mind, both sustaining him with its hero stories and

fightful loyalty) to Germany, to design
help to crush German 'morale', as well as defence etc.

undermining his trust at every step, ~~It~~ is a peculiar paradox, few have noticed.

Churchill might have convinced us (he didn't) that despite having the greatest navy in the world we were in imminent danger of German invasion but his renowned 'We will fight on the beaches, in the streets' speech lost even the small conviction that all war speeches have when we were told, as a follow-up to the speech, that in the event of invasion the government and the royal family would be clearing off to Canada (presumably with the greatest navy in the world).

Not that we felt blame. Daily war routines, domestic or military, exclude that ('we're all in this together'). So blame doesn't figure in my account. If any shadow of blame does arise it is towards people who dedicated themselves to the Struggle against Fascism and were---in one of those giant contradictions that mark all war---the major cause of World War Two and even the precipitators of its 'tragically ill-timed declaration'.

And as I was an ardent and active believer in that Struggle from the age of fourteen I would naturally be unable to see our movement, deeply committed to peace as we verbally were, as in error. W.H.Auden's pamphlet poem 'Spain' (1936) described all the things we used to love, like jolly trips to the sea, and each nostalgic stanza ~~of reminiscence~~ ended with the words 'But today the struggle'. Once established in New York he excised the poem from his canon. But for us it echoed on, and on.

We were the most vociferous movement in the land. Churchill was our chosen hero, hoisted on our sole shoulders. The conservatives would never have put him there. They knew him.

So on the several occasions when parliament wanted to press a vote of non-confidence against him it always drew back because of his untouchable popularity with us.

The Italian campaign

This campaign was outstanding for its unthinkably high body-count and so-called 'non-battle' cases of shock.

When the Hygiene Unit of the Medical Corps, whose duty it was to clean up after a battle, walked into Cassino they were appalled to speechlessness by the carnage. There was nothing to do but cover the corpses in quicklime. I describe in my account how I stand alone in that town, surrounded by this ghostly hillside pall, and how I plan a suicide 'with glory' in a future battle. And indeed that battle did take place.

Not that my decision was in the least unique. One of the bestsellers of the early war years was Richard Hillary's book The Last Enemy. He was a fighter pilot and wrote of his wish to defeat that last enemy, death. He was shot to his death soon afterwards.

~~What he described~~ His was a simple psychological response at a certain point of battle maturity. But ~~his was~~ it is a body sensation, not a thought. ~~When~~ Once you

have so to speak broken the code of shock it seems obvious to you that you should now offer your own life.

The Italian terrain was ~~one might say~~ in its nature designed for maximum shock---sudden little chasms, sharp hills and streams, copses and slopes and unexpected open plains, all in a narrow peninsula through which whole armies and their supply echelons had to pass. They made it possible for absurdly small forces of Germans to face without alarm our "shattering" bombardments (a thousand tons was a trifle) plus the head-on divisional or two-divisional attacks that we followed them up with.

The worst carnage at Cassino, disposing of several divisions (the New Zealanders were disbanded), was inflicted by two German battalions.

Such a terrain would naturally call for small bodies of men to infiltrate it with simultaneous flank actions. No such thing in the Italian campaign. The strategy adopted from the bottom of the peninsula to the top was heavy armoured frontal attacks which committed to battle the maximum forces---and if these were defeat ~~to repeat that~~ the strategy was simply repeated, and this ~~during~~ for two long years, as if self-immolation on the grandest scale was the Italian campaign's sole objective.

Only in the second half of that campaign, from Tuscany up, when we on the ground begin to have more control of events, could small-scale engagements take place, and the fronts move fast.

In such a terrain it was absurdly easy for the wily German commander Kesselring to prepare his traps for us. He could build his defence lines at leisure

while we were still pounding away at his last previous one.

Hitler at first wanted to abandon Italy but once he recognised, watching Kesselring's performace, that frightful casualties could be inflicted on ~~the allies~~ us at very little cost in men and material he concurred with warmth.

The narrative

This is a description of my experience of frontline warfare as an F.O.O. or Forward Observation Officer.

My job as an F.O.O. was to put myself at the head of an attack and, when necessary, beyond it. It was thus easy to get lost in enemy lines, and it happened to me and my small body of signallers (usually four in number) more than once.

The army textbooks referred to us F.O.O.s as 'the eyes of the army'. That is, we provided up-to-the-moment intelligence about where the front line was (always a puzzle when an attack is under way), and what enemy dispositions we were facing, and how formidable or otherwise they were. In my narrative I compare the F.O.O. to the Sentinel posted of Standard Time.

But my practical importance for the infantry was very different---I could call up artillery support at a moment's notice by radio. That is, all F.O.O.s were gunner officers.

My account is the story of how I mastered the work of F.O.O. by slow degree, learning how to manage and even utilise states of shock so varied that there was no way of pre-empting or foreseeing the nature of

a new engagement. Also these states could at any time turn into that extreme state of muscular atrophy we call shellshock, namely a temporary alienation that if permanent would be defined as madness.

There lies the wisdom of committing the very young to the front lines. Only they can accept the journey into death and out again with equanimity because life has not yet spelled itself out to them as it has to older men. They have not yet been told that they are rational.

So their nervous systems quickly attune to conditions that might drive older men to run screaming at enemy positions and be mown down at once (I mention two such).

The frontline soldier's first experiences will shake his very conviction that he is alive. The miraculous escapes which happen if he does survive convince him that this is not an earthly process. Only the youthful nervous system can withstand this disruption of what we call reality. Again, body sensations, not thoughts, are involved.

When the 'suicide' battle I planned for myself at Cassino came to pass (you await with perfect certainty the fulfilment of your previews) I had to take command of over sixty men when their commanding officer succumbed to shellshock. We were in an untenable position, sticking out into enemy territory, their tanks at very close range.

For this action I was cited for gallantry and felt an embarrassed pride struggling with the deepest shame inside me. The wish for death had failed.

Preparation/background

I published an account of the Italian campaign (Chatto and Windus, rights now reverted) in the years immediately after the war. It was a confused cri de coeur against 'the murder', without awareness (as I see it now) of what really went on inside me. I tried to convey my thoughts, troubled or horrified, namely the mere results and surface of body sensations.

Certainly that earlier book has been a useful basis of recall for me. It gives me a graphic account of some things I remember only vaguely, while there are also scenes and nuances I remember clearly which it omitted.

In the late Sixties and Seventies I picked up every book I could find that dealt with the events of WW2 with serious scholarship---and soon an entire literature was available.

Having got an Oxford war degree in modern history, and a fulltime degree after the war in philosophy, politics and economics, I felt well equipped to research quickly and surely.

During that time I was publishing, mostly non-fiction commissions, and I became something of a specialist on Italy, where I began to live. These books were about many aspects of Italy---the art, history, people. But it was the fact that I became a specialist also of the terrain that gave me growing insight into exactly what the war experience was about. For twenty five years or so I had a farm, which produced wine and oil. And slowly, through years of Italian talk and transaction, I came to know

the civilisation we had made war in. I could piece together what had happened in the front line with ~~much~~ more insight than ever before.

Even the sullen suspiciousness we (men and officers) used to feel in that war, our sense of being gypped, became clearer to me. In another terrain, would our conversations have been so bold, direct? After all, we were very ready with a rebellious stance when we thought (which we did twice) that we were being tricked from on high. The government climbed down on the first occasion, and dealt us a treacherous lie on the second.

Would the actual mutiny that took place in a ~~fellow battalion~~ ~~(second chapter)~~, resulting in arrests and imprisonment, ~~have happened elsewhere?~~

Churchill called it The Unnecessary War, in a double-entendre that was typical of his genius, and which few have understood.

According to his doctor he sat naked one morning on his bed and wondered half to himself whether future generations wouldn't condemn him (~~but~~ the anecdote lies outside my book's timeframe).

Conclusion

This narrative offers no easy conclusion about the nature of war. It says that to go out on the streets for or against war is like going out on the streets for or against thunderstorms.

Wars cannot be launched when governments are transparent ~~in their approach to it~~, as in the case of the present Iraq war, ~~which~~ is no different from

→ was docile enough until it got to Nfld.

War is never the planned and foreseen structure of events the military academy, and the ~~veterans~~ veteran's regimental associations, love to talk in.

Churchill ....

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THE LIES WE DIE FOR [working title]

Notes on a lying time 1939-1945

Dear :

I wonder if I could interest you in the above title. It is a description of the second world war as a disastrous spreading of a small conflict between Britain and Germany (small because of the state of close friendship between British governments and the Nazi one) to the whole world.

The effect of Chamberlain's reckless declaration of war (Churchill called it 'tragically ill-timed' though he was in the cabinet that approved it) was to release Hitler's regime of terror into the rest of Europe. That is, in one stroke it secured the ultimate death of the Jewish civilisation in Europe. I cannot believe I was the only gentile who felt the sole valid reason for entering war was to remove a government that was killing Jews. But the Jewish problem was never addressed. It simply provided a cynical moral ticket, a catch.

The one thing Churchill's famous 'we shall fight on the beaches' speech never did was to rally us. Nobody needed rallying. Everyone was already, by May 1941, very resignedly and cynically at war. How could a message that read 'England is dead', once you had decrypted the speech, rally a people? It was a lie so deeply inlaid that nobody tumbled to it. I didn't.

My function, between the ages of 20 and 22, after I had done a first year at Oxford, was that of an FOO or Forward Observation Officer, namely a gunner officer who accompanied forward troops and was described in the manuals as 'the eyes of the army'. The FOO is perhaps best seen as a kind of *sentinel perdu* who easily gets lost in enemy lines (I was, more than once). It wasn't so much that the FOO was privy to Intelligence as that he added to it and corrected it, being nose to nose with the enemy on a front that changed too fast for Intelligent reports

of even an hour ago to be accurate. He was there also to serve the Company commander he had been detailed to, that is he ordered gunfire from the rear to knock out enemy gun emplacements or send attacking Germans to cover.

My book is almost wholly a moment by moment account of battle. But, in that, it is also an analysis of what war is, I believe the first one to refuse war the status of an institution, namely a habit that has a special legitimate place in human life. War is in fact an instrument that destroys institutions—real ones like upper classes, religions, literatures, law and order.

I accord war no dignity, no serious or useful quality in my book. Accounts of battle that are essays in heroism or prowess or suspense or rightness are simply more deception. Battle, recollected in tranquillity, shows me how closely war is connected to human dementia, not at all to the many surrogate ideals used to cover this. You only have to follow what the nervous system does in battle to get the proper story. Shock is the principal feature of my account. I demonstrate it in dozens of instances. I show why shock accounts for perhaps the greater number of those registered under 'sick' and why these 'sick' are often the greater number under the general heading 'battle casualties'.

Shock has many degrees, the most extreme being the disabling one we call shell-shock. I show (simply by following the events of battle) how the propensity to shock is a preliminary and essential ingredient of what we call courage. It is like an actor who makes his first entrance of the evening: if he doesn't have feathers the performance will suffer.

The resilience with which men from the ages of 21 to 26 (the average age of an army) will attribute authority to almost anything has its other side: they also find no difficulty seeing through that authority. Hence the large-scale desertions I mention (we only know how large since the publication of the courts martial in the 1990s).

Frontline soldiers are 1 in 7 of an army. Those 1 in 7 are an army's claws but they must largely train themselves. No one has told them what battle involves. The subject is under wraps. It always has been.

In my book I describe the progress of my own self-training, to the point where I found myself adept at what I was bitterly unwilling to be adept at. I describe my shame, struggling with unwilling pride, at being cited for gallantry.

I enclose some reviews. I have another agent, Micheline Steinberg Playwrights, but her remit stops at the dramatic.

Length: circa 80.000 words.

Thank you for your attention. I enclose an SAE.

Yours sincerely

ONE

Baptism

We were dropped off at the Salerno beaches south of Naples by an American landing craft in the late afternoon, as close to dusk as possible and in a calm sea silence and a soft still warmth. We were reinforcements---urgently needed. It was September 1943 and I was twenty.

These beaches had been invaded by the Allied Fifth Army some days before on September 8. This was the outfit I belonged to and its commander-in-chief was Mark Clark, a Texan.

We jumped down into the shallow wash, having been warned back in Algeria not to make any splashing noises as we waded ashore in the deepening twilight of a hot autumn day. The trees higher up, even the fig trees, cast quickly deepening shadows and if we turned and looked back to sea we could comfort our eyes on the destroyers and landing craft at anchor---carefully watching over us as we thought.

Yet the hush was perplexing.

We reached those beaches on D+8---the war dialect for the 16th of September, namely eight days ago, when the first landing. I had one pip on my shoulder as a second lieutenant and also I had a photo of my girlfriend in my upper left pocket, that is close to my heart.

We hushed reinforcements went to our various assembly points. The captain who welcomed me——with a nod as if we already knew each other——was modest, pleasant. Then after my second salute he turned away as if to say we don't need polite exchanges here.

The gunners were grimy. That was another perplexing thing---why were they here at all, since artillery belongs far behind the forward lines. And if this beach was now far behind the lines, as I had already comforted myself that it was, why were we hushed quiet by higher officers, as if the enemy could hear us? I began to think that this was a military exercise---after all, the army could get up to the strangest antics, we all knew that.

These are the customary wishful thoughts of a reinforcement. You had a pleasing picture of battle as a repetition of those safe exercises you had sweated through at training camp.

And then there was the fact that the Germans, so we thought, would soon be pushed out of Italy. Being caught in the tarp of a narrow peninsula, hardly eighty miles in width, they would soon find themselves in a trap and would fleeing as quickly as they had come.

We had already decided this in our stifling bivouacs in the Algerian desert. Italy was just no use to Hitler, especially with hundreds of miles of coast which we allied ships could bombard at any time.

We were badly wrong. Yes, Italy was indeed a very close terrain—sudden hills and miniature chasms and rivers galore, providing a surprise every fifty yards. You only had to turn a corner and you could be under enemy observation (as I quickly found out). And this made it easy for the Germans to defend, and the very devil to attack. This was because the Germans could prepare their defences carefully, sometimes manning them with only a handful of men for the simple reason that it was designed for short-term defence. This you could easily overrun but then behind it you found the ambush, namely a toughly held position which it was costly to attack.

In fact, if Hitler wanted to lay waste our armies at little expense to himself this was his best chance in the whole of Europe. He needed most of his armies to face the Russians---and to see off the allied invasion in Normandy, which he knew was being prepared.

But only small, sensible and mistaken fairytales crowded into our minds to explain the hush that lay over Salerno.

I saw corpses in the distance. They were close to the last wash of the waves, exactly as they had fallen. They were ours. I thought they were an unlucky exception. Yet they had a strange way of remaining there---somehow they kept plucking me by the sleeve. And I looked again and again.

As darkness gathered I walked uphill to where the trees began. I came on a large hushed group of men standing close together in the dusk. As I came nearer I noticed that a Brigadier was at their centre, addressing them. I could see the red tabs on his shoulders. He was speaking very softly. We had to crane forward to hear his words. I thought it remarkable that a brigadier should be addressing Other Ranks man to man. That was a lieutenant's or captain's job, a major's at most.

The Brigadier was saying in his careful murmur, Jerry's right behind me on the other side of this lane behind me (it lay between trees a few feet back). He said, you're going to stop him crossing this road. Whatever happens, chaps, you're not going to move, understood? You don't move. You stay where you are. There were nods in the deep dusk.

I felt my girlfriend's photo in my pocket. She was Viennese, the daughter of a woman who had led a communist revolution in Hungary. I remembered that mother's soft patient voice. She had steel-grey eyes but her softness overrode their steely

single-mindedness. She said fascism was the last bastion of capitalism, and this war would destroy them both.

I already had a nervous habit of feeling the photo as if to assure myself that she was really my girlfriend, which she wasn't. We had said a last good bye on a London railway station. She was in love with somebody else, an economics student. But I needed her now as my lucky talisman. I didn't care about deceiving myself (and others), it was easy.

I felt bolshie all of a sudden---in the lonely manner of a reinforcement who doesn't yet have his unit. I asked myself what am I doing in this bloody war anyway? All we ever knew about it was that it was suddenly on. We just found ourselves in it. A bolt from the blue, without a by your leave or explanation.

The declaration of war hadn't sounded right even when it was being announced on the radio by the prime minister. Neville Chamberlain's voice wobbled as if the matter hadn't been thought about at all. Which it hadn't, seeing that war was declared to protect the independence of Poland, which the French armies, not so say the British ones, couldn't possibly reach. So the moment the declaration of war was made (with Churchill's gleeful assent) Polish independence was lost.

Grumbling to myself I remembered the recruiting interview I'd had in a little Oxford room. The man facing me was disarmingly deferential. Would I fight in this war?

And when I said yes I was surprised at myself---it didn't seem my own decision at all. But it was. Unhesitatingly. I was going into this war because of the Nazi concentration camps. This alone made the war different from all others---it was justified (I didn't know that all wars are justified to the hilt, once they've been decided on).

What that declaration of war did was to trap the Jews inside Hitler's regime (it stretched as far as the Ukraine) for six whole years. In that time the Jewish civilisation in Europe was virtually removed.

Little did we know that Churchill would one day (once it was all over) agree that this declaration of war was 'tragically ill-judged'. At the time he was elated by it. It would be a 6-weeks war, he told the French ambassador in an excited phonecall.

I strolled back to where the fruit trees were, the last of the day's hot sky lighting my way. I began looking for somewhere to put my sleeping bag (being a gunner, not an infantryman, I had no watch duties). I chose a soft leafy place right under a plump fig tree, overlooking the fact that, this far south, figs ripen early and fall from the branches with a plop.

But when, breaking from the sky like a monstrous hot breath, there came the sound of what seemed an engineless plane crashing to earth, followed at once by a thunderous metallic crash near by in the woods, I thought perhaps this isn't a training camp after all, we aren't behind the forward lines after all.

Another heavy one came over and another. And had I been seasoned I might have thought that these were the prelude of an attack.

Small mortar bombs began coming over in quick succession. These were preceded by a loud thump when expelled from the cannon (from just across the little road). The mortar bomb comes down on you vertically, with hardly a warning swish. It brings changes in the air---from warm to stifling.

Then darkness came with the characteristic Italian swiftness. The firing stopped. No attack came. At last we could hear the silence that rightfully belonged to this beach and the woods that watched over it. It was like an exchange of whispers.

Italy was still in its pristine mediaeval state at this time, her slopes and copses and streams in secret close liaison with the sky, a liaison we were to live with for over two years.

I felt drowsy. I slipped down inside my sleeping bag, that little womb I was to carry unwashed to the top of Italy and beyond. Night came and I blinked in the dark.

By now even I knew that this was no rest area. Oddly, it was the silence that convinced me. And as I dozed a certain nervousness gathered in me, a foreboding that stirred sleepy feathers of fear.

The possibility of being trodden on by Germans in the night didn't occur to me, though it was in almost every other mind on that beach. It was figs that gave me trouble. They plopped down on me. In full autumn maturity, they made thick little purple pools, one of them on my brow. As for the poor spotless sleeping bag it would be dyed for its lifetime. I picked myself up and stumbled with my kit to another fig tree and there I fell asleep, as if moving had done the trick. Even my belly-feathers of fear went, my slumber an expanse of stillness of the kind you wake from suddenly---and utterly fresh.

With first light my division also woke up, especially to the existence of us reinforcements. We were conducted by runners to our various command posts. These were still close to the sea, in earshot of its leisured wash, but on higher ground. A major told us in clipped tired tones that we could easily, at any time, be pushed back into that wash. We were hanging on by a tight strip of land, he said. It was all that was left to us.

So this was really war. The enemy was breathing and watchfully close. My realisation brought about ---and I cannot explain why---a great turning point in my

life. I became responsible. Thus it is that boys in their early twenties must always man the front lines.

I was allocated to a troop—four guns under the command of Captain H., a Yorkshireman of thirty or more who walked with his feet splayed out and his head forward as if greatly excited to be going anywhere, even the latrine. He was beginning to bald and when he laughed you could see his slightly buck teeth. He already had a family, so was very grown-up for the rest of us.

Our command post, set behind four twenty-five-pounder guns, quickly became a home. The captain and I quickly discovered how devoted we were to the Struggle against Fascism---words that covered a vast left-wing movement stretched right across Europe, with the Soviet Union as its guide, philosopher and friend. I proudly told Captain H. how I had walked up Whitehall with my girlfriend and a hundred thousand others yelling Down With Chamberlain and Chamberlain Must Go. Churchill was hoisted on our shoulders. He was the man to do the job.

Yes, it was we of the Struggle who had put Churchill there. We hoisted him up on our sole shoulders. His own party would have had grave doubts. Here was as right-wing and war-minded man as you could find--- in a sudden love affair with the Left. So this was very much 'our' war.

Still sleepy, I wandered away from our command post up the hill to where Texan infantrymen huddled in their hastily dug slit trenches. They seemed surprised to see me, watching me from below, as who wouldn't to witness a youth strolling about an observed area. I stood talking to them, looking down at their heads level with my boots. It didn't occur to me that I made a perfect target, with all six feet of me exposed. They said, You British have war in your blood, it's like you're on holiday.

Charitably, they didn't tell me I was a bloody fool. Yet I had already, quite unawares, learned something. The evening before, I'd seen men throw themselves to the ground when a big one came over. So now, when one fell pretty close, I did the same, though it was still a kind of drill for me, with a touch of tomfoolery. Then I stood up again and the Texans went on talking affably. I was glad to be thought a pre-packaged soldier.

I listened to their soft, low, strangely consoling Southern voices.

I think probably none of them survived. I was to meet them again just before the last unthinkable hell that did for them. They were at our side all the way up the peninsula.

Captain H. filled me in with a clear strategic picture of what was happening. Our division was in charge of Salerno the town, while the enemy was still in control of several roads leading down to the coast, i.e. to us. So they were in a good position to cut us and the Texans off---from our own supplies of both ammunition and food (in that order of importance).

Salerno was ill-chosen as a landing place. You could see why on the map. A big force could be throttled just by the terrain, its flanks and retreat-exits squeezed with ease. What we didn't know was that our commander-in-chief Mark Clark wanted to pull out of Salerno and even---because of the huge casualty rate it would involve---from the entire Italian campaign. Yet he proved to be one of the chief instruments of the vast toll of dead, wounded and shell-shocked in that campaign.

The ugly fact was that the Germans held the dice all the way up. At this moment we had the 16th Panzer Grenadier division facing us, their task being to keep us from the road to Rome for as long as possible.

The German commander-in-chief of Italian operations, Field Marshal Kesselring, had already rushed three of his divisions to our area, Hitler having told him (on August 22, a fortnight before the Salerno landing) to treat Salerno as 'the centre of gravity' for the defence of Italy.

Hitler had seen at once that such a terrain could be defended economically, and attacked only at great cost. This was perfectly illustrated in the Salerno operation. Our two divisions, plus the 7th Armoured division and an armoured brigade, were up against at most four German battalions. And, being acutely intelligent like so many unbalanced and depressive leaders, he reckoned he could prolong this agony all the way up the peninsula. He took one gamble---that we the enemy might be as intelligent as he. But he needn't have worried.

As for Captain H. and I, two bright buttons of the Struggle against Fascism, we didn't even cotton on to the truth by slow degree. We thus shared the principal self-disabling delusion of the entire polyglot army that Churchill had got together with reckless zeal---New Zealanders, Indians, Moroccans, Australians, Canadians, Poles and Frenchmen and Americans and Russians (yes, even Russians kept a presence in Italy).

So one man planned every movement made by our vast concourse and he wasn't on our side. Even at this moment Kesselring was ordering his army to make a teasingly slow 'disengagement' (as he himself called it) from the Salerno area to the difficult river Volturno, north of Naples, where he was planning our first big casualty-toll---and was as good as his word.

And Hitler was paying attention to his every move. The more we entangled ourselves in the Kesselring traps the more he was impressed by Kesselring as the right man to be commander-in-chief of Italian operations.

Solely for this reason we on the Salerno beaches hadn't woken up under the heel of a German boot. Our version of events said that our naval gunfire and nearly two thousand air sorties had done the trick. It had made it possible for us to 'chase' a harried and frightened German army to the Alps. It was what our newspapers were saying. The Ministry of Information in London was agreed on the grand illusion that was the basis of allied strategy.

This word 'strategy' means trying to pre-empt the enemy intention but we failed to pre-empt Hitler's sole strategic intention of creating a series of death-traps for us.

* * *

All of a sudden, just seven days after we reinforcements had landed, Salerno became a backwater. Our forward lines 'broke through' to the road to Naples on September 26th. But they broke through into emptiness. The Germans had quit three days before---to be exact, in the course of one night. What kind of 'chasing' was this?

Our beach was a holiday beach again and our battle cruisers looked like pleasure boats. We felt happily forgotten. The days were balmy, so sweetly heavy with that special haunting hot scent of wild thyme that marked the Italian autumn.

We again heard birds (always silenced by battle). In a characteristic Italian rhythm the colder sea air of nightfall was, each evening, drawn to the still-warm mountains inland. And at dawn the chill mountain air rushed back to the sunlit and already warm sea---an inhale at nightfall, an exhale at dawn.

A bombardier rushed into our command post and shouted, Bring your mugs, anything you can lay your hands on. An infantryman had found a huge cement vat of red wine and bored a hole in it. We drank and lazed drunkenly and talked by the light of our oil lamps, we wrote letters and I secretly touched my no-longer-girlfriend's

photo. I even showed it to Captain H., hoping that he saw her as my future wife, which might magically, in the rosy haze of wine, banish the impossibility of that.

We moved our guns north, troop by troop, each convoy leaving separately. Captain H. led our troop into the hills and we found ourselves in a meadow high above the sea, cupped round with elm and beech and cypress, hushed in its own scented air. Through the trees we could watch the tiny white-frothed waves far below. They made a twinkling silver ripple in the vast blue of the harbour, a blue I had never seen before, just as I'd never seen a sky so deep and domed and infinite, yet so close, and so unassumingly true that I had to believe it false. In fact, I turned to a peasant not much older than I and asked him with dumb signs and grunts, Do you always have it like this? and he nodded in the agreeable Italian manner that denotes utter bafflement.

Up here, in their own silence, there were pebbly streams, virgin cool in the shade, winding through young woods. I bathed in one, stood naked in the middle. The water twisted and bubbled and chuckled round the stones. I strolled through the woods, read a book from my little library, joked with the bombardiers, chewed grass outside the command post, which was in a barn. I watched the pigeons on the roof and the cows waiting to be milked and the peasant family coming and going. There was slush at the barn entrance and hot close wet-hay smells and the occasional decisive stamp of a cow, and it was all a good-luck sign for me.

Of course such quiet betokens imminent attack and is easily recognised by those whose ears are attuned. We had wind of a coming barrage which 'we' were going to launch on the enemy. As yet we knew nothing of its size. I wasn't even sure what the word 'barrage' implied. Much less was I aware that the size of a barrage is commensurate with that of the battle timed to follow it. All I knew was that we were on Stand By, and so was the rest of the division's artillery.

When dusk came, as I was wandering past the barn entrance, Captain H. called to me sharply to stand by for any emergency. I nodded, my hands in my pockets. Shells and cartridge cases lay in tall piles behind each of our four guns and the first shift of men was standing to.

It was almost dark when he gave the order Take Post through the Tannoy loudspeaker system. The troopers ran out to the guns. This was five minutes before the barrage was due. I was a little bored, expecting nothing. A runner came to the command post with a message to say that the infantry were on their start line (those two words were later enough to make me shiver with foreboding, and they still do, somewhat).

Captain H. looked at me from inside the command post—Stand next to the guns, he told me, be ready to relay my orders if the Tannoy breaks down. I took a megaphone with me and it seemed to amuse the gunners (etiquette said that one only used the voice).

I heard a faint order Fire! from a field to our flank, then it was taken up again and again until it came from the loudspeakers behind me and the dark starlit night moved and a swollen booming and crashing chasm took the place of the sky, surging far ahead and spreading in a wide fathomless sustained deafening roar along the whole front and I started awake at last, mouth open, stunned at the endless blue and yellow flashes across the spaces with the earth rocking and leaping and rumbling from the gun's detonations and the night itself shaking. I stood in this illuminated arc that surely was the world gone mad in a last thunder of the universe and I began to feel an exultation I had never known before, I let myself go in this last hour of the universe such that God must take notice, yes, there must even at this eleventh hour be God to take notice.

The men were pushing the shells home with their ramrods, tight-closing the steel doors of the breech, standing back for the mighty spout to recoil and give forth its demon flying death while the meadow all round was lit by simultaneous flashes (taking kindly to the light as meadows do). I was no longer a spectator, I itched to be at one of the guns pulling the hot lever with my lanyard after the sergeant's order Fire!

But the silence afterwards, the way the leaves and trickling of water returned to themselves and the acrid cordite smell gave way to the hot scent of wild thyme, and the way the trees stood placid and still again, was a disappointment to me. What had it all amounted to if everything became as it had been before, with the silence, into which all sounds die, victorious? if nothing remains recorded?

But this sudden quiet was only for us. Not yet had I cringed from the horrifying precipitate swoop of a shell to earth and heard the screams, the ones of the living and the ones of the dying. Not yet had I learned that a barrage at the *receiving* end changes tears of exultation to tearless ones of the deepest sorrow you have known.

I knew that I wouldn't be with the guns much longer, that my real job was in the forward lines. I even knew that my song would change: very shortly I would be guiding these very shells to their destination, I would be calling for the barrages by radio. I would be at the spearhead of attacks. I would find myself in places where my own fire had fallen perhaps only moments ago. And from there I would direct further fire.

I would not only be in the forward lines but must be prepared to find myself beyond those lines, in enemy ones.

That is, I was to be a Forward Observation Officer or F.O.O. as we called him. The army textbooks called him The Eyes of the Army.

And then these guns of mine and this command post would become for me a haven I rarely tasted, since I would be miles ahead of them. The roar of a firing programme—the shell slipped so easily into the breech, the hot lever pulled to make the gun leap forward and try to fly beyond the blocks that braked its wheels—would be no more to me than fireworks.

* * *

We were ordered to move yet again to a town ten kilometres up from Salerno called Cava de' Tirreni. The move was to be made in separate columns so as to create surprise. This was just what it didn't do. Light as their shells were, our guns still made a hell of a racket getting hitched up and set down again.

The Germans had just vacated Cava dei Tirreni and it was obvious (though not for us) that they had quickly taken up positions with a perfect view of the valley in which our guns were now put down---within spitting distance of our noses, so to speak.

We put our four guns down, under the cover of night, in the bed of the valley, with steep vine terraces rising ahead of us and on both flanks. Then, after putting out sentries, we walked stealthily back into Cava de' Tirreni, where we had taken over a big house. I shared a tiny nursery room with another junior officer. We took it in turns to sleep in a child's cot, relieving each other every few hours for guard duty at the guns. To get to the guns all we had to do was to take a winding path that couldn't be observed. It all seemed so safe. Cava de' Tirreni (meaning the quarry or mine of the Tyrrhenian seas, on Italy's western coast) was tiny then. Its humped houses appeared

to be piled on each other and it smelled the same as all Italian war-time towns—sun-dried herbs and old walls and wood smoke and sewage and chicory.

Also those vine terraces where we put the guns had a great beauty. There were mossy statues and a fountain and green garden benches where the women who tended the vines would sit. We started digging ourselves in during the night but by dawn, that first morning, we were only down a few inches. We camouflaged the guns as best we could.

Then we returned just before dawn. But the moment the sun put its first blinding tip an inch above the horizon there was a swift hoarse breathing in the sky and mortar-bombs crashed among the leaves, their smoke rolling flatly away, hugging the dew. Most of the first stuff fell near the benches and statues. A splinter caught an Italian girl. She screamed frantically. Somehow her screaming seemed to inspire the enemy and the bombs spread to the terraces where we were and we began scrambling up and down them, flung ourselves to the wet earth and as quickly jumped up again as they came down in clusters and the pungent smoke got into our lungs. One of the men shouted down at the girl Shut up! Shut up! in the illusion that she was attracting the fire. He threw himself down by me and murmured, She's not hurt as bad as all that.

I lost two men in that sacred green hollow. One was my own signaller, too badly hurt to scream. We got him into a stone hut and put him face down. He had two deep holes in his back, behind the lungs. I held him in my arms. One of the troopers asked him if he'd like a smoke and he managed to raise his head. The trooper put a cigarette between his lips and was about to light it when my signaller coughed blood into it so that it swelled up and fell with a plop to the cement floor. Then his head fell forward.

This was a man I felt closer to than anyone I had met in the army, indeed in my whole life. He was older than I, probably no more two or three years, but it made him seem mature to me. He was to be my chief signaller throughout the war. Both of us had known this. There was a wonderful formality between us that strangely reinforced the sense of a perfect, immediate understanding between us that needed only a nod or a word for a message of eyes that would have required whole sentences in the case of someone else. He was to accompany me on my F.O.O. missions, this was understood between us. Just a glance conveyed all, no need for 'orders'. This in your signaller is precious as gold. And to find your closest, most natural friend who understood you as you understood him quite as if you had hitherto spent all your life in his company.

And I was holding him in his dying. I must have known that no man could survive such deep wounds in the rear of the chest. Tears flooded to my eyes and I held them back because you somehow get the command to do so, from within. You get so many inner commands in battle, namely in a world you have never so much as dreamed of before.

This is the true baptism of fire, not the shock of shells or the screams or the terrified eyes of friend or enemy but the first death and if it is the death of someone closer to you than almost any man has been in your life then this is a baptism deep indeed.

It turned me into a soldier. I can't explain this. It made me determined to do well. Doing well meant that I would look after the four men detailed to me when I 'went out'. I vowed, with my closest of friends in my arms, not as a thought at all, but the vow simply took place, as I knew afterwards only---I silently and unawares vowed

that my four men would remain unharmed. And that was how it happened. You can make vows in battle in such a way that you have secured the future.

And things were suddenly quiet. My face still puckered up against the tears, you are crying for all the future ones too, the ones who are going to die, for you will not cry again, yet they were talking to you but a second before and now they lie with the ashen stare of shock that denotes the last breath.

A peasant woman in black stood by the hut door and moaned quietly to herself. The gunners trod about respectfully, thinking, bitter. We cursed Jerry who had done it because cussing gave us an outlet. The other wounded man got it in the arm but it was a bad one just the same and he was stretchered away to hospital, and I think died later.

In the manner of soldiers we griped and belly-ached. We asked how the hell could anybody have thought of putting twenty-five-pounder guns into a bloody soup-bowl like this, where we couldn't even fire the sodding things. To fire out of that hole you would need a vertical trajectory, your own shit would fall back on you. You have to be a madman to put artillery into the forward lines where Jerry can just look down on you bit it was typical of superior officers (meaning those who were majors or more) etc. etc., in that routine grumble we called 'ticking'.

Afterwards there were boring hours. A death isn't forgotten. It becomes part of that strange assembly of the men who have gone and the men who are living and might at any minute go.

I enjoyed strolling in Cava de' Tirreni's narrow lanes, with a silence all round you never get in peace. One morning I looked up at a window and a man and woman were beckoning to me to come upstairs. In sign language they were telling me to push the downstairs door open and, stranger from another land as I was, walk up. I waved

back and smiled and walked on because once up there, for all I knew, I might disappear, then who would look for me? All the harmless couple wanted was to barter for cigarettes, bully beef, sugar. In exchange perhaps for eggs. Discreetly they might have suggested a girl.

I hadn't yet learned that Italians were as straight as a die, even when crooked.

I was impatient to get my first F.O.O. assignment over and done with. It would have been useful to get some gen (pronounced with a soft 'g'), our word for information. But none came. It hadn't figured in my training either. You could be trained for surprise but not for the surprises when they came.

I knew the bare logistics of being an F.O.O—you take three or four men with you, including one or two signallers. Your radio equipment has to be with you at all times. This includes batteries and, in very rare cases of unusual proximity, a cable for direct wire-contact with the rear. Mostly you have no chance of recharging the batteries, so while you need to be in day and night contact with your command post back at the guns you have to be economical in radio use. Your firing orders sometimes have to be relayed far beyond your own command post in order to engage the guns of a whole brigade or division, and the reply has to come back down that hierarchy, so you need plenty of juice.

It was after the word Ready had been passed on to you from all the assembled waiting guns that your final order of Fire! could be given and then almost instantaneously you heard the baleful whirring of the shells above your head.

These 'twenty-five-pounder' guns of ours were, for artillery, the lightest you could find. They were General Montgomery's favourite weapon, he being an unusually humane commander. The shells fell in clusters and you had to be very close to their forward blast to catch a packet. What they did do most effectively was create

panic---the air becomes full of blinding cordite smoke and the crashes are ceaseless and relentless. The craters are the shallowest made by any form of artillery.

It was these shells that as an F.O.O. I could call up at a moment's notice but I also had access to the other heavier artillery available both in the division and the Corps (namely, two divisions, if they happened to be working together).

The only thing you know as a novice F.O.O. is that you will have to observe the country carefully and consult your Intelligence map as you move across it. But that isn't much of a training. So your state of trepidation as your first F.O.O. assignment draws near, like mine now, came from utter bafflement as to what to expect.

Obviously an F.O.O. must know something about the enemy that faces him. After all, he must develop so to speak an intimacy with him. He must know what kind of fighters these particular enemy regiments are, and in what strength they are at the moment, whether they are the 15th or 26th or 29th Panzer Grenadiers or a Hermann Göring division or the 44th Austrian infantry (the most amiable of opponents).

Such a man can be a treasure for the infantry since he carries about with him an invisible armour shield. So the tendency of infantry officers was therefore to treat him with awe if he was good and amiably disregard him if he wasn't.

Once in a new position the F.O.O. must help consolidate it with so-called SOS targets, which may involve a firing programme lasting the whole night. You communicate this programme, with its timetable and intervals by radio, to your command post, having already given your exact map reference in code.

There was one thing I looked forward to---being my own master. I would be trusted or spurned for my decisions alone. I even felt a need to witness war at its demented heart. And for this the role of F.O.O. seemed exactly placed.

Before you get your first assignment the eyes of senior officers are on you sizing you up. The respect of your gunners (very few of whom saw the forward lines) is much enhanced if you go up, and it grows the more you go up. The unlucky ones among them are those who have to accompany you. But more unlucky is that handful of men who become your favourites, the kind of men who, try as they might, cannot help being reliable. Never was there a better argument for that devoutly observed military rule—never volunteer.

Likewise if the F.O.O. was good he was always in demand. If he wasn't he stayed with the guns.

The French long ago had a more precise word for the F.O.O. and that was le sentinel perdu. He is to all intents and purposes a lonely (and frequently lost) spy. Much of the Intelligence given to him about enemy dispositions is likely to be wrong though his life largely depends on it being right. But it is impossible to have good Intelligence about forward lines because they move so fast, especially in close terrains like those in Italy. So it is the F.O.O. who keeps the map up to the latest date. The danger for him is that being very mobile, with at most four men, he can easily get lost, and in enemy lines, which happened to me and mine more than once.

We entered Naples on October 1 1943, namely three weeks after the Salerno landing. And these weeks cost us 12000 casualties, 5000 of them American, nearly 7000 British. And we were here solely because Kesselring's new defence line was now ready for us.

But at last we had an official fleshpot where we could go for short leaves, even half a day. There was the chance of a dance and Lilly Marlene being sung. The copper wire laid by Fifth Army engineers for new telephone systems at once disappeared. That hadn't happened under the Germans because their penalty for stealing copper

wire had been death. There was a favourite apocryphal story that the kids of Naples, in this new lawless democracy, unscrewed the nuts and bolts of an allied ship until one night it sank elegantly out of sight.

I drove into Naples several times alone. I sat in a tiny restaurant tucked into a side street with the sun blazing through the entrance. I ordered chicken but was aware after a few bites that it was cat. Why did I order chicken after being told so often that it was always cat? The place became empty and I started to talk to the proprietress in my poor army Italian which always got the accents hopelessly wrong—we called the Rapido river the Rapeedo whereas it is accented on the first syllable as in 'rapid'. We did the same with 'Taranto' and 'Brindisi', both of which carry their emphasis on the first syllable. And no doubt if we had ever wanted to talk about the Medici we would have made the same mistake (most Anglo-Saxons still do). But it was our rule and no Italian dared correct us.

The proprietress was a large young woman with black curly hair and an easy sisterly manner. She asked me if I was lonely and I smiled, refusing this offer to bed down with her. I told myself that I didn't find her attractive but in fact I was afraid of a dose of clap. Also we were warned not to separate ourselves from our clothes, ever, not in Naples at this present half-starved time.

She and I sat with our elbows on the table gazing into the blinding light of the entrance and I found in myself a resolve that I would one day make this country my own (which I later did). I left her some cigarettes, which were considered gold.

A few days later I sat with five other officers in a barracks on the city's outskirts, the sea silver and flashing far below, the light failing.

The Battery commander said, We shall have to decide who is going up with this one. I held my breath, my heart beat faster, I gazed at the wall and held the leg of

the table. The day had been one of those autumn days that lazily replay the earlier sweltering season and raise the Italian's voice and give him a special easy walk.

Not many days after that I sat once more in an officers' conference, this time in a room with a parquet floor and tall windows high above the deep still blue of Naples harbour, lightly ruffled with white-flecked waves, where our battle cruisers looked like clever intricate toys. The windows gave on to a balcony from which a grateful evening breeze wafted in, then spent itself until the next one, in an hallucinating rhythm I had never known a hint of in my former life.

No sounds came up to us, so removed were we from city and sea. The captain who had welcomed me at Salerno with a gruff but solicitous nod, Captain Maugham, said he thought I should go up in the next show, being the freshest among us. The major smiled at me and said he agreed it was time to break me in.

I smiled too but I was mortally afraid. Yet excitement went with it, even increased it. I was to stand out, perform, perhaps earn better smiles—more earnest ones. It is wonderful what human association does for us, being able to render sane and even orderly what our trembling limbs know to be otherwise.

Two

Farewell

Most of the 13th day of October 1943 I leaned against a warm haystack facing south. There were flat fields all round and a breeze intermittent like a series of broken sighs that breathed a message to me I couldn't decipher—whether warning or solace. I was alone, reading a novel about a youth of twenty-one (just right) who was deeply in love, and how his love, after a long time of anguish, was requited. And since it was thoughtfully written, taking me back to a style of speech I would never hear again (everything pre-war was now a remote never-never land), the words melted in nostalgically with the scented autumn day and the hush that the sound of bees and flies only made deeper.

The silence brought a fear that awakened suddenly and died again, as if these fields knew what lay ahead, this very night. It made me look up from the pages and as quickly sent me back to them. It merged with the words I was reading—with the hero's horror that he might not be loved by the girl. And this in turn helped that southern hush to be valedictory.

Now and then and I gazed at Vesuvius in the far distance sending its straight white volcanic smoke unresisted into the blue. It curled very slightly at the top with such a leisurely and domestic air. Like any curling smoke you might see. There wasn't a gun to be heard, not in the remotest distance. Yes, when an attack has been prepared, and the enemy is waiting as you are waiting, with death in mind, all the trees and grasses join in.

We were to make a bridgehead over the river Volturno, a name which suggests currents that turn in on themselves——volto with its idea of turning round, turno that of returning. And it was the river Field Marshal Kesselring had chosen for us to break our heads on (his words). But wait---this river was also useful for him in so far as it gave him time to prepare an even stronger line further north. But wait again---this stronger line would give him time to prepare a truthfully impregnable line which whole divisions, whole corps could decimate themselves to the point of self-disbandment (and did), thus breaking both head and heart.

Thankfully we knew nothing of this but even if we had we would have rejected it. As a soldier you have to believe that your enemy is confused and surprised by your every approach.

I was to assemble with my four men at infantry battalion headquarters in a pre-arranged area south of the river Volturno. I was to await dusk there and the time appointed for the opening barrage from our side. The moment this barrage ceased I was to go forward and make contact with our attacking infantry company at its start line.

Those were my orders and I didn't have the experience to see that they didn't make sense. Clearly my permission to move was too late, being the moment when the company assigned to me would be committed to battle. The order thus put me far behind the start line---into the tail, not the spearhead. Which meant that I would spend the crucial first stage searching for my infantry commander. Without him I had no job or place to go. Without me he had no retaliatory power against the flak.

Not only that but our army too was inexperienced. This was the first set-battle of the Italian campaign. The Salerno operation, having been a mostly defensive action (landing stores and equipment under fire), offered no lessons for what was coming up.

Jerry was in some strength now—three divisions faced us and were particularly lively on our sector because the main Naples-Rome highway passed just ahead.

I was there with my men at the appointed time. I remember young woodland--good cover. We stood together, my men and I, five of us, waiting in the dying light. The barrage from our guns started up to the second, a huge mounting thunder from behind us, followed at once by the screeching of shells arching overhead into enemy lines. The earth trembled because we weren't a great distance from the river and we fell into the usual pre-battle elated illusion that such a shattering orchestra must leave not a yard of enemy earth alive. The fact is that, especially in close terrain, the enemy pops out of his holes at the first lull and starts lobbing the stuff back. And that would be happening within moments.

It was ten o'clock and dark before my signallers and I got the order to move and we advanced in single file, keeping to one side of a broad crowded causeway between the trees. Then as soon as enemy shells began falling close we started running, trying to get to the ditches which we knew to be just short of the river. Stupidly I had eaten a late meal and started vomiting as I ran, turning my head to one side so that my tunic and map-case wouldn't get soiled. As we ran the enemy launched its fearsome Nebelwerfer or Organ Grinder mortar bombs right where we were so that hot breaths of suffocating cordite rushed into our faces. Clattering enemy machine-gun fire opened up from the river, presumably on our men trying to cross.

A mine-detector outfit went ahead of us as always, laying white tape down as a safe guide for us. Infantrymen were losing contact with each other, calling out to each other between the deafening bursts, afraid of losing touch. Everyone was dazed, some men were just wandering here and there, others were on the ground and calling

for the stretchers or just screaming, sometimes a man would dash for the ditch at the side of the causeway as if he had decided to do no more running.

Something was going very badly wrong. There were more men running towards us than there were with us, in fact growing masses of infantrymen all running in the wrong direction, away from the line. We were bumping into them and for the life of me I couldn't understand how men running away from the line could be obeying orders of any kind. They were calling out to us, You can't go up there! I dashed over to one of them and grabbed him by the arm——Where are you going? He shouted, You can't get through! Thinking I might have mistaken the route I shouted back, Where's the river then? and he said as he ran on, Back there, there's all hell up there, you can't get through!

Stretcher bearers were rushing past us——it seemed a whole army was on its way out of the line. My four men were waiting for my order and I shouted into the shattering noise Come on! and we started running forward again.

We were quickly in the thick of it. The Nebelwerfers were concentrated here. A Nebelwerfer puts six bombs at a time into the air and their trajectory makes a terrifying howling noise like a vast barrel organ in the sky which turns into a dense hungry roar close to your ear as the bombs crash to earth from their almost vertical trajectory.

There was such a thick wall of detonation and tracer bullets and darkness and men bumping into each other that all you could do, once you were close to the river, was run from one deep 88mm. crater to the next until you found an empty place to throw yourself into, elbow to elbow as the screams of the wounded came over, that terrible Help! Help! Help!, that imploring scream to the enemy guns to Please, please stop! And then the shouts of the stretcher bearers, Give us a hand you blokes, for

christsake help! but the only thing that happened in our brains was let it not be me, let it not be me, and when at last we managed to scramble down into a crowded crater and throw ourselves down I found myself scratching frantically with both hands into the freshly scorched soil, trying to make a hole for myself of all grotesque idiotic things but knowing how crazy it was didn't stop me doing it, I was clawing the hard black earth with nails all too frail and I knew I was doing it and how crazy it was but the hands kept doing it and I swear my men on either side of me were doing it too, the very same silliness. I saw my actions so clearly, stood away from myself because these were my last moments on earth---that was how it was for me and every other man in that crater and the screeches of Wailing Winnie over our heads and that ghastly angry hot descent of the bombs shattered our last hopes and, as always for the soldier, made us doubt afterwards that we did get through and weren't in a new deadly life that contained a trick that made it seem life when it wasn't.

And simultaneously we were listening to the stretcher bearers and I was thinking urgently should I take my men and help with the stretchers but that would mean running back, wouldn't it, running away? And because these were our last moments on earth our thoughts were sharp and clear and intensely observant, I was aware of my men on both sides of me and how they were living these last moments too and they like me were silent and like me they had their eyes closed and I was sure they too were scratching crazily into the earth because you never do anything individual, not at the extremity of extremities.

How long we were in that crater, how and when we got out, even whether the mortar bombs and shells were still falling when we jumped up and ran, even whether we ran, I cannot recall and never did recall, not even right after.

All I know of that night was being in the crater in our last moments and then, as in a dream that jumps whole hours in a flash, I am standing in the first dawn light at the river's edge, a few inches from a handsome German officer with thick black hair who is saying in English with easy confidence, In Rome for Christmas? You won't be there for months, if ever.

My Company commander was standing just to the left of me and all of us listened to the German diffidently, disappointed that our success in breaching the river should excite this clear-spoken well-meant smiling ridicule, and we believed him not because we were gullible but because in such extremities one knows the truth, and this was the truth. It was indeed many months of mostly useless costly struggle through mud and cold, in strategic positions that spelled disaster, before we reached Rome depleted and worn out.

Perhaps it is this preliminary dying that you go through in your last moments which turn out not to have been your last---perhaps it is this that induces amnesia. Perhaps amnesia is a thankful device to expunge how you got out of that crater so that you may carry on this life not half-crazed or wandering in your mind for the rest of your days. And suddenly the German officer is there, a friend, talking without emphasis in this bountiful dawn silence, and his very voice is a balm.

A few feet before us was the swollen fast river, the opposite bank deserted except for four English soldiers lying side by side, faces down as if gazing into the earth, in perfect order and neatness, their tin hats undisturbed, their weapons under them, in an identical shared death. They must have jumped to the bank close together and in that jump gone down in one burst of machine-gun fire. For several days they stayed there, clean and obedient.

Apparently our division had been given not only the most intensely defended but the most exposed part of the river to tackle. On our left flank was our sister division, and on their left were the Americans, presumably the Texans we had known at Salerno. Our sister division, the 56th, hadn't got across.

I couldn't work out, in that dawn, why my Company commander was still on the southern shore when the opposite bank was already in our hands. I expected a bridgehead to be something you could see right away. But Bailey bridges have to be loaded and transported. Engineers to build them have to be available. And building a bridge in daylight, especially in the first vulnerable hours after a battle, would be suicide.

For the moment there was only the tired dawn silence that follows a rough night. Both sides are taking time off to lick wounds. A cup of char reassured us, the steam blew up into our faces with each breath.

We were lucky because the Nebelwerfer or Wailing Winnie, fearful though it sounded, was also inaccurate. Its bombs dispersed over a large area and they took more seconds to land than other mortar bombs. Their terrifying chorus in the sky was thus achieved at the expense of accuracy. Their aim was to create extreme panic. This they achieved in the case of an entire battalion of the US 34th division. They scattered and it was a whole day before they reassembled. No cowardice was involved. They just thought it was something other than war and was coming out of the sky—the frightful Secret Weapon constantly promised by Hitler. By far the greater number of casualties in battle come from shock and are called non-battle casualties because wounds do not figure, so there was reasoning behind Wailing Winnie.

Of course mortar bombs that fall inaccurately still fall, and they fell among us, just short of the river. Machine-gun fire, not these bombs, was the nemesis of the men trying at that moment to cross the river.

We all believed, as men in the first world war did, that the shell that got you had your army number on it. The idea reassured and terrified in equal measure.

* * *

That bridgehead was at the cost of a thousand casualties in one night.

As for our sister division it was pinned down by shellfire. Its Ox and Bucks battalion disguised themselves as peasants but the moment they broke cover to approach the river they had 80 casualties in a few seconds. They tried to cross in boats but most of these were at once destroyed, this time with 40 casualties.

Really the American Fifth army was in no position to cross that river. Its divisions only had boats enough for one battalion, namely two companies of about sixty men each. And that was hopelessly inadequate for a whole front.

I never learned how the men I saw running away from the line that night re-joined their units, or if they did. To my mind they were deserters and would have been rounded up as such. You just can't rejoin your unit a whole night late. There were no officers among them as far as I could see. Which made desertion even more likely.

In fact, though we didn't know it then, the Fifth army had a desertion problem. The 'Naples stroll', as it was called, started about this time—some Americans just walked out of the line and went to town. Mark Clark sensibly accommodated himself to this by organising rest areas close to the line, to which the tired and shocked could be sent. You could hardly throw men into prison for suffering the results of the

pressure you were putting on them, such as tackling water without something to float on.

The British were less wise. We now know, as a result of the publication (in 1994) of the courts- martial of that time, that 197 soldiers mutinied 'at Salerno'. 179 of these were put in prison for a year or so while the ringleaders were given five years.

They mutinied because their officers had told them they were going from North Africa not to Salerno but Sicily, where there was no fighting. The men were already battle exhausted and considered this a calculated lie which exposed their officers as unfit to lead. I never heard of any mutinies on the Salerno beach. It would have been difficult to mutiny and get arrested within earshot of the Germans. So I am inclined to believe that those men I saw running in the wrong direction were those who were court- martialled.

The fact that we heard no more of those men meant nothing. No battle events were ever, in my memory, discussed afterwards. Also we were used to disappearances. Soldiers, in groups or singly, were posted off constantly. There was never a better application of the divide-and-rule axiom. Unwanted elements could be dissolved into thin air. And this, by the law of war, is how it has to be. The comfort of being in an army is its delegation of moral choice to staff officers remote from scrutiny, which helps one sleep at night, it being the case that what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve after.

Three

The weather changed and I was back with the guns. We found ourselves camped out behind thick hedges in a mist of warm rain under a reluctant low lazy sky. The sunshine was so dazzling it made the thick rain clouds a white fluffy sheet, and our gun site, within its green walls, began to feel immune to war, especially as sounds were muffled too.

You never heard so much laughter. Laughing was the most of what we did, it being one of the many unknown features of battle that it stirs laughter pure and spontaneous. It isn't in spite of the dying, nor is it the beckoning death, nor is it a defence against the screams. Laughter is an accessory to both, just as in the funeral wake the dead are present even as you drink and sing, they being the silent provocateurs of this unexpected joy. We were children again, Captain H. no less than the rest of us.

Army commanders were astonished at so much laughter in the forward lines and I think they put it down to grit, which it had nothing to do with. Army commanders are remote from their armies because they have to deal with the big scenario and turn it into individual actions on the ground, and they don't laugh about the dead. It makes them cautious and strangely it makes them reckless, and there was in our particular army commander something of the latter, and that didn't promote laughter.

We were awaiting orders, meaning we could pass the day as we chose. The guns were snugly camouflaged and out of action. The distant boom of big artillery was muffled, spread out comfortably, conferring death on others—and on us a sense of reprieve.

For me 'the guns' were already another way of saying safe haven. They were pinpointed sometimes by enemy artillery but on the whole shells fell wide of us, though not always so wide that we could forget them.

Our all-day and sometimes all-night firing programmes were no more disturbing to me than the so-called dags with which we recharged our radio batteries. Their engines were going all night and made a deafening noise, and some of us (I was one) liked to put our beds close to a dag in order, of all things, to sleep soundly. That way, too, you wouldn't hear the rush of the shell that had your number on it.

Captain H. and I got hold of a bottle of gin and began drinking close to my bivouac one late afternoon. I passed out and woke up twenty-four hours later with my bivouac collapsed over me and my legs outside. I thought the dusk was the previous dawn. I only woke because I was starting to suffocate. Captain H. must have tripped over my bivouac pegs as he staggered away, unless he pulled them out for fun. We had a laugh afterwards and resolved never to touch gin again. But we didn't ask ourselves why we had drunk to unconsciousness. Sometimes we talked about Churchill---how we of the Struggle against Fascism had put him where he was---hoisted on our sole shoulders (his own party would never have put him there) he was at our beck and call, leased from the 'reactionaries' solely for the duration of the war. The thought that Churchill was acting entirely on his own never once occurred to us.

We sat and drank numberless sobering mugs of char and I had a letter from home saying 'Well son we had our windows blown out today'. I never wrote home any but the vaguest footnotes to my present life since I didn't wish to suggest heroics to people under nightly bombardment from the air, without choice of fight or flight, no medals posthumous or otherwise, no extra rations or rest periods or worst of all any personal encounter with the enemy, who remained at a great inaccessible height

and were hated because their deaths could not be seen. I heard from my parents that Len, my middle brother's closest friend, had fallen from the sky over Germany, with no time or perhaps strength to activate his parachute.

* * *

We got wind of another show coming up——a wopper this time. We were again to punch a hole in the enemy defences but this time our armoured division would 'pass through' it (an expression that took on, in the course of the Italian campaign, a certain tragic drollness).

Having secured the northern banks of the river Volturno we were now to face Field Marshal Kesselring's Gustav or Winter line, which he was even now preparing for us. To protect his busy engineers he began building a makeshift line (the Bernhardt) which stretched from Minturno on the Mediterranean coast across a range of peaks called the Aurunci, so we would first have to hop this lesser hurdle.

It was these peaks we were now invited to tackle. Anyone could see that we were neither trained nor equipped for mountain warfare but Kesselring had devised the trap and it seemed our destiny to adapt ourselves to his design, in other words walk smack into it.

The Aurunci went east towards the centre of the Italian peninsula and stopped abruptly and briefly at the narrow defile in which was contained the road to Rome. This was called in dull military phrasing Highway 6 and it was accompanied by the enchanting Liri river, which gave its name to the defile.

Thus the road to Rome could be overseen from formidable heights---which also presented a deadly insurmountable natural barrier to any commanders bent on frontal assault, as ours were.

This was not all. On the other (eastern) side of the defile there was another range of peaks almost as formidable. And even this wasn't the worst news. Within touching distance of the defile, so to speak, there lay a smaller but steep hill and on this sprawled, in the sweetest manner, a slumbering medieval town called Cassino which thus looked benignly down not only on the mouth of the defile with its precious road to Rome but on the plains that stretched before it in a southerly direction. This town was the central nut of the Gustav Line, a nut snug and smug for its defenders, with wriggling lanes and humped houses clutched together in a centuries-old solitude, but a nut which even if you destroyed it stone by stone and tile by tile would remain---indeed assert itself infinitely---as the nut too deadly to approach, and beyond human powers to infiltrate.

And not even this was enough. The sleepy nut was accompanied, even dominated, by a greater and more imposing and especially reinforced one that covered the summit of the hill and would require an arsenal of nutcrackers to break it, yet was just as sweet as Cassino, indeed the origin of her sweetness—more, the very cause of her lazy presence here, being no less than a vast abbey dedicated to Saint Benedict, its founder, and built to serve its spiritual end by resisting foreign invaders from the south, a Keeper of the Vatican's Southern Gate, so to speak.

And this abbey's windows gazed down on the plain before it so frankly that it must put a shiver down the spines of any infantrymen trying to cross in front of it, and later it did. In fact the whole ensemble of that hill serenely begged us to throw ourselves at it and if necessary break heads and hearts on it, and in the hardest of winters, and the stupefying thing is that this was precisely what we did.

* * *

And all this hardly twenty miles north of the river Volturno. By the time we crossed that river the enemy's Gustav Line had already been fully manned, its supply lines (always difficult on heights) secured. Our first trip wire, the Bernhardt line that lay in front of it, stretched along the Garigliano river in its Mediterranean reaches to its tributaries in the east, the Liri and the Rapido, close to Cassino. Namely a defence position set there by nature with such deft attention to detail that the Benedictine monks were no more in need of arms than archangels were.

Often they weren't even there. Once they were absent for a century and a half, so confident was this place that one look at it from below would discourage attack.

Only one man decided to do so and he was turned back by a dream in which St. Benedict spoke to him advisedly. So there you were---a spiritual stronghold that only atheists in the deepest sense would, and did, try not only to attack head-on but destroy for ever.

No wonder St. Benedict his temple in such a way that even if it was destroyed would become all the stronger for it (and this we witnessed it do).

It was now November, a decisive month for us all in that Hitler decided, having observed the success of Kesselring's disengagement-when-ready policy, to give him full command of Italian operations. And not only this. He undertook to increase Kesselring's strength with what remained of Rommel's army in North Africa.

Hitler made his decision on November 21st 1943, just as we were preparing to move up from the Volturno area.

This time it wasn't a matter of crossing water without boats. We were now to fight in mountains with no mountain equipment, no adequate clothing, not even special rations. Polyglot as an army we might be the uncrackable nuts before us

required not mass but prowess. And this was something missing from allied guidance at the political top—and therefore at the bottom where we foot soldiers were.

* * *

The Big Show was to take place between December 15th 1943 and 15th January 1944, and to prepare for this we moved fifteen miles up from the northern banks of the Volturno to a tiny hill-top town called Sessa Aurunca, which took its name from the Aurunci mountains that placidly gazed at it across a valley of flat green land.

From Sessa, as we came to call it, you had a bird's eye view of that range's foothills, with the broad Garigliano, the Gustav Line's watery protector, running before it and reduced from our point of view to a curling thread of mirror.

It was a cosy town, cobbled and clean. And that mountain barrier north of us became familiar, being a pleasure to watch for its mists and changing degrees of colour and shade.

With so much leisure and the heavy rains that had been predicted we also came to know our hosts, we tasted home-cooked food, exchanged bully beef and cigarettes for eggs and, in the case of us officers, took over their best rooms. The houses that lay on each side of the narrow main street were ours, just as if we were the town's elected administrators.

Strictly speaking there was a non-fraternity rule between us and them. We were to look on Italians as ex-fascists and ex-enemy, and to be watchful of our speech in their hearing. An army booklet warned us that, while a people of great affability, they could on occasion be treacherous.

What the booklet didn't tell us was that Italians had fraternity planted in them at birth, whatever disprezzo or malicious aforethought lurked in them. In Sessa

betrothals were discussed, the marriages to take place when it was all over. Kisses and smiles were exchanged and anything more secret was presumably snatched in remote corners of the cellars because of the presence of elders and us commissioned officers. We officers only heard reports—the girls were at first hesitant with us and only began coming up to us in the street and passing the time of day with us when they saw we didn't bite and were exactly like those vile Germans, namely cosy and cheerful and humane. You could see the relief on their faces.

Among the tantalising cries of joy that came up from the cellars in Sessa Aurunca there was sometimes the busy hushed sound of commercial transaction. The Italians were hungry.

Since we led a healthy life in the open, eating like pigs, you would have thought we officers might have suffered from this daily prevalence of women and the lack of them in bed. But the genitals were strangely non-combatant. We put it down to 'the bromide they put in your tea'. Only later in the brothels of Egypt and Beirut and Palestine during our first rest period did we use the contraceptives we were supplied with (which you could explain by the fact that we took tea out).

In that little town of Sessa I felt sad to be an officer. I rarely saw my men unless they were on duty, so deep were they in surrogate family life. And, though nothing was said (in the army nothing is said about almost everything), a second lieutenant came quickly to realise that he must never become loquacious with Other Ranks or join in their pranks and peccadilloes. I sat in my room yearning for the laughter I heard coming from the cellars. And my men told me their adventures (that was the right conduct for an officer—to listen).

I still preferred to be an officer, though. I wanted to lead because I felt that in a dangerous spot I could bring things to a good conclusion. I thought that under

someone else's guidance my instincts would dry up, I might be dragged into someone else's slowness of response.

One of the bitterest aspects of losing my signaller at Cava de' Tirreni was that I felt responsible for his death. Had I not been so helpless a novice I would have briskly shouted my men to cover, and shown them where that cover was. And in the Volturno attack I had led my men into hell (at the double)—not that there had been any choice but I still taxed myself with this unjust idea. It was the beginning in me of the guilt that goes, for better or for worse, with self-training.

I hoped earnestly that my signaller's death hadn't been an omen for the future—that I didn't carry a magnet in my pocket that would attract fatal enemy fire (this was how I described it to myself). I hoped the men I chose for my missions wouldn't look askance at me as the one who took them by a nasty turn of fate into the thickest shit of all. And of course I feared this in myself too. It just seemed to me that the omens so far weren't good. It was a tic of worry I was never without.

* * *

One morning I walked down to the foot of Sessa's steep hill in the bracing early sunlight. Here, in a small group of houses at Ponte Ronaco, which bridged a little rivulet from the Garigliano, we had put our guns and installed a kind of command post. The guns were under camouflage nets and out of use.

And suddenly I turned and saw a close school-friend of mine walking towards me with his characteristic slim-lipped smile as if about to laugh. He said, I saw your name in an officer-list and thought I'd drive over and see how you were. We stood gazing at each other, confused, rather shy. I remembered how he used to spend his days listening to Wagner on scratchy records and reading the plays and prefaces of George Bernard Shaw in a church-house belonging to his future in-laws in the

Hampshire hills. He and I had found our first loves in the same village, at the same time. It was surely the most marvellous of bonds at this moment.

We watched a dog fight high above us. The two planes dived and circled spraying bullets at each other. There was the muffled whine of their engines and the tiny-toy echo of their machine guns. The war was rendered cosy for a moment as we stood there, quite as if Sessa's steep hill was one of southern Hampshire's.

This war had brought Gordon and me a lot of good. We would never have seen the Hampshire hills at the age of seventeen had we not been evacuated from London because of the bombing. It gave us our first taste of wholesome air and silence. For the first time I started doing well in exams. They got me to Oxford. And Gordon got to Cambridge. His first love was already his wife. Of course he knew my girlfriend K. and I pulled out the photo. He looked at it with what I took to be momentary misgiving. Perhaps he knew the truth, or thought I didn't.

The planes above suddenly broke from each other and flew in opposite directions—two lives saved. Gordon and I said good bye. I watched him drive away, south. I discovered it wasn't lovely memories that his visit filled me with. My memories had lost all the warmth of the recent. That was the trouble. They were simply images. As if, though they had happened, they hadn't happened to me. That was what Gordon's visit made me understand—you haven't got a past, it happened but it extinguished itself. It no longer needed me.

Later that same morning a bombardier in my troop came running over and said, I've just had a horrible time. How's that? I asked him. It concerned a girl in the village. They were in love with each other. She was a lively girl with a romping manner and strong thighs and a firm chin and provocative eyes. And early that same morning they had kissed seriously for the first time. And it had disgusted him. Her

mouth had tasted horrible, he said. Her breath was abominable. His face wobbled with dismay. I listened, shrugged. I knew her and guessed that the undrinkable ersatz coffee and her half-starved state had something to do with it. I gazed at the bombardier's face wobbling with disillusion. He thought girls were nice and fresh and stinks belonged to him. It occurred to me that he hadn't seen action yet. He was to do so later. The girl had a wonderful bright directness but he would have none of her. He was lucky, I suppose, to have kept his Civvy Street disgusts. They were due to be blown away.

England Her England

The whole world over is
Parts
Her is ghetto fragmented. But
how. dull our lives would be
around, music to be heard, books (plays,
magazines, comics) to be read, languages
to be talked, our ways of working and
working; in the same land ghettos
could be foreign to each other like
dull our cheeks, so that the 'nation'
became a more commercial and
administrative organization needed to
provide the survival needs — the food,
jobs, homes, care. It happened upon
— Rome, it happened in the West.
It is typical 'national' movements
together. Including these nations are →

(which is why the Britain name
→ 'Volksdeutsche') in the new
de-nationalized life as in the Nazi;
+ perhaps better because
they were less vulnerable to attacks from
the ghettos — since no national journal
and have been stripped of their

→ identity, they had sovereignty and had
given their life Nord for it. Since and
Rykind and Denmark declared that
'Europe' means that is dependent
away, quite as if Sweden - Rykind
and Denmark existed as mythic and
administrative entities, joined by
a common grammar. The ghettos
had given a world beyond this identity

Ken Tynan

ENGLAND THEIR ENGLAND

It was very baffling for me to get the reaction
[illegible] of their emotion, [illegible] phlegmatic,
[illegible] self-controlled; ~~[illegible]~~ which was a
foreign (or Irish) reaction to - particularly English
ghetto of the imperial years. It took many years
to disappear and perhaps the greatest blow to it
was the Beatles, it [illegible] (their own the other
ghetto talking). Ken Tynan thought a way one
else in the 'upper' ghetto did - that he, and
his own England, and I guess, being highly
intelligent and in a great rush to prove himself,
he didn't like it much, and said it was
finished, which indeed his ghetto was,
[illegible] and finally so. When he didn't reckon,
and when he didn't like it see, was that it
death would mean the death of England —
because the other, the 'lower' ghetto died
with it. In other words they depended on each
other, thrived on each other, and were, at the
end ~~The Osborne~~ joined forces in a
TWILIT.
twilit honeymoon — The Osborne was gracious
allowed to dismantle the Old Work Hall and
make it possible for the first time since
Shakespeare to see a version of it as a play
Shakespeare's theatre. [illegible] was — the Globe →

had a replay

in fact, they looked back to the now-upper dead ghetto. The theatre became a place where the old arrogant Times, the arrogant Times, like a snob could deprive a man of work, of his livelihood, his career, his job. The press critics were angel of confession next to their.

Court had made its commercial reputation, and a lot of arrogant people crowded in to like the Beatles for the wrong etching Devine's and Osborne's work, they even tried to keep critics out of the theatre because of the loud services by desperately got of the Shoddier stuff to the sea. By was superior and not very light-

→ who no better than the drawing-room comedies of the Thirties, and certainly not better than the poetic drama that flopped at the [illegible] at the same period in the Osborne Christopher Fry, etc. Whiting, ... Bird. But it was the revolution that counted. Ken Tynan called it a cultural miracle. It looked like the overture to a new society but it was an eloquent funeral rite, as John Osborne saw when his plays were rejected one by one and he could hardly make a living. The Royal

namely when all class had disappeared from it! What was actually being found was an exclusivity which had been *inherited* from former Oxford generations as the way to behave. Oxford was a much more bitterly forlorn place for a vast number of its British students than it ever was for its Americans.

Tambimuttu the founding editor of *Poetry* London urged I when he was fifteen to run away from school. I felt he had long since done this---by switching off during all lessons. Also he considered that a university was the greatest distance from his ghetto as you could get---free of charge and without any need for the tiresome (and vulgar) social mobility 'upward' (as if it really was upward). One might, with luck, get the 'upper' people, who invariably had little upper in their manners or comportment, to employ moblity in reaching *him*. His school results were horrifying and everyone (both upper and lower) laughed when he told them he was going to Oxford. But the miracle happened. Sudden transference to the countryside had the effect of plunging him into study and he got a distinction in the Higher School Certificate, as it was called---and thereby the right to enter for a university scholarship. He tried for Peterhouse, Cambridge, because he liked a book on Napoleon written by the history man there, Professor Butterfield. He missed by one---Butterfield wrote to him saying that his name came 'just under the line'. He got int by the skin of his teeth at Keble, Oxford, figuring that the competition for this clerics' college would be slight, while that for Balliol, which was in the same group, would be heavy with class indeed! This doesn't mean that I considered his own class to be against him---he didn't think of himself as in a

Dear Julian,

May thanks for your of the 12th, which I have only just picked up. ~~I would certainly expect, naturally and on a matter of course, to hear more from the Text since it has been touched~~ I work helping with an editor, and in the case of this book (My Life Cell Cell) have been a true friend to me. [Her secure an extra vulnerability, we decided, in presenting this kind, work - I mean, of the writing] and I certainly ~~(Edwin Kelly)~~ can amplify and perhaps deepen what I say else the Foo. The poor nigger was never trained — how ever a reporter of the night before, or ever ~~the~~ kind of thing he should expect. ~~Perhaps I am unquestioned~~ As to the cursed Bless the Myth ~~etc~~ chap. — and the phenomenon of almost any publicised aspect of WW2 — it has been the biggest headache of all — I like corny Lhan expanded 100,000 words on it, and ~~have at last~~ now so I feel a certain relief at ~~having the thing~~. Shelving the Ms — but I have reserved the ~~And I shall hear from it the beginning, whereof~~ this, which I describe ~~below~~ in the next para, the I can't ~~leave that, write it~~ any kind ~~of essay that on without partly the matter~~ of WW2 for my formal philosophical

Can with the Hy = yet donation my
personal view on the war boy not/me Yes say—
Look the war I've with detail for
Know me
Anon to my county by
me me of, mean you dont do
the market and how -/proach it.
Partly it is this the has made me
anxious to do some WW2 explode the
WW2 fantasies — it gives the fascists +
the Hun not too advance +
a look, My Att in this Sxplodg is
to produce It does keep mind
make the market aspect a/g the end.
It is a fiction i terrific subject.
I like I have to sit down (I am still at
work on the bloody chap.) and make it
work as a personal Hy. If it does it work
us, that's it. But I think it worth
a try for my part. It needs be more
than - for paper (only 100,000 words
= strict) (this sounds to me the
Yanker Invade). But I do make a
comic out of the clips / which is the
market (as I think). Just
What is your view. Who says that?

I am not ? the UK [illegible] the
the UK Comedy by the [illegible] an explicit
[illegible] all work is
set up. With best wishes

Ever after Lou has had & hard days work
work is. I agree +
print it. Yes.

+ Lucky to see you, I the
Spend + give so has should with the book.

Subj: War in my eyes
Date: 8/6/2003 2:00:16 PM Eastern Daylight Time
From: "Proffitt, Stuart" <Stuart.Proffitt@penguin.co.uk>
To: "'rowdoxy@aol.com'" <rowdoxy@aol.com>
Sent from the Internet (Details)

Dear Mr Rowdon,

Thank you for your letter of the 28th July. It's difficult to know exactly what to recommend from the short description in your letter, but it sounds to me as if the most appropriate person here to look at your book would be Eleo Gordon, who is for example the editor of Geoffrey Wellum's recent FIRST LIGHT. The best of luck in interesting her, or finding the right house elsewhere.

Yours sincerely,

Stuart Proffitt

Dear Stuart Proffitt.
Thanks so much for your email. Nice big one from the UK I picked up off now. I will get on to contacting Eleo Gordon as soon as I get back.
With my best wishes MR.

Subj: RE: war in my eyes
Date: 8/12/2003 10:29:51 AM Eastern Daylight Time
From: "Julian Loose" <julianl@faber.co.uk>
To: <Rowdoxy@aol.com>
Sent from the Internet (Details)

Dear Maurice,
Many thanks for those remaining chapters. I do think you write beautifully and with a wonderful honestly, and the narrative is compelling and (in a good sense) novelistic. So I'm very impressed, though I confess I've no idea what the market might be or how well Faber might be placed to publish such a book. Really, I'd like to show it to colleagues here. But before I do, I wonder whether you'd contemplate more work on the text. Put crudely, I'd like to see you extend the more immediate passages of local detail and scene-setting description, the stuff of being a FOO, and give us less meditation on 'the myth of world war two' which - while your points are in themselves hard to argue with - to my mind is material which rather diffuses the impact of the memoir, and perhaps belongs to a different book. (Those brief wry comments that come within the narrative seem much more powerful.)
Do you see what I mean, and does this make any sense? I look forward to hearing from you.
With best wishes,

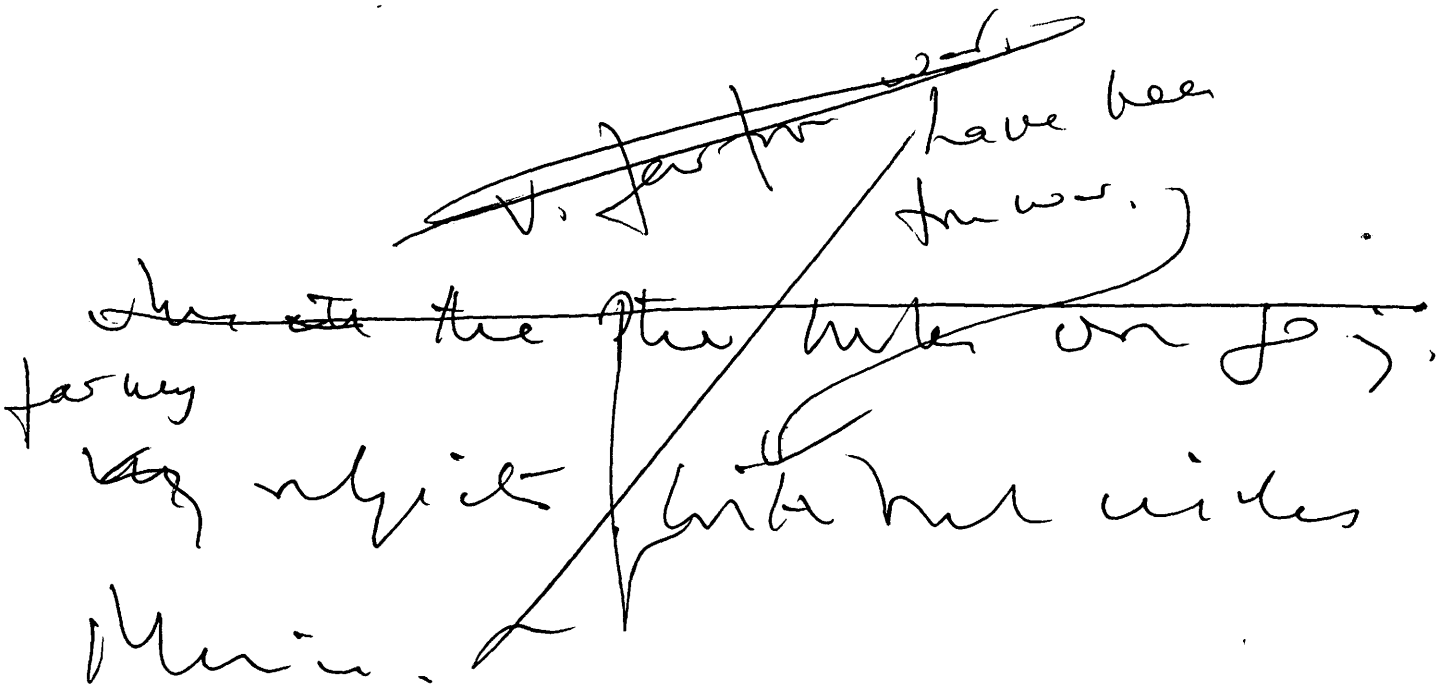
Julian

-----Original Message-----
From: Rowdoxy@aol.com [mailto:Rowdoxy@aol.com]
Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 4:00 PM
To: Julian Loose
Subject: Re: war in my eyes

Dear Julian: Thank you for your email and quick response. Of the twelve or so
books I've published one dealth with WW2--it was a cri de coeur I wrote v.
soon afrter the events, and which I publoished in 1955. I've of course applied
to the publisher for the reversion of rights to myself, and there are no
difficulties here.
In the other chaps I am sending you I enclose a page of snippet reviews Weid.
used on their blurbs, to give you an idea of how far my other books have been
from war. This will dispel your idea that I'm a military

commentator. All the
best, Maurice.

This message has been checked for all known viruses by UUNET delivered
through the MessageLabs Virus Control Centre. For further information visit
http://www.uk.uu.net/products/security/virus/



response.

Dear Julia,

Thank you for your letter of the 12th. I am delighted we dealt + I was a bit concerned I made it sound like the event which I described - 1955. Of course I've published the other is no disgrace, however I will change it accordingly.

With the second chapter which I'm sending you I've included a page of misprint which Mitchell did - the blurbs (two pages) are a guide of how

431 0770

~~www.newhuman.com~~

www.guidefornewhumans.com

We talk of tyrannies and regimes that, always shaped by what we call history ~~there~~ (a cleaning-up of human events to make a cogent story) which is never is, we fail to realise that the most tyrannical regime ever devised has taken place and that we are living among it. Yet no political party made it, no group or persuasion (much less a sinister one) was responsible for it, so it must have been made by the consent and will of us all. Then it is that the same consent and will can undo, by slow degree, the regime which is killing all →

→ It was not due to conspiracy ⊙ It didn't have to be. It came about as naturally and smoothly as, say, the human nervous system silently + resourcefully links up its manifold moment-by-moment ⊙ data in ⊙ adjusts the body to changes ⊙ pressure, temperature, sensations. So no one can be blamed + except everyone. And that is the point ⊙ blame. What all that needs to be done is to undo the regime with ~~Equal Smoothness and~~ as naturally and smoothly as we created it?

Thank you for your marked version of the MS - the basis of 2 chapters. I appreciate you taking time to read it — ~~that, read - in a hurry~~ and responding. You raise some exciting work to build on. Thank you again.

MR

I have had a chance to read your chapters properly now. Sorry for the delay: I have had an enormous amount to read for my regular author. The writing is terrific and the idea is an original one. But I'm not sure how it knows that its market is, or how it

Could be formulated. As I see it, if the specialist writing it is too formal, and if the general one it is too narrow. I'm probably wrong, but I'm afraid I'm not the right one for the work

Yours

No such work has been written of the world that can criticise the record as an initiative, and that even the most simple account of battle only helps [illegible] the future men. This is not to say that [illegible] can [illegible] about the world (e.g. that it is a sun-girt disc) that cannot be [illegible], provided that the [illegible] indicate agreement among [illegible] with the events [illegible] on the battlefield or on the [illegible] paid to people and never died.

My work is a kind of sketch, more
especially in that is the case of
the greatest of war casualties —
~~I do not~~ work is born of chance
or whim, courage or conviction — it
has rejected the first exercise
and of better ones,
It is only by mid the first work
when has written a war — WW2
folk piece ~~was a piece~~ as
— Henry was written by —
about 2 kinds of battle of battle and
WW2, and ~~my~~ + it by implant of
the war, fragments like a cast contact
drawn it by ~~will~~ deep well-wishers people.

I my original, military + political,
i.e. on their frontiers, elsewhere, not of
all intellectuals stops — you all.
This was my fault — I decided
when by the time first 2 chapters I read
it as a clear definition of my aspire
of WW2 — ~~[illegible]~~.

Yes I know agents to like to
have the most 'marked' but I've
yet to know one who knew what he
was talking about. My work has no place
as a 'military history' because it
defines military history as fundamentally ≠ ⊙
~~and and and~~ Vichy/Pétain who of
passed my work because they read
untended in my WW2 title had
no problem of 'the' marked. However
while I was designer + you marked
plotted I would (+ I) [illegible] like
for you ~~[illegible]~~ to do so. And while

y on 'pulls' now (= y on
work) & on 'pull' still =
wine. Ag 19. y did & defs
by Julian and this 'chronicle,
thy I dub the Immaculate
it.

Why do we do it?

making feel connected/part
of something. And this
has not achieved by the
B.

you need
no equipment
[illegible]
and any single
word is accepted.

making history
Carving the future
[illegible] express the upheld
how do they
doing/— really is
= fact kind, according

Pain is the [illegible]
war — "hero" — this is v.
fulfilling & virtuous.
It is utter chaos — there
is no order, explicit & immanent
& known.

~~as deeply as the WW2~~

as the WW2 is reduced to a
~~Sesame~~ hyperlocal tree, fraught,
tangled and meaningless ...

INSERT B

WW2 was called a 'just war' but all wars must be justified. It must be justified by the necessity to defend.

1- the Iraq war of 2004 provided Bush got more support with a slight majority could get more Americans behind him at the outset because he could point, in view of the Twin Towers atrocity = New York, & the vulnerability of the USA as a country, (& home.) & by implication any future, War-domestic cannot be ignited with this for that precaution my own also immediate safety. The two Western countries which joined with the invasion in Iraq, in a coalition came under a cloud of public disapproval & the progression of the war fuelled this disapproval, because Britain & France, the two countries (& governments) Most peoples could not be persuaded that Iraq were much a threat to their homes & countries

such ways ~~state~~ ('martial law') which they fight. It hides the disarray which is released — its use of the word 'law' like the use of words like 'military history' suggests an order and even a ~~honorable code~~ ever venerable and honorable a pursuit is war, perhaps, as it is declined ~~by~~ as an exercise → INSERT B

where the ~~state of Nature~~ of Cesare Borgia & the military exploits of the Papacy and the Romagna were at the service of the Vatican at the time when the his father's political rule.

It may call it an inherited war-dementia resides in us human, yet the dementia speaks of it blameless form of self-defence and necessary acquisite on behalf of safety.

It is why wars cannot be put

INSERT

It is easy to denounce war.
But if you promote it by the
simple fact of living from day
to day: our need for fuels,
for electricity, for air flights
and air conditioning, are the
~~living pretexts of~~ our country
of war while the amount of
thoughtful peace-loving prayers,
in thousands, will not
alter.

For Rome was not built—

Retrospective

So – was this decision they were criticised, putting 'appeasement' towards Hitler, exactly him to late i WW2 at all. Hitler was now appeased. He was corrected and carefully listened to by the cabinet & the very first news that he had seized of Britain. Once the USA a headache – the ~~Britain~~ until he came along this was little to defend themselves until Soviet Union encroaching & gave access to the Mediterranean & British mind.

And Churchill on we choice – I mean there of us

to Moscow Radio Moscow after the. Love
was all telling 1 The Struggle
Against Fascism. By the end of
1941 I was left, but not
Communist. And the formal
the declaration in 1939 was
post. pursued by the fact that
It was we — the Nazi pact —
the demand of a war we didn't
with to fight in. WW2 was called
by others the Peoples War.

ANNEXURE A

(1)

The Conference of 1943 (about cricket)

This decision not to make war on Hitler a nation but an entire people — not to acknowledge that any of them had been Hitler-enemies of Hitler and had sent representatives to represent them — London suggesting how to ~~~~ topple Hitler ~~~~ and Churchill — was so ~~~~ ~~~~ in an ~~~~ ~~~~ utterly mad ~~~~ way by the so-called conference at ..... (1943). It was here ~~~~ ~~~~ we who use the struggles against fascism into mere ciphers and machines — the hands of men who ~~~~ had some

entry of the rockets, ~~was~~ being
held-back now in the death of
to journalists 50 million people —
the cost of the six-year war.
And all ~~is~~ ~~said~~ ~~that~~ ~~said~~
was to spend the 50 years after the
war ~~plotting~~ arming, exploiting
every the very conscience power
which had won the victory.

Dear Julia – a word on another subject – I may be invited by the [illegible] to [illegible] a week with the Shaws and, the devil tempts me, it is in pressing the lines that I suggested. Do you think me right. Love MK

Read like* last time
the greatest thinker? * Duke to be regarded as Cocteau or Wilde? + Wilde

[illegible] I told you [illegible] Cecil
Mrs Barker with total — cruel. [illegible]
that if we didn't publish the rest
here then we publish. Ibe
here then we publish.

I did know whether there with help you in
your promotion of my work but I believe
Ibsen is [illegible] read in a more extraordinary
[illegible] Ibsen [illegible]
[illegible] Ibsen [illegible]
I say things = Ibsen + Ilg. Ibsen
[illegible] Ibsen is [illegible] the
head to know more than the [illegible],
or the person in it has to do for them
dressed up but the [illegible] about the
things the have changed everyone's lives,
big = the communion — a work
reading — pleased that a [illegible] and
quietly social-historical [illegible] of this
because it gave the first hour
production of the cry communion spiritual
= the previous year. The [illegible]

also here a great interest in Town
is the truth that our Irish
hyst there (to the very edge) non-
existence — I have had — hyp
anxiety (not as acute) with
German publishing and I can assure you
that there has always been a deep
interest in Town in the truth which alone
Seebald could see, with such
~~practical~~ feelings still, here
(Ireland in Dresden) there I find
not to Britain — I am nobody +
I am between — I am linked +
known in each country in the
real British place — that's to do —
but I am displeased by me thy —
all I need, that I to counted miracle —
How can work ~~stand~~ stand?
hing been wrestled and tortured to

death of ~~a~~ man of wealth the future
the British will look back, think of us
enemy. I believe the Cossacks &
Italians ~~taddeo~~ and Russia (for its
explain a General Instead of the
small sales tax, ~~this is a~~
~~sales part sales part~~ MR.

I write by Hand to you
idea ~~of~~ a ~~in~~ ROUND by this
with pride we have ~~inflated~~
filled it in my details. I
need to ~~give~~ Ken Bowers and
thanks to my design, as regards
all else the enterprise, and
I always have

I will this Thursday also
write you ~~also~~ and
I get my answers ~~as~~ to the
~~points~~ ~~the~~ ~~books~~ ~~the~~
British and one finish the work
with a few days
more

When I told Helen exactly the way in RTF had asked me to say more about the Italian, how they were, how they lived, in the way, they were offended. So many people – higher the world – feel they and they security they written understood nor even heard the truth what.

Pondering what when is not the evidence that can be exploited, exploit this by – how big, how deeply – Word. This is the right, no via Rome, is the Mediterranean

---

Italian also – there are people for age – they die believing they have been told – they have to learn to be told what the truth is, in the eyes of [illegible] big.

Even which — d ye only own writing
unfold us) the last war (ye must
consider that it felt like Hitler
is back in the Sixties — to our
calm of the world, the power centre,
and the war we'd learned, the ones
how we felt, (like) but ye ~~that~~
did have much verbal and
auto stolen, so ye can't fully see
the Italian & Common & French &
Hypocrisy & Cyprian and Polish hard
& how now — quite diff. attitude
towards Americans.

Century 61 P. 646 One's manhood...
'I poured a loved cup,
of wine...'

Hodder (W H Smith)
① Headline Ltd No websites £125 million.
Tm non-fiction: Heather Holden-Brown
Hodder and Stoughton Non-fiction: Roland
Philipps * ⊙ [Melvyn Bragg]

---

② Profile

Bluebs
incomplete version = battle denied the
Britain fallacy that it was civil disaster
Hitler and regime; the war as opposing war
) Hitler; the war the struggle terrible
my time - the fall) the Jewish cat. - Munich,
price - Hitler + the Hitler lights-blood enemies
) Hitler with Goring - war) the tragedy
ill-timed decl.) war (Churchill's words) - Hitler
~~the Hitler~~ trapped with Hitler as without
warfare? - crimes) appeasement regime.
When the war said) Churchill the

him was the only helpful face in the H. of C. on the declaration days of 1914 and 1939. This is why we chose Lee. Against the better wishes of the upper-class facing and most of the rest of the cabinet (including those who would in the 1939 decl.) war would be the end i) Britain ii) the empire iii) Europe. (but it would create the first communist empire ~~the world~~ all the world).

How do I join this to myself, and my better experience? Because they were all, in part of fact, joined. By the time I was 19... I..... The struggle against Fascism (Anglo)... We chose Churchill — we applauded Eden: that chose Churchill — we did in this world get? Hitler or us? Well we did in this world get, despite talk it — on a melting pot of sorrows, despite talk it — do is speak canvassed it. — the whole world. So the war ended up with the first communist empire down (with 24 hours) after the war the ~~Mau Mau~~ Red Square (Mao) (Malta said) of

---

(3) Mainstream Edinburgh? £2.75 million

To Faber: the submission of an MS. to [illegible] is exactly equivalent to submitting it to a reader, whereas one who ~~does not~~ has no legal status to ~~cannot~~ speak for the firm ~~& never any part of the firm~~. But an 'editor' is one who represents the firm, speaks for the firm, carries the authority of the firm. And had you come close to me — like the acting you involved me in with a process of looking like firm as if from outside it I would have advised you to — well, younger would have come it to it. MR

(4) Try Scribners again. Do they still not talk to authors?

(5) Website Time Warner Books UK www.TimeWarnerBooks.co.uk (Tim Whitby, commissioning editor). Tittle tattle books. £36.8 million 'friendly' pricing.

(6) VERSO? www.versobooks.com

(7) Random House — Vintage (paperback)
Do they publish eight hardcover a day?

HAIRDRESSER Yellow house + the

in town — hairdresser call Jeff for the number — the waiter at Cinnamon — night-club LAURELSTON? estate agent William

↘ ~~Straight for~~ Housing?
Town house/terrace/flat/apartment —

look at bulletin board — + 'Landlord' — a
pirate eye emptys + landlords)

~~Forward to total death~~
~~Forward to the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ War to total death ~~The total war~~ Total War
Forward to total death

I ‖ The War
Early in the book the war how I wanted,
how I assented because it was a help me or
had we been asked — ~~yet~~ that I didn't know,
in those first encounters, was that I was one
of thousands that made the war in entirety — we //
who didn't want a war, yet believed in it.

~~Forward to the~~ End
~~War~~ War for War's sake

Haddock Knight= General Roland Phillips

II The war how I wanted and yet surely we
had known it because of the eccentric camps,
that the boys were doing to the Jews, and the
Hitler screamed and jumped about on the podium
like a maniac. Somehow it didn't convince. How
had we become weak — how a virtual
dependency in the military sense of America —
~~how had it~~

Exclamation / surprise

God love us!

Well s'help me God

Well I never did!

has ever had. And when he or she speaks of this a rapt crowd gradually draws near---suddenly 'bound together' in a strange new consensus. 'Law and order' are maintained naturally and without effort because there is a silent shared conscience. This is why the moment the religion fails the civilisation fails too---and 'law and order' with it.

OUR YEARNINGS, DISTRESSES

Of course such a creature **grows old [XX BREATHTAKING MOMENTS** (forthcoming)] usually at a time when his body is remarkably able to throw off diseases it would never have been able to handle in youth.

What else can be the lot of a creature tossed between yearnings and distresses that struggle with each and draw energy from each other, that between them make the body tired so that it almost welcomes aches and pains which the doctors will readily confirm as **old age?** How could such an animal live to its full span *incapable of breathing* except in stentorian gasps and grabs, ignorant of the function of the nose, unable to say when he must have his mouth open to admit the oxygen and when not, unable even to perceive that his breathing is regulated by muscles, and what these muscles are?

In everyday practical terms, once we understand that ***our beleaguered state is collective*** and ***not at all a personal distress*** we can stop trying to make an entirely false life based, at best, on daydream.

For the first time we can look squarely at ourselves because life on the earth is near doomed, we are told---or so threatened as to make it clear that *unless we do something about it* there will soon be no life for any of us soon. **THE MAD APE** ***The Animal That Said It Wasn't*** dismantles the false, self-destructive systems we have inside us. Once these systems are known to us we can explore who we really are and find genuine well-being instead of clutching at futile panaceas.

We now know that *we and the plight of the earth are linked.* If the weather isn't straight, if the weather's crazy, who invented that weather? Not the *other* animals, for sure. Get ourselves straight and the rest naturally follows.

We can talk about our atmospheric carbon gasses until we're blue in the face with them---it's the self that made them we need to know. And until we know it the gasses will stay.

THE FALSE HUMAN PERSONA

For century after century the ideas of an ancient Greek, **Aristotle**, have dominated first the Christian world, then the West and now the whole world. In the Middle Ages (which were by no means 'dark'---in fact they scintillated with new thought and wonder) his texts were regarded as the highest wisdom ever known, such that several popes tried hard to play him down---but each had to give it up as a bad job.

Of course---Aristotle's message was all too flattering to resist. He could pull the wool over our eyes so sweetly and lullingly that we could altogether lose touch with our real selves. And his thought continues to do so today---without most of us even knowing it---and in every part of the world.

His advice that we must suppress 'the animal within' in order to become human in the highest sense was **the quack medicine** that no one could resist.

'Only when I began writing a book about **animal intelligence** (two dogs who could convey clear messages to humans by means of a paw-tapping system) did I begin to see that ***only when we know we are animals can we possibly reach the truth about ourselves.***

It started to become very clear to me that a creature which has planned for hundreds of years not only the extinction of its own food and breathing sources but practiced regular mutual extinction in the form of 'war' (a great human institution with its special shared laws and glory) is, compared with other animals, a species that has lost the way and perhaps risks never find it again.'

PORTRAIT OF THIS BELEAGUERED ANIMAL

'What is this human I call a 'beleaguered animal'? He is one who has become a ***stranger to his original 'fixed' habitat***---'fixed' meaning that his nervous system was perfectly attuned to it. That original habitat may have been removed by terrifying weather changes or by predators. So he must for ever be searching for that true habitat again, until he becomes master of all known habitats on the earth, and is further from finding it than he ever was millions of years ago.'

But how did he manage to travel so far---until he knew every habitat in the world? After all, he had to adjust his diet and daily habits to each new one in turn. It called for quite extraordinary acts of self-mastery, and these acts we call his **mutations and adaptations**. They are his record of how **he adjusted his nervous system to ever new places,** until he possessed himself of all and every one.

'In my work I have studied this extraordinary nervous system. It is the job I've undertaken in my plays, in my novels, in my biographies of historical figures, in my hands-on breath-guidance sessions. *It is always the same story---the human effort to overcome the distortions that lie within and he is obliged to act out.'*

OUR AUTOMATIC GRANDIOSE THINKING

Automatic grandiose thinking makes us dreamers---just as we are dreaming, all of us, at this moment! We have been told our true position: if within ten years we don't clean up the planet then it will die under our feet. A professor of sustainable energy at Nottingham university argues (September 4, 2006) that the prevailing 'scientific opinion' is that we (human and other species of animal) can bear a maximum of 440 parts per million of atmospheric carbon, and that the 'tipping point' (his euphemism for the end of all biological life) will be reached in 20 years from now, **which gives us 10 years to clean up all our self-deceiving acts.**

But this is more easily said than done!

There is a vast difficulty here.

It is this: *we all live on carbon emissions.*

We are, almost each and every one of us, *gluttons of electrical consumption.*

Are we to close down the very electrical appliances by means of which we live, are we to stop driving to work?

How can we suddenly dismantle the huge electrical empire we have been building up painstakingly and proudly, since the Middle Ages?---yes, our mediaeval Christian thinkers described (XX **MAD APE**) the 'marvels' of submarines, planes in the air, self-moving carriages or cars, which they dreamed about. .

But the much greater danger is that our **automatic grandiose thinking** will take over---will seize us and mesmerise and paralyse us again---and we shall fill the air with our inherited claptrap. Plenty of it is already going around---viz. 'if the earth seizes up we can always fly to another planet'!

'The **serenity** we find in other animals, in eyes so wide and unblinking, in a stealth and vigour and expertise of movement that require neither forethought nor afterthought, means nothing short **a perfect inheritance of faculties** which has been denied the human.'

Is there any good in philosophy at all? The very meaning of the word ('lover-of-wisdom') suggests a make-believe human. **Socrates** has been quite wrongly called a philosopher. He never was. That is, he talked from his life, not his thoughts. He chose death to being gagged. And **this was because he acknowledged human madness**---*both the madness that energises the human to vast sacrifices and the madness that haunts his darkest hours.*

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MAURICE ROWDON HAS PUBLISHED WITH

Chatto and Windus, Heinemann, Constable, Weidenfeld, Barrie and Rockcliffe, Gollancz and Macmillan in London;
Praeger, Putnam and St.Martin's Press in the USA;
S.Fischer Verlag in Germany. [XX to Amazon, Abebooks, ... etc].

His first play **Eskimo Trace** was performed at the Stoke on Trent theatre-in-the-round; he directed it later at the Mermaid theatre, London. He produced his play **Mahler** (about the despairing love between Mahler and his wife Alma) at the Arts Theatre, London, despite the efforts of Mahler's daughter to get it off the stage. He later became director of British plays at the Studio Teater in Munich. His forthcoming plays are **Lucretia** (how the pope's daughter lovingly obeyed her father in the political marriages he arranged for her, and all but died of despair), **Carmagnola** (the mercenary soldier who schemed his way to the courts of Italy, but fell foul of treacherous Venice), **I want Marigold** (a therapist goes fatally too deep with his clients, two of them hermaphrodites), **Genes** (a geneticist begins to observe and love and caress his rats designed for experiment), **Boy Sees Red** (a retarded boy and girl fall into the hands of an overwheening social worker named Emily but, together with the girl's parents, turn Emily into an awed spectator of their family happiness), **Daddy won't buy me a bow wow** (bitter war memories all but wreck a family twenty years after WW2), **The Vic on the Strand** (a three-character backstage play in which a well-known actor and an unknown actress create within moments of meeting a world of love, lying and bitter mutual contempt---to an unseen audience), **Suddenly One Evening** (strangers take refuge from an overpowering flood, and consider these hours of darkness their last), **Alma Phoenix** (Alma Mahler's story with the painter Kokoshka after Gustav's death).

MAURICE ROWDON'S CAREER

His last year at school was interrupted by World War 11. He was in the Italian campaign 1943-45 with one of the most dangerous jobs in the army as Forward Observation Officer (described in his forthcoming **Forward Into Death**). He resumed his studies at Oxford from 1945, this time in philosophy for three years, specialising in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, with a special interest in theology under his tutor Donald Mackinnon (author of The Borderlines of Theology).

After Oxford he took up a post at Baghdad university teaching English literature. There he wrote his first novel, **Hellebore the Clown.** Later he returned to Europe by boat from Beirut to Naples, drawn back to Italy by his memory of the Italians during battle---honest, open, humane to both sides without exciting resentment on either. He resolved to live there but first returned to London where he wrote three books **Of Sins and Winter,** an account of a stay in Austria still haunted by the war, **Perimeter West** about the Berlin ruins, familiar to him from his post-war stay in that city, and **Afterwards** about an American publicity-agent who sees Hiroshima as dividing history into the Before-The-Bomb and the Afterwards, and dreams of the exploitation of space, thus foretelling fifty years of space-experiment by the USA and Britain.

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He often visited the USA, notably New York---this led to his novel **Night Fevers,** ***Two Englishwomen in New York*** (forthcoming). He also wrote his first **animal-intelligence** book **The Talking Dogs**, which was published simultaneously in London and New York.

Back at the Italian farm he came across some fascinating books published in Berkeley, Ca., more especially a book called 'Kundalini or Psychosis' by the opthamologist Lee Sanella and The Dancing Wu Li Masters by the physicist Gary Zukav. By this time Rowdon had been doing daily ***pranayama*** or yoga breathing over a period of at least seventeen years.

'I was fortunate to receive my instruction from an Indian Guru. It remains my firm conviction that this special weaning of the breathing system can be only be done **under Indian tutelage** because the understanding of *prana* or the divine element within oxygen is simply not a part of Western culture. In India this teaching has been passed down through many generations.

ROWDON'S OXYGENETIC BREATH SYSTEM

Pranayama prompted him to develop a breathing system which began from the breathing muscles, not from the breath itself, so that tetanus and hyperventilation, currently the basis of many other breathing systems such as rebirth, were avoided. Oxygenesis says that as the human is a beleaguered and stressed animal he has of course lost his capacity to breathe in a natural way which brings him into his own inner wisdom and integrates him into the habitat in his proper function. It isn't a question of shallow or deep breathing but wholly revising the breath.

He took his breathing system to Berkeley Ca. and established a practice which in the end brought him hundreds of clients and eventually offices in San Francisco. This led to his

writing **Breathtaking Moments** (forthcoming). Study of the breath also made him realise **why most people experience old age**, which he now saw as pure medical indoctrination that cuts decades off the human's cellular or biological span of 120 years. His sessions dwelled not on the breath but the breathing muscles (the thoracic and abdominal), and thus the movement of the diaphragm. All injunctions from doctors and practitioners to 'breathe normally' or 'take a deep breath' are useless when the muscles in play **simply didn't know what they were doing or what they were there for.**

'In all my years of breath guidance I came across only two clients whose breath was not distorted. They were both born within sight and sound of the sea.'

Rowdon is married to Texas writer Dachiell Rowdon and resides in London.

contact: MauriceRowdon

BOOKS Publishers

London:	Chatto and Windus
	Heinemann
	Victor Gollancz
	Collins
	Barrie and Rockcliff
	Constable
	Weidenfeld and Nicolson
	Macmillan
USA:	Praeger
	St.Martin's Press
	Putnam
Germany:	S.Fischer Verlag

NOVELS

Hellebore the Clown (Chatto and Windus)
Perimeter West (Heinemann)
Afterwards (Barrie and Rockcliffe)
Dead Sunday *A Journey into the Underworld* (forthcoming)
Night Fevers *Two Englishwomen in New York* (forthcoming)

INTELLIGENCE

animal---
The Talking Dogs (Macmillan)

human---
Mad Ape *The animal that said it wasn't* (forthcoming)
(a book drawn not from the human's stories about himself, least of all his histories, but from his far more spectacular, far more ardent and painstaking *mutations and adaptations*).

ITALIAN LIFE

Italian Sketches (Victor Gollancz)
A Roman Street (Victor Gollancz)
Collins Companion Guide to Umbria (Collins)
The Fall of Venice (Weidenfeld and Nicolson)
Lorenzo the Magnificent (Weidenfeld and Nicolson/Praeger)
Leonardo da Vinci (Weidenfeld and Nicolson)

WAR

Of Sins and Winter (Chatto and Windus)
Forward to the Death (forthcoming)

BREATH GUIDANCE/OLD AGE

Breathtaking Moments (forthcoming)
'Proper breathing means the right breath in the right place at the right moment. It is probable that the bulk of mankind have the wrong breath for every place and every moment, i.e. the least efficient one for the requirements of the nervous system at any given time. The phantasm of **old age**, that is the breakdown of the human body many decades before man's cellular or biological capacity of 120 years, is a specific result of ineffective breathing, in air already much depleted in oxygen-content compared with the air available a thousand years ago (as found in amber-tests). It was not many decades ago that the so-called Pulmonary Association was teaching that breath comes naturally.'

PHILOSOPHY---what good is it?

'Philosophy begins and ends with doubts about what is real. It finds that reality is simply a conviction, not what we can prove or demonstrate. Only one philosopher has squarely faced human dementia and that was **Socrates**. Indeed all the later philosophy, from Aristotlein ancient Greece to Kant and Nietzche in the nineteenth century, was a doomed effort to fairy-tale the dementia away. This fairy tale is best personified by the meaning of the word philosophy itself ('the love of wisdom')---in an animal which has consistently shown en entire lack of it!'.

Maurice Rowdon took two degrees at Oxford, the first in Modern History (one year) and the other in Modern Greats (philosophy, politics and economics), specialising in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason (three years).

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At his San Francisco offices he met Dachiell, a Texan writer, who became his wife and remains so. They took up life together in San Anselmo, Ca. Here he began work on the most ambitious project of his life, **THE MAD APE** ***The animal that said it wasn't*** *(forthcoming).* This book describes the human not in terms of his own stories, his 'histories' of himself, but *his mutations and adaptations*, demonstrating with example after example that the human is a valiant because eroded creature, his religions and civilisations being a clear reflection of his constant and deeply necessary self-revisions, as if only hermetic practices give him sanity, in sometimes small and sometimes great measure.

Reviews: **HELLEBORE THE CLOWN**

'One of the truest novels I have ever read...An exquisite story.' Nigel Nicolson.
'A remarkably assured performance...Here is a fresh, vigorous and altogether unusual talent.' John O'London's.
'It reveals more than a dash of originality and takes the reader to the heart of an unhackneyed emotional situation.' Birmingham Post.

ITALIAN SKETCHES

'It is a real pleasure to come across a quite original book entitled Italian Sketches. Mr.Rowdon is astonishingly acute in recognising in the Italians a quality which impels them to spare foreigners embarrassment or mortification. ..It is a relief to read this factual book about Italy...I derived much pleasure from this book and recommend it warmly.' {Sir Harold Nicolson, Observer)
'Recalls Lawrence's Twilight in Italy almost uncannily...The perfect antidote to the effusive outsider's travel book...The results are superficially glum, but in retrospect, and artistically, exhilarating, because so often piercingly accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new reappraisal almost of a new country...Extreme spiritual delicacy as well as physical sensibility.' (Isabel Quigly, Guardian).
'A new writer of importance...Within a few pages he has established a strong literary personality.' R.G.G. Price (Punch)
'He brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life. He is full of variety...His style is extremely simple: short words and short sentences, yet every now and then he takes off in a purely literary flight of fancy that carries the reader with it in hilarious or tender acceptance.' (Times Literary Supplement)
'The delighted reader forgives him all his prejudices. Endowed with a sharp reporter's eye.' John Raymond (Sunday Times)
'If it were possible to explain why Mr.Rowdon's ideas are so acceptable, it would be possible to explain Italy---and if this were possible, nobody would write books about Italy any more. All books about Italy are frantic attempts to try and understand the nature of the fascination, and if Mr.Rowdon's book is one of the best attempts that has been made for many years, this

is because he tries so deeply to understand and must excite the sympathy of a anyone else who has tried to do so.' Nigel Dennis (Sunday Telegraph)
'A loving, sunlit account...something of Lawrence's travel books, something of Durrell's island books...like asti spumanti, effervescent and intoxicating out of a bottle.' (New Statesman)

A ROMAN STREET

THE COLLINS COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA

'Mr. Rowdon has written an exceptionally well-informed and entertaining guide. This is an outstanding travel book.'

THE FALL OF VENICE

'stylish and haunting' New Yorker

THE TALKING DOGS

'One of the most remarkable animal books ever written. Some accept it. Others reject it. But nobody can put it down unfinished.' Stanley Dangerfield (Evening News)

'There is a feud between the Sicilian woman who lives next door to us and the plump, black-eyed woman two floors down, and at one of the *condominio* meetings recently the latter announced that she would obstruct anything suggested by our Sicilian neighbour even if she liked the idea secretly. She struck her breast with the side of an outstretched hand and shouted with her eyes blazing, *'Lei mi sta qui!'*---which means something like 'You stick in my throat!' or worse. Whereupon our Sicilian neighbour, who is a younger woman with a cool temper and the Sicilian reserve, said, 'Take some bicarbonate of soda, then.'

'At one time I bought our wine and mineral water in a busy side-street behind the Corso. But about four years ago I took my custom to a tiny shop two or three doors away from our own. In the hot weather I can phone down and Sergio brings the bottle up himself. He is a pale young man with light-blue, worried eyes, and has been running the shop alone since his father died a year or so ago. He isn't satisfied; one can see that. The tiny place is no longer used as a drinking parlour with tables and chairs, as it used to be under his father. I remember the men shouting and singing there until after midnight. And Sergio seems to want to get beyond that, to a kinder world. Now he deals out wine from the cask, and oil and vinegar; and he tries to sell the more expensive bottles that come from the same vineyard as his father did---outside Rome at one of the *castelli.* It tastes like a cross between caramel water and piss, and produces a blinding headache. How they make it I don't know, but the grape certainly doesn't enter into it. These days---according to the real wine-growers, who rarely send out their wine---all kinds of chemicals and colouring matter are used: "water goes in one end and wine comes out at the other." ...Sergio himself knows nothing about wine. And he doesn't drink it. The mildest form of drunkenness disgusts him. He leans against the shop-entrance looking sadly across the street in the afternoon. He has a northern face---you might think he was German or Swiss. He always likes to hear me talk about the countries we've been to. He wants to know the exact route we took. His mother sits in the shop, in a dark corner, a tiny, shrivelled woman with a wall-eye, hardly ever speaking. All she does is to call out 'Sergio' quietly if someone comes in: usually he is in the back part of the shop, where the ice and wine-casks are kept, in almost total darkness.'

Excerpts **THE TALKING DOGS:**

'When I met Elke 11, the standard poodle bitch, and Belam, the saluki male, on a hot September afternoon in 1975 at Salzburg airport, they were sitting leashed at the entrance with their teacher, too shy at first to offer me their paws in greeting. Elke's white fur was dazzling in the remarkably clear, mountain-reflected sunlight, her eyes round and black and vivaciously attentive as she sat waiting rather stiffly for my arrival. At her side, Belam, taller and bonier, seemed the shyer of the two, with his long sensitive nose and gazelle-eyes, and deliciously straggling fur. He simply gazed away when I bent down to take Elke's paw. But at a word from his teacher he too shook hands.

They'd heard a lot about me. I'd been asked to write a book about them and helpmake their intelligence knwn to the world, but for the moment that was forgotten. It was a hot, exhilarating day, and we were about to drive across the Austrian border to Berchtesgaden, one of the most pleasant of Bavaria's medieval resort towns, once notorious as Hitler's mountain hide-out: well-known to skiers in the winter, and in the summer to those taking the saline waters of Bad Reichenhall.

I knew Berchtesgaden well but had little thought on my previous visits that I would one day be returning to witness two dogs 'talking'. All that summer I'd been studying the notes made by the dogs' teacher on her daily lessons with them, and was already convinced that Elke and Belam could add and subtract and tap out, not onloy answers to spoken questions, but messages of their own. But it was still a 'mental' conviction, not very deep.

I certainly felt in awe of them on the way from the airport, as if they deserved more formal behaviour from me than I would give to other animals. I'd always had a dog of my own, but here were Elke and Belam gazing at me with a special penetrating force. Or was that my imagination? How did they see me? I found this the uppermost question in my mind.

Later that evening, when I'd seen them 'talk', I realised that this awe of mine had nothing to do with a real recognition of animal intelligence. And what I witnessed in the next few days was to change my life as it had changed that of their teacher, Dorothy Meyer, but less suddenly than hers. After all, she'd started from scratch, with only printed records of previous tapping animals, from fifty or so years before, to go on. For weeks she'd worked in the dark, doubting her capacities as an animal-teacher and all the less prepared for the shock of discovery when it came. Like me she'd been ready enough to accept animal intelligence as an idea, but not to accept the reality of animals as equal beings. The discovery that in many respects animals have a moral integrity, truthfulness and compassion superior to our own was an even greater shock.

From the back of the car where she sat, Elke sniffed my ear, while Dorothy Meyer and I talked about her. I happened to turn and say something to Belam: he flashed me a glance and looked out of the window again rather haughtily. 'He doesn't like Elke's forwardness with new people,' Dorothy told me. 'He's always like that.' I noticed that he kept giving Elke little glances, and finally turned his back on her, almost toppling off the seat with his vast haunches... That evening, I met Frau Hilde Heilmaier, the owner of the dogs and the founder of the 'dog-school'. She is an affable if reserved woman, small and compact with a cheerful healthy face and all the marks of someone who lives an orderly and intensely disciplined life For some years she had been a breeder of dogs which she frequently raced at the local stadium. We settled down to coffee and cake and cream, in armchairs round a splendidly laid table, and the dogs began tapping their first 'greetings' messages for me.

Each letter of the alphabet was represented by a certain number of paw-taps. First Dorothy handed me the tapping code with the letters of the German alphabet and their tapping equivalents. Then she held out her hand for the dogs to tap into. Elke's message for me was firm and unhesitating. First came nine, ten and three taps which, I found on consulting the alphabet-list, made DER. This was followed by thirteen, twenty, sixteen, for IZS. Then twenty and three, for ZR. And lastly five, thirteen, seven, for LIB. Put together, the sentence ran DER ISZ ZR LIB. Dorothy's method was to enquire of the dog after each word whether he or she meant what Dorothy thought. The dog than tapped YES or NO. If the answer was NO, Dorothy asked for the word to be tapped again. It was generally clear when a word had been completed, because the dog would make some movement of relief or excitement, or pause for longer than usual.

After reminding me that the dogs spelt out their words phonetically on the whole, Dorothy asked Elke, 'Do you mean *der ist sehr lieb (he is very nice)?'*

YES came the answer (three taps of the right paw).

Looking back on my records of that first encounter, I realise that, once written out on paper in their phonetic form, the tappings aren't nearly as clear and immediately understandable as I remember them at the time. It was the dogs themselves who carried conviction, rather as children, bubbling over with something to say, and too excited to compose it properly, supply with their eyes and expressions what their words are short of. I realise too that a bare account of the tappings cannot in itself convey the impression both dogs give of desperately wanting to communicate with human beings. They tell their teacher they have something to say by turning to her in a certain way, or by an excited look in the eye which she understands, or a barely susceptible way of lowering the haunches without actually sitting.'...

'Some weeks before, a Swiss producer had become interested in the dogs, with the intention of one day presenting them on television. He felt, however, that the act of tapping

into a teacher's hand would confuse an audience and make them doubt the authenticity of the experiment. There had to be a surer way of verifying the taps.

He advised the use of a tambourine which would make a clear sound every time the dogs touched it. This would also discourage the criticism that hidden messages were passing from Dorothy's hands to the animals.

Dorothy bought a tambourine and showed it to Elke.

"From now on you must tap on this and not my hand."

She put Elke's paw on the instrument, holding it in such a way that the bells jingled merrily.

Elke seemed quite un-alarmed by the noise, but refused to tap on it. As for Belam, he was clearly shocked. He would have nothing to do with it. But she decided that this was only because of the novelty. In time they'd get used to it.

...Only after the visitor had left the room did Belam calm down and tell her what the trouble was.

He tapped BAN and then, after a pause in which he seemed to lose himself, MDL.

"Which of these last three letters is correct?'

He tapped D, so that the word became BAND ('ring', 'hoop'). He went on with LAOS.

'Is this last S correct?'

NO. As a substitute he tapped T, making LAOT, which was clearly a phonetic rendering of LAUT ('loud'). This the sentence ran 'hoop loud'.

"Does the word 'hoop' mean the tambourine I showed you yesterday?'

YES...

The tambourine was banished from the class-room. Dorothy hoped that once the dogs were accustomed to this she could give up coaxing them with caresses and sweet phrases during a tapping. After all, they couldn't expect this kind of treatment in front of millions of television-viewers.. .

"Tap me 254," she told Elke, "but this time without caresses and hugs."

Elke tapped 200, but then 60 instead of 50. On Dorothy's spoken correction she tried again, but got it wrong. One a third try she was successful, but seemed none too happy at the non-touching order'...

'The journalist, Robert Barrat from Paris Match, wanted to set Elke some mathematical problems...He wrote on the blackboard (3 x 9)-(12 ÷ 4) and, after some hesitant raising of the right paw, Elke gave 24. For (4 x 8) + (9 ÷ 3) she wrongly tapped 33. Dorothy cried out, 'No!' but was in fact calculating the plus sign as a minus, showing perhaps that both pupil and teacher were in a nervous state. Elke tried again, but was wrong a second time with 29, which was precisely the figure the sum would have given had Dorothy's mistake been correct. ..Here M. Barrat said, 'No!' Elke now tapped the correct 35, for which she was much praised and given biscuits...M. Barrat then set Elke two problems: 4 x 8 –3 + 2 and 7 – 4 + 2 + 4. Belam's answers were correct in both cases. Barrat then bracketed the problems as Dorothy had done with Elke, and the answers were correct here too...

'Mme. Barrat was present at all the lessons next day. Dorothy asked Elke to tap something for the lady and she gave LIB BARA ZUHOREN, for *liebe Barrat zuhören* ('dear Barrat listen').

"You must complete that sentence with 'shall', 'will', 'must', 'wants to' or something like that. What word is missing?'

KAN for *kann* ('can', 'may').

Mme. Barrat was there for Belam's lesson too...He tapped more and more enthusiastically as the lesson proceeded.

Dorothy chalked up RENNEN ('to race') and FRESSEN ('to eat', 'to feed').

'Who does the first one?' she asked him. 'Who runs?'

BELAM, he tapped.
'Where does he do it?'
PARK.
Mme. Barrat wanted to know what park that was, and Dorothy passed the question to him. With great warmth he tapped SALZBURK for 'Salzburg'. He tapped so hard into Dorothy's hand that she was almost pushed to the ground.
'Do you mean the racecourse there or the zoo where you lived?'
ZO, for *Zoo.*
Elke did exceptionally well in mathematics that day, with Mme. Barrat watching.
'I'm thinking of a number, 3 times which is 21,' Dorothy told her.
She tapped 7 at once.
'Another number the fifth part of which is the same as 5 times 2.'
Elke tapped once left, hesitated, then gave the correct answer, 50.
'I'm thinking of a number, 6 times which minus 1 dozen is 54.
She tapped 11 without hesitation.
'A number of which 20 ÷ 4 is one half.'
She tapped 10.
Mme. Barrat could hardly believe it, and Dorothy was hardly less astonished. She told her visitor that that she herself was never sure what the dogs knew, or whether they would do well or badly in a tapping.. .'

'I shall never forget my visit to Hellbrunn zoo in Frau Heilmaier's company. Not until I saw this lady speak to the animals was I really and truly aware of them as equal beings. It was a matter not of believing or thinking, but of immediate awareness. I saw the chimpanzee leap down from his perch to the bars of the cage as if starved of conversation, to greet and chatter to her with funny little movements of the mouth. The vast tawny-maned lion roared from his mountain-seat and slowly wandered down towards us; the tiger rolled himself against the bars, his eyes closed with delight, to be tickled; and the Australian dingoes set up their howl of joy long before she came in sight'.

Excerpts **FORWARD TO THE DEATH:**

We were dropped off at the Salerno beaches south of Naples by an American landing craft in the late afternoon, as close to dusk as possible and in a calm sea silence and a soft still warmth. We were reinforcements---urgently needed. It was September 1943 and I was twenty.

We landed on D+8, which in army parlance meant eight days after the original landing. Since that time the Germans had pushed us back to the very edge of the water.

As darkness gathered I walked uphill to where the trees began. A large hushed group of men standing close together. As I came nearer I noticed that a Brigadier was at their centre, addressing them. I could see the red tabs on his shoulders. He was talking in a low voice. I thought it remarkable that a brigadier should be addressing Other Ranks man to man. That was a lieutenant's or captain's job, a major's at most.

The Brigadier was saying in his careful murmur, almost a whisper (we had to gather closer to hear), Jerry's right behind me on the other side of this lane (it lay between trees a few feet away). He said, you're going to stop him crossing this road and whatever happens, chaps, you're not going to move, understood? Whatever happens you don't move. You stay where you are. There were nods in the deep dusk...

But nothing happened that night. In the morning, still sleepy, I wandered away from our command post up the hill to where Texan infantrymen huddled in their hastily dug slit trenches. They seemed surprised to see me, watching me from below---as who wouldn't to witness a youth strolling about an observed area. I stood talking to them, looking down at

their heads level with my boots. It didn't occur to me that I made a perfect target, with all six feet of me exposed. They said, You British must have war in your blood, it's like you're on holiday. Charitably, they didn't tell me I was a bloody fool. Yet I had already, quite unawares, learned something. The evening before, I'd seen men throw themselves to the ground when a big one came over. So now, when one fell pretty close, I did the same, though it was still a kind of drill for me, with a touch of tomfoolery. Then I stood up again and the Texans went on talking affably. I was glad to be thought a pre-packaged soldier. I listened to their soft, low, strangely consoling Southern voices. I think probably none of them survived. I was to meet them for the last time just before the last unthinkable hell that did for them...

...I was impatient to get my first assignment as Forward Observation Officer over and done with. It would have been useful to get some gen (pronounced with a soft 'g'), our word for information. But none came. It hadn't figured in my training either. You could be trained for surprise but not for the surprises when they actually came.

I knew the bare logistics for F.O.Os—you took three or four men with you, including one or two signallers. You ventured into enemy territory when necessary. That is, you were forward of your most forward troops.

Your radio equipment had to be with you at all times. This included batteries and, in very rare cases of unusual proximity, a cable for direct wire contact with the rear. Mostly you would have no chance of recharging the batteries so while you needed to be in day and night contact with your command post back at the guns you had to be economical in radio use. Your firing orders had sometimes to go far beyond your own command post to engage the guns of a whole brigade or division, and the reply had to come back down that hierarchy, so you needed plenty of juice. It was after the word Ready had been passed to you from all the assembled waiting guns that your final order of Fire! went through and then, almost instantaneously, you heard the baleful whirring of the shells above your head.

It was these shells that as an F.O.O. I could call up at a moment's notice but I also had access to the other heavier artillery available both in the division and the Corps (two divisions, when they happened to be working together).

The only thing you know as a novice F.O.O. is that you will have to observe the country carefully and consult your Intelligence map as you move across it. But that isn't much of a training. So your state of trepidation as your first F.O.O. assignment draws near, like mine now, came from utter bafflement as to what to expect.

Obviously an F.O.O. must know something about the enemy that faces him. After all, he must develop so to speak an intimacy with him. He must know what kind of fighters these particular enemy regiments are, and in what strength they are at the moment, whether they are the 15th or 26th or 29th Panzer Grenadiers or a Hermann Göring division or the 44th Austrian infantry (the most amiable of opponents).

Such a man can be a treasure for the infantry since he carries about with him an invisible armour shield. So the tendency of infantry officers was therefore to treat him with awe if he was good and amiably disregard him if he wasn't.

Once in a new position the F.O.O. must help consolidate it with so-called SOS targets, which may involve a firing programme lasting the whole night. You communicate this programme, with its timetable and intervals by radio, to your command post, having already given your exact map reference in code.

There was one thing I looked forward to---being my own master. I would be trusted or spurned for my decisions alone. I even felt a need to witness war at its demented heart. And for this the role of F.O.O. seemed exactly placed.

Before you get your first assignment the eyes of senior officers are on you sizing you up. The respect of your gunners (very few of whom saw the forward lines) is much enhanced if you go up, and it grows the more you go up. The unlucky ones among them are those who have to accompany you. But more unlucky is that handful of men who become your

favourites, the kind of men who, try as they might, cannot help being reliable. Never was there a better argument for that devoutly observed military rule—never volunteer.

Likewise if the F.O.O. was good he was always in demand. If he wasn't he stayed with the guns.

The French long ago had a more precise word for the F.O.O. and that was *le sentinel perdu.* He is to all intents and purposes a lonely (and frequently lost) spy. Much of the Intelligence given to him about enemy dispositions is likely to be wrong though his life largely depends on it being right. But it is impossible to have good Intelligence about forward lines because they move so fast, especially in close terrains like those in Italy. So it is the F.O.O. who keeps the map up to the latest date. The danger for him is that being very mobile, with at most four men, he can easily get lost, and in enemy lines, which happened to me and mine more than once...

We entered Naples on October 1 1943, namely three weeks after the Salerno landing. And these weeks cost us 12000 casualties, 5000 of them American, nearly 7000 British. And we were here solely because Kesselring's new defence line was now ready for us.

A few days later I sat with five other officers in a barracks on the city's outskirts, the sea silver and flashing far below, the light failing.

The Battery commander said, We shall have to decide who is going up with this one. I held my breath, my heart beat faster, I gazed at the wall and held the leg of the table. The day had been one of those autumn days that lazily replay the earlier sweltering season and raise the Italian's voice and give him a special easy walk.

Not many days after that I sat once more in an officers' conference, this time in a room with a parquet floor and tall windows high above the deep still blue of Naples harbour, lightly ruffled with white-flecked waves, where our battle cruisers looked like clever intricate toys. The windows gave on to a balcony from which a grateful evening breeze wafted in, then spent itself until the next one, in an hallucinating rhythm I had never known a hint of in my former life.

No sounds came up to us, so removed were we from city and sea. The captain who had welcomed me at Salerno with a gruff but solicitous nod, Captain Maugham, said he thought I should go up in the next show, being the freshest among us. The major smiled at me and said he agreed it was time to break me in.

I smiled too but I was mortally afraid. Yet excitement went with it, even increased it. I was to stand out, perform, perhaps earn better smiles—more earnest ones. It is wonderful what human association does for us, being able to render sane and even orderly what our trembling limbs know to be otherwise...

...Something was going very badly wrong. There were more men running towards us than there were with us, in fact growing masses of infantrymen all running in the wrong direction, away from the line. We were bumping into them and for the life of me I couldn't understand how men running away from the line could be obeying orders of any kind. They were calling out to us, You can't go up there! I dashed over to one of them and grabbed him by the arm—Where are you going? He shouted, You can't get through! Thinking I might have mistaken the route I shouted back, Where's the river then? and he said as he ran on, Back there, there's all hell up there, you can't get through!

Stretcher bearers were rushing past us—it seemed a whole army was on its way out of the line. My four men were waiting for my order and I shouted into the shattering noise Come on! and we started running forward again.

We were quickly in the thick of it. The Nebelwerfers were concentrated here. A Nebelwerfer puts six bombs at a time into the air and their trajectory makes a terrifying howling noise like a vast barrel organ in the sky which turns into a dense hungry roar close to your ear as the bombs crash to earth from their almost vertical trajectory.

There was such a thick wall of detonation and tracer bullets and darkness and men bumping into each other that all you could do, once you were close to the river, was run from one deep 88mm. crater to the next until you found an empty place to throw yourself into, elbow to elbow as the screams of the wounded came over, that terrible Help! Help! Help!, that imploring scream to the enemy guns to Please, please stop! And then the shouts of the stretcher bearers, Give us a hand you blokes, for christsake help! but the only thing that happened in our brains was let it not be me, let it not be me, and when at last we managed to scramble down into a crowded crater and throw ourselves down I found myself scratching frantically with both hands into the freshly scorched soil, trying to make a hole for myself of all grotesque idiotic things but knowing how crazy it was didn't stop me doing it, I was clawing the hard black earth with nails all too frail and I knew I was doing it and how crazy it was but the hands kept doing it and I swear my men on either side of me were doing it too, the very same silliness. I saw my actions so clearly, stood away from myself because these were my last moments on earth---that was how it was for me and every other man in that crater and the screeches of Wailing Winnie over our heads and that ghastly angry hot descent of the bombs shattered our last hopes and, as always for the soldier, made us doubt afterwards that we did get through and weren't in a new deadly life that contained a trick that made it seem life when it wasn't.

And simultaneously we were listening to the stretcher bearers and I was thinking urgently should I take my men and help with the stretchers but that would mean running back, wouldn't it, running away? And because these were our last moments on earth our thoughts were sharp and clear and intensely observant, I was aware of my men on both sides of me and how they were living these last moments too and they like me were silent and like me they had their eyes closed and I was sure they too were scratching crazily into the earth because you never do anything individual, not at the extremity of extremities.

How long we were in that crater, how and when we got out, even whether the mortar bombs and shells were still falling when we jumped up and ran, even whether we ran, I cannot recall and never did recall, not even right after.

All I know of that night was being in the crater in our last moments and then, as in a dream that jumps whole hours in a flash, I am standing in the first dawn light at the river's edge, a few inches from a handsome German officer with thick black hair who is saying in English with easy confidence, In Rome for Christmas? You won't be there for months, if ever.

My Company commander was standing just to the left of me and all of us listened to the German diffidently, disappointed that our success in breaching the river should excite this clear-spoken well-meant smiling ridicule, and we believed him not because we were gullible but because in such extremities one knows the truth, and this was the truth. It was indeed many months of mostly useless costly struggle through mud and cold, in strategic positions that spelled disaster, before we reached Rome depleted and worn out.

Perhaps it is this preliminary dying that you go through, in your last moments which turn out not to have been your last—perhaps it is this that induces amnesia. Perhaps amnesia is a thankful device to expunge how you got out of that crater so that you may carry on this life not half-crazed or wandering in your mind for the rest of your days. And suddenly the German officer is there, a friend, talking without emphasis in this bountiful dawn silence, and his very voice is a balm.

A few feet before us was the swollen fast river, the opposite bank deserted except for four English soldiers lying side by side, faces down as if gazing into the earth, in perfect order and neatness, their tin hats undisturbed, their weapons under them, in an identical shared death. They must have jumped to the bank close together and in that jump gone down in one burst of machine-gun fire. For several days they stayed there, clean and obedient.

Apparently our division had been given not only the most intensely defended but the most exposed part of the river to tackle. On our left flank was our sister division, and on their

left were the Americans, presumably the Texans we had known at Salerno. Our sister division, the 56th, hadn't got across.

I couldn't work out, in that dawn, why my Company commander was still on the southern shore when the opposite bank was already in our hands. I expected a bridgehead to be something you could see right away. But Bailey bridges have to be loaded and transported. Engineers to build them have to be available. And building a bridge in daylight, especially in the first vulnerable hours after a battle, would be suicide.

For the moment there was only the tired dawn silence that follows a rough night. Both sides are taking time off to lick wounds. A cup of char reassured us, the steam blew up into our faces with each breath...

We were lucky because the Nebelwerfer or Wailing Winnie, fearful though it sounded, was also inaccurate. Its bombs dispersed over a large area and they took more seconds to land than other mortar bombs. Their terrifying chorus in the sky was thus achieved at the expense of accuracy. Their aim was to create extreme panic. This they achieved in the case of an entire battalion of the US 34th division. They scattered and it was a whole day before they reassembled. No cowardice was involved. They just thought it was something other than war and was coming out of the sky—the frightful Secret Weapon constantly promised by Hitler. By far the greater number of casualties in battle come from shock and are called non-battle casualties because wounds do not figure, so there was reasoning behind Wailing Winnie.

Of course mortar bombs that fall inaccurately still fall, and they fell among us, just short of the river. Machine-gun fire, not these bombs, was the nemesis of the men trying at that moment to cross the river.

We all believed, as men in the first world war did, that the shell that got you had your army number on it. The idea reassured and terrified in equal measure.

* * *

That bridgehead was at the cost of a thousand casualties in one night.

As for our sister division it was pinned down by shellfire. Its Ox and Bucks battalion disguised themselves as peasants but the moment they broke cover to approach the river they had 80 casualties in a few seconds. They tried to cross in boats but most of these were at once destroyed, this time with 40 casualties.

Really the American Fifth army was in no position to cross that river. Its divisions only had boats enough for one battalion, namely two companies of about sixty men each. And that was hopelessly inadequate for a whole front.

I never learned how the men I saw running away from the line that night re-joined their units, or if they did. To my mind they were deserters and would have been rounded up as such. You just can't rejoin your unit a whole night late. There were no officers among them as far as I could see. Which made desertion even more likely.

In fact, though we didn't know it then, the Fifth Army had a desertion problem. The 'Naples stroll', as it was called, started about this time—some Americans just walked out of the line and went to town. Mark Clark, our army commander, sensibly accommodated himself to this by organising rest areas close to the line, to which the tired and shocked could be sent. You could hardly throw men into prison for suffering the results of the pressure you were putting on them, such as tackling water without something to float on.

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The British were less wise. We now know, as a result of the publication (in 1994) of the courts-martial of that time, that 197 soldiers mutinied 'at Salerno'. 179 of these were put in prison for a year or so while the ringleaders were given five years. They mutinied because their officers had told them they were going from North Africa not to Salerno but Sicily, where there was no fighting. The men were already battle exhausted and considered this a calculated lie which exposed their officers as unfit to lead. I never heard of any mutinies on the Salerno beach. It would have been difficult to mutiny and get arrested within earshot of the Germans. So I am inclined to believe that those men I saw running in the wrong direction were those who were court-martialled.

The fact that we heard no more of those men meant nothing. No battle events were ever, in my memory, discussed afterwards. Also we were used to disappearances. Soldiers, in groups or singly, were posted off constantly. There was never a better application of the divide-and-rule axiom. Unwanted elements could be dissolved into thin air. And this, by the law of war, is how it has to be. The comfort of being in an army is its delegation of moral choice to staff officers remote from scrutiny, which helps one sleep at night, it being the case that what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve after...

...We moved beyond the castle to yet another farmhouse. I had just told my signaller to start up radio contact. I heard him acknowledging the first signals and then he said to me, handing me the mike, Officer to speak. I got the order to leave The Major at once. I was to find another Company which would be going into attack at precisely eight o'clock that evening.

The Major looked at me in surprise, presumably at having his F.O.O. snatched away. I told my signaller to close down. Then I called out to my other men, Prepare to move. The itinerary I had been given was the vaguest possible. I had little daylight left to find my way. It meant crossing to the other Company at a flank, without any of us in the forward lines being clear as to what was happening on that flank. But I didn't get into a grumbling mood—it appeared those days were firmly over. And in any case we never questioned vague orders. Everyone—including the officer giving you orders—had to rely on the latest scratch Intelligence which could be flat wrong.

The house we had just moved into was on the southern slope of a valley that stretched magnificently before us, with woodland on its right side. We were to take a path through those woods—it lay clear before us in the deepening dusk and nothing could appear safer.

We walked with the usual clinking of metal from our belts and packs. We were sharp and taut, alert for every sound. There was a burst of very loud machine-gun fire to our left, the sound amplified to an extraordinary deafening echo by the valley. I couldn't tell from which side it was coming. Which told me that the path we were taking was in the direction of the enemy, not a friendly battalion. That was my first thought but I put it aside as absurd.

I thought we would soon find white tapes, those infallible guides portending and attending battle. But there was no sign of them. I was used to piecemeal Intelligence. It could come from false intelligence or an exhausted officer. And as always in this kind of terrain the words 'front line' were a euphemism for what could in minutes become a semicircle.

The only trouble was that I was to accompany an attack going in at 20.00 hrs. I made up my mind to stop at the first house and ask where Jerry was. The Italians always knew. When we came to one, at the edge of a clearing, about half way up the slope, I thumped quietly at the door. There was an instant hush at my knock, then nothing. This time I thumped more insistently but not more loudly and at once the door opened an inch or two. I could see the man's eyes. He was scared but when I pushed firmly on the door to indicate that I wished to speak to him, whether he liked it or not, he opened up so that I could see all of him. I asked him in our awful clipped gibberish, *Inglesi? dove?* It didn't occur to me to ask, more to the point, where the Germans were. He made one of those Italian shrugs with the eyes turned up, that denote ignorance of just about everything. I put my foot further in the door and repeated my question and perhaps he grew more scared of being ignorant than of cooperating with me because he pointed quickly behind him, up the hill. Are you sure? *sicuro?* are the *inglesi* up there? and he made a noncommittal nod and was about to close the door when I said, OK, you take me there, you. At first he refused and began to back up but I advanced my boot a little and repeated, You, *voi, voi,* take me to the *inglesi.* He pulled on a coat quickly and came outside, not even telling his wife or whomever was there. It was really dark now.

I had him with me at the head of the column, close so that I could grab him if he tried to run, and we all tramped through the steep woods in silence. How was it that the Company we had left was a mile back and still neither battle nor white tape were in sight, for it was past eight by now? There was a chance that the forward line was on a loop or bulge. And there was also the thought that we might at any moment walk smack into crossfire.

We reached the crest at last and stopped just short of a gravel road crossing from left to right. It was a moonless night and we could hardly see to the other side of that road—and how lucky that was. But opposite us appeared to be a tall white house with a drive, though it was impossible to be sure. A soft breeze played in the leaves around us. The man said in an urgent whisper, *Inglesi, inglesi,* pointing across, and at once a shout, more a scream, came from the other side of the road, HALT! and it was German not British.

I caught hold of the Italian's sleeve and hissed, You've got us in the Bosch line! and he tore himself free and with the most miraculous leap I have ever heard (for we saw nothing) he jumped high in an arc and landed so far down the slope behind us, and so softly, that you couldn't hear the impact of fall. I stood for a swift moment undecided and then dashed across the road diagonally to the right of the sentry's voice onto the road's soft shoulder, fearful that the racket of our boots would make us easy targets. And then I started running faster than my legs had ever carried me—along that soft shoulder. God alone knows what made me choose to run right instead of left. I could hear my men panting and stumbling behind me and in a matter of a second or so as I glanced down I saw phosphorus-painted notices sticking out of the earth and they were marked in big letters MINEN, with a skull and crossbones. They stood every few yards and I began leaping over them one by one, unable to leave the soft shoulder because Jerry would target the sound of our boots while, this way, silent on the soft earth, the chances were that the sentry was confused or terrified and that we wouldn't set the mines off. But with the first few leaps it went all right, otherwise we would all be finished by now. So I jumped higher and higher and hoped that my men were doing the same. My batman was immediately behind me (on his first F.O.O. mission) and he kept saying frantically, trying to keep his voice down, Sir, sir, it's too heavy, it's too heavy, I can't keep up! But keep up he did and I wasn't about to stop for any man. I reckoned he would keep up with twice the load if he had to. And he did. And all of a sudden I saw a vast barn on the other side of the road and veered towards it. Clattering across the road we rushed into that barn and in a moment were lying breathless in the straw, the radios and batteries and maps and belts thrown down, and all we could hear for the next few minutes were our heavy choked breaths. And very gradually we began to hear the beloved silence of the night and saw the clement merciful stars through the tall open barn door, and we sank further and thankfully into the straw feeling almost merriment but still wary because of Jerry's closeness, with the thought that he might send a patrol out any minute. We didn't like those Schmeizers of theirs,

fired from the hip with a deadly rapid spray of bullets. But the silence went on closing its arms round us and there was another better thought—that equally Jerry might want a peaceful night too. As for the mines we thought about them but we didn't, then or thereafter, talk about them. To think, there had been five pairs of boots jumping over each sign. But we banished it from our minds because we had a superstitious horror of ever mentioning again an escape beyond belief. Only now can I see that the live mines were directly under the phosphorus signs and that they had been put there to deter an unlikely attack from where we had come from.

And then other moods encroached on us as we lay on the quickly warming hay. My batman at my side murmured to me, I wouldn't have thought that of you sir, leaving me with all that stuff. And I hissed back, I've got all the forward positions on my map, do you think I'm going to get myself captured? But I didn't convince myself. He had sewn the thought in me, coward. And it wouldn't leave me, interfering with the other thoughts I had in my head—that we were in enemy lines and I would have to move on and I didn't even know if the direction I'd taken was right, and perhaps we were now even deeper in Jerry lines. We listened in case a tank started up with its hungry crushing roar, and we waited for a headlight to be shone into the barn. I told myself, All I did was run. My feet did it for me. What else do you do with a German sentry a few feet away? do you stand arguing the toss about who's going to carry what? What was my batman blaming me for? After all, he'd got here, hadn't he, he was alive and well? he hadn't been taken prisoner or shot dead had he? He said nothing more. Perhaps he had already made peace with me. But I couldn't shake it off—this shame that set in like a nausea just when we'd had a reprieve. Happily for soldiers, moods die the quickest death of all. I rarely consulted my signallers about what was to be done in a tight spot. They were with me for the radio signals after all, not the decisions. Usually I let a decision develop inside me—I left it alone—waited for it to settle. What else could you do? If I had taken the wrong direction I was committed to it now, up to my eyeballs. I might be even deeper into enemy lines. And going further in. Because I knew I was going to stay near that road, and keep in the same direction. We might end up as prisoners and in that case it would be the end of the war for us. These were my thoughts. But none of us wanted to be taken prisoner. The idea brought a peculiar foreboding inside, a strangeness too terrible. So I had to be sure of the right direction. You couldn't have conferences about it. I had to get us out of this. I relied on my decision just as they did, and still I didn't know what it would be.

I walked to the barn door and looked out and standing there I realised we had got to walk straight on. At a little signal from me they quickly gathered at the door behind me. I took them parallel to the road, which lay on our left now. Our boots made hardly any noise. The marvellously unrushed orbs of the sky continued to be there. After about a hundred yards we came to a path veering to the right and I decided to take it, stepping carefully, as it was narrow. In a few moments I stopped, hushed the others with a sign. We pressed ourselves against a wall. There was a man standing close to me, in the tiny garden of a house. You couldn't say in this degree of darkness whether his clothes were a uniform or not—he was in shirt sleeves, hatless. And he was sharpening a long knife. He began walking up and down. Sometimes he came within inches of us. Now and then he looked up at the sky, his face large and round and seemingly pale—a German, an Italian? Whenever he looked up he appeared to be smiling but it wasn't a smile. Then he swiftly turned and went back to the house behind him soundlessly. He went in, closing the door. We crept on, still hugging the wall to our side. In a few minutes we emerged close to the road we had abandoned further back, only it was wider now, more important.

A burst of machine-gun fire echoed to the left, that is the north. I couldn't tell if it was a Bren or a Spandau but opted for the Bren and told the others so. It shed a little hope. Burst after burst went into the sky. Then there were rifle shots and the tiny muffled thump of mortar bombs. It seemed there might be a valley on the other side of the road. It would explain the muffled nature of the sounds. Suddenly mortar bombs were exploding right behind us and we threw ourselves to the ground. Most of them fell on the road. Ahead of us

there was a field full of craters and as soon as the mortar-firing died down we dashed to the biggest and deepest one.

We lit cigarettes under our blouses. We heard a track vehicle on the road, just a few yards away, not a tank. Inching myself up to the edge of the crater I saw a mansion-size house on the other side of the road. In its forecourt were vehicles. But the more I stared the less I saw. You can't stay mute for ever and I whispered to the others that the house must be an HQ—come and have a look, I said, is it ours or Jerry's? can you recognise the trucks? are they armoured carriers? They all peeked over the crater's edge and like me got nowhere. Sometimes the vehicles looked like jeeps, sometimes they seemed German. We watched that place on and off for an hour or more. Sometimes it was obvious that the house was British held, sometimes more obvious that Jerry was there. In that case, if it was German, we had simply walked deeper into their line and were in cross-fire land. So where was the attack? Our people must already be far beyond their start lines. If so, where had the opening barrage got to? and surely shouldn't that barrage be falling right where we were? We stared at the house, studied it. All we saw were our fancies. Not a sound came from that courtyard. We could detect no armed sentry there, no one walking about. The moment I was certain I had identified a vehicle it became floating shadows again. I knew I would walk over to that house sooner or later. I would have to. The only other option was to roam all night and the consequences might be worse than capture. If I found the vehicles to be German was I going to walk into that house just the same? I couldn't answer that one. All I wanted now was for this to end, and I think the men did too, we were sick of the waiting game, our nerves weren't up to it any more. But we still didn't know if our fatigue was the sort that would make us want to give ourselves up.

It was in that moment of wanting the suspense to end that I felt a spasm of confidence. I jumped up and beckoned to them and waited for them to form up behind me. Without troubling to be stealthy—who gave a shit now?—I walked across the road and among the vehicles. There wasn't a jeep among them but there were 5-cwt. trucks and armoured carriers and they were British. I pushed open the door and we beheld a huge room, brilliantly lit by dags, full of infantrymen, some on sleeping bags, others sitting round. To the left as we went...

...Captain Maugham came into my command post back at the guns and told me he was off on an F.O.O. assignment. He had lost his helmet and could he borrow mine? He smiled in that diffident yet self-possessed way of his and I said, Of course you can, I never use one anyway, never have. Are you sure? he said. I pulled out the tin hat and gave it to him and as he turned to leave I said, Come back, in the half-joking way we all had. He stopped. I hope so, he said with a moment's diffident blink. And then he went off.

He didn't come back. I heard he died complaining about a pain in his arm, everyone thought he was all right, no wounds visible. I thought of his wife. He never talked about her but you get a feeling of how it is with some couples—lost unless they're close by, missing the precious one like life always beckoning from another place to where the life and light is, leaving you incomplete...

...A new second lieutenant joined my troop and we shared my dugout. It wasn't good that he came straight into relentless shelling like this. It was too much of a blind fall. Even the boom of our own heavy artillery way back made him jump and then he would half-smile in frightened apology. One day a shell came within yards of the dugout and we threw ourselves down in a corner close to the fire and I found myself on top of him. He was trembling all over with an unusual violence—like that of a fever more than fright.

To have your nerves go at the start means you can't get your self-navigation in proper shape thereafter. We were very lucky that one time, favoured by the fact that the blast went forward of us. But he couldn't take account of degree and nuance. He had a pale soft skin, still a boy, and we used to sit and talk quietly in the lulls but I think he couldn't accommodate

himself to the idea of people blowing each other up. I think it deeply contradicted the life he'd had before, perhaps a village life where everything was ordered and familiar. Even in the lulls he was on guard inside himself. In this state he was sent out on his first F.O.O. mission and was killed almost at once...

...But in the meantime, while we waited, I had a secret debt to settle, in Cassino. I didn't know what it was, only that I must pay that town a visit. I stood in the great hush. The sound of my Jeep engine died as if it had been sucked into the dead earth. Not a living creature was here, not a bird or footstep. The hill which had contained the town was covered with quick-lime to hide the stench of the dead and it lay like a white shroud fallen on the slope and full of soft mounds. At the top where the Abbey had stood was a formidable glowering mass of jagged sullen stone which gave no messages except I am dead.

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The moment battles end the Field Hygiene unit (part of the Medical Corps) moves in to count and remove for burial the dead, military and civilian. The Field Hygiene people who moved into Cassino, accustomed though they were to the sight of the fallen, stood in shock and bafflement at what they saw before them. The road to Rome went silently north into its valley. I heard a slight grating sound and an old lady in black, head covered, came pushing a wheelbarrow along a sad ruined road at the lower eastern point of this hill of debris and dust. She came within yards of me, looking to neither left nor right, her gaze bitter and mute and closed, her lips pursed in a deeply pallid face. She stared at the rubble before her, looking for whatever she could rescue. Standing at her side, just lately from Beirut, I must have looked an unworthily agile member of that monstrous assembly that was able to bomb monks and monasteries and lay entirely waste a slumbering town that wasn't even on its rightful target programme, and which I had observed daily for a week or more, reporting like many observers before me, from an eerie within the German lines, declaring---like they---that the Abbey gave no sign of life within.

And try as I might to solicit a glance or a smile from her she remained set on her quest for crushed mementoes of her home. I wanted to say something about how senseless war was but I was in uniform, namely war itself. Yet I didn't really understand her bitterness. With the forbidding insensitivity of youth, on which wars wisely depend, I expected her to mourn this vast white shroud together with me, to look up from the death of her town to interest herself in my youthful khaki-clothed aspiration that all this should come to an end soon.

Worse, I couldn't genuinely perceive what had happened to her. I accepted that all this was dead without knowing what exactly that meant—what the death was that I was always trying to escape, the death that the other second lieutenant, the shuddering one I had thrown myself into a corner of a dugout with, hadn't escaped.

It wasn't that I didn't know what she had lost, all her family perhaps, certainly the home that had been hers since birth, just that I thought it a bagatelle and she knew this. I was dizzy, standing there, with the dizziness of my own incomprehension. It was as if I had entered this great concourse of the dead and yet remained lively and loquacious in its midst. I felt numbed and the numbness was in every bone and I couldn't return to an earlier time when this numbness was absent because I couldn't remember it, especially that laughing boy our almost daily self-taunting chant was about.

No wonder I had long ago drawn a line under my past, written finis under it. I knew exactly what I was doing then, wouldn't you say? If I was now pondering suicide—an active vigorous and spectacular suicide—wasn't that just one more logical step?

The Italian light brings the most forlorn of scenes to life but it could do nothing for Cassino. The sky, usually so close, so part of everything you did, laid heavy mourning hands on this hill, deepening the silence of the numberless dead under their quick-lime winding sheet.

I didn't yet know that I had come to terrible decisions. Least of all that my thought of graduating as a soldier had only one meaning. Only slowly did I come to know that I had resolved to die in the campaign that awaited us.

And I would make a mark, I would go out with glory. I didn't know what the glory was to be. But one thing was clear—that my present fitness and stamina were at the service of trying to die.

It would have to be done quickly—I knew we were about to enter the last stage of the Italian operations—I needed to seize my chance and I knew this chance would come, I knew life would fit in with my resolve because that resolve was so deep and sure and unhesitating...

Novels

Reviews: **HELLEBORE THE CLOWN**

'One of the truest novels I have ever read...An exquisite story.' Nigel Nicolson.
'A remarkably assured performance...Here is a fresh, vigorous and altogether unusual talent.' John O'London's.
'It reveals more than a dash of originality and takes the reader to the heart of an unhackneyed emotional situation.' Birmingham Post.

ITALIAN SKETCHES

'It is a real pleasure to come across a quite original book entitled Italian Sketches. Mr.Rowdon is astonishingly acute in recognising in the Italians a quality which impels them to spare foreigners embarrassment or mortification. ..It is a relief to read this factual book about Italy...I derived much pleasure from this book and recommend it warmly.' {Sir Harold Nicolson, Observer
'Recalls Lawrence's Twilight in Italy almost uncannily...The perfect antidote to the effusive outsider's travel book...The results are superficially glum, but in retrospect, and artistically, exhilarating, because so often piercingly accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new reappraisal almost of a new country...Extreme spiritual delicacy as well as physical sensibility.' (Isabel Quigly, Guardian).
'A new writer of importance...Within a few pages he has established a strong literary personality.' R.G.G. Price (Punch)
'He brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life. He is full of variety...His style is extremely simple: short words and short sentences, yet every now and then he takes off in a purely literary flight of fancy that carries the reader with it in hilarious or tender acceptance.' (Times Literary Supplement)
'The delighted reader forgives him all his prejudices. Endowed with a sharp reporter's eye.' John Raymond (Sunday Times)
'If it were possible to explain why Mr.Rowdon's ideas are so acceptable, it would be possible to explain Italy---and if this were possible, nobody would write books about Italy any more. All books about Italy are frantic attempts to try and understand the nature of the fascination, and if Mr.Rowdon's book is one of the best attempts that has been made for many years, this is because he tries so deeply to understand and must excite the sympathy of a anyone else who has tried to do so.' Nigel Dennis (Sunday Telegraph)
'A loving, sunlit account...something of Lawrence's travel books, something of Durrell's island books...like asti spumanti, effervescent and intoxicating out of a bottle.' (New Statesman)

A ROMAN STREET

THE COLLINS COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA

'Mr. Rowdon has written an exceptionally well-informed and entertaining guide. This is an outstanding travel book.'

THE FALL OF VENICE

'stylish and haunting' New Yorker

THE TALKING DOGS

'One of the most remarkable animal books ever written. Some accept it. Others reject it. But nobody can put it down unfinished.' Stanley Dangerfield (Evening News)

Excerpts **HELLBORE THE CLOWN:**

Excerpts **OF SINS AND WINTER:**

Excerpts **PERIMETER WEST (*a parable of the Berlin ruins*)**

During these three years General Dessman had been Mayor, and he more than anyone was responsible for the building of the new city out of the ruins, for the electricity supply, for the cleaning of the sewers, for the quick demolitions, for the opening of schools and the university, for the institution of poor relief, for the charity camps in the forest at Lake End, for the opening of theatres and cinemas along Main Street, and for the restoration of the vast Technics factory on the east side of the canal. The new city, much smaller than its predecessor, extended only to within a mile or so of the frontier-posts---no one like to go nearer---with the result that it was encircled by a wide belt of ruins, seldom visited and always silent, which made a kind of protective no man's land, cutting the city off from its true rulers and giving people the illusion of safety. This was the Perimeter...

The survivors wore the look of people who did not quite believe in their own existence and were continually on the alert for a fresh catastrophe. Most of the citizens nowadays were pale, grey-haired too soon, mute, watchful, thin, and it was as if none of them believed in the possibility any more of warmth and mercy, in life going on safely, even though they knew there was no immediate danger of another war ...

Half the car crashes in the city could have been prevented by braking in time or swerving a little. But the drivers went towards each other fascinated, gripping their wheels, staring before them, just as if they had always been under an unspoken sentence of death and this at last was what they had been waiting for so long, the moment of execution. They seemed not merely to accept an unnecessary death but to welcome it, as if the daily bombardments, the lack of food afterwards, the horrible occupation, had taught them that they could not be worthy of life, having attracted to themselves so much punishment.

At the same time they were cautious to the point of hysteria. Mothers tugged their children back from the kerb when there was hardly a vehicle in sight. Crowd gathered on the

pavement waiting for the lights to change, then one man in a strange abandon of will darted over to the other side, another followed, then another, until all the crowd was undecided and began to move this way and that, and the traffic became equally undecided, skidding and swerving, so that a disaster came about and the crowd was suddenly fascinated, stilled by the peculiar silence of death all round them, death whose favourites they were, and the police cars began to come from the distance sound their bells...

The sight of Perrial with a new girl, standing near the French windows with her, laughing, touching her hand, leading her out on to the lawn down to the lake's edge, used to make a certain quick pain come into her stomach, at the very pit. So now, when she had rung Roquande a second time and there was no answer, this pain came again, and she knew at that moment, quite positively knew, that the awe she felt for him---her excitement whenever she was about to meet him---were undeserved and must soon be snatched away from her as everything else had been since the time of the bombardments. She saw quite clearly, too, that Jeanie was his equal, not herself. His brown skin, the slim hips and the eyes under which she felt safer than ever before in her life must return to their tragic elements, as ordained by the city, proceeding from a husband who did not understand her to disease, to screams, to sterility, turning from grief to grief. She felt the city as a living presence on the other side of the lake and hated it for a moment as she might hate a person, for owning her, for having her as part of its furniture, like the ruins themselves...

and a glimpse of light — the way through the darkness?

Excerpts **AFTERWARDS:**

'I'd just like to say this, Glen', he murmured, suddenly moving close to me with energy, 'I wrote this book Afterwards to save humanity in the event of a nuclear war, and that went all over the world as my advocating nuclear war. Now I wouldn't mind if people knew what I meant by the Afterwards but they don't. They think I mean after the bomb falls---in the future. But I don't! I mean now. Remember what Macbeth said after his first murder---"From this instant there's nothing serious in mortality"? And then he says, "All is but toys, grace and renown is dead" (they weren't too hot on their grammar in those days), "the wine of life is drawn". Think of that, Glen! It's happened to us too! Our murder was Hiroshima. We ate the apple of knowledge! We murdered respect for men and women! We're living in the Afterwards of that! Hitler started breaking this respect for human life down with his extermination camps but that was only a beginning. Now we're right there. We're his children OK! And we've still got to go on and on, like Macbeth. The murders can't stop. I'm only facing facts, trying to see some chance of survival in all this, and even some hope! Old Macbeth had to murder his friends, we've got to do the same---we may say we don't want to but we'll have to, for the same reasons! Macbeth had to create a secret service that spanned all of Scotland, which was the universe as far as he was concerned. And that's hell! He created hell. And that's what we're living in now---hell! And people don't know it. Leastways they have a hunch about it but very privately. They prefer acting! They try and think they're still in the Before, and everything's nice and cosy and being looked after like it used to be. Now my book,' he said, out of breath now, 'tries to make 'em face up to hell, rationally. That's what I mean by the rationalisation of hell. But people won't listen. They'd rather call me a nuclear nut. Since 1945 the human's being's been dead. That's my message, Glen. Print that, if you like.'...

'By the way,' Palermo told me, 'your boss still wants to see you for tea this afternoon.'

'You mean Grigg?'

'That's right. At the Northumberland. He looked ready to chew your balls off too. Anyway, if he cuts up rough about a story not appearing tell him in our trade if you hire a dog to bark you don't do the barking for him. That'll knock him to the floor.'

I felt no apprehension at meeting Grigg so soon again: it was good to be wanted, even if they only wanted to wring your neck.

Soon after three I took a taxi to the Northumberland and found him waiting in the tea lounge over an evening paper. I was certainly getting into the stride of this job---or rather two jobs.

He faced me with a rigid frown, his chin pushed forward, and said, 'No morning story. Why?'

'You said a story a week.'

'I said at least a story a week. You might listen to me, if it's no bother.'

'You'll have to let me work in my own time and my own way,' I said. 'They say in the trade, don't employ a dog to bark and then do the barking yourself.'

The effect was extraordinary. 'OK, do it your own way, Glen,' he said mildly. 'But I'm following Palermo's advice, which is to keep on your tail, otherwise you'll sell your soul all over again to the next buyer.'

'Oh, he said that?'

'But since you've lost your soul, Glen, it don't matter how many times you sell it. A soul's a played-out luxury, anyway. That's what I appreciate in you, your sheer damned ability to survive---help yourself to tea, Glen, and if you want to make notes just go ahead. Now I'm a phenomenon at present struggling between jealousy over my wife and the urge on my side not only to have a damned good time myself but make her jealous as well, I'm juggling with these possibilities. And I'm working the problem out to survive. That is, I don't want to go mad, to lose my wife, to murder anybody. I want my job, my home, my satisfactions. So I juggle with the possibilities, I'm a survivor. Now I'm talking to you about this, Glen, because I've given a whole lecture called The Survivor. In a way, he said with a modest glance at me while I poured myself a cup of tea. 'that's a sort of visionary concept, it's an idea of the whole man, a new man. I mean, what the hell have we got at present that we'd like to keep? Our wives are unfaithful, we feel damned insecure all the time and this makes us do insecure things, we're slopping and hanging on to each other and pushing each other down, we wake up in the morning like dead men and go to sleep at night wanting to kill ourselves, and just as your clever boss says we do succeed, we kill ourselves every day, and some people are brave enough to go the whole hog and cut their wrists or something, like the Mouse. By the way,' he said, stopping suddenly, 'how's she making out today?'

'Oh, all right.'...

'Won't that interfere with the weather?' I asked him. 'I've noticed in Italy---'

'Terrestrial weather, you mean?' he asked with a clever look.

'Well, that's the weather we have,' I said.

'Why, yes, it could be. It seems that just about anything you do two hundred miles up, even a mild fart, has some effect the earth is going to feel sooner or later. These are problems, they mean changes---mostly in people's concepts, and that's what I've chosen as my job, to help do the changing. If you can mess up terrestrial weather, you can make it good too! These things come slowly, Glen, but not so damn slowly as all that, seeing what we've done in the last twenty years.'

'But what's the point of going to the moon?' I asked him.

'The *moon*?' he said. 'I ought to charge you tuition fees! What you don't know is wonderful! Listen, when you put all those smears in the paper about me and mine, do you believe 'em? Of course you don't! Do I? Of course I don't! Yet you believe any crap they put out to keep you dazed about heroes getting to the moon and dancing about in space and wondering if Dante was right and there are white souls up there, whiter than the white of the moon!' He laughed. 'Yes, I should think not! Oh, you could send someone there. A station maybe, in

time. But damned expensive. A radio telescope can tell you more or less all you need to know. At least, so I should guess. No, Glen, the *real thing* is a laboratory with a panel of men inside who can see every aspect of the earth from a military point of view, who can prevent nuclear explosions wherever somebody's mad enough to try, and produce one too, if it's a case of do-or-die! That's the security I was talking about! That's your "moon"! Moonshine, more like it! You've got to moonshine for the millions of crumbs all over the earth sitting on their lazy fat arses watching television. Apparently, they need moon stories!'

'You mean those flying laboratories are going to have nuclear bombs in them, too?'

'What else would I mean?'

'But what's that got to do with being on the stars talking philosophy and things like that?' I asked him.

'A hell of a lot, Glen---why don't you tackle that cake there?---it's the same thing! Like you have drugs and splints and transfusions and sterilised air to keep the body going, so you've got a system of surveillance in the skies, to keep the earth going! You must imagine stellar research-groups working and analysing and talking, throwing out their ideas in a kind of a glorious mess that brings up an absolute cinch of a theory every now and then, so that we land the whole of the universe, or at least our part of it, in a rethink of its whole position! That's science. You can't have science without security. You've got to make things safe for research, Glen. If you're lax about these things you'll have all these people from the Arabs to the Indonesians coming out of their caves and using their spears again and scrapping like they used to over some damned boundary or oilfield or piece of dried up desert that should have been irrigated a century ago. It's a kind of Greek age all over again, Glen, with Socrates and those boyfriends of his sitting around and talking things out, but doing something about it this time!'

'Socrates committed suicide, don't forget.'

Because the State was scared of ideas, that's why! They had no security. They thought, if he's allowed to go swinging around with these new ideas, what's going to happen to the people, there'll be a revolution! but with security that's no danger. You see what I mean? In a way, Glen, we've finished with the earth. It was too small for us. Instead of talking about Ideals and Absolutes and sort of trailing about in the sky (except you couldn't damn-well see 'em!), we'll actually be there, we'll be *sitting* there, we'll be able to see it all, the whole damned universe laid out in front of us! Now if that doesn't excite you, Glen, what I suggest is you don't fit up to the measurements of present-day life.'

'Oh, well,' I said, aware of the sadness in my voice, 'we'll see.'...

Excerpts **ITALIAN SKETCHES** 195_?

'He was a small, plump, harassed man, untidily dressed, with frightened eyes, while his wife was sallow and robust-looking, with a dark and level gaze. They both came from the Abruzzi, in the mountains. There was an odd cultivation about him, something delicate and ancient, though fallen into softness and degeneracy. It was difficult to know which of them governed the household. She had the bigger mouth, and the strong arm. There was something mocking and relentless in her. But he went on in his soft and mild way, working fast, getting more and more commissions, and seemed never to take her advice or even listen. He would shake his head and say, 'Le donne, le donne---!' Women, women, they're wicked, all of them! She was always saying how *she* would ask for a deposit, if *she* were making somebody's clothes for them, or how *she* wouldn't work late just because some slip of a girl wanted a ballroom-dress for the following night, or a young man *tutto pettinato*---and she would smooth down her hair in an exaggerated way, laughing---wanted to air himself on the beach at Sorrento for a couple of weeks in a bright summer suit! But he went on letting people run up bills, confident that, since most of them were foreigners, they were reliable...She

would sit leaning on the table in rather a slovenly way, talking about weird and wonderful things, such as why warts and birth-marks appeared on babies; she said it was due to the mother's thoughts before she gave birth. For instance, she herself had thought one day when her eldest child was six months in the womb, 'How I would love some strawberries!' and just at that moment she had happened to scratch herself on the nape of her neck, under her hair; and her child was born with a mark the shape of a strawberry in that very place, and it was still there! *Guarda*---and she showed it to us. Also she had a friend whose mother had thought about figs while scratching her legs during pregnancy, and this friend had a fig-mark in the exact place. It was better, she said, not to have too many strong desires when carrying a child, and to be careful where you scratched. Which may well be true.

She would sit there with a smile, sallow and deep-voiced, and seem to be talking about known facts that had been established long before life had ever begun; it was always in the same level, rather hushed voice, with her dark relentlessness at the edge, as if to say that life was grim and negative underneath however you looked at it.

Sometimes the tailor would nod silently I agreement, or else he would make a mild, 'No, no!', which she would pounce on at once, giving him examples, 'What about that Giorgio Agnello, then, the cousin of Marco?' or 'Ask Claudia, she'll tell you!' or 'You heard that fellow, what was his name, that Alfredo, he said exactly the same, when you were all playing cards---O, God! don't you remember? That night when my sister came in with the baby!' And he would look across at us with a soft smile, his mouth full of pins, and say, '*Queste donne*!', his huge tailor's scissors poised to cut some cloth.

'Everywhere there were shaved men with dark glasses, seeming to stand or sit in areas of no time, fixed in their own putrefaction, unaware of anything outside them and deathly within. All the time we were there I never lost this plague-feeling. Whenever I saw a man it was like a symbol of the whole putrefaction for me, its very face and image.

In our little square, happily, we didn't get this feeling at all. The owner of the house showed us into it courteously, then left, asking us to leave the cellar open so that he would get to his wood and the wine vats. Then a little festive crowd, mostly women and children, gathered under our window, talking excitedly. They were very proud and happy. That was on the evening of our arrival. The children pushed each other, and the women called out across the square. This was the very end of the town, and its highest point, really a village of its own. And perhaps it was the most ancient part, too. The people still had ancient ways. Down below the rock, where the main street of the town went and where there was a café with a television-set, people had a more conscious and disabused look. The town stretched across the brow of an entire hill, and our square was a tiny square on its own. All the time we lived there we kept meeting people from other parts of the town who hadn't heard of our arrival, though a foreigner was hardly ever seen there, even for a brief visit...

At first we used to go down and bathe at a deserted part of the beach, where there was clear sand, with rough bushes behind and a pebbly roadway. We had to undress behind one of the bushes. At first hardly anyone else was there. Men passing in lorries and small vans on the pathway turned their sad, black eyes towards us, with the familiar numbed sexual curiosity---the curiosity of prisoners. Hardly anywhere in Italy can men keep their eyes off women women; they follow every part of their body, as the women expose themselves more. The gaze is desperate, like that of someone behind barbed wire; it has the same dumb and bleak curiosity---of the starved individual. It isn't at all sensuous, really. Sometimes it's deliberately insulting---a man may approach a woman, go to within a foot of her, and stare flatly between her breasts---almost touching her, in desperation. But it is always sad in some way. Even when a man jeers at a woman, or baits her, he has something defeated in him, as if she must overcome him in the end. On our second and third day at the beach there were youths on bicycles, passing to and fro along the path. But we paid no attention to them, and never connected their presence with our bathing. Then on a Saturday we decided to undress near the car, under some trees, a few yards from the path inland, and not on the beach. Only after we

undressed did we begin to feel the strange nakedness of being surrounded by countryside. Yet we only had to walk a few yards to the edge of the sea, where we wouold no longer feel at all naked. This tiny difference made something of a stir nearby. A youth passed on a motor-cycle just as Annette was pulling her costume over her breasts. He slowed up, in the blind Italian fashion, not quite thinking of himself as present or a spectator in any way, not really part of the scene but hidden, and stared slowly towards us. Then he took a path inland to get closer, and stared again. Once more he went along the main path, and brought back a friend as we were walking towards the beach. We felt all this at the edge of our consciousness, being used to stares and also to staring at other people in our turn. But in this staring there was a certain gloating morbidity and disgust—as if they were masturbating and using *our* bodies, or rather Annette's. The youths passed in front of us several times. They would naturally think of Annette as flaunting herself deliberately. Among the peasants, on the whole, it is still unthinkable for a girl to show her body publicly. And that censure remains, a lurking verdict at the back of the mind, even on the beaches, part of the excitement of seeing a woman in a bathing dress. Then as we got up to go, towards the path, another youth drew out of the bushes, as if he'd been waiting there for some time, close to where we usually changed, hidden. Perhaps he'd been watching us on the previous day, waiting for the precise moment when Annette lowered the straps of her bathing dress! But we didn't draw back in embarrassment. He simply stared at us as if we weren't present.

Excerpts **A ROMAN STREET:**

'We got back four or five months ago and it already feels like years. The flat always seems bare when we come into it at first. The corridor gives the immediate bare impression, its floor-tiles uncovered, with the hot weather in mind. And then the big room overlooking the courtyard at the back seems large and empty, too, at first: in winter the thick blue carpet is down, covering the whole floor, and there are the long yellow curtains; but in the summer we gradually get used to the bare floors, with their black, grey and terracotta tiles from the fifteenth century, shaped like cubes, with five sides...'

'Being on the top floor, the rooms burn in the summer and either freeze or leak in the winter. This winter we had quite a bad leak from the roof upstairs where the water-tanks are kept and where the tenants hang out their washing. It made a grey, black-green mark of fungus on our white wall, just above the curtain, and we asked the man in charge of the whole house---the leader of the *condominio,* a committee of owners---to look after us. The *condominio* is supposed to see to all repairs, and to pay the *portiera* who sits in her tiny office close to the massive wooden entrance. There used to be no *condominio* when our landlady owned the whole house: she left everything to Fate, which worked out well because you did all your own repairs without asking. She is a fine old woman in her nineties who wears a wig of flaming red hair and speaks with a remarkable clarity and assurance, like an eighteenth-century book. Her flat was in the eighteenth-century style, too: she received one in a small armchair with a rounded but very upright back, just big enough to sit in, and she would make you feel like a character in *The School for Scandal.'*

'The view from the roof is marvellous, when you have anything to do up there: you can see St. Peter's just across the river like a pencil drawing, with the Vatican radio-mast behind it on the hill, blinking red; and there are the thick, dark-green trees of the Gianiculum , which would make a nice park if there wasn't a road running through it; then the pastel shades of the new quarter of Monte Mario, the highest hill in Rome, with, close by, most curious and fascinating of all, because they look like a natural landscape in the sun---a sort of desert---the numberless tiled roofs all round, the colour of sun-bleached sand, and the arched brick walls, the little balconies and terraces jutting out everywhere.'

Caduceus, Simon Best, 9 Nine Acres MIDHURST GU29 9EP United Kingdom
Spirit & Destiny, Sandra Walsh, Academic House 24-28 Oval Road LONDON NW1 7DT United Kingdom
Penny Gray, Ed, Healtcare Counselling and Psychotherapy Journal. The Old Music Hall, 106-108 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1JE

GENERAL
Ben Hoare, Ed, BBC Wildlife Magazine, 14 Floor, Tower House, Fairfax St, Bristol BS1 3BN (received, but won't be reviewing)
Caspar Melville New Humanist. 1 Gower St London WC1E 6HD (REVIEW)
David Lorimer Scientific and Medical Network Gibliston Mill Colinsburgh Leven Fife KY9 1JS (REVIEW)
Geordie Torr, Ed., Geographical Magazine 1 Victoria Villas Richmond Surrey TW9 2GW
Peter Furtado Ed., History Today 20 Old Compton St London W1D 4TW
J Chamary, Books Ed FOCUS Magazine Origin Publishing 14th Floor, Tower House Fairfax St Bristol BS1 3BN
Matthew Iredale Philosophers Magazine, 346 Gosbrook Road, Caversham, Reading RG4 8EG
Sue Wingrove, Books Ed., BBC History Magazine Origin Publishing Tower House, 5rh Floor Fairfax St Bristol BS1 3BN
Emily Read Books Review Ed., Standpoint Magazine 11 Manchester Square London W1V 3PW
Prospect Magazine, Hilly Janes
Dr Leslie Jones, Ed, Quarterly Review, The Lodge, 199 South Ealing Road, London W5 4RH
Fiametta Rocco, Economist (REVIEW??)
Hilly Janes, Prospect
David Musgrove, BBC History Magazine

RELIGION - emailed all these.
Steve Tomkins Dep Ed, Third Way Magazine 13-17 Long Lane Barbican London EC1A 9PN
Dr Jonathan Bartley, Ekklesia 2nd Floor, 145-157 St John St London EC1V 4PY
Science and Christian Belief Denis Alexander 77 Beaumont Rd Cambridge CB1 8PX
The Revd Dr Rodney Holder, Science and Christian Belief 48 Oxford Road Cambridge CB4 3PW
Sally Fraser Church Times (G J Palmer), 13-17 Long Lane, London EC1A 9PN
Revd Anthony Freeman Man Ed, Journal of Consciousness Studies Imprint Academic Chapel Road Brampford Speke Exeter EN5 5HE
Sue Gaisford The Tablet 1 King St Cloisters Clifton Walk London W6 OQZ
Dinah Livingstone Ed, Sea of Faith Magazine 10 St Martins Close London NW1 OHR
Rabbi Jonathan Sacks c/o Mr Zaki Cooper Office of the Chief Rabbi Adler House 735 High Road London N12 OUS
Kindred Spirit Richard Beaumont Foxhole Dartington Totnes TQ9 6EB
BBC R 4, producer of Something Understood

PHILOSOPHY - emailed all
Julian Baggini The Philosophers Magazine 26 Alma Court Bristol BS28 2HH (UNLIKELY REVIEW)
Denise Winn Editor, Human Givens 11 Dewsbury Road London NW10 1EL (SHORT REVIEW)

LITERARY EDITORS -

Boyd Tonkin Literary Editor Independent Northcliffe House 2 Derry St London W8 5TT
Claire Armitstead Literary Editor The Guardian 90 York Way London N1 9GU
Joanna Biggs Editor London Review of Books 28-30 Little Russell St London WC1A 2HN (received)
Rosie Blau Literary Editor The Financial Times 1 Southwark Bridge London SE1 9HL
Suzi Feay Literary Editor Independent on Sunday Northcliffe House 2 Derry St London W8 5TT
Andrew Holgate Literary Editor Sunday Times 1 Pennington St London E1 9XN
Jonathan Derbyshire Culture Editor New Statesman 91-93 Charterhouse St London EC1M 6HR
Jenny Mayer Books Ed Nature Macmillan Building 4-6 Crinan St London N1 9XW
Maren Meinhardt Editor Times Literary Supplement Times House 1 Pennington St London E98 1BS
Michael Prodger Literary Editor The Sunday Telegraph 111 Buckingham Palace Road London SW1
Karen Shook Times Higher Education 26 Red Lion Square London WC1R 4HQ
William Skidelsky Literary Editor The Observer 90 York Way London N1 9GU
Nancy Sladek Literary Review 44 Lexiington St London W1F OLW
Erica Wagner Literary Editor The Times 1 Pennington St London E1 9XN
Eleanor Harris, Books Ed., New Scientist Lacon House 84 Theobalds Road London WC1X 8NS

SCIENCE CORRESPONDENTS national press - don't think this is for them but will follow up in my own way soon.

FURTHER IDEAS - from sleuthing on the internet:
At James Martin Institute for Science and Civilization on Biodiversity: Science and Religion on 2 November 2009:
Dame Jessica Rawson - Chinese approach to religion and biodiversity (Warden, Merton College)
Ms Claire Foster - enhancing respect for biodiversity within the Church of England (National Adviser on Environmental Affairs, Church of England)
Dr Mary Colwell - Roman Catholic approach - through religion that behavioural changes were likely to start. (Natural History Unit, BBC)
Dr Fazlun Khalid, Director, Islamic Foundation for Ecology and Environmental Sciences "only religion to have held out against Puritanism (banking, industrialisation)
Mr Alex Kirby Journalist

Neil Norman, Susannah Macmillan and Shura Shihvarg (all knew Maurice and his work very well) are helping me with a list of people to whom the book should go and a list for the launch. To give you some examples, they say the book should interest

Annabel Huxley
Science Programming and PR
annabel.huxley@googlemail.com
tel: 020 7586 0932

=

From: Annabel Huxley <annabel.huxley@googlemail.com>
To: edhill@glartists.com; rowdluce@aol.com
Subject: Books to date at 12/01/10
Date: Tue, Jan 12, 2010 4:55 pm

THE APE OF SORROWS
copies sent to date are in blue/bold; @ 12 Jan 1 2010

Prof Richard Fortey, Palaeontologist, Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, London SW7 5BD. r.fortey@nhm.ac.uk
Sir David Attenborough, 5 Park Road, Richmond, TW10 6NS, received with letter of thanks
Karen Armstrong 21 Charlton Place London N1 8AQ
Richard Chartres Bishop of London The Old Deanery Deans Court London EC4U 5AA, environmentalist too. Received with letter of thanks
Roger Scruton, philosopher, Sunday Hill Farm, Brinkworth , Wiltshire SN15 5AS
Prof Simon Conway Morris FRS Department of Earth Sciences , University of Cambridge , Downing Street , CAMBRIDGE , CB2 3EQ
Dr Chris Stringer, Paleontology Dept, Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7 5BD email: c.stringer@hm.ac.uk
Paul Robertson, The Old Farm House, Hermongers, Rudgwick, W. Sussex, RH12 3AL. musician and writer, medieval mind (Music Mind Spirit)
A N Wilson
Bryan Appleyard, 29 Kensington Heights, 91-95 Campden Hill Rd, W8 7BD, received with thanks
Kenan Malik, (author of Man, Beast and Zombie), received with thanks,
Richard Dawkins, 24 Bradmore Rd Oxford
Ian Hislop Ed., Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1D 3BN
Ruth Padell, poet and writer,
A.C. Grayling Dept of Philosophy Birkbeck College University of London 14 Gower St London WC1E 6DP (by hand)
October Gallery, for the library - emailed their thanks.

TO DO
Archbishop of Canterbury, Lambeth Palace, SE1 7JU
Theodore Zeldin The Oxford Muse, School Buildings , Ferry Hinksey Road, Oxford OX2 0BY
Rupert Sheldrake, PhD., 20 Willow Rd, London NW3 1TJ **(emailed, no response)**
Peter Russell, author, website "The Spirit of Now",3020 Bridgeway, PMB 307,
Sausalito, CA 94965
Prof Richard Schoch History and Culture Queen Mary, University of London Mile End Rd London E1 4NS **(emailed, no response)**
Philip Blond, political thinker
Desmond Morris

Emailed all following. Not intending to follow up.
Prof Raymond Tallis, humanist and philosopher (too busy to review)
Dr Jonathan Miller, 63 Gloucester Cresent, London NW1 7EG **(PR and letter)**
John Carey - emailed pr and offered book for review
A S Byatt 37 Rusholme Rd Putney London Sw15 3LS **(emailed, no response)**
AS Byatt, 37 Rusholme Rd Putney London Sw15 3LS
Dr Susan Blackmore 31 Berkeley Road Bristol BS7 8HF
Prof Colin Blakemore University Laboratory of Physiology Parks Road Oxford OX1 3PT
Moyra Bremner 1 Lambourne Avenue London Sw19 7DW
John Cornwell Home Farm House Draughton Northampton NN6 9JQ
Prof David Papineau 48 Montpelier Grove London NW5 2XG
Fern Elsdon-Baker, writer and scientist
Philip Frances - Schumacher college - for the library

ENVIRONMENT CORRESPONDENTS
Richard Girling, Primrose Fram, The Street, Hindringham,. Fakenham, Norfolk NR1 OPR
Mark Anslow and Laura Sevier, Ecologist Mag Unit 102, Lana House Studios 116-118 Commercial St London E1 6NF email: reviews@theecologist.org
Ms Fiona Harvey Environmental Correspondent, Financial Times

Louise Gray Environment Correspondent Daily Telegraph 111 Buckingham Palace Rd London SW1
Charles Clover - Sunday Times/crhclover@gmail.com
Michael McCarthy, Environment Editor, Independent, Northcliffe House, 2 Derry St, Kensington, London W8 5TT
Richard Mabey, Mazzard, Snow Street, Roydon, DISS, Norfolk IP22 5SB
Paul Heiney, 6 Arthur St, Oxford OX2 0AS - Farmer and environmentalist

ENVIRONMENT VIPs AND ACTIVISTS

Rt Hon John Gummer MP, Director, Quality of Life Policy Group, House of Commons , London SW1A 0AA Email: info@qualityoflifechallenge.com
Zac Goldsmith, as above
George Monbiot, Y Goeden Eirin, Newtown Rd, Machynlleth, Powys SY20 8EY
Jonathan Porritt Forum for the Future, Overseas House19-23 Ironmonger Row
London EC1V 3QN (Forum for the Future) "looks fascinating!"
Prince Charles, Prince's Trust, received with letter of thanks
Friends of the Earth, Publications Manager, 26-28 Underwood Street, London N1 7JQ
James Lovelock (Biologist)c/o Kate Farquhar-Thomson, Publicity Director, Oxford University Press, Great Clarendon Street, Oxford, OX2 6DP
Michael Meacher MP - at House of Commons
Caroline Lucas (Green Party MEP)Caroline Lucas, MEP Green Party Suite 58, The Hop Exchange ,24 Southwark Street., London SE1 1TY
James Lovelock, Coombe Mill, St Giles on the Heath, Launceston, PL15 9RY

ANIMAL RIGHTS - send with literary eds in Jan
Programme Director, Animal Aid, The Old Chapel, Bradford Street, Tonbridge, Kent TN9 1AW
Animal Concern - anti vivisection. email: animals@jfrobins.force9.co.uk
Scientific Coordinator, Dr Katy Taylor, BUAV , 16a Crane Grove, London, N7 8NN, Telephone: +44(0)20 7700 4888, Email: info@buav.org (British Union for the Abol of Vivisection)
Jan Creamer , Chief Executive of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, Millbank Tower Millbank, LONDON, SW1P 4QP, UK.Tel: +44 (0)20 7630 3340
Advocates for Animals, 10 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, Scotland, EH2 4PG, Telephone: +44 (0)131 225 6039
Dr Hadwen Trust for Humane Research, 18 Market Place, Hitchin, Herts SG5 1DS
Dr Sebastien Farnaud, Scientific Director, Dr HAdwen Trust, School of Biosciences, University of Westminster, London.
World Wildlife Foundation Tom Dillon, Senior Vice Presdient Field Programmes, and Judy Oglethorpe, MD, People and Conscervation: World Wildlife Fund 1250 Twenty-Fourth Street, N.W. P.O. Box 97180 Washington, DC 20090-7180
Publications Director, Sea Shepherd UK, Argyle House, 1 Dee Road, Richmond-Upon-Thames, Surrey TW9 2JN
RSPCA, Elaine Deloran Ed., Animal Life, RSPCA Wilberforce Way, Southwater, Horsham, W Sussex RH13 9RS
Richard Leakey, Roverside Drive, PO Box 24467, Nairobi, Kenya
Director, Respect For Animals, PO Box 6500, Nottingham, NG4 3GB : emailed them.
David Shepherd CBE DSWF 61 Smithbrook Kilns, Cranleigh, Surrey GU6 8JJ
Joanna Lumley, c/o Conway Van Gelder, Ltd. 18-21 Jermyn Street. 3rd Floor. London, SW1Y 6HP (Patron Dr Hadwen Trust)
John Humphries, Today programme, BBC R 4, Portland Place, London W1A 1AA (patron Dr Hadwen Trust)
Stella McCartney Ltd , Chalegrove House , 34-36 Perrymount Road , Haywards Heath , West Sussex RH16 3DN (vegetarian and patron, Dr Hadwen Trust)
Professor JM Coetzee, English Department, University of Adelaide, SA 5005, AUSTRALIA
Alex Pacheco, Co-Founder, PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) 501 Front St., Norfolk, VA 23510
Stephen Budiansky, Black Sheep Farm, 14605 Chapel Lane, Leesburg, Virginia VA 22076 - emailed him, no answer
Jane Goodall, emailed the Institute in USA
IDA Africa - sent email (In Defense of Animals)

YOu are doing: Prof Peter Singer, University Center for Human Values, Princeton University, 5 Ivy Lane, Princeton, NJ 08544 -1013, USA

MONTHLY/MAGAZINES

HEALTH/PSYCHOLOGY - emailed them, will follow up
Kate Osborne, Kindred Spirit, Unit 2 Lynher House, 3 Bush park Plymouth PL6 7RG
Rebecca Smith, Psychologies Magazine, 64 North Row, London W1K 7LL

Dearest Dachiell,

Thanks for the list.
Irena is still woozy, but is feeling better. She & I (mostly her) suggest trying:

BBC Radio Four
'Moral Maze' with Michael Buerk, Melanie Philips, Roger Scruton etc. 'Front Row' with Mark Lawson, Kirsty Lang
'In Our Time' with Melvyn Bragg
'Beyond Belief' religious & spiritual issues
'Something Understood' religious & spiritual issues

People:
Franny Armstrong, Director of 'Age of Stupid' & creator of 10:10 initiative
Pete Postlethwaite, star of 'Age of Stupid'
David Bellamy, environmentalist

Anthropologists, apart from Desmond Morris We will contact Caterina, who is in Boston doing research at the Harvard Medical School, to see if she can give us some names from the anthropology world in Cambridge University where she studied it.

Anthropology is certainly a part of what Maurice is writing about.
The wikipedia definition is: 'Anthropology's basic questions concern: "What defines Homo sapiens?" "Who are the ancestors of modern Homo sapiens?" "What are humans' physical traits?" "How do humans behave?" "Why are there variations and differences among different groups of humans?" "How has the evolutionary past of Homo sapiens influenced its social organization and culture?" and so forth.'

We are starting a list of others who we know personally to send invitations for the launch. Do you know yet approximately what will be the form of the launch?

Will reply tomorrow to your second email

Very best wishes ...Edward and Irena

rowdluce@aol.com wrote:

Dear Edward, the names in bold received books before Christmas. >

Annabel has yet to send me a list for those she sent afterwards. I am > contacting her again tomorrow if it doesn't come by then.

-----Original Message-----
From: Annabel Huxley <annabel.huxley@googlemail.com>
To: rowdluce@aol.com
Sent: Thu, Dec 10, 2009 5:08 am
Subject: books sent to date

Dear Dachiell, I'm sorry not to have got this sent off yesterday.

Here > we are to date. There is more to do with regard to animal > behaviourists - I can send them but they aren't usually in a position > to review. I'll do some more phone calls in person this week and > update, especially on the literary editors. all the best, Annabel

THE APE OF SORROWS
copies sent to date; @ 10 Dec 09

SYNOPSIS/FORWARD TO THE DEATH

Why another WW2 book?

Because this is not a standard or usual military history in any way. Military histories are reasonable and ordered. That is already a falsification of every moment of frontline warfare.

Just as the war poets gave the only truthful, live account of frontline warfare in World War One, so it is that the second 1939-45 genocide also requires a literary pen.

My script, while as accurate in its details as a military history, is an eye-witness account of the Italian campaign from a literary author whose published non-fiction titles have specialised in Italian subjects.

My job in the two-year Italian campaign (from my 20th to 22nd year) was that of a Forward Observation Officer required to be at the spearhead of attacks and even beyond them at times, with the possibility of getting lost in enemy lines, which happened to me and my handful of men more than once.

In living fact the front line is devoid of any reason whatever. Shock renders reason out of the question. The 'advances' and 'retreats', 'victories' and 'cowardice' and 'courage' of military language are therefore illusory concepts used to dress up the corpse and temper the scream. They are the progeny of press-room and military academy. Shock in the front line is responsible for the highest proportion of casualties, despite being called 'non-battle' in nature. These men must be withdrawn. The state of

shock cannot be spoofed. At its extreme (of total muscular paralysis) it is called 'shellshock'.

Thus my account the Italian campaign from the receiving end. The wanton sacrifice involved in that campaign, its simply staggering body-count, is witnessed here---felt, not totted up afterwards as a round figure which will never reach public view. This 'sacrifice' was not imposed on us soldiers by our army commanders. It was imposed on the commanders. This is why the commander chiefly responsible for our high body-count constantly urged his superiors to end the Italian campaign---right from its beginning.

Every 'fact' we have inherited about WW2 falls away in my account not under the weight of argument but that of events, as if the war itself were anxious to achieve self-demolition, being only words and attitudes.

The most elementary current 'truth' about that war, such as that it was a war against Hitler and nazism, is seen off in my book not as a lie but as simply impossible given the events.

The Italian campaign

When the Hygiene Unit of the Royal Medical Corps, whose duty it was to clean up after a battle, walked into Cassino they were appalled to speechlessness by the carnage. There was nothing to do but cover the corpses in quicklime.

I describe in my account how I stand alone in that town, surrounded by this ghostly hillside pall, and how I plan a suicide 'with glory' in a future battle. And indeed that battle did take place.

Not that my decision was in the least unique. One of the bestsellers of the early war years was Richard Hillary's book The Last Enemy. He was a fighter pilot and wrote of his wish to defeat that last enemy, death. He was shot to his death soon afterwards.

His was a simple psychological response at a certain point of battle maturity. But it is a body sensation, not a thought. Once you have so to speak broken the code of shock it seems obvious to you that you should now offer your own life.

The Italian terrain was in its nature designed for maximum shock---sudden little chasms, sharp hills and streams, copses and slopes and unexpected open plains, all in a narrow peninsula through which whole armies and their supply echelons had to pass. They made it possible for absurdly small forces of Germans to face without alarm our (press term) 'shattering' bombardments (a thousand tons was a trifle) plus the head-on divisional or two-divisional attacks that we followed them up with.

The worst carnage at Cassino, disposing of several divisions (the New Zealanders were disbanded), was inflicted by two German battalions.

Such a terrain would naturally call for small bodies of men to infiltrate it with simultaneous flank actions. No such thing in the Italian campaign. The strategy adopted from the bottom of the peninsula to the top was heavy armoured frontal attacks which committed to battle the maximum forces---and if these were defeated the strategy was simply repeated, and

this for two long years, as if self-immolation on the grandest scale was the Italian campaign's sole function.

Only in the second half of that campaign, from Tuscany up, when we on the ground begin to have more control of events, could small-scale engagements take place, and the fronts move fast.

In such a terrain it was absurdly easy for the wily German commander Kesselring to prepare his traps for us. He could build his defence lines at leisure while we were still pounding away at his last previous one.

Hitler at first wanted to abandon Italy but once he recognised, watching Kesselring's performace, that frightful casualties could be inflicted on us at very little cost in men and material he concurred with warmth.

The narrative

The army textbooks referred to us F.O.O.s as 'the eyes of the army'. That is, we provided up-to-the-moment intelligence about where the front line was (always a puzzle when an attack is under way), and what enemy dispositions we were facing, and how formidable or otherwise they were.

But my practical importance for the infantry was very different---I could call up artillery support at a moment's notice by radio. That is, all F.O.O.s were gunner officers.

My account is the story of how I mastered the work of F.O.O. by slow degree, that is learned to manage and even utilise states of shock in a terrain

that made it impossible to pre-empt or foresee the nature of a new engagement. Also these states could at any time turn into shellshock, of which they are a sustainable version. Both are a state of alienation, only related to madness.

There lies the wisdom of committing the very young to the front lines. Only they can accept the journey into death and out again with equanimity because life has not yet spelled itself out to them as it has to older men. They have not yet been told that they are rational.

So their nervous systems quickly attune to conditions that might drive older men to run screaming at enemy positions and be mown down at once (I mention two such).

The frontline soldier's first experiences will shake his very conviction that he is alive. The miraculous escapes which happen if he does survive convince him that this is not an earthly process. Only the youthful nervous system can withstand this disruption of what we call reality. Again, body sensations, not thoughts, are involved.

When the 'suicide' battle I planned for myself at Cassino came to pass (you await with perfect certainty the fulfilment of your previews) I had to take command of over sixty men when their commanding officer succumbed to shellshock. We were in an untenable position, sticking out into enemy territory, their tanks at very close range.

For this action I was cited for gallantry and felt an embarrassed pride struggling with the deepest shame inside me. The wish for death had failed.

Preparation/background

I published an account of these battles (Chatto and Windus, rights now reverted) in the years immediately after the war. It was a confused cri de coeur against 'the murder', without awareness (as I see it now) of what really went on inside me. I tried to convey my thoughts, troubled or horrified, but thoughts have little importance in the front line except as the froth on top of body sensations.

Certainly that earlier book has been a useful basis of recall for me. It gives me a graphic account of some things I remember only vaguely, while there are also scenes and nuances I remember clearly which it omitted.

In the late Sixties and Seventies I picked up every book I could find that dealt with the events of WW2 with serious scholarship---and soon an entire literature was available. And since I had an Oxford war-time degree in Modern History and a post-war one in PPE (philosophy, politics and economics) I felt well equipped to research my subject swiftly and deeply.

It was in that period that I became for publishers something of a specialist on Italy, where I mostly lived. My books were about many aspects of Italy---the art, history, people. And through these I became a specialist of the Italian terrain, which in turn gave me growing insight into exactly what the

war experience was about. For more than twenty years I had a farm producing wine and oil. And slowly, through years of Italian talk and transaction, I came to know the civilisation we had made war in. And this perhaps was the greatest help of all.

Conclusion

This narrative offers no easy conclusion about the nature of war. It says that to go out on the streets for or against war is like going out on the streets for or against thunderstorms.

Wars cannot be launched easily when governments are under close press surveillance, as in the case of the present Iraq war. Yet this war is no different from any other. It was only presented with unusual carelessness. The press rooms were simply not supplied with usable material (I describe press-rooms as 'the engines of war'). They were therefore reduced to their manly 'I/we am/aren't against war as such but…' cliché. It is silly to say that war is based on lies. Truth is simply not its business.

It does seem in the course of my narrative that the sole place to look for war is the human mind. What could possibly create a demented scene but dementia?

And, naturally, only when this dementia is properly observed can it be named---and perhaps examined.

Length: 70.000 words.

The Host

Who is the host
who in morning ablutions
secures your happiness,
brings news of serpents to unsuspecting husbands
working in the garden,
and ordains that at table,
among the chink of glass,
you shall not grow old?

Who is the host that tunes the voice
to sweetly differentiate in evening dialogue
the male and the female?

Who shakes the earth like a head of hair

Who wanders with the bear

Who signals at night to the lost
and comes to the window
uninvited like the sound of leaves

who lies down by lovers
and rises with the dead

who rouses old men with a morning cup of tea
engaging them with whispers
full of a wit that we would think black

who drives at speed in strange vehicles
and is seen for a moment
and then denied

and dances sometimes under trees
without apparent awareness of audience

who hugs an old friend
and later reveals that they never met

who is my lover

who is my father

who dances for me

who recognises me

who floods the house with light
and will if he is lost return

whose touch is so much
I complain of its not
being there on the sheet
turned back at night

and whose touch is so slight
it fills my lonely court
so perfectly with light
that no host is sought

Maurice Rowdon

'A new writer of importance' – *Punch*
'Endowed with a sharp reporter's eye'
– *Sunday Times*

'He can describe what he sees and hears with an unpretentious immediacy that brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life' – *Times Literary Supplement*

'All books about Italy are frantic attempts to try and understand the nature of its fascination, and if Mr Rowdon's book (*Italian Sketches*) is one of the best attempts that has been made for many years, this is because he tries so deeply to understand and must excite the sympathy of anyone else who has tried to do so' – *Sunday Telegraph*

'A loving, sunlit account . . . something of Lawrence's travel books, something of Durrell's island books . . . like the chatter of an opera recitative, like *asti spumante* gurgling effervescent and intoxicating out of a bottle' – *New Statesman*

Maurice Rowdon, a Londoner, has lived for many years in Italy and his books on that country have won wide critical acclaim.

THE FALL OF VENICE

'The new book is a bold and vigorous one, and though true to its title is written with such enthusiasm that one cannot help concluding that to fall is happier than to rise.'
NIGEL DENNIS *Sunday Telegraph*

'Mr Rowdon is fortunate, because after reading his enthralling essays one can still return to Venice and see so much that has survived the Fall.'
CYRIL CONNOLLY *Sunday Times*

'Stylish and haunting' *New Yorker*

ITALIAN SKETCHES

'It is a real pleasure to come across a quite original book on Italy . . . I derived much pleasure from it.'
SIR HAROLD NICOLSON *The Observer*

'So often piercingly accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new appraisal almost of a new country'
ISABEL QUIGLEY *The Guardian*

'Within a couple of pages he has established a strong literary personality'
Punch

A ROMAN STREET

'I am quite delighted with it. It catches the very voice and breath of Rome'
J. I. M. STEWART

'A first-class daily-life writer and all the Romanists will want to read him . . . Every word of it rings true . . . reminds us of Lawrence'
BERNARD WALL *The Observer*

THE COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA

'Mr Rowdon has written an exceptionally well-informed and entertaining guide. This is an outstanding travel book.'
Eastern Daily Press

Profile Books
58A Hatton Gardens
London EC1N 8LX

Maurice Rowdon
44 Brookwood Road
London SW18 5BY

Maurice Rowdon
44 Brookwood Road London SW18 5BY U.K.
tel: +208.874.5361
e-mail: rowdoxy@aol.com

Andrew Franklin
Profile Books
58A Hatton Gardens
London EC1N 8LX 12.03.03

THE LIES WE DIE FOR [working title]
Notes on a lying time 1939-45

Dear Andrew Franklin:

My function between the ages of 20 and 22, after I had done my first year at Oxford, was that of an FOO or Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign, namely a gunner officer who accompanied forward troops and was described in the manuals as 'the eyes of the army'. The FOO is perhaps best seen as a kind of *sentinel perdu* who easily gets lets lost in enemy lines, being nose to nose with the enemy on a front that changes too fast for Intelligence reports of even an hour ago to be accurate.

My book, while always wholly an account of battle, is an analysis of what war is—I believe the first to refuse war the status of an institution, namely a habit with a legitimate place in human life. I ~~accord war no dignity, no serious or useful quality~~. Accounts of battle that are essays in heroism (I was decorated) or suspense or rightness are simply more deception. Battle is more connected to dementia than to any of the many surrogate ideals used to conceal this connection. Battle is a story of shock in its many variations, the cataleptic one being the rarest, namely shell-shock.

World War 2 was created with lies like every other war, so transparent that I conclude that their transparency was what made them convincing: just as Göbbels said. The lies within Churchill's famous 'beaches' speech were so shameless that of course it 'rallied' no one. Would you read this? I enclose some reviews and SAE. Length:75.000 words.

With best wishes

Maurice Rowdon

→ But it is the acceptance of lies on a deeper level than that of scepticism, in us all, that makes room a settled disruption in our lives.

Maurice Rowdon

'A new writer of importance' – *Punch*
'Endowed with a sharp reporter's eye' – *Sunday Times*

'He can describe what he sees and hears with an unpretentious immediacy that brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life' – *Times Literary Supplement*

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SBN 297 00013 6

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Eastern Daily Press

Weidenfeld and Nicolson
11 St John's Hill, London SW11

ISBN 0 297 76576 0

I remember leaving a dance hall one evening and going across to a wooden, dimly lit restaurant among the pine trees, and I remember suddenly looking across to my left and seeing the inside of the dance-hall again. They were still dancing. I know now why I felt a faint horror at myself and would not look across to the left again; I know why I wanted to get back into that hall as soon as possible. They were dancing, but now there was no music, there was no heat and no sound of human voices, no laughter and the glances of people were hidden to me. They were simply figures without significance moving in an odd, jerky way, slow too, close together, from window to window. They were ridiculous. And that is what happens to the world when we withdraw, And that is what we have all done, - withdrawn, so that we the ghosts have turned man into classes and phenomena, love into sex, feelings into emotions, God into interesting myth, they sky into an abstract vacuum governed by mechanical laws , and when we fight we fight not men but The Enemy. We have murdered our world. That is why murder is the key-word of our epoch, our genius and eccentricity, because in all things we have to murder in order to keep our position as exiles, in order, that is to say, to remain free. And to say that we are crucified into abstraction means only that we are in all things dedicated to that act of murder, and at the same time trying to run back, as I ran back and forth during the war, and am still doing so, finding the dancers ridiculous yet wanting to reject that and to run back into the hall. And all I have done here in Austria is to trace for myself, in the War I knew and the childhood I survived, that same necessity for murder, that same history of the exile, stunted yet also happy in his freedom.

FORWARD TO THE DEATH

CONTENTS

- Paper —
- Folder for war book
- 2 envelopes

SUBMISSION HISTORY OF **FORWARD TO THE DEATH**

Faber and Faber
I approached Faber and Faber with a phone-call to Julian Loose the non-fiction editor and he agreed to see a sample. He responded to this within a few days and in a matter of ten days or so he had read the whole book. We then had a meeting. He asked me if I would work with him to bring out certain features of the book which he felt should be expanded (such as the descriptions of Italians and Italy during the Italian campaign). And I said yes.

Then followed a seven-month review of the book during which we exchanged constant emails and attachments on the book as it developed. The book-production manager (Gavin Cargil) was also involved, and the blurb for the book jacket was prepared.

But when at the end of the period, when all seemed ready, Julian and he presented the book to the rest of the Faber and Faber board they voted it down. Julian in his email to me said he was 'utterly baffled' by this. He was deeply upset and offered me all the help he could.

Viking/Penguin
I had kept the book on a back burner with Viking/Penguin, to cover me in the eventuality of surprises. Eleo Gordon now read it and wrote the following: 'It is a very powerful story and the way you tell it - simply - is most affecting. That whole period of the war - going up through Italy, the rest and recuperation in Cairo and Palestine and the return to the war front is very well written and evoked. You well describe the everyday aspects of life, how it is affecting you and the way you and other soldiers had to grow up overnight.

`In the end sadly we don't think we can take it on. We already have a number of WW2 books on our list and there is only so much room. I am sure though that someone will like it…'

Pen and Sword
After a warm and immediate same-day reception of my synopsis turned the book down as a 'personal' and therefore a subjective memoir outside the area of military history, which was surely clear from the synopsis.

Doubleday/Transworld
A friend of mine on the Sunday Times proposed that she should get a copy to a friend of hers in charge of the Doubleday imprint. But since, with one foot in LA and the other in London, she failed to make the key phone-call to her friend it went into Transworld as an unsolicited submission.

A sorry mix-up in which, as I proved to Doubleday, the ms. was not in fact read by the party it was intended for. (Both Canongate and Viking/Penguin had urged me to go to Transworld which, to my sorrow, had it not been for this incident I could and would have done. In fact I had already started the necessary editorial approach).

Canongate (sample only)
I had also sent a short sample to Canongate and received the following comment from them: 'Your work displays a literary style of great eloquence with astounding moments of brilliance and terrifying insight. In light of the high quality of writing and the subject matter exposed, I am convinced your work should be published, but do not feel we are the best publishers to ensure it receives the full attention it deserves.' She then goes on to recommend Transworld.

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Cara Jones
Chatto and Windus

01.03.04

RE SUB-LICENSING/RIGHTS REVERSION

Dear Cara:

~~My researches show me that~~ Chatto and Windus sub-licensed excerpts from OF SINS AND WINTER (1955), the rights of which have, as you know, reverted to me.

Jo Hodder at the Society of Authors has alerted me to the fact that a sub-licensing deal can present special factors. As you may know, Odhams, the magazine company which made this deal with Chatto, is now Reed Elservier. A hardback copy of the book involved is on its way to me but in the mean time can you clarify what ~~Chatto's deal~~ was specified in the matter of copyright?

With best wishes

Maurice Rowdon

(as I remember knew nothing of the deal)

Do I make separate representation to Elsevier or are they right automatically ceded to you?

78000 "low"

Platelets reduce platelet count?
↓ inhibit
→ GRAPESEED OIL
(cook + il) good heart from France (it is high in linoleic acid so reduces clotting & in Alzheimer's)

Tea Radix Rehmanniae Preparata

Chinese herb SHAN DONG (HOKOU CAKE) =

COLLA CORII ASINI
LIQUORICE ROOT
RHIZOMA CYPERI

distr. by HERBA ENTERPRISE INC
San Francisco CA 94103

---

write Platelet Disorder Support Assoc
"PDSA"

www.itppeople.com

ITP = Immune Thrombocytopenic Purpura

`Those are *cows*, Tanty,' I answer, like she don't really know but she does, she likes mixing me up.

She gives me this sort of scorched look.

Rosette Rialto's made a basket of fried chicken and a big pot of cold slaw and another of white beans with pork fat and a tray of deviled eggs. There's some big thermoses of pea soup and hot tea already sweetened with sugar and orange to go with gramma's and Foofy's lemony pound cake and fruit cake too. Mama Pearl made zucchini bread and chocolate cake and lots of round tomato sandwiches. Everything is spread out on some tables what pop up out of nothing in the seats.

Gramma has finished some of her picnic so she's leafing through her stack of Reader's Digests in between looking out the window. Yassah has a napkin big as a table cloth tucked into his collar and it goes all the way over his knees. He's munching away on a fried chicken drumstick. Tanty has taken over the empty seat next to her and she's turned sideways, her front is covered like Yassah's and she's daintily picking at a chicken wing with the gorgeous gore and blood fingernails what are like scissoring the meat off the white bone. Yuk, it makes me want to barf. I have the white beans and cole-slaw and tomato sandwiches, all of which I like.

'Peggin, it is not *normal* to eschew eating chicken,' says gramma.

I make a yuk face.

'It'll make you grow up strong,' says mama Pearl.

I make the yuk face more dramatic like Booger alias J.B. with the eyes going crossed and lips going in three other different directions.

'Better watch it, they could get stuck that way,' Tanty says and she laughs.

I uncross the eyes quick.

Mama Pearl finishes her picnic first and I finish second. We get out the cards and commence playing Old Maid

From: karenswlondon@aol.com
To: rowdluce@aol.com
Subject: Your Gumtree.com ad #29521114: PART-TIME HOME HELP REQUIRED
Date: Tue, 7 Oct 2008 11:03 am

This email has been sent to you through the Gumtree system because you have selected to
hide your email address in your ad:

http://www.gumtree.com/london/14/29521114.html

Is this email spam? Let us know here: http://www.gumtree.com/cgi-bin/help.pl?f=1&s=19
Is this email dodgy? Let us know here: http://www.gumtree.com/cgi-bin/help.pl?f=1&s=2

Contact: karenswlondon@aol.com

Hi my name is karen 48 years young very energenic honest and relierble love cooking and cleaning all children are now grown so looking for part time work if interested please email me

Many Thanks Karen

Sent mail asking if she is in Wards + if she works veggies

she lives in Carlsfield Rd + can cook from recipes

From: ayf-u@hotmail.co.uk
To: rowdluce@aol.com
Subject: Your Gumtree.com ad #29521114: PART-TIME HOME HELP REQUIRED
Date: Tue, 7 Oct 2008 5:50 pm

This email has been sent to you through the Gumtree system because you have selected to
hide your email address in your ad:

http://www.gumtree.com/london/14/29521114.html

Is this email spam? Let us know here: http://www.gumtree.com/cgi-bin/help.pl?f=1&s=19
Is this email dodgy? Let us know here: http://www.gumtree.com/cgi-bin/help.pl?f=1&s=2

Contact: ayf-u@hotmail.co.uk

Hello I'm a Turkish aupair and I've been living in Balham for 7 months. I live with an English family and help them with children, washing, ironing and cooking. I'm free on Tuesday and Thursday and if that's suitable for you we can interview. My phone number is 07931799978. Thank you.
Ayfer Unver

totted up afterwards as a round figure which will never reach public view. This 'sacrifice' was not imposed on us soldiers by our army commanders. It was imposed on the commanders. This is why the commander chiefly responsible for our high body-count constantly urged his superiors to end the Italian campaign---right from its beginning.

Every 'fact' we have inherited about WW2 falls away in my account not under the weight of argument but that of events, as if the war itself were anxious to achieve self-demolition, being only words and attitudes.

The most elementary current 'truth' about that war, such as that it was a war against Hitler and nazism, is seen off in my book not as a lie but as simply impossible given the events.

The Italian campaign

When the Hygiene Unit of the Royal Medical Corps, whose duty it was to clean up after a battle, walked into Cassino they were appalled to speechlessness by the carnage. There was nothing to do but cover the corpses in quicklime.

I describe in my account how I stand alone in that town, surrounded by this ghostly hillside pall, and how I plan a suicide 'with glory' in a future battle. And indeed that battle did take place.

Not that my decision was in the least unique. One of the bestsellers of the early war years was Richard Hillary's book The Last Enemy. He was a fighter pilot and wrote of his wish to defeat that

last enemy, death. He was shot to his death soon afterwards.

His was a simple psychological response at a certain point of battle maturity. But it is a body sensation, not a thought. Once you have so to speak broken the code of shock it seems obvious to you that you should now offer your own life.

The Italian terrain was in its nature designed for maximum shock---sudden little chasms, sharp hills and streams, copses and slopes and unexpected open plains, all in a narrow peninsula through which whole armies and their supply echelons had to pass. They made it possible for absurdly small forces of Germans to face without alarm our (press term) 'shattering' bombardments (a thousand tons was a trifle) plus the head-on divisional or two-divisional attacks that we followed them up with.

The worst carnage at Cassino, disposing of several divisions (the New Zealanders were disbanded), was inflicted by two German battalions.

Such a terrain would naturally call for small bodies of men to infiltrate it with simultaneous flank actions. No such thing in the Italian campaign. The strategy adopted from the bottom of the peninsula to the top was heavy armoured frontal attacks which committed to battle the maximum forces---and if these were defeated the strategy was simply repeated, and this for two long years, as if self-immolation on the grandest scale was the Italian campaign's sole function.

Only in the second half of that campaign, from Tuscany up, when we on the ground begin to have more control of events, could small-scale engagements take place, and the fronts move fast.

In such a terrain it was absurdly easy for the wily German commander Kesselring to prepare his traps for us. He could build his defence lines at leisure while we were still pounding away at his last previous one.

Hitler at first wanted to abandon Italy but once he recognised, watching Kesselring's performace, that frightful casualties could be inflicted on us at very little cost in men and material he concurred with warmth.

The narrative

The army textbooks referred to us F.O.O.s as 'the eyes of the army'. That is, we provided up-to-the-moment intelligence about where the front line was (always a puzzle when an attack is under way), and what enemy dispositions we were facing, and how formidable or otherwise they were.

But my practical importance for the infantry was very different---I could call up artillery support at a moment's notice by radio. That is, all F.O.O.s were gunner officers.

My account is the story of how I mastered the work of F.O.O. by slow degree, that is learned to manage and even utilise states of shock in a terrain that made it impossible to pre-empt or foresee the nature of a new engagement. Also these states could at any time turn into shellshock, of which they are a

sustainable version. Both are a state of alienation, only related to madness.

There lies the wisdom of committing the very young to the front lines. Only they can accept the journey into death and out again with equanimity because life has not yet spelled itself out to them as it has to older men. They have not yet been told that they are rational.

So their nervous systems quickly attune to conditions that might drive older men to run screaming at enemy positions and be mown down at once (I mention two such).

The frontline soldier's first experiences will shake his very conviction that he is alive. The miraculous escapes which happen if he does survive convince him that this is not an earthly process. Only the youthful nervous system can withstand this disruption of what we call reality. Again, body sensations, not thoughts, are involved.

When the 'suicide' battle I planned for myself at Cassino came to pass (you await with perfect certainty the fulfilment of your previews) I had to take command of over sixty men when their commanding officer succumbed to shellshock. We were in an untenable position, sticking out into enemy territory, their tanks at very close range.

For this action I was cited for gallantry and felt an embarrassed pride struggling with the deepest shame inside me. The wish for death had failed.

INSERTION

THE CHANGE

Within not many months I was discussing the line I grew on to men and buildings, ~~and~~ and what is more believing in it — ~~at least~~ with the brain, if not with the feelings, which have a way of revolting against ~~the with~~ cerebral directions. The feelings, however, were unimportant. The only remarkable and important thing was that ~~from the moment I was a religious, ascetical,~~ ~~and tedious life established at once the~~ after living in hunger and ~~cold~~, like most people at the time of Munich (~~Chamberlain was not indeed~~ ~~a leader, but he had~~ ~~stay commended him~~ — ~~& not~~ ~~in any actions~~) without having been in the slightest degree of a cruel temperament — on the contrary, being rather squeamish about violence — it took me only a few months to learn the morals of murder, that is to say, not simply do what I was told and murder people (rather than be tried by court-martial), but to believe in it as well. Now that did not

INSERTION 2.

happen in the First World War. Men stumbled into the trenches, usually sick with fear, and they left fly at the enemy whenever they were told, without knowing why or to what end. Most of them were killed and wounded, and their place was taken by ~~one~~ other poor devils. This was the case for everybody - French, English and Germans. It was one set of poor devils against another set. But in the Second World War almost every man was an intellectual. He had an attitude. He fought ~~almost~~ alone in the mountains if necessary, always with this attitude before him. Something like 8000 private crimes were committed in France by members of the Resistance as a result of the bitter ~~intellectual~~ struggle of ideas. There ~~were~~ pillage, rape, the wanton ~~killing~~ burning of crops, ~~the deliberate shooting of the population by the armed forces of another~~ ~~as a sign of total disapproval~~ bombs were dropped "for luck" on ~~them~~ towns far from

military or industrial targets by men who ~~apparently~~ while they would not have hesitated to say that they were fighting for decency or something of the sort, apparently had not stopped to ~~consider~~ imagine what their own mothers or their own wives or their own children with half their brains pouring down their faces or squashed to the thickness of parchment by falling masonry. And all this was done by perfectly sane people who had ~~an attitude, a number of ideas clearly before them~~ an image of the enemy before their minds, which justified anything. I directed the fire of guns at men whom I knew responsible for the ~~massacre by jar and~~ deliberate and starvation and torture judicial and massacre by jar and judicial of innocent people — and probably that is true of most of the men with me went into the war. The attitude did not matter. It was different according to your country, your class, your nature, ~~in every country — if not in every class.~~ The important thing was that we were all murdering, raping, ~~mentally bowling,~~ and starving and despite mentally bowling people and sinking them to death

(by furnace or incendiary bomb) ~~the difference in~~ and believing it in it as well. That is, the morality of murder. Hitler then succeeded in inciting almost to madness not only the people directly under him, not only the Lithuanians and Ukrainians he put in charge of his concentration camps and who are said to have been the most reluctantly brutal, but ~~almost~~ every class, race and group in Europe, then in the Mediterranean and the Far East. After a time by the end all the side they were fighting in detail deep to hatter of what side you were fighting on. Upwards of 16 million people were ~~to~~ wiped out by the end, and ~~the survival of~~ the human race in general became the problem.

In the first War you aimed your rifle at the man on the other side because you had been told he was a target. But in the second you shot him because you disliked his values. Actually, — after the political disagreements, which are always academic — your values were the same. They were the values of human beings in murder. These values were made known in an explicit form by Hitler.

They were so shocking and seemingly so utterly without sense or reason that we called him a criminal, a fool or a madman (the way more of us these — unless the rest of us are), ~~and we — at promptly list after a decent passage of time~~ then we proceeded to adopt them. [These values asserted that it is worthy of a man to use the great machines of destruction in war much the same as himself.] efforts against people ~~with whom to have no real quarrel.~~ In the first World War people were sorry — at least those who were for a whiff of cordite (the terrors of the home front, as always, remained taught and unyielding) — or said so. But the Second World War was entered, and it was finished, without a great display of sorrow anywhere: for since 1918 there had taken place a considerable intellectual hardening. Educated young men went to Spain "to fight fascism" ~~[illegible]~~ But in fact, though often usually they did not know it themselves, they went there to kill and risk being killed, to get the smell and touch and prickliness of a real experience, as opposed to the unheroic tedium of their

Eric, coloured by religious feeling (the words 'God' and 'Christ' were for the first time in Catalonia identified strictly with the power and doctrine of the Church, and put over against the "secular world") as if nearly 2000 years of religious meditation, ritual and argument (which seem to have concerning the holy teachings. One man the most dedicated and any part of life untouched) before. (three miles of that time, that) climax of reality, George Orwell in Homage to Catalonia is clearly fascinated by all the details of war, as if he were saying to himself secretly. "At last, with these lice, ~~[illegible]~~ of wounded men, this exposure to bitter cold without adequate food or clothing, these bullets and hand-grenades and train-loads of wounded men, ~~[illegible]~~ at last I feel I am real. I can feel the life in my body. My compassion is stirred, as well as my hatred and love. I am functioning properly. I am not living the death-life of a middle class youth ... ~~[illegible]~~ & And that is what Hitler said to middle-class Europe: you are not alive until you do & war.

FOREWORD

After I left Oxford I was invited to teach English literature in Baghdad, which I did at the Queen Aliyah college for girls. They came to class in limousines, being from the richer classes, and they wore the *abba* or black cloak, which revealed only their eyes. This they took off and underneath were brash jumpers which said things like 'Philadelphia, Here I come!' In class, when I read Alexander Pope's The Rape of the Lock to them, they would swoon with pleasure. The idea that just the lock of a lady's hair should inspire poetry of such an unsurpassable smoothness tickled their fancies and made them swoon and cry out to God 'Allah wa Allah!'

But suddenly, for one day a year, they changed character, or rather being, as Dr. Jekyll became Mr. Hyde. They put their faces close to mine and glowered and leered at me, and all but spat at me while outside on the street the male students were hurling stones and shouting slogans. They were rioting against the sway, some would say hidden government, of the British embassy. I was familiar with this because often other teachers from the college would sometimes discuss this loudly in their broken English so that I might aware of how they really felt.

I was rescued after hardly more than ten minutes by my next-door neighbour, Mohammed, a tall, straight-backed Kurd with a thick black moustache and genial calm eyes, whose brother was Iraq's Minister of Justice. He entered the room and placidly took my arm and led me, in the hush and respect that he obviously inspired among the girls, and we walked to the street where his car waited. And not until his chauffeur had driven us away did the male students resume their rioting.

How was it that human moods could change so fast? How could one day be set aside for rioting, yet rioting that was also careful and measured---no physical harm came to me, there wasn't even a possibility of this, so that even in this deeply serious political complaint there wasn't any true violence at all.

But there was nothing artificial in the change. It was a change of being, not feeling. It was identity that spoke, not temperament. And I began to see what an ordered and studiously considerate 'rebellion' this had been.

The very next day the girls and I went by boat, as we did most afternoons, the hushed canal between smooth grass banks, a tributary of the Tigris river. We listened to its silence again and then put sedate records on the gramophone to which they danced in couples with sedate, ballroom whirls. Then we sat eating from the picnic basket, and we drank our glasses of 'tea', which was always hot water over tiny black sun-shrivelled lemons.

In my spare time I taught English to two children in a Jewish family. Their father was already a friend of mine, since he looked after the college's finances and therefore my pay. In the Baghdad of that time there was no public tension between Islam and the

Jews. A year later, when I had left Iraq, they were banished from the country, and I heard that the Baghdadis lined the streets to watch them go, waving good bye, many of them weeping.

This is how humans can be overtaken by events they neither understand nor approve of. Yet they may very quickly approve of it, once hostility generated by governments or parties has taken hold. But governments and parties consist of humans like themselves: what is it that lies helpless in us, too deep for us to know, much less understand? Despite the vast personal etiquette we humans have, during political conflicts and even 'bitter' warfare, namely battle costly in deaths and wounds and screams, this etiquette remains.

Which makes a strange animal of us, one who needs vast courage to face what apparently lies within, but of which he or she knows utterly nothing.

This book, in its every sentence, is my effort to find out.

And the fact that it is a light-hearted book shouldn't come as a surprise. For sackcloth and ashes are no way to confront what we must recognise at last are our deepest absurdities.

Debunking such a species is, after all, a joyful not rueful enterprise.

PAUL CLEMENSTRASSE 1
BONN GERMANY
TELEPHONE 23305

November 17th. 1956.

Dear Maurice,

Thanks for your note of worry about Ant, and I'm sorry I couldn't answer it at once, since I was there in Budapest with him !

I don't know whether you got the two notes written by his secretary, as she had no surname for you, but hope so.

I am hoping very much to see you later this month, so I won't say anything now about our experiences of the last two weeks, except to say that I shall never be the same again, I think, and would never have believed in the horror and glory of the human soul if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes in circumstances which allowed of no looking away or explaining away.

More than ever before I long for a great talent to be able to communicate with other people.

Do ring up when you are in Frnakfurt. I want to talk to you.

Yours,

Rachel.

Subj: **RE: F.O.O.**
Date: 1/16/2004 14:53:00 PM GMT Standard Time
From: julianl@faber.co.uk (Julian Loose)
To: Rowdoxy@aol.com

Maurice,
Many thanks for that, extremely useful.
Can I prevail upon you also to give me a bit more biographical detail -
I know a lot of this is in the text, but remind me: what age are you
when the book opens, what had you been doing beforehand, what happened
to you afterwards etc, and why you have been moved to write or publish
this now - after quite some time...
All best
J

—Original Message—
From: Rowdoxy@aol.com [mailto:Rowdoxy@aol.com]
Sent: 16 January 2004 14:06
To: Julian Loose
Subject: Re: F.O.O.

Julian, This is in answer to your phone message of this morning (I had
your
last email but omitted to acknowledge it, naughty me).
I wrote this book to show that war has its origin in the human mind.
WW2
Illustrated this in great abundance of example, it being a war without
rhyme
or reason in every aspect. Its most publicised feature, that it was
waged
against Hitler and Nazism, was the greatest illusion of all and remains
so.
Chamberlain's war declaration—to guarantee the independence of
Poland—quite
logically ensured that Poland would end up behind Soviet lines and
remain a Soviet
possession for nearly fifty years. The war simply accumulated, from the
most
facile and transparently concocted arguments (which I was busy like,
millions
of others supporting), a tremendous unstoppable force of its own, until
it
became a worldwide involvement. This meant, militarily, that it was
waged at
maximum cost to human life, being composed of one disastrous strategy
after another
(my book is a chronicle of them) that resulted from too many cooks in
the
cookhouse. Not for nothing has this been called 'the people's war'.
I wonder if that will do.
As the phone number I gave you (naughty again) and which you called
this
morning is my modem line I think you should have the other number 0208
516
3836.

any war, including the two world wars, in its structure. The essential basis for all war, namely the fear of a whole people that it is under imminent danger of attack, was missing, and only because of carelessness in ~~its~~ presentation.

~~But~~ It does seem in the course of my narrative that the sole place to look for war is the human mind. What could possibly create a demented scene but dementia?

And, naturally, only when this dementia is properly observed can it be named---and perhaps examined.

Length: 70.000 words.