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Description of his work as
he wrote then -
what he meant to show
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WAR IN ITALY is a literary account of what it was to be a Forward Observation Officer in the Italian campaign of World War II.

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

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



Keturah Collins

London

WAR IN ITALY

The Hitler/Churchill honeymoon

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Baptism

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

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

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

Yet the hush was perplexing.

We reached those beaches on D+8---war dialect for the 16th of September, namely eight days after the first landing. I had one pip on my shoulder as a second

jargon?

lieutenant and I had a photo of my girlfriend in my upper left pocket, that is, close to my heart.

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

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

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

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

We had already decided this in our stifling bivouacs in the Algerian desert. Italy was just no use to Hitler,

especially with hundreds of miles of coast which our allied ships could bombard at any time.

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

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

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

I saw corpses in the distance. They were close to the last wash of the waves, exactly as they had fallen.

They were ours. I thought they were an unlucky exception. Yet they had a strange way of remaining there---somehow they kept plucking me by the sleeve. And I looked again and again.

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

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

There were nods in the deep dusk.

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

was the last bastion of capitalism, and this war would destroy them both.

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

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

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

Grumbling to myself I remembered the recruiting interview I'd had in a little college room in Oxford.

The man facing me was disarmingly deferential. Would I fight in this war?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I felt drowsy. I slipped down inside my sleeping bag, that little womb I was to carry unwashed to the top

of Italy and beyond. Night came and I blinked in the dark.

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

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

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

So this was really war. The enemy was breathing and watchfully close. My realisation brought about---and I cannot explain why---a great turning point in my life. I became responsible. Thus it is that boys in their early twenties must always man the front lines. You discover this sense of responsibility as a thing that has never hitherto happened. You didn't know you had it until it was fresh inside, a boy's responsibility such as he hasn't used before, for the simple reason that it was no use to anyone, least of all himself. But in battle it suddenly springs to life and you are suddenly safe, however unsafe your situation is.

I was allocated to a troop---four guns under the command of Captain H., a Yorkshireman of thirty or more who walked with his feet splayed out and his head forward as if greatly excited to be going anywhere, even ^{to?} the latrine. He was beginning to bald and when he laughed you could see his slightly buck teeth. He already had a family, so was very grown-up for the rest of us. And as it happened, he was the first and only mature man I met in the army who had a boy's approach to everything.

Our command post, set behind four twenty-five-pounder guns, quickly became a home. Captain H. and I quickly discovered a common background tie---the Struggle against Fascism---words that covered a vast left-wing movement stretched right across Europe, with the Soviet

Union as its guide, philosopher and friend. I proudly told Captain H. how I had walked up Whitehall with my girlfriend and a hundred thousand others yelling 'Down with Chamberlain' and 'Chamberlain Must Go'. Thus did we unknowingly hoist up Churchill as our saviour. He was the man to do the job.

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

So this was very much 'our' war.

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

Charitably, they didn't tell me I was a bloody fool. Yet I had already, quite unawares, learned something. The evening before, I'd seen men throw themselves to the ground when a big one came over. So now, when one fell pretty close, I did the same, though it was still a kind

of drill for me, with a touch of tomfoolery. Then I stood up again and the Texans went on talking affably. I was glad to be thought a pre-packaged soldier.

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

I think probably none of them survived. I was to meet them again just before the last unthinkable hell that did for them. They carried a premonition of this in their eyes. I noted this without real awareness of it.

On the way up this side of Italy the Texans were at our immediate flank and I imagined to myself that they were the men I'd see at Salerno, whereas they were very many, in fact, an entire division, the 36th Infantry Division.

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

Salerno was ill-chosen as a landing place. You could see why on the map. A big force could be throttled just by the terrain, its flanks and retreat-exits squeezed with ease. What we didn't know was that our commander-in-chief Mark Clark wanted to pull out of Salerno and even--

-because of the huge casualty rate it would involve---
from the entire Italian campaign. Yet he proved to be one
of the chief instruments of the vast toll of dead,
wounded and shell-shocked at least on our side---the
Western side---of the peninsula.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

on the grand illusion that was the basis of allied strategy.

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

* * *

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

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

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

A bombardier rushed into our command post and shouted, Bring your mugs, anything you can lay your hands

on. An infantryman had found a huge cement vat of red wine and bored a hole in it. We drank and lazed drunkenly and talked by the light of our oil lamps, we wrote letters and I secretly touched my no-longer-girlfriend's photo. I even showed it to Captain H., hoping that he saw her as my future wife, which might magically, in the rosy haze of wine, banish the impossibility of that.

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

Up here, in their own silence, there were pebbly streams, virgin cool in the shade, winding through young woods. I bathed in one, stood naked in the middle. The water twisted and bubbled and chuckled round the stones. I strolled through the woods, read a book from my little

library, joked with the bombardiers, chewed grass outside the command post, which was in a barn. I watched the pigeons on the roof and the cows waiting to be milked and the peasant family coming and going. There was slush at the barn entrance, and the hot close wet-hay smells and occasional decisive stamp of a cow were all a good-luck sign for me.

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

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

It was almost dark when he gave the order Take Post through the Tannoy loudspeaker system. The troopers ran out to the guns. This was five minutes before the barrage was due. I was a little bored, expecting nothing. A runner came to the command post with a message to say

that the infantry were on their start line (those two words were later enough to make me shiver with foreboding, and they still do, somewhat).

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

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

The men were pushing the shells home with their ramrods, tight-closing the steel doors of the breech,

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

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

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

I knew that I wouldn't be with the guns much longer, that my real job was in the forward lines. I even knew that my song would change: very shortly I would be guiding these very shells to their destination; I would be calling for the barrages by radio. I would be at the spearhead of attacks. I would find myself in places where

my own fire had fallen perhaps only moments ago. And from there I would direct further fire.

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

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

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

* * *

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

The Germans had just vacated Cava dei Tirreni and it was obvious (though not for us) that they had quickly taken up positions with a perfect view of the valley in

which our guns were now put down---within spitting distance of our noses, so to speak.

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

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

Then we returned just before dawn. But the moment the sun put its first blinding tip an inch above the

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

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

This was a man I felt closer to than anyone I had met in the army, indeed in my whole life. He was older

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

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

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

It turned me into a soldier. I can't explain this. It made me determined to do well. Doing well meant that I would look after the four men detailed to me when I 'went out'. I vowed, with my closest of friends in my arms, not as a thought at all, but the vow simply took place, as I knew afterwards only---I silently and unawares vowed that my four men would remain unharmed. And that was how it happened. You can make vows in battle in such a way that you have secured the future.

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

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

In the manner of soldiers we griped and belly-ached. We asked how the hell could anybody have thought of putting twenty-five-pounder guns into a bloody soup-bowl like this, where we couldn't even fire the sodding

things. To fire out of that hole you would need a vertical trajectory, your own shit would fall back on you. You have to be a madman to put artillery into the forward lines where Jerry can just look down on you, it was typical of superior officers (meaning those who were majors or more) etc. etc., in that routine grumble we called 'ticking'.

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

I enjoyed strolling in Cava de' Tirreni's narrow lanes, with a silence all round you never get in peace. One morning I looked up at a window and a man and woman were beckoning to me to come upstairs. In sign language they were telling me to push the downstairs door open and, stranger from another land as I was, walk up. I waved back and smiled and walked on because once up there, for all I knew, I might disappear, then who would look for me? All the harmless couple wanted was to barter for cigarettes, bully beef, sugar. In exchange perhaps for eggs. Discreetly they might have suggested a girl.

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

I was impatient to get my first F.O.O. assignment over and done with. It would have been useful to get some

gen (pronounced with a soft 'g'), our word for information. But none came. It hadn't figured in my training either. You could be trained for surprise but not for the surprises when they came.

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

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

These 'twenty-five-pounder' guns of ours were, for artillery, the lightest you could find. They were General Montgomery's favourite weapon, he being an unusually humane commander. The shells fell in clusters and you had

to be very close to their forward blast to catch a packet. What they did do most effectively was create panic---the air becomes full of blinding cordite smoke and the crashes are ceaseless and relentless. The craters are the shallowest made by any form of artillery.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The proprietress was a large young woman with black curly hair and an easy sisterly manner. She asked me if I was lonely and I smiled, refusing this offer to bed down with her. I told myself that I didn't find her attractive but in fact I was afraid of a dose of clap. Also we were

warned not to separate ourselves from our clothes, ever, not in Naples at this present half-starved time.

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

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

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

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

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

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

2

Farewell

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was there with my men at the appointed time. I remember young woodland---good cover. We stood together,

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

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

A mine-detector outfit went ahead of us as always, laying white tape down as a safe guide for us. Infantrymen were losing contact with each other, calling out to each other between the deafening bursts, afraid of losing touch. Everyone was dazed, some men were just wandering here and there, others were on the ground and calling for the stretchers or just screaming, sometimes a man would dash for the ditch at the side of the causeway as if he had decided to do no more running.

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

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

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

There was such a thick wall of detonation and tracer bullets and darkness and men bumping into each other that all you could do, once you were close to the river, was run from one deep 88mm. crater to the next until you found an empty place to throw yourself into, elbow to elbow as the screams of the wounded came over, that terrible Help! Help! Help!, that imploring scream to the enemy guns to Please, please stop! And then the shouts of the stretcher bearers, Give us a hand you blokes, for christsake help! but the only thing that happened in our brains was let it not be me, let it not be me, and when at last we managed to scramble down into a crowded crater and throw ourselves down I found myself scratching frantically with both hands into the freshly scorched soil, trying to make a hole for myself of all grotesque idiotic things but knowing how crazy it was didn't stop me doing it, I was clawing the hard black earth with nails all too frail and I knew I was doing it and how crazy it was but the hands kept doing it and I swear my

men on either side of me were doing it too, the very same silliness. I saw my actions so clearly, stood away from myself because these were my last moments on earth---that was how it was for me and every other man in that crater and the screeches of Wailing Winnie over our heads and that ghastly angry hot descent of the bombs shattered our last hopes and, as always for the soldier, made us doubt afterwards that we did get through and weren't in a new deadly life that contained a trick that made it seem life when it wasn't.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the moment there was only the tired dawn silence that follows a rough night. Both sides are taking time

off to lick wounds. A cup of char reassured us, the steam blew up into our faces with each breath.

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

In fact, though we didn't know it then, the Fifth army had a desertion problem. The 'Naples stroll', as it was called, started about this time---some Americans just walked out of the line and went to town. Mark Clark sensibly accommodated himself to this by organising rest areas close to the line, to which the tired and shocked

could be sent. You could hardly throw men into prison for suffering the results of the pressure you were putting on them, such as tackling water without something to float on.

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

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

The fact that we heard no more of those men meant nothing. No battle events were ever, in my memory, discussed afterwards. Also we were used to disappearances. Soldiers, in groups or singly, were posted off constantly. There was never a better application of the divide-and-rule axiom. Unwanted elements could be dissolved into thin air. And this, by

the law of war, is how it has to be. The comfort of being in an army is its delegation of moral choice to staff officers remote from scrutiny, which helps one sleep at night, it being the case that what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve after.

3

LAUGHTER

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

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

Army commanders were astonished at so much laughter in the forward lines and I think they put it down to grit, which it had nothing to do with. Army commanders are remote from their armies because they have to deal with the big scenario and turn it into individual actions

on the ground, and they don't laugh about the dead. It makes them cautious and strangely it makes them reckless, and there was in our particular army commander something of the latter, and that didn't promote laughter.

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

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

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

Captain H. and I got hold of a bottle of gin and began drinking close to my bivouac one late afternoon. I passed out and woke up twenty-four hours later with my bivouac collapsed over me and my legs outside. I thought the dusk was the previous dawn. I only woke because I was

starting to suffocate. Captain H. must have tripped over my bivouac pegs as he staggered away, unless he pulled them out for fun.

We had a laugh afterwards and resolved never to touch gin again. But we didn't ask ourselves why we had drunk to unconsciousness. Sometimes we talked about Churchill---how we of the Struggle against Fascism had put him where he was---hoisted on our sole shoulders (his own party would never have put him there) he was at our beck and call, leased from the 'reactionaries' solely for the duration of the war. The thought that Churchill was acting entirely on his own never once occurred to us.

We sat and drank numberless sobering mugs of char and I had a letter from home saying 'Well son we had our windows blown out today'. I never wrote home any but the vaguest footnotes to my present life since I didn't wish to suggest heroics to people under nightly bombardment from the air, without choice of fight or flight, no medals posthumous or otherwise, no extra rations or rest periods or worst of all any personal encounter with the enemy, who remained at a great inaccessible height and were hated because their deaths could not be seen. I heard from my parents that Len, my middle brother's closest friend, had fallen from the sky over Germany, with no time or perhaps strength to activate his parachute.

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

And not even this was enough. The sleepy nut was accompanied, even dominated, by a greater and more imposing and especially reinforced one that covered the summit of the hill and would require an arsenal of nutcrackers to break it, yet was just as sweet as

ITALIAN SKETCHES by Maurice Rowdon

17th July 1963.

"All this is said with such deep relish for human idiosyncrasy and so keen an eye for the comic (the last chapter describing the author's victorious battle of wits with a ghastly Roman landlord is the funniest thing I have read for a long time) and also, every now and then, with such flashing intelligence - in short, in so engaging a way that one keeps on turning the pages, despite a recurrent impulse to throw the book out of the window because of its frequent, often flagrant, exaggerations and unfairness. Time and again I found myself saying, Yes, he's on to something there."

- THE TABLET

"Only for those who love Italy with such an indecent obsession that they positively welcome an author who is weak enough to be similarly infatuated but strong enough to list a hundred reasons why he shouldn't be... If it were possible to explain why Mr. Rowdon's ideas are so acceptable, it would be possible to explain Italy - and if this were possible, nobody would write books about Italy any more. All books about Italy are frantic attempts to try and understand the nature of its fascination, and if Mr. Rowdon's book is one of the best attempts that has been made for many years, this is because he tries so deeply to understand and must excite the sympathy of anyone else who has tried to do so."

- NIGEL DENNIS (Sunday Telegraph)

ALIAN SKETCHES by Maurice Rowdon

20th June 1963.

When Mr. Rowdon writes as well as that, the delighted reader forgives him his prejudice."

- JOHN RAYMOND (Sunday Times)

A ROMAN STREET by Maurice Rowdon

13th February 1964.

"Living in Rome and enjoying contemporary life there with an infectious zest, Mr. Rowdon can also look back without nostalgia on the city's past. The transformation scene of recent years is described as Mr. Rowdon comes across it. He watches his neighbours with the same observant and appreciative understanding as he does changes of street and shop. He is an amateur of medieval Rome... He reflects that the air must once have been dusty in the summer in Rome like desert air with breaths from the sea all the time and he goes on to suggest that a last glimpse of that Rome must have been had in the first years of the nineteenth century. This leads him to pine trees sprouting out of the Caracalla ruins. Shelley sitting under the arches of the old baths, and to Goethe's drawings. His comments on Italian and Sicilian wines are delicious. So are some of the incidents - a hair-cut gives him a chance to get a grateful laugh from any but a stern unbending reader... Mr. Rowdon is such good company that he could have written at greater length without risk of becoming tedious."

- THE TIMES

MAURICE ROWDON

THE FALL OF VENICE

'The new book is a bold and vigorous one, and though true to its title is written with such enthusiasm that one cannot help concluding that to fall is happier than to rise.'

NIGEL DENNIS *Sunday Telegraph*

'Mr Rowdon is fortunate, because after reading his enthralling essays one can still return to Venice and see so much that has survived the Fall.'

CYRIL CONNOLLY *Sunday Times*

'Stylish and haunting' *New Yorker*

A ROMAN STREET

'I am quite delighted with it. It catches the very voice and breath of Rome'

J. I. M. STEWART

'A first-class daily-life writer and all the Romanists will want to read him . . . Every word of it rings true . . . reminds us of Lawrence'

BERNARD WALL *The Observer*

ELKE & BELAM

Highly entertaining and provocative, this is the incredible, true-life account of two astonishing dogs who communicate with humans, solve arithmetic problems faster than you can, and discuss topics ranging from the weather to religion.

Many other attempts of varying success have been and will be made to communicate with animals—dogs, horses, chimpanzees, dolphins. In *The Talking Dogs*, Maurice Rowdon has documented—painstakingly, impressively and convincingly—one such experiment, taking place right now, that has emphatically worked.

perimeter west

For all who care for literature that concerns itself with the things that really happen and really matter, *Perimeter West* is a novel to notice. It is original; its vision is simple and mature; and it speaks for a generation unacclimatised to peace and quiet.

'Profoundly serious' . . . 'As an indictment of modern warfare *Of Sins and Winter* is extremely powerful . . . Here, it seems to me, is described the dilemma not only of war and peace, but that of this century', wrote the reviewer of Maurice Rowdon's last book in *Encounter*.

ITALIAN SKETCHES

'It is a real pleasure to come across a quite original book on Italy . . . I derived much pleasure from it.'

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON *The Observer*

'So often piercingly accurate and so far under the skin of everyday appearances that it is really a new appraisal almost of a new country'

ISABEL QUIGLEY *The Guardian*

'Within a couple of pages he has established a strong literary personality'

Punch

'A new writer of importance' — *Punch*

'Endowed with a sharp reporter's eye' — *Sunday Times*

'He can describe what he sees and hears with an unpretentious immediacy that brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life' — *Times Literary Supplement*

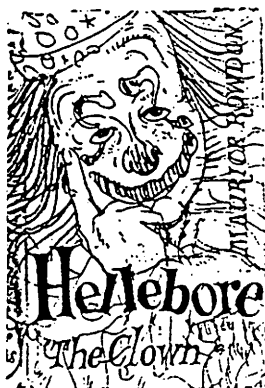
'All books about Italy are frantic attempts to try and understand the nature of its fascination, and if Mr Rowdon's book (*Italian Sketches*) is one of the best attempts that has been made for many years, this is because he tries so deeply to understand and must excite the sympathy of anyone else who has tried to do so' — *Sunday Telegraph*

'A loving, sunlit account . . . something of Lawrence's travel books, something of Durrell's island books . . . like the chatter of an opera recitative, like *asti spumante* gurgling effervescent and intoxicating out of a bottle' — *New Statesman*

THE COMPANION GUIDE TO UMBRIA

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

Eastern Daily Press



Clowns, some say, are a dying race. But if ever a sad day comes when The Great Clowns are no more, and people who have never seen them wonder what they were like, we could confidently recommend them to read this remarkable book.

The description of this performance, with all its tension, near-tragedy, humour and triumphant virtuosity, is a tour-de-force which marks out Mr. Rowdon as a writer of the highest promise.

. Punch hailed him as a 'new writer of importance'. Maurice Rowdon is a professional author/playwright trained in philosophy, and a breathmaster. He was born in a London working-class family. He took two degrees at Oxford, the first in Modern History (one year) and the other in Modern Greats (philosophy, politics and economics), specialising in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason (three years). He was a Forward Observation Officer in World War II. He then taught English Literature at Baghdad University. Afterwards he went to Italy to live and became a specialist in Italian civilization. Dissatisfied with Occidental thought he turned to the Orient, began practicing Hatha Yoga and daily pranayama or breath-discipline under an Indian guru. His yoga background led him eventually to develop his own breath technique which he taught at Berkeley and San Francisco Cal. for nine years.

ABOUT ROWDON'S WORK:

My life work, whether in books, plays or hands-on breath guidance has been a continual involvement with the nature of intelligence, human and animal, and the role of religions and civilizations in trying to help the human contain what would otherwise be an untamed state of dementia. This dementia is perfectly reflected in the present state of the planet, which may bring extinction to that planet. We can see our full responsibility for this but we still regard ourselves as the finest, indeed the only truly conscious, creatures on the earth, with a special relationship to God. The other animals appear 'blindly automatic' to us precisely because *they fit perfectly into their habitats*, they go unhesitatingly to their food in the soil or trees or the lake or ocean, while our tragedy is that we have passed through habitat after habitat as strangers, until we can now command every habitat on the earth. 'Human' means an animal rooted nowhere.

In 195 in a Roman Street I predicted that politics would be defined by green issues.

In 1960 in Elke and Belham

Space exploration

He has published with Chatto and Windus, Heinemann, Constable, Weidenfeld, Barrie and Rockliffe, Gollancz and Macmillan in London; Praeger, Putnam, St. Martin's Press and Henry Regnery in the USA; S.Fischer Verlag in Germany. [double click to Amazon, Abebooks etc].

His reviewers include the Times Literary Supplement which observed that 'He brings a scene instantly and enduringly to life. He is full of variety...His style is extremely simple: short words and short sentences, yet every now and then he takes off on a purely literary flight of fancy that carries the reader with it in hilarious or tender acceptance.' 'The delighted reader,' wrote The Sunday Times 'forgives him all his prejudicess'. The Guardian called him 'artistically exhilarating...often piercingly accurate'

The New Statesman found his prose 'like asti spumanti, gurgling, effervescent and intoxicating. on'.edu forgives him vda

Rowdon's last year at school was interrupted by World War 11 where as a Forward Observation Officer he fought in the Italian campaign 1943-45. In 1955 his account of the war Of Sins and Winter published by Chatto and Windus was described by reviewers 'as an indictment of modern warfare..., a confession, the guilt a man may feel for the part he has played in mass-slaughter, and the terrible exile which accompanies it...profoundly serious, an indictment of modern warfare, it describes the dilemma not only of war and peace but that of this century'f.

90
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BIOGRAPHY Maurice Rowdon

ABOUT ROWDON

Maurice Rowdon is a professional author/playwright trained in philosophy, and a breath-master. He was born in London in a working-class family. He took two degrees at Oxford, the first in Modern History (one year) and the other in Modern Greats (philosophy, politics and economics), specialising in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason (three years). He was a forward observation officer in World War II. He taught English Literature at Baghdad University. Afterwards he went to Italy to live, and became a specialist in Italian civilization. Dissatisfied with Occidental thought he turned to the Orient, began practicing Hatha Yoga and daily pranayama or breath discipline under an Indian Guru. His yoga background led him eventually to develop his own breath technique which he taught at Berkeley and San Francisco, Cal. for nine years.

ABOUT ROWDON'S WORK:

'My life work, whether in books, plays or hands-on breath guidance has been a continual involvement with **the nature of intelligence, human and animal**, and the role of religions and civilizations in helping humans contain their species-defining insanity.

'The key to all my work and thought is this: Man is not, as he thinks, the master of himself, let alone his environment or the universe. He has called himself the only creature with access to God, the only creature with choice, free will and self-determination.

'The fact is that the human, far from being the most highly evolved, the fittest and most enlightened creature on earth, suffers from a tragic weakness---that of **a desperately beleaguered animal**, one who must invent extraordinary measures for his own survival, measures which have also, understandably and logically, *brought the planet and himself to near extinction.*'

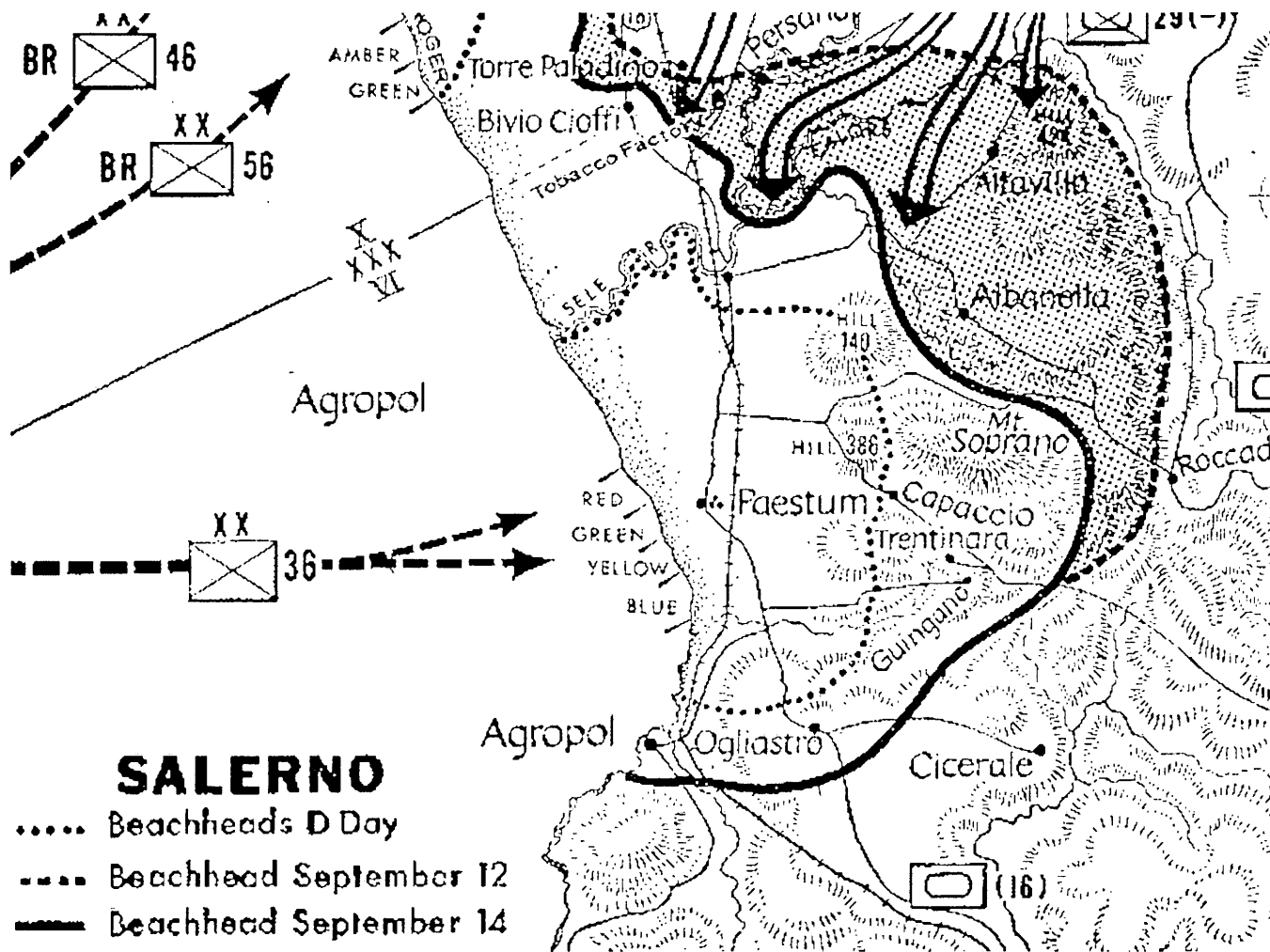
It comes down to the human not really knowing who he is, what he suffers from and above all how to put himself humbly and harmoniously back into the planetary habitats he has fought hard to dominate because **he has no habitat to which he belongs.**

But the human tragically persists in thinking he's outside the animal kingdom. I say not only is he an animal but he is the *least intelligent animal on this planet*. He has **a crooked ideology** which he inherited from every kind of 'thinker' and principally Aristotle, who said that to become properly human you must suppress and disown 'the animal within'. I say that, on the contrary, the human is an eroded animal and his natural state now is one equivalent to *walking psychosis*. **THE MAD APE *The Animal That Said It Wasn't*** (forthcoming).

'**The miraculous thing is that the moment we are genuinely aware of our true state we have automatically taken our first step to sanity.**'

THE ROLE OF RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION

'I see **religion and civilization** as our genuine effort to soften and ease our terrible state. Religion---from the Latin religio---means 'a binding together'. The ancient Romans were the first to use that word---indeed to name what was until then *regarded as a natural state of life*. How does this religion start? A man or woman has a vision or visitation, namely an experience that while it 'comes from nowhere' is the most vivid and real experience he or she



revised, circled
note

I believe the the Italian campaign has
never really been examined — nor the ~~strategies~~
~~consistently high~~ ~~major~~ ~~casualties~~ ^{more} accounted for.

"WAR IN MY EYES"

Some personal notes on front-line warfare

Dear Eleo Gordon: A few days ago I contacted Stuart Proffitt to ask him whom to approach at Penguin with the above title and he kindly suggested you. It is

about world war two and in particular my role as an F.O.O or forward observation officer in the Italian campaign. ~~He was called in military textbooks 'the eyes of the army'.~~

In that two-year campaign, from the age of 20-22, I was responsible, like all F.O.O.s, for up to date intelligence information about the front line whilst that line was already on the move. I was thus almost always at the head of an attack and sometimes beyond it, so that more than once I was lost in enemy lines.

1/11/11
story

My book, while a moment by moment account of battle, is also the story of how I mastered the work of F.O.O. by slow degree. That is, I learned how to manage and even utilise states of shock so varied that there was no way of pre-empting or foreseeing them. ~~Italy~~ ~~France~~ is, ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~case~~ ~~of~~ ~~B. Nogue~~, a very characteristic —

with my
signaller

In my first chapter ~~The Heart of Darkness~~ I describe how close to madness every battle experience is — close in the sense that normal battle shock may turn at any moment into the extreme shock of muscular atrophy or so-called 'shell-shock' (which contains the very alienation of which permanent madness is made).

Everyone is aware as he watches the tremors and blind staring and teeth-chattering that accompany this helpless state that 'there by the grace of God go I'.

There is no business of courage or cowardice in ~~this collapse~~ ~~for even in any other aspect of~~ ~~the nervous system~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~warrior~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~battle~~. These two states of the nervous system act together, and need each other, and are within each other. It is like an actor who unless his first entrance of the evening is accompanied by feathers in the belly will not perform well. ~~To wish to run away~~ ~~provides an enormous energy in the other direction.~~ ~~To stand.~~ It is the

Zurman

To live in battle is to witness a strangeness that baffles all talk, even thought. It is the strangeness that I think described as a kind of external dementia, it takes hold of everything. So I would say for me not that the poetry is in the pity but ~~the~~ the madness.

Her work

- ~~trying~~ to defend, the devil to attack. ~~Some time~~
the enemy ~~was held up~~ ^{held up} ~~up~~ ^{all the way} ~~division~~ ^{up} ~~after~~ ^{division} ~~division~~,
esp. ~~not~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{hardly} ~~division~~ ^{there} ~~the~~ ^a
company ~~battalion~~. ~~With~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~, ~~his~~
at the beginning, to ~~useful~~ ~~step~~ ~~just~~ ~~to~~
decrease & weaken the attack. So we
fell into his plan — we were to
peek ~~look~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~next~~ ~~chimer~~ ~~page~~
~~a~~ ~~box~~ ~~of~~ ~~stocks~~ ~~of~~ ~~box~~ ~~with~~ ~~box~~, each
+ a diff. set of surprises.

All accounts of battle as an exploit or a triumph or even as an external event are false. Battle involves a shared inner dumb wondering, which will be found on every soldier's face as he waits on the start line for zero hour. His stare into space is a kind of momentary preview of the 'shell-shock' proper.

My book climaxes with an action for which I am cited for gallantry, and I describe how that citation seems not to be about me at all, making me wonder who was doing all this. It was simply more of the strangeness.

The fact is that ~~no~~ ^{di} training for F.O.O.s ~~was even~~ ^{pmille} ~~impossible~~ ~~Even if your instructor had experienced~~ ~~battle (and I came across none who had) he would have~~ ~~lacked words to put to it. F.O.O.s should really have~~ ~~been trained for stealth and ready intuitive grasp of~~ ~~totally unexpected events but this would have been~~ ~~asking of an army an impossible prophetic gift. The~~ ~~instructors simply didn't have it on their programme.~~ →

~~Of course every recce into enemy lines by the~~ ~~forward infantry has something of an F.O.O. quality~~ ~~about it, and such recces went on every day as soon~~ ~~as dusk came down. But they carry no power. The~~ ~~F.O.O. carried the power of the guns of an entire~~ ~~division, even more if necessary. He simply had to~~ ~~exist. No guns could be fired without him. Thus was~~ ~~he called by the manuals 'the eyes of the army'.~~

A few years after the second world war I published an account of these events in a confused youthful cri de coeur which contained, inevitably, no understanding of what had passed. But I am glad now to have that account, to endorse my memory. The rights ~~in that book are in act of reversion~~ to me.

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

With best wishes Maurice Rowdon

But there is another aspect of the work
the ugly and haunting theme of death —
death as to whether there was ^{Way} ~~it~~ ^{at} ~~any~~ ^{at} ~~all~~
but a made-up job, a piece of high life
(with head eyes). All
I hope that over 50,000,000 deaths —
we knew of the war was the we were added in it. →

One I could never
tell me my life

MARIGOLD the wind-b...

~~Anna: Anna~~ You're in the sea...

Oh. So what's the sandwich? ~~Anna: Anna~~

When I do this work to
find out what they are. I really
don't know - I just want to see
if you know how to do the my
mother would not want to tell

~~you. I
am! Cook the for all to~~

no charts this.

~~When: Ah, this is out of context to
the book. It should be of to help -
my mind. don't think.~~

If you make a quick calculation you will
find in the 1000 years of history of India
I plead to you to see the X in one
history of the world, my dear friend,
My dear friend, has given me
the best gift of my life

Forward to the death
Some people believe in

This belongs in
Folder 8 (hand
written + typed notes)
The lies we die for
England their England
Autobiographical -
H's life before the War

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.

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 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 had trained as a 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.

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

At this moment I knew the happiness had stopped. 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 the previous evening, when everyone had

left-babies and Jeff and Irene and C.-all had been well.

But 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 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 to Winchester, going west, was even more so, as if stolen from a long-since past epoch when the habitat was in synch with its creatures. There were such silences then, before our skies became doleful human possessions.

The bushes and grasses spread 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 sign that I was fascinated by what I was doing. It 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 London. At that time the Polanyi's, Ilona and Karl, 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.

My task was to get the hop pickers to talk about the war, themselves, what kind of world they wanted afterwards. And they did with wonderful candour. They said what they thought about the war. They hadn't caused, 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 bring a lot of trouble in the world. I just put it all down as they said it and Harrison who ran Mass Observation was delighted and said he had more work for me. But 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 was a silence, a waiting. Well, I was waiting for my mobilisation papers. But this didn't trouble me. I thought they might not arrive. 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 saying good bye to the past but not hullo to anything else.

In London I went straight to my parents, and C. joined me 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 ^{these} 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

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 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~~ ^{and} there was a grand piano. ~~There was a~~ ^{But 1 step} bedroom ^{with} ~~upstairs on the balcony~~ ^{and} another close to the garden door, ~~where I slept,~~ ⁱⁿ ~~sometimes with C~~ ^{cosie} ^{bedroom}. When it was hot I walked the pavements with bare feet and one day when I was with C. a group of people stopped 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. 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 extinguished.

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 them like in a funeral wake when the dead are felt to be present, the silent players in

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.

Just consider that all this belongs to an institution that offers honours and promotion and grand parades and other signs of reverence, 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 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.

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 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, a big war or German occupation. 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 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 I had recommended him to Harrison I felt bad about this, realising I could easily have done it, I would have been fascinated going to pubs

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 studio I thought I would 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.

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 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 than a plan, though we

knew we would meet. Once I went to Leicester Square tube station for a meeting with her and was rather late. She didn't come but I wasn't worried. 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 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 degree, you would think, was essential. We boys were full of a certain kind of optimism which the world judged unreal, but it would come true, like the promise I made myself that, despite being bad at nearly everything at school, I would go to Oxford. C. too got a scholarship and I think it seemed to my mother a right, predestined kind of love between us.

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 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. 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 in 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 immemorably 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 VI, who was the most popular Prince of Wales and king since Charles II. 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 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.

My mother and father loved their country in an intimate way that had nothing to do with their being so poor sometimes that they had no money for the rent

or the coal, those two staple payments of the week. The very specially sharp rat-tat-tat of the rent man struck terror in the heart and my mother would sometimes gesture me to be quiet and we would stand motionless in the kitchen until he moved. 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 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.

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 Menen. Their idea was to get what work they could find on

Bombay radio or the Times of India. They must have found it because they were away eight years, from 1938 to 1946.

I talked to C. about Johhim endlessly. He and Aubrey engineered a series of miracles for me as a child. 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 kned 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 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

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

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 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...'

* * *

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

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

have lasted more than five minutes I went through a rapid self-examination which asked only question, what could a war possibly achieve for you that you would urgently 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 or it doesn't—is 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 after looking through the chink at what you might or would or should have been.

That was why I walked out of that room an officer cadet. Nobody said, This war is going to stop that man Hitler baiting and beating and murdering his own people. Nobody said, This war is to get rid of such a man. The matter of the Jews was entirely irrelevant to the waging of the war. That declaring war against Hitler would 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 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 secret recesses of your life.

You have signed a contract to kill and be killed. You can feel, at once, that you will either survive their treatment or not, and that they aren't too worried either way. '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.

One of my fellow cadets who felt he was horribly ugly, and was told day in and day out by the officer in charge of us that he 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 things. There was 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 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 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 English translation, was only in note form at that time, with a few sections of it printed in Germany.

It was my brother 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 planting 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.

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 as an exaggerated 'Jewish' nose. In Germany had had to powder it to escape too much attention.

My Jewish friends multiplied, or perhaps it was that I had become aware of Jews for the first time. English ones came forward. It seemed that at every turn, every crisis when I needed openness and directness to 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

certain important ways. Not even they seemed to know about it.

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?

But then my whole association with the Labour party 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, Why don't you go out and fight there then? I had my answer ready (I'd been groomed for the task), 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—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

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.

It was the same back in 1938 when Chamberlain arrived at Croydon airport from his talks with Hitler. 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. To know the inside story, if there was one, would have been irrelevant. The war was on and our ideology was that this war was to get rid of a reactionary or fascist who wished to extend his tyranny to the whole of Europe as far as the Russias under a new '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 for this war.

And when Churchill became prime minister she was happy not because she considered him so different from Hitler, 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). The important thing about

him, for her, was that he meant the end of appeasement.

What none of us knew, as we still on the whole don't, was that the so-called appeasement of Germany had been a 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. Without that 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 that well enough. 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.

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 he had so little strength, particularly military strength. And he had no 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

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.

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 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 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 back were grooming him too for a statesmanship which the world would be happy with.

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

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 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 armies.

Yet the unwritten pact between Britain and Germany rested on a fallacy which neither saw. For Chamberlain there was no possibility that Hitler would be such a fool as to go to war with Britain, his best benefactor and the strongest country in the world, a country he, Hitler, respected and admired beyond all other foreign powers. And in precisely the same way Hitler was convinced (by 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.

British diplomats turned up at all the big nazi celebrations. With their smiles they gave dignity to a regime that, under cover of this, created with 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 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

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 neither we who listened to Chamberlain's declaration of war on the radio, nor 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 about 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 in 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 agreeable, 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

even the communists talked about it, they who talked so much about capitalist wars being a collusive act with no other end than a greater capitalism.

As for the declaration of war, while we all felt something unconvincing about it, we missed the key fact that it was a fearful calamity. Fear is never a good aid to analysis. Having ostentatiously not come out with a guarantee for the demilitarised zone of the Rhineland, having ostentatiously not come out with guarantees for Austria and Czechoslovakia, suddenly the government comes out with a guarantee for Poland, a land entirely inaccessible to allied armies and tanks and their supply lines.

What the declaration did was to throw Poland to the wolves in a few moments, those wolves being Hitler and Stalin who not many months before had signed a pact which in effect was a promise to share Poland if the time should come. And the war declaration gave them carte blanche—since it was now war—to grab what they liked and call it their own.

So having failed to check Hitler because he was a necessary buffer against the ever more influential Soviet Union you now became the enemy of both the buffer and the land it was meant to hold at bay. Of all supinely moronic events in history this was surely one of the best. And Churchill, the man who was said with his vigour to have saved all afterwards, was in that government. And he applauded the guarantee. A guarantee of total isolation.

And all because these men were up to their eyes in protocol and received attitudes that they never

troubled to look at Hitler the man. It was very simple. Hitler couldn't understand English very well, nor was Ribbentrop, his link with English life, all that reliable in his understanding of the tongue. Hitler even asked during the Polish crisis for someone from England to talk to him personally, someone who had power and authority in London who could talk the German language. In that way he would be able to explain his prevarications during that crisis, his continual stop-go on the matter of invading Poland. Quite clearly he wanted to know where Britain would draw the line, say no. A diplomat suggested General Ironside as that man. But nothing happened. It disappeared in smooth prevaricating protocol. The paternal Chamberlain didn't see to it immediately. No one gleaned from that request how anxious Hitler was not to offend the one power he respected above all others—and constantly said he respected. So no one told him that, yes, Britain would indeed make war over Poland. Hitler simply needed to know from London whether or not he was pursuing a shared or lone policy. Certainly neither the diplomats nor Chamberlain behaved as if they thought him a maverick, whatever they said to each other. You can see them all smiling together in the photographs in full regalia.

Also Hitler was very good on protocol occasions. He reasoned clearly, he had a very sharp memory for detail, he was quite other than the man who yelled on the podium and gave vent in private to outbursts of rage.

But, even more important, Hitler went on crying for help. The war could, with sufficient ingenuity, have been halted. On October 10 he 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.

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

Gibraltar, 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 it was to happen again and again when it started. The past came to save me, make me ever better material for the killing or being killed. Even C. in her silence helped.



PERSONAL PROFILE

DRAFT ONE

Maurice Rowdon was born one of three boys in Wandsworth, London, of William Rowdon a docker's clerk and Gladys Brooke, both of Battersea. ~~WE~~ ^{The} three boys managed between ~~us~~ ^{them} to cover literary, theatrical (production, management, writing), diplomatic, documentary film and therapeutic careers without apparent effort. ~~My~~ ^{Our} mother Gladys Brooke was sent out to work at the age of 12 and looked after a family of two teachers and three children, for which she received two shillings and sixpence a week, which is surprising considering that she was related to Rupert Brooke.

On the evidence of the circumstances---that we frequently had little to eat and were threatened in the bad times with eviction---it shouldn't have happened, especially as the Wandsworth of that epoch (before World War Two) was a ghetto ^{in atmosphere} as far from the West End as Liverpool from Versailles.

My eldest brother John was a fringe member of the Bloomsbury ^{Group} in his teens, and my middle brother Leslie, who later managed the Peter Coates theatre company, took me to the Old Vic

~~Maurice was pushed into the theatrical and literary world by John who in his teens became a fringe member of the Bloomsbury Group. His first novel at the age of seventeen was scorned by Virginia Woolf ('you describe your novel as an experiment. I consider the experiment to have failed').~~ ^{Maurice, ten years his junior, began writing short pieces and plays and at the age of 13 phoned George Bernard Shaw to talk about them. Shaw said 'I think my plays are much better}

~~He~~ He published a monograph ~ Duncan Grant instead, and took a diploma at ~~hand~~ ^{hand} university in ~~journalism~~ ^{journalism} which he never used. Instead, he ~~tried to~~ ^{became one of the best} ~~work~~ ^{documentary} for ~~Radio~~ ^{the radio}, and ~~his other work~~ ^{his other work} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~dramatic~~ ^{dramatic} ~~bit~~ ^{bit} ~~making~~ ^{making}. His ~~journalism~~ ^{journalism} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~area~~ ^{area}

→ [For late dev. in this narrative: this was all before democracy in a political system (named government by an oligarchy with the majority electoral system) became much simpler, and deadlier in its effect on the way we now, mostly and in historical mood, call 'values'. The system is a vetting one — the ^{available} political leaders are vetted by an invisible group now called 'business men', and before the 'industrialists', and now corporate executives, chairmen of boards or fat cats. They are usually by fair and intelligent means, and by foul and stupid means — now established, this wealth acts as a self-continuing process of extended influence even in areas where they were incapable to judge or clearly harmful. It is they who set the politician free to see if he has the power of ^{him} ~~to make the people~~ for himself then or no 'values' to

extension: only a public sufficiently satisfied with present conditions and hopeful of the future to spend. The accumulation of wealth then

Stalin's death minutes away by rail. At the age of 13 he phoned Bernard Shaw (John had his number) — order to talk del his (Maurice) plays.

became the state

dictator and relief of life, and the determinant of the values, which of course leads to the class production war by the 'business men'.

Rosdon became manager of the Pathé

Codis ^{the late} copying ~~the~~ and then became Press attaché in various African & India places, and took over the Magna Carta to Virginia to make the first Bill exhibit the same in still form.

With these examples Maurice Rosdon did great things very early + the world he dreamed of since began at Waterloo

→ after creating his own main copy, which kicked off with a dramatized of Wells's Shape of Things to Come (before the film was made) became one of Britain's best documentary

~~Rosdon, who is a film editor joining the BBC and now independent, says that this was a the evidence of his film one of the dramatized film film makers ~~worked with the~~ ^{worked with the} ~~best~~ Leslie~~

thousand shrieks, the crashing of boulders down the stair-well. They presented themselves to me as a new aspect of death, threatening worse terrors than what I'd already tasted.

The steps were in fact soft, as I well knew they must be because the corridor was carpeted, and they had a regularity which seemed to me remorseless, making a thump quite unlike human steps. I strained to listen, my heart beating so quickly and powerfully in my chest that all chance of careful listening was marred. The steps drew nearer to my door. They stopped. They moved away again, always soft. I heard them on the staircase. This time they were running---but what an awful demonic haste---a mockery of human running!

There came a booming sound deep in the basement. I really thought I would go mad in that moment because a giddiness seized me that wasn't physical but a state of mind. I was horrified to see, in the sitting room, a glaring orange-yellow light that penetrated the closed curtains from outside and sent what to me was a foul glow through the room, making the furniture stand out ghoulishly, like the accessories of a mortuary. I stood staring at that blanket of nauseating light. I guessed that a fire had started again and that nearby streets were burning but a moment's thought told me that in the lack of the fierce crackling noises of a big conflagration this was impossible. Pockets of gas, plastic containers, warehouse material would have made a gigantic collective din. Also the light was flat, unmoving on the window. I couldn't summon the courage to go to the window and pull the curtains aside.

in my first year ^{and} ~~was not~~ else to
be able at a study the cure
and the new point, perhaps becoming
the power he was ready, I heard
his words, 'God, the people will
let me do.'

1
 → She had three Knudsons — John, Bertie and Maurice in the order of seniority. Maurice was pushed into the theatrical and literary world by John — ^{friend} ~~exponent~~ of the Bloomsbury group, who first heard of the age of 17 was scoured by Virginia Woolf ('you describe a novel as an experiment. I would like to experiment to know for 14'). Maurice ~~then~~ meanwhile wrote plays and ~~at the age of 13~~ ~~sent them to~~ phoned George

which were no stories — Penguin New Writing.

2
 → Maurice, by this time, had had his first poem published at the age of fifteen in the Spring number of POETRY, ~~at the~~ ~~close to Lawrence Durrell~~, ~~for whom he~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~reviewer~~ ~~of~~ ~~John~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~born~~ ~~in~~ ~~1913~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~age~~ ~~of~~ ~~13~~. He later befriended John Lehmann, ~~and~~ Editor of the Penguin New Writing, but Lehmann had a 'Tudorish habit of stalling' at the top of the stairs with a little wooden gate closed upwards, saying 'Come to all

3
 → despite being considered a retard at school, ^{akin} ^{THAT WAY and} ^{away} ^{from} ^{the} ^{main} ^{stream} ^{of} ^{the} ^{literary} ^{world} ^{at} ^{the} ^{time} ^{of} ^{the} ^{1930s} ^{and} ^{1940s} ^{and} ^{1950s} ^{and} ^{1960s} ^{and} ^{1970s} ^{and} ^{1980s} ^{and} ^{1990s} ^{and} ^{2000s} ^{and} ^{2010s} ^{and} ^{2020s} ^{and} ^{2030s} ^{and} ^{2040s} ^{and} ^{2050s} ^{and} ^{2060s} ^{and} ^{2070s} ^{and} ^{2080s} ^{and} ^{2090s} ^{and} ^{2100s} ^{and} ^{2110s} ^{and} ^{2120s} ^{and} ^{2130s} ^{and} ^{2140s} ^{and} ^{2150s} ^{and} ^{2160s} ^{and} ^{2170s} ^{and} ^{2180s} ^{and} ^{2190s} ^{and} ^{2200s} ^{and} ^{2210s} ^{and} ^{2220s} ^{and} ^{2230s} ^{and} ^{2240s} ^{and} ^{2250s} ^{and} ^{2260s} ^{and} ^{2270s} ^{and} ^{2280s} ^{and} ^{2290s} ^{and} ^{2300s} ^{and} ^{2310s} ^{and} ^{2320s} ^{and} ^{2330s} ^{and} ^{2340s} ^{and} ^{2350s} ^{and} ^{2360s} ^{and} ^{2370s} ^{and} ^{2380s} ^{and} ^{2390s} ^{and} ^{2400s} ^{and} ^{2410s} ^{and} ^{2420s} ^{and} ^{2430s} ^{and} 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This sense of unity was uneasy, and it was the same when he found a real writer, of another class or craft, — ~~in the case of Koertge~~, he befriended and helped him, as in the case of Arthur Koertge (an unfortunate thief of MR's friend for the - i - law). Cyril C. was indeed the paper editor — he went unerringly of what he liked, and was tried to justify it ~~if he didn't work~~.

According to NEW WRITER was the opposite of HORIZON in its lack of a direction and its rationalist reportage-type fiction, though with had a tendency to Turgidism (because of the puddings at Etan). Dyer House's pro-rationalism

verse figured in HORIZON, was the unhappy, of the over. Cyril C. seemed sure, he was fairly firmly in his manner the he wanted to be, but ~~it~~

→ I had a deep impression that he was unwilling to be an editor, or even associated with writing in any way. I think he couldn't break a certain rigid formalism — himself. It stood vertical at the door of the imagination. As in the case of most of the literary Top People of the time, it was clear that caused this. He came out as a formidable aristocrat as revealed by the nouveaux riches. His appearance was too successful, ^{his manner} too impeccably finished & the rough rough and tumble, the editorial shame intolerances, of editorial life. He had poor literary judgement and no critical nature. It made him very bitter on the years went by.

Something of the same thing — the inability to reach a true self — could be said of most of the people in the world. ~~They never gave~~ She they made a mistake & like Tjvan's 'we must hang up' ~~it was~~ it was ~~not~~ ~~not~~ the illusioniveness of a self they could never catch up with.

known than yours, so ^{let's} ~~why don't we~~ talk about mine ^{'s} ~~instead?~~. Which they did for twenty minutes, the subject PYGMALION. When Maurice described Doolittle as a 'bourgeois' (meaning his soul) Shaw shouted 'PSHAW! He ^{'s} ~~was~~ a dustman!'. ~~He also predicted that Maurice would be a more famous playwright than he on the grounds that he had started that much earlier~~

~~As it is he predicted he~~) POETRY Maurice R.
 Tambimuttu the editor urged him to run away from school since he hated it and Maurice replied that in effect he ^{before} ~~had~~ done that long ^{ago} by switching off. He later befriended John Lehmann, editor of PENGUIN NEW WRITING, whom he found conventional in all but sexual tastes. These drove him away from Lehmann, who ^{Lehmann} when he invited him to lunch ^{he} would stand at the top of the stairs behind a wooden child's gate and say 'Gate toll a kiss!' which turned Maurice's stomach. ~~There was a housekeeper in the basement and Lehmann would bellow down his patrician orders. He used to send plates back at the White Tower in Charlotte Street for being dirty and would get a scowl.~~

Lehmann never invited him to his literary does, which led Maurice to believe that he regarded him as trade, not genius. ~~Lehmann~~ →

MR
 Just before he went ^{up} to Oxford for his first term ~~he~~ fell in love with Karolina Polanyi, who ~~was~~ the daughter of Ilona, a Polish lady ^{had been the leader of} who ~~led~~ the communist revolution in Hungary ⁱⁿ 1922 ~~and~~ ^{with} had steel-grey eyes and a quiet voice ^{she} and talked to Maurice about the Komintern and the day when communism would ^{come about} be realised even in ~~the country most supinely resistant to it~~, Britain. ^{she} ~~Ilona~~ piloted freight planes between England and Canada in World War Two and settled in Canada

Byland this England

Oct 1941 & Oct 1945

The first an - twice ten and
the second - dead one, i personally
a individualy active. PUT IT

PLAINLY. All the stuff, all

the style was so well dead
nothing

England this England

'If I should die think of this grave, That thro' is some corner of a foreign field that is forever England' was expectably misinterpreted and admired of this misinterpretation throughout England, viz greater poetry sales than were Tennyson or Byron. Thousands of sweet-pudding makers, bent on grub and gobs as the reality of life, saw the lines as meaning that, bones and worms though I might be, watch ~~at the~~ ^{until} you slip because ~~this~~ ^{this} is virtually a ^{Brit} ~~British~~ colony, small as it is. [Snook regarded Englishmen as a spirit, and was ~~fighting~~ ^{a soldier because of his} ~~and~~ illusion that he was fighting for this spirit, and he meant quite simply that this spirit had touched the place where he lay, and ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~remain~~ ^{stay there}.

his income with work on an extra on mostly American film. ~~Directed as~~
~~a German work he was learned Act~~ ~~his friends were~~ ~~Some of his~~
~~friends were involved in La Dolce Vita, including his Tree whose~~
~~dog, a Belgian wolf, attracted Maurice so much that he purchased~~
~~a farm in the next hills. Isabel lived 44 years, dying far~~
~~away in Tuscany at the house of the German publisher Fischer~~
~~whose daughter, ^{Thomas M. Maki} Maurice had married. He returned to London and~~
~~became involved with BBC television in a series of projects~~
~~of which reached production, a tree-fall fictional documentary~~
~~based on his work The Fall of Venice, being responsible also of~~
~~the script with the 'fixing' of the film, making the finding~~
~~of accommodation, larger for generation and costumes and props,~~
~~the auditioning, extras and the rehearsing, where Italian~~
~~parts had to be played. His experience took him to directing~~
~~then he produced ~~his~~ his own play THE ESKIMO TRANCES at~~
~~the Murray theatre, and later his MAHLER at the Arts theatre,~~
~~financed by an 'angel' in the City. His play,~~
~~was planned for the West End ~~at~~ (Tony Rowland) and Broadway~~
~~(Merick) on condition that James Earl Jones was free to play ^{the lead}~~

^{David} ~~Merick~~ ^{he would} ~~the~~ James Earl Jones was free to play ^{the lead}
~~MAHLER and~~
~~He Russell came to see ^{his} MAHLER and~~
~~waited to film it as it was on stage ~~at~~ ~~truly~~ at ~~truly~~~~
~~did his own thing, using Maurice's scenes on the basis of~~
~~pedestals etc. By this time Maurice was deeply involved with~~
~~Joze and especially the remarkable effort, in extending~~
~~knowledge and power, of particular breathing patterns. He~~
~~had a experience which put his life on new tracks and,~~
~~obeying a private command he had been given, went to~~
~~California for his Tuscan farm with just one thousand dollars,~~
~~~~in the world~~, meaning to stay 3 months and staying for 10~~  
~~year, until he had established an office in San Francisco and~~  
~~a clientele of <sup>a</sup> breathing system ~~designated~~ designed~~  
~~is the beginning of performing artists but soon extending to~~  
~~therapists, physicians, academics and a few businessmen. <sup>with</sup>~~

He became a short time English-language director at  
 the Studio Theatre in Munich, where he again  
 directed MAHLER.

→ because Britain had in its brief life achieved the  
greater justice between power and justice

→ In his time (1964) his first book - 1125  
called Medieval Studies received some  
notices and thus followed several years -  
since he wrote continued work on various  
high Italian subjects & wider field,  
England, etc. He continued  
traveling during this time and increased  
his poly-productivity.

The subject of

~~These~~ clients like the Greek myth of Narcissus, at the time  
 professor of comparative mythology at Santa Barbara State; and his  
 daughter, the ophthalmologist who ~~developed~~ researched the  
 similarity between ~~psychotic~~ psychosis and the ~~transitional~~  
 spiritual crisis usually denigrated 'Kundalini,' Mauro,  
~~developed~~ ~~of the~~ ~~being~~ ~~introduced~~ ~~by~~ ~~Mauro~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~work~~  
 developed his breathing system ~~and~~ called it Oxygenation so  
 that it quickly became a valuable technique for hypnotic  
 receiving, a way subject could be chosen by the client during  
 his breathing session.

<sup>decently</sup>  
 , for those who followed the 3-month  
 course through to the end,

when Mauro returned to Brazil (1990) as a major finding  
 his work THE MAJ APB which is based on his California  
 experience.

utterances  $Z' \rightarrow Z$  utter. And it was said  
with such appalled sorrow that the feeling  
left my body and never it struck together  
was quenched by the voice for decades after.

This is how a civ. guides, we were  
like now that was a letter at the time,  
and never in my case succeeded in being  
one.

~~Does the class belong to~~

The utterances had a tenor of sneering  
and were passed in a jumble, ~~so~~ and  
the "taking the pins" banner, and the  
smile that never succeeded in being as if we  
became, the snow, until it came to be  
applied to all English life in all the  
institutions came with its crowding and  
lowering gaze, and was a dull the real  
division + help.

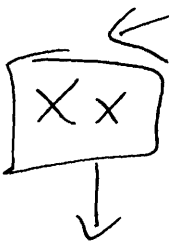
Don's accent....

friend > my lov you & ox/mol,  
 James Michler, shared the house with us ~~for a time~~. He shook  
 his head and said I should have been a conscientious objector, as  
 he was. I wasn't in a mood to be told that I had dedicated  
 four years of my youth to something wrong and mad and bad.  
 I knew I was paying for the blindness, but then I secretly held  
 that the blindness had been imposed - on me (it always is) and that  
 my reason for accepting the principle ~~of self-sacrifice~~ ~~was to receive~~  
~~my military interview, that the obligation of entering the 'service'~~  
 During my first military interview ('What services could you like  
 to enter?') my two self-saving thoughts were i) I want  
 to not to be killed but to with death ~~as much as possible~~, ~~to~~  
~~personally youthful desire to get me into the right ally as~~  
~~I don't want the infants~~ ii) I want to stop the concentration  
 camps. Retention at the time was unfashionable. ~~The~~  
 The idea of fighting to you keep and create was so old-  
 hat, so heroic-hall, that ~~of the old a old-fashioned~~  
 I can't think it entered any recruit's head. We all knew  
 the fighting of you keep and create was a forward way of getting  
 both destroyed. It was a matter of logical thought than it may  
 look. But is, a hidden question lurked - how could you ~~hell~~  
 of these things? And then there was plan to evacuate the keep  
 and the government to Canada in the wake of a successful  
 invasion, and presumably, to rid ourselves of the Germans, we  
 would have to be bombed to smithereens - by America  
 (precision-bombing today (American bombing tactics were  
 morally feared by allied troops), because of its peculiar  
 degree) ~~extra~~ detachment).

James, who was now an editor at Heinemann, knew the war is solely destructive, ~~and that~~ <sup>while</sup> was better than  
 entering it on the grounds of compassion of all things. ~~(most was~~  
~~etc)~~ It might do it work to raise whole cities (Dresden....)  
 because other people in other places <sup>are</sup> were being punished it.

gas news. In any case, the war had ~~little~~ <sup>rather</sup> nothing to do with the issue. It was ~~designed~~ <sup>so</sup> designed to destroy, planned and conceived to destroy, ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> make the something possible ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ ~~which~~ may be built in the ruins. The perplexity of the British recruits, ~~to~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~British~~ ~~soldiers~~ (and women) recruits, and their continuing perplexity in battle, was due to their inability to understand the design, or even to know that it existed. The designed war at all a conspiracy, I call it all - <sup>a right wing</sup> ~~secret~~ ~~we~~. After all, the Labor movement shared it, and was ~~perhaps~~ louder than any other movement in propagating it. It had sense to join, and it was right in its calculations of gain, on the right wing <sup>er</sup> ~~the~~ were in theirs.

My perplexity as a recruit was due to my feeling that there was a design and the fact that none of my knowledge or information could substantiate the feeling. Recall the feeling wasn't ~~clear~~ as clear as that. It simply said 'I did want war, I did feel like war, the air doesn't speak of war, war isn't necessary, it isn't real!' And this I think was shared by most British <sup>and</sup> and Germans, whose heads were still filled with ~~images from the~~ ~~horror~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~1914~~ ~~war~~, and the futility of the 1914 war, <sup>its</sup> ~~destruction~~ ~~horror~~ ~~destroyed~~ ~~everything~~ and created nothing.



I went to Rome with little more than the fare in my pocket - actually to ~~Assisi~~ a family - Cassati. While on an air hostess I met at one of my own parties introduced



go to the dark, cosy place where I liked. I met some  
 theatre people. I remember a cafe that jutted into the street.  
 I was with a director who was famous - Boli at the time.  
 I couldn't make myself understood - his mistress usually  
 interpreted for us but she wasn't there. I remember the Swiss  
 playwright was ~~not~~ <sup>also there</sup> ~~in the theatre in a otherwise empty place.~~  
 The director started a kind of sneering speech, clearly aimed  
 at me, in which the name 'Chewchill' figured several times.  
 I remember, already very fat, <sup>ignoring</sup> with ~~stare~~ <sup>stare</sup> ~~light~~ <sup>light</sup>  
~~was once a writer. A first~~ and watched my sacrifice  
~~to ridicule~~ with genuine pleasure. Such experience means  
 nothing to me since I never felt identified with the  
 imaginary <sup>was</sup> figure that ~~was~~ being ridiculed. ~~was the water~~  
 of 'Butcher' of course of the ~~German~~ Berlin the word  
 'Allie' had ~~the~~ the same ring as 'Bosch' 'Boch' in  
 Anglo-dexon <sup>can</sup>  
~~the inside~~: it ~~meant destruction~~ same <sup>'we</sup> ~~will~~  
 destroy you to the last toothail'. And the chance do you  
 have of feeling nice about this? →

I then went to visit Berlin and met Bert Brecht,  
 whom I at once felt to be a fraud. ~~The~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~  
 I didn't, quite clearly, <sup>single hint</sup> ~~know who he was~~ and perhaps  
~~registered~~ for a group in the street and perhaps registered  
 surprise that the joining ill-dressed man got up as a worker  
 who had just finished a night shift ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~he~~, felt  
<sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>planned</sup>. I sat talking with him in the theatre and  
 we created great alarm in the surveillance - pregnant  
 atmosphere of having a loud man called D.H. Lawrence. He  
 did a ridiculous mime of a man shouting 'Vitalif!  
 Vitalif! Vitalif!' and slowly drooping to the floor as he  
 did so, until he finally slumped lifeless. The Lawrence  
 we had to do with - vitalif - message I had never  
 discovered, and I perceived behind Brecht's sneer  
 a conventional middle-class mind. ~~The~~ ~~the~~ ~~(let~~ ~~be~~  
<sup>which</sup> ~~embodied~~ the machine-gunning of Berlin workers by the  
 Russian) ~~that~~ ~~his~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~rehearsal~~ ~~and~~ ~~go~~

→ 'Germans', 'Jews', 'Japs', 'Columbians', 'Yankies', 'Brits' - the titles of hatreds & resentments piled up, and became more complicated with the years, extending finally to Negro. Not only the species was divided, neighbor for neighbor, state for state, religion for religion, because of the enormous disruption created by two world wars, ~~as if you had~~ ~~dropped a bomb~~ ~~in a monkey enclosure at a lap street~~ and so the new construction had been done in the aftermath of 1918 was all now revised by 1939. Humiliated by the loss of the first, we were in a sudden throw into the second, with no more power to decide against the war as we had wanted <sup>than</sup> ~~but~~ millions of... ~~countries let loose in the aftermath.~~

I met the publisher Fischer. This led to my meeting his daughter in Rome, and we later married, living in Rome for about ten years on the Via della Giulia. Almost all our friends were at the America Academy on the \_\_\_\_\_ Hill. ~~We would have dinner together and underneath us were two of our closest friends, Ben Johnson and his girlfriend Diana, who later married Clockwork Orange.~~ ~~By translated and~~ Staying in the breakfast hour of the Fischer, my father-in-law handed me a script called *Book of Days* - ~~He~~ which he wanted my opinion of ..... I wanted to become a clearing house of scripts - *Right*, to finance my work, but - ~~it~~ stopped it - ~~got by~~ ~~the Fischer had~~ ~~little respect of me, he considered me~~ it didn't happen. I always remembered that James Michener said that reviewing *F* and the kind of thing - 'the stick sticks to you shovel on the job.' ~~the~~

INSERT: Celebrity took the place of the previous 'reputation' or 'fame' ~~and~~ of the earlier world because of the substitution of market for society. This new world can't create art it is entirely with 'hustle' (= the pragmatic sense). Nothing is sincere, nothing is genuine because the only institution is 'they want her his price' changed from being a cynical and untrue market to being a simple description of the job market. ~~then a civ. father~~ We can say, + Saul Bellow and Gore Vidal, the literature has ceased, and the audience of it almost so. But the

This is still a ~~fact of all~~ feature of the fall of the civilization. During the fall there is only a mechanical or automatic repetition of past habits, because there has to be some habits, otherwise the collapse of law & order would be entire. There is no time, no thrill in any interaction but the devoted is the re-creation of the civilization, the mind means the re-creation of the human being. There it is that a new method of work - the work trade - jump psychology, angel literature, self-help and transformational levels sometimes so hopeful written as the almost empty of content, only a excitement is present, a promise that we may have ~~proper as in a time again,~~ ~~but mental men,~~ ~~time again,~~ some joy and safety again, and at least the doesn't rock and ~~take the steel~~ die.

KISBERT Many - more we looked back in the days the people were stable. They had more problems of daily survival but ~~the~~ were more stable. And the stability now <sup>considered</sup> ~~considered~~ day by day. And this is the story in every country in the world, England'. Story seem so avoidable, so necessary, and there is a, universal, in every decline and fall. Mentally we can see ->

→ How it could have been avoided with just a little more awareness. But awareness itself is eclipsed the a civ. gets is able to fall — after all, the fall is prepared for centuries.

Romans Circle Vestup

I learned that there was much contempt of England among Americans, especially Jewish ones. This perplexed me, especially when I was the butt of it (after all, I was living in a world entirely divorced from England). Part of it was due to the political effort = Washington to occupy the place of a few years before occupied by Britain. The reaction to Britain ~~power~~ <sup>power</sup> anywhere (in the colonies, in Europe, in 'emerging' America) people turned with relief to Americans - who as well ~~was~~ had a business acumen the British never had, and who worked seriously and long, and would let things mean, and always all brought an excitement into work of which the British, who for long had regarded work as an unjust social imposition, knew nothing. The energy for in Britain being as low as it was, there was no come-back, no retreat, ~~not~~ certainly no determination to win ~~back~~ ~~at least~~ something back, and to cooperate with the mixed continent - Europe trying to do the same. It was left to France, to de Gaulle, to revive Europe. England was all it had ever been in the past when it came to relations with Europe - open with its scepticism, its love of power cold with a hot ideas, and under cover of the word 'pragmatic' being stagnation to its weighting the light a stream of excitement to people's eyes. But we called practical politics, and still is; and of course a atmosphere of exasperation and penny persisted we thought the years of ~~poor~~ affluence. It became natural to argue the loss petulant for outside Europe. While being a 'member' state of the union, but to hurry to the USA, get right inside, at the slightest blow to the special Relationship since never existed outside the newspaper offices (of course there was a language connection, but American investment went to Germany and not Britain, <sup>no,</sup> ~~despite~~ of that).

I remember Fizzler getting me <sup>no,</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> lines in one of his blistering words and announcing, quite suddenly,

Hanking the car-dor with a nighty bang,  
 a purpose of no conversation, 'L'he wa wa wa by Marshall!' It was  
 a reference to the Marshall Plan, and, walking behind him, I  
 thought that a wonderful way that is of belittling my wife is that  
 was (and I knew that I despised the wife, and was ashamed to  
 have participated in the free-fall massacre, and looked my  
 tongue whenever the war came up in conversation). Fissler  
 seemed to handle me more carefully than the. He disliked  
 straight talk of any kind - but certainly being at dinner table  
 with other guests present. In fact I generated fear in my  
 in-laws, and they generated fear in me <sup>lost</sup> ~~between the lines~~, to  
 average themselves of something I said, they stopped providing medical  
 care of my wife, she ~~is~~ a month or so before we were  
 was declared by a Harley Street 'specialist' to have eleven  
 weeks to live. No doubt he had been very right had I  
 allowed him a Fissler to have the doctor's treatment.  
 As it happened ~~they~~ died. The sister-in-law, a actress-  
 Cooney at the time, found a clinic in Berkeley Square  
 which saved my wife's life. It was run by Hitler's  
 district, resp. of sending <sup>after</sup> ~~him~~ meals up ~~to the case~~  
 she had in the area. He was Prof Zabel, and he  
 was getting <sup>these</sup> ~~these~~ <sup>judicious</sup> men for my part of  
<sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>Agnew</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>trial</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>there</sup>. His courtier used to  
 sit outside the court and listening to the radio in the dining  
 car and looking like hit-men. upon me as the trial ~~was~~ →

Look back in Anger.... But I think I'm Osborne  
 knew much better than I did - or at least knew much more  
~~deeply~~ than with his mind alone - that things had fallen  
 to pieces. Harris was a school boy in the way he had seen  
 the cynical specter (especially with so many <sup>genial</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup>  
 local town who must have <sup>been a</sup> ~~been a~~ <sup>power</sup> ~~power~~ <sup>ought</sup>  
 detachment). He was as little concerned with the theatre as  
 Bernard Shaw had been. Really the play-form is a vehicle  
 for him. This is why in his plays are dramatically

→ and vegetable juices we were given were real cut the top shock  
the heads with a laugh.

London. I still think.... But the bitterness of those years is  
 there of us to read what - because by the grace of God for  
 George Devine picked his play up. None of us <sup>felt</sup> in the  
 theatre, British or America, would have considered a woman doing  
 I heard we the British old Vic expunged their rejects of  
 the play for the records, is a spur of vanity in the direction  
 part, and that was a fairly universal <sup>retrospective</sup> condition is it is the  
<sup>with you</sup> ~~play~~ It sniffed didn't sound like a play! It had an  
 amateurishness, not <sup>hint</sup> of dramatic verbal, which  
 seemed to ~~promise~~ <sup>spell death</sup> is a business ~~that to be done well~~ <sup>who</sup>  
~~show~~, and the show had to be bang-on efficient or it flopped.  
 But the people went to the Court they heard this was  
 bitterness, and could say in their hearts, with John, 'Damn you  
 Rylance! Damn us of being allowed us to bathe in such  
 a dirty tide.'

Baghdad

I made a close friend in my last few months  
 at Oxford, Desmond Stewart, who wrote a lot of work on  
 the Arab world, and had gone to Baghdad to teach at  
 the university. One day I got a cable <sup>from</sup> ~~to~~ tell me to go  
 to the Iraqi embassy to get a medical check-up there,  
 and in a few days I was on a plane to Baghdad. It  
 went at midnight to Joan - my <sup>last</sup> ~~last~~ <sup>clear show</sup> ~~show~~ <sup>3</sup>  
 If Joan followed + a flight <sup>some weeks later</sup>.  
 I also learned street Arabic for the children and on  
 Cork - in a few months could speak at <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>Arabic</sup>  
 more or less 'Shit on you! daughter of a pimp!'  
 There was a riot one day. My students used to come in the  
<sup>abla</sup> ~~abla~~ or veil - it was a girls' college - and were very nice to me. They  
 used to say 'Allah! wa Allah!' at <sup>enchanting</sup> ~~enchanting~~ moments in our  
 reading of The Rape of the Lock. But during the riot they were friends.  
 The ~~was~~ worst was an <sup>Arabian</sup> girl who <sup>had</sup> befriended me the most.  
 Her eyes met in the middle. She put her face right up to mine





## England her England

NB the juxtaposition of SW5 and winter → FISCHER. \* The mean entrance Zürich Mann's eighth birthday  
The scorn of Gollancz.

Thus of Swiss represents all the cogitations of England  
the England and how it fared in the Marshall Plan world.

Minerva hotel, Mrs. Bertrand Russell proposition Fische  
'off' of money, which I decline with a sort of laugh. It is odd to  
me the context - I can't understand how you could mix the two, as  
if marriage was being bought, by die. I didn't penetrate too well  
it till - into the title, of the the night man of his esteem for  
his daughter. But I had some hope of a close association of  
spirits - my being involved perhaps with his books, since I saw, as  
I see everything, the marriage, the meeting, a sign of a special  
union that would take a literature and new ideas. I had a  
very terrible reckoning coming.

\* My gradual awareness that I was quite wrong to think  
the ~~the~~ war was a terrible calamity, that the Jewish  
persecution was not one of its carefully conceived holocausts, and  
that we <sup>were</sup> all ~~belonged~~ joined together in a determination not to  
have the sort of thing again. People were hard faced. I found  
no sense at all of thanksgiving in Fischer of his present  
position in Germany, no sense at all of the way we had gone  
through ~~the~~

Mann's leaving state because it is becoming  
'a Nazi state'. The feeling in the world was not the  
beginning of war that might not even be a World War  
again, but could be a series of wars, ~~the~~ and of  
my variety the world would eventually destabilize not only  
governments but, at last, the human being.

# England vs England

End

If Roosevelt had asked me what WW2 should be called I would have said The Great Fuck Up. It promised, being the death of a civilization, all the classes and <sup>and</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> here is the civilization, all the conceivable excellencies <sup>and</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~gone~~ since the last years of the Roman empire.

rigid ~~obnoxious~~ ~~goals~~

1

## England this England

1] My father's going and for some to  
come with the middle one.

2] My great little ritual system —  
involving animals = breathing  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times &  
more; this and her persisted until I  
was 18 or so because I remember doing it  
a while ago morning in my parents' new  
quarters on the other side of the river, and  
my date now the before then.

England and Russia  
and  
Cassanov's play

The argument is that the upper ghetto didn't have one faction of within not to enter war but another voice supported Hitler's unfortunate that the Po was part of the second faction.

The King and the Astor and a whole host of the people didn't hear the advantage of the advice of scholars fifty years hence ~~not~~ to put them on the positive course tracks: they simply saw that it would destroy not only Germany but Britain, and perhaps, if they thought about it hard enough, civilization too. And they were right. And the negative scholarship is wrong.

There were movements to protest with Hitler and Churchill for within this context and by

all would have been well. But because of  
the lack of admission we had supported  
Hitler, and this opp. to us had not  
to do + the support, the FO changed  
tack but not in appearance.

did of people like Eden supporting any new  
negotiations, or any suggestion that a pact  
might be possible or wise, undertake to crush  
all opponents cowardly & traitor. So we do  
this - we become people not free to  
answer you. So how the judges & the law  
= your pocket.

In fact Churchill agreed + then said  
during the war - stand back under before

## England, the England

LITTLEHAMPTON: the newspaper by  
was by the promenade at the end of the  
beach nearly 'Was Myssine!' It  
could well speak - how the little  
did. One would fully expect a sense of  
Tennyson's <sup>own</sup> overtone. A village policeman  
controlled a village & his mother. The  
middle story. So then on a circle,  
unstable, troubled, divided, a far is. but  
so much the more that could be renewed for  
the devouring stupidity of the intellect  
Lorenson ('re-written') that had reached  
the only is - to reach the world.

## England, their England.

### ROYALTY

① The abdication: the sense, the royal family in the ghetto. There was felt to be a direct link with the monarch, who was felt not to be interested in classes or even ghettos, but his people, and to represent his people better, in the long term, and in basic issues, especially with freedom, than any politician, with his special self-advancing interests, could. It will be appreciated that a monarch ~~who~~ who ~~talks~~ <sup>talks</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>graciously</sup> with his people will ~~get~~ <sup>get</sup> certain ~~feeling~~ <sup>feeling</sup> and his neck: no politician will save ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> plenty will be there to denounce him. Some ~~think~~ <sup>think</sup> 'doughly' (p.m. George) but Edward was seen as sound as brass. It was however accepted, the companionate marriage, but Edward was in quite alliance + the upper ghetto, which found it a good opportunity to get rid of him.

② Joan and I go to dinner to someone 'in the court': talks up the Berkeley steps - diarrhoea in flat: typical of the upper ghetto - turn away was the answer to nothing.

1930s

Insert

Childhood

One, the more exciting <sup>sounds</sup> ~~events~~ in the day was the  
~~the post in no day. The excitement of the rat-~~  
<sup>the postman.</sup> rat-tat and the ~~the~~ <sup>postman's</sup> ~~the~~ letters. ~~Today you get~~  
~~calls and invoices and junk and the rest is professional,~~  
~~the~~ ~~the~~ letters that were personal and in a different writing of  
 recognized, and the subject of the writing was always personal,  
 and about others, or places, or places that were known to them,  
 and excitement, hopes, arguments about books, events, it  
 was <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ world of ~~people~~ before this gigantic alienating  
 program, <sup>of us</sup> ~~the~~ ~~we~~ ~~look~~ ~~at~~ ~~it~~ ~~with~~ ~~us~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~,  
 as we shall ~~we~~ ~~shall~~ ~~look~~ ~~back~~ ~~at~~ ~~it~~ ~~with~~ ~~us~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~,  
 look back ~~at~~ ~~it~~ ~~with~~ ~~us~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~, <sup>the present,</sup> ~~at~~ ~~it~~ ~~with~~ ~~us~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~,  
<sup>apart by epochs,</sup> each deeper into our sanity.

wisfully

the programme

I think the first post was at  
 six in the morning (with the rat-tat-  
 tat), ~~and there were two more~~ another  
 at eight or so and I think at noon;  
 in the afternoon there was a 4.00 o'clock  
 post followed by a 6.00 o'clock one,  
 and at Christmas there were extra posts  
 throughout the evening.

identical

1945 →

Friedrich - after war.

Confronted + the deadly seasons, you would've  
shouldered the shambles of inner life.

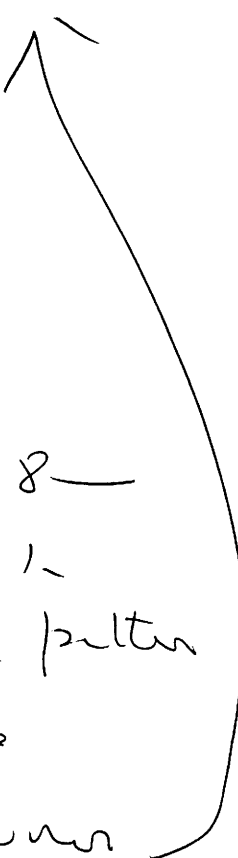
I did the clown, and it ended - my  
going to America + living did I return to  
the seasons, because there you have to  
be season, in deadly season, what your  
survival, rule = hope, under the  
shadow of the 'improvement' which will  
just have will be a expensive and reflected  
a dictatorship, if it is colonial, benevolent  
kind, if you behaved all right,

This fr. November is covered until political  
has to be media production, there the  
camera enters the debating locities called  
'production', 'expensive', 'sacred' etc. And  
found all advertisers and accessories with  
the primary purpose of the program to be sold.

Friedrich Inc. knows that if you give the majority  
an immediate survival they will do anything you want, for cutting  
down the ruin fr. Friedrich to gloating me murder as a leisure purpose  
with us being aware of it F. 11 →

Future suddenly sped up, in hands,  
the way how we knew.

Here 1984 was an analysis of 1948 —  
of just how it was going to lead, in  
those first years after the war the pattern  
of the dollar was decided, and the  
perceptive among us knew it. Over



# PEACE NEGOTIATIONS 1938

①

## Peace negotiations

in the way the colonial 'handed' the Germans.

Time of Chamberlain. An almost family-  
the - friend to be withy heart to heart, no  
suspicion of Hitler's intentions or designs, of  
honour, dignity, honour as usual, ~~but~~ <sup>the old time</sup>  
~~only~~ cover of ignorance and stupidity.

No one attempted to understand the Hitler's  
mind now. His hour of being as kind  
<sup>his hatred of being treated physically.</sup>  
how described to him. / His ~~extensive~~ love  
of animals & children, particularly young girls —  
his vegetarianism = and then his utter  
indecision in the spirit of Jews because they  
<sup>His utter loneliness, he confided in NO ONE (this was)</sup>  
were a miserable failure. / How he could have  
been talked to about the war by such a  
his complete cap. He could be done to  
get the Jews out, nothing of that sort —  
but in the end, a bland 'Oh that's  
coming' manner. \*

The lying, = Halifax & Bevin, <sup>the warship had no</sup> the  
political no <sup>fancied</sup> ~~fancied~~ <sup>today's political</sup> ~~political~~ <sup>media-personality</sup> ~~political~~

→ an excellent opportunity for  
secret talks ng at the  
highest level.

diplomatic  
in full repalish

2  
→ \*

There is a photo of Sir Neville Henderson talking  
with Hitler at a reception, and they are being translated  
by Hitler's personal interpreter, Paul Otto Schmidt. Now  
Henderson and Schmidt were aware of what Hitler was, the  
brown shit, and he was <sup>a covert anti-Nazi</sup> ~~in the secret opposition~~ list  
Henderson! The latter proposed to tell Geneva - but  
Schmidt said it wasn't good except for the mettles )  
diplomacy.

# Peace Negotiations

Weizsäcker was State Secretary <sup>(2)</sup> with  
Chief of Staff of Army in deskman (the  
contact  
with  
Hitler)

There were two private links + the Hitler staff!  
Goerig of instance - through his close Swedish friend  
BIRGER DAHLERUS, who 'entertained' Luce as a go-between  
between the British government and Goerig! He knew  
Chamberlain, Halifax, Cadogan, Horace Wilson, and talked with  
them all at the last moments of the Polish crisis which  
produced the ultimatum.

Henderson was only used the 'proposal' (of Poland) by  
Ribbentrop - in Germany. He would give a copy. As if  
he'd been ordered by the Führer not to do so. But Goerig  
(though the Swedes, who protested their behaviour) got a copy,  
since the Swedes phoned to London. Hitler used these proposals  
privately of the Germans - the step could assume that these  
(they were highly reasonable) had been floated by the Poles -  
since he gave the Poles no time to consider them. VON HASELL

WEIZÄCKER copied another cover anti-Nazi -  
the German Foreign Office - to approach Henderson & ask him to  
pass on the Poles to answer the proposal. Henderson told  
him the Ribbentrop had used him roughly, not that he'd  
yet received a copy of the proposal & since much  
had been a matter of confidence + Goerig & the Swedes. H.  
was asked <sup>for a document</sup> to show the Poles - but just  
the Hassall was prepared to show the document Ribbentrop  
ordered Weizsäcker not to have any further to do + the  
Ambassador (Henderson) to refuse all diplomatic advances.

Meanwhile Hitler ordered the advance - Poland. When  
CANARIS heard about his order <sup>'clockwise that way'</sup> said 'his  
in the end of Germany.'

That night there was a 100-minute meeting  
between THEO KORDT (another cover anti-Nazi) who worked

in the German Foreign Office ~~that~~ and Dr Vansittart in Cornwall Gardens, secretly. Kordt had been given proposals and stuck over the idea never to be shown anyone else. Kordt also found them reasonable. Hitler didn't want anyone else to see them because he didn't want them to be more than a blip - to be used after his attack as evidence of his reasonableness.

With Kordt now V. was aware that Hitler had already launched his attack. ~~He~~<sup>the</sup> leadership of Hitler's proclamation to the army to attack was at 5.40 a.m. on September 1<sup>st</sup>.

'PUBLIC LASSITUDE' (Same in England)

'a grey apathy' <sup>by</sup> William SHIRER, American Correspondent <sup>called it. He</sup> said to me instead that Hitler's ~~first~~ address to the Reichstag since war put out on loudspeakers.

Previously, in 1938, ~~at the time of~~<sup>after</sup> Munich, Hitler required (at the time he was about to invade Czechoslovakia) a propaganda march past the Chancellery, from the balcony of which he would take the salute. The route also went past the British Embassy. British troops were on their way to the Czech front and greeted it with icy silence. Shirer called it 'the most striking demonstration against war I've ever seen.'

During Munich Hitler surrounded by a wall of people in the diplomatic service & the army intrigues against him & urging Chamberlain to stand fast but Chamberlain's idea on the future was that Hitler had in some way to be encouraged! There never was an idea of 'appeasement'.

A week after Kordt appealed with to the cabinet that Hitler could be ~~made to~~ damaged now, since nobody in Germany would win, ~~the~~ ~~idea~~ ~~of~~ ~~peace~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~agreed~~ ~~with~~

~~Disfranchisement~~ Chamberlain flew to Hitler, saw the  
 his going by plane until an air would attack is a act journey,  
 since it did, but understood that it also seemed an act of  
 weakness (and <sup>is done</sup> lowest supply). Halifax was told Kordt that  
 they could be able to be frank + die the previous week because  
 the flight was already under discussion. On the 13<sup>th</sup> September  
 (he flew on 15<sup>th</sup>) he wrote to the King that in his visit 'I should  
 hope to persuade him that he had an unequalled opportunity of  
 rising his own prestige'. But on the evening of Munich!  
but we did it succeeded in doing! But on the opposite  
 of appearance <sup>is given</sup> the lie to the idea that Hitler can consider  
 the wild, unquestionably all-powerful dictator has a lot to work  
 at to be of any purpose, — how a weak enough to be  
 grateful of some encouragement for a high post, unless the  
 British empire. but we do appearance?

In the Munich debate Lord Lloyd (Chairman of the  
 British Council, leading figure in the conservative party, former  
 government minister) who had contact with the German opposition  
 there' Ian Colvin in the News Chronicle said: 'I was called  
 to join the Foreign Secretary in the very early days of August  
 of the whole German Plan, since worked it to the actual  
 day. He knows, too, where the information came from. Why  
 did we not take any course in our hands? (House of  
 Lords). Even Lloyd believes it is a matter of course  
 against someone else's, not a matter with it  
 support a weak man!

May <sup>Jews</sup> ~~people~~ <sup>of this people (evolution)</sup> Low said, most of them Jews, that all  
 the ~~big~~ <sup>1</sup> stayed in Germany until the last moment &  
 we began because they felt that Hitler would take down  
 once his power was down. Low again with the same  
 confident assumption, put the ~~line~~ <sup>line</sup> that

He was not of a reliable character as the he decided instead to put his published program into practice. But we were close to him, we are in the 'opposition' (because the very high-placed) knew this to be false. He was assassinated by death, and his successes reversed, and these were achieved by courtesy of the British empire. ~~It is its authority vested in a small group of men~~ who would ~~be the~~ <sup>as each other</sup> ~~at the~~ ~~exp~~ in the final decisions, and we excluded alien voices like Vansittart (even he they the joke a 'appeasement' man!).

Heather wrote privately to his chief at the Foreign Office, Halifax: 'I am constantly reminding myself of the importance of not getting wrong the psychology of this struggle with (Hitler)... I do wish it might be possible to get at any rate The Times, Cambridge, Beaverbrook Press etc to write up Hitler as the apostle of peace.... Give Hitler a well earned a possible. The last word is his. He makes a great mistake when he persists in abusing his evil advisers. Let him have his chance of being a good boy.'

Munich was the decision to kill the opposition to Hitler in Germany. CARL GOEBBELS (executed February 1945) was in touch + highest levels of diplomacy - Ryland - Eden etc - the civilian head of the opposition.

Munich launched the war. Hitler did - dead enhance his prestige in Germany, & fear of him all over the world! There was a man who could make the ~~best~~ political leader of the British empire fly to him! Goebbels loved to Eden 'unless it is fully comprehended the for the success' Munich these gangsters would determine to behave a 'beast' -

6

Ita familie hupperis vil her befaerd g alle g us!

1954 →

①

Holice Muirva. Bertram  
Russell & his wife.

## The Fischer Section

I discovered how strangely moving, a rather unsettling, disconcerting, the death of an enemy is. Probably the very enemy, implacable and even unknowing (in the sense that he wasn't aware) the possibility of any other attitude <sup>to me</sup> I ever had. It ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>is</sup> something I have felt at close quarters, at the edge of my family phone call, hovering over my account, and, soon, at the edge of ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~me~~, thoughts, until it is placed in the cells as a simple physiological fact of life.

My best years were two, in the long period of association, when I decided never, under any circumstances, to see them, as I believe the composer <sup>decided</sup> ~~decided~~ and for all I know may Mrs. ~~decided~~ I ~~think my own life~~ remember those years as light and free, my own, whose nature I did indeed contain an actual (orally inferred, because nothing was clearly stated to my face - it was either made obvious or conveyed through <sup>the daughter</sup> ~~my wife~~) accusation, slight. But I forget those things in the course of the two years, and decided that they too would have forgotten, and when they reported to me the mother's sadism ('~~but~~ he see us half of you!'), with ~~the~~ the implication that I belonged to the family since I quite falsely drew, I returned. And in my dismay - I saw it at once and should have withdrawn again at once - he sulked at first meeting, in the old positive doubt stuff again, too simply - quite ~~totally~~ and honestly - could see anything except in relation to his pride and his will. Tragically it was, apart for moments of candour, which were year-long rare, all he showed, pride & will.

The few I looked for. Came up as his essential peaceability. ~~There was tenderness sometimes of the girls~~ A gentleman the other K hide to see for the persecution. Suppressed.

We come from the  
beginning to face us  
democracy at all,  
except = the true  
original Athenian  
idea of an oligarchy  
fully at the stage  
& the word.)

DEMOCRACY

Churchill had a coalition  
because he was unable  
to lead + the Conservative  
party alone. He would have  
been - they had never advised  
him - telegraphic & now give  
him a real political chance.

The core of the matter is the British  
regime under politics so diff. from  
'Britain', or France', or any other of  
the 'democracies'.

It is by the way all say democracy.

We are hoodwinked in any  
critical situation. We are told to  
sanction the supply of arms to the  
(Lord of India) the war has so  
to win + he is he is to be seen  
a member of the Nuclear League (that  
they will explain). The oil, extends  
itself to my sense of our lives, until  
we can no longer visit with any  
power whatever to determine the lives  
we lead, or the only one left is.

# England this England

post-war

Virtually American  
governor of England.

The fact that we were  
exhausted physically  
= by the hands

we did go deep into the war,

the way we did it, being so utterly disorganized, and  
with this enormous defeat and the heavy  
government on credit, I could not follow it.

My mistake was to believe that any particular  
government was relevant to this process. I

felt that Washington ruled the world. It

turned the clock back all over Europe - it

was on to its view of Europe as a part

not done for relief. So it was difficult

to these people: they simply presented

themselves as 'the English', it was in

the name, their capital. And the

long chain was not well presented: after

all, it had to get the driving power. The


~~knowledge~~ knowledge of how to move to

and, the use of England as if it were

this made possible, it was this unbalanced

de-development, the country that led to

the vicious class hatred, the virtual →

It was long remained, until it became  
today: 'no one' 'top corner' who  
hide themselves away, instead of  
cutting any more. The cut will be  
enough for the accept of  
cutting it off here, 

---

→ Differences by individuals and open public activities  
of the upper ghetto access. It was many  
years before you were some kind of the  
top corner' were talking as a slowly  
off-cockey, that the cockey element was  
a travesty, an invention. This because the  
'public school access'!

The upper ghetto were prepared to see  
a desired any access to maintain  
their position. A welfare state, a  
free market - after the the politicians  
successfully exposed their activities  
then we know, so that in the role the  
leading lights of the immediate post-  
war years changed places with the ghetto

~~second of the~~  
during the century:  
~~the ignominious period~~  
lapses into mental  
messiahs, were  
remembered to the

sound of overhead engines and  
eth-mind fastip alit the  
me place to another under  
television light.

~~hardly a step in the hope~~ a  
~~self~~  
100-minute, recognition of the number of  
had tried with such sacrifice to achieve  
~~high the Japanese finding themselves not~~  
~~with it~~

~~hardly a step with 100~~  
~~best food abroad, too many~~  
~~best, too fatty and too~~  
~~hard,~~

## VJ Celebration

The snow: the  
depressive meaning  
'shipip', the old codger

ridiculous performance forced - the monarch  
and he ensook: 'how the then had been a vast  
media campaign to bring down the monarchy - as  
if, in the lack of any England at all of the  
100 fifty years, we needed we less!' And this  
was apparently the grotesque effort to rehabilitate  
the poor couple as ~~domesticated~~ <sup>domesticated petty-burgers</sup> monarchy, shipip a step  
with the not (and the awful croaking the war), and  
standing in an impoverished nation in fact of the gate  
of this new palace, as if to say to every foreign  
representation in the world 'Now the nobody prizes  
me, come and get me!', Royal families used  
to be composed of naturally arrogant people, and I  
found myself hoping the neither one nor the had lost  
all this arrogance, which means, in what is present,  
spirit. Must media would be the not people with  
any?

SHOREHAM, KENT  
The Background of the War

①

ENGLAND THEIR ENGLAND

I sell 'Spain Today' at the station.

The war was an entire fiction in that it didn't arise from the actual struggle going on. ~~Mathieu~~ Mathieu in the Age of Reason is urged by Brunet to join the communist party because war will be coming <sup>in September</sup> that year (1939) and Mathieu must abandon his state of irrevocable isolation (having abandoned the hypocritical rule being in all acts, in profession, a 'mageni') if he isn't going to die feeling that his life was meaningless, that his life is a dream for which he never waked up. Mathieu reviews in his mind all that is going on in the world — Valencia had been bombed the previous day, Spain was a place so many people, including Mathieu, wanted to be, some to resolve the political war being anywhere; Nanking in China [check this out]; the German concentration camps, etc. And he, Mathieu, is comfortable in Paris with a safe academic job.

Mathieu puts it to himself like this — Brunet (BRUNET) is a man in his eyes, a real man, whereas he himself has lost all sense of the things around him being real. But when he, Mathieu says to himself, Brunet can walk across the whole earth, 'suffering and struggling with the proletarians' all countries.

This was how communists felt. They had their sympathy with a struggling class — but the class wasn't struggling, and as for suffering it was trying to do as little as possible. This was Karoline's complaint sadness — that she didn't find

the stricken state. She wouldn't see in Spain, even in the German & Austrian concentration camps. The working

LKS  
+  
BNHIS

class was under threat — this the middle-class intellectuals who  
created communism and managed the communist parties understood  
to this degree their understanding of the 'situation' (favourite  
word among them) was greater than any one else's. But the  
working class was under threat mostly from within. This is  
to say, a whole culture, a way of life we must call it today for lack of  
any word more appropriate and descriptive, was about to disappear.  
The working class ghetto could go no any lower than the  
Jewish one could. People were crossing between it and  
the middle-class world that had now to all intents become  
a definition of the word 'reality'. An entire continent in  
the form of the USA had laid itself in this new reality  
in which the only difference between people was created by  
money, not a different way of life, not blood or  
inheritance. So the working-class world had nowhere to  
turn for survival, even if it wished to survive, which  
it didn't — or at least didn't sufficiently to make survival  
possible. It was an automatic act to try to make more  
money, to get a better house with a bigger garden, to start  
buying a car one day, to install a telephone in a draughty  
space close to the front door, to invest in a 'radio gram',  
a ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> combined radio and gramophone called — an  
imposing hip-height cabinet which ~~was~~ came in all kinds  
of tasteful veneers. In other words, how was a spontaneous  
within all working classes to become middle-class. And I  
think Karoline, bright and obedient as she was, saw this  
at once — and saw that it was unshakable. When, to play  
the part I put on a ~~long~~ ~~white~~ spotted blue tie and  
dark glasses (a rehearsal of what would become known as  
Camp) she detected the easy transformation from a class  
she idolised into one she despised, she saw. It was  
and even his immense capital the defeated communists  
in the end, and forced it at last to transform itself

developed by the astful dodgers she devised and led World War Two. In the years Cold War years it was picked up by all the terrorist organisations, still a philosophy.

believed authentic workers did, but the intellectual left seemed all the greater, with the result that way, then became quite heartless people, having groomed themselves to be proceeding this in the interests of the Revolution, which required cruelty today in behalf of life tomorrow. but philosophy won on all fronts. It was the fascist and it was the communist argument, and it was the argument

Karolina looked into me of the urgency and didn't find it. She found a great deal of laughter and vomiting, and sorrow - but to the end? She deliberately turned her back not on a working-class world that had disappointed but on one she represented a departure from it, even a betrayal of it. At least this was how she perceived ← her to be doing. More likely is that she no longer loved me, and that was that. Of course it was an argument purely among 'intellectuals', some of whom put <sup>membership</sup> in and cut their hair short and tried to look grim and hard on their

She was repeating a conflict between her parents. Her mother expected her father, the 'graduate', with the same question - why didn't he commit himself, give his life "clear and unassailable meaning"? She might have said to him she BRUNET said to Mathieu - 'You're all the same, you intellectuals: everything is cracking and collapsing, the gears are on the point of going off and go stand there calmly claiming the right to be convinced. If <sup>only</sup> you <sup>could see</sup> you'd see with my eyes, you would understand the time process.'

into a moderate middle-class society equipped with <sup>television</sup> ~~air conditioning~~ and a stock market. Communism was a desperate but inspired effort by 'intellectuals' (meaning middle class people who taught in schools and universities a note looks on painted pictures) to wage war on the world to save a culture that, once it went, would plunge <sup>humanity</sup> ~~the world~~ into an ~~anti~~ automation only marginally better than no life at all. '1984' was 1948 because it was saying that the automation had already arrived. Now the ~~year~~ 1984 is <sup>passed</sup> ~~passed~~ and <sup>there are</sup> ~~there are~~ we are heading to the end of the millennium (~~we~~ <sup>already</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~are~~ Orwellian plans to celebrate it worldwide) we have better words for it than <sup>F</sup> automation — the income society, for instance, or even <sup>we are awful at</sup> ~~travelling~~ <sup>travelling</sup> the 'free' market! Suffice it to say the when your product is pleasing you will sell it, and if you don't sell you're dead. Now as to who will be considered pleasing you must study the market — meaning not the pleasing products we. ~~It is, of human being~~ ~~can't make a product.~~ So a self-nourishing automation

is in which makes of human societies ~~a different~~ a world <sup>so different</sup> for anything else is native that, since humans are the products of nature, to want to the same, its components.

I think it would be a exaggeration to say that the communists understood matter this far. George Orwell did. But most of the other was too self-assured, especially in the matter of this conviction that the capitalist world was, and inevitably would, collapse. The collapsed was fascism, nation. And most communists refused their predictable victim with one one capitalism, a middle-class society. In fact, working was becoming middle-class. As fast as a working man or woman joined a communist he or she became, to the degree, an intellectual. I was astonished to find that the John Osborne had a ~~working class~~ friend, a laddie, who pronounced 'mistled'

misled or is fuddled. It was a key communist word, to denote the work that had been deliberately pulled over working-class eyes ~~by the opiate machinery of ~~parliament~~~~

So ~~the~~ working-class life was assailed by its best friends (who <sup>thought this</sup> wanted to 'fight' for the life) and by its own ghetto-escaping instincts. The Nazis and fascists ~~correctly~~ ~~analysed~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~life~~ ~~as~~ ~~'invasion'~~ ~~also~~ ~~friends~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~way~~. Too wanted to mobilise this strangely, ~~affable~~ ~~amiable~~ easy-going class which did so little to improve its own conditions. And they succeeded a little as the communists did. The result was a head-on fight between the fascists and the communists - which Spain (the very ~~same~~ ~~the~~ word took on idealist echoes) provided - which, in an eerie manner, with the middle class and the working class were perplexed onlookers.

Eastfield Station

I remember getting these perplexed looks when I sold 'Spain Today' outside the local railway station. Middle-class people wanted to know why, if I liked Spain so much, I didn't go there and meanwhile shut up. But so did working people. The 'struggle' that with the fascists and communists were talking about all over the world, but particularly in Europe, was fictional. And yet it created the conditions necessary for making war. It was this war that mobilised working class, middle class, aristocratic and vagabond life everywhere, and sicked up a tired, embittered world that could no longer be called civilized because every way of life except the best solely on day-to-day survival was destroyed. We still live the day-to-day life. It is believing in this thing - that, a spin-off to this

This is the, fighting of this in the cause of class or god, we  
 can hardly raise a yawn <sup>ever</sup> for the tiresome red theme raised  
~~by political parties~~ at election times, the 'nation', the 'country',  
~~we~~ let alone any of its suffering components. ~~We~~ we  
 rightly send up wails of complaint if our governments send  
 our boys into the war zones to fight in the people's quarrels.  
 World War Two flattened of good any more of these  
 lethal altitudes ~~we~~ since we its chief unacknowledged  
 poison gas, ~~it~~ stunning the senses of millions so that  
 they ~~could~~ could actually believe that killing humans was  
 'for' something. ~~For~~ the words 'killing' humans  
 became a sport and if today the sport is dramatized  
 of the dilution of millions it is ~~not an aspect~~  
 because the sport ~~has become~~ is a good saleable  
 product.

What happened in WW2 was that the western  
 governments suddenly joined the communists side, having  
 before backed the fascist side and were in fact close  
 affiliates of neither! <sup>They were, however, none fascist</sup> ~~The only thing that was war~~  
<sup>than then</sup> ~~the philosophy that was the end justice, the winner.~~  
 which made their choice, communism all the more grotesque. But as  
 soon as the anti-fascist war was over ~~it~~ they buckled down to the  
 anti-communist one. It thus took 40 years to bring these parties down.

There was no way working-class life could work.  
 It never is it to work. ~~But if you worked in the~~  
~~fashion in the way that was desirable~~ But nature  
 works - close pointed higher. ~~And the higher work you~~  
~~got the~~ The higher was the work I adopted. I  
 didn't start in a factory. I did it by staying in at  
 school and somehow making it to university. I was  
 at once propelled into the working class!

An working-class work pointed to a higher  
 status. I aspired to the status because you always

needed more money. The level of working class life was the  
 you had to have money that you didn't need to work. In  
 fact you just 'managed'. It was this subsistence-level  
 managing that pointed you nose inexorably towards the better  
~~job~~ job, the hard job, and was to independence on a  
 shopkeeper or retailer of some sort. My father tried desperately  
 for this independence. He dreamed big, spent hours and hours  
 planning it. He tried building materials. He made ice  
 cream in the bath. He set up a tiny corner of ~~the~~  
~~corner~~ ~~in~~ the dark passageway in no flat as a sweet  
 shop, and kept the front door open all day so the children  
 could come up the stairs and buy. But almost nobody  
 came. A mouse appeared and was reported to the  
 neighbors, and this didn't help. There was a proper  
 good sweet shop at the end of <sup>the road</sup> in the main  
 street but there was an ~~amateur~~ <sup>amateur-hour</sup> wild lady who  
 seemed in an everlastingly sweet dream. Other ways  
 he succeeded then he ~~just~~ failed, but very few.  
 The benevolent pursuit of working class life was  
 again it. But what you did was in some measure  
 a revolt against the pursuit - an effort to leave  
 the ghetto shop, however, all your friends and above all  
 the riches of your daily habits, were.



be (and I did try to be, several campaigns later). It was a ghost-war, the I and the Texans were engaged in, we were fighting according to the official publicity the had got in bodies of our enemies. Like the Texans, I couldn't quite see the. Texas would go a being itself, quite England - well, perhaps we would get the pieces to the aftermaths, but it would be ghostly acting.

The mortar bombs had a acid smell, ~~substances, worked with the smell of corpses~~. Since quickly became the smell of death in the explosion there was <sup>terrible</sup> ~~than different from~~ the acidness of ~~the~~ cordite. <sup>It was the smell</sup> ~~the~~ shells were fired for <sup>an hour or so of open and the shells</sup> ~~for the shells, were the same~~. They had positioning no meaning, in the sense of real function. They came into our lives without any of <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ proportion of the <sup>precedent</sup> real things like the winning ~~of money~~ on the football pools or <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ kiss on the cheek that <sup>didn't</sup> ~~didn't~~ come up to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> expectations. <sup>These were</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>potent</sup> ~~small~~ <sup>smells</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>smells</sup> dropped into your life but do far above that you couldn't even associate them <sup>even</sup> with government. They were like <sup>a</sup> ~~a~~ providence engineered by us as - <sup>as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>real</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> wings of madness beating in the air <sup>just</sup> ~~just~~ above <sup>your</sup> ~~your~~ head. <sup>you</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> nothing to do with ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup>, they did it for the slightest human agency <sup>behind</sup> ~~behind~~ them. So it was all death. There was a sudden ~~fatal~~ fatal collapse, leaving the patient in shock, with wide eyes.

[N.B. The earlier horror of Leipzig Karlsruhe connects with this. There was the real war, the game that I could, just, barely, understand. What I could understand was ~~the~~ that we had not been together, and now were not. Like war it was a ghostly absence. Everything said 'not'. Love was not. Peace was not. Happiness was not. When I got a letter from a friend (the people,

1  
→ I wear a top ~~caused~~ death, and made the ~~village~~ game, echo with screams, and developed within themselves - small, within small - the dark wast of ~~compr~~ the ~~things~~ stay of the heart, ~~made it for this~~, ~~factor~~, were if you were making ~~for~~ for ~~me~~ ~~life~~, you keep case and restore cluttering.

---

→ <sup>2</sup> ~~and you~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ [I think it was at Jalonsu that, in a tropical wood, I decided that I would wear my army regulation by wearing a tin hat. I kept to this. I have a great thought all the camping of the next two years. I remember a man I was particularly fond of. He had soft black eyes and a black mustache, and smooth skin like 'baby'. He was always affable, ~~and~~ ~~equable~~. He gave orders with a final yet strongly yielding air. He had to go into the line and he said just before leaving, 'Oh, I shouldn't be needing this,' and he gave me his hat. He looked at me with a pleasantly, ~~but~~ ~~hesitant~~ look in his eye as if there was something he was trying to understand and couldn't and didn't want to lurch out me with, it was a case of tin helmets being preferred to berets, the opposite of my own. ~~And~~ He was killed two days later. I think of his wife, who must have been an angelic-looking, she she got this news.

poor fellow, that I'd been in love with his wife!) telling me ~~the~~ <sup>if I forget</sup>  
~~part of his secret and that I had betrayed something~~  
 what he told me except a hatred I wouldn't conceive unless  
 he'd looked in his heart, a sneering coldness that had it caused the  
 war and been the cause of its deaths, would have made me understand  
 him the better. Or rather this war. I think I would have  
 understood the first 1914 war better. To see 70 for you  
 village full of beans, and girlfriends and mothers stood at the  
 roadside waving good bye <sup>to you</sup> and the crazy carnage you got into  
 had an angle which ~~was~~ ~~corrected~~ ~~perhaps~~ all the more  
 personal because of stayed in no place, in no trench, and  
 letters arrived for home in the same way as you wrote letters  
 back, in the lulls. That war was a real event into which  
 whole generation was sucked but this war had a fictional quality,  
 rather as if <sup>a paragraphic work</sup> ~~you were~~ ~~reading~~ ~~but~~  
 suddenly, in a small) world, flung you to the ground and  
 you had sharpshooter holes in your trousers. On the way to the  
 death camps, stuffed ~~into~~ ~~deathly~~ ~~cold~~ ~~a~~ ~~sweltering~~ ~~train~~  
~~freight~~ ~~train~~ ~~car~~ ~~with~~ ~~no~~ ~~room~~  
 to sit or defecate, you were a reading club these extraordinary  
 weeks, clutching your last possessions, still with your passport,  
 your children close to you, and then <sup>you</sup> ~~you~~ ~~stuffed~~ ~~and~~  
 and pushed into the gas chambers you saw that the printed  
 page was real, but still you couldn't understand. In the same  
 way you were one day going out for business in an eastern  
 city and suddenly the air shimmered in a blinding light  
 and in the next <sup>or</sup> eight seconds everything and everyone turned  
 and nigged, and at the end of the eight seconds a hundred  
 thousand people were dead. These were heady weeks that could  
 be explained.

(I simply couldn't believe the human beings  
 wanted to kill each other, more especially people  
 they didn't know. And I was right. No →

7 Penguin New Writing asked me, <sup>even the tips</sup> <sup>as he</sup> of his fingers tracing each the ~~is part of his~~ face, saying <sup>up</sup> at me reflectively, 'Did I keep a war diary?' I said 'No!'

away and resolved not to write a word as long as the killing was going on.  
So when <sup>years later</sup> the editor

what is done. Could there be a more alarming way, for any animal, of living?

I was dreading, as I dived for cover, flattened myself in a shallow trench, stupefied into becoming at last the most alien of creatures, a soldier.

A few days later I put pad and pencil

~~dragged, mesmerized~~ stupefied into it. I stupidly stared before me and could believe that a strange vision to blow me to smithereens. And, like the strange vision to blow me to smithereens I was loved by the dirt series of master hands that came over as if the sky had sprung a hidden devilish force of its own, that this was the trip to do. As it all <sup>happens</sup> ~~is~~ transactions, the thing to do is

1938

# HORIZON INSERT

One day — 1938(?) I went down to the main street,  
Grant Lane, meaning to go to the tobacconist near the station.  
He sometimes carried books. But on the way there I felt it very  
unlikely that he would have anything that would give me the excitement  
I'd felt as a child when I bought Holspur — a — a —  
or one of the comics. It was a mild evening, a Friday, with  
the special air of promise the Friday had — of getting up and  
heavy shopping bags and ~~the~~ crowded trains and the sound of a  
'social' beginning, with the band tuning up, and the radio at  
home, the sense of Saturday <sup>coming</sup> with its different layers ~~of~~ heavier,  
almost nauseous appeal, and all I wanted to do, really, was to go  
to the shop simply to see the way the lights — its windows sparkled  
and its newspapers and magazines outside shouted at me. ~~to get back~~  
But this time a magazine, quite thick, was clipped to the  
board. I looked at it. I couldn't believe my eyes. There was  
something that seemed to be addressed to me — it was just  
me copy! It had travelled to Buryfield, to the heart of the  
ghetto, to find me out. I took it down and didn't look at  
the price — ~~being 1938~~ we were having better times now than any  
for the war earning six pounds a week, nearly double what we  
had been earning in the earlier years. The magazine was called  
Horizon, and it was edited by someone called Cyril Connolly.  
I think I had already read his reviews of Proust. I thought it  
and its place on the board was empty, as if it had never come.  
And I wonder how many other people had had some experience, in  
ghettos high and low, big and small, up and down the country.

# DUNKIRK

At the time knew a lot about  
Soviet policy and the internal  
sit - Germany...

- I Kai: Howe:  $\frac{1}{2}$  Jewish, he looked totally Jewish.
- II Tragicall none of us knew that the original policy of dealing with Hitler was to negotiate with him firmly, since could not succeed at the beginning, before he began to take action by lighting attacks. X that was done. So worst it was lost, but it could still succeed, and had a better chance of doing so, because of his attacks, since increased internal opposition to him. That was lost too because, this time, a cable went to the decision the contacts + his spirit was used and the hopes the information they provided was destroyed, would have been placed elsewhere than the file desk as, was kept, they were kept from it, destroyed. So the Jewish question was never opened, and that should have been the basis + credit of all negotiation, just as also secret alliance + the opposition to him should have been already - fact, with the intelligence that the contacts were used in the official negotiations. Intelligence and HQ's knowledge would have been exploited they before. He would have been offered - man Jewish exodus. But the story was that he was rejected to let Jews go because they would increase the outside spirit to him. This was the truth.

Reviews and best tapes.

- III We didn't know what the real background of the war was. Looked behind - but by that time I was a senior soldier.

---

IV The most terrifying thing I witnessed at 1945, if there is a way of witnessing them. It is trying to imagine the mental of persons who ever think of dropping a bomb on a city that will turn its inhabitants to death - wife & child,

and leave behind among these 'sprawled' a life  
of cancer and apparently slow death, the city  
reduced to death. What had happened in 1945  
the death of Hitler in the year before?  
Between the year and now you can hardly describe  
it as peace, it is a miracle.

---

~~as with the heaven~~ was a weight's involvement  
to the heart, 'relief', still is a variable  
of money is a mark open of life is death  
by do they like and for government  
control you also the degree of this  
freedom you need, ~~too with~~ The heaven  
reduced to <sup>his</sup> consumer-potential.

~~1940~~

was harmonious with the time, in its ~~admissibility~~, in its ~~bestowing~~ its place  
to the trivial, ~~and~~ <sup>its</sup> ~~inviting~~ empty heroic. As yet, we kept the hands  
of the ~~clock~~ had started, we didn't quite know what we were required  
to do, ~~how individual history could enter a war so early~~ ~~whether~~  
we were to look forward to ~~occupation~~ German occupation - a swift  
attack in the air and in the sea which would disable the  
high ~~water~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~we~~ ~~revere~~ defences. ~~The~~ ~~impression~~ too was false, a useful  
provocation of the ~~fight~~ <sup>report</sup> - to see all material ~~the~~ <sup>deliberately</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>overcome</sup> the  
nation's deep ~~prejudice~~, ~~its~~ ~~approval~~ of ~~disarmament~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~  
~~its~~ ~~avenue~~ to ~~renewal~~.

The flight of British troops for Dunkirk was quickly converted <sup>in 1944</sup> ~~the~~  
<sup>the</sup> ~~British~~ <sup>Ben</sup> ~~Ben~~ ~~McKel~~ <sup>II</sup> into a ~~moral~~ <sup>(in fact)</sup> ~~victory~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~matched~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~humiliating~~  
~~defeat~~. No one knew the ~~Hitler~~ <sup>(in fact)</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~command~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~  
charge, the German advance through Belgium at the British head  
of a full two days - to the astonishment of that command <sup>[name]</sup>  
~~dated~~ ~~to~~ ~~admission~~ ~~of~~ ~~British~~ ~~loss~~ ~~of~~ ~~territory~~ <sup>clearly he didn't want a</sup>  
~~victory~~ ~~and~~ <sup>day's</sup> ~~a~~ ~~stunning~~ ~~victory~~ <sup>Why not? Perhaps he reckoned</sup> ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~could~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ ~~advantage~~ <sup>to</sup>  
~~leave~~ ~~up~~ ~~room~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~peace~~ ~~discussions~~. ~~Hitler's~~ ~~respect~~ ~~for~~  
British power ~~was~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~and~~ ~~for~~ ~~British~~ ~~racial~~ ~~prejudices~~ ~~as~~  
Arya would have been used to advantage. As to the ~~case~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Jews~~,  
they could have been inserted into all peace negotiations as their necessary  
condition.

The ~~major~~ ~~were~~ ~~willing~~ ~~to~~ ~~listen~~ ~~to~~ ~~Jews~~ ~~who~~ ~~wanted~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~  
~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~Germany~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~way~~ ~~or~~ ~~other~~. ~~Very~~ ~~few~~ ~~people~~ ~~even~~ ~~inside~~ ~~Germany~~  
~~then~~ ~~is~~, ~~I~~ ~~do~~ ~~know~~ ~~it~~ ~~because~~ ~~the~~ ~~German~~ ~~publisher~~ ~~Gottfried~~  
~~Kindler~~, ~~who~~ ~~published~~ ~~Thomas~~  ~~Mann~~ ~~(~~ ~~high~~ ~~in~~ ~~Hitler's~~ ~~hitler's~~ ~~)~~, ~~and~~ ~~that~~  
~~because~~ ~~was~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~in~~ ~~law~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~decided~~ ~~one~~ ~~day~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~  
~~still~~ ~~living~~ ~~in~~ ~~Berlin~~ ~~to~~ ~~work~~ ~~in~~ ~~Gestapo~~ ~~headquarters~~ ~~and~~ ~~offer~~  
~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~take~~ ~~his~~ ~~assets~~, ~~stocks~~, ~~of~~ ~~books~~, ~~etc~~ ~~out~~, ~~Germany~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~  
~~full~~ ~~consent~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~immigration~~ ~~authorities~~. ~~He~~ ~~married~~ ~~his~~ ~~wife~~  
~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~closest~~ ~~friends~~ ~~first~~. ~~By~~ ~~at~~ ~~least~~ ~~he~~ ~~did~~ ~~take~~ ~~care~~.

→ it do not do to humiliate an opponent or a prisoner to  
view him as an ally. His...

## EVACUATION TO PETERSFIELD

### THE DECLARATION OF WAR

When I am walking through Petersfield not long before the evacuation and realising suddenly that this would be a war and that my attitude must be, because I thought, perhaps like most people, that I still had a power of choice, ~~that I could~~ My head was fiddly with ~~many~~ things ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> contradicting ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ but the basic one was that the life all round us would cease, ~~that the streets,~~ ~~the houses,~~ ~~the shops,~~ ~~the theatres~~ would ~~the~~ everything might well remain in place but things would never have their place, their sense, their being a choice. I had never myself been invited that we would lose, it had remained a concept. And here, in the air, in the silence that ~~the days before a war~~ to some extent descends on a land that is to be war, ~~except~~ was the death of choice. I knew there was to be a wrong choice, I felt not seemed to be a voluntary sense of being gypped, ~~and~~ ~~yet~~ and I also felt a great honor of becoming a soldier, that is the least free) we apart from prison convicts. I saw everything falling to pieces, not exactly physically, but in the way relationships fall to pieces, with captives who before then had been full men. I myself was in the Mitchell crowd that shouted Down with →

power, deified?

of war, we with weapons, the leaders and the people  
on both sides wanting of peace. Admittedly, the  
of peace that was wanted was one achieved by  
his 'lightning' war the war not then and  
effectual, but the power then ~~greater~~  
by which all empires were dispersed to have - why had  
the power suddenly vanished and were the diplomatic

→ Chamberlain and Chamberlain Mark go, and I could  
reconcile the person who had been there - Mitchell and  
the person who was thinking these things now, for the  
simple reason the shouting slogans in early, ~~and~~  
~~that~~ a war ~~was to be won with the work~~  
~~diff~~ although different. I remember we were in 1940  
feeling confusion of Chamberlain who <sup>of the hope</sup> kept  
been ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> keep Britain alive, a blessed  
mistake ~~indeed~~ indeed. I remember we did not  
know, so much perhaps we Chamberlain and Churchill  
didn't know, there was so little real communication  
between people that the stark, plain, crude  
and shocking thought could win, unless the ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup>

# N.B. BOMBING OF THE DOCKS

N.B. Watching the little train fly over on the way to the docks. I couldn't believe my eyes. Two seemed sudden waves of planes - formation, and the second they I couldn't believe that it was daylight, a sunny Saturday afternoon, and they were the bombing as they went along? he entire city would have a few times (renewed) we wept at? At the same time this flight was so severe, they were so high up, the flock seemed to be getting so near that, I think it possible they were on this way out, to ~~leave the~~ follow a ~~route~~ <sup>way</sup> eastern route back to Germany. I realized that we were defeated. But if he killed it Hitler could flatten London. Yet worse seemed to grasp at the time the degree 15 miles he would

The Coema or the parachute in the being destructive.]  
 searchlight.

ENGLAND THEIR ENGLAND

The Magic Land of Ghettoes (~~1933-53~~)

Ghettoes Rich and Poor (~~1933-53~~)

Life in the Ghettoes

Travelling the Ghettoes

Barnfield

{ NB hextie 'fuck' }

{ NB John eight-year-old play }

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Leaves Arrington 12.20.~~

and he said 'How do you feel now?' for I was a prisoner in the college, with stones whizzing for the roof and the police. My Kurdish neighbor, Mohammed Bakur, a vast man who owned wine bottles in the city, came and rescued. He said 'Who is my brother?' and he marched into the common room and then drove me home.

INSERT

Mania Becker, I heard, told Fischer the one would never speak to him again if he didn't publish my cry ~~(for a position of pain without insight)~~ again was, which Coeman's booklet of the time said he read in the train with tears in his eyes. The theme was the the 'cruelty' had been made up, the he was me, even looked at me with the same look, ashamed eyes as I looked at her with. At the time, so soon after the war, it seemed to Coeman an extraordinary statement and an extraordinary offer. He didn't publish it (I know he hated any forgiving approach in this matter, and scorned Victor Gollancz) and I believe she never spoke to him again. She wanted to play the lead in a play of mine but he offered it to Coeman instead herself. & this too may have been a letter written May years 1-5 ~~was~~ the playwright Zuckmayer was offended by Fischer's attitude to me after reading the work: some said she too broke with him on the same account.

INSERT

1984 was never a futuristic work of the Brave New World kind. But one day it was called 1984 — ~~it was~~ never 1948 turned round its city to reality. It went all over the world as a picture, the one we might expect but John Orwell was depicting a society — imagination. Thus the had given up all self-guidance, and been played into a terrible world of surveillance, with self nasty life in the house is wrong. It was a description of a people required to put a glad face on the death of their its civilization. ~~And~~ its ~~general~~ it was a world that had made no distinct between evil & good, communism and capitalism: the dice house state was clearly a sherd and glaze me.

Insert

The recall for Ruzer was expected to be short of the size of Ruzer, but it was not. →

future, to have 'ideals' (virtually  
excited for ~~the~~ the language as  
a serious-word).

had been since the Thirties. The fact  
was that the war was a very energy to  
engage in equal arguments with  
equal partners in a hopefully  
great enterprise. The energy to  
draw, to hope, to see a light

On the other members of the Union were engaged  
with each other on exactly the same subjects -  
how much federal power, how much  
central currency, how much a central defence  
policy - but the UK's strange attitude was  
to stand aside and address Russia as if  
it was still the lone and isolated land it

I went to Italy of the civilization which I knew still to be intact there  
 (hidden war, a perhaps especially for the Italians, because they perceived  
 it quite unconsciously) and knew to be under life, justice. At the  
 beginning of those extraordinary Roman years, its vivid primary  
 colour and taste is a constant variation of light, 'eternal' city,  
 the feeling of the, not a woman, of darkness & depression in a  
 judgmentally generous city, disgruntled..... American academy: 'free  
 sex and murder in high places' (it was before Kennedy's assassination).  
 Any American woman read my little book - she was and told me I  
 had no right to say the time was 'the age of murder' & to put forward  
 my purely personal experience as a picture of the world. However,  
 it year by year became a valid picture of the world.

Ben Hur and Diana and the communist party and the  
 Quetzal interview. My lifelong friend Mario and his French wife. I  
 met her .... reading Bernard Shaw... long walks... of and Mario will be  
 friends all our lives... High on the hill... looking of his... his dream  
 of the perfect circle... The music.... My mother John on a dubbing job...  
 My and wife's film extra work.... The Dolce Vita and his Tree  
 and the dog. The film had nothing to do with the Via Veneto which  
 was always provincial and uninteresting, except of tourists, especially of the  
 film. Much greater provincialism was to be had in certain parts of  
 Trieste, and in the various wealthy salons - di Clivio's, Mario  
 Rosati's, and the ones where we lived, ~~but~~ in the same district  
 as Lawrence Williams and the English Jesuit College.....

"Dancing in Times Square"....

MATERIAL FOR THE END.

Look Back - Anger and ~~the~~ the other plays were imitations. But they  
 were done imitating - from inside. The conversations show the low  
 level of understanding, as if centuries of thought had suddenly taken to  
 pieces. Ruth, no, the character is George Diller, Osborne!  
 play is collaboration with Antony Creighton, calls the main character  
 William and says the ideas certainly look at him, but he  
 demonstrates that his willpower and ideas don't look at him at all.

I see myself as a soldier looking for me of the  
page, just turned 20, and I remember my feeling at  
the moment of the shot - it was not Austin Reed's,  
a Regent Street: I was wondering how on earth I had  
got myself into this ~~uncomfortable~~ <sup>strange</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>docs</sup> and undressed  
myself to fighting people I had no power, for an end  
I had no idea of.  $\Delta$  Now the the thing was comprised  
a ever various myself to be framed in words.

I felt so desolate as the loveless  
future stretched before me, beyond  
the small windows and the traffic  
below.

The face of the new wealth created  
of the 19 was still in a class mould.  
The aristocracy, which had never been heavy  
with, showed itself dining like gracefully.  
is some better than this. ~~For~~ The wealth  
was Anglicized in this particular fashion  
but the fact was that it was as  
angry and implacable, and beyond any  
sense either of religion or art, or any  
values, human or any, as the  
of America or any other kind of modern  
wealth.

(A) From P. 5.

Aft the first year at Oxford (and then separately)  
~~the Kai~~) a certain hardness entered his relation +  
Kai too. ~~At this time he remained theoretical~~  
He spent a lot of time in theoretical with Lucian  
friend and John Coats - ~~they~~<sup>they</sup> were ~~quite~~<sup>quite</sup> a lot.  
They were anguished days because of the growing  
break, which became clear while Kai was staying  
with her in a studio Lucian found it so.

NB Tynar: Rymal is  
finished, a kind of the part -  
of her it was clear, a dash -  
he was speaking of himself, he  
was his Rymal like - he was  
directed etc - the theory he didn't  
really want a new Rymal - it was  
a new America, f

I I deal with the War.....

II The vicious class hatred of the war. I am referring  
concerning Wyndham's <sup>space hooded</sup> accent, his natural hauteur, ~~and~~  
~~the particular manner in which he spoke~~ People on the street  
in the street, in restaurants, always in pubs. They received  
hard, sneering glances. My ~~own~~ light up, in a way that  
didn't freeze him. There was devotion to the 'gentleman' -  
he was up to the eyes in (secretly) sometimes <sup>if his will?</sup> - silly.  
There was grotesque misjudgment about the 'higher'  
classes, who were regarded as infinite in integrity,  
graciousness etc, when they behaved like the  
Orcynians of the war were when under threat. The  
post-war years were a return of social disparity.

The result was that the beautiful English  
of the twenties, Lytton + the broad Cokay, were  
lost. A of the aristocratic or 'blue' accent,  
that was too individual, too exclusive even for the  
middle class to imitate. By the end of the war  
there was no guidance - fear of ridicule  
prevented the 'lower' class accents from imitating  
the present <sup>form</sup> caricature of speech and the high  
it a kind of diluted pseudo-awkwardness of  
the kind of the <sup>Princess Diana</sup> ? but  
later, and - used more crudely - by the  
actors Brinkley-Carter. The 'public school'  
& 'Oxford' or 'BBC' accents were  
frozen at a level by the fear of ridicule, and  
we now ~~wondered~~ a vast treasure of the  
was wonderful of itself.

The century loses its speech and  
loses its knowledge of its own language... the speech  
the opposite.

## ENGLAND TAKEN ENGLAND

England became American (see the transition during the war - in the book "When Daddy Came Home" (Hutchinson 1995)).

Describe this feeling of the land being occupied & force the war isn't an enemy yet in total respect, since they couldn't be opposed in anything. The spell went out of this strange island world.

Note the transition in my parents from the awe of bombs, air raids etc before the war and their attitude afterwards (partly because it turned out not to win money or applause) that it was a good way of showing a job = i.e. the hunger etc. of the other relations (quote being the other 4) told me.

I wonder if you could write the  
 enclosed outline of a book to be called  
England this England. I do include a track  
 word.  
England this England.

This is emphatically not a memoir full of  
 names. Much less is it an autobiography -  
 at this early stage of my career I would  
 draw of the. I simply want to convey  
 the felt like the civ. beti collapsed,  
 dramatically & obviously, in 1940/41.

I would be very ~~disappointed~~ <sup>surprised</sup> if you say  
 it would take it is final draft & <sup>written</sup> ~~within~~  
 4 months ~~to produce~~ the signature of ~~80,000~~  
 80,000 words.  
~~to learn to all~~  
~~again to go.~~

would aim at having  
~~could have~~ the work done  
 in 6 months for signature  
 and final-final in <sup>time</sup> ~~time~~  
~~year, I think~~ 80,000 words.

in the part  
 I've been pursuing it is  
 quite from the title.

~~to write perhaps faster for  
 the work of the detailed titles, I may  
 find the time used to do this. The  
 Centre ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> 2 months.~~

behavior. Also our moments of craziness are staggered, so to speak. All the murders and domestic outbursts and ruptures don't take place at once. Each of us has judgement in other people's crazy moments. This is why convicted killers are horrified by other people's crimes of mutilation and may not for years achieve equal distance from their own.

Here's a disturbing thought. Could it be that with so many killings we accept them not as tolerable behavior but as a feature of life, and therefore we endorse them by familiarity? This would be another reason for not examining the question of human sanity---though a dark, ominous reason.

We have minds easily affected by what other people do, especially if they do them often enough. If news-worthy, human behavior reaches millions of spectators and gets repeated in news clips so that it really sticks. In childhood we grow by imitating and *the imitative apparatus is only slightly less active in the adult*, though much less conscious.

This imitation may produce behavior quite unlike the killings that attract worldwide attention. It might be in the form of an outburst, a conflict over a trifle, the use of an automobile to express anger. This in turn increases the likelihood of killings.

It took a lot (I mean a lot of murders) for us to break through our inherited perception that we have the greatest civilization ever. Perhaps we could apply similar logic to human sanity.

As long as I go about my business carefully doing the things most other

The inclusion of Byland the Byland is  
with Maie. He takes me through Verdi. The  
first introduction to the scene as a subject.  
He realizes that he is a subject, the King's  
presence is the of no, and under death sentence,  
and he realizes in this way he would have been  
blind, and will live with him, and why he  
did not he knew must put a life long  
article in his path.

## The German 'victims'

When the war was over the Germans clamped down on all mention, and we memory, of the war, unless among trusted close friends. For the young, as the years went on, they were The Conquers ones, and it was a question of how much guilt they were guilty of. The German died, the German cities could be properly named. German ties were simply illegitimate.

But the same happened among the 'Allies', ~~to Britain~~, it was done another way. The way that had actually happened became a different way. By the time I was living and working in the States it was ~~explosives and large~~ <sup>larger</sup> ~~belly~~ <sup>look</sup> ~~German~~ television.

Clips kept exploding ~~at every opportunity~~ and could be justified as 'reminders'.

# The German Silence

2

even, of <sup>cynical hoaxes,</sup> ~~the~~ ~~documentary~~, a salutary documentary  
look-back at end time before the real  
world, (under, finally, decent and rational  
U.S. management) had dawned. ~~At~~ ~~way~~  
~~America provided, it was the friend only~~  
~~the world, and a history, and~~ The  
Bushy's revision of the war ~~is~~ ~~=~~  
~~generous~~ ~~or~~ ~~Germany's~~ <sup>generous</sup> ~~drag-~~ ~~fight-~~ ~~et-~~ ~~noise~~  
was accepted (perhaps in the world) as  
diff a definition of the ~~is~~ ~~from~~ 'world  
War Two!

## ENGLAND THEIR ENGLAND

'And he began to get bitter, and a wicked look began to come on his face.'---England, my England (D.H.Lawrence).

I was born ~~one of three boys~~ in Wandsworth, London, of William Rowdon a docker's clerk and Gladys Brooke, both of Battersea. The three boys managed between them to cover literary, theatrical (production, management, writing), <sup>academic (teaching university teaching),</sup> diplomatic, journalistic, documentary-film and therapeutic careers without apparent effort. Their mother Gladys Brooke was sent out to work at the age of 12 and cooked and cared for a family of two teachers and their three children, for which she received two shillings and sixpence a week, which is surprising considering that she was related to Rupert Brooke.

On the evidence of the circumstances---that in childhood the Rowdons frequently had little to eat and were threatened in bad times with eviction---it shouldn't have happened, especially as the Wandsworth of the time was a ghetto as far from the West End <sup>for the mind at least,</sup> (as a dosshouse from the Savoy. [Despite today's self-serving illusion about <sup>the 'old'</sup> ~~pre-WW2~~ England, the rent-collectors and coal-bill collectors did their best for their tenants, especially if they knew <sup>these</sup> they were sick or out of a job. Had it not been for <sup>a certain</sup> ~~this~~ natural sense of charity (which <sup>was destroyed</sup> ~~didn't survive~~ <sup>by the war</sup> ~~the 1939-45 Gentile Holocaust~~) the Rowdon family would have been on the streets ~~while all three sons were still children.~~

\* \* \*

There was also a lot of social mobility, perhaps more than now, for the

of the library at a time and down the way me. They were all words, and all of the way by the most people would have noticed the time, Robert M. Dell. It wasn't that she wanted to read but she supposed better, and less 'higher', lives than he was. She was curious about every aspect of someone else's life - and the ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> thing was to be on the better because this was the one she loved. Woodworth was a liberalist and he - a copy of the Betterer ghetto ~~and for it~~ ~~the~~ of her childhood. She said that the 'old' days were full of fear. He feared the shopkeepers, the policemen, the man who came to the door to collect the rent - the insurance man on the coal money, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> he feared all people who gave the smallest sign of being a luff. He also feared all these people. ~~But all of his behavior was~~  
~~kept by deep, deep, deep - deep - deep - deep.~~

He later used to dress in a frock coat and top hat on Friday evenings, and would return with two in the morning drunk on a load. He would take his tools of ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the front door and tip-toe inside in his socks. At the ~~front~~ <sup>front</sup> ~~door~~ <sup>door</sup> - seven or eight of them - slept in a row immediately to the left of the entrance, and he would ~~step~~ <sup>step</sup> open the door and slip a tray of sweets to them along the floor and without a word leave again. He used to make footballs. Gladly, he'd be matter. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> favorite home of contact was the ~~house~~ <sup>day</sup> he mother would call it. The children would be at the kitchen table for tea and would make them wait for her to drink 'the first cup of the pot' and then pass her second until they could get theirs. The idea was that the first two cups were the best, ergo the children were second-best. She also disliked her mother waiting at the corner on Friday nights when she was paid by the teacher. Two half-crown would disappear it - her mother's ~~face~~ <sup>palm</sup> and jump as she was being mother felt she'd ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> returned by a stranger.

# ENGLAND) THEIR ENGLAND)

## A Story of Ghettoes

It never took action as a nation. It has never  
seen been a 'national' feeling since the industrial  
revolution. All the fatal mistakes arose  
from ghettoes acting independently. The fatal  
pact between the right wing (Churchill) and  
the war-mongering left in 1938/9: they  
drifted round each other in a 'Coalition' in  
Wm Chamberlain, while the Foreign Office and  
the secret service remained the ghetto. They  
had <sup>always</sup> been. Thus the 'policy' was entirely  
drifting to outsiders — Hitler for example.  
It wasn't a policy but a ghetto tradition  
expressing itself. Once they had championed  
a new strong Germany that would be —  
buffed to expansionist totalitarianism, they  
continued to champion it while fighting it!

# BATTLE

## ENGLAND) THEIR ENGLAND

My decision is let myself be taken  
prisoner. I could no longer stand the  
waiting. A strange feeling. If I was  
waiting for death, surely the <sup>only</sup> ~~could~~ be  
easy to arrange! But I knew this  
wasn't the case. To die = battle  
she had been decided to die.  
I wanted to get on with something.  
I wanted his ridiculous to stop and  
fro-ing to stop. This in-battle is  
ord to get murdered, and - 6 of  
battle or get another ridiculous opinion  
should put me in line of another  
murder game.

## ENGLAND) THEIR ENGLAND)

[Ame not being used to way mind the  
blow: not following the money, ~~not following~~  
~~the ~~best~~ ~~people~~~~. (like agents).

One must fight. One must serve.  
Others' death is very <sup>difficult</sup> ~~difficult~~ and terrifying.

---

All the human can do, with the best will  
in the world, is to give nightmares  
to children, to deny them the  
possibility of growing into sane  
creatures.

# Reynold the Reynold

The ghettos didn't get by the war. The better hatred and despising - the 2<sup>nd</sup> treatment made to feel the of being betrayed to an officer's men, officers + cokey accents (quote the one of her) or 'foyer' accents. He included the Canadian accent (quote the <sup>major</sup> ~~man~~ removed) were despised and mocked. Lightness that seemed low-class - the poor devil in my train, time at R. T. T. - Catterick - the shoe lined for the month - it ~~had~~ all came for the officer = cheap) us. Officers w/d. Just drew at folk this since better of a demeanor they wanted not why the top down. He ~~submitted~~ <sup>sneer's</sup> present at the men in another - by the adjutant, a group men fed individual =>

→ I remember his treatment of me  
wasn't really the whole from his  
viewpoint. I just knew he was so  
lightened & relaxed at his 'stop  
city with of Wood for!'

200 was used now unit i

Ww1.