FOLDER 8

'The lies we die for
England their England

Autobiographical –
M's life before war

[3-70

→[1] Every day we went to Hampstead Heath all w friend were. It would ...

→[2] But our life was there and we could die rather it.

~~My task~~ I was to get the hop pickers to talk about the war, themselves, what kind of world they wanted afterwards. ~~And~~ They did, with ~~wonderful~~ great candour. ~~They said what they thought about the war.~~ They hadn't caused it, he was, they didn't want it but now they were stuck with it. And as usual the people at the top needed you badly and like a mug you obliged them but this time mate we're going to change things, no more hunger strikes and unemployment and means tests. They didn't like scientists. They thought scientists would being a lot of trouble in to the world. I ~~just~~ ~~put~~ would it all down, just as they said it, and Harrison who ran Mass Observation was delighted and said he had more work for me. But I was ~~by now I felt too far away from everything, The Kent~~ work had been fine, what with the heat of the hop lanes and ~~the~~ squatting on the grass during their breaks, but now ~~there~~ I was ~~a silence, a waiting. Well, I was~~ waiting ~~for my mobilisation papers.~~ he called up. ~~But~~ This didn't trouble me. I thought they might not arrive. papers ~~It was nonsense, I knew.~~ ~~It was just that~~ my old life was gone and all I knew of the new one was this silence, ~~I had a sense of~~ inside as if I was saying good bye to the past but not hullo to anything else.

In London I went straight to my parents, and C. joined me there in a few days. It wasn't easy getting across London because of the bombing. ~~And most of our friends lived in or near Hampstead, on the opposite side of the city.~~ Two of my friends were painters, Lucian Freud and Johnny Craxton, and we were often in Lucian's studio. ~~We were all the same age,~~ I was three months older than Lucian. ~~What we did together~~

→ and the meant we would all break up. Why should that come forward ~~so to speak~~ and interfere with love? Separation never destroyed love. It made it more ardent — if it was real. So I had nothing to fear from the war except the war does, namely make it more clear by a gross or small degree like that if one and the other would be killed.

→ It reminded me, the hundred miles to Winchester, where the hushed grass and . . .

had left — ~~left~~ babies and Jeff and Irene and C. all had been well.

~~But~~ of course there was a war on. ~~It was 1941.~~

~~That morning~~ I hitchhiked to London on the ~~frequently~~ ~~silent and~~ ~~deserted~~ Portsmouth road, ~~now that~~ there was so little traffic, ~~The~~ road was quietly regaining its earlier beauties, ~~from the time~~ ~~becoming~~ as if all of a sudden England was ~~it was but a track. The walks between lifts were mysterious like in~~ a new better country. ~~You were~~ By courtesy of war monarch of all you surveyed. The road seemed ~~to Winchester, going west, was even more so, as if~~ stolen from a long-since ~~past~~ dead epoch when ~~the habitat~~ humans ~~was~~ were in synch with ~~its creatures~~ things, ~~the world~~. There were ~~such~~ silences ~~then, before our skies became doleful human possessions.~~ That never happened before as I walked along the road between one hitch and another. The bushes and grasses ~~spread~~ encroached on to the tarmac and you could stop and lean on a stile and look across the fields and marvel at this ~~first and~~ last England.

Stephen Spender had got me a one-off job with Mass Observation and now they wanted me to do another ~~one~~. I remember how I wrote my report in a small clear hand, always a good sign with me ~~that I was fascinated by what I was doing. It~~ The job required me to visit hop-pickers in Kent so C. and I stayed at a white humped cottage near the hop fields in a village about sixteen miles from the centre London. At that time the Polanyi family ~~s~~ Ilona and Karl K lived there. He was writing his book The Great Transformation and was mostly away on lectures and research. Ilona piloted freight planes to Canada and back. It was of course a wartime job and I think she probably returned with various military equipment.

One

I am happy, says he

When I woke up sunlight was coming through the window just above my head. I was alone in the house. It was cold enough for me to see my breath on the air. I had everything in the world I wished. I had my girlfriend. I was nineteen. We had fallen in love in this house. Downstairs.

I remember ~~she~~ C. sat with her back to a wide sweeping field and the dusk glowed behind her in the hot dusk. We were in a circle, five or six of us—a couple of teachers from the nearby school, Jeff and Irene, and a few students. Jeff ~~and Irene were my particular friends. He~~ was a biology teacher and ~~she~~ Irene had trained as a ballet dancer. They had two children and I baby-sat for them. The house stood, still stands, under a steep ~~Hampshire~~ hill that rises to a thick copse. We had taboganned down it the previous winter. It was in 1941.

This morning I would leave for London. ~~And~~ But I wanted to record for my future information that I was happy. So I got up and took some paper and returned to bed and I wrote these words, I am happy.

At ~~this~~ that moment I knew the happiness had ~~stopped~~ gone. Nothing had changed between ~~my~~ C. and me but ~~the~~ ~~happiness had gone and that was why I wanted to write it down~~ to catch hold of something past. ~~I argued with myself~~. She and I would be together in a few days. ~~Just~~ Only the previous evening, when ~~everyone had~~ The

Hampshire

only in the

down the

we happy

not ten hours ago — but

But I argued with myself — again here thought

~~I can't remember. I only have brief pictures.~~ Once we went to the Craxton house and I remember the sunlight falling on a grand piano in the garden room. I remember walking with Lucian in the blackout one evening and at a certain house him saying, Anna lives here, I'll go in and lift a bottle of wine. Perhaps it was for a party we were going to.

~~And~~ One day ~~he~~ Lucian said, It's silly you coming all across London every day, why don't you live in Mark Hamburg's studio? I knew the name. Like Johnny's father Mark Hamburg was a concert pianist. The studio was in a lush garden, a ~~soft retreat~~ cushioned from ~~noise,~~ ~~and there~~ too was a grand piano. ~~There was~~ a ~~bedroom upstairs on the balcony,~~ ~~and~~ another close to the garden door, ~~where~~ I slept, sometimes with C. When it was hot I walked the pavements with bare feet and one day ~~when I was with C.~~ a group of people ~~stopped~~ called in front of us and one of them, ~~ten years or so older than us~~, said ~~to me~~ with a smile, Ah, one of us. ~~us.~~ We had friends on Parliament Hill and from the top floor of the house we used to watch the searchlights at night and listen to the ~~ach-ach~~ guns, and sometimes when the house shook and the windows rattled we had the thought that we might ~~be still together~~ ~~extinguished, before the~~

We laughed everything away. One of the many strange things about war is how it stirs laughter. I learned this as a soldier. It wasn't in spite of the dying, nor a defence against the screams but an accessory ~~of~~ to them like in a funeral wake when the dead are felt to be present ~~the silent players in~~

→ (imposes) the time I have — never had, quite as if I were already leading the other life.

→ personal in danger.

~~this~~ unexpected joy. It happened moments after a particular hell. In your early twenties you laugh because that's what you do. Army commanders were astonished ~~at~~ so much of it in the forward lines.

There was also, close to the laughing wake, the vigil, where the soldier sat by the corpse of his best friend, lying with entrails and sex blown away, a vigil I ~~particularly remember seeing~~.

~~This~~ is why forward troops are respectful ~~any form of~~ shell-shock. The trembling, the stare into nothing, the green face. The colonel of my regiment used to tremble when he visited ~~the guns~~. He tried to marshal some power in his voice. It was a kind of walking shell shock. ~~And it was only guns he was visiting, by no means the forward lines~~. No one mimicked or ridiculed him. ~~The strange things that happened weren't strange to us. I remember seeing seven or eight infantrymen stare at me with something of horror as I walked towards them from some woodland behind me. We were talking about you, their officer said. We saw you dead. Just up the hill. You were lying there, we all said it was you. And in those moments, without even trying to understand, I passed out of life yet remained there, we accepted it and smoked and were soon making those impatient movements of the limbs which the young make when restricted to a cautious vigilance,~~ watching this way and that, listening to that boom and ~~this~~ swish of air as something lands. Or something in the bushes ~~that~~ makes them scuttle ~~for cover~~.

→ 1 a kind of alter ego of us which every one of us had inside.

→ 2 Yet it would come in the forward lines.

→ 3 It was simply how you never got you. You watched ~~[illegible]~~

Just consider that ~~all~~ this ~~belongs to an~~ is part of a secular institution that offers honours and promotion and grand parades and other signs of ~~reverence~~ awe. And we must wonder that in all these millennia we have never considered it as other than a norm. Whereas in truth it belongs to dementia. Once tasted, that dementia starts roams ~~It is what you are seeing and hearing around you, and starting back from, and hearing intimations of that can't be heard by others.~~ So when a soldier sees his officer overtaken by it—suddenly no longer capable of command, sitting shivering and staring—he knows the whole person has departed. It is just not ~~talking~~ good.

Or a soldier may cry that he knows he'll be killed, please sir let me off, just for this one, send me back. And is then found dead. ~~I have seen~~ he may tell ~~that too.~~ The shock of premonition.

I would sit in Lucian's studio and watch him paint. He said something I never forgot—how terrible it was to finish a picture because you suddenly saw ~~that~~ it was just a picture.

~~We~~ All ~~knew we wouldn't be killed, just as those who were killed did. Above all~~ we knew ~~what was going to happen,~~ there was to be a big war or a German ~~occupation~~ invasion. But whatever we knew ~~about what was going to happen~~ we didn't believe. I knew my mobilisation papers would arrive but since they ~~hadn't~~ didn't I thought they never would. I even thought I might do the Mass Observation job after all. But I gave it to a friend who did it badly. And ~~as~~ since I had recommended him to Harrison I felt bad about this, realising that I could easily have done it, I would have been fascinated going to pubs

→ you see and hear and sometimes we touch it — it becomes the world you live in so the dementia isn't just inside ~~waiting to~~ as never the night shut down and look, frankly, like dementia.

→ talking to him, smiling, crazoling. I can flicker your fingers in front of his face and he'll stare beyond them.

→ None of us ~~children~~ in the little Hampstead bund considered the women to be killed — no of the bomb. Those who were so killed felt the same.

→ It won't ~~move~~ be a ~~the~~ election in the ~~north~~ North.

and talking to people, and sitting in the untidy election-rooms—I had done quite a bit of canvassing in my youth for the Labour party.

Sitting in ~~that~~ Mark Hurley's garden studio I thought I would sit and wait ~~for mobilisation~~ no longer. I would ask Alex Shaw, a friend of my brother's, to give me a job in the Crown Film Unit which he ran. God knows what I would have done there, I was brought up in a family happily obsessed with theatre and anything you could call a show but films were ~~a thing you just saw and basked in, you didn't connect them with performance, they were~~ a never-never world and watching them was close to daydreaming. May ~~I was~~ had it the marvel of live performance.

Unawares to us, C. and I were becoming estranged. One day when we were staying with my parents I happened to be in the street and saw her coming towards me. She worked at a munitions factory now and had a cloth round her head. And it was somehow this cloth that ~~signed~~ signalled to me that we were already in different worlds. But everything seemed all right. We romped and laughed just the same. We went to a lunchtime concert at the National Gallery, I think Myra Hess was playing. I was late and the concert had already started and there was a crush but I saw her at once and we gave each other the smile that declared it impossible for us to separate, ever. She was sitting on the floor and I joined her. At those concerts there was always great excitement, people shoulder to shoulder.

Whenever we fixed a place and time to meet it was always more of a gesture of confidence than a plan. ~~though we~~

~~knew we would meet~~. Once I went to Leicester Square tube station ~~for a~~ to meet~~ing~~ with her and was rather late. She didn't come but ~~I wasn't~~ neither did she worr~~ied~~y me. I just went back three hours later. And there she was. We walked, so to speak, into each other's arms. ~~She came out of one part of the station as I came out of another.~~ So you could say we never kept each other waiting.

My mother felt very close to her. I was one of three boys and my mother had always wanted a girl in the house. C. was a girl without side or secrecy, she laughed and didn't have moods, she ate hungrily and wasn't always snatching glances at herself in the mirror, she was a good-looker, some would say beautiful, though she would scorn that. Above all she was clever. My mother used to take six books out of the library at a time and respected intelligence more than anything. She and my father vowed, to the horror of their families, who thought boys should be out and bringing money in by the age of fourteen, that ~~their~~ our three boys would go to the university. Well, two of them did and the other one, my middle brother, briefly became an accountant's clerk and from that time on managed to get ~~the~~ jobs for which a university degree, you would think, was essential. He simply had ~~the~~ a way with him. We boys were full of a certain kind of optimism which the world judged unreal, ~~but~~ yet it would come true, like the promise I made myself ~~that~~ as a child, despite being bad at nearly everything at school, yet I would go to Oxford. ~~C. too got a scholarship and I think it seemed to~~ my mother felt ~~that was~~ that there ~~a right, predestined kind of~~ love between ~~us.~~ us was pre-destined.

Personally we were a working class family but we lived in a little palace of pleasure. Take place. Since C. won a scholarship to university I think my mother...

→2 And I suspect the eg home round in was
much the same.

→1 My elder brother John, not yet finished at
Oxford university, wore velvet suits and frequented
the edge of the Bloomsbury group – it was thanks to
the edge, until one day he got a letter accompanying
a book he had sent Virginia Woolf which said,
sighs, I describe your book as an exercise. I
think your exercise failed.

The moment people walked into the kitchen~~, where week-day life went on~~, their breath was taken away by the ~~bright~~ primary colours and ~~the~~ warmth and mirth in the air. My father was something of a clown, my mother soft and observant. They threw a great protective cloak of love round certain people and C. was one of them. ~~She was in the family before she knew it~~. But at first she was disappointed. Being an ardent communist she felt working people should be like those ~~awful~~ outsize muscular Russian statues dedicated to an imaginary proletariat. My mother and father didn't behave like that at all. ~~Also~~ In any case heroic attitudes would have been difficult for my father because one of his hands had been cut off in a saw mill when he was sixteen and he wore a ~~rather~~ conspicuous special glove, at least when he was outdoors. Yet the hero could have been found in him by anyone who chose to look. Without any guidance he adapted himself to the lost hand. He mended all the family's shoes, cut the leather exactly to size, he built his own greenhouse i~~n the garden~~, grew our vegetables at a plot up the hill, did all the carpentry we needed. To C.'s amazement, seeing that they had suffered so many of the natural humiliations handed out immemora~~bly~~ble to working people in Britain, they didn't at all seem strugglers for the Revolution. ~~They even wanted a good time and managed~~ to get it. Like everyone else they ~~were~~ proud of their kings and queens ~~and~~ lords and ladies. The kings and queens and princes were exalted members of their own family and everyone gossiped about them as

they did relatives. Queen Alexandra, they always said, wore a scarf round her because she had tried to commit suicide. Feelings about her husband when he was Prince of Wales weren't approving but it was like all family life, there were good pennies and bad pennies and the main thing about Buckingham palace and all the finery and curtseying and fairy godmother carriages was that it showed people what the old country was worth. This lasted until the abdication of Edward V1, who was the most popular Prince of Wales and king since Charles 11. He was the champion of the people—the poor and hungry, he was very shy but he wouldn't take any nonsense from anybody, he would go to the miners and talk to them, he would shake people by the hand and you knew he understood. And that was why 'they' got rid of him. After that it was never quite the same. His brother became king but at at first it looked like a botched-up job. His stutter was like what kings should have, being from such a long line, and that evoked sympathy and family feeling. But if you make a king abdicate because he loves somebody there is something wrong. Lies are abroad. The war helped. The new king and queen stayed in London during the bombing. They were booed when they visited the first bomb site in the East End but you could see they were genuine, that they too felt that we were all their family like we felt they were ours.

Also My mother and father loved their country in an intimate way that had nothing to do with their being ~~so~~ poor, sometimes so much so that they ~~had no money for~~ couldn't pay the rent

or the coal money, those two staple payments ~~of the week.~~ The very specially sharp rat-tat-tat of the rent man struck ~~terror~~ fear in the heart and my mother would ~~sometimes~~ gesture me to be quiet and we would stand motionless in the kitchen until he ~~moved~~ went away. I always remember how her shoes creaked as she swayed a little. She told me once, All my life has been fear. She meant fear of coppers, ~~fear of~~ shopkeepers, ~~fear of~~ toffs, ~~fear of employers, fear of~~ her own mother. She went out to work at the age of twelve and a half and her mother, who had ten other children to look after, was waiting at the end of the street to take her weekly wages of one half-crown for looking after ~~three children whose parents were teachers~~. My father would shake his head and murmur 'There's nowhere like old England' and the fact that he had received the pittance of sixty pounds sterling as compensation for his lost hand made no difference. In any case, that settlement for sixty pounds, arranged between his mother and his boss, worked out well for him. The boss promised her that her son would have a job for life if he took that £ money, and it seemed a wonderful bargain. And the boss was as good as his word. It wasn't his fault that one day, on a lovely midsummer afternoon (I watched formation after formation of the tiny silver fish fly across the sky above Clapham Junction) ~~where I'd just been to a discussion group on war aims),~~ the Germans bombed the London docks. When my father went to work on Monday there were no docks ~~any more.~~ left.

* * *

I think what my parents showed you, in their busy conspiracy to make a rich life out of a poor one, was that living was all a matter of your spirit. They made their flat and then their house opposite (my mother had her name down for that for years) a wonderland for their children. When we were tiny they used to take us to the working men's clubs. These happened on Saturday or Sunday night. Some of the best comedians started in these clubs, which were usually on an upper floor of large Victorian houses. Any sense of the theatre I have is because of those bustling close-packed evenings where you dozed off for the over-talkative acts and came to life as the laughter started cracking.

My mother very consciously prepared her three boys for a different life. We had to speak English properly because accents in England were like badges you carried on your chest—people could tell at once 'where you came from' and saying 'bu'er' instead of 'butter' was like carrying the yellow star as a German Jew during nazism. When I asked her to pass me the bu'er at table she would say, I'm sorry I haven't got any. And only when you said, feeling a total fool, 'butter' did she say, Oh yes, I've got some ~~butter, here it is~~.

C. ~~Settled down to love them with a certain bemusement, perhaps feeling that this her first view of the proletariat wasn't a typical one~~.

~~She~~ never met my ~~eldest~~ brother John. He had already gone to India ~~with his friend Aubrey Menon~~. ~~Their~~ His idea was to get what work ~~they~~ the could find on

Bombay radio or the Times of India. ~~They~~ must have found it because ~~they were~~ he was away eight years, from 1938 to 1946. ~~He hired the Grand [illegible] and [illegible]~~

I talked to C. about Jo~~hhim~~ hn endlessly. He and his friend Aubrey Mcnen engineered a series of miracles for me as a childd. One day we were told at school that we would be going to see a Shakespeare play in the West End, which meant a whole afternoon off. It was at the Vaudeville in the Strand. I didn't much appreciate going to the theatre in a crowd of school kids. I resented a 'performance for schools' and I thought it would probably be awful, which it was. In the interval my neighbour nudged me. Someone was at the end of the row wanting to talk to me. To my astonishment it was Aubrey. To mix my brother and Aubrey with anything to do with school was like mixing tea and champagne. I kneed my way past the other boys and he told me in his usually quite assertive way, I'll be waiting for you at the back after the curtain. When the play ended he took me upstairs behind the dress circle to a lounge overlooking the Strand (I remember the exciting feeling of all those windows)and there was a reception going on, quite a crowd. He put me in front of a man who towered above me benignly. Aubrey introduced him, This is Lord Bessborough, telling him I was fourteen, at which the lord asks me, How many stars would you give the play? and as I had no idea what stars meant in this context, and as I wasn't about to tell him how awful I thought the performance was, I quickly decided that stars might mean like in

'film stars' and about five was about all you could have in Julius Caesar (him, Portia.....), so I said, Five, and everybody was pleased. And next morning the event was described in William Hickey's column: 'fourteen-year-old Maurice Rowdon gave it five stars'.

The most wondrous moments of my childhood were when my mother said, We're going up to see one of John's shows tonight. He and Aubrey—I think they had just finished their last year at London a student — university put on the first theatre daily news, namely the day's news dramatised each evening in a large Victorian house in Bloomsbury. It was hectic because naturally you had to have a new play ready by the end of each morning, and it had to be learned letter-perfect and blocked by the end of the afternoon. They treated news as satirical comedy and were very audacious. It petered out the moment they got interested in something else. They put on an adaptation of H.G.Wells's Shape of Things to Come at the Arts theatre and I remember I went to rehearsals and met the director, a young man named de Marney. His girl was one of the cast and when they met they kissed on stage, a very long kiss, which I wondered at deeply and shyly. As I stood on that stage I vowed to myself that one day I would produce a play of my own here, (And one day many years after I did).

H.G.Wells came to first night and sat in the circle and the curtain went up on Aubrey in a room full of books and he was sprawled comfortably in a chair. He began speaking and then, suddenly, he

looked up at the dress circle and began addressing Wells, but it was all scripted. I heard afterwards that Wells was furious and left in the interval. But I doubt his being furious over the kind of audacity he himself had a lot of. John and Aubrey moved on to a new colour process for photography and managed to interest George Bernard Shaw in it. One evening, in their flat near Marble Arch, I asked Aubrey a question about one of Shaw's plays and he said, Why don't you ask him yourself? and dialled a number and held out the phone to me and to my astonishment Mrs. Shaw answered and I told her I would like to speak to Mr. Shaw and she said, Hold on a moment, and then he came, and we talked for ten or fifteen minutes. I said I had written a play when I was eight and he said, Well you're obviously going to do much better than me, I was over forty when I wrote mine. And when I said, Could I send you a play he said, with a nice burlesque sharpness, As I'm considerably more famous than you why don't we talk about my plays? which one shall we talk about? And I said, Pygmalion. So we talked about that. Aubrey was so excited he was trying to listen in and get it all down on his typewriter and at one point Shaw stopped and said, What's that typewriter? I said, Nothing. And he accepted that and we went on.

C. couldn't bear the theatre side of me. Once when I put on a spotted red bow tie and dark glasses she rushed across the room with furious dark eyes and tore them straight off. It was all right for us to romp and laugh which we loved doing but dressing up

→ ~~He was a public institution at the time — I think~~
~~he didn't realize that.~~ JM

as a playboy even in fun was too near the bone. And what was the bone? I think C. understood the war better than I did. She saw it the simple communist way, It was one of the last steps in the downfall of capitalism, and it would be bitterly fought out. It would change everything. It would send the ruling class tumbling to the ground, so it was part of 'the struggle'. Those words figured a lot in speech. They were the theme and refrain of Auden's poem Spain, which he published as a pamphlet. It described all the nice things simple things we could do 'yesterday', like going to the sea in the summer. But today there was only The Struggle (Auden expunged the poem from his works in his post-communist phase).

I think C. knew, as I didn't, that this war was the most serious part of our lives, that it would never be superseded. Never be lived through.

When we went to Kent to stay with Ilona Polanyi the three of us spent exciting hours talking together. Ilona flew freight planes across the Atlantic (I imagine they came back loaded with military supplies). She used to say, I shall settle in Canada after the war to observe the downfall of American capitalism. Well, it outlived her, but I am sure she recognised all the signs of collapse, however long they might take. Ilona spoke very softly and had steel-grey eyes without anything steely in them. I remember her as a small slim woman. Her voice was like soft music, especially when she was trying to admonish one of us. She too was a communist and so she and C. had a wonderful identity together. Ilona

1 → Ah! I see this ~~summary was clear, and it~~ was a clear statement with some connection to ~~what~~ what was going on, unlike the sort well of lies, outrageous and lies small, that never failed to convince in with their obvious and transparent truth. To call a war you must submit to that a close you can to the whole thing. It is why war choose the very young ~~to~~ their vehicles — because they are believers, all. Even if they believe in the devil. And a dangerous air of certainty ~~so the jolt distinguishes the~~ is there. In their perceptions are so clear and unmistakable, ~~the~~ ~~one that~~ they such an unbearably faithful record of the truth — even while untruth has poisoned every corner of them.

→ 2 Yet, I know, she could have said, ~~that the~~ ~~day, but it is~~ Oh, I simply mistook how long it would take.

She had led the Hungarian rev. in 1922.

~~never talked about it. It was in Hungary and~~ It released her from prison. She knew Stalin, Lenin, Trotsky and may have been on that mysterious Russian committee called 'the Comintern'.

Karl Polanyi was quite different. He would have nothing to do with communism, as I wouldn't. So whenever all four of us were together it was like a divided camp but a close and intimate one. The women forgave us for our weakness, our bourgeois deviationism. He was writing his book The Great Transformation (it took fifty years from its publication in 1945 to be properly recognised). He was so deep in it he nearly burned the cottage down. C. had put a ~~drying~~ clothes horse loaded with wet underclothes close to the fire and after a time they took flame. She rushed into the room and Karl was ~~still~~ bent over his manuscript. She said, Didn't you notice the flames? and he said, I did smell burning. Ilona made her soft sweet musical admonition, 'Karl…'

(had finished by now…

P.20

* * *

Those discussions of ours were exciting because they gave us such a wonderful feeling of freedom, as if we were deciding on the future of the world. It was an optimism radiated by the communists and it inspired and invigorated all the Labour people. The three of us sat snug in the cottage, aware of the village about us, its silence that was like other people listening to us and approving. John Strachey, whose books were going round a lot, was especially

GUDEBIAN

I found out in the course of time — you either came to them ~~by getting lost or~~ (~~deliberately~~ by mistake or by losing yourself) or they came to you ~~in the form of~~ a sudden ~~attack~~ enemy attack ~~which~~ make ~~any~~ withdrawal on your part impossible. ~~On the morning of the 17th September night, nor in this case I was forced by radio to do so.~~

Together with part of an infantry company, I had occupied a small, fairly well concealed house. ~~the~~ It stood alone on a steep valley ~~dominated by wooded hills~~ the road to left, ~~hill~~ and straight ahead, with a few dense wooded ~~hills~~ hills. ~~We all thought from my point of view and the company commander's, the enemy line could be, and probably was, on the very ridge exactly ahead of us, at the end of a plain about a mile long.~~ From dawn I scanned the valley for movement but nothing stirred. No guns were active, and the artillery battles we heard were far away. I could see a small ~~heavily-built~~ two-storey house among the trees, ~~it must be the first of~~ and it was on this that I concentrated with my binoculars. And I decided ~~that~~ to order some gunfire on this house — to see what we got away with ~~relaliation on some movement until and also to encourage any Germans to stay there.~~ (see p. 38)

Then the word came: 'Ready!' I said 'Fire!'

The first shell fell short of the house, making a little thud and a white puff of ~~white~~ smoke — it was too far away to be heard. I added one hundred yards and gave the order to fire again. I got a hit on the left side of the roof and then I ordered all four guns to fire on that reference. The ~~to~~ shells fell to one side of the house, very close to the walls, and for a moment the smoke & debris hid the house. I gave the order to record the target for future use, and then stopped.

~~I think what was in my mind I meant to do with that little bombardment was to encourage any Germans~~

I arrived ~~eight~~ three sleepless nights due to constant changes of position

clear

→ The fighting had been uncertain and, ~~the close-knit battle~~ ~~[illegible]~~ we were often on the move with no clear battle line in ~~[illegible]~~ evidence and, because of this, often out of contact with our flanks. ~~We sometimes moved into a position, and sometimes we met flak~~

→ ~~For some details~~ ~~occasion~~ ~~& with and my two signallers, was told to go with~~ this became battalion headquarters. A platoon was ordered to go to a ~~farmhouse~~ small farmhouse on a flank ~~and centre~~, and I ~~was~~ went there with

I arrived with

→ after three sleepless nights ~~[illegible]~~ ~~due to not knowing where the Germans were going to pop up~~ of constant patrols and movement. ~~I arrived~~ the infantry battalion ~~I was assigned at a county use~~ I was assigned to ~~[illegible]~~ at a county mansion in the flat of a ~~[illegible]~~ ... my two valley. ~~There was a lot of excitement in the air~~ signallers: There was a lot of excitement in the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~battalion the mansion with a platoon~~ air; we were expecting to attack. Perhaps my platoon would ~~[illegible]~~ be the ~~settled into a farmhouse to one side of it~~ spearhead for ~~this~~ this. We did hardly all our movements by night, ~~plans for an evening attack on the [illegible] of the next~~ so that when I got up at dawn I saw the ~~vast valley~~ ~~We were to attack the following day across that valley. We were~~ ~~two wooded slopes~~ great mile-long valley before us for the first time: ~~even across the valley but there were~~ were wooded slopes to left and right, and ~~[illegible]~~ the plain ~~[illegible]~~ ahead ~~[illegible]~~ in the [illegible]. At the ~~[illegible]~~ was rotten and ~~[illegible]~~ back I found ended in another slope. I climbed up to ~~the~~ a hay loft and there was an opening at the apex ~~an opening in the very top~~ of the roof ~~to other~~ gave me a wonderful ~~[illegible]~~ view of the long ~~[illegible]~~ ~~could see the slope~~ ~~line~~. My signaller slope opposite, where the enemy ~~[illegible]~~ into the radio and brought up below ~~[illegible]~~ plugged an extension ~~[illegible]~~ headphone ~~[illegible]~~ to my command post for the earphones so that I could talk to my ~~[illegible]~~ a ~~[illegible]~~

~~And at dawn the next day I caught sight~~ The first thing I saw was a ~~[illegible]~~ my purse. ~~[illegible]~~ yellow painted two-storey house dead opposite us, snug ~~[illegible]~~ trees. I ~~[illegible]~~ hugged what ~~[illegible]~~ the plan, in the trees at the end of the ~~[illegible]~~ The [illegible] figure ~~[illegible]~~ Stir a response decided to shell this so as to ~~[illegible]~~ ~~in the~~ quickly into the mike: 'Target... Fire by order... One round gun-fire.' I waited for the order to be repeated back ~~[illegible]~~ I should [illegible] [illegible] I pinpointed it on the map and [illegible] where the guns were [illegible] Both [illegible]

We ~~affe~~ all fell under the spell of war as a sacred, ~~[illegible]~~ unquestionable institution.

We entered the period for Sept 1939 — when the war was declared — afterwards the Phoney War. We won the Battle of France, and for a while war in Britain was not highly regarded. We didn't know, as we know now, that the war was virtually fought and won by Stalin — despite its declaration. There were peace talks — or rather, the preliminaries of possible peace talks — we weren't sure — we didn't know what we were doing.

But we guessed. I did — everyone did because there was a lot of deep worry behind the guess, without clarity. We didn't want a war that seemed unnecessary, not serious — just a

itself, a series of errors — not in subversivity errors but simple errors, judgment and, above all, communication.

~~And~~ And in all the elements of war: He did or feel like the — well, on a matter of fact it didn't sound convincing. Chamberlain's voice on the radio ... et cetera. Its distinctive effect — Blood, sweat.

Then the — war of Blyth — dropped off on a vicious — on a level on politics, by no means? Why no ... And yet the Russ & Brit. held hard turned round and cut off the extended (too extended) column —

But "Dunkirk" has from the — a wonderful kind of victory. It was a retreat — but of the pick-sticks. It was not of elsewhere. So they were dropped off and on swallowed it were a the ones preceded. And then the leaf of the dreams: Why a Sat?

Chap. I

I But it | write ~~from~~ in in the pre-negotiation — tiresome, complicated, intricate, agonising except to those who enjoy it. →

I So we were going to fight in the streets and on the beaches even though we had nothing to fight with. But what was the government going to do? Well, in airing parlance, the government and the royal family were going to hop off to Canada and overrule us from afar. And no doubt — since Britain had nothing by way of armies — it would be the Americans who would organise the removal of the Germans, that is to say, they would bomb us and parachute down in us and use our buildings as command posts and billets and ~~defence~~ glorified dug-outs, and then, when the country had been in effect occupied by the USA, the government and royal family, if lucky, would be invited back to run the place, though always of course with American money. In other words, it was an awful lot to saddle the American people with — apparently, to no benefit on their side whatever. But surely, like any power, always, they would want their justified pound of flesh. The face was the Churchill and most of the other people in his class and in his party didn't mind this kind of dependence on a foreign power at all — if the

→ Shades of Whig Olgers — to preserve them against the people: foreign power in America. Chamberlain had wished to propose to the USA a Union which would bind the two countries together as one. It had been a theme song of the upper set in Britain since the first years of the twentieth century — Britain and the USA had an identity of interest that neither had with any other power in the world (even France was not very dependable). ~~Thus they then were to be my managers~~ Underneath it was an arrangement to utilise the British empire — ~~the extraordinary~~ network of nations, ~~kept together by what, the most powerful navy in the world that never effort guarded the commerce of trade that empire was, proved and defeat,~~ ~~consisted of~~ the first of its kind, a con the world — into a Union that would consolidate it — spread America wealth into the right pockets.

In the words that echoed ~~of~~ — he ceremonious effective if lying — speech the history & Westlight Lou clung to ever since — proposed the hitherto unknown as the model of the Anglo-American corporation here we were determined — in the existence of these islands' identity, ~~of good and evil.~~ if it had anything to do + independence & Europe, which it did — but these people denied that it did.

So the speech offered the very opposite of the man who wrote it — with all the man need to, Conservative & Labour, — intended to do, by America in to be our fighting for us (to hell with the sticks & stones we hurled at the Germans — the transport jibe was lost on all of us smallthinking & stupefied people)

To 11

Chap 1

I was very clear about what I wanted to happen. I wanted England to fight it out. To resolve in negotiation — to resolve by standing alone + France. After France — I wanted the peace. etc etc

---

If you have a general + another carry and carvan the world of people to join in you can after total war — you will win →

negotiation, face-saving, any
understanding of the issues kind —
~~of this kind~~ It was done in WWI
WWI — Sarajevo was called in —
and the result was the first
dismemberment of Europe — the
second was WW2.

I stand in the office mess (Chap I)
and reflect on

— Churchill's speech
— the meaning of the phoney war
— the arrival of Rudolph Hess
— the death of the Duke of Kent & the story we were told.
— And his legacy — America — it explained the whole thing — →

in view of our letter weakness
– the fate of Germany (I didn't
know the Hess affair the most
barefaced lie of all – Germany had
....division again.... etc)

the spoof is over.

→ If the country had to be sacrificed –
the capital Tokio rather than the hands)
Russia etc – I felt the ~~even~~ at
this late stage we should use voice
of the invasion, allies ill, and work
within the German occupation to come
up again. But could have made
Churchill's speech real, and not –

INSERT

My attitude was that we should 'fight' and fight alone – that is, since we couldn't be able to fight, and indeed would formally have no army, especially ~~with~~ in the absence of a government or head of state, we it would probably come down to occupation, in which case or would have an underground – and make life impossible for our occupiers until an interim or replacement government formed to lift their assent to take charge etc etc. ~~I simply didn't~~ ~~put~~ It would have been certain to simply put 2 & 2 together and we were unable to do so. In the heat of the event of course. I think that →

This write need, surely, her access to the army, navy & air force figures and that his military advisers had, surely, told him there was no chance of ever facing a German invasion. And yet just like fantasists such as me – but it was only a fantasy because it hadn't yet been dressed up in lies and presented as Britain's Finest Hour – ~~the~~ a title the war afforded to the ~~Phoney War~~ defence of the air.

1] The ~~outp~~ friendship + Hitler. And Hitler's plea for a small talk.

2] The declaration of war.

3] Churchill ~~X~~ in power = no peace talks. b) The speech.

In the men

4] The ~~[illegible]~~ Rudolf Hess visit.

5] The Duke of Kent death.

When we talked there was
utterly no sense of the
world does — that it
leans behind — that
we have been, in a
word, that it was
the thing it, my
hand & in my mind,
con- nected,
destructive, joy &
sighs.

'working people' — the huge relief of the folks named 'industrial revolution' since we — period of 40 years, between 1780 and 1820, ~~freed the labourers~~ when a greedy 'aristocracy' freed its labourers off the land — into the hands of greedy lords and folks rather who treated them, covering so a lot almost not to pay them at all, a criminal class. If you do that to most of the people — you can't you then created a divisive that can never be mended. But mend it — somehow the Victorians did — with Poor Law and other reforms.

Cassino chapter

Gen. Juin called it to do
what he said months before —
thousands of dead and wounded
and he had been — cold, he
done quickly and crisply. It was
the total war the French politicians
on purity — big strong movements
and no cleanness — with bad
shoes you can't fight — huge
Anglo-French army and ~~[illegible]~~
all of this bad weather?
escape — with cleanness and
quick thaw. But the fault is →

Hitler's on the quick mover & Rupe-
ring the leader — that is how he
survived as a leader, dropping all his
hypothetical lies with Lie. And notice did
the allies learn for his early successes —
even tho the British had been the
first to develop the quick, flexible, armoured division.

So Cassino had been a
red-time attack because a mere little
like the allied armed were slow
& predictable and rehearsed — they
gunners. The one was twice as
big as IV need Lauder for this
war. Had the invasion of Italy
been a surprise — & quick — it could
have cut the German army off for
its escape route north — and the
German army would so effectively
have ceased for both of those
reasons.

— & the 8th Army — the war might have been
prolonged enormously.

promising ourselves a ~~wonderful~~ brave new world the wild elation crazy of free general people

When we sat around having our long practical-seeming discussions, we never talked about what was actually happening. ~~[illegible] the theme — among them the commander me. and the location are But they made it~~ ~~But since our theoretical~~ ~~theoretical~~ It felt to us that we were talking sense. ~~But if the people were making the fr~~ ~~we, and to~~ But we had no idea ~~that~~ — not even the vaguest sense (as people still do not) — of how and why the war came into being, the Chamberlain and his government were doing to with precisely and (in the very same act) cause it. We didn't know anything about Hitler except the his party ~~were~~ serv looks on t. the street — and till the men round him were agents like the statesmen you would expect in any great country. These men talked ~~Chamberlain, Hitler, no~~ ~~diplomatic~~ but we didn't know what they said. We knew that the government and diplomatic service contained many politicians but we didn't know the their style — for instance, of not communicating even with each other except in a kind of closed language of inherited prejudice — was the dominant one, and one that didn't make sense ~~outside Whitehall, for~~ ~~of all~~ on the continent, except, ~~due~~ by dint of the entente cordiale, and the fact that politicians were likely to have learnt French and — childhood, in France.

good at making us feel that we were in charge of ourselves and could make our own lives. Communist terminology and sentence structure—the doctrine part—were stiff and abstract and boring but they did give the impression that there an eternal system had been discovered into everything fitted. At the end of the war there was going to be a—really the—revolution. That was assumed in all conversations, and Labour people began talking that way too.

I felt quite a lot of misgiving sometimes because Ilona spoke with such certainty and a great part of me believed her. The England I knew would disappear (she was right there). The upper classes would be toppled (she was right there). There would be a revolution (she was right there in that 'the soldier's vote' removed Churchill from office). I could feel that she was right about so many things. She had access to a system of thought which acknowledged no doubt.

But what would happen to our lives, the actual lives that never figured in the communist language? Would the dictatorship of the English proletariat mean cutting out all the things the English proletariat loved in the bourgeois way of life such as the size of their houses and studios and the grand pianos in them and that air bourgeois people gave off of a firmly established order that would never change (hopefully) drift into proletarian life by a delicious osmosis?

I also knew that the last people who wanted to be called one word like the proletariat would be

working people themselves, namely the majority. They liked to have very individual lives for the sound reason that they had all too rigid ones.

So the three of us dreamed together our three different dreams, looked forward to our future worlds over which we would have no more control than the man in the moon—even darling Ilona who had actually changed a whole country.

We were all going to be separated too. We knew this and it made the dreaming all the more fervent and decisive.

I had finished my first year at Oxford, reading history. C. had done her first year, reading physics, at Nottingham. I wrote longing letters to her from my rooms over the High, and she wrote longing ones back. She came and visited me and I remember hovering among the college roofs in the dead of night and looking at her far below outside the back gates because we had decided we should be in each other's arms all night. But the drop was too great to be risked. All that Oxford stuff was thrilling—the rule that you could only have women in college at tea-time, the rule that if your bed was found undisturbed in the morning by your scout you could be denounced, that is you had to bribe your scout. Proud authority was in the air. If late at night you were recognised by the bullers as undergraduate material they chased you in their bowler hats and having seized you delivered you into the hands of the waiting proctor.

It all bestowed a sense that you were being sternly tethered to a scholarly treadmill while also

being tempted to burst those tethers. The punishment was there for you to fear but it came with the taunt that if you didn't risk its wrath you didn't deserve to be called ~~Mr.Rowdon, as you were most religiously, instead of the barebones Rowdon at school.~~

~~All those systems within systems in this bourgeois world, full of atmosphere because they contradicted themselves—were they going to disappear in the revolution?~~

I remember getting a request in my college mail that I should attend at such and such a time a certain room for an interview to discuss what I intended to do with myself during ~~(not at the end of)~~ the war. Everybody got one. What the request really said was that a year at college at your age was your lot. The rest was war.

The man on the other side of the table gave the impression ~~of being~~ faintly flattered ~~at~~ your actually having come. You could hardly not give your heart. ~~I tried for~~ Intelligence, as everyone did, but ~~was~~ gently told the ranks were full. ~~The poor man must have heard the same child's voice a hundred times a day trying to seem, as that child was gently edged off all his preferences. the maker of his future.~~ I walked out a future officer cadet. In the artillery.

Yet my mind ~~had~~ worked hard. ~~And~~ It had made a choice. I ~~seriously thought,~~ all the way through, should I ~~or should I not~~ go into this war? should I ~~not end this discussion at once by saying I was~~ a conscientious objector? In an interview that couldn't

→ Like anyone else, she ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]
the services I wished to join, said ...

have lasted more than five minutes I went through a rapid self-examination which ~~asked only question,~~ hinged on one sole question, what could a war possibly achieve for you that you ~~would urgently~~ ardently wish for?

And my answer was, the salvation of the Jews.

When I speak of the Jews I speak of the most liberating force in my life at an age when either a door opens ~~to your very own self~~ for you or it doesn't. Like you ~~revealed to you, even opened for you though it belongs to you and is your own—or that door doesn't open or only opens an inch and~~ you ~~are forever~~ get the feel of what you are or weren't for ever after looking through the chink at what you might or would or should have been. And the influx of German

~~That was why I walked out of that room an officer cadet.~~ But Nobody said, This war is going to stop that man Hitler baiting and beating and murdering the Jews, those his own people. Nobody said, This war is to get rid of ~~such a~~ the man. In fact, The matter of the Jews was entirely irrelevant to the waging of ~~the~~ this war. ~~That~~ Declaring war against Hitler ~~would~~ did in fact put the Jews entirely in his power, ~~was a matter never even momentarily considered.~~

~~And that was how the Jewish civilisation in Europe was virtually extinguished.~~

Not that I thought of this when walking out of that room. Not that I thought of it at any time during the war. All that happened in that room was that I made my decision to enter the war—perhaps all I wanted to do was witness the war, discover its uncanny status as a revered human institution. Perhaps I only needed my concern for the Jews to be the entry pass for my conscience.

— the listening mission

→ Jews into the country, more than ~~it seemed~~, with a parent or parents already murdered in a camp, carried with them, quite unconsciously, the mark of another civilization: the world quite real — we listened to their accents and those accents became, for us, the real thing ~~and not telling the lies~~ sounded like ~~lies~~.

→ just as it put Poland into the power of Hitler and Stalin together. No light was given to what would have been an easy negotiating point in the frenetic negotiating period naively called the Phoney War. But it was never, not of a single moment, a contradiction. So I extend the ~~world~~ war, already, + the first child's step, a dupe.

The transition from citizen to soldier is as easy as putting on a glove. You just change your uniform. Yet it is the most dynamic change of your life, a change that feels purely outward, ~~which allows it to~~ dig into the ~~most~~ every secret recesses of your life.

You have signed a contract to kill and be killed. You ~~can~~ feel, at once, the moment you step into the ~~magic~~ uniform, that you will either survive ~~their treatment~~ military training or not, and that they ~~actually~~ aren't too worried either way. But 'They' aren't the officers in charge of you. It is the institution that has the sangfroid. It applies to all the officers commanding you too.

One of my fellow cadets who felt he was horribly ugly, and was told day in and day out by ~~the~~ a superior officer ~~in charge of us~~ that he indeed was, shot himself in the mouth. This youth had a ~~very~~ open, rather confessional way of talking, as if he had an interesting story to tell. But he hardly spoke. We were uniformly nice to him but it was the officer's disgust that he chose to respond to. Probably the officer couldn't help showing it. In war-training, as in war, you just ~~did~~ do things. There ~~was~~ is no inside to them.

What possible concern could such a machine have for the fate of a civilisation, Jewish or any?

The first German Jew I came to know — at the age of [illegible] — was Norbert Elias, who is now known as 'the last classical sociologist', probably because his style of speech was limpid and serene ~~in its detachment~~. Like Sigmund Freud's, it harked back to a late nineteenth-century

period of ~~great~~ middle-class ~~security~~ comfort and order in Germany and the Austro-Hungarian empire.

Norbert was destitute at the time, trying to get in at one of the universities. His book, called The Civilising Process (in its late English translation) was only in note form at that time, with a few sections of it printed in Germany.

It was my brother John who introduced me to him, just before he left for India. He asked Norbert to give me a mind, teach me how to think. ~~I was just fifteen~~. And though Norbert didn't teach me how to think he put me on the path ~~by~~ for planti~~ng~~ed a certain detachment in me. He would tell me how in the middle ages a knight would send a sample of his urine to his mistress as a token of adoration. Then he would say, as I blushed with confusion, 'There, you blush! How did urine become a source of shame for you?' He would say it archly, laughing. And in that way I came to see that my emotions had a history, that I had been made, ~~and~~ that the thing called civilisation wasn't outside me but an intimate thing that had to do with my disgusts and self-restraints. He would take me through little histories of how belching, farting, spitting, excreting were differently regarded by different civilisations. ~~I was fascinated~~. I ~~had~~ discovered something that I could never have imagined. My very emotions were historical. ~~Little wonder that I later took history as my scholarship subject for Oxford. And what a disappointment that was. All I got was a load of dates and politics.~~

He taught me so well during long evenings in Soho restaurants and in dowdy rooms + gardens. He became his first formidable critic.

~~But for me Norbert never went far enough.~~ He never got free of the idea that civilisation was a kind of moral ascent to a better man or woman. ~~He couldn't see that 'the civilising process' was really the process of growing up to be a~~ human. I didn't like the idea that it was a thing that ~~made you reason, and that it~~ improved your manners. So I disagreed with him all the time. Yet I couldn't properly say why. ~~I only had hunches and surges of feeling, as one does in childhood. But it was my often sullen disagreements with him that sharpened my wits.~~

He made me impatient to be older, indignant to be ~~considered~~ a schoolboy. ~~His German accent was the sound of intelligence for me and at school I sometimes adopted it if I wanted to sound special. He~~ was a small man and had a ~~very~~ large nose which ~~of course~~ ~~was seen~~ he feared was taken as an exaggerated 'Jewish' nose. In Germany, he said, had ~~had to~~ powdered it to escape ~~too much~~ attention. Both his parents were murdered in camps.

My Jewish friends multiplied. Or perhaps it was that I ~~had~~ became aware of ~~Jews~~ the for the first time. English ones came forward. It seemed that at every turn, every crisis when I needed openness and directness ~~to~~ on any subject on earth, one of them would appear. ~~my age, a little older, much older like Norbert.~~ ~~I was more and more astonished at the role Jews played in my life.~~ C. was ~~herself~~ half-Jewish. ~~They talked about what I talked about, they shared my interests but it was in a different mode, it had something unashamedly intimate yet it was withheld in~~

~~Hana~~ Karl Polanyi was, Hana not.

→ For me his work didn't go far enough. I sensed the rule he'd be called the first to tighten to use listing in a proper manner he didn't grasp enough of it.

→ ~~a proto-civ with no more sense of letting a person, a raging a person, than any discipline designed to produce certain type discipline designed only to produce a creature that was born to be an animal but lost not the nostrilled than any discipline of face turned~~

no more a raging of a creature than a ~~[illegible]~~ 'primitive' rock ~~[illegible]~~ ~~else (18) listing, [illegible] nature'~~

~~than any other discipline [illegible] on strange [illegible] this of it, how [illegible] close he helped to the artificial life of the (18).~~

→ It was like being introduced to a civilized — yet very much a child civilized very much.

~~certain important ways. Not even they seemed to know about it.~~ So for me it wasn't a matter they took war

In so many ways C. and I had been following the same kind of life before we met. She had gone to meetings and discussions exactly as I had. When I walked up Whitehall amid one hundred thousand people (so we were said to be) shouting Down With Chamberlain and Chamberlain Must Go she may have been there too, ardently claiming to know what the background to the war was. Neither of us knew a thing of course. Why else would we both have desired the resignation of a man who had bargained hard for peace? What were we doing but giving another conservative, this one a war man, the feeling that the Labour party and the communists were more enthusiastic about war than most conservatives?

(Strange not,

~~But then~~ my whole association with the Labour party as a virtue child had a war theme. I used to stand outside a railway station holding up copies of a broadsheet called 'Spain' and shouting to the workmen who came out of the station, 'Arms For Spain!' ~~How can I say now that I joined the revered institution called war in that Oxford room when at the age of fifteen I was already its servant? When~~ workmen came up to me and ~~told me~~ said, Why don't you go out and fight there then? I had my answer ready (I'd been ~~groomed for the task~~ told by my tutor), If you would like to finance my trip I'll go. And I said the same when holding up another broadsheet titled 'Russia Today'. When they came up and said 'If you like Russia so much why don't you go and live there mate?' I said the same place finance my trip. ~~Of course I knew damned~~

~~well that on their three pounds odd a week they were never going to do it.~~

~~Not one of us in that crowd calculated what a war would do to us.~~ No one wanted war. ~~In that we were the same as the Germans. It was what Hitler repeated publicly, we want only peace and we are surrounded by angry predators. He knew well enough~~ that nobody wanted a war so close on ~~that horrible 1914-18 one of trenches and attrition. We all hoped so hard during the Phoney War, which lasted~~ from September 1939 to May 1940, ~~that it would go on for ever.~~

C. and I met ~~when the Phoney War ended. It started in September 1939 when Neville Chamberlain declared war on Germany.~~ And it ended in the spring of 1940 when Hitler invaded Belgium and the Ardennes in France,

~~It was the American press that called this idyllic six months phoney. And if bombs and screams signify war it was. We basked and daydreamed in this peaceful war, we schoolchildren. We thought that Britain and Germany must be negotiating for a settlement after all. We also thought this was probably rubbish. In fact it wasn't but we were middle aged by the time we found that out.~~

C. and I met at the top of a warm luscious shaded Hampshire hill, we sat and lay down on the grass with a few others behind the church. We saw each other, by accident but yet certitude, every day after that. Then one night we stayed talking with friends until dawn. And she and I walked down the

→ let the left wing get itself deeply involved in it. This put us into close association with the communists, & when war with Germany was an ~~necessity~~, we urgently took it upon to defeat the forces of evil ... The one hundred thousand ~~[illegible]~~ respectably dressed people walked up Whitehall shouting "Down with Chamberlain! Chamberlain must go!" It was because, apparently, he wanted war — like everybody. Yet we didn't want war. No one did. Not even the communists. We only called strongly for it and, in the most peculiar manner, dragged all the conservative party with us.

Yet when this war had been nobly and inspiringly declared & Chamberlain resigned he helped the Phoney War (so-called by the American press because no Yankees would fall for it) wild, ~~[illegible]~~ unprecedented idyll, & left it for ever.

The Phoney War was for ... Jarrow

hill to where I lived in the rising light. There was a copse at the bottom where we sat for a moment. Everything was dry and crisp from the heat. The first birds were calling, very softly. I had read some weeks before that your girl throws anything at you in play she is in love with you. And C., laughing at something I said, threw a handful leaf dust and pebbles at me. We jumped up and went into the house tiptoe. I remember the warm golden red of the great copper pans on the kitchen walls and how the clock ticked as we kissed in that first dawning ecstasy that is meant by innocent biology to be the basis of a lifetime.

~~By that time France was occupied. The Germans were within a few miles of our coasts.~~ But something ~~in us~~ told us they wouldn't invade. ~~What were these inklings we had? Why did we laugh at the preparations made to mobilise a citizen army to fight tanks and quick-firing schmeizers and bazookas and air burst shells? Was it our way of turning this war into a last Phoney Peace?~~

I remember ~~listening to~~ Neville Chamberlain's declaration of war ~~over a year before. It didn't convince me. Too many doubts hovered round his voice on the radio. It didn't feel true~~ a few mildly ~~spoken~~ words for what for us ~~was~~ the end of the world. It sounded so polite, ~~that declaration~~. So close to the safe world we grew up in, a consumer world where earnings ~~had been~~ on the up and the shops so brightly and teasingly ~~lit~~. It seemed impossible that we should be torn from this so hesitantly ~~and~~

→ seemed to know, even as he spoke, that what he was doing — no more than speaking a few words into a microphone — ~~was, utterly disastrous~~ was ~~purely the words of a thing disastrous~~ a disastrous, and endlessly so in its ~~unfolding~~ the unfolding) its effects.

It was said in the same voice as the ~~back in 1938 when Chamberlain~~ arrived each at Croydon ~~airport~~ from his talks with Hitler in 1938. He waved the little signed paper and said, This is peace in our time. ~~And whatever governments may have consistently said about Chamberlain since, denouncing his 'appeasement' to rationalise their new wars, we were all so grateful for that man's piece of paper.~~

When C. and I talked about the war we never looked beyond the news we were given. But even To know the appeals ~~inside story, if there was one, would have been irrelevant~~ facts were irrelevant. The war was on and our ideology was that this war was to get rid of a ~~reactionary or fascist~~ man who wished to extend his tyranny to the whole of Europe ~~as far as the Russias~~ under a new ~~'third'~~ Third German empire. ~~In this he was substantiating the Marxist analysis which said that in the last stages of capitalism forces would emerge to give a last doomed boost.~~ This was the background of Ilona Polanyi's happiness at being involved in the war. She ~~said once, If I should go down would you please see that… and then would come a request to help or contact someone. She~~ had no worries about dying in it ~~for this war~~.

And when Churchill became prime minister she was happy not because she considered him ~~so~~ different from Hitler, but in that he ~~too was bent on shoring up the last ruins of capitalism, but that he~~ would get the job done properly, ~~A~~ job, she said, that would remove him from power as soon as it was finished (~~which of course happened~~ and it did). The important thing about

→ I think we didn't believe it because he didn't.
Yet we wanted to, like he did. He knew
for more than any other politician, ~~just that~~
~~he was being forced to be more than~~
~~Churchill. He knew that a cleft stick~~
~~he had — being tied to nurture Hitler~~
to certain now the Churchill, the sitting
followed up the original explanation)
that not declaration war — that
he had tried total peaceful Hitler,
and that Hitler simply ignored what had
it — which because Churchill and
his ministers and diplomats offered
his resignation, do concern
a lie occasion, friendship.

Run his first letter ~~that~~ the he
addressed to Hitler to the war, ~~he~~
(~~which~~ the Poland) — he
added, with a smile, that he was
then to Hitler to help him
do the right thing, i.e. follow protocol.

~~But he was said another~~
~~with my own. Again again Hitler~~

him, for her, was that he meant the end of 'appeasement'. And that word has gone down — i.

What none of us knew, as we still ~~on the whole~~ mostly don't, was that the ~~so-called~~ 'appeasement' of Germany ~~had been a~~ was the carefully considered foreign policy of Britain, France and the USA for nearly twenty years. And there some ~~obvious~~ political wisdom in it. If you had one principal enemy in the world, the Soviet Union, it stood to reason that you needed a strong, orderly Germany to stand up to it. If possible, Nazi-only ~~Without that, the France and Britain and every other European country was exposed. And, as obviously, this strong Germany should be, if possible, decidedly anti-communist~~. And Hitler and his party, bizarre though they certainly were, fitted this bill.

Ilona saw ~~too~~ his part ~~that well enough~~. But ~~It was but a feature of the fall of capitalism.~~ She ~~therefore~~ never saw that the war might produce a far more formidable capitalism than before. ~~A world capitalism, a 'total' capitalism.~~

~~None of us grasped that~~ Chamberlain ~~had~~ never ~~nervously and~~ cravenly appeased Hitler. He befriended him, just as his diplomats in Berlin did. And since we never grasped this fact—that Chamberlain was simply securing a powerful buffer against the Soviet Union—we never got to understand why Hitler ~~always acted with such haste, why he always seemed to catch the world napping. The reason was~~ was in such a hurry. The reason was he had so little strength, particularly military strength. And he had ~~no~~ little from backing ~~for war~~ from his own people. ~~The memory of the last one, and the destitution and lawlessness that followed, was still a hot memory~~. He had to act

→ the passage of history — on the word that typified Chamberlain and all governments the waverer in its decision to make or not make war.

→ should be anti-communist, so that fulfilling the role as a 'bulwark' against Russia would come easy to it. ~~And that seemed — not always, but on the whole — that it the applied.~~

And he knew that the German war was dead set against another war on any people — the world. He had all but been wrecked by a people who followed Stavrogin and a people who followed Hitler with a life that consisted of millions, but with no idea or wish to speak of. He is the determined fighting stoker the war-chariot and life — his famous blitzkrieg.

→ Yet he had to fulfill the war half, the requirements of his Western friends. ~~And not knowing you saw the life. And so towards the end — the half-certainty that the war was ch~~

~~fast and there had to be almost no bloodshed. And in that he had the tacit understanding from Chamberlain~~ and his diplomats that they could always rely on British understanding. His ideas about the Jews and building a thousand-year empire seemed to them rhetoric for popular consumption.

So not even Chamberlain seemed convinced when he declared war. The disbelief in his voice came from his astonishment that Hitler could have gone back on ~~his word, his own signature, when their understanding was so tight and so secret.~~

Hitler had to show himself a conjuror. Because his leadership was ~~always~~ at risk ~~because of~~ rivals close at hand and the ~~dislike of him among~~ the army commanders and ~~the~~ diplomats ~~he put it at risk with astonishing panache~~. And no one understood this. ~~He~~ ~~was considered just to be doing what a tyrant does, without any analysis at all.~~

~~Even~~ his attack on Belgium and France could have been halted by a swift allied reaction. ~~A vastly more powerful allied concentration of troops, a vastly greater number even of tanks, were close to the very point of his attack. But he got round the back of them.~~

That was the reason for his ~~love~~ of the so-called blitzkrieg, a ~~swift~~ armoured push that put the enemy into disarray and caused infinitely fewer casualties than the frontal assault. The War Office in London had been the first to put this forward, soon after the 1914 war. Then it had got shelved, and the old costly frontal attack was adopted once more.

Goering (called himself by jokes his 'henchman') was the most formidable of the.

it was a decision ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to pursue his successful belief, tried on Austria, Czechoslovakia & the Rhineland, of making it a place invulnerable and staying there. And he defeated the Russians & Britain allies with a big fraction of their strength. Even after the assault it could have rallied & at a little cost flanked the anti-fascist armoured divisions. But all was in the same mood as before the declaration — we are all friends. And now he was strolling up & down across the water.

~~And because no one understood why Hitler so loved the idea of swift action no measures were taken to inhibit him. His good fortune was lovingly prepared for him.~~

~~What in effect we were doing~~ In the Thirties ~~was fostering a friendship with Hitler while never seriously taking his ideas into account.~~ ~~We~~ gave ~~him~~ Hitler what he wanted because what he was doing was right for British security. In occupying the Rhineland, then Austria, then Czechoslovakia he was putting a buffer north and east and south against Russian armies.

Even so he was very tentative about it all, another fact we never saw. This was because he was sensitive to British censure to the point of hysteria. When he walked into the Rhineland (at that time a demilitarised zone guaranteed by the Western powers) he equipped his army with dummy bullets and ordered ~~them~~ the generals to withdraw at once should a French army appear from the west.

In the Czechoslovak crisis he cancelled his invasion at the slightest sign of British disapproval. Far from Chamberlain playing a weakly appeasing role he was rather a fatherly figure for Hitler. He delivered raps on the knuckles and carefully worded warnings which while they often held ~~him~~ Hitler back were really trying to groom~~ing~~ him ~~too~~ for the kind of statesmanship which the world would be happy with.

Each time Chamberlain warned ~~him~~ Hitler not to go too fast he added a paternal note that he was sure that together they could ~~always find a solution~~ reach agreement. Mussolini

You didn't get through. Bitter Tweed, again and again, to understand — but no real effort was made to tell him. Diplomatic illness doesn't ~~do me in the~~ ~~government~~

couldn't believe what Hitler got away with, a fact which precipitated him into Hitler's arms. It was as if Britain were warning the world off Hitler as ~~its~~ her own baby. Mussolini massed his troops at the Austrian frontier when news of the Nazi invasion came. He waited in vain to be joined by ~~allied~~ British armies.

Yet the ~~unwritten~~ pact between Britain and Germany rested on a fallacy which neither saw. For Chamberlain there was no ~~possibility~~ it seemed not to the question (and it was, ~~perhaps~~ until his own death) that Hitler would be such a fool as to go to war with Britain, his best benefactor and the strongest country in the world, as well as the country he, Hitler, was respected and admired, beyond all other foreign powers. And in ~~precisely~~ the same way Hitler was convinced (by chiefly Ribbentrop, his ambassador in London) that Britain would never, under any circumstances, wage war against Germany. ~~And because their dealings together were secret, palatable to neither British nor German popular opinion, they could never reach official status.~~ So British diplomats turned up at all the big Nazi celebrations. With their smiles they gave dignity to a regime that, using their respectable cover ~~under cover of this~~, created with (while astonished many Germans) remarkable swiftness a reign of terror.

~~This regime was one thing that was perfectly clear to us~~. By 1937 Jewish refugees were appearing in London with their stories of the ~~concentration~~ camps. But for the ~~Foreign Office~~ government the Jewish question was a matter solely for Germany, not a problem for the world. This didn't change under Churchill. In fact the Foreign Office's contempt for any opposition to Hitler within Germany became stronger. One of the

under Churchill.

But his, the reign of terror was clear to us.

first things Churchill did was to put out a directive that no peace negotiations with Germany were to be entertained. Which included listening to any German dissidents who had the will and power to overturn Hitler.

When it came to the Nuremberg trials at the end of the war every mention of an opposition in Germany, of rivals to Hitler who worked hard to elicit the attention of the British government were quickly discouraged. Yet the truth was that, historically, there was more opposition to Hitler in Germany, in high places and low, than ever there was in allied governments before the war got going.

GO STRAIGHT TO POLISH CRISIS AND DECLARATION BEGINNING These were the reasons heitrher we who listened to Chamberlain;s declaration of war on the radio, nir he himself, could believe it possible.

WEED OUT: This was especially the case when Hitler began threatening Poland. His stop-go decisions on whether and when to invade were so frequent it was a marvel he wasn't quietly removed from office. But what sustained the people round him was the thought that since he had got with the Rhineland, Austria and Czechoslovakia against all apparent odds there was no reason why he shouldn't get away with Poland. He didn't want war. He only wanted to carve up Poland as a crucial move in the plan to create a buffer between Russia and the West. That was why he had made his

pact with Russia, to share Poland with an enemy which might otherwise have declared war on him.

He would have liked a pact with London. But that would have been impossible for Chamberlain because the official story about Hitler was that he was always jumping the gun and that Britain was unable to do anything about it, even that Britain and her allies was too weak to do anything abo9ut it, a total lie. France alone could have put one hundred divisions into the field at any time. It would have been a peaceful operation. Hitler would have retired with his fingers burned and quite possibly the anger felt towards him by army commanders and diplomats, not to say the public, would have removed him from office.

Not it was too late. Chamberlain had to seem not Hitler's friend but his potential enemy. So he made the disastrous move of guaranteeing the frontiers of Poland. He could no more get an army to Poland, much less set up a line of supply to it, much less give it air cover, than to fly to the moon. Logically Chamberlain should have stomached the invasion of Poland as he had all the other invasions. Instead he signed a guarantee that Poland would be protected. He was in no position to protect it. He could no more get an army to Poland, and a line of supply to that army, than fly to the moon. It was too far away. An airborne army without supply lines was of course unthinkable.

All the guarantee did was to tie his hands. It made war, should Hitler move, inevitable. Having

given him Europe he would to fight for it back. To do that was still possible. But there was no will to fight. There was no will in Britain, and there was even less will in Germany, which the first world war had devastated and almost starved out.

There lay Chamberlain's hesitation both at Croydon airport and on the radio announcing in so few mild words that we were at war with Germany. And this was why the Phoney War seemed a fit and proper result of that declaration: neither side wanted to do anything. So in fact there wasn't a state of war. There was exactly the same state as there had been before, with the next move up to Hitler. Yet Britain and France put together an enormous force on the French border to Germany, enough to crush a German army that was neither prepared nor equipped for war.

But, given that things were the same as before, the one thing that could be expected was a quick and sudden invasion, as bloodless as possible, of the kind that the Rhineland, Austria and Czechoslovakia received. And this is what happened. Hitler slipped his armour into a gap. It was the very same thing he had been doing all along. The casualties were minimal compared to what a frontal attack on 1914 lines would have involved.

It was a bagatelle for Hitler to pour his unprepared divisions through the gap and occupy most of France. Again, bafflement on the British side. Bafflement in all of us. Yet we, that is the we of the government, knew all about this attack—before it happened. It had the earlier Mannheim plan in its

hands, and the natural assumption was that this, once that plan was lost (intentionally or otherwise) in Belgium, that it would either take place or be revised and take place in another form. It was clear the Germans wouldn't adopt a plan that had been lost or leaked. But it was also clear that they had possibly lost or leaked it in order to make us believe that they were going ahead with it. So the allies had two possibilities to prepare for, neither of which would have involved much movement. The armour was far superior to Hitler's, after all.

This was the truth but all you knew in England was that we had a miraculous or heroic or courageous retreat from a place that went down in the bogus pages of history as 'Dunkirk'. No one asked why, at a certain point in General Guderian's advance to the Channel, he was ordered by Hitler to halt, that is, from his own point of view, to fail to cut off and take prisoner virtually a whole army. Nothing would have been easier but Hitler was adamant: there must be no further advance. To have completed the advance would have been to cut off the last available port of escape from the British—Dunkirk.

In other words Hitler was still in the friendship mode. He wanted to save his friend's face. He even ordered Goering not to put any planes in the air. Dunkirk was in that way turned into a blessed victory. It was a media coup. With amazing skill and typical courage a British army had slipped away from the enemy's grasp. And the story was such a total lie that it is still believed today.

C. and I believed it without question. We who thought ourselves astute in all such things didn't even wonder why those troops weren't bombed.

On the day of Hitler's thrust, May 10 1940, Churchill became prime minister. He flew to Paris and argued against any withdrawal by the allies. He agreed with the French commander Gamelin that infantry battalions should be massed against the Germans inn the old 1914 frontal attack style. It was hopeless and in one stroke of a few days Belgium, Holland (that operation cost the Germans only 180 casualties) and France were occupied. Who had taken the trouble to study Hitler's methods of surprise attack? Who, knowing that the word blitzkrieg best described these methods, had adopted methods that would have worked miraculously on German forces that were as yet poorly equipped and under-trained? It wasn't at all because the minds of army commanders were still set in the 1914 mode. That was only a symptom that could and to some extent later was corrected by the politicians. Much deeper was a reluctance to do anything fast or decisive because there was no justifiable reason for the two sides to be fighting at all, in view of the greater enemy in the East.

This is how war is obliged by its nature to deal in lies. Suddenly masses of agreements have to be hushed up, agreements that may have been, if not agrreable, politically wise. To produce a black and white situation of enemy against enemy everything has

to be simplified, and all the elaborate negotiations that preceded war have to be suppressed.

So when we all walked up Whitehall shouting Down With Chamberlain and Chamberlain Must Go all we were doing was, with one more step in the dark, closing off the truth from ourselves much more effectively than even a government could. War is thus a system of wiping out all trace of earlier dealings that fail to fit the enemy-to-enemy formula, as in the case of the friendly dealings between the allies and Hitler's sorry group of nazi hopefuls in the Thirties—which but for that studied diplomatic friendship would never have found the political status behind which to put all Germany in the grip of a spy system.

I had no grasp of this at all, only hunches and doubts. I was puzzled, I wondered but never a question formed on my lips.

For instance when on the day the London docks were bombed I looked up and saw those tiny glittering fish in the sky I never asked myself why Hitler had chosen Saturday afternoon when no one would be working there. All we said was, Lucky it was Saturday afternoon.

We did think from time to time that there was a chance of some contact between the British and German governments. Then we put it down to wishful thinking. On the other hand the fact that the Phoney War had happened seemed to say that some negotiations might possibly still be going on. But as to a political friendship being the reason for that phoney phase neither we nor the American press had any idea. Not

~~But, even more important~~ Yet, Hitler went on crying for help. The war could, with sufficient ingenuity, have been halted. On October 10 he even proposed a peace conference publicly, which meant, as he knew, that he would get a public rebuff. Then he told his army commanders that, fearing an attack from Russia at any time, he felt the need to attack in the west and if possible overrun France. ~~In that way he would have much more of a bargaining counter with Britain. But by now the diplomatic channels were closed. When that no peace offers were to be entertained from any quarter in Germany.~~ May 7 the following year he attacked.

Churchill found himself in the quandary of a hundred lifetimes. Suppose Germany and Russia a deeper understanding, one that gave Germany a free hand to invade Britain? What if, more likely, Hitler attacked Russia? The victory of either Russia or Germany would then be bad news. It would mean facing an impregnable continent. If those countries fought each other, so to speak, to the death, bleeding each other to death—that would be the ideal solution but wasn't the basis of a policy.

It was this that turned Churchill towards America, as the only country that could see off both Germany and the Soviet Union. The USA was a vast irresistible supply source. By that one decision the very nature of war changed. It became total war where you leave a people without much of a claim to being a nation at all. They are totally surrendered up to you, leaderless. The Casablanca agreement of 1943 just put it onto paper. It brought in great

liberality as to weapons employed. The cover war had always had, namely as an ethical quest, was now a destroyer of rival power. As for the balance of power that presupposed the right to negotiated surrender, that was now historical.

At least this is honest. War at last exposes its real intent which is solely destruction. This second world war, far from saving the Jewish civilisation in Europe or even wishing to or designing to at any point, was the instrument of its destruction. For six long years Judah's chief persecutor was allowed to run riot. This we now reverently call the holocaust. It wasn't that western leaders didn't care about the Jews. A friend of Churchill's once said, He's too fond of Jews. But total war is total, even unto the heart. The fearful blanket bombing of German cities had to be sanctioned, after all, by those same leaders some of whom must surely have had, once, a German friend or two. Cologne alone lost 600,000 people. As to Dresden the best thing to be said about it after its bombardment was uttered by the Royal Air Force commander who organised it. Asked what happened to Dresden last night? he said Dresden? Dresden doesn't exist.

This wasn't holocaust?

A guilty people had to be punished in any vile manner possible, burned to death in their own homes if necessary. That was the nature of total war and unconditional surrender. The Casablanca conference in 1943 simply put it down in writing—all or nothing. And that 'all' was meant. Just as the Jews were

vilified as less than human within Germany so were the Germans without. It is no good talking about the nazi state being 'totalitarian' (a favourite word of the war years), every society mobilised for war is precisely that. The emphasis now is on the development of weapons to any degree of lethality. You have given yourself permission to treat the victims as human refuse. Suddenly men, women and children, the passive spectators of whatever their leaders decide (as we certainly were too), could be wiped off the earth in the most horrifying circumstances.

That it should lead, this total war, to avid research into atomic fission was simply logical in the coldest sense. In the fifteen century it was felt to be a soldier's victory-right to pillage and rape and kill at will. The 'enemy' people no longer shared the right to live and breathe, and total war simply took that to the point of their extinction by any frightful means whatever.

But total war contained a sub-clause to this treatment of fellow humans. It was inherent in the idea of 'unconditional' surrender. Total war removes the right even to have a country, even to feel that you belong to it and are independent of other peoples in other countries. And ultimately this total war that emanates from government slips out of the hands of government for the good reason that government gets weaker and weaker and the private or (what governments hopefully call) 'illicit' manufacture of every kind of lethal weapon that is now used not by

country against country, because this arrangement is in process of breaking down, but within each country so that governments, armed to the teeth as they must be for the employment at any time of total war, must now wage war against people in our midst who have no need to 'declare' war or go through any of its elaborate choreography. Do we not recognise ourselves now?

And it is no good me saying that all this was above our heads in that year fatal year of 1941, when all chance of a carefully worded, even cunning, peace was thrown away not by Hitler, who yearned for it, but by the allies, it is no good me saying that we were unaware of the war having changed its character, for good and all. We of course didn't use words about it. History isn't spoken as it goes along. We simply went on 'fighting' because we were fighting. Both sides were permanently exhausted, permanently out of sorts with what was going on, permanently feeling nothing about all the old-fashioned things the media went on burbling about. You listened to J.B.Priestley on the radio addressing 'Mr. Schucklegruber', a supposed family name of Hitler's, you listened to his discussion of war aims, his voice was homely, the northern accent gave you a feeling we all belong together, but it was just self-indulgence, as the communists' 'we are witnessing the collapse of capitalism' was.

War aims were simply a clever gimmick. Hitler started them up as soon as he heard about ours. You suddenly were fighting an old-fashioned war, long

precedent to the 1914-18 war, and it was all about how bad things were before and now you were going to right them. That is, you spent six years battering the life out of each other in order to make the world nice. But the fact is that war, and especially total war, never gets cleared up, it proliferates by osmosis. The first total war from 1941-45 was followed by more than fifty years of constant war or threats of war—threats local and global. And we see no let-up at this time. The lethal-weapons industry is a major breadwinner, a top investment-market feature.

What hope did C. and I have together since the very idea of a human bond became, somehow, you couldn't put your finger on it, dissolved? As I sat in that pianist's studio in an increasing silence and solitude I knew, of course I did, that the chance of a bond as a soldier was confined to brothels. C. was in apparently in a luckier situation, she would go on being a student and meeting people but cupid's bow gets tired. The atmosphere of a war-isolated country becomes embittered by the lack of any chance on the part of the civilian to be war-like. He or she might be manning an ach-ach gun but it was purely defensive. My mother and father simply sat the war out, their windows smashed in, their street constantly shaken by massive nearby explosions, always scuttling to the reinforced cellar, eating not too much or well, believing more and more that the law of probabilities was against them. It was far preferable to be conjured on to a ship, escorted past

Gibralta, let down on to the ravishing golden yellow shores of Phillippeville in North Africa as I was, and I knew it. Within the confines of battle I still had the freedom of my limbs. We had to be rested, after battle exhaustion. We ate well.

And sitting in that silence couldn't go on for ever. C. and I had said goodbye at a railway station. She was off back to the north. We didn't say it was the last good bye but we knew it was. Friends no longer came to the studio. And at last the mobilisation papers came. Not as a relief that something was going to happen at last but because my past was dead and these papers at least would move me—passive and numb to the point of stupor—into a future without roots.

But you can't lose your past. I learned this at the training camp in Yorkshire where I was sent. Every week we used to have a kind of discussion morning. The idea was to revive your mind after daily drilling and rifle cleaning and lectures on weaponry had all but knocked it out. Different subjects were chosen and cadets jumped to their feet and put their points of view. They were meant to do it freely but not one free statement emerged because we weren't free. Then one day the subject of Religion was chosen. I had so far sat through these bogus dialectical ordeals without word or movement, thinking almost certainly of C. But all of a sudden one of the cadets got up and said something that seemed to me so outrageous that I had leapt to my feet without knowing it. I can't remember what I

said. It was long after my atheist phase when I was still a choir boy which got me temporarily removed from my position as head choir boy. All I know is that the words poured out of me and everyone sat very still. And afterwards I got a message from Major Worsley, one of the most serenely composed men I ever met. He wished to see me in his office. When I got there and had saluted with that awful smack of the right heel on the floor he told me to take a seat. And he confessed quietly, studying me with his eyes, that he had been on the point of sending me away—as hopeless officer material. But just now I had shown him that I was hiding a very different personality behind the chosen moronic one. And for that reason he was going to retain me. On condition that I promised in future to bring the whole of me to the parades, lectures and manoeuvres, instead of the other chap.

So my intelligence saved me—to kill or be killed as an officer. And that same intelligence was called up again and again once I had that pip on my shoulder. War marshals it, turns it to use. The past I thought was dead came to save me, make me ever better material for the killing or being killed, in butter mockery if you like but war keeps you alive too—for the next time. Even C. in her silence helped.

Once in uniform I began drinking quite a lot. I now had the money to do it. One day my mother looked at me and said with her irresistible tact, You're beginning to look dissipated. And I stopped abruptly but when I went north for my training my face went yellow with jaundice and with a high temperature I

was ordered to get out of bed and pack my kit and haul it across the vast drill square to the sick bay. Which taught me that the army expects you to get through and that if you don't that may be regrettable for your family but there is a war on. That was very sobering and I took note of the silent warning.

When I got my pip as second lieutenant I was posted south again, to Kent. We were billeted in a large house with much wood panelling. The wooden stairs cracked and bent under hundreds of booted steps a day. I stood in the mess once, alone, thinking of Churchill's most famous speech when he said that we would fight on the beaches, fight in the streets. That speech is supposed today to have rallied us from a state of apathy or disillusion or resignation, even pacifism. And the speech did nothing of the kind for the good reason that our mood wasn't any of those things. It was just 'there's a war on', which is always a gloomy thought but a thought is all it is.

The speech was somehow too colourful, its rhetoric too dramatic. We were stunned by it, certainly. We were stunned not by the thought that we would be invaded (after all Hitler was now on our doorstep) but that it would come to us fighting in the streets and on the beaches. In that case what with? What had happened to the army, above all to the navy, the greatest in the world it was said? And the air force—had we suddenly stopped building planes? Because of this talk of fighting to the death on the

streets and the beaches we realised that the country was powerless after all.

And we couldn't believe it, in the sense that while we did believe we couldn't see how it was possible. But nobody, least of all Churchill in his speech, had said anything about the power of the country. Yet he had. That was why the colourful rhetoric was necessary—to evoke an alarm which only secondarily, on thought, would evoke our fear that our power was down the spout.

Nothing of the sort had occurred. Our power was infinitely greater than Hitler's. It was a cleverly delivered downright lie. And we fell for it, puzzled and dissatisfied and by no means rallied to a fith in the streets and the beaches but resigned—yes, the resignation started only now—to the entirely false fact that in all the years leading up to the war not an offensive weapon had been made, not a battle cruiser, not a gun.

Then we were told, as a staggering corollary to the speech, that our government and our royal family would in the event of invasion be taking off for Canada. There was nothing wrong with that except that it implied, what was of course perfectly obvious, that we would never succeed in keeping out the Germans even if we all died fighting them with our rusty rifles (disinterred from the 1914 war) and presumably sticks and stones. Would the army and the navy and the air force had fled to Canada too? And there was another thought to live with, one that certainly didn't rally anyone in any sense, namely

that our country would have to be invaded in order to get rid of the Germans once they were here. All round that speech was a smack in the eye, with the proviso that we did now, at last, have a leader and that he would somehow, even from Canada, see us through, should there be any of us left.

Then we were told that in view of the invasion that was more or less inevitable we had to watch every word we said and every person we talked to. Then the Germans in the country, nearly all of them refugees from Nazi persecution, were interned. Even the government was quickly embarrassed about that and quickly released them.

But what the speech chiefly closed the door on (that speech was remarkable for the cunning with which many fields were simultaneously covered) was our hope that peace negotiations between the two governments had been going on in the alluringly phoney part of the war and above all that they were continuing even now. That allowed Churchill, in one of his first acts as prime minister, to warn everyone round him that no peace offers of any kind were to be entertained.

Above all perhaps the speech opened the way to inviting the USA, a second time, to come to war with us. It was a by now natural political assumption for the conservatives that the English-speaking world was a single unit, and quite distinct from the European continent. Chamberlain when prime minister had even suggested to Washington that Britain and the USA should form a Union.

How little we knew. And this puzzled ignorance was something I felt so keenly in that cloistered officers' mess with its wood panelling darkened more with time than varnish.

When news of the arrival, on May 10 1942 (as if to recall the German invasion of Belgium and France exactly one year before), of no less than Hitler's deputy or second-in-command, Rudolf Hess, in a plane from which he parachuted in Scotland, you would have thought that at the very least a gasp of astonishment would have gone up in Fleet Street and been reflected the very next morning in bold banner headlines. Not a bit of it. Again in the officer's mess I spotted it by chance in the busy heart of the newspaper, with a little factual headline that seemed to declare that in war you always have top enemy officials popping up in your country, for no very clear reason.

When I saw that hidden news item I knew that it meant the closure of all peace efforts whatever. And that it had been intended, that flight of Rudolf Hess, to conclude negotiations of long duration. This much at least I had worked out for myself by tracing a single in three events—the Phoney War, the Saturday-afternoon bombing of the London docks that saved many hundreds of lives, and the absence of any bombing of the British troops fleeing from Dunkirk. To me it was clear that Hitler wanted or needed a peace with us, and that we could have had it before he invaded France. An act of real politik wouldn't have been unheard of in British history. It might

have given us a breathing space, one which wouldn't have ended in the fall of Europe.

The feeling in that wood-panelled mansion in Kent was that we were awaiting transfer abroad. And one day a batch of us was given leave, sure sign that we were about to move. When we got back we entrained to a Scottish port and there embarked for a secret destination we knew to be North Africa. Every time we looked out of our portholes we saw a reassuring armoured vessel escorting us. Our boat contained a vast weight of live British flesh which the German U-boats or submarines were hungry for. We were wafted through the Gibraltar Straits to the tranquil Mediterranean where we felt safer because of the warmth and the colour of the sky, though it was less so. And finally we walked down the gangway in a land of white and yellow beaches and an almost silent sea, its wash sleepy and slow with an untouched sound of a thousand years ago. It was Phillippeville in Algeria.

ADDENDUM ABOUT SOVIET-GERMAN PACT (to forestall Anglo-Soviet one).

This was August 23rd 1939 (check). On September 1st Hitler invaded Poland. War declared on September 3rd . The pact secretly agreed the partition of Poland and the Baltic States between the two countries. By August 1940 Societ Union had Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, and on the Black Sea Bassarabia and N.

Bukovina. The declaration of war thus secured the immediate dismemberment of Poland and its subjection to Moscow for decades after the war—and declaration was to guarantee Polish independence! Never was a battle more quickly lost.

WOJTEK KRYSZAK

I was in a methodical frame of mind quite unlike my alarmed and angry state of mind in the previous campaign south of Rome. I was restless, moving about the house, returning to my post in the roof. I was in charge, I was doing the work of a forward observation officer and I was restless to get on. ~~[illegible]~~ My idea was to get any Germans in the house to withdraw, so that any attack we made the morning would be uneventful and we would occupy the house easily. Inside all my thoughts fear was playing about the fear was less for my person now than of the outcome of this strange waiting and waiting game the enemy and enemy. We went on in daylight between ~~[illegible]~~ I was doing things on my own initiative while before I expected guidance from the infantry — who looked to me for mine. I was used to the dead and dying, which is to say that I was now used to the idea of me dying. And this in turn induced a certain calm, not to say nonchalance, a certain carelessness I've needed to have.

In the ~~[illegible]~~ afternoon I got ~~as~~ a strange order ~~came~~ the made it seem the others were ~~[illegible]~~ in accord with → ~~on the radio as if they were [illegible]~~ ~~be the major commanding the battery~~ I was told ~~me quietly to cross the valley in full daylight.~~ He ~~said the northern end of the~~ ~~because the~~ said the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~valley to the house~~ I had just pinpointed ~~for you, the~~ wasn't occupied. I was to ~~go there with~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~a troop of infantry to argue it~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~in case we had~~ ~~we should be ready to defend the house~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~my single revolver and a~~

→ me. The infantry commander at the nearby mansion called me over and told me to take seven or eight infantry men with me and occupy the house I'd ~~from~~ pin-pointed for gun-fire. I could go in daylight because Jerry was certainly not there. I should stay there, presumably so that an evening attack by him would draw the line level to us. So I...

→ P.5.

An forward troops would be told of our presence there.

INSERT 4½ B

Whether this produced the constant laughter I don't know, but it certainly wasn't nervous laughter. It included the rich belly laughter and giggles and the clapping laughter of hilarity. It astonished commanders. Death was never merely an subject. ~~It was known and that known~~ ~~lodged settled in another place inside us. There we were~~ ~~stock and reverend — in the atmosphere of irreverence~~ ~~that is the soldier's only defence. I've never seen~~ ~~single commander, neither army commander, nor~~ ~~general commanding division, nor even brigadier (the~~ ~~one I saw at the Salerno beach was, the night before~~ ~~sign of anti-emergency). There because we were~~ ~~lucky the grace of God pushed both it. The day the~~ ~~night). Not~~ Death belonged to a place deep inside that no one touched in ~~A~~ ~~war than anything defensive is the laughter.~~ ~~laughter (it~~ (it) came hot on the heels of a narrow escape, ~~or from~~ ~~a loss, a~~ a shock. ~~a hasty sight, a~~ ~~high covering of covering and~~ ~~night of every kind of breaking. It was a close~~ ~~friend of death. It wasn't. It acknowledged that~~ ~~it accepted~~ ~~for~~ this filtered laughter being ~~was~~ a life at the edge of death ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~as it would any other life.~~ ~~Nor did~~ ~~the~~ Our laughter (into it ~~[illegible]~~ just didn't disregard the dead and the wounded who ~~sometimes~~ ~~lay with their pain~~ out in ~~dead~~ no man's land until they were dead — it embraced it all ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ in a wake of ~~all wakes~~. ~~that laughter the last~~

Yet laughter was never a defence against it — ∴ a flight from it. Really it belonged to it — the step might be cut short.

~~Cornwall park, your house a suddenly dormant front line, could be hit.~~
abode could still be hit, you now knew the
highcome me at any hour — yet the fear too
was spice & the laughter.

→ this was a greater joy in living next to it and in it and
for it, provided you could move about and get warm and
a fire ~~and, so I speak in snatched respite~~ and eat.
Also your fear never disappeared — ~~and~~ you safest

~~a radio, batteries and laughter, wine and food in sufficient.~~

So I left ~~the valley~~ ~~eight~~ ten men ~~in all~~ with the valley. I didn't take much trouble to conceal us by keeping to the thick wooded slope to ~~the~~ our right. There was evidently no mounted men. ~~I instructed the battery commander knew that the Italian cavalry~~ ~~Italy~~ I imagined the the battery commander knew the latest = Italy. The men followed behind me single file, ~~Hooked~~ pale, their eyes intent, ~~exactly in the ground~~, on the ground, as they went in attack. I had told them all I knew and they felt exactly the same as I did — the ~~side~~ if the top of the valley might be unoccupied by more we being sent at as if we were a reconnaissance patrol in enemy territory.

We stood to close to the house, hidden by trees, watching it. There was no movement in the ~~to~~ windows. I walked forward to the front door and quietly opened it — and there before me were five or six Italians. They ~~now~~ were neat and clean. They stared at me and I stared at them and all we could do was nod politely and smile. ~~There were with punishment~~ There were three women and two men. I made gestures that behind me there were soldiers and in the Italian manner which always enchanted us they beckoned them all in as if they were neighbours on an ordinary Italian day and ~~no~~ bloodshed ~~was~~ ~~was~~ and explosions were far ~~away~~ from any possibility. Yet I had shelled them the morning. And they would have been — the house — very close by. In my mind topped and the wobbly wire or, the look of this beds and chairs were scraped across the floor and from another room. And outside was an uncertain silence.

been the German bar? I asked. Yes, they had left early this morning. Where were they now? Oh — with a big gesture — probably far away. They had gone with their vehicles. The women took us away to rooms and cooked us a meal — dinner was all ate at the table, with knives and forks and plates. I spoke particularly to ~~the~~ a young couple — they seemed to be the owners of the house. They ~~seemed~~ were very ~~kind~~ excited by our visit. [Our lully beef was fried ~~in kind~~ with vegetables to make a kind of fruit salad.] They brought us wine and we toasted each other, [eleven months — all.] I asked how the bee in the house where it was shelled this morning? ~~The couple for couple cooked eleven or nine months~~ ~~eleven months. I pointed~~ They said yes. I repeated my chart and said I had done it — 'Io, io!' At once they nodded and smiled quite as if the header understood — ever, in the cool Italian way, it had all been a pleasantly anyway. ~~This extraordinary people had~~ I couldn't believe this degree of calm. It was as if of the fact that we were all alive was present to them. While the was the fact that was no other — life was life and a meal was proof of that. ~~I put down~~ And I thought they must be relieved to be rid of the Germans — that we presented a welcome return to civilian life where Hitlers were no longer possible. But this was not the case. The German behaved very well with civilians. ~~I heard the rill on the~~ They too shared ~~to find they were allies and we were the~~ ~~unknown "Gestapo"~~ And, in this case, they had it the rations. of the grace of God shelled the house to hits and killed everyone — except the young man looked at me ~~almost~~ as if I had done them good. But he wasn't being sycophantic. He was simply and truly, like his wife, celebrating the end of war. Not often people on earth can ~~go~~ strike so quickly,

→ The other Italians left us — I presumed in order to return to this Tower.

so unregretting, from one state to another.

~~Drawing the curtains, I stalked to the other windows and looked out~~ I wished if I might go upstairs and the middle — of course. I closed the door behind me so as to be alone. On the first landing I saw the jagged tear in the roof, and the sky beyond. The wall had given way too, and you could see trees. The carpet was ~~thick~~ covered ~~with dust, dust~~ with the debris of smashed tables and mirrors and pots and pitchers and perfume bottles, and the ~~bed~~ bed cover lay under ~~roof~~ roof tiles. I was astonished at the force of a 'twenty-five pounder' shell. All I had seen was puffs of smoke.

I walked into a back room and sat on the bed unhappily my binocular case. Then I had traversed the main street of a village then I saw I was looking down ~~at~~ the main street of a village into a square with a church in its right-hand corner. Then I saw a German stroll out of one of the houses and stroll about, unarmed. I was fascinated by his tin hat, which curved about the ears. I knew that there was no stroll, unarmed German there was a village full and I withdrew quickly into the shadows. I went downstairs and called ~~out~~ my squadron aside. I ~~had trailed a~~ he rigged up the radio and ~~in~~ a few moments ~~we were~~ in touch with battery headquarters. I gave my position in code and a fuse ~~spoke to~~ the major — commander, I told him the lows — and the then German with' fifty or so yards. He answered with an astonished Why? He said put sections out right away. I shouldn't better. God knows how you got back there. One back at dusk, the very moment I left daylight. And stay back. The intelligence officer showed plainly the lure in every line. In no precise, I said, of staying there until

British line to draw level — it might not. We went back as we came, in single file, ~~keeping the~~ And when I was in my sleeping bag again ~~I wondered~~ on the other side of the valley I wondered if I had still been meant to see with my own eyes what the smallest shells, ~~could do — and the smaller second lieutenant could do,~~ ~~how we never an explanation of how the order of the lines could cross the valley had come about. The explanation was never given. And the would asked for. Why did they not immediately required to do. Was it time of a command or it was the soldier. Nature was ~~perhaps my strange relation.~~ Strange confrontations, ~~[illegible]~~ and that my shelling of ~~[illegible]~~ the yellow house on the hill ~~had~~ ~~[illegible]~~ give the = family command the idea of sending me there, ~~and~~ not ~~the~~ this = telegraphic map at all. ~~The experience to then increased my desire of begetting my own experiences~~ There events increased my desire of begetting my own experiences. ~~In some way~~ I had found a way of seeming to myself to be in control, and free. Of all the lies public and domestic that war involves this was perhaps the greatest. ~~I knew it, I think.~~ After all, I was doing no more than fitting into the cogs of war in my own way, ~~but in fact solely for the purposes of the war~~ and those cogs continued to determine my every breath. But I had to dredge a shred of self-esteem from somewhere. My old life was gone. ~~I knew I would never return to it. Apart from the fact that the war all for back to civilian life we would find not at all the world we had left behind a life being recognizable to any [illegible]~~

Also there was the fact that being in the Eighth Army was very different from being in the Fifth American (actually 'allied') army. We fitted ourselves into the living

'the war'

→ I knew, as every man around me ~~[illegible]~~ knew, that all our talk of how wonderful things ~~[illegible]~~ Rather 'before' ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ was an idle daydream ~~[illegible]~~ made ~~[illegible]~~ of all our talk about what we were going to do 'after' the war' an idle daydream too.

landscape once more. We fought on smaller fronts, and in more in keeping with the ground in front of us. Mark Clark's rather panic-stricken efforts to hurl more and more men and more and more metal into a hopelessly narrow pass dominated on both sides by the enemy had come down to us soldiers on a ~~continual~~ commitment to one assignment after another in bad conditions, that left us exactly where we had been before. Now we actually advanced, by precarious actions, still as part of a wide front but not any longer in denial of the actual terrain before us.

And so the terrain opened more and more, freeing its ~~before~~ to us, ~~back valley which~~ in artful ~~conjuncto~~ conspiracy with the loveliest dawns, the softest of low-cloud rains, the giddiest scents of summer and spring and the dimmer, deeper waffs of sodden leaf and sleeping earth in the winter. While I shelled the yellow house at the upper northern end of the Tuscan valley I was aware but not actively conscious of its splendour — the subtle rise of hills to left and right and straight ahead so that the valley itself seemed to have devised its own protection, minimising the cut of the ~~co~~ winter wind for the north, and the harsh light for the north. Italy was full of these apparently undiscovered universes with their own separate peace — ~~an infinite~~ in a continual unfolding of new ~~landscapes, as various as~~ ~~apparently infinite~~ scents and ~~colours~~ breezes and even colours, for the shadows ever were different. And we lived in all this — a narrow peninsula between two seas the war in fact a vast continent of kingdoms big and tiny.

We fought round San Ginignano, where I was later ~~to~~ live for twenty years or more. I was resting in the particular period — meaning back at the command post with the guns. The corporal who had been disgusted

FROM ~~[illegible]~~ CASSINO : Numbered here page 1 onwards ①

FROM CASSINO

Five (?)

I was always, strangely, curious, ~~[illegible]~~, whenever ~~when~~ I came across enemy gun emplacements ~~and~~ and dugouts and ~~and~~ the barns, ~~and~~ or ~~[illegible]~~ farmhouses they had used — oftentimes we ~~[illegible]~~ evacuated ~~[illegible]~~ we ~~entered~~ arrived [illegible] in rather a moment after ~~[illegible] just left~~. I would stare at the ~~quaint~~ the Germans had worked on. the seemed from the smell, not the sound would war. mobile soup kitchens ~~We had no such thing.~~ The enemy ~~seemed~~ this to have better equipped than we were, ~~and feeding their folk the same as us. Their [illegible] were certainly superior to anything we had — nothing like their quick-firing schmeizers which could be fired from the hip, to the spot. And the wailing. Once I thought I smelled their cigarette smoke still hovering. I would stare at anything left behind, an empty cigarette packet, a bent tin, a discarded jacket — why was its colour blue? Who were they, this enemy?~~

~~For the primus [illegible] we hardly looked at each other. I think the real question [illegible] this strange aura we had of this just-vacated enemy way, is it some strangeness in the war or appeared to be fighting?~~ After some time ? aiming deadly objects at them, and being aimed

is cold and cold is weyne.

And how could I think of these silent men as enemy if I knew, like weyne else who stared ~~at them, they going somewhere~~ like weyne, the soldiers that were, ~~was~~ in this silence, was the place we might any place go, in the demonstrations of stillness in which weyne

an army has an average age of twenty-one to twenty-six. ~~twenty~~

→ Once when I came across ~~fetched~~ me thrown on its side by a shell I opened the cover near me and stared at the food, spilled and cold. Another time I ran into a hay barn the head just beyond ~~evacuated~~ abandoned of the enemy rearguard and their cigarette smoke was still ~~hung~~ in the air. I picked up their mess tins, touched the lukewarm coffee. Here was always an unanswered question. Who was his enemy the

→ ~~multiple-shell-horror~~ ~~bomber~~ which ~~stun~~ struck terror in us with its scream, ~~with wilful~~ madness these thoughts ~~crossed~~ my head — as if the madness ~~were~~ some-one else's, as if, now, I wasn't present.

needed to be shelled and bullet-riddled by us, ~~bombarded, strafed with machine-gun bullets, scorched and charred~~ the monstrous they were in then that ~~had~~ made them the enemy? I would ~~strange blue of their uniforms, that they especially their~~ stare at their bodies — a youth upturned on a hand-cart, ~~his~~ head close to the ground, his feet pointing to a church steeple ~~(.)~~ or a smoke in a distant ~~(.)~~ ~~always the strange blue uniform~~. Or a kind with the last staring grin — was it pain or a scream cut short? Always mud a corner, in barns and, soldiers, head down, in a clear death. Yes days

Hitherto I had seen my command post back at the guns as a place, more or less, of respite between my assignments with the infantry, which came up every two or three weeks. In the respite I gave orders to fire, I took messages ordering fire on certain places and at certain times. I used maps a lot, and the destruction of the shell-area, for all of us, a matter separate from the mission of pin-pointing, map-reference, locating and re-locating, and lying up more ammunition.

But the soldier, if he is in little enough, also sees all the sights in the end — even his own handiwork. It happened to me on my first assignment after entering from ——, in Tuscany, that there was a hill we called Monte Pio giorno, (we took name not from the map but local people).

This was also my first tally of every lines, that was not my last. There were two ways of finding a range — every lines, as

of his girlfriend's breath back at Jessie. Surrence had never done too duty until now. He returned green in the face as if the fear would never leave him. He recounted every moment of it, ~~the~~ ~~was~~ the narrow shave, but above all the shock when he might be suddenly hit by it. A German's face or be blown out by a mortar-shell just near by. And he talked about it as it should be talked about — as an outrage and impossibility — an affront and absurdity that no sane and proper man should be asked to witness. It was as if neighbours had invaded his little street at home with arms lethal and cruel, and he was telling it to people as shocked and scandalised. Like the people in the streets who listened scandalised. Like the boy south of Cassino who trembled in my arms as if he knew what his future fate would be, this lance corporal showed the kind of fate would be, this lance corporal showed the kind of fear the very inner truth of what we were all engaged in — ~~a thing we hate to be involved in, a thing~~ an enterprise ~~we know any human~~ ~~should never~~ ~~have~~ ~~to talk to dream about~~ the ~~should~~ those ~~them~~ could only be brought-up by lunatics. Both of the men make me feel ashamed. What was I doing entering the very method of ~~[illegible]~~ madness!

At the heart of the madness lay the gleaming ~~lunatic~~ lunatic proposition: that destruction is a good. Let me illustrate this. I ~~always~~ would ~~[illegible]~~ reach an enemy post just vacated and as usual stare at the black smouldering shell-holes and ruined houses, picking my way along, ~~[illegible]~~ or the look-out for snipers. There would be no birds. That was for birds. No scents save than a smoke that choked you. And so it was that I walked to a smouldering house near Rimini ~~[illegible]~~ ~~in the Tuscan area to the right flank of the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ (I am jumping forward to the we moved north-east of Tuscany to take cover of the

the right flank of the northward push, leaving the left to the Fifth Army). We came within sight of Rimini and the deep, glittering Adriatic. We were under shell-fire all the way ~~[illegible]~~ and finally stopped under a house on a hill, ~~that is~~ where the enemy was. The major commanding the battalion I was with, a wily regular-army man who went by his instincts, wasn't satisfied with our position in a house and their very nose. We were exposed to attack on all sides. We lit a fire in the kitchen and put our sleeping bags down but he was very restive. But to withdraw and cover the ~~[illegible]~~ shell-holed road we had come by could be more costly. I persuaded him to stay. And he agreed only if I would stand the house on the hill continuously throughout the night to prevent any movement out of the house.

In the course of the night ~~the~~ the house caught fire and the result was that we could see ~~[illegible]~~ the surrounding fields under a bright orange glow, which assured us that any man who came for behind that house could be picked off at once. We were safe. The Major ordered ~~[illegible]~~ an attack ~~[illegible]~~ at dawn and prisoners were quickly taken. ~~On our wounded who stretched back, we occupied the house and our wounded were brought in to await stretcher parties.~~ We moved beyond it, ~~leaving the ploughed fields~~ through charred fields and broken fences and gates. When the battle had died down, in the morning, I strolled back through the trees to the first ~~[illegible]~~ house, which I had set fire to. The timbers round it were black and still smouldering. The upper floor had collapsed altogether. The kitchen door at the back swung open. I suddenly

gradually inched the window open, pausing every time, and as he did so I pushed the machine gun ~~closer~~ forward. ~~Since the sun was blazing outside~~ With a blinding drenching sunlight outside there was little ~~chance~~ chance of our window ~~[illegible]~~ being seen, in a native ~~[illegible]~~ thick wall, lying in the shadow. Just ahead of us was another farmhouse and we were fairly sure the enemy was there. It lay quietly among trees and the castle rose behind it, on a separate slope. The Major ~~detailed six or so men to go out on patrol~~ told a corporal waiting behind him to take a patrol out ~~(usually~~ — we would give him covering fire from here. The six or so men for his equipment tightened downstairs and trooped out by a side door. They came round to the front of the house, moving hidden by trees for the farmhouse above, but as soon as they came into the open ~~[illegible]~~ below us came tracer-bullets, red and swift even in the sun, came from above ~~with a loud~~ in a loud clatter that echoed in the ~~windows~~ woods. I shouted to the Major that they were coming not for the farmhouse but a dug-in position below it. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ The Major ~~[illegible]~~ for ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and sprayed behind the machine gun we had mounted and sprayed the hillside with it, excited, trembling with a kind of joy. The bullets sent up ~~[illegible]~~ tiny smoky spouts of earth in a wild arc. But they were ordinary bullets. I almost danced with impatience, shouting 'We could see tracer! Tracer!'. The reason was that the exactly when you bullets were firing, and air the firing. It was right all day the enemy had just used them. They would mean we were under close fire but we had the protection of massive walls,

movement in the kitchen, changed that the war. I thought it was a German, left behind, hiding. On the thought that he might be a sniper I turned quickly to the front of the house and put my ~~foot~~ right foot on the leg of a dead German officer. He was all almost buried in the debris from the house and looked ~~like~~ as so many of the innocent departed did, like a flat parchment laid on the earth. Then I heard a woman's voice. So I turned back to the swinging door. In the dark hot kitchen I found two old women. One was sitting by the table. But the other took up she I came in. The flesh on her face or hung open. I could hardly see across the room for white smoke. She managed to raise themselves and came towards me, ~~with~~ their ~~two~~ hands clasped tightly in prayer. She began crying out, help, help — auxilio! auxilio! a cry I had heard so many times in this long, sacrificed peninsula. An night they had set them in the flames — my flames — flames devised for our night-long safety in the house below. How could we tell her we were doing? How could we stay our own hands, she our hands, how could we ~~set and fixed on device~~ blindly see and were fixed on their course? We could stay other were devising she those hands would do but they were our hands.

I ran back up to headquarters as fast as I could and grabbed hold of the Major. I told him what the woman. He's here in there all right, I said. We ran down to the house together, calling the stretcher bearers to follow. He stood in the kitchen white and appalled, and with his arms round those of two women he shook his head

and said again and again, No, no, no, no, no, no.

At Monte Poggiolo near Siena everything ~~was~~ lay in the stagnation of summer, making it seem impossible to die, as we moved crouching in the woods, ~~from tree to tree~~, long grasses at our feet, nearer and nearer the slope, throwing ourselves to the ground the ~~[illegible]~~ enemy rapid fire crackled and whipped the trees. I and my signaller were with the forward platoon and we had to efflorce the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~shell-proof monster above us for~~ thick-walled castle at the peak dignally ~~because~~ ~~a frontal~~ because a frontal rise would have taken us through ~~open~~ ~~[illegible]~~ fields ~~and with houses,~~ and past houses, where we could be picked off without difficulty. Then we saw the shell-proof monster ~~[illegible]~~ stern and ancient above us, so close that any house we occupied would be easy prey for gun-fire. But we had no tools to dig ourselves in with, we needed to conceal ourselves quickly, and being ~~[illegible]~~ sixty or seventy men. ~~And between~~ ~~[illegible]~~ To our flank, beyond a thick orchard, we saw a farmhouse and the Major decided to ~~occupy~~ it. ~~We ran there~~ Our approach was covered by trees and in a rush we ~~[illegible]~~ kicked open the door and crowded inside, ~~where everything was~~ ~~[illegible]~~ blinking against the sudden darkness. There were sacks of grain, barley, maize, huge onions hanging, shining aubergines and donkey-panniers of potatoes, a wine press and urns of milk. ~~We passed the~~ ~~windows the faced the hill~~ I climbed the narrow steps to the loft with the Major who then shut behind us. The stored ~~and~~ with a machine gun, and the tripod was quickly mounted ~~in~~ before the window, and the gun placed. In were the ~~[illegible]~~ belts of ammunition. The Major crouched to one side of the window and

The enemy of course would have the protection of sandbags — and in any case he would be below ground, which gave him a clear advantage. Meanwhile the Major was firing, shouting at the same time 'Get me the tracers!' The enemy bullets hit our walls, smashing the glass of a window to one side of us. He jumped up and down with excitement. 'More to the left, down, down a bit!' Men were rushing up the long stairs with trace bullets as the Major tore out the used ammunition belt. He took no notice of us, seemed on edge to fill the new belt because his hands were trembling with excitement. This time when he fired it was like tracing straight flames in a long dotted line. 'Hold me coming for the angle, in a long dotted line. Hold me there!' I shouted as his bullets went wide but he kicked out with his foot to keep me away and fed another belt in. He spotted a man's head on at the enemy position, vicious jolting down a fresh belt. The end of our trace applied and the Major threw down the last belt and moved away from the window with a smile. It had been ~~like~~ a game — neither side had a hope in hell of scoring a hit on warm human flesh. Meanwhile our patrol was still out, and personally close to the enemy position. A tank was due to come up on support and we heard its fearsome grinding roar. It would dispose of the enemy position in two or three certain shots. It did so in one, shooting the earth and the position. Two Germans jumped up of the trench with their hands up, ~~and we saw our patrol covered with earth~~ almost black with earth. The Major shouted and told us to get ready to occupy the farmhouse, ~~as the tank withdrew~~. We ran up the hill a section at a time, by twos & threes, while the tank which was following and covering us. It would be easily seen for the castle — the tracks the tanks beat they drew

→ making a sudden fountain of earth, and all nice too...

Darley

~~heavy~~ the heavier gun-fire, ~~and~~ he ~~it to~~ the tank commander insisted in being with us ~~and then on little we could say.~~ 1
We knew the expected in close terrain ~~sight~~ swift individual movement and quick action was necessary. Of course we new farmhouse was well in sight, the cattle which commandeered the seemed to shower down all around. It would pasture the house with shells, and with little likelihood of any retaliation from us. Air support ~~would have~~ might have removed it from the face of the earth but there was a deep religious maintained for all troops that the matter of air support was raised. We didn't want it, and never asked for it, of the good reason that it usually made no distinction between the two enemies.

The Major was worried. 'We're going to pay for this,' he said. We paced the dark rooms. It was now the mites 2
of defence that we should never be allowed to crowd together = a house (we invariably did) but merely dig dispersed into sacking and trenches outside.
This was the shell usually fall — it was rare for a shell to hit its designated target, due to the many in a crew crates of wind, errors of trajectory, changes of atmosphere during the shell's flight.
A house always seemed the safest place and as usual we all assembled in one room, with the Major shaking his head but leaving the heart to order people outside. He set up his headquarters = the kitchen and set up a machine gun = the window. He didn't use put at sentries. ~~He was~~ 3
~~a Belgian soldier~~ hook nuts at each windows were ~~enough~~ all ~~and we all knew it~~ could rely on. And really we ~~weren't~~ ~~in need~~ didn't need fewer of them. It was the heavy stuff we were expecting, not an attack. Men had laid on their beds upstairs. Everyone was very quiet, thinking. I could even hear them breathe as you stepped across to set up the radio by ~~the~~ a window. ~~Excited talk~~ We could hear the excited talk and shouts from the command-post kitchen below. ~~Once~~ ~~but~~ 4
~~the rubber~~ ~~Once the twin signals came me I gave my map~~ ~~position~~ earphones over my ears and put a message through to my gunner command-post, giving ~~my~~ the map reference of the

→1 He was a fine-looking young man with the swagger of someone who had seen few engagements, and had met those determined ~~[illegible]~~ jaws that denoted some of the nervous system that would crack up at the first scream of enemy shell. For until now nothing heavy had fallen, and the farmhouse we now occupied continued to bask among its trees.

→2 We were now sixty men in the various dark rooms. They looked at the Major ~~[illegible]~~ diffidently, relying on him and knowing that the tank commander was bringing us. The madman even opened a window facing the castle and ~~[illegible]~~ leaned on the sill looking up at it, studying ~~[illegible]~~ the possibilities of its total destruction by him alone. He clearly had no time for foot-slogging soldiers — either their prowess or intelligence.

→3 He ordered no trenches to be dug. To be effective they had to be deep enough to conceal a man, and there was no time.

→4 ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ in the left side-wall of the house, hidden to the castle ~~[illegible]~~ if I put my arm out of the window of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ enlargement in the wall. Below me, to the side, was a haystack and there at its side, open to view of the castle, was the tank.

of the house we were in. Suddenly I was thrown from my chair. A hot blast from the window ~~at my~~ at my side almost lifted me off my feet. I looked behind me and saw the hay stack burning. I saw from the trailing blue smoke that the shell had landed to the side of the ~~tank. The tank was right beside it, we thought it was now scattered the castle. The first shell ever ordered to the back of the house, not of sight of the tank~~ this time received more than blast — most of this ~~shock, but in my case, had been received~~ the house.

We all knew that this was the first, 'registration' shell — ~~it marked~~ a matter of adjustment to trajectory. Once the target had been fixed — especially by flames — the real thing would start. It was rare for a registration shell to have such deadly accuracy. 'That's why the first one!' I said as I scrambled across the ~~table~~ men on this bed to get below again — now of the outstrewed men on this bed to get below again. I ran into the kitchen and I more on hands kicked my way along. I ran into the kitchen where we were priority round the windows expecting Jerry to appear in force under cover of the shell — but shells were never used as covering fire, you couldn't put them into a position where at any moment a crack of the sign ~~to bomb for~~ the bomb for the air raid. There was another hay stack — that of the house, and a large barn.

Then the shells began to fall. The men upstairs started scrambling below, trying to get into the kitchen. The Major shouted 'Get out!' They were very near misses — sharply crashes that made the house rock uncertainly. The men now wanted to ~~get out, get~~ race outside — get their hands on this bastards, as if there were anyone to lay hands on. We all looked at the tank commander but he was no more than a face. The stench of cordite made us choke. I ran up the stairs looking at the tank commander to get him to move the monster out of sight, to provide a target that could move the shells off us. I found him at last downstairs, sitting by a radio in the darkness — and I suddenly saw he was a young man, one of us, pale, ~~and~~ with the deep fixed look — it is

1 My batman murmured something like, I couldn't have thought it of you — and he hissed at him, I have all our forward positions marked on my map, do you think I'm going to get myself captured? Yet I didn't quite convince myself. I only thought of my intelligence map afterwards — my feet had run off with me long before such a ~~reflexive~~ soldierly caution could recur to me. I blamed myself. It wouldn't happen again. My plan for an eventual glorious suicide would be hampered by such lapses. Yet we were all safe. Wasn't that something?

These thoughts and retorts ~~etc~~ crowded fitfully in the silence — some dwelling on the past, others — slowly — on the future as it became clear...

> nurses

2 What had made me — facing the German sentry not twenty yards ahead of me on the other side of the road — to take off to the right instead of the left? For all I knew I had brought myself deeper into the German lines. I didn't have much hope. I knew the man didn't. In wave lining, if we're lucky a prisoner of war camp, if not ~~a more likely~~ ~~pretty~~ we'll ~~die in~~ ~~rapid~~ be shot, in the dark, ~~panic~~ a sudden encounter, especially as this open terrain gave us no cover.

3 even when it is already making a decision.

4 ~~By now~~ The attack should have started minutes back.

I wanted to jump about and dance but we lay utterly still,
I felt triumphant but we were in enemy lines, we listened all
the time to the silence in case a tank started up with its ~~I didn't~~
crashing roar or a headlight was shone on to the barn.
~~know whether~~ My men were resentful of me because I'd run
ahead without a word but what did they expect me to do,
shout follow me? Were they ever ~~[illegible]~~ conscious of the mines
warning every three yards or so! or the miracle that had attended ~~[illegible]~~
us in not disturbing one of those mines? / ~~All these thoughts, [illegible]~~
~~mixed up together — at first dwelling in the past and then, slowly,~~
~~the future,~~ (the deepening silence made it) ~~as it became~~ clear that Jerry had no interest in us. ① I never consulted my men or 2
~~What we do~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Where were we to go? ... and settle.
missing, I just let a decision develop inside me and settle.
Resentment dies quickly in war — the next emergency ~~fear~~ takes care of that.
What had made me run right along the road in a face of left, ~~right,~~ the we ~~had~~ emerged
(My choice of ~~take~~ the right had been) ~~the~~ decision ~~[illegible]~~ ahead of we had ~~seized~~ seized
for the woods? I ~~didn't know~~ (his ~~the~~ miracle) are that ~~seemed~~ made up to
me, exactly when ~~as~~ the Italian ~~had~~ kept down in But that instant,
~~how we end — since we didn't hear a~~ in pack. In that instant, the thought
before ~~my feet~~ I too moved ~~taking off down the road along its verge shoulder~~
~~had~~ crossed my head, ~~shall~~ should I answer that screamed HALT! with a
KAMERAD!, namely surrender, wouldn't ~~that~~ ~~it~~ it be easier to spend the rest
of the war in the safety of a prisoner of war camp (both sides knew ~~the decision to run right was~~
they would get good treatment)? ~~But the decision to run right was~~ ~~on their way~~
~~ahead of all my other thoughts, and my feet were on their way~~
~~before I knew it.~~ ~~And~~ But now we lay in a barn in enemy lines
and in a few moments I would have to get up and move on — we
~~to~~ whom? What had changed since ~~we heard~~ the word HALT! —
wouldn't we going end in a prisoner of war camp anyway? 3

How ~~active~~ crowded ~~that~~ the inexhaustible human brain is, I got up and ~~ahead~~
~~apparently decided~~ without a word, and walked to the opening in the barn,
~~four.~~ it to the right again. The others followed. Then I ~~had then~~ started walking — parallel to the road, 4
keeping to ~~the~~ the clearing. ~~The strange thing~~ Why didn't I hear ~~was that~~ the sounds of ~~heard the~~ battle? By
so ~~ago~~. And how they should have been ~~a [illegible]~~ a crashing prelude of shell
~~And worse than that~~ (What hope had) Also ~~How~~ could I ~~find~~ (of finding) British lines to the flank
of a German position? ~~Was the attack on a north-south line~~ Swell
~~after all? Any military presence I now found would surely be~~ went — ~~[illegible]~~ east, as I was ... I would
~~in the German lines — As to~~ going ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

and I should have kept back to the gravel road but that would have got us, to my mind, a spray of machine-gun bullets, so I decided — again in a split-second silent choice — to go on, keeping the signs and hoping with the deceived and insane hope that we wouldn't, at least one of us, go up in a mine. My batman — on his first 500 mission — was immediately behind me and trying to shout — 'Sir, sir! I've got the maps, I can't keep up, I can't keep up' and I knew he'd keep up. & dear life, he would have kept up & twice the load and ~~nothing~~ hold anything ~~the world~~ would I allow to stop and goad the cider of him. On we ran, + floating on ~~a little floated a~~ young legs, performing the impossible, and suddenly I saw a barn to the ~~road so~~ right, in a clearing, ~~and~~ I veered towards it with the men ~~men~~ intact behind me, loud of life and limb, and in a moment we were all ~~were~~ lying breathless — the radio and batteries and ~~maps~~ maps and belts thrown down on the straw, and all we could hear for the next few minutes were our own heavy, ~~almost~~ choked breathes as we ~~tried to~~ ~~eat the air~~ pulled in more air than a human chest should take, ~~could~~ ~~do well~~, and then, ~~to~~ ~~then~~ ~~lump~~ moment by moment, we began to hear the beloved silence of the night, and to see the clement merciful stars in the great open door to the north, and to drink it in all with a shared thanksgiving almost mesmerised, ~~silent though it was~~ silent because of our ~~the~~ fear, also shared, of ~~the~~ Jerry being close by — he might have decided to pursue us, to bring a tank out — but the silence continued to close its arms round us, and make us feel that ~~they~~ the Germans too wished for a peaceful night, ~~for we knew, all of us, that we were the same as he, and he as us.~~

Yet all the time I was also thinking — a little voice that went with the silence ~~of~~ and the stars and the warming ~~grateful~~ hay — how I had raced along the mined shoulder with the concern for my batman and signaller struggling and heaving behind me. ~~I disregarded his~~ ~~his life~~ ~~own conviction that he could make it because he had to, his life depended on it, and in any case could we all stop and have a whispered conference with Jerry just behind us, the night flashes~~

wished to get involved in exploits for which they might be blamed, which meant perhaps shot, afterwards. He knew, for all their ability to adapt, the unspoken realities of war, to which no one could adapt. He pulled on a coat quickly and came outside, anxiously eyeing the other men with me. Together we tramped faster up the hill, all of us silent. The attack was due soon — which meant we could be caught in cross-fire. Also since we were walking away from the British line it seemed increasingly improbable that the line had advanced itself this far forward, & the fact of our isolated & fairly battle-ready. I felt more and more as we were walking into the German line — that is, forgetting the attack. At last we got to a road on the crest going from left to right. It had caused a clatter. White — one of those farm roads on which hoofs made a clatter. Just as we got to the road, at a short, high-pitched straight ahead, — 'HALT!' And it was German. Just as we put our hoofs on the road a voice screamed out from the direction of the house — 'HALT!' — and in German. I caught the Italian's sleeve and hissed 'Vi ho bisogno di voi!' and he tore free and with the most marvellous leap that I have ever witnessed, without even seeing it, he was down the hill, for below us, in an instant I rushed across the road diagonally to the right — God knows why I chose the right — because the side we were on sloped into woodland — it was a matter of a second and with my men behind me I was racing along the flat shoulder of that road faster than my feet had ever carried me. And as suddenly I saw the thing were notices stuck in the shoulder every few yards — MINEN — in phosphorus paint, with a skull and cross-bones —

→ ~~as we crossed over to the other side~~ ~~opposite side~~ Our guide stopped. He gestured across the road to what appeared to be a big white house with a drive ~~and tall gate~~ + hill was difficult to be sure. The breeze now and then played in the leaves around us. We listened as nothing came from the house — none of those telltale whistles or radios. The Italian kept saying in an urgent whisper 'It's the English, inglesi!'

In the late afternoon, we moved to a farmhouse beyond the castle, and ~~Late I heard the sounds I knew at Oxford was blown to pieces standing at one of the windows, during a German strafing. A sniper~~ I was told by radio to leave the Major ~~Germany's tin~~ ~~battle~~ company ~~was going to be attacked~~ at once. I was to find another company which would be ~~was~~ going into attack at precisely eight o'clock, about three hours ~~after~~ later. We were now on the southern slopes of a valley that stretched down before us, a valley not unlike the ~~one I had not long ago~~ earlier one that had led me into German lines. A little thought that this would be a repeat, a much more frightening one, of the earlier experience. The path we were to take stretched clearly before us on the dark slopes of the valley, about the time I should have found the company, I found no signs at all, and began to wonder whether the route I'd been given was the right one. A lot could go wrong in a battle area. Intelligence reports could be misinterpreted or misread. Also companies moved faster than intelligence sources could keep up with. I decided to bang on the door of the next farmhouse and ask, plainly, where your troops were. And I would demand to be taken there too, since it was by now pitch dark.

~~After stumbling through tight long grass, there was no moon, but windows of the farmhouse were dark~~

We came to a clearing with a farmhouse at its edge. The windows were dark but I could hear talking inside and knocked sharply on the door. A man came and opened the door ~~a inch or two, saying at the darkness. But he didn't seem alarmed or frightened. at my sudden appearance~~ I said, 'You know where the Germans are.' He made one of those wide (infinite) ~~Italian~~ shrugs ~~doing~~ which make it seem that nothing in the whole world ~~seems~~ is ~~terrifying~~ findable. ~~But I should have accepted that~~ ~~findable or known~~ But I went on pressing him and perhaps he became more frightened of ~~his~~ being ignorance, ~~than~~ ~~more convinced that he must help me~~ than cooperating with me.

~~at all costs~~ He said, I think they're further up — geesting behind him, up the hill ~~to the back of the house~~ over the wood, ~~was~~ rose to a great. Are you sure? I asked him. But he made a non-committal nod. OK, I said, you take me there. At first he refused, started to close the door, but I put my foot in it and said, 'Get your coat and take me to the inglesi!' No Italian

went out in slippers, ~~their~~ faces blackened and scarves wound round their heads. They did a remarkable thing. They crawled up ~~[illegible]~~ to the great wooden door of the castle — which we knew to be 'Jerry's' only exit — and lay down in a semi circle, to cover it. The door remained closed for the next three hours, until almost midnight. Then a German came — to pee. He left the great door ajar behind him. Five men of the patrol got up and stood almost in the doorway, ~~but~~ keeping in the shadow of the wall with the chain of the door in their hands so that it couldn't be closed. Two other men went close to the German. They waited for him to stop pee-ing, and to button up. Then they hit him on the head — he turned, bewildered, and fell to the gravel path. Then the five went in. They slipped along the stone corridor ~~two of them~~ to ~~the~~ a lighted room they could see. They found several Germans playing cards and the first two of our men pointed Tommy guns to their ~~heads~~ faces. One or two more Germans were found upstairs. The prisoners were then put into a room near the main gate, robbed of their money and valuables, and then they awaited of an English return-party, which would take them behind the lines.

I got this account from the ~~[illegible]~~ section as soon as they came back in. ~~We were astonished at how easy it had been~~ ~~[illegible]~~. It seemed ~~once a castle could have been [illegible]~~ something of a fairy tale but there the castle was, empty, and here were the prisoners — apparently not at all sorry to have been relieved ~~[illegible] to that place.~~ of their duties. ~~It didn't stop the castle being up [illegible] the Germans shelled it like~~ ~~When the front [illegible] beyond it the Germans~~ ~~Any agreeable~~ ~~[illegible] and a [illegible] Heaving.~~ ~~One of the [illegible] liked at Oxford for his~~ ~~diffidently A man I had particularly liked at Oxford, not~~ ~~quiet, diffident a man I had particularly liked [illegible] was standing in one~~ ~~but we were close friends, did there. He was standing [illegible] blown to~~ ~~of the windows. Someone I knew at Oxford was later [illegible] since the Bank had~~ ~~pieces in that castle. The Germans shelled it~~ ~~moved forward~~ Resisting the commander of the German forces

Continued

fixed blindly on a distant sight — of the one reckoning with his own death. As for moving his tank away he couldn't move — he'd become one of us and I dashed back to the kitchen where the Major was shouting, with his regular-army calm, 'Out the blood hell! Going to bed?' as he continued to lay his first aid this headquarters. The hell haystack — part of the house caught fire — there was a great yellow flare and a crackling and a sudden blinding heat for the window. Someone said 'Shoot it! the flames. Dog!' Then 'Christ God we did because' and the man at the Bren gun fired off several bursts, after which, long — but of us, jumping for with the flame, ran a girl with long black hair, she ran up a down, frantically, as we shouted at her 'Here! Here! Come here! Venita! Venita!' She stopped, stopped but made no effort to reach us — only shrieked and shrieked, her hands up to the world.

Then on the haystack began to turn the two other figures appeared — an old man and a small boy. The old clearly had a dog with them. They came there of the burning, all as helpless as the girl, not knowing what to go. It was the old man who finally took the lead. He ran with sudden youthful leap down the hill past his own house — and the family followed them, children as well, calling out to the people, as the shell continued to fall. They reckoned they could find safer place — and they did. The Major was [illegible] It was the sight of helpless people that unnerved him, took him out of reserve. He examined the map, finally more than a attack he was coming in — the bombardment had [illegible] taken on the tone of a [illegible] — battle softening-up. Later, when it got dark the first patrol

two hours [illegible] and

I would find my way among the enemy? ~~trudged across the field for with my men behind me for about a mile and then I saw~~ a large hump-backed house to the other side of the road, a great shadow of a place that stirred a fear and a kind of whimpering hope in us. Just ahead there was the black presence of ~~an~~ a crater made by a the German 88mm shell — as deep and wide as a bomb crater, and there I rain, whispering to the men, in order to observe the house unseen. And I watched the house for the next half hour in silence — ~~[illegible]~~ made out a big forecourt in which there were vehicles of different sizes. Not a sound came ~~from it~~ from ~~the house~~ the direction. Sometimes I was sure I had made out a Jeep, then it became floating shadows again. We all looked, studied, saw nothing that could decide us one way or the other. One thing I knew, I would walk into the house, ~~[illegible]~~ sooner or later. I knew I wouldn't walk in. It was only a matter of time before I would do it. Not that I ~~knew~~ had decided clearly to do it. But I knew I would decide to do it — I would get up without a word and walk across to those vehicles and identify them and if they were German — will was I going to enter the house in the same? ~~I was tired and~~ I wanted all this to end, as the men did, we were too tired to go on with this watching game. I began to feel relaxed. And in the moment I felt a spasm of ~~cheerful~~ grim undoubting confidence — I jumped up and walked ~~towards~~ the house, waiting for the men to assume behind me. And with a frown at the stealthy ~~and quiet~~ I walked among the vehicles. They were British. But there wasn't a Jeep among them. They were 5-cwt trucks and armoured carriers. I pushed open the farmhouse door and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ before us was what seems to my present memory a huge room full of infantymen, some on sleeping bags, others in sitting groups, ~~and in the dirty~~ It was all brilliantly lit by dazzling. To the left as I went in was a long trestle table with phones and a young officer was sitting there with two or three men. He looked up at me and smiled and ~~[illegible]~~ said, "Hello, weren't we at Oxford together?

To p. 25

~~[illegible]~~ and he said,

~~looking for~~

~~I'll give you days for this.~~

→ We crossed the field before us and came to a path which I decided to take, stepping very carefully. We came to the back yard of a farmhouse. Suddenly there was a man in front of me. I stopped, hushing the others, and we pressed ourselves against the wall. ~~He was a civilian – we could~~ I couldn't say if his clothes were part of a uniform. He was walking up and down, and sometimes he came to within a few inches of us. He was sharpening a large knife rather absently. Now and then he looked up at the sky. His face was large and round and seemingly flat and pale. When he looked up he had the appearance of a smile. ~~[illegible]~~ Then he swiftly turned and went back into the house. We crept along now, keeping to the wall. And in a few minutes we were on a wide road – perhaps a continuation of the road we had started on.

A burst of machine-gun fire suddenly made a rattling echo to our left – the direction of the north. I whispered that this had given rise to a British gun, firing from a fixed tripod. Just after that were into the sky. Then there were rifle shots and the tiny crash of hand grenades – it seemed there was a rally on the other side. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible] the muffled thud of mortar guns came~~ We jumped on the ~~to~~ muffled thud of mortar guns came from behind us – ~~we threw ourselves to the ground~~ or were caught in the line of fire & and threw ourselves to the ground. The tiny bombs fell on the road behind us were and some in the field to our right. When they stopped we dashed across the field ~~to a crater like a deep [illegible] made by a German 88mm shell, on top of a bomb crater~~. ~~And then I looked around. And on this the side I saw~~ a large hump ...

among the newly made craters and threw ourselves in the deepest and biggest of them, made by a German 88 mm. shell, the size of a bomb-crater. We lit cigarettes under our blouses. Because of so much noise it was impossible to tell where the front was. When it died down we heard a track vehicle on the road not many yards away. Then I noticed ...

(that is, it wasn't independent) and that while it was separated from Italy by unmanned frontiers it was subject to Italian taxation and Italian government and laws (that is, it wasn't separate). ~~The gainess seemed to me the~~ In peacetime you might have taken it as a joke but in war its very gainess appealed to us ~~[illegible]~~ faithful ~~[illegible]~~ of ~~[illegible]~~ gaiety ~~[illegible]~~ gay spirit.

I was detailed to join my favorite Major again. ~~[illegible]~~ upstairs ~~(in yet another bedroom)~~ in the darkness, listening to the voices of some men ~~that~~ he had just sent out in a patrol ~~[illegible]~~ fighting ~~[illegible]~~ platoon. They were trying to capture a white cottage that lay ahead, hardly a hundred yards away. It was a little ~~[illegible]~~ peaceful jewel with its lawn that stretched up for us our farmhouse. It hadn't been touched by shrapnel. There was no firing. I heard one of our men shriek ~~out~~, "Come out you bastards." We knew a German machine-gun was waiting ~~[illegible]~~ in ambush around the cottage. The shriek was high-pitched, almost like a woman's, — more of a wail, of a hypnotising quality. "Come out," it went on. "Come out!" And still the silence. Then came a quicker call that went solemnly like this — "Let's have you dirty, I want a knife in your tonguey."

We in the farmhouse were all listening, especially the Major. He knew the capacities of this one small, wiry man. Everybody said he was a rich ~~man~~ from the merchandise he had stolen during and after battles. He went into weighty with a clear head — he above all with his own head, which would have nothing to do with orthodox methods of murder. He was a cockney. A short time back, they said, he had taken six prisoners single-handed. He told them to line up and lay out in front of them weighty they had — money, watches, pens. And then he fixed his tommy-gun in his arm and in a single burst shot them dead.

There was suddenly a sharp ~~clattering~~ clattering burst of fire from the enemy. For there was a scuffle and a groan. Our men ran forward, the enemy gun hiding its time — clearly because ~~they were there~~ its target was unseen. Then a long burst of fire came — again the enemy. So it went on for an hour. Our men trooped back, led by the cockney, who had a red bullet wound in ~~his~~ his right calf. ~~Her~~ His eyes were excited, also resentful, as he bent down to ~~too~~ tend it.

→ This time he was in a country mansion. The first warning I sat upstairs ...

He wouldn't let anybody near. I felt everybody was the enemy for him — he didn't make allowances. Somebody brought me a dressing — and he said, without resentment, Fuck the dressing, ~~and~~ ~~[illegible]~~ making the Major smile.

I arranged with the Major another attack — the morning to smother the enemy gun. I would lay down some concentrated shell-fire, and we would bring a tank up. The cockney was insulted by this. It wasn't the way to fight. He told us he was going out again — fright, in his slippers, with his face blacked. But he spent all night moaning in his bed with pain. During the night I drew shells down ~~the house ahead.~~ ~~was hardly able to keep my eyes open and~~ My head kept slumping forward from fatigue. Roughly passed in a delirium the night. At dawn the tank came up, fired two cannon shots into the house while ~~an~~ another platoon moved forward under its cover. Then enemy shells began to paste us and the tank was moved back, the platoon retired. It became sunny and I walked outside. Other companies were close to us and I saw three officers talking quietly. I joined them and we chatted for a moment. Then I wanted to move away. I was forever moving, strolling off. And just as I turned round the corner of the house a shell landed very close, or perhaps it was a mortar bomb. I walked back and one of the officers ~~was lying~~ I'd spoken to was on the ground staring ~~stark~~ in shock, grey in pallor, trembly. A stretcher came up and took him inside. One of the other officers that had been in our group came now with a blanket, while we laid over the man where he died. And his friend kept coming out and looking down at him, and sometimes he drew the blanket down for his face to have another look at him.

In the middle of the afternoon we were a mile from the forward line. Peace came back to the extraordinary mansion — while I had approached with five or six men, having jumped into a ditch so that we would be less exposed to fire. I saw the gables of that mansion and the quiet gravelled path under trees, but up now did it come into its beauty. I remember I was convinced I was in for a packet while walking up to join the Major, so I decided to walk behind my column of men, instead of in front. I felt I might be picked off in front, with the two tabs on my

two tabs on my shoulder strap. But the death was for someone else. In a war you can't tell the difference when a fate is sealed — you can think ~~it's~~ ~~it's sent to~~ it is for you.

Not that the dealing of another one's fate is a reprieve for you. I rested in the peaceful house, since the regimental cold'n had another mission for me so soon. Twigs were burning in the hearth. Occasionally I asked for a glass of Masala from the cellar, when the family kid themselves. It was a kind of exchange. The order had been given that B Company would pass through us, and, being fresh, would occupy positions well forward, in the thick of the fighting. The cockney had been taken to a first-aid post. The Major told me he didn't envy B Company. We ~~ate~~ had lunch, in no mean time, waiting for that company. Nothing happened for about fifty minutes. ~~A long~~ Then a signal came on my radio. My signaller started and answered it, then said to me, Officer to speak.

I went shaking to the mike, no doubt looking calm and ready, and ~~the Off~~ I was told, You will join B Company and get all the tactical information from the officer commanding. ~~Then~~ You will prepare to move now. Any questions? No ~~to~~ questions. I threw the mouthpiece into the signaller's lap and called out to my men, Prepare to move. And to my signaller I said, You can close it down.

The laws of probability now began working in my mind, as they do in every soldier. How many escapes can you be vouchsafed? To lengthen the period of ~~permit~~ permitted escapes at a time when you were tired, when your defences were down. Was to walk ~~into~~ straight into the shiv. I went to the doorway of the headquarters room and stared into it blindly with the conviction of my death. But she was wrong with my death if I promised it to myself anyway, as part of a deep-laid plan inside me ~~no one knew about~~ no one knew about: I felt I should get back to the radio and tell the duty officer that my oracle within was failing me, and I must be excused. No, that I did or ever would. Instead I told the Major I had been detailed to ~~go with~~ B Company. Christ, he said, off again? And his thoughts on he gazed at me could have been similar to mine. My batman ~~someone~~ shouted for me upstairs. He wanted to know where I wanted to sleep that night — he was

as they did, the their spirit had gone, they changed, and began to look at me with a different attention. I remembered the theatre — how from earliest childhood a sense of how it worked had been groomed in me. And now it came, direct from there, on an instinct. I ~~started~~ ~~addressing my men — the men, fifty a man like my now. I gave~~ ~~when I was one of my signallers~~ I told one of my signallers, still in a loud voice for all to hear, to contact gunner command. I took the mouthpiece when an officer was on and told him, I want the guns of the whole section to stand to, meaning the guns of one whole division, if not two, and all guns, not single guns of one whole division, if not two, and all guns, not single the plentiful 25-pounders. I prepared weights for the low of the dusk. I myself would give the order to fire. I explained the the target reference I was giving was the house in Sicilland area infantry company were sitting, and that the house at our flank had been taken. I asked the gunners, across the whole front, to exercise care in raising their trajectory very slightly so that, if possible most of the shells would fall in the fields in front of us, though some might inevitably fall on us. There was a risk we were forced — by the strength of the ~~opposition~~ opposition — to take. All was understood at the other end. After some minutes it was confirmed. All guns on stand by. By late afternoon I had finished all preparations, with the eyes of every man except the commander's officer on me. And then I left the radio and strolled among the men. Here was the theatre, except that I hadn't rehearsed the part. I started imitating their forlorn expressions, laughing at them. I mimicked their frightened eyes. I did little prances between their bodies, I shivered all over, theatrically, with terror. And all this was reinforcing me too (I had seen, years before, the lead up in each then being led). Then I started to talk. I said, I can get you out of all this if you want me to. But I ~~needed that~~ have to have your agreement. Your lives are yours after all, not mine. And I intend, with your permission, to bring down heavy fire on this house, as you know there is at least a fifty-yard margin of error in every shell that falls and in giving the map reference of this house to the guns of an entire division — and I hope two divisions — I have asked them to make a slight lift

light is trajectory so that the shells will fall short by a bit, in the field outside. But some, perhaps one in two, perhaps many, will fall in or around this house so some of us may be killed. This is why I'm asking your permission. It's our only chance. Will you risk it? They're going to attack tonight, we all know that. So you have to put yourself in my hands. If you do that, if you leave everything to me, I'll get you out of this, most of us will come out of this alive. You're good men, all of you, you're worth saving, so ~~you~~ don't give up yet.

They seemed, all of a sudden, children to me, though I was not

22. I was taken aback by the power of my rhetoric over them but truthfully I had done none of it. I did whatever I was prompted to — I threw out my voice — I even chucked one of them under the chin — I moved easily, quickly among them, also because with my word I uttered I felt more and more convinced that we were OK now. And, above all, above all, I felt, in my absolutely sure calm, that I was in this state solely because I was free — I knew that no commander, no headquarters controlled this battle and that perhaps, perhaps, the fate of the whole sector depended on this one battle.

They agreed to be bombarded. Which meant that, having lost their commander, they now accepted me as such. As for my plan, I would have followed it in any case — obviously, I had already set it up, at least a division of guns was at present preparing to put my program into effect. But I now had a house-full of eager soldiers who would die for a panic. They saw back to their serving positions as the sun went down. My signaller, the one who had →2

Most strangely of all, I didn't believe in my success. I found this inside me, with astonishment. I thought that the Germans would blow holes in ~~it~~ our walls with their bazookas, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~weapons, as far as I k~~ they would throw hand grenades in at the windows and easily surround the house and — hopefully ~~[illegible]~~ — take the survivors away as prisoners. But my solid conviction lay under a weight of total confidence that none of this would take place. This is how the nervous system works. It springs from a state of fear to a state known as courage. The two are always, and must always be, mixed. They supply each other. The 'tough' man has no such mix. He lives a silly scenario, and is the first to lose his head. Toughness is exactly that, a lack of sensitivity, alertness, and those are essential in danger. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~a [illegible] politician,~~

→[1] Hundreds of shells are going to fall.

→[2] whispered to be released, came over to me and said, ~~'Stay out~~
I'm ~~OK now, I'll~~ sorry sir, I'm all right now. I nodded ~~and~~
firmly and said, Very well.

Zero hour drew near and radio contact started. Headquarters wanted to know, Will you take the responsibility of such a close target? Yes, I said, I will take responsibility. I made sure ~~was~~ my voice was heard all over the room. It was almost eight to 11. I waited for the divisional guns to report Ready. This took some time as this had to be repeated for the guns to call command post, and then to Head-quarters. When the word Ready came me at last I gave the order, Fire.

We waited. It seemed only a few moments the first whisper came, and then the next, then there was a light metallic shriek in the sky and the first shell fell, crashing down close to the house — I think behind. Then the second came, then the heavens fly over in chains, ceaselessly, in an immense deafening noise, shaking the house as the men began to shout at each other and the choking smell of cordite filled the rooms. The sentries lay low at their windows to avoid the flying splinters. A shell fell smack in the entrance to the cattle shed behind us and the poor devil in his stretcher screamed not to be brought in — she was the stretcher people doing, for god's sake bring him in? But in such noise his frail voice hardly made a murmur. The shells rip the walls, but failed to track them. Everybody was coughing for the dust and smoke, and rubble cascaded down the slated roof and the chimneys. A machine-gunner at one of the windows shouted out, They're outside. I heard another shout, Fire you silly bastard. At once the gun sounded out, filling the room with its metallic clatter. In reply came a long jet of tracer bullets from the neighbouring house, lighting up everything. Somebody shouted to me and I jumped up, scrambling across the room — Who wants me? A soldier near one of the windows caught hold of me and said a German had just looked in and had stared down the muzzle of his machine gun. He said there's at least a section of them outside.

The shell-fire was beginning to abate and I crept back to the radio and gave the order, Repeat, ~~Rep~~ Repeat, and within a few moments the same chains as before came over. ~~Sph~~ Flak was several fell together, then a rain of dozens. hitting the ceiling and the machine-guns started to fight it out again. Then, at last, close to me of the windows came a cry from outside, Kamerad, Kamerad, which was like the

INSERT 38½ A

I took the bus to Nauplion, together with the parents. The hospital was white and strong behind trees, clean and hushed inside. I went to the reception ~~desk~~ office, and then was shown into the ~~do~~ adjacent doctor's office. The girl's father talked to me, while his wife nodded and smiled. They were clearly known here. The doctor, a plump tall man, told me in ~~Greek~~ French, ~~he examined the girl~~ I had seen him before. I asked could she then see the examination and with a shrug he said, I can examine her. He took him by the shoulder into the corridor and I followed. But I tell you, he said, I know the case. She stripped in one of the cubicles and lay down on a bed. He felt her pulse and listened to the chest and took her temperature. I saw dark ~~wo~~ tuberculous bruises ~~under~~ below her shoulder, across her back and stomach. I asked him could she not have a bed in the hospital? There are no beds, he said. Surely? I asked him. No beds are available, he said. I felt the kind of ardent anger that ~~comes~~ comes readily from ignorance. I said, The child is so sick, I'll make a bed on a straw, I'll tell you to find her a bed. There is a waiting list of hundreds, he said. He took me aside and said, The child will soon be dead, it is better that she die at home, my job is to save people, however let her stay the night and go back in the morning. I thanked him and turned away, while the child's mother thanked me again and again with tears in her eyes.

an hour's drive across ~~hilly pathes~~ mountain roads from Nauplion. I chose ~~an old peasant~~ a man with rags on his back as an interpreter. He stayed with me all day, shooed little starving children away ~~they stayed at me~~ and found good wine for me. He ~~also~~ talked highly about my powers ~~without knowing that they were – the I didn't know~~ and ~~without knowing that I too didn't know the~~ ~~by were~~ to his friends, and especially his enemies. ~~He didn't know~~ what these powers were, but then neither did I. For myself I was resting – and doing a ~~useful job~~ pretty useful job in order to fill the time. That was always my attitude. We fought in battles and when we were too tired to do it well we were sensibly pulled out to rest in a peaceful zone. But this wasn't the case. We had then been sent to Egypt because Cairo needed to have a strong military presence there at all times, with its ~~[illegible]~~ King Farouk with a need to conform, and to administer a vast Middle Eastern zone, ~~as well as a strong point for troop fighting in North Africa~~. ~~It was why, too, we~~ were moved from Egypt across the Sinai desert to ~~[illegible]~~ Palestine because this country to ~~had to be a strong stand~~ have a strong military ~~strength~~ presence ~~was in potato [illegible] holding~~ to keep the Germans out ~~and to prevent a conflict between~~ the Jews and Arabs ~~[illegible] at peace with each other~~ ~~[illegible] time it was hardly never than a mild mutual relationship~~. This is how a war hack he was. You must put divisions and battle cruisers and planes here and there, maintaining, virtually, a ~~[illegible]~~ society entirely devoted to the one purpose? destruction. And at the same time you have to keep everyone within the society as uninformed or misinformed as possible. You don't tell them ~~[illegible]~~ in Tel Aviv or Haifa what they are really there for, ~~[illegible]~~ Phillippeville. And we ~~Cairo or~~ Athens or Nauplion or Port Said or didn't want to hear. We wanted to rest.

But sometimes the truth shone through by accident. And this happened in Greece, just as it did in the ~~first~~ first days I was in Austria. I was asked by the mayor of Spidaurus to go and see him, which I did because it meant ~~looking at the mountains behind~~ a trip on a boat to scan the mountains behind this fishing village – mountains said to be infested with partisans. I didn't know why partisans had to be there, since there were no Germans, ~~and~~ I didn't even want to know. But I scanned the mountains with him – saw a man leap from rock to rock – heard a whistle, then an answering whistle. Those were the men the mayor said. But me was around eighty people from my village, they might be shepherds, I said. ~~Shepherds that never come down~~ ~~[illegible] up a lamp~~ ~~[illegible] take you to the place~~ He took me up a lamp

→[1] There I received deputations from the villages, I took reports from my own men when they returned from missions ('go and see if they really have no water' etc), listened to the mayor of one place arguing the toss with the mayor of another place, and incidentally neither ~~&~~ I arranged for the collection of food and medicine from Nauplion in ~~trucks~~ trucks, and their distribution in my gone. But I don't suppose this occupied more than a couple of hours of my day. It was a good way of resting. In fact, we were there to make a show of giving help to Greece, in the lack of more than primitive practical possibilities. And even the work I did was mostly invented to pass the time. I arranged ~~donkey~~ expeditions across the mountains with donkeys because I liked to visit the villages and sit and talk to the chieftains and hear them ~~singing~~ singing. ~~I agreed to back the work~~ I compiled reports about rickets, tuberculosis, scabies.

→[2] One day the two of us were ~~lat~~ leaning on the balcony looking down at the village in the brilliant sunshine of very early spring and he said, "I want you to see my daughter, she is very sick." I said yes ~~[illegible]~~ at once and went to ~~their hut below~~ where they lived — in a hut close to the sacred cyprus woods of Epidauros, namely. She was lying on a couch, ~~and she smiled. She I bent down~~ a girl of eleven with deep black eyes. When I bent down to shake her hand she gave me a smile — so open and innocent and even joyful — that I almost stepped back, unable to believe that of all people, ~~taking [illegible] from~~ fresh from a world of death, could be given, much less merely, such a smile that seemed to search my heart and, astonishingly, ~~to~~ find nothing dark there, ~~though for me that meant~~ despite the darkness that clogged and muted it. ~~[illegible]~~ INSERT 38½A

of all places, the sanctuary of Aesculapius, the god of healing, where his priests had worked their cures. Their hut was at the foot of the path that led up to ~~the~~ the amphitheatre of Epidauros, where, in the first days, I had sat for so many hours alone.

→[3] ~~And the reason we were in Greece was that the allies, disagreeing as always, were trying to keep the Greek government from being either too Right or too Left,~~ wanted a safe regime there. It was suddenly decided that no fewer than 80,000 troops were needed there. ~~[illegible]~~ INSERT 38½B

→ In Greece there was danger of a civil war ~~between the left and the communists, however as usual well organised, and the~~ From 1941 Britain had supported both the King and a secret ~~organisation~~ group called the EAM which was ready to fight the Germans. But the two were rivals. By 1944 the King's ~~supporters~~ own supporters were turning against him and he showing had no power whatever there, especially on his own in London. The basic ground in Greece was ~~a~~ inflation is growing there. As always, the ~~greater~~ conflict ~~was~~ which should be done in Greece was greater than the turmoil within it, mostly because

NOTE FOR USE ELSEWHERE

the ~~i~~ April 1944 we are bombing French railways & Churchill fears 'we are killing too many Frenchmen!' We allies were now really killing each other — ~~but~~ the ~~was~~ was more like?

~~the policy supporting the King and the two anti-German group was available in Greece was in conflict with the fact that, on the ground, the immediate the military military policy~~ the policies was a mix-up of policies — some purely political (to support the King, for example) and others military, some designed to make a safe post-war Greece others to fix up a safe Greek regime right now — ~~difficult as the mix-up of policies between the allies, who in this case had plenty~~ aggravated by the usual...

Dorman

INSERT 38½B

~~At first~~ And of course there had to come from Italy. ~~This meant that the dream of making Italy into Austria could not now be realized.~~ ~~At first (3 December 1944) Anthony Eden, the foreign secretary, had asked for 5000 troops~~ usual difference between the allies. ~~By December 1944 there was a clear need for~~ On the other hand Greece was the sole concern of the Mediterranean command (by December 1944 in Alexander's hands) ~~Since~~ ~~both~~ since America and the Soviet Union saw no use in anyway, which in turn secured for Britain the power to act alone. On the 3rd of December Anthony Eden the foreign secretary felt he needed 5000 troops for the withdrawal from Italy in order to prevent civil war (between the Right and the, as usual, well-organised communists). This figure gradually mounted to ~~80,000~~ 40,000, which of course meant a serious depletion of Italian forces and the extinction of the daydream of reaching Austria by Christmas. ~~But another 40,000 was~~ In a matter of days it was felt that no fewer than 80,000 troops could do the job. This was the figure original calculated by Alanbrooke, the chief of the Imperial General Staff, and denied by Eden. Churchill made a hurried visit to Greece, but resolved nothing. It was then decided to send all my division there, ~~to complete the~~ (December 23–30), ~~thus ensuring the~~ guaranteeing the stasis of the Italian campaign.

We knew none of this. We had no idea that there was danger of a civil war, ~~and that~~ we were true for a rest — and that there was no lie. We didn't give a damn, really, what situation existed in Greece provided you could walk the streets and parade up and down ~~and walk~~ without anybody shooting at you, and this was the case.

[illegible]

Maurice Rowdon
44 Brookwood Road London SW18 5BY U.K.
tel: +208.874.5361
e-mail: rowdoxy@aol.com

Tim Johnson
Heythorp Road
London SW18 5BY 13.12.02

Dear Tim:
Your absolute promise some weeks ago that Wojtek Kryszak would do the work he had been paid for, and that he was only waiting for the weather to improve, has not been fulfilled. The weather has improved considerably (and for a considerable time now) and it is clear that he has no intention of doing the work we have paid him for.
An article of his was removed some days ago from our patio, which means that he or one of his youths broke in. If this should occur again I shall call the police.
I shall be taking Wojtek Kryszak before a Small Claims Court for the full repayment of what he owes us, and damages for the deterioration of everything we have put in the patio hut, where we expected immediate heat and light on the basis of our agreement for which he was paid.
By the way, Wojtek told us that Martin and the other youth employed on the last stages of the work had been sacked and that their work, which we had repeatedly complained was shoddy (like putting the two fires on 5-amp plugs) was indeed that. He even implied that the shoddiness was deliberate. Of course we were paying top builder's rates for these people. They were doing both electrical and plumbing work and neither was qualified as an electrician or Corgi registered.

With best wishes

villages straggling behind us, and we came to a huge well with a stone parapet. Here was the stench familiar to me of death. The 15th led us to the edge of the well and there below were bodies. I could only see women. And a pair of gauntlets were thrown there. I asked him why they were there and he said, they stabbed them in the back, before pushing them down, and then when all the eight lay there they threw the gloves ~~they~~ down ~~they~~ the held the knife. I turned away. I was nasty, a nasty soldier, I wanted to say. He asked what I could do and I said I could send a patrol of my men into those mountains but my men were tired, they were nasty, nasty. He said, A patrol — what could that do? Exactly, I said.

One night we were called out to visit a house. This was the result of an order that we were to cooperate with the National Guard in their searches. It was after midnight and I shivered with a small patrol of men ~~in the clear~~ ~~moonlit~~ while we were led to a house in a valley dotted with houses. The dogs were active again. It was a tiny house. The alarmed, good-looking couple who were woken up stood by while one of the guards showed us in chest on the floor and asked me to examine the books in it. These books would apparently demonstrate the guilt of this couple. I pulled open the chest and found communist literature of the kind that had been familiar to me since my fifteenth year. It was the same endlessly futile prose in which never a personal pronoun, or ~~indeed~~ anything personal or human at all, about the dictatorship of the proletariat, the withering away of the State, ~~the devil~~ bourgeois deviationism. Volume after volume of ~~the unbearable~~ these abstractions that contained ~~not one~~ neither one practical statement about the live human flesh, folk and experience, nor one philosophical statement of any value or meaning whatever, used to be delivered to me from Radio Moscow during Stalin's campaign to woo the intellectuals of the western to the idea that he and the Comintern and the Red Army consisted of idealists. And it was very successful. By the time of the 1939-45 war a vast population, ~~was available~~ ~~that~~ of which I was one, was ~~available~~ open to the idea ~~that~~ holding that ~~the war was should be had~~ if a war was to be made on Germany, which it should be on idealistic grounds, then the Soviet Union was a natural partner in that war,

→ I found something stirring and visionary in the meaningless tracts, that I read bemused snatches of — it was wonderful to think that the cave of eastern Europe lay a virtual continent of ~~them~~ illuminated people. Not that I was a communist — like many other members, the Communist Party I drew an inner line between them and me, but they were friends and what we were more they had ~~(I say/no vice)~~ more integrity than we did, more single-mindedness and dedication. And to tell, they did.

GREECE: [insertion for para. on military build-up]

We ~~were~~ knew none of this. Of course I may have alone in my ignorance but like my immediate superior, Captain Hartley, I was very much alive to every ~~political~~ scrap of political information we could glean. We were simply not told all the meaning, the background, the likely outcome — certainly not the justification or value — of any move it was decided we should make. And this decision came not from the Italian command or the Mediterranean command but direct from London — direct from the ~~office~~ office of the military chief of all British operations whatever. So the closure on any knowledge of what we were doing was ~~secured a thousand times~~ tighter beyond all precedent. And its very tightness was the thing that made us, later, discover that the government was really up to — supposedly at all costs the communist movement which, of all movements in Greece, was the most uncompromisingly anti-German.

and helped to give the war its necessary idealistic component. There in war-time while no one wanted to fight a war nearly everyone was open — so open, at the left as well as (in fact more than) the right — to make it inevitable. ~~As far as we knew, at the time, there was no such thing as an alternative view — there was would be the end of European civilisation, the certain extinction of the British empire, the almost extinction of the Jews in Europe, the collapse of Anglo-American balance of power not just — though but that the world.~~

I looked at the guards. This is communist literature, I said. They said yes, yes with enthusiasm. Which side? I said. They were perplexed. These are communists, they said. But communists are our allies, I said. This was astonishing to them, not the fact, which couldn't be denied but the actual saying of it. And in this they were more sincere than we were. We had never asked ourselves how it was that there were three leaders of the war, Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill, and that one of them, Stalin, was ~~a potential ally of the~~ the prime political enemy in the world.

But in that small Greek house we saw this degree of clarity would have been beyond either side — we and our enemy — in the Greek. It was too obvious to be discovered, and either side would become plain to all the mined world to see. I turned away and apologised to the young ~~pa~~ couple, closing the door respectfully. Then I shook their hands, smiled at them and ushered all the armed men.

I wasn't the only one involved in sorting this kind. I was comparing notes with my immediate superior, Captain Hartley, who was feelingly incensed that we had really been brought into Greece to conduct a vendetta against Greek communists. And apparently we weren't the only voices of dissent. Word was sent upwards, discreetly, from captain to major to colonel to brigadier and finally to the command level.

And to our surprise the ~~Arete~~ search-and-arrest campaign was dropped, at once, in its infancy. ~~It was a~~ ~~And~~ we were told, down the command ladder, ~~from~~ ~~Command — chief~~ that it had been dropped. ~~It~~ It was a rare case of the lie exposed. In a way, ~~it~~ while it ~~was~~ ~~weave~~ necessarily a blinding web of lies, an exposed lie was

→ It was in a state of mutiny. Nevertheless ~~Junior Officers~~ both officers and men had expressed their unconditional refusal to obey ~~so~~ orders in this respect. Which is — mutiny.

the time it didn't seem at all strange to us that the possibility of another 'global' war was quickly growing during the last phase of this one.

→ pack on bottom, so to speak, to witness the settlement of Europe by the three enemies of Germany, namely the USA, the USSR and Great Britain, who had yet to prove that they had any interests whatever in common, once Germany was done for.

But these were speculations we had little interest in. They were more a worry at the back of our minds, and that worry increased as the map of northern Europe began to change dramatically, and as it turned into an unashamed race between the USA and Great Britain ~~to get as far across Europe~~ on the west and the USSR in the east to put as many miles behind them as they could, before the other got there. Yet all

→ 1 It was also possible that the main body of the German attack had withdrawn with the tanks, leaving only this forward section. We never knew. Our German wasn't up to questions like this one. And neither the Germans nor ourselves were interested. We were alive.

→ 2 When I got back to my command post I was asked to write a description of everything that had happened. The colonel of our regiment came on one of his rare visits. He frequently disappeared on these visits, his eyes alarmed. We never mentioned this to each other. We all knew that war took people different ways. Every nerves system had its defeat. I ~~refused~~ omitted to write anything down about the battle. At the beginning of the war I had taken a silent vow to my self that I would never write a line except in letters. And I didn't, for the whole of the four years. ~~(the moment I return it is lifted in the action~~ And I wasn't about to write a dramatic account of my exploits, which I didn't particularly regard as mine alone anyway. I knew that this description was for — a citation. I heard whispers of the coming mention of an MC. I was proud, excited at this, and deeply ashamed at feeling so. ~~[illegible]~~ To enter lies and subterfuge as deeply as I had, and then be proud of being awarded for it, that seemed to me the depth not of turpitude but of sorrow: I was, simply, a poor devil. Anyway, nothing got written. I felt contempt for those officers I knew who had indeed written their self-laudatory pieces, and got the medal.

singing of angels for us, and a sentry called out, They've got their hands up!
Something else should, Keep the covered. I scrambled to my sofa
as the Germans ~~scrambled into the house, pushed into the room~~ came
in, close together, anxious to be among us as we were anxious to
hear them. I grabbed the mouthpiece and shouted, Stop firing,
stop, gun-fire successful. Prisoners coming in. And the message
would have been relayed to all the guns forth, and thence to
the ~~guns~~ gunners themselves. At last the fields outside were silent,
a few last sporadic shells fell and then all was hush. The prisoners
took our photos of their family, we all agreed it was a bloody silly
thing, war, and no one wanted it. They were only ~~eaten~~ eight of them.
They must sweep here tight our house empty. Their tanks had had
to retreat for the shell fire, it was a certain they couldn't penetrate.
The wounded man in the cattle shed seemed to weep now rather
than moan, deep in the more frightful desolation, and he could
be tended to at last. The lad'll died after all. And neither had
any of us. And neither had any of the Germans. They were the self-
same men I had refrained from killing the very morning.

~~As for me, my plan for a glorious outcome which would~~
~~all-covering death had been fulfilled but not with my death~~

2.

Soon after we were sent to Greece for a rest, the world
fit up our bivouacs near Athens. There, we were astonished.
~~Preparation~~ the last battles ~~which~~ ~~had~~ the
~~the last time~~ ~~Bulgaria~~ and open the way to
push the last German divisions out of Italy and ~~open the way to~~ our
peaceful Austria. ~~I was sitting 1945 and my job in~~
job in Greece was to ~~do the work~~ 'administer' an area of two
hundred and fifty square miles between Nea Epidauros, ~~and~~ a
fishing village on the SARONIC Gulf, and the city of Nauplia
where we necessarily paraded in front of the citizens. Our real
job, which we weren't told about — until we discovered it
for ourselves — was to (while resting) make a show of military
strength to a population which had a strong tendency to communism.
For a month, exhausted by battle, we would be playing ~~soldiers~~,
~~at last up an office~~ at soldiers and at first it seemed an
agreeable way to pass the time without fear, and in clean
safe rooms, while the so-called National Guard did their
bit of playing by shooting ~~their rifles at night~~ at imaginary
targets, is the night, and making the dogs bark.
I established my own little headquarters at Argos, about

be quickly swept away. ~~If it isn't~~ In a late case of near-mutinous feeling, the lie couldn't be swept away — only fresh lies were added. ~~But the result~~ The result ~~in that case~~ was that the problem never walked away, not even in thirty years.

While we returned to Italy more refreshed for the fact that we had had contact with people, and been of some passing use to them, than we would from a period of plain self-indulgence. This ~~late last~~ stage of the Italian campaign might look to be the luck we had you could still get killed. And we very soon learned that the German line, even if it was the last, was still held very fiercely. ~~For people who [illegible] now, having been almost stunned to death~~

TO P. 25½

~~One thing I could not have predicted was any sense of state, while I thought could be that of an experienced, ~~if tired~~ hardy soldier.~~

FROM TO P. 25½

~~We~~ now were well north of the Faenza-Rimini line, in the ~~flat~~ plains of the Emilio Romagna where ~~movement was quick and~~ there was no longer the crowded terrain that had favored ambush, counter-attack, surprise from flank or rear, ~~[illegible]~~ Perhaps I missed the prevalence of cover and obstacle — ~~wood~~ wooded slopes, ravines, hills rising one behind another, deceptive fields one side of which might be ~~covered~~ under hidden fire. ~~Something in the difficulty crossing a field diagonally, even to this day. There it was a law to stick at field, so as to meld in with a line of hedges, a fence, trees. The terrain required quick stealth. While vast plains required God knew what. And~~ All I could think about was my own death. Nothing made sense to me but that shrapnel flak was coming for me, that the shrapnel would end in my death. I didn't even happen on a 500 mission mark and I couldn't ~~[illegible]~~ talk myself out had happened to the soldiers in the ~~[illegible]~~ because my nervous system had really started my having been in ~~the [illegible] of the last months of the campaign — I can't recall~~ ~~[illegible]~~

The first engagement was pure chaos under sunlight for me. The whole hillside was cut with trenches and men, motionless, of them quite still, staring before them unbelievingly on the shells came near and black smoking holes, with their deafening crashes as stood gaping at it from a narrow pathway with close hedges on either side. When nearby the ~~[illegible]~~ creek were lobbing hand grenades over, they would tear out the pin, we crouched to within a few feet of the creek, and throw. Sometimes grenades would come from the other side and make a muffled pufffing sound the looked harmless from below. There were rifle shots I couldn't

trying could be interrupted by bullets or schrapnel at any minute, while would so jolly and while darkness more than a little the desire to temporarily fake in its black war, guise any further.

→ Here we felt exposed on all sides, under a wide-open sky and with great distance before us which at times favored quick movement ~~but~~ ~~sometimes, however~~ and at others going to ground behind the paltry cover the offered itself.

Before this action started we were told — in plenty of words, a certain ~~k~~ the utter non-speak routine of warfare, meaning they wanted something out of you, badly — that we were to punch a hole, we of the 46th Division, in the enemy's defences, after which the armor could be passed through and the enemy caught in such great numbers the the Italian campaign would be over. It sounded jolly and it sounded worth trying, trop, tuse, you

→ ~~And then it is natural~~ Also, when the feeling grows 'the war is virtually won,' it is natural to try to avoid death at all costs. ~~because trying that it is no longer necessary becomes another kind of death.~~ It happened in the French campaign and probably ~~was an attitude that many took~~ prolonged that was ~~a year~~ a year. The clear straight thrust into Germany for the men, at a time when the German line had holes in it, ~~would~~ was ~~that it be~~ the policy let it was not ~~never~~ practiced.

It was to be a long and narrow hole, ~~but~~ ~~not~~ wide enough only to allow tanks to pass through so the thing could fan out at the end of the hole and trap the German troops in great numbers, in such great numbers, indeed the the Italian ...

locate. I had come forward in an armoured carrier, a conveyance I and my driver and two signallers hated because it was such an obvious target, with its ~~[illegible]~~ gleaming series of tracks. I ~~[illegible]~~ ~~in the rear~~ dismounted and directed the driver to the cover of a church nearby, where it could at least be hidden. Then I dismounted again and climbed the hill to a group of officers in shirtsleeves. ~~[illegible]~~ Again I was looking for my infantry commander, and again he was illusive. They had cheerful begrimed faces — the attack must be going well — and told me that water to be taking, on this golden autumnal afternoon. Two men bodies close by and the officers chatted complacently among them, something I myself had done. I ducked slightly whenever there was a sniper shoot for the sky. Where the hell are they? I asked. And they told me, you had better be quick, they're just going in, they're got to take the river.

I ran ~~down the hill~~ back to the carrier, my face screwed up ~~anxiously~~ against the sunlight, partly to hide my anxiety — an anxiety what my death and an anxiety what fairly to find my infantry unit. For an hour or more my signaller had been looking up for the radio and telling me, they want to know our position, they want to know how things are going. ~~[illegible]~~ They ~~[illegible]~~ want if you need to register any target. Turning the corner to where the carrier was ~~[illegible]~~ shell I ~~[illegible]~~ crouched to avoid any splinters from a close shell and almost toppled over a grinning boy who lay dead on the path, his arms outstretched, in supplicant, and staring into mine. Then I ran past upturned cart where another Cremona had his head close to the ground and his feet towards the church. I arrived panting, wondering how many reprieves I could survive, how high was the number docketed against me. Here we were waiting for me under the porch and with great calm I told them where we were going. I knew it was convincing calm too, because one could do that, one can actually assume another personality in a moment of confidence that comes from nowhere. And my men had their own experiences to cope with — my guess being that they were identical with mine, and that if they followed my orders vigorously it was in the hope — I wished I had some such hope to cling to — that I was somehow be in the know about the survival game.

I told them we in family company was due to cross the river, a dried-up river bed in fact, with still pools of water

here and there, and the no company was able to cross it. We swung off the gravel path, skirting the starting-box, and went ~~with speed~~ between the trees at top speed, bumping ~~and~~ like a speed-boat. And then, ~~at the~~ once we had climbed the hill, we saw before us the long valley stretching from left to right and in its middle the great pebbly river-bed, ~~at least~~ one or two hundred yards across. I felt the ~~fa~~ utmost horror at its sunlit appearance and recoiled from ever crossing ~~it~~ ~~wide open invitingly wide open~~ ~~this open target~~ its ghostly white expanse ~~the deserted roads~~ ~~as a perfect target area~~ in a track vehicle till slowly slid and scrabbled through the pebbles. But I had no idea what to do. I couldn't go back. I couldn't stay staring at it until nightfall — I would reach my company ~~the time~~ shamefully late. ~~Nothing was flying~~ No flak was flying out. No action was taking place. Where was I exactly? I told myself I might have the wrong map reference — right be ~~wrong~~ — the wrong person, we the might be entering German lines. Yet I could see the first of our tanks crossing — well on to the right. No shells were ~~falling~~ falling round them. ~~Behind~~ On ~~either~~ both sides each the tanks ~~were~~ were a single file of infantymen, ~~and behind them~~ Long marched deep thunder in the distance. I turned to the driver, and told him to pull in behind a farmhouse nearby. ~~I had no~~ idea why I did this, ~~the idea had~~ except that I wished to turn away from the whole scene — but for howling wind going to delay our crossing.' We had no food, not even water. The fact? I had shut down the radio so that practically could no longer be heard. Since I saw my own death in everything I calculated the ~~shell~~ ~~being~~ our tanks — and my company — ~~was~~ crossing the

Vig holding fire on the Corner position — 'I offered thanks for this a million times. I have never felt the human responsibility for his life, felt more responsible for the bad than the good. Always a star is followed, & this is true of both. The bad comes from exertion, exertion, the good from ~~a visit~~ a little nudge from mother/an unexpected visit..

river bed ~~at least~~ ~~a few~~ few hundred to the right (~~that made the~~ ~~clearly of my innocent~~) so no guarantee that the ~~northern~~ opposite bank to where I was sitting was free of Germans —

and, the crossing for this point, I wouldn't get a pocket — surrounded at there we wouldn't have a chance, we would become a slow target, 100% destructible. But I chose not to ~~follow the line~~ ~~the river bank~~ put the carrier's nose right and follow the line of the river bank — under good cover — until I found the tanks and my company lumbering across. ~~to was being worked on~~ At some wireless sets had the more called oscillators, they, were knobs of volume, wavelength, station, and it was as if oscillators were being turned at some distant place and that I was the wireless set, not knowing the ~~too~~ state, but it was for me. Whether my men understood what I was doing, or the reasons of my facility to do it, I don't and didn't know, but my guess was that they were looking after their own fears just as I was — after all, they had been ~~tank~~ through exactly the same things as I had.

The sun was beginning to go down in a lark autumnal red vision of all that my men and I didn't have, namely peace. I got out my map case, my binoculars, made notes, knowing, now, that I had lost myself and must simply wait for a signal, a sign, confident me, to come for myself. So I became calm. It happens when the nervous system at last understands ~~and sees clearly~~ it is wrong. And — I will say in moments like in not very minute — I said to the driver cheerfully, in a good strong voice, OK, let's go — as fast as you can — the other side. And then the roar of the engine, the lurch and the rolling forward of the ~~tracks~~ tracks took us to the path to the river and we began our bumping, racing, smacking dash over the pebbles, splashing — the shallow pools, and it was like a joy ride and we boys — for all this story is about boys — were apparently glad like larks in the sky and looking forward to a hot meal soon. ~~I don't we know the name~~

The carrier scrambled up the ~~bank~~ river bank on ~~and~~ the other side and we now found ourselves in the muffled air of a dense leafy wood to the while the engine continued to roar as tracks were ~~in soft yielding~~ rolling ~~around~~ on a soft yielding base. We came to a tall birch ~~path~~ ~~and the door~~ ~~the other~~ ~~lighter~~ ~~as we headed towards~~ ~~open door~~ to take hold of the trunk guns and cock them. Then I told ~~the~~ said,

So suddenly the the brakes had to be slammed on. The device switched off and we listened to the silence. > Hold... wait

We drove straight in. We did so very slowly. It was empty. We put our weapons away and jumped down. I took out my compass and map again, since we had no idea of where we were. A sudden worry had started in my mind — the 'if' the hole was narrow or the defences were making it the enemy's front line wide enough for a battalion to hold, and this was the battalion I was trying to find, and if I didn't arrive soon enough I might be lost and the cause of the fuck-up would be mine alone. I sweated with panic in the growing darkness, seeing myself as the criminal of this last liberating stage of the civic peninsular campaign. We jumped back in — and simply followed a road that emerged from the woods, and in the miraculous way the war has of your always getting there, quite as if death and dying had, when beautiful, its own magic kind — we came on a stone farmhouse, dark and dumped, and here my Company was lodged.

In the forecourt were the heavy rolls of German ammunition, Schmeisser guns, instead of the expected conditions, several enormous Rabbit's Ears binoculars, discarded radios and machine-gun tripods, and beyond the forecourt, the most astonishing thing of all, a quiet perfume-laden autumn countryside quite untouched by human murder of any sort. The gold and reddening trees were intact. I strolled into the house full of a reprimand and instead looked into eyes, those of the Commander, who almost asked forgiveness of me, quite as if he had been playing hide and seek with me rather than the reverse. 'We've been looking for you everywhere,' I said, 'ever the youth — quick to seize a safe seat.' We were dog-tired, he said, being an older man. I decided to kip down there. 'It's all clear further up. I'll be sending out a patrol, though, just in case there's anything out there.'

unwillingly very stealthily. I said 'Prepare to move. Didn't they tell you?' My signallers were moaning and growling as they lugged the equipment downstairs. ~~This made us very cheerful~~ I went outside to meet the B Company arrive when I heard his vehicle. We hardly spoke as we walked together to the assembly point, my men at a distance behind us. We began to form a single file when we got to the road. We walked by a wood charred at its edge, and a farmhouse with the roof caved in. We stayed at the assembly point, a modestly sized house, that night. Every room was crowded. Some radios had been set up. Men were playing cards. I recognised some old faces. It was a cheerful atmosphere, not to say festive, as some other companies arrived from the rear, while others departed for the forward posts.

At dawn next morning ~~B Company~~ we moved, leaving the festive rooms behind. And after a time we reached a field which had that fatal immobility of a battlefield before it is fought over. It is the silences of war — ~~they carry~~ far more frequent than the noise — that ~~[illegible]~~ hang on and the ~~[illegible]~~ stare ~~in the eyes~~.

Our chosen house was open to the enemy on three sides, the front and the two flanks. We came down to it from a hill, dropping into a ditch and then climbing from ~~that to the back, which was part of the house~~ that to the back entrance of the house, which was on its own ~~[illegible]~~ hillock. We walked straight into a great ~~barn~~ cattle ~~[illegible]~~ shed, part of the house. Two Germans lay dead to one side, their arms straight up in the air, vertically. None of us talked about this, asked how or why. We respected in the attitudes of death. Next door, in a large kitchen, we shedded our equipment. I liked the Company commander. He had a ~~[illegible]~~ quiet, ~~and~~ diffident geniality. By now it was a sunny morning. While our approach to the house had been completely covered — down a thick copse — we couldn't be sure that we had come unobserved.

I set up the radio in a room to the left flank, a dark stone ~~room~~ place where the hams might have hung. But if I wanted to observe the area in front of the house I had to ~~go~~ pass across the kitchen to a cattle-shed with long barred windows. A hence ran under those windows, useful for mounting a machine gun, which I

asked for – with a gunner. Together we sat in the dusk and semi-darkness, observing the field in front of us that ended in a line of ~~bushes~~ bushes, which might or might not be at the ~~further~~ side of a road. To our left ~~A course~~ lay ~~the other~~ another house and this too we could observe clearly through a tiny window. It was perhaps fifty yards away, across some ~~very sea possible~~ bushes. Every passed through. And there was a British jeep in the courtyard ~~that was~~ at the side of the house and there visible for the field in front. It did occur to me that this was unwise positioning. [1] Lost no time. I had the radio set up here, and our map reference was ~~sent~~ quickly sent ~~to base~~ in code. I wished to register a target in the middle of the field I was observing. I relayed my orders to the signaller in a low voice, not taking the mouthpiece myself. ~~I gave the order to fire~~ I waited for the Gunner Reedy for the other end and gave the order to fire. A few minutes passed while the order was passed down the line of command. Then was a mounting swish above our heads and a shell came down to one side of the centre. I ~~registered it~~ ordered it to be registered. Then I did the same with the fields on each flank. I had thus covered the area in front or north of us for any eventual attack. I was sure of an attack that evening – it was just a difficult guess, given the silence ahead of us, and the exposed nature of our two houses. I was in such of my methodical, ~~too~~ mathematical moods, surprising to me after my earlier despondence.

When dusk came double sentries ~~came out~~ were put ~~outside~~ posted at all windows and doors. I went to sit with my men in the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ None of our machine guns sent out warning shots. None of the sentries moved. Somehow, without an actual ~~command~~ order ~~being~~ being given, we had agreed to give no sign of ourselves, hoping to convince the enemy that our house was empty. There was another crash but ~~slightly further~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to the ~~[illegible]~~ left flank. The sentries reported that a German patrol was out. But they didn't come near us. ~~[illegible]~~ All night we heard the jarring scream of their ~~tracked vehicles~~ ~~we guessed~~

after his people, not giving commands. The hole in the wall had been made either by a bazooka, a long weapon fired from the shoulder, ~~and~~ or a tank.

> Mary

→ big kitchen, where most of the = family were, were. There was no ~~crash and a scream~~ movement outside. But suddenly there was a crash and a scream. It came from the cattle shed. ~~Pa~~ Part of the wall had been blown in. Brick dust came drifting through. A stretcher was rushed to the wounded man. He ~~had~~ was put down near the dead German. He had little hope of life. He kept crying out to be brought in to the main room but the officer commanding did nothing. People weren't obeying his orders. I was told he was a replacement officer, which could be need mean that he was inexperienced. I began to hate him for not doing

bits of soft flesh. We helpless against tanks, which, after first breaking down walls, came thundering straight through them. We had to keep our voices down now, a few of us heard for the neighbouring house, the farmer's house went up to a seemingly well hidden well a machine-gunned in daylight of the farmer next door and he lost some flesh off a finger. Then blue trace bullets came showering in, smashing our windows. We crouch up the farmer, who cowered back into his hiding-place. →

The company commander was all in speechless now. The orders he gave were delivered from trembling lips, and made no sense. He sat with a wan, almost green, swollen face under the chimney, his eyes staring quite sightless for the place to another. It was characteristic shell shock. His hands trembled violently. The sergeant major, legendary for his courage, lay under the staircase in a doomed stupor. I had to step over his body to get to the main room and he hardly stirred. But all this, struggle, gave me heart. No one was in command, which meant that I must take command, which in turn meant that I could do what I wished, in my own way, and I enjoyed my own way because I wanted to survive. Anger helped me too, especially when, as the afternoon grew on, one of my signallers, a tall youth who had been with me on the mountains close to Cassino, began to crumble. He came to me and crouched down, muttering, trying to hide his voice from the infantryman. He said, Please let me go back, I can't go on. He went on muttering, his lips shivering. At first I didn't understand. I said, What, what? A tank grinded in the distance. I leaned down to him to hear and then I got this meaning, that gave me heart too. On the man in the room had their eyes on me. I pushed the signaller away, and spoke in a loud voice, I didn't care if the Germans in the world heard it. I told him he was disgusting to me, I didn't want you near me, look at you grovelling, and so on. ↓

And I was really cold underneath, I was performing for the other soldiers, and the thing could I can tell no one was able to give up here, no one going to wait passively to be crushed to death. In feeling the sting of my rebuke themselves, knowing

no question of my sanctioning their death. ~~quite apart from the fact~~ I didn't give my silent order because ~~we were deliberately~~ it was our tacit strategy — to hold fire so as to give no sign of our presence. It was to save their lives — a confused image of their faces flashed before me, and my gunner's accent showed the same: we could not kill in cold blood. I have ~~thanked~~ offered up thanks a million times: my life for that action.

This was at first close range we could have killed in a few moments. They had nowhere to flee to, we could almost hear their voices. ~~There a flashing in front of the~~ ~~My gunner was asked to go to his trigger~~ I at once put my hand on the gunner's arm & silently shook my head. And he nodded, it was the bravest thing I did in all my life. ~~I think if we had been dog~~ He was utterly

→ My machine-gunner and I were wondering astonished to see, a few yards below us, a section of Germans. They were rather huddled together, and ~~had just~~ ~~presumably had~~ must have just come from the ~~newly occupied~~ house ~~to our left~~ ~~they had~~ ~~that they attacked~~ ~~occupied~~ (the side of the house) ~~another force~~ reinforcement entered ~~that house~~ it for the ~~left flank~~, hidden ~~from~~ to us? ~~Why, even if that were so~~ But why would a patrol leave a position in broad daylight, ~~and~~ ~~stumble together across the field in front of us~~ flouting one of ~~the most instructive~~ a strict soldiering laws, never to cross a field diagonally but keep to the edges? ~~more brought~~

It remained a mystery why they were leaving a house they had just occupied, and in broad daylight.

→ Two of my men came over to him and drew him away ~~after~~ from me, whispering to me, as I said, Get away from me, come back when you're human.

of their tanks, or some of them could have armoured carriers. A tank had access to our house for any proximity and could without difficulty blow us to pieces. Thankfully we had one avenue of escape, up the hill, or the command gave no sign of ever considering a policy for our survival. We had no anti-tank guns. The trenches could be deep, since we were in sight of the enemy. There were forty or more of us in one room. But the night passed without further event, and after the sentries had been changed we put our sleeping bags down. It was doubtful if they would give one if attacked. Their spirit seemed to have gone. We sat smoking cynically behind the windows.

~~The morning~~ In the morning I ~~was with a signaller~~ went to the ~~flank~~ window to look at the house to one side of us. The ~~jeep~~ armoured car was still there. ~~to my astonishment I saw a German soldier in shirtsleeves walking round the jeep, staring at it. This patrol must have occupied the house. The Rifleman must have attacked quickly, leaving everything. Then I saw said to me, We are the next. But~~ We ate, sat in silence, confident however despite the situation, ~~we [illegible]~~, at least ~~[illegible]~~ we would likely to happen in daylight. We were mistaken. In the early afternoon there was a shout for ~~the~~ my machine gunner and I ran to an observation window — he pointed ~~before~~ before him and there, at the end of the field, not a hundred and fifty yards, was a ~~the~~ German tank slowly moving to the left to the right — clearly there was, after all, a road there. But why did it keep to the road? Why didn't it sweep round and cross the field before us. Instead, with its screen that seemed to promise the end, it stopped. And slowly its gun turret swivelled round. Now it really must be the end. We sat in utter silence. The gun turret stopped, dead a target, and we were the target. Through the binoculars I was staring into its muzzle. We waited — we were waiting for the end without the slightest resistance — we could have scrambled away to the back of the house, warned the others — it was unlikely that even a tank cannon could penetrate two ~~a~~ three walls. But I gave no sign of moving to my machine gunner. And then, by God knows what

→ A Cretan patrol, perhaps eight men, assembled to one side of it, waiting.

by what merciful providence — the gun turret turned again, moved ~~back to its original position, and the tank revved up and slowly reversed its way back to where it had come from.~~ We looked at each other and blew out the air as if we shared the same breath.

Can you see Jerry? I asked the gunner. He nodded. I whispered to him not to fire unless a direct attack was made on us. The Germans were lying in the furrows of the field now, quite conspicuous, making signs to each other, waiting for the tank to send its cannon. It fired once, sending up not a great white puff of smoke. Then it fired again and this time it hit the front wall of the house where the jeep was. A yellow cloud of rubble went up and the Germans ran forward. We saw the back of the house thrust up and a handful of English soldiers came running out, some of the battery, leaving the armoured carrier, leaping the trees and were gone, leaving the armoured carrier, all their equipment. The Germans ran to within a few yards of the house, one by one, each giving covering fire to the other, their attack was swift, perfectly drilled. One or two of the men scanning the carrier, the maps, equipment. One house seemed not to exist for them. It was now a certainty that we had hidden ourselves to good effect.

The tank's gun-turret moved once more to its non-firing position, then revved up to return to where it had come. The field was empty. The machine-gunner and I looked at each other and blew out the air as if we shared the same breath. A reprieve again, but this time the least believable of all of them. ~~Just like we were elsewhere~~ I was now sure we would be attacked the night. It was doubtful that they had suspected our presence. ~~Such a small-scale attack~~ They would hardly have mounted such a small-scale attack on the other house had they done so. But tonight they would swoop with to take our house out and then consolidate their hold on the other one. ~~And if we a patrol came out, which we hoped for, it would show us that they had no idea of the presence of our sixty men.~~

~~which was with their noses.~~

Not that our numbers moved us to any confidence. Soldiers,

→ away from us to the house on our left flank, where the jeep was. It didn't fire. Why? the German patrol had a bazooka. → [illegible]

→ Since, so far, only a patrol had come near, it seemed to ~~at~~ indicate that they felt no threat from us, i.e. didn't know we were there.

of mind I had. It gave grudging credit. It judged freely and took it dark, mood-laden judgements as perceptions as natural as trees, for the Germans and the British should have come together to face the Soviet Union, he said. ~~The Soviet are going to be seen as the principal enemy and it was always obvious.~~ He made no mention of America – the fact that she was clearly about to become the most important power in the world, with a dangerous gap between herself and any other nation. Nothing really true was mentioned, or even figured in the mind. And the truest thing about the Germans and ~~the~~ British and ~~the~~ Americans and Poles and ~~Italians and~~ French ~~and Canadians~~ ~~and~~ was that they ~~didn't~~ never wanted/was ~~they didn't seek it, and they never~~ ~~confined it because they were never asked for an opinion on the subject. Just as Hitler sermonised in his speeches for living room, and depicted the world as a cringing theatrical Germany's lips, and frightened his people with the Jewish and Russian and~~

The camp was a primitive four-building barracks with a vast quadrangle. SS ~~B~~ battalions arrived from another ~~from~~ continuing, presumably escaping the Russian advance. They seemed to get into a British camp and not fall into Yugoslav, that is communist, hands. The officers arrived in Mercedes Benzes in black shining raincoats. Rumours went round the camp like wildfire. Disgruntled Kriegsmarine kept sent to Canada. Everyone could be relieved shortly because, after all, the country could want the expense of maintaining thousands of foreign citizens? Everyone was kept imprisoned on a certain prison island for twelve years. But no one looked afraid. German humour/h.p compromised in crisis. The only one to look mortally afraid was the Hitler Youth. They watched us cautiously with their heads down.

I was happy in the place. I slept in a high-ceiled room with elegant tall windows and great bare walls, and the nights were for delicious, exciting baking outside hot and starless, with a bloodhound curiously barking outside and lights flashing in at the windows and the starting-up of every kind of vehicle as troops came in and went out to God knows where. But, for me, the miracle was that the place was full of hundreds of Germans and none of them

→ to myself I was perceiving ~~reality!~~ real life. This is an amazing achievement of the nervous system — ~~so strong~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~power to~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~to~~ making it possible of a human to live, blithely and without questions, in a total delusion.

wanted to kill us and ~~was~~ none of us wanted to kill them. It ~~made~~ gave ~~a change~~ the prison camp the feeling of an excellently serviced conference full of ~~[illegible]~~ delegates from hell with no agenda. For me, the absurdities ~~[illegible]~~ have been piled ~~[illegible]~~ so ~~[illegible]~~ already piled high on each other — could have been piled, ~~[illegible]~~ even and unashamedly in great escalations, unto the height of a thousand Pelions on Ossa.

One of my tasks was to ~~interview all~~ search the officers as they came in ~~which was easy enough~~ but most of what I did was at the spur of the moment. I was constantly called out of my bed, which, seeing that the whole episode was a deep rest and solace for me, I didn't mind at all — it was like being asked to participate in a little family do. I would have to deal with the incident to stop a frenzied raid on food. Or there ~~would be a suicide~~ was trouble over a woman prisoner — this was routine. All of us officers were on constant call, and in the quiet moments we sat together turning over the watches and cameras and portable radios that resulted from our searches, a euphemism from higher-up which signified, we were informed, means stripping the prisoners of all but personal items. Since we treated this as a joke, and strangely the joke seemed to be shared by the enemy officers, we never felt predatory or acquisitive about it — besides, there was such a ~~[illegible]~~ glut of these victory gifts. ~~[illegible]~~ Nor were we told not to take what we wished to have. But what is the point of carrying seventeen wristwatches on you arm? ~~[illegible]~~ And as for binoculars and cameras, have one was an encumbrance.

An open German car pulled into the prison after midnight and ~~an officer emerg~~ a thick-set officer with a ~~truculent~~ truculent gaze stepped down from the dashboard clearly intending to walk straight into the prison and I came there as he was it stood. But it contained three ~~[illegible]~~ Frau women. What about those women? I asked him. ~~Where they?~~ What about them? he said in English. Where are they supposed to stay, with you, as fellow prisoners, are they German? I asked. ~~[illegible]~~ He said, Will I need women there I'm going? and ~~He~~ turned to ~~[illegible]~~ some other enemy officers closely and ~~they laughed~~ translated ~~for them~~ what he'd just said, which got a big laugh. I was always astonished at how ~~little~~ unfearful these people were ~~in my presence. But I suppose they thought~~ ~~this it had worth to~~

Dr Saary
8998 2818

~~with my being twenty-two then, I think now that this had more to do with the youth of the officers — the senior officers seemed to~~

but I think my being only twenty-two had a lot to do with it. Senior officers arrived — but no senior officers greeted them. It was considered a kind of menial task and I for one was glad to do it because it took the strain out of what we had all been, until now, trying to do to each other. It cancelled out the ~~deaths and the dying~~ murders as a wilful act, ~~penalty~~ and relegated them to fearful accidents. The girls, as it always turned out, were mistresses and was prostitutes of very nationality. Some wept, others clung to their officers until they could escape in the night either with them or alone. All this filled me with a quiet green glow of retrospective envy — my hatred we organised some such service for the girls. The girls would have to take their bill, while we the girls in Ilig wished to do above all other things. For we were like to ~~fatten~~ the killers to the point of over-indulgence, while ~~and starve at the same~~ to ~~the extent of the home population~~ underworking all others, including the home population who enjoying nearly every night, from the air, and night after night, in a long unrewarded silent battle of utter submission.

~~Once I was called~~ During an ~~One~~ otherwise calm night one of my men came into the guardroom and asked me to come quick. We hurried down a long corridor and up some stairs and I heard a woman screaming. I pushed open a door into a long hall with pillars and before, sitting at a table, I saw an ~~German~~ SS officer and a middle-aged woman, an oil-lamp between them. [Lighted the lamp — realisation] The officer kept during a search was what equal to what they, with apparent eagerness, yielded up. He seemed undisturbed by the screaming. What the matter with her? I asked. The officer shrugged. I asked the woman, You, are you German? She nodded and said, Woman frightened. Why? I asked, feeling suspicious. She is Italian, the woman said, very excitable, she's calling for her husband. I found the woman lying on a camp bed at the end of the hall in the darkness. I told her to get up, then walked back to the table and said to the officer, as the woman came out of the darkness, ~~Have you been~~ Was it you frightened her? And he shook his head with mock solemnity, as if to confirm what he was denying. The Italian woman was still shaking and sobbing. She said, I'm frightened by all these soldiers, I'm tired, air and I'm free. She told me her husband was a doctor. Where is he? I asked. In the south, she said. Then why aren't you there? I asked. I've come from Austria, she said. ~~Which meant that she had belong, I [illegible]~~ Which

→ The extent to which killing-fattening work on in the allied armies may be judged by the fact that the German armies used about half the amount of allied supplies, ~~per capita~~ per capita, and wasted ~~infinitely~~ infinitely less ~~than half~~ of their equipment (such as empty petrol cans).

meant that ~~indeed the way~~ either she belonged, so to speak, to this officer's ~~or that~~ group or that she had begged a lift from them in the panic-stricken escapade from one ally's soldiers, namely the Russians, into the arms of another ally's soldiers, namely us. Evidently the mass of the people had a shrewd idea of what this 'alliance' of war amounted to — a can of troubled beans. I took the woman to the guardroom and put her in a room near the sentries, where she would sleep. By the morning she had gone. Probably she solicited a hitch from our own divisions going south. ~~Nobody had seen her go. This very is a way, where soldiers knowing nothing about anything, never knew. Knew nothing beyond what he is or his, is very is was because, since no one knew anything, you can invent yourself. Or about anything. You can invent a doctor, husband in the south, and explain your presence in the north as a visit to his relatives before the Nation. By the morning she was gone. If she was really going south, he was gone you can invent yourself~~

All around the search-shed the ground was covered with German bank notes, which not many days before had been declared defunct and useless. They ~~and the autumn leaves~~ were swept up by the wind. There were packs of notes that amounted to ~~fortu~~ former fortunes. The sight, for a German, must have ~~been~~ evoked a terrible yearning for the temporary turning back of time. And with that may have come a disbelief in the news, a desire to scoop up as much as possible, just in case. One morning I found a prisoner turning the notes over. I shouted at him to leave them alone, not that I really thought he should. He glared something at me. He couldn't take his eyes off the notes, a man looking at an alternative life.

Every time I confronted a new batch of officers I made a set speech — an interpreter was at hand to translate. I am about to address you as gentlemen, I said. I don't wish to search you personally but you are bound by your honour to give up your fire-arms, ammunition, maps, compasses, military documents, binoculars. They seemed to enjoy this. Many were tall, healthy young men — the first I had seen in all the war. They belonged to the crack regiments, whose belief in the war was highest. (One day some officers) ~~came to the camp~~ ~~and~~ bleeding and wounded. They complained that they had been stoned by the Jewish Brigade, which was in the area. I gave them

a different kind of speech, ~~I said~~ wondering if my friend Frank House had been among the throwers. I said, I hope it will happen again but you are lucky not to be massacred for the you have meted out to the Jews." I couldn't have said that to the ordinary German soldiers, but to the SS officer it was appropriate. It was astonishing to see their hunted ~~look of wounded~~ righteous look. ~~But~~ I was still perhaps to expect them to know any more about what their government was up to than I ~~was~~ did in fact. ~~German soldiers were kept firmly away from the scene of pogrom and I talked to many of these men, casually, idly, and they showed utterly no awareness that Hitler was any different from other leaders.~~ But SS men? Those deepest in the Hitler philosophy? On the other hand, when I looked into the eyes of American and British soldiers – did I sense a ~~knowing~~ guilt on ~~behalf~~ behalf of the Jews that had gone? Yet we played exactly the same role, ~~of regarding it as~~ following leaders who had done nothing to ~~thwart~~ to prevent the removal of Jewish civilisation from Europe, ~~those~~ and who, on the contrary, disregarded the ~~matter altogether even in the area where they could have done something to help~~ matter as a matter solely for Germany, even in their secret peace negotiations. The new Gestapo policy before the war was to encourage Jews to leave. ~~The Jewish problem~~ The prominent Fischer, ~~the~~ who had Thomas Mann on his list, approached the Gestapo with the suggestion that he leave with his family and all his assets and ~~his wife's~~ possessions and the Gestapo acceded at once. The man he talked to said, would many Jews come to us in this way. The fact of the matter is that ~~the matter of~~ the Jews were never an issue for the allies, only war. Think of and that alone, you were told, will solve the Jewish problem. (Then weren't many Jews left to have a problem.) ~~And since~~ But many many thousands of us took part in the war solely because of the Jewish question. It can be said that we were ~~deceived~~ tricked, cheaply and cynically, into yet another war for possession, and possession alone, a war no different from the first world war for which ~~we all~~ the repetition of which we all recoiled. Churchill had a particular horror of Jewish persecution, and a particular closeness to Jewish people, but, like all war leaders, he was tied by the lies that consolidated his leadership.

One very hot afternoon a crowd gathered in ~~the~~ the vast quadrangle. Two Russian women had been screaming hysterically. I stood watching from the back of the crowd. Then I recognised one of the SS women nearby and called to her over. What's going on? I ~~said~~ asked her. She said they had just heard that they would be sent back to Russia; which

→ We were never told that the war would help the Jews, nor was the war ever described to us as being connected to the Jews. Yet they were, surreptitiously, connected to the war. It was done by blacking the ~~Germans, the Nazi regime,~~ German people, the German army, the German life altogether as an extension of the gang of rascals who were the Nazi leadership. It was how we were tricked, cheaply and easily, into a war that actually secured the ~~deat~~ end of the Jewish civilisation in Europe. One man, I know now (since the opening of the Constantinople files in 1990), ~~suffered~~ suffered for speaking out against the libel, which was in the time of all the people around Hitler himself .....

AUSTRIA

After seeing the [illegible]
Dein in/on-Austria
People that you can dip
pickaged it's [illegible]
[illegible] Bach organizes
a life time of rehabilitation

I understand myself. The
head become gone? What will do?
Putting my nose it's the third?
Clothes human wave? What head
I pick myself, it's the lion ho? ???

had his own horse. The Cossack horses were small and swift, indeed, once they were in the gallop, all but impossible to ~~halt~~ rein in. I learned to ~~[illegible]~~ secure the saddle, put my hand under the ... to see that there left the right space. I ~~jumped~~ learned to ~~leap~~ Repair myself up into the saddle ~~for the ground, my hands on each side~~ with my hands gripping it. I enjoyed the way my horse moved round instantly ~~before I was had my~~ and began to trot away before I had my ~~feet in~~ feet in the stirrups. We were warned that these horses had been trained specifically ~~for battle and not to stop for~~ battle. Once ~~a gallop~~ you entered a gallop it was the signal for ~~virtually~~ a blind ride. I only had one fall, ~~Otherwise we~~ ~~learned~~ apart from almost having my head kicked off by a low branch in the woods. I was told, I should never gallop on a hard surface, these horses are trained for grass. But I did because I wanted to get ~~into the~~ ~~way for the [illegible]~~ up the slope ~~and~~ into the high soothing woods ~~that you saw no one~~ unvisited by war.

I was put in charge of a party of a long convoy of trucks full of refugees & we moved to an eastward site. We soon realised on the convoy formed up that there were Cossacks. And therefore the previous owner of the horses we were each day riding. It was simply a transportation matter. The Cossacks seemed happy in the trucks, waving to us for the trek, with children. It is wonderful how we all obey orders because they are orders — crisp with the due, prepared solemnity for alive. ~~In the soldiers' case you could feel [illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ The trucks moved off and we travelled some considerable miles and then we

we began to slow up and the Cossacks ~~the~~ showed first suspicion and alarm, craning round the sides of the trucks from the back, ~~[illegible]~~ trying to see where they had been landed. I know we had been briefed — I did remember the actual briefing — that these people should at all costs be assured by signs and mime, for none of us spoke Russian, that no harm would come to them, it was a simple routine move. And that this was a dirty calculated lie, using all of us, men and officers, to do ~~the~~ work the initiators were too cowardly to come clean about, quickly became apparent as these people began to look frightened and then panic-stricken. But they didn't try to jump down from the trucks. They knew exactly the fate that hung over them — in the ~~sign post~~ signs that indicated the ~~[illegible]~~ Red Army, their frontier post, their familiar baggy-trousered soldiers. The Cossacks gesticulated to me from the ~~truck~~ truck in front, gesturing me forward because even but I was all the time making placating faces because even now I believed that some arrangement would be made, had been, so could be made, ~~for these~~ ~~forgiving reception into the~~ ~~forgiving paternal order of~~ for this peaceful and understanding rehabilitation into Soviet life. It was the Cossacks who showed me the truth, that they were in effect dead men and women and perhaps children too — they were holding out their trinkets to me, even throwing them towards my jeep, but we ~~and~~ officers had been given strict orders not under any circumstances to dismount. They were pressing their possessions on us because they wouldn't need them now but with a sweetness and acceptance none of us could believe. It was once an easy operation, delivering to the country which in not many months would become the enemy and in not many years, in yet another lie to conceal all the previous ones, an evil empire — you never saw in all your life so many duped people, the Cossacks and us, and I hope they ~~too~~ knew that we had been the dupes too, that our silly placating smiles had been genuine and not of the ~~fraud~~ unashamed fraudulence those above — very high above us, higher than brigadiers and commanders — were daily ~~A~~ capable of.

meant they would be shot for joining the Germans in their flight from the east. The ~~[illegible]~~ Russian women were looking after them, sobbing, talking to weeping, but no one understood them. We all lost in terror. And I and the officers didn't yet know (we were to discover later) that in the matter of handing people over to the Russians, which meant to Siberian death, we — the allies, ~~the two allies~~ more particularly the two allies whose particular enemy the Soviet Union was — would be ~~ruthless. The we did realise it, later in Austria that created even more of a practical working situation,~~ ~~and~~ ruthless and craven.

One day I drove to a civilian camp north of Udine where there were people of every nationality, including Russian. There were many Russian children and there were great piles of ~~superfluous~~ clothes which had been sent from Britain and America. These were apparently available and I hit on the idea of taking some to the Russian children ~~in our car~~ among our prisoners. So I drove a group of them out to the civilian camp, with their mothers and they chose what they ~~wanted~~ needed. They stared at me in terror. They were in rags but very reluctant to take the new clothing and kept sending questioning signals to their mothers. The women looked frightened, being Russians with no Russian rights. Next day I brought a truck load of the clothes to the prison camp so that ~~no frightening journeys would be necessary~~ as not to repeat frightening journeys with the children. The next day every single one of them, mothers and children, had disappeared ~~— conveyed~~.

A few weeks later we drove in convoy through the ~~[illegible]~~ magical winding ..... pass with the ~~[illegible]~~ of a kind ~~such as~~ we had still heard for almost two years, closed what we lovingly whenever we halted. ~~Had~~ Most of my time there was spent in grooming the ~~[illegible]~~ Cossack horses which came to us as a gift from the Soviet government. ~~We were billetted near Corsy as the autumn turned to winter. I walked — the woods — and had a girlfriend and we used to walk in the woods high above the village.~~ Why and how we ~~should~~ ~~have~~ became candidates for such an unlikely gift we didn't know but like soldiers always we accepted the horses and I learned to ride them, and we ~~groomed the~~ hauled up sacks of corn for them, watered them, and — with beautiful tackle and saddles that appeared from nowhere we mounted them. I galloped alone through the woods. Each

The important thing for me is get near here ~~in~~ that our reaction — officers and men — to being used for the war equivalent or the war probably or possibly equivalent, to handing over a convoy of Jews to a concentration camp — was a simple truthful one, not a political one, that is a thought-out one that first considered the interests and bargaining counters that acceding to the Russian demand for its own traitors involved. We simply couldn't bear the sight of these men, women and children going to what for us, and apparently for them, certain death or worse. We couldn't bear the glad and humble way they wanted to shower gifts, their most intimate possessions on us, because otherwise these things would go to their persecutors. Who can say now that Stalin wasn't ~~the~~ a protagonist of murder at least as great as Hitler? Even in the war, as a result of the war, his image of idealism, resulting from his propaganda of the Thirties to soften the intellectuals of the West as far as America, was being replaced by a sense of the ruthless, cunning and implacable. So that we men and officers were saying that we returned from no disreputable mission was that we had just been ordered to go again ~~[illegible]~~ ourselves, that we lived by, that each and everyone of us, being duped born and bred, had gone into all this hell for.

We never found out what happened to those people — but it did create a potential mutiny situation of those above to soften as best they could. Since the job had been done there was little that mutinous rumbling — unlike those ~~[illegible]~~ 190 (check) ~~the~~ soldiers at Salerno (??) ~~who had been told point-blank the that they were being shipped to a peaceful zone~~ ~~the~~ who had been constitutional of exposing a similar lie — there was little that could result. In Greece matters had been clear — we ~~refused~~ made it clear that we refused to be engaged in an anti-communist hunt. ~~We chose our allegiances according to our conscience.~~ And that was instantly acted upon in high places, ~~which were~~ always alert for unrest in the forces. Now the war was virtually over, ~~The angry men~~ there was no need for anyone in high places to worry. No more killing, at least in the European sector, would need to be done. Anger would be swallowed in our demobilisation papers. Mine was, especially as

a horrified death of such horrific thoroughness that it made battles and infantry attacks look like set-piece choreographed manoeuvres. Of course a lie was required for that too. For many decades people everywhere have accepted that lie as a justification for its use. The weapon, over those decades, has proliferated and continues to hang over us as a storm might, beyond our control. And the lie was a simple one. It said that we either drop the bomb or continue fighting at the cost of perhaps millions more deaths. But when the bomb dropped the Japanese government had already sued for peace. Officially conveyed to Moscow July 13 1945 that he wished to negotiate a peace. Stalin replied that this wasn't enough, this declaration, to make the basis of an armistice. He passed on the information to Churchill, who passed it on to Truman. Two weeks later the Japanese repeated this plea, again to Stalin. And again came Stalin's no. Stalin had an interest in keeping the war going. He wanted Manchuria. He had already taken N. Bukovina and Bessarabia on the Rumanian frontier in 1940, together with Latvia, Finland, Estonia and Lithuania. Thus he was building an empire of which wars are the, of the war should, again, not surprise us. It is what wars are for, among other things. And so it seemed to him absurd to let the Japanese war end without he had got what he wanted on the eastern side too.

There was a strong feeling among some atom physicists that his wish to keep the war principle alive was shared by some physicists behind the atom bomb project in America. Strong feeling, not from any desire to hurt anybody but because a huge billion dollar project, the 2 billion dollars, the fruit of its development would then be justified to the electorate, President Truman on the ground would have to justify his persistence with a weapon that we hadn't used. The war then had to be prolonged for purely political demonstration, never mind the deaths, which by now, for the allied leaders, were little more than a numerical reference. So the dodge basic lie used to initiate a prolonged unnecessary all war for war.

NOTE: Later: Physicist ... a hive

and if necessary kamikaze

an advocate of peace right now.

who ~~as~~ advocated of continued resistance,

→ 1 On April 5th – partly because all of Japan's shipping had been destroyed, partly because the Americans had landed on OKINAWA, partly because Russia was now threatening war – the ~~Japanese cabinet fell, and was replaced by~~ the Japanese prime minister Koiso, was replaced by Suzuki, ~~who to~~ who was for ~~peace, as was the prime minister, he brought as~~ Already in February the Japanese emperor had urged Russia, in her 'neutral' capacity, to help initiate peace proceedings ~~[illegible]~~ But Stalin kept quiet about this approach. Nothing happened until ~~April 20th~~ July 13 when the emperor...

~~being another advocate of continued war, because~~ , who wanted to extend his empire eastwards, and therefore needed the war – its cover for such designs –

as much as Truman and Churchill

→ 2 a Live Demonstration of its power not simply to make war but to stop them (admittedly by making them) was essential.

though

horrified CM, expressing fury – late

NOTE ONLY

→ demonstrate ... by got this Live Demonstration + its witness of blood & screaming blinded children and the

the Pres. wanted the

listed out — that the bringing to death in under eight seconds of a quarter of the population of Hiroshima, upwards of 80,000 people, would prevent the death of millions if the (so to speak) old-time steam-war continued. And everyone believed it. And nearly everyone has believed it ever since.

On August 6th 1945, that is six months after the Japanese emperor's first approach, the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. This town and Nagasaki had been chosen out of a list of five places because they were combined military installations with vulnerable domestic buildings. On August 9th the other bomb was dropped. The doctrine of total war and unconditional surrender was in this way or was without any need for words. It gave a cease-fire-or-else warning not only to Japan but to the whole world.

A day before the Nagasaki attack Stalin declared war on Japan. On the Nagasaki day itself he walked into Manchuria. On that day the Japanese emperor announced (on the radio) that his government would surrender if his own sovereignty was respected. And, astonishingly, since the allies had so far refused even to talk about his sovereignty (any more than Stalin wished to hear about our King George VII is allied talks), the condition was respected. It meant the 'unconditional surrender' doctrine was dropped — adopted in the 1914-18 war but because, in that case, removing the emperor might make the Japanese people to a defiance that all but invited another atomic attack to be committed — and no government, not even a bragging victorious one, could risk being seen as tossing such bonds about as details of policy.

So everybody got what they wanted. The Russians got the land they wanted. The military physicists (the President's chief of staff of the US Army) and Henry L. Stimson (the President's chief advisor) and Winston Churchill and his scientific advisor Lindemann, (covered with the euphemistic

→ Another key reason for the explosion as soon as possible ~~was the state of supply~~ was the ~~due~~ enmity between the Soviet Union and the other two allies. Russian armies were poised to invade Japan. Stalin intended to declare war on the enemy. And the moment ~~[illegible]~~ could in a moment make his declaration ~~[illegible]~~ meaningless — above all it would keep Japan from his occupying it, in which case there would have been two iron curtains.

'Lord Cherwell', ironically, then the name of an Oxford University, got what they wanted — a Live Demonstration with the writers of the screaming of blinded children and the tortured [illegible] blood and all the varieties of death — the quick, the slightly delayed, the lingering and the long-term concerns me.

But where Churchill's gains? In his book The Second World War he described the bomb as a 'merciful abridgement' of the 'slaughter' in the war. And he added the nerve at any time had the question of whether the bomb should be used or not been so much an under discussion. To bombe it meant a 'vast, indefinite butchery', and to bring war to an end by means of a show of power 'at the cost of a few explosions' seemed a miracle. The paragraph is an elegy on what happens to the minds of war leaders. Hiroshima and Nagasaki 'a few explosions'? Instead of using the words 'slaughter' and 'butchery' we are plainly up to something. In we are at the game of making a bigger evil than the one we are about to suggest.

But Churchill wasn't a liar. He was happy with contradictions because, unlike army commanders, he knew keeping an electorate willing involved daily, almost hourly contradictions. And six pages after the one I've just quoted from he said that the Japanese war wasn't won by the atom bomb at all. It was won when Japan's shipping was destroyed many months before. Here was shipping no way his maritime empire could survive. But its belief in itself was great, hence the Kamikaze bombers. And the fatuous 'unconditional surrender' demand invited more of those, even in the knowledge of defeat. This is why, at the end, Truman acceded to the acknowledgement of the enemy's sovereignty — It was difficult, to say the least, to trade any Kamikaze attack with an atomic bomb, if the good news that this bomb would have been effectively ending human life on earth would it was best to go on — to correct Truman's phrase — 'the worst vile thing in history!'

It was wonderful with what frivolity the leaders celebrated Hiroshima. A note was handed to Winston Churchill, as a code for the 8-second burning to death of

→ 1 President Truman ~~[illegible]~~ is said to have described Hiroshima, when he heard about it on his way home from the Potsdam conference, as 'the greatest thing in history'!

→ 2 You end ~~believing your own lies, that is~~ not remembering ~~that you~~ your ~~own~~ lies. All you did was turn into the ingestion to your advisors and commanders and soon, sometimes in moments, it came back to you as strategy.

~~→ 3 It the same book has made [illegible] as [illegible] Hitler's heady, Roosevelt's [illegible] of strategy~~

→ 4 especially ~~[illegible]~~ in war, ~~though~~ though you see to be sitting in a dictator's seat (he was in constant risk, despite vast direct power, of a vote of non-confidence in the House of Commons).

80,000 people, 'Babies continuing born!' The U.S. Security Council was explained to in the men, women and children had been 'incinerated'.

~~Admiral Leahy, Roosevelt's Chief of Staff whose influence waned after Roosevelt's death, said simply 'The use of this barbaric weapon was of~~

Admiral Leahy, Roosevelt's Chief of Staff – whose influence waned under President Truman – ~~described~~ wrote afterwards 'The use of this barbaric weapon was of no material assistance in our war with Japan.' ~~Japan's~~ Japan's industries, ports, shipping and her food-sources had been wiped out.

Churchill had a good reason close to home for wanting Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Britain too had the weapon. And a country which felt vanquished, bankrupt and displaced by another English-speaking ~~country~~ nation as a world leader needed their sixth stalks. ~~The sorry tale was that we had to borrow for the other English-speaking nation in order~~ The sorry tale was that we had had to borrow in order to lose everything we had. What kind of ~~politics~~ sense or sanity was in this? For it led, that tale, to a second one – we had to borrow ~~again~~ a second time in order to feed and equip ourselves simply as a nation, ~~forget victory or the glory of an island people, in its finest hour, that alone in the world stood up to Hitler. Nothing of the sort happened. Now in little doubt that we would~~ might have done this had the Germans invaded. ~~But he had no intention of at any time invading. This was demonstrated again and again, not least in the British withdrawal from Dunkirk. Hitler simply allowed it to happen. Peace negotiations~~ forget a ~~top~~ world power. The simple medicine of the vanishing in ~~the world~~ legend belief, the simple yielding-up of power by people identified with power.

How did that happen? It is no use ~~casting~~ singling out people – Churchill for his schemes and ill-thought-out defence of war, Churchill for

~~Winston is the Jews~~

I → What was Churchill – one of those men who, cry ~~cry~~ reading with emotion – with sorrow and joy – what was he doing in this assembly? Was he 'fighting' for, of all things, of England? of Jews? Was he ~~supporting~~ nagging for the human heart? – no more than a fool would, ~~nothing would the world~~ ~~would say that, of all doctrines, he had been accomplished~~, ~~but the speaking acquisition of nagism as an unspoken guide, will, he could well be a better way of putting what it feels like to exist today but the opposite~~ ~~might~~. ~~Today, cant, after this, after that is held to be the genuine~~ ~~he is claim that~~ ~~the had happened~~ looking round the world now, say the had happened.

Extracting

trying to unveil ~~of~~ nagism

WAR PROLONGED BY ALLIES

~~Note~~

The war was prolonged because Hitler was quite alone & unchallenged – his leadership. And he was a man who couldn't accept defeat. This meant he could always fight – the most hopeless conditions. And it was because the Brit. journal had written off rejected & dead + any rivals – even rivals within his cabinet (~~the Generals~~) & were always treated snippily – quite as if it was essential to conserve Hitler's authority at all cost (this was the origin of the attitude). By the end of the war therefore we had others in contact we could turn to. The attempted assassination was an in-house affair – there should have been an international planned secret event. The efforts made for a side Germany to get rid of the hypnotic Hitler spell were inherently and petered out because the most needed was cut off – ~~[illegible] source~~ an external source.

There never was a war in which ~~every single~~ every opportunity, not of a spectacular nature, to topple ~~Hitler~~ the enemy leader was squandered by the opposing side! ~~So~~

delivered Germany up to the world as a nation deprived of a valid nationality. For 50 years they paid for their folly. She was propaganda had found necessary to fix it then — namely the absurd picture of a nation of merely ruffians, one to the generals in ~~their~~ of a ~~greater of~~ true Hitler's greater opposition. It

→ Towards the end, ~~the~~ just before the allies got across the Rhine, he gave the order to Speer to blow up every utility, electrical, industrial, institutional that could help the ~~German~~ Germans to live — and without any consideration of the future of the German people because they had no possibility of a future anyway. Speer complained — and ~~spoke of~~ told me to disregard the decree, which he did. So even close to Hitler — and his work of at the end — there was always dissent, ~~excited~~ ~~[illegible] lack of Rudolf Hess's balanced~~ ~~advice~~ luck for ~~R. Hess to~~ distant rivals to Hess himself — the allies refused to entertain Hess, quite as if ~~the~~ a war, and war alone, was their determined objective without regard to anything else.

Also the war was taken to a deadly conclusion because of the allies puerile 'total surrender' policy, which is fresh

WAR PROLONGED BY ALLIES

If the German people were vagabonds, liars, wanderers, then also the Jews who had once been German people, who had been in music and literature and all the arts forewhom as impresarios and artists and thinkers, who had fought for Germany in the first world war — were they included in this sudden ~~wonderful~~ dark and shameful people? When WW2 is seen to be a dark ~~and shameful~~ act on the part of the allies, will all the peoples within that alliance who seen as dark in all their history, and all their identity? War is a human institution, not characteristic of any one nation. And the war waged on Germany & Japan in WW2 was equal in every respect not simply the vile or unspeakable of the Nazi nightmare beyond, the authentic Hitler.

At the end of the first world war it was hardly different. General Sherping urged war to the death — and got the equivalent — the fall of the Kaiser and famous carving up of Europe under the watchful eye of President Wilson who lived eight thousand miles. The Austrian-Hungarian empire was split into little states, of which its imperial centre, Austria, became one — states wonderfully convenient for both Hitler and Stalin to take over and call nowhere less their own. ~~Europe could have divided up Germany, but it extinguished Britain~~ The very basis of the second world war was created — which should be seen as days is that the first world war didn't create enough of what the →

Do we ask that only the all-powerful nations have done anything of killing importance?

→ allies wanted, naming a European continent that would be little more than an extension of the Anglo-Saxon world, and the second phase achieved exactly that, so much so that Britain was included in this new subject territory. Do we blame Washington for having ~~pursued a policy of acquisitive~~ extended its influence to the utmost? Did London, Paris, ~~Berlin~~ Rome, (nor did it be a superior) Moscow, Berlin do anything less? Just we have, at present, one nation in such complete ascendancy over any other single nation that it can determine the course of the whole world in terms solely of its own interests? ~~the world? That is called the global world~~ ~~that is~~ What else was the goal of ~~also~~ every major state in the 19th ~~(exclusive of American, which would a preferred isolation) Hitler~~ after the creation of a global ~~influence~~ control ~~influence~~ of which the British empire was the ~~best~~ most recent model ~~to date~~? ~~Can~~ Could we ask the American actually to forego extending their cheap-goods-market economy to everywhere that seemed to say no to it, having the whole of the rest of the world?

Force was used by the United States in two wars, which was while their assistance was urgently and unctuously sought. ~~And there was and they were tired~~ ~~they certainly~~ ~~were ready~~ But who did the urgent and unctuous asking? Who was in Britain, in 1940, ~~was there~~ who could stand up and say, "Either make peace with Hitler, even on a tottering compromise, or let us fight it out with him alone if he invades." ~~Name the person who had the courage to say~~ ~~with his~~

people in high places and low, lost their voices, and sometimes were extinguished.

Alan Brooke — 1 June 1944 'My God how difficult it is to run a war and keep military considerations clear of all the vested interests and political ~~fo~~ foolery attached to it!!'

FOR THE RIVER-CROSSING CHAPTER:

My impression of the period ~~was~~ is that we were leaderless. I believe the commanders were at odds. Alexander, in charge of Italian operations, was a great believer in the idea of a sudden push which would open up the Austrian alps to us but there was little practical about that, just as there was little practical about Leese's idea of concentrating our strength close to the Adriatic — the numberless rivers that needed to be crossed were overlooked, and that was probably why Leese was removed altogether for operations to Burma. Too many promotions were taking place — Alexander to ......, Monty to Britain to replace Paget as commander of the Home Forces (August 1943) then to the [illegible] of the Overlord invasion of France. ~~Clark was [illegible]~~ The Fifth Army on the left and the 8th Army on the right were about as coordinated = their strategy explaining as two different theatres of war ~~[illegible]~~.

The conduct of the whole war was the result of makeshift, you-give-me-this-and-I'll-give-you-that decisions in London between the British and American commands. Churchill was invariably the key horse-trading. Twice offered Alan Brooke the supreme command of the Western forces but suddenly decided it should be an American because ~~there would be~~ more American soldiers would be engaged in the invasion of France than British. It was a decision that showed ~~had~~ no practical sense of arriving at a common strategy — & Marshall wasn't a strategy mind — the European terrain →

~~a letter~~

Trained glance on the explosion came.

(always of an autophobic person) this became the ~~pain of the death of a~~ grin on the face of the dead ~~child~~, guilty, the long scream that despite the peace that wouldn't come, the ~~steady~~ ~~tear~~ lark —

military

→ won't be handed to people who had no (experience of) it.
~~In this way the war~~ So Churchill had called on the Americans to fight — a war they didn't, as a people, wish to fight in — only to find ~~that~~ only ~~those the right~~ ~~wanted war~~ waving Wions — in the first place, that they — they to call all the shots — and in the circumstances were remarkably discreet and withholding.

TRANSLATED TO THE GROUND

the playing-area in high place, the petty lies and dirtiness of Montgomery & ... the,

~~With the preparation of war — this illusion proper — comes the big, thick sets up 'Do (even) what shall we do?' This is the height of illusion~~

FOR END OF FIRST CHAPTER (the Oxford 'interview')

With the preparation of war, even before its declaration, a hidden ~~poor~~ system has come into being which makes all questions like 'Shall I join up? Should I? Is this war justified? Is my part in it proper? Do I agree with its premises?' are the phrases of pure illusion. When the question 'Will you fight?' is put to you no ~~[illegible]~~ answers but two may be given — yes or no. But so it is with all wars, when much other fought in other peoples' countries on your behalf — of all the wars sanctioned by your government are on your behalf. You may sit argue about it, ask 'How else do we deal with this evil/murderous/tyrannical man/junta/government?' ~~[illegible]~~ ~~You are [illegible]~~ The very question — any question of this nature — is in illusion. You have already entered the ~~[illegible]~~ trap steadily prepared for you for over months or years — the ~~[illegible]~~ trap that there are certain leaders or peoples ~~who must be killed, tortured, starved (and, if the other thing was done happily) [illegible]~~ whom you may kill, torture, starve without conscience. The conscience has ~~already~~ been stolen from you ~~long~~ even before ~~the actual declaration of~~ war has been 'declared'!

→ The war was buried as deep as all its predecessors. And was what it feels like. And that was the greatest illusion of all. It was working in us 63

~~Instinctively a world war is [illegible]~~ as small as his own ~~ambition~~ ~~to a [illegible] [illegible] of personal ambition~~ and selling the big lie of the war — we are threatened by a superior force on our doorsteps. For every successful lie there has to be a dupe. Having been one ~~of these~~, I know the perplexing thing it involves — a little unanswered question inside, always. ~~the feeling~~. But, more than this, the liar, ~~he~~ the leader is himself ~~the~~ a dupe. ~~He believes the lie — and~~ The unusual ~~it~~ big lie rallies huge crowds of people it looks ~~like~~ a lie no longer. Just as we the dupes cease to ~~It is the [illegible] of the dupes. The billions who believe it and expect the war, they we cease to~~ put two and two together, so does the leader. ~~[illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] on the liar himself in, and~~ ~~because it is~~ too ~~late. Believes the first lie and~~ So leader and led ~~with the led lead~~ drag themselves along by their own bootstraps ~~expecting~~ Cos of the first →

~~[illegible] they were paid for it and paid for it and~~
~~[illegible] [illegible] of the first lie ' we are~~
~~forced by a superior force [illegible] [illegible]~~
~~destiny [illegible] [illegible] of the lot. And [illegible]~~
~~by [illegible]~~

all the time >
~~And~~ And now they be ~~wholly~~ wrecking the Earth. Cos it a big enough game ~~better~~ — war or ~~[illegible]~~ science. ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] will be enough for us ⊗

the ~~way~~ reflecting ~~in~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~other~~ of their land, in ~~[illegible]~~ gesture and
gaze, leading me as they led themselves, unknown to us both. →
discreetly

to many times.

of my youth. ~~And where~~ now, ~~and have the~~ without ~~in~~ its new face of ~~peace~~ peaceful, so
naturally and vigorously ~~and~~ ~~[illegible]~~ its rude face beguiled and enchanted ~~and taught~~
my senses to life, or rather I should say its people did, being

six years before I could say I ~~was properly living, with~~ had my
feet properly on the earth. I took a job teaching at Baghdad university.
After a year I left, taking a boat from Beirut to Naples.
And there, ~~began~~ with money in my pocket, I began properly
to a life in ~~[illegible]~~ the country where I had given up the glow

required it, however ~~[illegible]~~ frightening. One day I went
to the Warden's office and had a little tantrum — I
couldn't stand a day more in college. I needed a room
of my own choosing etc etc. He nodded and spoke
very kindly, knowing what I had been. Of course you can find
digs if you wish, he said, giving me a respectful warmer
look as if I were ~~[illegible]~~ twenty years older. ~~I think~~ He was ~~[illegible]~~ —

→ bigger and paradoxically easier life — ~~You very safely~~
~~[illegible]~~ 'You are faced by a perhaps superior enemy
who means to destroy you' → ~~you can fight without~~ you
can fight in the sleepwalking way expected of you.

I was in my third term in Oxford.
~~# Since I was treated as~~ Although this was very second year
at Oxford it was in effect my first because I ~~[illegible]~~
~~the beginning head~~ ~~need~~ I needed to complete the
full three years of Finals, which meant that I had to stay
in college for the first year. This was irksome to me.
I couldn't stand going to Hall of ~~[illegible]~~ dinner
because ~~of the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the tiniest breach of etiquette
could get you sconced — that is you had to stand the people
need you to a beer, and wagging in the hall without it you.
It almost never happened to me in keeping my head —
I once had being a lot of years now that the head ~~about~~

He was handsome and young, in his early middle age (since I was taking the youth's view, he was probably ~~at the end of his th~~ in the middle) his thirties), and his hair was greying at the temples ~~with the I know the K he was, side effect.~~ Three times this man had been decorated for gallantry. He was a legend. If he took a company forward it always got there. He never withdrew. But his battles had mounted up. Perhaps he too had come to his quota of reprieves. He went into battle, now, glancing neither to secretly, fearfully slightly, his face white and drawn, his shoulders almost cringed forward as in premature self-defence. He rarely made an order now. His ~~sate~~ adoring soldiers moved around him, knowing what to do, as if his orders were silent now.

I took out the ~~[illegible]~~ map and stared at it and then asked him the routine question that he must have heard a hundred times, Any SOS targets for the night? He heard the words but didn't seem to get the meaning and then I put the map away again. He seemed to feel an extraordinary ~~relief~~ relief. While I helped by leaving the room. My driver had found a rather rank bread over at the back and we had our ~~evening~~ evening meal inside it, and then slept in it.

Tomorrow the arrow would pass through the hole while we had made for in ~~our~~ record three weeks. There was silence meanwhile. The dawn was cold and sunless. ~~The hills behind us were spread out with an even frost.~~ An even frost was spread out on the hills to our south. ~~After breakfast~~ ~~After breakfast~~ I looked down at the road that went straight as a dye (?) between them, far below me. Of course, ~~we had~~ the hole we had made enclosed a key valley, an entrance to the north. For were hundreds ~~tanks~~ vehicles and tanks below, ~~and they were clearly~~ waiting for the arrowed division to pass through, ~~after~~ behind me. To the north, the firing ~~had~~ started. While meant that I wasn't in the forward lines, nor was my commander. I had brought back with my men, the decided I wanted to see the arrow passing through, which would mean getting to the forward positions. I asked the commander, would you like to come? ~~And~~ He shook his, with a dark look not at me but the floor. But a little later, when I asked him if I could borrow a light vehicle, say a jeep, he said, ~~if~~ I'll be coming after all. He wore heavy fur gloves and kept on making a hissing noise through his teeth ~~as I drove and the~~ as I drove uphill on paths frozen hard, in a sudden winter that would not last a few days. After a time we came

into the open — suddenly in a hush, ~~with my sporadic shell-fire at a distance~~ while we broke for tiffin to cannon-fire below. I spotted a cottage at the end of a maize field. I found myself in a hilarious mood, humming, flitting the steering wheel with the palm of my hand, we went into the cottage and at every window there was infantry we watching the battle of the tanks at below. The valley was huge and green, and from its centre black smoke pushed up. There were several English tanks, ~~many them~~ gutted or broken up. We saw a German tank and it was punching the English near to death. We could understand. No further tanks came into this valley from the British lines. We evening the burning tanks remained, glowing quietly. The armour had not passed through. Apparently it had never arrived. A scandal brewed. The commander of the armoured division was, it was said, sent to the Far East. The peaceful occupation of Austria would not take place. As to our peace — of mind and heart — the world did take place either. In face the country — attacks just in place north of Rimini the enemy were all the fierce for ~~our~~ the spell-binding failure.

ALL ABOVE TO P. 25½

HERE ALL FROM P. 25

THEN ~~All~~ Total war makes final peace

~~[illegible]~~ Last chapter

~~The Refuge with PAA~~

~~A [illegible] Refuge~~

Refuge with peace & Anew Human.

Total war makes worthless peace.

We arrived back in Italy too late for more battles — ~~peace had come~~. a little before an armistice was signed. The moment that happened we was spreaded north to Udine, near the Yugoslav border, and put in charge of a huge prison of war camps. Now the great race for Berlin was on — who would get to Berlin first? We

→ of a divisional commander to stand his tanks through. But this was not how we saw it. And how we saw it was based not on ~~visual information~~ what we saw, ~~with our eyes~~, and what we saw was limited to our immediate battle area. Of all human institutions an army rolls along best on the principle of divide and rule.

the larger map on the noticeboard every day, now that the 'allies', having defeated the Germans, were turning on each other. ~~[illegible] the reasons that Stalin had opposed any Italian campaign~~ Our particular interest was reaching Austria ~~and~~ to enjoy the peace and quiet of a country ~~[illegible]~~ close to us in feeling (the Austrians had never been considered the initiators or perpetrators of the war) that we could feel, well, on holiday. For this reason Stalin had always opposed the Italian campaign — it threatened Yugoslavia, Austria, and the Czech southern frontier, where ~~his empire~~ he had interests and ambitions. Politically the allies were trying to keep him as much out of Germany ~~as possible, and politically~~ and Austria while, politically, he was ~~advocating with and impractical~~ trying to get a foothold ~~[illegible]~~ in them. And just as the allies hoped that the war between Germany and the Soviet Union would weaken both countries, so Stalin had hoped that the allies would invade France in all the wrong places ~~and adopt a strategy~~ and lose more battles than they won.

It was the logic we all lived in and our prisoners of war at Udine seemed to share in the irony, not to say ineptitude, of the situation. One morning the colonel of an SS battalion, a tall, handsome man with white hair, invited me to his quarters for breakfast after I ~~had~~ made a standard enquiry about his troops. ~~[illegible] welfare. He told me that he was the pre-Nazi type of regular soldier.~~ I think I was something of a favourite for SS officers as, standing tall and blond, I was prime Aryan material in their eyes. Anyway, we waited while his batman prepared coffee for us. He told me he was the pre-Nazi type of career soldier — Hitler's great mistake, he said, was to make war on Britain. The two countries had clear interests in common. ~~[illegible]~~ Of course, in the ways of youth, which follows the lies to it has been fed with in its sleep, saw in this man only an apologist for a war in which Hitler had been the sole provocative factor. I have a English wife, the colonel told me. Hail! took on an extra bid of my approval. I disliked the kind

NOTES ON THE LIBS

(for the end)

END

END

THE LIES ON WHICH OUR LIVES ARE BASED

"security" used to put high decisions which cannot be presented to a gullible public — so, in our choice circumstances, the decision can be made to seem so trivial that you can even be persuaded from that you are engaging in war — 1 - 11 kinds, that is stupid.

It would be helpful if the lies of whoever in the earth were not ~~determined by~~ based on the lies of the ~~conspiracy~~ war like they are. It isn't the Iran idea — of an 'alliance' the justifies 'total' war, and the war is by no means, my mind, a lost cause but ~~another diplomatic~~ an organic support of our political structure — it isn't that this is enacted by wicked people (the sub-rich!) but the id is simply the all of us internally (that is, unconsciously), so that the 1% know our consent, our votes, we are sold the whole world over in a determined way ~~that~~ even to the point of self-destruction

magnetic.

satanic by the media industry. Some people are based on displays which pleasure the the vast majority ~~[illegible]~~ & perpetuate it ~~daily~~ daily in the

demonstration of the wonder of how

destructive of the human race is ~~simulated~~ ~~[illegible]~~ any kind of cruelty & malice, any sort of murder and torture, ~~[illegible]~~ simulated ~~[illegible]~~ random people, ~~[illegible]~~

→ when a 'serious' matter arises (i.e. a sports of violence & conforming identical + the adopted of the Magis the dance machine of politicians & journalists begins — he it is me is in all, visible, as ~~[illegible]~~

hasty symmetry / end

— 'democratic' nation represented as fighting – 'dictatorship'. When the anti-sex people had been blinded and hoisted ~~and~~ ~~hypocrisy~~ – ~~hideous~~, and in this the decision was taken with unlikelihood, absurd, dismissive.

— And Nuremberg Trials — sacrificial — you the model — the nazi me! the trial of the Germans who had plotted British death — the U.K. & Russia tried for the scorched of Hamburg — of Dresden (180,000 dead in one night)

— And the holocaust unchecked allowed. Been the indicator of a war that caused and exacerbated it

— Jewish joined fight in — ~~[illegible]~~ dance macabre dredging up fantasies — invented history — affirmative — to justify ~~a for~~ a bombing spree. ~~the~~ ~~war~~ 'Nuremberg or war anti-war' —

— after

— Twin towers — single ~~most~~ ~~[illegible]~~

the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ a manifestation of such calculated cruelty, prolonged & horrifying in its effects, that in human history never seen, it followed by the ~~[illegible]~~ way of effectively another country — the Duke of the sovereign ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ earth to 1500 degrees and will the of the heads of 400 soldiers (in the ridiculous language of punishment can come up with) — which another his effectively gave her given to cruelty — more & better cruelty — so year of action was justified by the ~~[illegible]~~ cynical betrayal of history.

— after was Oxford — met Jacob Michie — why did you do it? I had no answer he would fulfilled. ~~[illegible]~~ I felt I had to the 'it' it. And only now do I know the if I had it I would be the ~~[illegible]~~ this story.

Next

Look all to Churchill —
Karl (Slovakia, of Friends' Mass)

Next for instance — an idea formed how party put its weight behind a war — behind an uncritical conservative party that actually throughout war against Churchill who was hated — as in politics, religion and for changing — (his last hit might) — simultaneously the conservative class was trying to undo the decisions of war but Churchill was popular, he was popular in the left and this looked like a miracle never vouchsafed to any political party.

But Churchill was devoted, military civil service. He was also v. pro-Russian — so people left — Cultivated

the petition passed. When you read,
however, the meaning can
be an inspiring help and hope — but
we must have seen it. Many men that
sinking ship during war — patient
people — some even in the prime — were
gay & cool & before my girls' eyes.

→ Who people, hopeful given of the
fact that the working people had
benefited for the enforce effort —
~~and~~ debt and endangering it — it
was the most dangerous time one the
Country had ever been in since early Tudor
times — it was in danger of losing way
all the power it had. And that is
what it did. This is what we did.
And we paid for it, we suffered and
died for it.

Tomorrow we face a
political chaos — Mr Churchill then
excoriated by calling Attlee the
wise and beloved Socialist
Union is not the principle chief question
of economic-free shape. All

Hitler was a mini devil until the Allies (who, whatever else they were, were never Hitler) turned him into a hero in me — opened the door for the erosion of Jewish civilisation in Europe.

had perhaps 4/5 men under 35 committed suicide every day (2002) — to find love and eternity in death the only reason?

for Chap 3

— we now 'believing' = the first line.

~~After~~ I was a dreamer. But what we hope we must be the true dreamers! I was trying. Dreamers are for the making of the future, for they will do for a year in the world. By our hope you will behave and they think. Thinking is never yet to make a path, but to run of dreaming will for show the kind of person it is the shines for you, and the will be the model for your life.

~~We were~~ My unit (as a guard troop) ~~were~~ was divided ~~to~~ the hills above — with to the north, where the infantry hurried once the Germans pulled back. The idea I think was to cover the 8th Army in its march towards us — as well as to cover the advance to the the new line in Chie Capanelly.

Chamberlain

He was the only ~~man~~ politician who did anything serious to stay or delay a war, and his name has been useful to be dropped into the black hole that his name is a word journalists can use to contain revilement (a revilement which cost their Prime Minister, Churchill I, absolutely did not ~~[illegible]~~ feel).

Incidentally in my first year at Oxford ~~the historian~~ Chamberlain's biographer ~~was the~~ gave a few lectures — I think in The House ~~and~~ ~~and the [illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and he gave me a very different picture that balanced the fact that I had joined a huge demonstration in Whitehall screaming 'Down with Chamberlain! Chamberlain must go!' (who is to say my mind wasn't already set on this War, while ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to be such thing?)

END OF

BOOK

Also FILLINS for various chaps.

have no way of deciding is true or false or mad or psychiatrically incompetent or bent on nothing but death and destruction, even its own. No matter where our pre-selected meanings lead, there we will have to follow. Since we have no way of finding out what we are bent on, what our meanings are bent on, we cannot properly determine how our world will go, and certainly we cannot assure ourselves any means of controlling it. We simply unleash the environment that pours from our words and it is soon beyond our control. So we have never been able to make a religion or civilisation that has lasted. There are exceptions to this (the Jews spring to mind) but on the whole a pattern of frenetic rise and fall, with a media figure of one to three thousand years for each, seems to establish itself. The excavations between 1880 and 1914 in the Euphrates and Tigris valleys threw up a remarkable picture of very varied civilisations in a small area that defied the Christian picture (which lasted until beyond the second of the twentieth century) of a human 'history' that started, earliest, in Egypt, and contained no religions at all except, grudgingly, the one into which Christ was born!

Not that we should smile at this. All civilizations have their certainties, their absolute in-house laws. Without them they wouldn't convey that sense of belonging to an intimate shared world (consensus) that the human like all animals must have. Nearly all religions must claim the power to think the truth and the only truth not because they

WHERE?

INSERT WHERE I

When I see biographies of generals and commanders it always astonishes me, the ~~[illegible]~~ they are seen as leading men. The one time you see a commander in some informal setting is when he appeared from the sky and we watched his familiar hesitant face as he stepped out of the car that took him from the plane across the field. We see our divisional commander there, and the corps commander General _____ The King meant home to us so we snapped him with our cameras and watched him as he carefully put a piece of cloth over his knees again the last one before he sat down again in his jeep. We saw him pat the cloth in a strangely lonely way that made him in a way no other man could be — the very image of what we meant by home, his face an Celtic, Regal and to us the most beautiful. We may not have had a very good time in. Somehow he was set aside for everything that was wrong in the country, aside from the hurts and fears that all nations inflict on themselves — he was dedicated to England and therefore to us in a way no other man could be. Nothing could substitute for a person such as the King. The personification of an England that went far back in the centuries so that, he was bigger than himself.

This is the trick of war. It will cure King at home while pulling feelings out of us, making us understand our own feelings and being stimulated down the very ship that knows nothing about the key notes of the royal →

(enclosed)
(as I said before,
I could hear
the ~~[illegible]~~ Chamberlain's voice
in his public announcements)

[illegible] — not after the declaration?
war and the, typical of politicians, it was
all very right and now. But there were secret
thoughts, mine. And perhaps they were with willing people.

secret peace negotiations with Hitler — or the peace negotiations
A peace negotiation had a long history, continuing well after Churchill
came in. I did have a hunch. I did have a
feeling that we were being led to. I did have
the feeling (in 1941 —?) that the war could easily be
called off, and might very well be, ~~that~~ the war would

INSERT HERE 1/2

America is a presence despite a huge
population in a huge continent. These
presences can die. And then it seems
that those presences were — the
powers had nothing to do with it, even
as it grew from it. → P. 2.

family in
→ / was the one institution that emphatically declared itself —
unknown to anyone who didn't tread the corridors of
power — again a hopeless war that would end
it, and perhaps, one day, civilization itself. Had we
known that I think we would have charged round
pale fragile King round and round the field in
recognition of the fact that his family had lost
the struggle for peace and that one day, the
Duke of Kent, had — so the story now — lost his
~~last life~~ life because of his role in ~~peace~~ secret
peace negotiations. Naturally enough, a monarch
and the family round him must know that his land
is threatened — that it must certainly die, not as
a 'province' land but as a presence like Venice or
Provence are presences, like

WHERE?

Power finds that it can never move power if it goes to war. Charles V — the last of the Holy Roman Empire — ~~the sacked Rome and Florence and late retired to a humbly new Madrid~~ — found in the sixteenth century that it was profitable to borrow money at huge rates of interest in order to finance wars. ~~The~~ ~~the provided~~ War as an institution has always been waged in the context. It was considerably easier in the middle ages because you employed mercenary armies. ~~and~~ Mercenary generals like Carmagnola changed sides as a matter of course — his total virtue was to do this in the case of Venice. The men were paid to fight — and ~~they were allowed the delight~~ they were allowed the satisfaction of pillaging, raping and terrorising town and village populations. Therefore they didn't need exhortation, though this was sometimes used, as in the case Henry V of England. Henry VIII insisted that his soldiers have the pleasure of rape and pillage if he invaded Calais — it was the right thing to do by them. But once war began to be waged by means of conscripting thousands and the millions of people you had to rely on pure exhortation: it meant a peace population was converted into a war population — everyone became 'militarised', until finally you could say of the civil population that it was assumed in the war as soldiers — as in the case of London under German attack, and Dresden, Hamburg, Berlin under 'allied' attack. The exhortation had to be clever and deviously used — in order to hide the fact that →

had to be saved. I think thousands did. I think perhaps more did. And this was the one thing that was entirely dropped by the Germans. The provision 'first the war, then we save the Jews!' And as a result of that utter indifference (the Jewish question hardly figured — it seems — from ~~the~~ even the secret peace negotiations) ~~the~~ the Jewish civilisation in Europe was all but wiped out.

To. P.3

→ war's reference is always and actually a power reference, even when you use a clear daily reference, as the atrocity they committed by the enemy — such as the Nazi treatment of the Jews. I do it think I was alone in giving my ~~bogy~~ bogus approval to the war by 'error' on the grounds that the Jews

WHERE?

This doesn't mean to say that the people leading the
war are consciously exhorting, consciously weaving lies,
consciously following clear motives of acquisition by
force. This is a simple fact here. The human has
to go forward, in any enterprise, by feeling he or she
is being good and right. ~~and commendable~~ It
may be a self-deception, ~~and that may be delete~~ But
you simply cannot get masses of people together by means
of false feelings. Churchill and ~~[illegible]~~ Roosevelt were
utterly sincere, even passionate — it is why they traded
~~[illegible]~~ quotations from the sweetest of all English
Williams, Shakespeare — during their cross-Atlantic
conversations. One can doubt Stalin's goodness of in-
tention — his doctrine defined the means purely
in terms of the end — but he too, the most ~~cynically~~
apparently devious of the three 'allies', ~~At~~ saw
world revolution as the most deeply good event
to befall all humanity, its saviour, light and
everlasting (the State would 'wither' into pure
community) peace. Each of the three men had an idea of ~~they~~
dreams, above all they each had
what they had come on earth for, and they each
looked forward to a time which was a perfect
daydream, a deeply fabulous one in each case.

This is how we are. And war is an ~~the~~ ~~pathetic~~ ~~childs~~
exquisite mechanism for ~~the more~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~institution~~, to
~~this~~ sand castles because a Parish ~~[illegible]~~ ~~organisation~~ ~~believing ourselves~~ ~~this is~~
an ~~accepted~~ ~~made of~~
being such an inherited institution, ~~deeply~~ take for granted

~~THE~~ WHERE? (indeed honoured,)

4

by every generation as an acceptable, ~~is~~ mode) human behaviour, it ~~its very organization — having the transformation of human work from a craft production~~ can hide behind a grave trace of certitude

that it is there to serve. Only Churchill — who, and humbly enough, unlike those around him, ~~could~~ could see through his own justification — wondered, as he sat naked in his bed talking to his doctor, whether future generations would condemn him. After all, only he knew what he had done. As ~~sought~~ single-handedly as any leader in history he had created a war. Not a king, not a tyrant had this power. Unlike kings and tyrants he had to struggle and intrigue and bluff his way to it, at every turn (x) ~~through successive failures at on to hang finally, and not helped by his mother in~~

End/Cassino/~~[illegible]~~ Churchill's speech

it is because he was a model of the elite either/or trap — he spoke, with remarkable success, in a speech that no one really grasped, nor understood it. The ending doesn't matter. The perplexity doesn't matter. I have been told you are weak but brave, that you never give up, you really know the truth be cruel if you did the enemy will be on your doorstep. This description of all speeches hit the German in his household — a spark struck as there had never been — he would spring up again — for under a cafe table, for a doorstep — a word spoken too loudly could overhear it — a gesture that indicated where the neighbour ~~or~~ landing strip of military aircraft was could do it — all this furtive silent mutiny of neighbours and finger-to-lips admonition followed like night for day after Churchill's speech. Here the poor devils who had escaped murder torture, starvation of the Nazis to settle in Britain ~~academics [illegible]~~

had to be ~~taken into custody~~ (put under
arrest (called 'internment'). Thousands of
academics, doctors, teachers, businessmen of
Jewish descent stood at once then in these
camps with a new nationhood — they were
behind bars because Britain was engaged in an
anti-nazi war and they, they before all others,
were ~~anti-Nazis~~ demonstrably, the hard
cell, anti-Nazis!

For all these years we have, they, have not
yet disposed an easy access into people's
homes. We have radio (nationalised)
on hand purposes. ~~But these have to be sold~~
~~But~~ We have a news and entertainment
industry (called, in the fully meaning sense,
'the media') which transmits, enlarges on, even bestows
a certain magic on the speeches, the news 'releases',
which means there must be a certain understanding
before the speech, before the 'release', of what ~~is expect~~
people will believe, reading ~~(hopefully~~ (blindly) accept,
and what they will not. It is no good saying 'you
can fool some of the people some of the time but...'
When people are ~~fooled~~ they must be helping to be
fooled. And this is where entertainment comes in. We

INSERT A for Page

~~We read that the~~ [I was standing in the ~~[illegible]~~ hall one morning looking at the paper. It was which May 12, 1941 ~~[illegible]~~. A small paragraph said that Rudolph Hess had landed in Scotland from Germany. One would have thought that the subject required a headline. Hess was, Hitler's deputy, ~~and~~ perhaps the most devoted and trusted of his staff, ~~those~~ ~~belief: Hitler was close to a religious~~ had flown to Britain of his own free will, and presumably his course had been tracked of the RAF, which hadn't shot him down. One was to believe, from the non-committal nature of the communique, ~~which had clearly been studied~~ drawn up ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~[illegible]~~ wording of which had clearly been ~~devised and revised~~ ~~again and again~~ to give ~~[illegible]~~ as little opinion of anything whatsoever ~~except~~ perhaps a sudden ~~attack of the~~ manifestation of madness in Hess, perhaps even his renunciation of Nazism, [~~though~~ it was as clear as had prompted the flight. Yet day, (and it wasn't denied) that he had come to negotiate peace, and that he had ~~not~~ privately left Germany with Hitler's knowledge and, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~had been allowed to exit enemy territory.~~] ~~[illegible]~~ ~~felt~~ had never seen a statement more evasive of issues which it made plain by the very manner of its evasion, and it began to seem to me that something very funny ~~indeed~~ was going on and we weren't being told what it ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the politicians whether handling matters of military or civil life~~ ~~competent or not~~ but there was something very funny about the whole war effort, yet, on a hunch, ~~or sense~~ to me.

~~Of course the idea behind war, a very convenient one to a small number of people, is that you give up your freedom while it is on. And we were no longer free to think, first – the [illegible] we received of the – [illegible] like a small group of people called the government that it was right to receive, and secondly – the true [illegible] that had been decided on behalf of the small group of people, and which we didn't be influenced by anything we saw though, and thirdly that, in these various jobs, whether it was being a nurse in a hospital or a munitions worker or a member of the armed forces – it was [illegible] to watch your figure, not out of vanity, but because you did have to watch your figure, not out of vanity, but because it was now part of your job, every and any job, to be aware of the fact that the enemy was always listening – might be sitting next to you in a cafe, in the train, [illegible] soldier.~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Paranoia ~~a useful self-isolating emotion~~ helped the [illegible] and ~~[illegible]~~ natural laziness; disablement of one's critical faculties,

from P. 278

It was much like a mesmerised state. No armies marching through the streets with the women waving goodbye. ~~[illegible]~~ And, as

1 ~~When~~ I remember how we had all been mobilised for war in 1939?
~~The actual mobilisation of Britain for war in 1939 was, one thing — it had produced (partly because of the [illegible] peace negotiations) a genuine effort to topple Hitler — but~~ the state of the war itself, the war didn't come. The period was ~~action at all for a prolonged~~ nicknamed 'the phoney war', and everyone hoped it would continue just like this. ~~We little knew that this was what the phoney war was, because this was what the phoney war was, but this was because Britain [illegible]~~ We didn't know the ~~inverted political trick to engage two parties in negotiations between the British and the Germans were going on~~ having ~~peace~~ orderly peoples, the British and the Germans, ~~in a war~~ to prevent what we knew would be the end of civilisation, say the rest of Europe.

The Churchill's speech did was to end this appearance of phoniness, ~~And to~~ draw the curtain, ~~of pretense~~, on ~~[illegible]~~ these various negotiations ~~being~~ the were conducted ~~at the very top~~ not by a few hopeful diplomats but by people at the ~~very~~ top. If that was Churchill's way of trumping the it was very clever indeed.

We were now told to watch your tongue.

The 'enemy'... → overleaf

---

people who had listened, like myself, to Radio Moscow at the age of fifteen, which was true, but that people somehow infiltrating the country disguised, even, in (the Jewish caps) and sidelocks (Jewish hair arrangement). It was all so outrageous that we believed it. ~~Yet~~ we didn't believe it. ~~We~~ Swallowed it ~~for~~ precisely the German swallowed Hitler's trap of lies.

2 And it was meretriciously inverted. I believe we the internees ~~and~~ the ~~academics~~ largely professional Jews who escaped to Britain was a ploy to support the ridiculous contention that we were niddled (not by

LIES INSERT

SHORT REFERENCES TO SUSPICION

~~at~~ immediately after the visit to Cairo,

— I am crossing the road near my home and a boy falls down to the pavement to the radio I think 'Now is going to be a war, a real war' and that the cad, mighty and true here I hear saying Arms for Spain and Down with Chamberlain — and I did think I was unlike millions, others who joined in the sneering, the Germans are a fanatic race without knowing it. Lord .... with his lecture to the Oxford Union.

— The Churchill speech

— The Hess visit. How I knew, because it was so too clumsily done again (make your lies outrageous'). the same economics touching had been done. A head of state flies to an enemy country, parachutes down — is clearly known to have arrived, and clearly unfolding to a pre-made mutual plan — the 'head of state' means nothing when to do with the Germans, who ~~are~~ have been downgraded to an irresponsible rabble following a gang of criminals. We didn't know how this had been done because we didn't ~~it~~ had been done: Hitler had done a typical bad service khrushchev by allowing Khrushchev to be seen as a liar and deceiver. (It opened the way to our lies & deceptions.)

→ — I resent Churchill's running to America ~~almost~~ before ~~a bomb has fallen~~ or army has been committed to the field. I felt if we forced to fight we should fight it out — that would be at least the survival of Britain, either as a victor or as a German satellite. If the latter was a question of unity in war, we were having ~~with~~ a certain look, a turn of the head, like a hidden language sign of dealing with events like that.

— I remember looking up on the lovely sunlit Saturday afternoon & seeing formation after formation of German bombers like Tiny silver, ~~[illegible]~~ with ineffectual puffs of smoke from our anti-aircraft guns, on their flight to the docks. My father, who worked there, found empty gone the he went there Monday, including his job. No human was killed. So an afternoon the no workers was in danger had been chosen. I still recall that in 1941. Lon was a man of ill and I didn't know the reason.

Cassino and Monty

(1)

It was a question of perfidious Albion. Albion didn't come into it. Albion can simply write it off — and bring in its one true ally, France, with her.

Income & press on Monty.

MONTY

He spoke his mind on the occasion, like Churchill, which may be why there was so much friction between them. Invited Montgomery quite a few years after the war. He is temperamentally a small lunch party: the invitation ~~and accepted~~ and stood at the door, telling everyone in his voice the had to be staying, 'This way up please!' At some time he invited the cook and asked me what I did and when I said 'critic' he looked straight into my eyes and said, 'I know, you must never trust a journalist'. Bugger me, the lunch the exception was a journalist. The host was two hundred British newspapers. Not one seemed put out. The host had found on much time one day — the 'The

→ In any case, we knew the Monty would be leaving for the 'second front' (~~which was the first — the Russian or the Italian?~~) when it came due. Commanders were remote from us. ~~Just as their orders were frequently disregarded~~ If they had a reputation at all, as Monty did, we ~~sca~~ sensed it then. Only when his biographies come to be ~~writte~~ written do they come to be seen as having some connection with the troops. The commander's ~~one~~ ~~the~~ role is necessarily too ~~abstract~~ general to touch people on the ground. His orders must filter down, changing as they go. His direct contact is almost nil. We see no divisional commander, and no brigade commander, only ~~because~~ when one King visited us, dropping down for the day on a sunlit morning into a field specially chosen. The army commander ~~hosted~~ hosted the King at his headquarters — these generals & brigadiers were his boys in the field.

FOR FOO PARAGH: the issue etc?

(224)

[illegible] with dense. [illegible] I was [illegible] ashamed to have got [illegible] to be a hoax and a lie, and while faulted and towered [illegible], and I hoped the [illegible] for life. The chap I'd caught had a lot to do with it. But I associated this too with the hoax and the lie which had overcoached in me and Kari and [illegible]. Had eyes map of the photo in my pocket and took for the village girls. I never spoke to he. The [illegible] what I said briefly that I'd been engaged had a girlfriend I could marry. This was all over. Lying to them helped me lie to myself. Rue to the captain I told this for all I knew he was [illegible] a faithful wife who had waited [illegible] to a dear [illegible] check to bedroom [illegible] with his pallid displayed a giant reaction, and, [illegible], hopefully, [illegible] a possibly had I told the lot to be a damned fool and closed the door in his face.

For readers [illegible] not [illegible] initiated into the details of personnel financed genicide. I might to say the [illegible] artillery department. [illegible] while [illegible] artillery is well behind the front line of necessity, so as to get a good trajectory deep into the enemy positions [illegible] it depends on the lightness of your guns. Low war, and [illegible] were the lighter on the market. They were called 25-pounders but. Of course weighed a very great deal and had long spans and [illegible] than. [illegible] wheels and required a vehicle of their own to haul it. [illegible] mobile too, and [illegible] point. It dark were light shells that dug very shallow craters and did only confined damage. But if could release a great many at a time and evoke a hellish atmosphere before an attack were in. But shell were [illegible] rattling instrument but we will be coming to that later). [illegible] required it [illegible] be thrown at a point on the map. By [illegible] many different places and [illegible] follow the vicissitudes of a battle, which big gun could. Therefore it had to have people guiding these guns. [illegible] And these people were the [illegible] which gave the order to fire. [illegible] Officers in the command post. For most days they lived and worked with the infantry and called up any support for the infantry when [illegible], and were themselves appreciated by the infantry when they needed local attack [illegible] on the world on enemy me. By [illegible] (and this was my [illegible]) found therefore the enemy trying, especially if they lost this way because the

→ 1 I was aware in myself of a certain shame if a woman looked at me with pleasure. I think I was ashamed to have ~~[illegible]~~ got myself into this mess which I knew, without having any of the necessary knowledge, was a hoax. I could see the men all round in shuttered houses. I wasn't open any more. Yet the subtle inner closure had begun before I'd stepped into a uniform, as if the period had been, unawares, a shedding of the past — of the lie to the promise. I now felt tainted and lowered — really my time as Italian, with ~~these~~ the wide black sash I would come to know so well. I didn't feel that my girlfriend and I had separated through any force within us. But the big lie spreading round us, turning weighing hard, had done it. I had eyes only for the photo turning to ~~black~~ dust in my pocket. Lying to Mrs the thing was my girl helped me to lie to myself. I lied now to the Captain. And of all I knew he was lying to me when he said that his wife in Oldham Road turned round one day in her bedroom and found me of the airmen-lodgers standing there with his phallus displayed in a giant breath-taking erection and she had told him not to be a damned fool and closed the door on him, and I believed the first but not the second, while he believed, ~~[illegible]~~ and didn't believe, both.

and be not of range to immediate reprisals

→ 2 These people had to be with the front line as it moved and, if possible, should the opportunity arise, ahead of it, so that they could see of themselves what the enemy was doing and where, and could then send map-reference back to ~~the~~ the guns. Necessarily they were officers, that is trained to take out reconnaissance parties and look after their men. And necessarily they had to know what guns. While ~~the~~ Combination comprised the Forward Observation Officer. For several days ~~[illegible]~~ or weeks they lived with the infantry, together with ~~the~~ three or four men of their own who saw to the signals, rations, kit. Of course they were deeply appreciated by the infantry — they represented protection in the case of being surrounded or caught in a flank. Fire from the rear could at once transform an emergency. If anybody had joined the artillery to have ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~

a kind of armed holiday, with festive bangs, which... → P. 324½ INSERT

Quadflieg

Maria Becker

Very thin

VERY END

last words

— if we can to believe more than one, a sense of utility experimentation —

And now, we are

the habitat of all

its species — a total

war, yes, is achieve,

the 'total' suicide

of the habitat of its species,

including the human species.

~~Little waved his face for the time to be perfectly known. You were called a Forward Observation Officer, and had to put on the uniform which would have completed the picture of a man who had his way told 'You're going up to Division' – [illegible] that he had chosen for the army. Stupidly, the many departments in the basin, the belief that it would somehow go on for ever, the fact that the death was going on. Somehow [illegible] behind those [illegible] five miles.~~

You took a squadron with you, maybe two. Sometimes you had a full patrol group of eight, including yourself. Now was the usual number. When you walked to the guns to tell them they went yellow in the ~~[illegible]~~ gills ~~because~~ if ~~this~~ ~~a big show~~ ~~attack~~ ~~a wide front~~, and ~~if~~ ~~we were to be the Africa~~ ~~we described~~ ~~had a reputation~~, ~~after this, they had~~ ~~went yellower because I~~ ~~Kally~~ ~~on the Volturno front~~, ~~a bunch of bloody magnetic~~ ~~by protect~~ ~~all hell had a bit of working loose~~ ~~inside~~ ~~put my hose~~. ~~After a couple of years~~ ~~fear of my magnetic point because of the time it could be~~ ~~observed that despite the hell all round me I was in~~ ~~touched me single~~ ~~carefully in my party~~ ~~always the~~ ~~I~~ ~~cannot to cling to me like back forward~~ ~~on the basis of the idea~~ ~~had found a way~~ ~~myself~~ ~~exactly~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the bullets~~ ~~and the blood~~. ~~But the time was a long way ahead~~, ~~the yellow gills I saw~~ ~~before me was that anybody would~~ ~~expect before a battle~~, ~~and in the eyes I would see a certain~~ ~~confidence that since I was always taught up, the battle~~ ~~attitude is partly with we were attached to~~ ~~be facing Austrians and not a bunch of Partizan Greenacres~~. ~~Austrians were nice. Big~~ ~~had~~ ~~Austrians die hard~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~politeness about them and the girls took them primo beaumond~~ ~~with relief. It is difficult to say to anybody else, was (we all were).~~

~~The day of a Big Show the is going to happen at dawn (the motion is noised by – maybe matter from of artillery – clog the whole front) is always, as of old, peace that, if you come in a peaceful life (we all did, paradoxically, musing and humming~~

~~It would be a kind of school holiday, with festive boys as well. Is it happened it was [illegible] to be near Kipling and [illegible] last night [illegible] escape from death, growing just the [illegible] the most elegiac [illegible] stopping [illegible] [illegible]~~

I was to be there after they went yellower, at least in the first stages, because of the first mission on the river Voltorno when I seemed to have a magnet in my pocket for the hot steel. By a couple of years into that war less fear because, in the whole course of the peninsula campaign, I had lost only one man, the first one. ~~[illegible]~~ Those death before my eyes was the final end of the life I had known before. I remember sitting in a Soho room ~~[illegible]~~

~~I jaded and [illegible] and [illegible] time~~

~~[illegible]~~

When I was fifteen and Twenty-twenty, the editor of Poetry London, was giving me some advice. He had published a sonnet of mine in his first edition. But I told him I was no good at school and wanted a real life and he was telling me I should run away from home, he could easily find me a room — advice that made me at once resolve to go to Oxford. An idle halcyon time — halcyon because with its jigs and ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ misteries was ~~[illegible]~~ played out against a stillness, a calm, a presence in the sky which was never known again.

END OF CHAP. TWO

~~[illegible]~~

INSERT P.

[As a matter of fact the Germans had 98 divisions for the western front in 1939, ~~and~~ NIV mg were 36 of these ~~[illegible]~~ not yet trained, ~~only half of these 98 divisions~~ ~~they~~ there were only 4 that were fully active and equipped. ~~As for the Allies~~ The French at this time could muster 150 divisions. [How many did we have!]

The difference between Hitler and the 'Allies' was NV in military strength at all and the 'Allies' knew this perfectly well. The one important difference was never discussed — the fact that Hitler could score successes with his brains ~~alone~~ and that until his fatal signing of the Pact with the Soviet Union in August 1939 ~~the British and French governments and~~ ~~the~~ Britain, France and America pursued a policy of 'appeasing' Germany to the utmost. ~~So that it could one day present Germany from the enemy power again. Not between united with Hitler.~~

The policy was still in place when Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia — after all he is took his reserves to the Soviet Union. General Spears reported to the chiefs of staff in London that ~~he had had talks with the president of Czechoslovakia and~~ ~~the~~ the president of Czechoslovakia could muster a million ~~the~~ trained men ~~and~~ who could hold for at least five months. Also the French had told him that they would invade Germany if Hitler invaded.

from a positive to a negative connotation.

needed was to change ~~the meaning of~~ the word 'appeasement', ~~to the opposite~~. A lie is better ~~than~~ if you say black is white.

For an enemy to see people arguing key ~~details of strategy~~ ~~even of administration~~ ~~was~~ details of policy was not possible. ~~It could have fell in propaganda place~~. All it

Whether or not to make war, for however long a period, was as little a matter to be put to the vote as it is now. ~~But the time a declaration was made the government government, a closed decision, to clear.~~

Now of course started disarming, however. Nor was why Hitler was so sensitive to the opinion of the British government, which was the key to his success, as he himself saw it. All this is historical knowledge. XX a word reached the us. First, the interest in any foreign country was very slight. And, second, the matter of foreign policy and

→ Far from being a dirty word, 'appeasement' was the required and respected policy of France, Britain and the USA — in the order of self-commitment. It was simply no use having, in the middle of Europe, pivotally placed, a nation that was hungry and in continual upheaval and disorder. The war had done that and, as always, was had to be undone — buildings smashed to pieces had to be replaced or rebuilt, there had to be as nearly full employment as possible, the nation's self-esteem had to be re-established. And Hitler did all this with miraculous. That was why he was loved by German women. They couldn't believe that a politician could promise everyone a house for the sole reason that they were German. They couldn't believe they would now have safe jobs. But this is what happened. ~~Everyone~~ Everyone was astonished. And some, ~~were very pleased~~, ~~such as the governments of France~~, governments, notably the French, British and American were satisfied that at least there was ~~a strong~~ the chance of a strong bulwark against the USSR.

person

Hrag is forced outside Germany

INSERT P. 279

he seemed to cinema audiences in front of his rallies (~~news came~~ ~~via~~ (the age of visual news was of course found only in cinemas).

Hitler didn't at this time appear to be the wild man he was later represented to be (and which, by a not surprising osmosis, he ~~[illegible]~~ became). He was in too precarious a position — ~~with a minority~~ parts still under a mandate and outside Germany, dependent of British and French approval for rights he did. ~~outside Germany~~ It was ~~totally~~ the British government that ~~[illegible]~~ decided, this desert of Czechoslovakia should be a sacrifice ~~[illegible]~~ of withholding support to the ~~Czech president~~ Czech army. Lord Cadogan wrote in his diary the Foreign Policy commission making the Czechoslovakia is not worth fighting for. And they're quite right to.

Now if it is not worth fighting ~~[illegible]~~ for Czechoslovakia they were late to give the impression that the invasion of the country was the first example of Hitler's wildness? Precisely because it was worth having Hitler between France and the Soviet Union. That wasn't a shameful policy. A weak Germany, terrified of starvation and unrest, as the Prussian Germany had been, was much more of a danger than Hitler.

~~[illegible]~~ So his attitude to Jews was ~~[illegible]~~ called forth his own — a Germany's — business. And late it was held on and the, perhaps the prime reason for conduct was again Lic.

without wanting to kill a dog. ~~It~~ Churchill invited the Labour party to join a coalition with him, and the Labour party was flattered — it was worth it to us 1 story. ~~Had he formed a government he would have excluded Chamberlain, whose political capital he knew was worth. But in the gradual taking up of positions after war~~

When he became prime minister he did not exclude Chamberlain — it was difficult to do either since — conjectural war. It was the left wing who blacked Chamberlain's reputation — and, of all paradoxes, it was Hitler's opinion that Churchill drew his strength to do what I had helped the very thing I had wanted — war. Anything I could have done helped the war —

→' In 1936 it had been the same story when Germany invaded and took over Austria. The Italian army assembled at the Italian border with the country — but nothing was seen of British or French presence. The policy, in a word, had been support of Hitler

It was only when Chamberlain went to Munich that he realised that Hitler could go back on his word. It was then that the policy adopted more or less since the end of the 1914 war by all the 'Allies' was seen to be in danger.

But you can't throw a policy overboard overnight. ⟨ But was when Churchill came in.

Someone else could throw it overboard — ~~himself with the Chamberlain as no more an appeasement as previous prime minister government~~

mind. I didn't work war and nobody else did the I knew. So what had I been doing in the huge demonstration in Whitehall, said to contain – hundred thousand people, shouting 'Down with Chamberlain, Chamberlain must go!' Why, on a Tory in the language, Truth (the Labour party's journal), did I stand outside a railway station holding up a handsheet called Spain Today and a tin for arms for the country? What was this politics that came from a dream of peace and well-being called socialism that advocated killing for its achievement? ~~Of course I had stopped short of communism – I felt in my~~ Why did I eschew communism because it justified any degree of killing provided it led to the required end? How could bloody hands provide good government? Hitler was what I asked – so why did I join a pink version of the blood-curdling doctrine, and clamour to bring up down the ~~one~~ prime minister who had actually done something to treat with Hitler, who saw what new a second war would bring to the continent that lay between Russia in the east and the Atlantic in the west? Why had I been in a movement that in effect clamoured for war when I didn't want one and they, in the movement, didn't want war?

When people say the history has ended they mean that its writing has become impossible – the nothing the provisions world lived by, ~~hardly~~ not an idea, ~~hardly~~ an ideal has the slightest meaning to ~~[illegible]~~ the form we use is a shadow imitation of past behaviour. ~~A journalist [illegible] Chamberlain office and [illegible] day, in the face of all – with perfect confidence plump for [illegible] plump~~ A journalist can say, (and has said) [illegible] without fear of contradiction, 'Churchill moved Britain from a pacifist dream!' There was no pacifism. Pacifism isn't a horror of war sight – it refuses to take part in it. The British were horrified by the idea – in every class – ~~among~~ the rich and the poor, ~~in the [illegible]~~ in the hunger marches and the royal family: all knew it was the end but ~~they~~ ~~didn't want to~~ agreed to fight for the end. Now how is

a contradiction arrived at? How can it be lived? But it was.

People who walk one way & trying to walk the other get into an impasse. And ~~the way~~ to which led ~~to the~~ us straight into the mouth of war, way an impasse we couldn't understand because we weren't well enough informed, and because what the information we were given was false ~~[illegible] transparently [illegible]~~ ~~as Goebbels said~~ ~~that~~ If it is, since we are going to invent a lie ~~[illegible]~~ ~~people~~ it may just as well be ~~make it~~ an outrageous one, they are more likely to believe it, ~~and~~ ~~we did~~ the outrageousness ~~than a~~ ~~This was what Goebbels said~~ —

Churchill didn't awake the country. ~~A~~ ~~A~~ ~~piece of well-timed rhetoric on his part that did~~ ~~entirely a story built on entire~~ ~~fabrication did~~ produced the ~~sense of~~ impasse ~~for which only way~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~way a rescue change~~ matters and it didn't ~~[illegible] contrast a matter of people~~ His most stirring speech of the war — the one on the theme of 'we will fight on the beaches, we will fight in the street...' the one usually credited with galvanising the British people to a new resolve — gave the outrageous impression, ~~without touching on the subject in any way, that the country was, due perhaps to its praiseworthy neglect of building a strong army, navy and air force, quite unfortunately due to be~~ ~~the the country was due to be invaded the in that Hitler gave no signs of preparing~~ that in the case of the Germans invading ~~Britain we~~ the country we would be reduced to defending ourselves not with dug-down armies, tanks, planes and the most powerful navy of in the world but with a few rifles, and presumably sticks and stones. And that was ~~the~~ an ~~[illegible]~~ outrageous lie. It wasn't stated in the speech but for uninformed people, having the imagination of the country, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~people~~ ~~[illegible]~~ it ~~gave~~ was an alarming message which required us ~~to~~ to rally round the most belligerent leader available (and Churchill was certainly that) and get ~~[illegible]~~

→ and, as always happens in a war, the two sides learn quickly from each other.

a massive program of 're'armament underway. ~~The speech~~ I don't remember if, at the time, I saw this speech in the morning paper under banner headlines or heard it on the radio. There was some dispute about who spoke the speech on the radio. It ~~what was~~ was said to be Churchill's voice-double, who was perhaps thought better at radio delivery. In any case, ~~at the~~ I felt only two things, a kind of gingerly distrust of the exaggerated rhetoric, followed by the fear that it might not be the politician's (in this case the journalists' too) striving for effect but a description of where we stood as a country — virtually naked, and waiting for the German boats to weigh anchor. Indeed provisions were made for the ~~go government and~~ royal family and the government to be flown to Canada in the event of the successful invasion — but that success was possible if all we had were sticks and stones and slow-firing rifles?

The speech ~~must~~ might have infuriated Hitler. On the other hand, more likely, he ~~thought~~ might have thought it a ~~way to jog his unwilling self. But perhaps for Hitler~~ ~~thought it was~~ a ~~good~~ clever speech to cover ~~the~~ the frantic peace ~~[illegible]~~ negotiations ~~with the British~~ going on between himself & Britain while, as we now (know) ~~we know now~~ ~~negotiations the~~ which few of us at ~~the~~ the time ~~[illegible]~~ ~~the historical literature on the second world war~~ ~~we remember~~ ~~the actual negotiation~~

To P. 278 (old 183) [My mind went back suspiciously on ... ~~[illegible]~~ Insert 278

of Britain forwar in 1939 was.....

~~sign, had we known it.~~

1943)

(September 26) ~~Naples occupied Oct 1~~ Further north 221

~~had~~ ~~[illegible]~~ slipped back to ~~the next~~ new positions. We marked our maps with coloured chalk as ~~the~~ new intelligence reports came in. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~of a big battle. At first, we knew the~~. The feathery fingers of fear ~~[illegible]~~ started. A Big Show was coming up, very big ~~gradually~~ ~~[illegible] so to speak. Lazy days [illegible] our position became sufficiently behind the lines to make vigilance unnecessary, and~~ We officers had to find ways of amusing 'the men'. ~~Naples was available for a few hours' leave, but whether we were allowed there from Capua I don't remember. Naples was nearby but whether the newly opened Route 18 leading to it from Capua had been quite cleared of the enemy yet I don't remember, was open yet I don't remember to-day.~~ ~~[illegible]~~ I gave a lecture on what a film studio was like, based ~~[illegible]~~ on a brief (innumerable) visit to the Colonel Blimp set in Elstree. It petered out in a lot of questions ~~I could barely answer~~ I couldn't answer. ~~[illegible]~~

~~The enemy [illegible]~~ We moved up to the Capua area ~~[illegible]~~ and put the guns down in another place, a halcyon field, this time without a hill bang in front which we would be moved. And ~~Ad~~ we were far enough behind the lines [other guns] to sleep at nights. ~~Hang close to the day, the charged out radio batteries because the noise blocking out the brief thunder of enemy heavy artillery and those terrifying distant barks [illegible] gun with a large hole to go digging in [illegible] One or two others did this — and we weather was still good enough for sleeping in the open [illegible] clustered and the deafening putt-putt like a [illegible]~~

~~It took, the American light flank to clear Route 12 along the coast to Naples, and occupy the city.~~ The weather changed and we found ourselves camped out ~~in delightful fields~~ behind tall hedges in a mist of thick, slow, ~~[illegible]~~ warm rain. ~~[illegible] pulled [illegible] Being drunk, I drank gin [illegible] and I passed out [illegible] collapsed, [illegible] with the [illegible] of my bivouac still [illegible] I woke up with the bivouac [illegible] inside [illegible] I didn't suffocate [illegible]~~

~~[illegible] again~~ The intelligence maps showed the German massing on the north bank of the Volturno, three divisions, ~~[illegible] successfully pulled out from the [illegible] a new position [illegible] positions. It seemed [illegible] 46 and 56 divisions [illegible]~~ Our job was ~~[illegible]~~ told that ~~[illegible]~~ no being ~~[illegible]~~ Of course they might have to draw strength and put a hook in.

To P. 223

(to the river Volturno)

1 ~~They had fulfilled their goal of protecting~~
→ ~~had fulfilled their ambition, and slipped back to fully prepared~~ ~~positions. Their~~ ~~to their own their mission was to protect~~ the
advance north, the two Panzer Grenadier divisions and the two Panza
divisions which had been harassing the entire Eighth Army from
Salerno ~~down to~~ as far as southern Paestum, for the ~~panzer~~ ~~[illegible]~~ eastern
punch which motored the ~~[illegible]~~ coastal area. ~~They were~~
~~[illegible] to give weight to the next Big Show,~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~All these idiots called it~~ But we knew nothing of this,
and we never knew, in the whole campaign, the ~~they~~ Germans were calling
all the shots, always. We did, therefore, know the this would have helped
us guess the shots, and pre-empt them. In a short time
we were to walk into the worst month of the war —
~~but in very slow stages because of this demolition — bridges and~~
~~roads~~ division after division was brought to its knees,
and the casualties were .... [including CASSINO
casualties].

~~But meanwhile there was my first battle (this was~~
~~the Volturno), but not the it would be at the~~
~~Volturno river.~~ The days were hazy and lazy
and full of autumn ~~dreams~~ smells. The teething troubles ...

~~[illegible] took a very [illegible] resolution, [illegible] found it good decision.~~

helpless fellow creatures, not allies or enemies or even strangers. I'm convinced that everyone, as primitives, as I did — ~~[illegible]~~ lucky dogs to be out of it, like people who have just ~~[illegible]~~ run in from a storm which we never continue to face. Since they were usually exhausted or terrified, since we could at once decipher from their behaviour every write of ~~[illegible]~~ their feeling, ~~[illegible]~~ that sense of utter strangeness which ~~[illegible]~~ especially ~~[illegible]~~ only foreign uniforms and commands, with their different dress and colour, can cause, they were to all intents and purposes aliens.* ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

~~The idea behind the Italian campaign [illegible] up [illegible] German division which would [illegible] the western front [illegible] (and from our point of view it) it happened. A quick campaign was [illegible] hoped for, [illegible] and this idea was [illegible] the fact that it became clear that it was impossible for the very first day of the first landing at Salerno. But some extraordinary [illegible] the hope never faded despite almost every major attack failing and for the very same reasons each time.~~ Even more extraordinary than the Allies' credulous belief in a swift campaign was the fact that the belief faded despite almost every major attack failing all the way up the peninsula until the last week of the war!

~~(Campaign [illegible] the story [illegible]) The Italian experience the truth of the war just as it was, the in the way the [illegible] ~~ It ~~always~~ expresses ~~the reality of a fine time dramatically and condensed.~~ ~~the reality of the time~~ current realities, dramatically and condensed. It provides a picture of people who didn't know why they were fighting, how they were to fight, with the friends (not today's foes) they were fighting with, ~~and~~ above all ~~the information they received contained~~ ~~with the~~ degree of control their commanders and the politicians behind them had over events. Wars are an ideal vehicle for ~~means of making a~~ dictatorships, ~~which may be~~ of the lone-man or corporate variety. You really can do what you like with masses of people, until they or you or the enemy break. It is the time of the collapse of conscience, and then all the hold the former civilized rights,

---

* Note the Kiwi was only fifth or sixth detected in a fine 1 point. (All the British got was the poetry in the pity — Cecil Day Lewis said 'grit in the eye'.

→ ~~was to cut off German divisions in their homeward escape through the Alps when Mussolini's regime collapsed. But the divisions did not escape as we hoped. From the first day of the first landing at Salerno it was clear that the Germans would fight ~~but the continuous hope of a swift campaign survived~~ ~~taking the long campaign to reach Naples, and the longer one to reach Rome~~, we also~~

→ a misnomer implying an ~~thought-out~~ imaginative ~~composite plan~~ composed ~~picture~~ plan —

THE LIES WE LIVE AND DIE FOR

Memoirs of a lying time 1939-1945

MAURICE ROWDON

Chap numbers format size 22 indent two down.
For chap title bold/italic 16 indent two down.