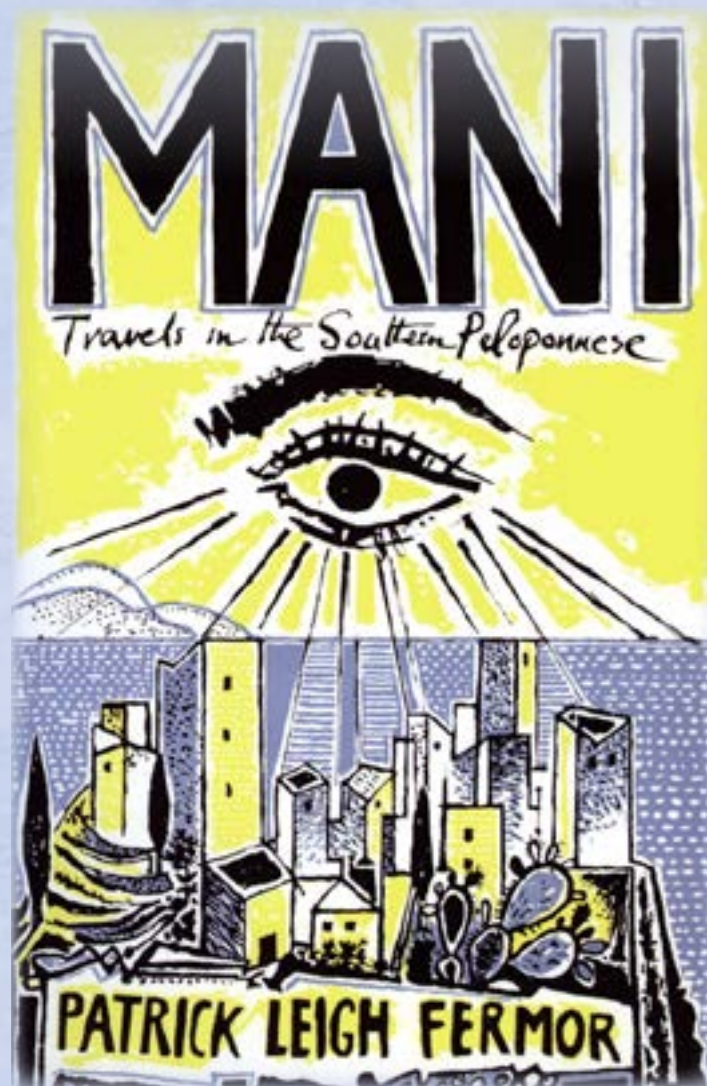


THE PHILHELLENE

The Journal of the Patrick Leigh Fermor Society

Fifth Issue May 2016

The Making of *Mani* by Joshua Barley



Paddy and the Vlachs by Tom Winnifrith

**Transcript of the address given to the Society
by Costas Mamalakis in February**

KARDAMYLI

We have not yet heard the further news about the future of the house that was expected in April, but there is a meeting in Athens on 13 May which should produce more information and we will circulate members again after that.

TOUR OF GREECE AND CRETE 17 TO 30 JUNE

There have been some last-minute cancellations, which have resulted in places becoming available once again and anyone interested in joining the tour should send an email to info@patrickleighfermorsociety.org.

CANTERBURY EVENT 6 OCTOBER

The provisional programme has been circulated to members and those intending to come are asked to email the Society so that we can form an idea of possible numbers.

PLF MEMORABILIA

From time to time the Society is offered original letters and other material relating to PLF and anyone interested in finding out more about these should contact the Society. We currently have a number of smaller items that are offered and also a larger PLF Collection described as follows:

Assembled over decades, this collection comprises books, ephemera and manuscript material by and about Patrick Leigh Fermor. The manuscripts include a corrected typescript of PLF's account of building his house in Greece, signed and inscribed, and other examples of his working practices, in typescript and manuscript. The books include numerous signed and association copies (including a copy of *The Violins of Saint-Jacques* with a full-page drawing by PLF); many of PLF's works are represented in multiple editions. There are also works associated with PLF, as well as anthologies with contributions by PLF. The assembly of newsclippings and ephemera is particularly impressive, charting PLF's literary output from 1948 until his death, as well as reviews of his publications.

Interested parties should contact Heywood Hill rare@heywoodhill.com.

THE WORLD OF MIKLÓS BÁNFFY 3 TO 8 SEPTEMBER

This tour may be of interest to some members and further details can be found on www.realityandbeyond.co.uk.

SECOND TRANSYLVANIAN BOOK FESTIVAL 8 TO 11 SEPTEMBER

After the success of the first festival in 2013, another is being arranged with speakers including Norman Stone, Bernard Wasserstein and Alan Ogden, as well as Simon Fenwick talking to broadcaster Georgina Godwin about Joan Leigh Fermor and her extraordinary circle of friends.



COMRADE BARON ENGLISH EDITION PUBLISHED 5 MAY

Some members may also be interested to know about the publication in English of *Comrade Baron, a journey through the vanishing world of the Transylvanian aristocracy*, by Jaap Scholten, which won the Libris History Prize in 2011 and has sold more than 30,000 copies in Dutch and other languages. Published by Helena History Press ISBN 9781943596027.

JAMES DOWN

The Society has taken on James Down as a part-time consultant, to advise on future development particularly with a view to attracting younger members to the Society. He can be contacted on 00jdown@gmail.com.

*Με φαίνεται που ο Λεύκιος μέγανως θ' αγαπήθη
 Εν τω μηνί Αθύρ ο Λεύκιος εκοιμήθη - Cavafy*

“A sort of Trojan horse of a book” - PLF

Those who never met Paddy in his lifetime can try to summon him up through the archives in the National Library of Scotland, where letters, diaries, scribbles, photos, poems, book reviews, obituaries and other ephemera are kept in the catacombs and brought to the surface upon demand. Diaries that were thrown about, stained by oil or wine or lost in old houses for decades in their lifetime must now be rested on a pillow to preserve them exactly as they are, and photographs, already a death in themselves, are handled with gloves, as in an autopsy. I, who once hesitated on the road south of Kardamyli in April 2013, was irresistibly drawn to the archives - primarily, I imagine, for these rather morbid reasons, secondarily for academic ones - and I pored over the manuscripts with an eagerness and fixation that I have never achieved in the British Library, the Bodleian or the UL. I looked for Greece and for Greeks, Paddy's friends and mentors in Athens, the ghosts behind Mani. It was March the seventeenth.

Ideas

It would perhaps be hard to conceive of two more unlike people than Constantine Cavafy and Patrick Leigh Fermor - the former isolated, little-travelled, sociopathic, in literary terms distilled and ultramodern; the latter, quintessentially sociable, gregarious, his writing expansive and irredeemably traditional. At home in an apartment full of shadows and candlelight, Cavafy spoke Greek with an English accent; if Paddy never reached the point of speaking English with a Greek accent, he nonetheless adopted the Greek light, life and language as his own. Nor, at first sight, could he play the part of one of one of Cavafy's heroes: the kind of waifish, effete youth seen momentarily under a streetlamp or passing through the shades of an arcade at dusk. No, Paddy never seemed to be on the fringes - more likely strolling through Constitution Square arm in arm with George Katsimbalis, a gourd of retsina under his arm (thus Seferis remembers him first in his diaries). The two hemispheres begin to converge when one thinks of Cavafy's King Demetrius who, 'like an actor at the end of the show', slips off his kingly robes and disappears in rags. There is no hint of duplicity in this, only delight in the mystery and polytrophy of human nature.

If the mystery of human nature is the domain of great poets, Cavafy is among the greatest. Paddy knew this well. The aim of this humble essay is the mystery merely of a book. That book's aim, in turn, is the mystery of a place. And that place is the Mani. And yet, not quite. *Mani* is a book about Greece and Hellenism. And this is the first lesson that Paddy takes from Cavafy. For the Alexandrian understood better than anyone that Hellenism could not be looked at directly: his characters move in the Roman backwaters of Asia Minor, or the small Hellenistic kingdom of Commagene, flickering out like a candle. And the choice of a small, remote and little-known backwater of modern Greece for the kernel of Paddy's book must owe something to Cavafy.

As the reader will know, this was not always the case. In the preface to *Mani*, we hear of his prior intentions to write a book about Greece that would begin in Constantinople and finish in Athens, covering the length and breadth of the country. Bits and pieces of the first drafts of this book can be read in Edinburgh. 'Journey in Greece', the author strikes out, unabashed, 'by Patrick Leigh Fermor' - One can almost smell the morning coffee and spring air that accompanied this bold adventure - 'Chapter 1' (there were to be no others) - and we're off! right into the thick of it - Constantinople, the Theodosian Walls, at sunset.

With a majestic sweep of the pen Paddy brushes away all the minarets from the skyline like asparagus stalks (this reappears in *Mani*, p.36). The walls are crumbling and in the air hangs that sense of decline - *parakmi* - that touches Cavafy, Greece and Paddy alike. He would write about it at length in *Roumeli* (e.g. p.85).

Constantinople - and Agia Sofia in particular - is the ultimate place of Greek *parakmi*, its Fall enshrined in a well-known folk song, translated, in part, in 'Journey in Greece', with characteristic sensitivity to rhythm: 'God is ringing, the earth is ringing, the high heavens are ringing / And Saint Sophia is ringing too, the mighty monastery...' It is a song that also appealed to Cavafy, who writes of it in his excellent, unpublished poem *Parthen* ('It was taken'). But both writers had the wisdom to take the City and its Fall off centre stage (it is deliberately tangential in *Mani*, and is never mentioned in Cavafy's published poems). It is essential to the world view of both writers, but is only seen obliquely - in suggestions, reflections in history, even in a lover's departure in Cavafy's case, and in flights of fantasy or digressions in Paddy's.

Cavafy was not the only precedent for this design - the compressed, sideways glance. Perhaps because of its numerous islands, or perhaps a relic of Pythagorean philosophy, Greece lends itself to the idea of the microcosm. For Solomos (1798-1857), Greece's other 'national poet', Mesolongi and its siege are a microcosm for enslaved Greece, and in turn for the enslaved human spirit, in 'The Free Besieged' (Schiller and Kant lurk in the background). Greece, whose history often seems like the life of a person, is somehow made for this kind of metaphor. Odysseas Elytis, a contemporary of Paddy's (though his work does not appear to have greatly interested him), gave the quintessential expression of the microcosm in the final line of his majestic *Axion Esti* (1959): 'This world, the small, the great' (or rather, 'This *cosmos*, the *mikros*, the *meGas*').

Paddy himself described Greece as a 'microcosm' of our own world, in a review of Philip Sherrard's *The Marble Threshing Floor* (1956), referring to its acceleration into modernity. And while the Mani may not have had the decadent, *fin de siècle* charm of Alexandria or the post-Hellenistic, pre-Mohammedan death-throes-honeymoon of Sidon, it could also be a microcosm of a kind. Island-like yet intimately connected to the territory of modern Greece, its people as free as those of Mesolongi, it could stand for the whole country and its history.

It had other qualities in its favour, too. For the first, let us turn back to Solomos, who wrote these famous lines on the Destruction of Psara (another island-microcosm of Greece) in the War of Independence:

On the all-blackened ridge of Psara
Glory walks her lonely path,
Studying the luminous *palikars*
And on her hair a crown she wears
Made of a few blades of grass
That remained on the desolate earth.



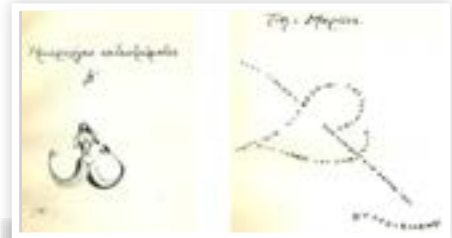
The Glory of Psara - Nikolaos Gyzis

The poor, Spartan, rocky glory of Greece was nowhere more evident for Paddy than in the Mani (and some parts of Crete), and it recurs in his descriptions of the place. But it was most likely not directly from Solomos that Paddy came to see Greece as a glorious pile of stones, transfigured by the light of the sun. No, it was undoubtedly through another poet, Solomos' spiritual heir, the standard-bearer of Greek modernism, Paddy's dear friend, George Seferis. Paddy's affection, admiration and reverence for Seferis cannot be overestimated, no less can Seferis' influence on Greek poetic and intellectual life before and after the War.



Seferis' first 'gorgona'.

The mermaid tattoo on Paddy's shoulder corresponds to Seferis' own 'signature' - the gorgona that he drew on all his collections of poetry. The very idea of a tattoo may have come from Seferis, who once described his poems as 'nothing but images that prisoners or sailors tattoo on their skin'. The glorified idea of a sailor's or prisoner's tattoo comes into *Mani* (p. 186, note).



Seferis' 'gorgona' - tattoo with epigraph

Paddy's card to Seferis at Christmas 1948 from the Caribbean (where *The Traveller's Tree* was germinating) reads, 'We sail through Gorgonless seas. Τι γυρεύουν οι ψυχές μας ταξιδεύοντας [a quote of a famous Seferis poem 'What are our souls looking for, journeying on...'] You are missed constantly, especially as the hour of Ψαροός [the taverna in Athens where they ate] approaches...I wish you and George [Katsimbalis] were here this second. We raise a glass, and send, across the Sargasso sea and the Tropic of Capricorn, love & Happy Xmas.' It is the 'this second' that moves me the most.

Paddy knew Seferis' poems intimately, and was often sent them, with annotations, by the poet himself. He even translated 'The King of Asine' (with one or two mistakes but some joyous moments). And it was, in fact, with Seferis and his wife Maro, along with Joan, that Paddy stood on the Theodosian Walls in 1950, in the opening of 'Journey in Greece'. Paddy's warm spirit cannot help but catch alight in his description of the poet: '...he spoke in that quiet voice of his - so tentative and thoughtful and undoctrinaine... in a murmur from under those great, almost [*indecipherable*] sad eyes and the Roe's egg ascent of his forehead.' Perhaps to avoid eulogy, or a kind of naiveté, Seferis does not have such a strong physical presence in *Mani*. But his shadow, heavy and roe-egg-headed, looms large.

When Seferis won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1963, he began his banquet speech in the following way (translated from the French): 'I come from a small country. A rocky promontory in the Mediterranean, it has nothing to distinguish it but the efforts of its people, the sea, and the light of the sun. It is a small country, but its tradition is immense and has been handed down through the centuries without interruption.' Could anything come closer to Paddy's own vision of Greece, and the one that emerges from *Mani*? One can almost see those two barefooted salt-pickers on the 'Frying Pan' of the Mani, distinguished indeed by their efforts, the sea and the sun. Seferis, who held in the highest esteem the local fishermen of his Smyrnian youth, once wrote to Joan, 'In Greece... poverty is a condition as old as wealth - with the same dignity...' So it seemed to Paddy, too.

We have noted the poverty of the rocky landscape in *Mani*, and can recall the memorable line of another salt-carrier in the book: 'When God had finished making the world, he had a sack of stones left over and he emptied it here...' (p.112). Kevin Andrews, in *The Flight of Ikaros* a year after *Mani*, would quote exactly the same words (p.99). Seferis also struggled against 'stones', both God-made and human-fashioned, in his poem *Mycenae*: 'these stones, my fate'. But Paddy comes even closer to Seferis in one of his own poems - a cornucopia of ancient Greek metre entitled *Greek Archipelagoes* (1949) - where he writes of Crete, '...blood flowers on the knuckles of the mountains.' The blood-struck landscape echoes Seferis' poem

In the Manner of G.S.: ‘...and if we see ‘the Aegean flower with corpses’...’ Seferis recalls Aeschylus, and Paddy recalls Seferis.

But beyond the pain, so Seferis says, there is light - the light of the sun - which transfigures and redeems the pain. ‘There is a process of humanization in the Greek light’, he famously said (more than once), inevitably backed up with recourse to the Pre-Socratic philosophers; and in an essay:

There must surely be something about the light that makes us what we are. In Greece one is more friendly, more at one with the universe... An idea becomes an object with surprising ease. It seems to become all but physically incarnated in the web of the sun. On the other hand, at times you cannot discern whether the mountain opposite is a stone or a gesture.

Poems too numerous to name evoke the same idea, most notably *Thrush* (1947). Now read Paddy: ‘... a sky which is higher and lighter and which surrounds one closer and stretches further into space than anywhere else in the world. It is neither daunting nor belittling but hospitable and welcoming to man and as much his element as the earth’ (p.129), and ‘The sky here exorcizes and abolishes the principle of intrinsic wickedness’ (p.220). At the end of the book: ‘This light, of which I have talked so much, has many odd foibles and conjuring tricks...’, one being that ‘Mountain ranges that should melt with the heat-haze and recession, lean forward and impend till one is at a loss to say whether a hill is a small nearby spur or a far-away Sinai.’ (p.286). Surely here we can hear Seferis’s tentative, meditative voice over his shoulder?

This voice was so compelling, in fact, that it begot an almost exact parallel between Paddy and Odysseas Elytis, another of Seferis’ disciples. In his note on the *Axion Esti* - a poem exactly contemporary with *Mani* - he wrote ‘Perhaps the light...[is to be] located at the beginning of a Physical Metaphysics...’ This, in turn, is the ultimate ‘conjuring trick’ of the light in Paddy’s terms: ‘Nature becomes supernatural; the frontier between physical and metaphysical is confounded’ (p.288).

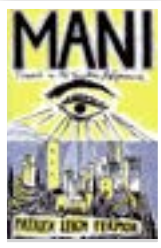
That the ‘Greek genius’ is in some way a product of the landscape is a recurring idea of Paddy’s. In an essay on Athens (*Biography of a City in Holiday*, 1965) he writes,

[We must]ask an unanswerable question: Did the Greeks bring their genius with them, or was it some property in the shape of the Greek landscape, a local conspiracy of mountain ranges and the sea and the light which moulded the newcomers and turned them into Greeks?

This question, (whose answer, in true rhetorical style, is subsequently shown to be the latter) again smacks of Seferis. In *Mani*, he describes the ‘virtue and innocence in the Greek character’ as a ‘by-product of the ecological influences of the Greek sea and mountains and light’ (p.220), as well as a combination of ancient Greek areté and Christian teaching.

If the light and landscape came to be seen as the great motivating factor behind the Greek genius, this is - it would appear - because of an innate geometrical or abstract quality, seeping into all aspects of Greece - from ikons (‘If the right formulae existed, the message might have been conveyed by elaborate geometrical figures...’, p.216) to the alphabet (‘the lettering matriculates from italics to capitals and out like dangerous missiles whizz triangles and T-squares and gibbets and acute angles...’, p.299). We have already noted the ‘abstracting’ power of the light. Let us now see how this is mirrored in the physical landscape. On the ascent up the Taygetus: ‘Up the flank of this great barrier a road climbed, searing it in mile-long sweeps and acute angles like a collapsible ruler’

(p.3), or later, ‘The sea, lodged like a set-square at the bottom of every valley...’ (p. 201). The landscape is an elaborate geometrical entity, with the sea as the constant horizontal, and cypresses, rocks or mountains dropping the perpendicular or the diagonal. ‘The divine Plato said once that in Greece you see God with his compasses and dividers’, says Lawrence Durrell’s friend Ivan Zarian in *Prospero’s Cell* (1945). And so it is in *Mani*.



Mani Cover

The front cover of *Mani* might also have been made with a pair of compasses. And contrary to the old saying, John Craxton’s design - surely one of the great book jackets - can give a true judgement on the quality of the whole book. Paddy, quite rightly, believed that Craxton truly understood how to approach the Greek landscape: ‘NOTE’, he delights in his 1952 journal, ‘excitement of reading the notes in Johnny Craxton’s sketchbooks. It’s it! He’s got it!’ And then, ‘Wisdom of Johnny to attack it secretly, and by allusions...’, and above in capitals, ‘BY HINTS’. We thereby, inevitably, return to Cavafy.

Craxton’s paintings of Greece are not so much indebted to Cavafy, of course, as to the contemporary Greek painter Nikos Hadjikyriakos-Ghika (known more often merely as ‘Ghika’). Ghika, aristocratic and Anglophilic, was to Greek painting what Seferis was to poetry. He was equally concerned with light: ‘Into his sometimes hidden geometries he poured his poetry of light and darkness’, wrote Craxton in his obituary of Ghika. In *Mani* Paddy writes of Ghika’s skill at manipulating the light: ‘I had only to open [my eyes] suddenly and gaze accusingly and painfully at the real sun for it to turn jet black and oscillate and put forth petals like a marguerite and revolve at high speed, exactly as it does in Ghika’s pictures’ (p. 281-2.) Ghika, like Seferis, was a dear friend of Paddy. And it was in Ghika’s house on Hydra that the book was written. This ‘perfect prose factory’, angular, geometrical and glaringly bright, is the visible backdrop to numerous paintings by Ghika and Craxton, and the invisible backdrop to *Mani*.



Ghika - 'Hydra with kites'



Craxton 'Hydra', taking after Ghika

Many of the meditations on the Greek landscape found in *Mani* can be traced to an article Paddy wrote for *Encounter* in 1957 entitled ‘*The Background of Ghika: Thoughts on a Greek landscape*’. It is here we first find the ‘collapsible rulers’, used in this case to describe the flights of steps of Ghika’s house, amid a ‘chaos of angles’; here we first find the ‘conjuring tricks’ of light. And if it was Ghika’s house that provides a parallel stage for *Mani*, then it is his thought that informs many ideas of the book. For the ‘geometric’ principle of the Greek landscape, outlined above, is one inherent to the Greek modernists, led by Ghika and described in the journal/manifesto of *To Trito Mati (The Third Eye)*, published in the late 1930s by Ghika and Dimitris Pikionis (the architect whose geometrical paving and terracing of the roads around the Acropolis is one of the delights of Athens). ‘The clear drawing of the line’, writes a contributor, ‘must be the fundamental idea, the fundamental basis... towards which all Arts drive...’ This ‘line’, it appears, is nowhere clearer than in the Greek landscape. Ghika, writing the editorial to the final issue of the journal (entitled ‘*The law of the number in nature and art*’), sees the inherently geometric properties of Greece reaching their apotheosis in Pythagorean philosophy. This is just one example of how Greek modernism drew intensely on tradition. And it is surely only in Greece that the theoretical abstractions of Mondrian could be absorbed, physicalised, humanised, and made beautiful.

The Pythagorean triangle, then, the Cycladic figurine, the Parthenon and the Byzantine icon, all possess the properties of the ‘Greek line’. But they are also a line in themselves -

the line of tradition. And this is perhaps the broadest and most significant way that Paddy engages with the Greek spirit of the times. The notion of *synecheia* (the ‘continuation’ of Hellenism) was on the lips of poets, painters, philologists and politicians alike. The two longest, and most central chapters in *Mani* - ‘Gorgons and Centaurs’ and ‘Ikons’ - are devoted to the two ‘vessels’ of Ancient civilisation - folk culture and the Byzantine civilisation - as they were considered by the Greek intellectuals of the time. Ghika, in *The Third Eye*, had written, ‘It is folk art that eternally keeps - without knowing it - the most ancient traditions. It is Byzantine art that rediscovers the rules of ancient art...’ Going further back, the indefatigable and epoch-making poet Kostis Palamas had in 1910 published the 12-part epic *The King’s Flute* (as it is known in Katsimbali and Stephanides’ translation), in which the folk instrument par excellence (the shepherd’s flute) tells the story of Basil the Bulgar-Slayer (the Byzantine emperor par excellence) making a pilgrimage to the Acropolis, the ancient Greek site par excellence. Seferis, in turn, had described Constantinople as ‘that sieve of cultures from which the art and learning and philosophy of the ancient world travelled to the new’. I quote this directly from the beginning of *Journey in Greece*. By the time of *Mani*, however, this idea would not be voiced so explicitly. Like Seferis himself, it disappeared into the background and in its place came a physical reality, an instantiation of the idea.

Freedom, light, stones, geometry, and tradition - these are the beacons of the Greece that appears in the pages of *Mani*, the Greek soldiers that people the ‘Trojan horse of a book’. They are in close alignment with the Greek modernists, the so-called ‘Generation of the ‘30s’, spearheaded in poetry and painting by Seferis and Ghika. It remains to be seen how our polytropic author will end his own ten-year siege of a book as well-walled, high-towered and winding-alleyed as Troy.

Method

‘How exciting reducing an abstraction, an idea - as the Mani was for us - to something positive - these faces in this lamplight, with this wind blowing through the door. We’ve been hedging so long, like bad bullfighters with a difficult animal.’ - PLF

If we are to believe the late Martin West, we should envisage Homer - or his amanuensis - composing the *Iliad* through endless revision, quite literally cutting and sticking new pieces of parchment on top of the old. This is, after all, the meaning of the word ‘rhapsode’. One encounters a similar phenomenon in the manuscript of *Mani* - innumerable crossings out, arrows describing labyrinthine paths here and there, pieces of paper glued on top of others, new paragraphs appended at right angles. All, of course, is handwritten, occasionally illegible. Notes, charming and apologetic, are given for the modern-day amanuensis - the typist. Homeric grains of rice, shrivelled by time, are embedded between pages.

Paddy is not the Homer of our day but there is no doubt that, of the Ancients, it was most frequently to Homer that he had recourse. On the back of a page of the manuscript he plays with epithets, scribbling ‘Dawn: πορφυρογέννητη, αναδυομένη’ (‘born in purple, rising’). And the book itself is infused with a love for such constructions: ‘wine-heavy sleep soon smoothed out these wrinkles of perplexity,’ he writes (p. 10), reminding us in turn of the lotus-eaters and of Telemachus’ sojourn with Helen and Menelaus. His love of lists also has a Homeric quality, the most flamboyant of all being the ‘Pandora’s box of eccentricities and exceptions’ that comes at the start of the book, as bewildering as the Catalogue of Ships in *Iliad* 2. Aside from verbal echoes, Paddy also takes structural lessons from Homer: if I were writing an A level essay in literary criticism, I would talk about the ‘ring-composition’ of the *Iliad*, for example the sacrifices to the Gods that open and close the action. Paddy’s equivalent, fittingly down-to-earth and rustic, are the barbers shops that he visits at the

beginning and end of *Mani*. And just as Homer compressed the ten-year Trojan War into a couple of weeks in its final year, so Paddy compressed years of travel all over Greece to two weeks in a blazing July.

But let us look more closely at this process of compression - the selection of material, that is the triumph of *Mani*. If we were meticulous scholars, we could leaf through the early drafts of the book - adventures in Thrace, Macedonia, Epirus, Thessaly or the Greek archipelago - and trace in them the 'parent lake' for various passages and images in *Mani*: how, for example, a description of bathing in Alexandroupolis ends up taking place on the coast at Kotronas (as I believe it does). But let us leave this to a PhD candidate. My contention here is more general: that however hard we look for such correspondences; however hard we look for a 'parent lake', we will nowhere find the essence of *Mani*. It is a striking fact that almost all of the most memorable parts of the book - the flights of fancy, the dolphins, the reminiscing about the War, the description of Gladstone - are to be found neither in the previous drafts nor in the notebooks of the journey itself in the Mani.

I quote, indicatively, Paddy's journal entry for his first visit to Kardamyli: 'Nice hotel. Socrates Phalireas. Comfortable beds, pillows unlike usual cannon-balls. Hist. of Kardamyli. Lawyer, school-master. Sleep. Tour. Then off to Areopolis next day, bathe.' And that, along with (mainly historical) notes in the back, is that. The rest is memory - a memory which can expand, contract, decorate, illustrate, create or destroy. Memory - or more specifically, nostalgia (memory with feeling) - is the driving force behind all of Paddy's writing. And once again, it is here that we meet Cavafy, the quintessential poet of memory, for whom Art was the imaginative completion of inevitably fallible memory: 'almost imperceptibly completing life / blending impressions, blending the days.' (*I've brought to Art*).

And just as with Cavafy, for whom history was a particular kind of memory, Paddy's recollection of his visit to Kardamyli conjurs up not only the village itself, nor merely another memory of a sun-struck supper in Kalamata years before, but the whole history of Byzantium: a flight of fantasy that takes the fisherman with whom he is drinking ouzo to the glittering throne of Constantinople. It is one of the most dazzling moments in the book. And I need hardly say that there is no mention of it in the notebooks: this is memory's creative power at work. As often, re-imagined memory carries Paddy into a mythical/historical world. 'Alien and unseen hands under the armpits lift us in easy parabolas to strange and sparkling destinations...' (p.199).

The recognition of myth and history in the present is, therefore, the key to *Mani*. Myth is revealed beneath the surface as clearly and deftly as Orpheus, Achilles and Zeus appear beneath the grey blur of the museum floor in Sparta, doused in water by the caretaker. This opening image of the book is a beautiful and fitting one, for it exactly describes Paddy's method. Everything he touches in the Mani opens up to reveal an infinite world behind it, a mythical-historical Greek world. In this state of mind, the little church in Layia can open up the whole history of ikons, iconoclasm and Ionian painting; an argument in Gytheion can reveal the Pythagorean shapes of the Greek alphabet; and the words of a waiter, pointing to the Marathonisi, can reveal Paris and Helen's Homeric honeymoon. This is why it is such a marvellous book, completely different from anything else he wrote (including *Roumeli*). For the linear passage of time is interrupted, and in its place comes the transparent, vertical plunge-pool of history and the cyclical, Oresteian racetrack of myth. Seferis, for whom a present day sailor in the Aegean was completely indistinguishable from a mythical Argonaut travelling in exactly the same landscape, and for whom a word such as *angelos* could reveal the whole history of the Greek language, was the past master. His poem *Novel* (literally *Myth-history* in Greek) is the most striking example. Paddy, who quotes a section of *Novel* in *Mani* (p.285), was the protégé.

On December 17th, 1946, Seferis delivered a lecture on Cavafy at the British Institute in

Athens. Was Paddy there? It seems likely. Published in English with the title '*Cavafy and Eliot: A comparison*', it puts forward the thesis that Cavafy used a method not unlike Joyce's 'continuous parallel' with myth: he finds his 'objective correlatives' - a sequence of events or a situation that epitomises a particular feeling - in characters and events from Greek history, thus enabling him to negotiate the present (for example, the Asia Minor Catastrophe) through, say, the destruction of the Achaean League in 146 BC. What one might call a 'myth of decline' is thereby created, where past calamities to the Greek race are repeated in perpetuity. And although *Mani* is not, like the poems of Cavafy, also an ode to the fragility of human existence, it is an ode - or a threnody - to the perpetual decline of Greece. And it is the *Mani* that provides Paddy with his 'objective correlative' for this: through that small, fragile peninsula, Paddy lines up the sights of his rifle on the whole mythical and historical landscape of Greece, a landscape constantly in decline.

Paddy refers to Seferis' essay in his own piece on Cavafy, *The Landmarks of Decline* (1977): an apt summary of a 'Cavafian' history of Greece, defined by momentous calamities - the Fall of Constantinople, the Arab Invasions... - fated to be repeated. The 'myth of decline' is an idea endemic to Greek thought, perhaps ever since the Fall. It is explicit in Cavafy's poem *Parthen*, mentioned at the start of the essay, where the Fall of Constantinople takes on mythical significance, becoming a symbol, a driving force. The ripples spread: the Fall inspires the folk song, which moves Cavafy, whose poem will move others. Greece is dying, all the deacons of St. Sophia cry, but the bells ring on. And so it is for Paddy, for whom the *Mani* is a Cavafian place in more ways than one: not merely in the last-breath-of-Byzantium frescoes of Mystra, but also in its precipitous present, as it waits for the barbarians of tourism and modernity.

Those who decry or fear this barbarian invasion should take heed and comfort that the myth lives on, and the miracle is still to be found. Paddy was aware of this, despite his often gloomy stance, when he predicts that the 'restless, dispersed and unharnessable but indestructible Greek genius, released at last, will produce something which will astonish and enrich the world again beyond all our imagination' (p.241). It should not bother us that this hope is only in myth, for that has always been the prime mover in Greece: through myth the War of Independence was fought; through myth the exiled Greek comes home; through myth Paddy went to Greece; through myth he swam down to the Underworld at Taenarus. *Mani* was written from myth: we read, we are moved, we act. If there is one thing he tells us, as he heaves himself up onto the caique, fresh from his descent to Hades, glistening in the Peloponnesian sun and grinning from his adventure, it is this: that Greece does not die. The cock crows on the Acropolis, the cock crows at Matapan, and the whole world is alight.

PADDY AND THE VLACHS

BY TOM WINNIFRITH

Leigh Fermor, P could and should have written more about the Vlachs than he does in *Mani* and *Roumeli*. He would have written more amusingly and eloquently than Winnifrith, T does in *The Vlachs and Shattered Eagles: Balkan Fragments*. I begin with this school report, because it is at schools in Kent that the paths of these two travellers begin to diverge. There were no greengrocers' daughters to lead me astray at Tonbridge and to push me out to wander between woods and water down to the Balkans. Instead I pursued a conventional if old fashioned education in Greek, Latin and Ancient History at school and university before embarking on a career teaching these subjects and English Literature at the University of Warwick. This institution was very kind in allowing me time and even money to travel around the Balkans when I should have been writing boring books about the Brontës. It also awarded Paddy an honorary degree, and at the ceremony we spoke to each other in Vlach.

This conversation amazed the local dignitaries, but, alas, my spoken Vlach is very poor, unlike Paddy's. He was helped by a long stay in Romania where they speak a language very similar to various kinds of Vlach, and by his interest in and ability at all kinds of languages. Almost all Vlachs in Greece, and a number of Vlachs in other Balkan countries, speak Greek. A training in Homer and Herodotus, although useful in testing the truth of tall travellers' tales, is of little practical help in a crowded Greek bus station or when lost in the mountains where Vlach villages are to be found. *Crede experto*, as they would say in Latin, but not Vlach. So who are the Vlachs? In the first few pages of *Mani* Paddy draws attention to two difficulties about finding a definition, namely that the Vlachs are to be found with different names, and that many people are called Vlachs but do not speak the language close to Romanian which I have mentioned. Thus in the villages of Kampos near Kardamyli the inhabitants are called Vlachs, but this is just a term of abuse for people not like us. My son has just bought a battered house near Kampos, and says that the inhabitants are very nice. Alternatively Vlach can just mean a shepherd. I have heard a Greek bus driver swearing at a goatherd leading his flock along a main road with the imprecation "*Blachos*", and I don't think he was making a philological statement, although the shepherd was in the Pindus mountains and might have been a Vlach.

But he might not have called himself one. Right at the beginning of *Mani* Paddy has a long list of fringe groups associated with Greece. I am proud to say I have met in the past Greek speakers in Calabria, the Tsakonians of the Eastern Peloponnese and even Tartars in the Crimea. Propriety prohibited me from meeting the Loubinistika speakers of the brothels, chronology from meeting the Anglo-Saxon members of the Varangian Guard. But disappointingly there is only a brief mention of the Koutzovlachs of Metsovo. Metsovo in the Pindus mountains is the largest Vlach settlement, but there are many other Vlachs in Greece, other parts of the Balkans and in America, Canada and Australia. Sometimes these call themselves Arumanians or some variant of this name, sometimes Tsintzars, a reference probably, like the addition of Koutzo to Vlach, to their sibilant speech. Some scholars call them Macedo-Romanians, adding to the confusion of one name another that is contested. In Albania I found many Vlachs who tend to call themselves by the district in which they sometimes live: Gramosteani from Mount Grammos, Farsharoti from Frasher in central Albania. The American Vlachs near Bridgeport founded a society called The Society Farsarotul, which published a very useful newsletter. Another American produced a newspaper called *Frاندza Vlacha*, a French group a periodical called *Tra Armanami* and a German group *Zborlu Nostru*, our word, a somewhat ambiguous title since there seem so many words for what was regarded as ours.

In his allusions to Vlach history in *Roumeli* Paddy mischievously mentions the theory that the Farsharots derive their name from the battle of Pharsalus where Caesar defeated Pompey in 48BC. A Latin presence in the Balkans is apparent more than a century before this date, but under the Roman Empire Greek was generally the language of administration in the East, as opposed to Latin in the West. In the West, Latin gradually replaced native languages and was even adopted by the German invaders; hence we have languages like French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. In the East things worked out differently. Slav invaders kept their own language except in Greece, Albanian survived the competing claims of Slav and Greek, while mysteriously in Romania and scattered pockets in the central Balkans people preserved a form of Latin.

In the West, Roman authority collapsed in the fifth century, but the Danube frontier was held until the beginning of the seventh, and although the administration of the Eastern Roman Empire was largely Greek there was still a Latin presence in the northern Balkans. The Emperor Justinian who ruled from 527 to 565 was a Latin speaker. His efforts to conquer Italy and North Africa, though temporarily successful, left the Balkans an easy prey

for Slav invaders. We have very few records of Balkan history in the four centuries following this invasion. Justinian's historian Procopius gives an account of forts that the emperor had built. These forts are difficult to locate, but some of them have Latin names, and it is probably from them that the ancestors of the Vlachs emerged. We get our first mention of Vlachs in 976AD when some Vlach hoditai murdered the brother of the Bulgarian emperor Samuel between Kastoria and Prespa, an area still peopled by Vlachs today.

Hodos means road, and hoditai could indicate travellers or highwaymen or people appointed to guard the roads. The last meaning suggests a degree of organization not present in the Balkans at this time, although it appeals to those who like to think of the Vlachs as descendants of Roman legionaries and forefathers of the well disciplined baggage trains of the nineteenth century. Byzantine historians after the Kastoria incident tend to give the Vlachs a bad name, suggesting the second meaning. A strong Vlach presence in Thessaly, especially after the fourth crusade of 1204, led to the province being called Vlachia.

Previously the Asen family had established a powerful empire further north. The inhabitants of this empire are confusingly sometimes called Vlachs, sometimes Bulgars and even more confusingly, since the empire extended to the Danube and beyond, we cannot be sure whether we have a reference to Romanians or Vlachs or both.

The Ottomans had conquered the whole of the Balkans by the beginning of the sixteenth century. They get a bad press, not deservedly so. With strong central rule the Vlachs seem to have prospered as muleteers and merchants travelling the length and breadth of the Balkans and as shepherds making long journeys from summer pastures in the mountains to winter quarters on the coastal plains. We do not have many mentions of the Vlachs in the period from 1500 to 1800 but, as Gibbon teaches us, happy is the land which has no history. The Ottomans were tolerant to the Orthodox faith, leaving persecutions to Catholics and Protestants in the West. There are records of churches dating from the seventeenth century and stories about the foundation of villages even earlier. Samarina north of Metsovo had four churches in 1913 and, in Southern Albania, Voskopoje or Moschopolis had many more. But at the end of the eighteenth century the Ottoman Empire like its Byzantine predecessor began to decline and fall. Voskopoje was frequently sacked by marauding Albanian brigands, although it still stands as a monument to a great city greatly fallen, and is still inhabited by Vlachs as well as Albanians. Many of the Vlachs moved from Voskopoje to other Vlach villages in the Balkans.

During the last chaotic century of Ottoman rule there were two important studies by Western scholars of the Vlachs. A German professor, Gustav Weigand, meticulously in *Die Aromunen* recorded in 1888 his journeys, including some stories and folk songs. A copy of his ethnological map hangs in my study. It is still very useful for locating Vlachs, although the fortunes of other races have waxed and waned. I heard some of his songs almost a hundred years later. In 1914 two English scholars, A.J.B. Wace and M.S. Thomson, produced another book with more maps, songs and a useful grammar and vocabulary. They were in the Samarina area conducting archaeological work, and *The Nomads of the Balkans* is a tribute to the ability of classical scholars to turn their hand to anything.

I met Wace when I was a schoolboy interested in Cretan archaeology, but between his book and my first sight of a Vlach in 1974 two generations had elapsed, during which there had been two Balkan wars, two world wars and two civil wars, one in Greece and one in Yugoslavia. The front line in many of these conflicts was very often in Vlach territory, as gnarled old veterans used to tell me, making me rather glad that I was not one of the excellent German scholars who have worked on this subject. In addition to actual battles, war and subsequent boundary changes played havoc with the rhythms of the transhumant Vlach shepherd, although mechanical transport altered the pattern of long marches on foot or with mules. Boundaries which did not exist in 1914 became a slight obstacle for Vlachs

after 1918, and a real barrier after the Iron Curtain came down in 1945. Paddy was lucky to travel in the 1930s.

Poverty and Balkan wars led to emigration. Pro-Romanian Vlachs went to Romania while others were driven to the New World where they prospered more than in Romania. I have attended Vlach dances in this country and in Australia and America, all extremely respectable affairs, reminding me of suburban Surrey in the 1950s. I am sure Paddy would have displayed more agility on the dance floor while I courteously enquired about the ancestry of my partners. On another occasion after missing my train at Skopje station I lay down to sleep and woke to find myself neatly sandwiched between two beautiful gypsy ladies, often, probably unfairly, accused of having loose morals and light fingers. A proper traveller like Paddy would have made enquiries about the ethnic origins of these ladies. Gypsies, because of their wandering habits, are often confused with Vlachs. Their language like the Vlach language is rarely written and is really a medley of different dialects. They call themselves Roma, a word which has four letters in common with Aromanian. But at five o'clock in the morning with my purse and person intact I made my excuses and left.

Since 1990 travel in the former Yugoslavia has been made much more difficult, although it has become much easier to visit other countries beyond the Iron Curtain. For a time there was a great interest in minorities, and I was invited to speak on the Vlachs, being better at speaking than dancing. In these travels I did note especially in Albania and America that there was a division, as there had been in the time of Wace and Thomson, between a pro-Romanian and a pro-Greek party. The former maintain that the Vlachs are descendants of people who at some stage in the middle ages moved from the plains of the Danube to the rugged Pindus mountains. Greeks suggest that Roman legionaries were stationed in these mountains, married Greek girls and begot Latin speakers with Greek ethnicity. Neither of these paths seems very promising, although I have not been able to come up with a plausible *via media*.

I am now too old to do much work on the Vlachs. A younger successor, more like Paddy at ease with the easy world of travellers' tales, is needed but the world of the traveller has become much harder. Thousands of migrants from the Near East pass through Skopje station leaving little room for the odd gypsy or Vlach. Gevgelja station on the border between Greece and Macedonia has become an important staging post on the terrifying road from Damascus. I can remember waiting for a train there in the 1980s, reading *Hard Times* and thinking that times were not so hard as in Dickens's day. "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis." I have not changed much and have not learnt to translate this useful Latin phrase into Vlach, although I know that the Vlach for I change is mutu. A phrase, less useful, but easier to remember is "are mare nare" which means "he has a big nose".

Paddy and I did not exchange these words when we greeted each other at the degree ceremony. I think we said "Ghinevinis = well come". Even this may have been a protest against the pomposity of the occasion. This would turn Vlach into a language like Boliaric, the secret argot of thieves recorded in *Roumeli*, and there is some attraction in the idea that Vlach was used as a kind of code to keep outsiders in the dark. Alternatively, at the other end of the scale, Vlach might have been a lingua franca used by travellers in difficult situations.

It is after all fairly easy to learn a little bad Latin in the same way that refugees from Syria learn broken English with which they can communicate with Hungarian frontier guards. Fortuna favet fortibus, fortune favours the brave. The refugees have to be brave. I have been very fortunate. Paddy was both.



Tom Winnifrith with an 88 year old from SHEPER

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF PLF

A HERO'S HERO

BY PAUL WATKINS

It was a Cretan evening, in a famously British setting. Gathered in front of the Taverna at Knossos, at the heart of the British School's historic compound, were the kindred of the hallowed site: archaeologists and workmen paying homage to fallen warriors of the Battle of Crete on its 60th anniversary, 21 May 2001.

Also present were the British ambassador and the local great and good: top brass from the military, police and civilian authorities of Heraklion, who had earlier attended the laying of wreaths ceremony at the Commonwealth War Cemetery at Suda Bay.

The candle-lit dusk was charged with warmth and the scent of the surrounding pines. And, wafting through it, the incense of spit-roasting lamb. The aged George Psychoundakis sat in the front row of the gathering, gripping his emblematic shepherd's crook. His eyes, like those of the rest of the audience, were fixed on the verandah of the Taverna, where a familiar figure, with a head of wavy hair and a chiseled benign face, was sitting at a table in front of a microphone.

When Patrick Leigh Fermor spoke, breaking the anticipatory silence, it seemed that even the cicadas paused for a moment in their whirring. We too listened motionless and in silence to his words, relayed in his perfectly modulated voice, that paid tribute to a singular hero of those cataclysmic events of May 1941.

At the cemetery earlier in the day, and in the presence of Patrick Leigh Fermor, representatives of the Anglo-Hellenic League and the British School had laid a wreath on the grave of John Pendlebury. On the day of the German landings the young archaeologist, the Curator at Knossos, had joined the Cretan resistance. Within two days he had been captured by the Germans and shot as a spy. For the Cretans, who had themselves sacrificed thousands of partisans and civilians in the long years of the German Occupation, the Englishman's memory was sacred, and for Patrick Leigh Fermor, who had met him but briefly, Pendlebury was a symbolic figure, a selfless champion of freedom and Philhellenism, who had pointed the way to Paddy's own acts of dedication on behalf of the Cretan people.

At the end of Paddy's tribute the applause was interrupted by a Cretan veteran firing an antique pistol in the air. The explosion scattered the swallows from the trees and from the shadowy cornices of the Villa Ariadne. One colourful Cretan custom was shortly followed by another as a musical group launched into traditional mantinades. The wine began to flow.

Soon Paddy was amongst us, embracing old friends, sizing up new ones and donating the largesse of his knowledge, warmth and humour. It was a glimpse of a life well lived that was an antidote to the shades of a bitter conflict that still stalked the groves of this beautiful and tragic island.

As the editor of the *Anglo-Hellenic Review* I was there to record the event for my publication. And, theoretically, to importune the great man for an article or a review. Conscientiously I held back, thinking of the more important demands on his time, such as the completion of the Trilogy and the replies, always personally hand-written, to the endless requests for contributions from others.

Recognising me from a previous event he twigged my air of expectation. "I think I owe you some obituaries," he said, "but, they may be a little stale..."

Paul Watkins was editor of the Anglo-Hellenic Review from 1990-2014.

TRANSCRIPT OF COSTAS MAMALAKIS' ADDRESS TO THE SOCIETY 1 February 2016

When I was born, it was only 18 years since the last defeated German had left Crete.

The most popular game when I was growing up was playing war. Nobody wanted to be a German.

Your country was fortunate enough not to experience a German occupation.

My childhood toys were helmets, bayonets, iron balls from German landmines, some hidden guns that my parents didn't realise I'd discovered, and lots of explosives, mainly gunpowder, which I was very skilled at extracting from bullets and shells.

Our village church bell was made from the nose-cone of a German bomb. A bomb which never blew up and which has shouldered a more peaceful duty for the past 75 years, calling the faithful to peaceful gatherings.

The plant pots in our courtyard were German bomb fins.

My grandmother's cutlery bore German stamps, as did her porcelain dinner service.

At Carnival time, the most popular costumes included German winter coats with eagle and swastika, German caps and terrifying gas-masks.

I learned to notice things from a very young age, and I was excited at the idea of discovering this strange war matériel, which after the war, as if in mockery of war, had assumed other, more peaceful roles.

I was six years old when I discovered that the weights sewn into the bottom of my parents' mosquito net were bronze buttons from a Black Watch uniform, a unit that fought tooth and nail in defence of Heraklion Airport in May 1941.

My favourite blanket as a child had an impressive stamp in English lettering: "R.A.F."

The woollen vest of an uncle living in the south of Chania Prefecture, in western Crete, bore the indelible stamp of the British War Department.

With all these stimuli, how could I not become a collector ?

Among the family photographs in the living room, where my ancestors posed with their muskets, bandoliers over their shoulders and Cretan daggers thrust into their sashes, some pictures of British men stood out. It took me years to understand what the link was.

An invisible link that connected our land to yours for ever.

In 1980, when I went away to study in the village of Prien in Bavaria, on my very first day there, opening my wallet to pay the taxi driver who had driven me to my university led to an experience that opened up new horizons.

As soon as the taxi driver spotted my grandfather's photograph behind the plastic film of my wallet, he turned to me and exclaimed: "Das ist auf Kreta!", "Kretener Partizan!"

Startled and rather embarrassed, I told him that I didn't know where the photograph came from, it was just a postcard I liked.

He was insistent. Gripping my arm, he explained that he was a paratrooper and that he had fought in Rethymnon in Crete in May 1941.

For some inexplicable reason, probably out of instinct, I told him that I was Dutch and that I admired and was studying the epic saga of the German paratroopers.

My new "Dutch" identity was to be a passport to the contacts I managed to make with German veterans in the years that followed.

The enthusiastic taxi driver told me that every Wednesday, the veterans who had fought in Crete met in a Munich bierkeller, and that he would be delighted to introduce me

to his colleagues, because he was glad to see a young Dutchman with short hair, as he characteristically told me, showing an interest in the saga of the paratroopers.

At that time, to the elderly taxi driver's disapproval, German students wore earrings and had shoulder-length hair.

From that day on, almost every Wednesday, I, the young student from Utrecht, walking a tightrope, visited the Edelweiss Bierkeller in Munich, where I met and talked with many of these proud ex-warriors who had plunged my island and your country into mourning. I was very lucky that for the next three years I never came across a real Dutchman, who might have started asking me details about Dutch meadows and tulips.

But the subject was a fascinating one. They all had endless stories to tell me about the Battle of Crete, and after a while they even began to entrust me with information.

Many gave me photographic material, showing them posing after their victorious battle, and also scenes of revenge executions of Cretan civilians, pictures they were actually proud of.

The young Dutchman John van Hattem, which was the name I had adopted and still retain today, was able to collect a large amount of unpublished and very revealing historical material.

I felt that I was repatriating pieces of history to my country.

On my return to Greece, I continued my investigations by correspondence. The Internet had not yet been invented, so the Cretan John van Hattem would write a letter with questionnaires to the German veteran and send it to a contact in Utrecht who was in on the secret, who swapped the Greek envelope for a Dutch one.

My contact would type the details of the non-existent Herr van Hattem, supposedly resident at 9 Bachlaanstrasse, Utrecht, on the envelope and post it to the German veteran with a Dutch stamp.

The Germans replied to my contact's Dutch address, and I would receive their letters a few days later.

In Crete, my collections grew ever larger, and along with them an archive of original material, up to then exclusively German.

When I served in the Greek Army, it didn't take me long to discover that piled up in the stores were thousands of British Army items, material donated to Greece immediately after the Liberation.

This material, now out-of-date in 1980's Greece, was destined for destruction.

British tin hats, [37] belts, gas-masks, canteens, duffel coats, bayonets and mess tins, some of them dating from the First World War, somehow went astray and ended up in my house in Crete, where there is less and less space.

But let us talk about the people.

Every May for many years, Crete filled with British, Australian and New Zealand veterans. Unfortunately, those still alive can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Medals, banners, bagpipes, poppies, and above all people's eyes, which speak their own language, perfectly comprehensible only to those who experienced that terrible war, less so to those who have only an inkling of it.

Every May in the mountain village cafés, the question my fellow-villagers and several relatives asked me most often was whether Michalis had come and if I'd seen him. "Michalis and Moss, the ones who abducted a German General!"

From my childhood, the legendary figures who marked my life, apart from Hercules and

Odysseus, were Michalis Philedem, Patrick, Moss, Kyrios Tom, Kyrios Alexis and Sifis.

Sifis, that is, Ralph Stockbridge, the head of the Intelligence Service in Crete, was the key, thanks to whom I came into contact with major S.O.E. and S.A.S. figures.

Some of them, such as Lord Jellicoe, were not the easiest people in the world to get to answer a letter from Crete with dozens of questions!

Fortunately, however, a letter of gentle encouragement from Ralph Stockbridge was usually enough to get a missive to me within a few days!

The good thing was that this time, with the British, there was no need to adopt a Dutch identity.

Ralph Stockbridge and Patrick Leigh Fermor very often came to Crete and met the Cretans with whom they had shared the hardest years of the German Occupation in the mountains of Crete, hiding in caves with a wireless set or signalling a vessel out to sea arriving from the Middle East.

Others, such as Alexander Rendel, John Stanley and Tom Dunbabin, may only have come to Crete once or twice after the war, but the commemorative photographs of their visits are still seen in pride of place in many Cretan homes.

Cretans saw a kilt for the first time around 1897, when a British peace force established itself on the island, a few years after our liberation from the Turks. But it was not to be the last.

In May 1941, in Heraklion in Crete, the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders fought side by side with the Black Watch and, of course, with the fighting citizens of Crete, men and women.

The soil of Crete has kept the memories alive. So have many trunks in homes on the island.

These select men, larger-than-life daredevils, the archaeologist John Pendlebury, Patrick Leigh Fermor, William Stanley Moss, Alexander Rendel, Xan Fielding, Ralph Stockbridge, John Houseman, Lord Jellicoe, and many other figures of the secret war, were linked by unbreakable bonds with the Cretans of the Resistance and their families.

During the war, they christened children, and married couples. One of the children christened by Patrick Leigh Fermor and Ralph Stockbridge, now living in Heraklion, is named Anglia.

In the days of the Liberation, the survivors were lost in the anonymous crowd. They gathered in small, select groups, far from the streets and squares where soldiers and civilians cheered and danced around arm in arm.

They carried inside themselves the distilled experience of men who have lived many lives in one.

The research path I have followed for 35 years is a lonely one. Day by day, the people with whom I knew I could share all these experiences, the realisation of this invisible bond, grew fewer.

But life often has surprises in store for us. In my country we have the legend of the Phoenix that rises from the ashes.

Just when I was beginning to think that all the things I collected and preserved, both material and immaterial, were pointless and that no-one would be interested in them in future, I suddenly began to find that I was not alone.

The son of Lord Jellicoe, whom I met some years ago at the memorial service for his father at the Anglican Church in Athens, is now working on the actions of his grandfather, Admiral Jellicoe, at the Battle of Jutland, and I know that he will very soon focus on his father's

activities in the S.B.S. and S.A.S.

Chris White goes climbing in the mountains of Crete, looking for S.O.E. pathways and locations.

In Tasmania, another Tom Dunbabin, cousin of Major Tom Dunbabin, together with the latter's children and in collaboration with the Historical Museum of Crete, has brought to light and published in 2015 Tom's Testimonies - *An Archaeologist at War*.

Moss's daughter Gabriella, her husband, their children and her sister, Alexander Rendel's son Robert, his wife Shuna, and Rendel's granddaughter and her husband, and I imagine many others who share the same interest, have built a bridge between themselves and the island, its history and the common actions of their people and ours in Crete.

And now you, the Patrick Leigh Fermor Society, are ensuring that these memories are kept alive.

We live in interesting times and events are changing from one minute to the next. Nobody knows or can foresee how events will fall out. Who knows, perhaps the experience of the past will prove useful once again.