

THE PHILHELLENE

The Journal of the Patrick Leigh Fermor Society

Ninth Issue September 2017



Parliament building seen from Katakouzenos House Museum, Athens

Max Long on Reading Paddy's Revisions: Memory and Process

The Battle for Crete, May 1941 – a personal perspective by Simon Forrester

The Katakouzenos House Museum by Sophia Peloponniou-Vassilacos

Katyuli Lloyd and Patrick Reade on the Folio Society edition of *Mani and Roumeli*

The filming of *Capture on Crete* by Alexis Penny Casdagli

DATES OF INTEREST

The dates for the *Ghika, Craxton, Leigh Fermor – Charmed in lives in Greece* exhibition at the British Museum have now been set at **8TH MARCH TO 15TH JULY 2018**

10 OCTOBER 6.30 – 8pm. Launch party at Daunt Books, 112-114 Holland Park Ave, London W11 4UA for *JOAN – The Remarkable Life of Joan Leigh Fermor* by Simon Fenwick, who will be signing copies.

If you would like to attend, please email us at info@patrickleighfermorsociety.org.

17 NOVEMBER 7.15 at the Hellenic Centre, 16-18 Paddington Street, London W1U 5AS. Lieutenant Colonel Graeme McDonald will give a talk on *The Battle for the Eastern Mediterranean - a Strategic Overview*, which will explain the wider context of PLF's activities in Crete.

If you would like to attend, please email us at info@patrickleighfermorsociety.org.

15 JANUARY 2018 7.15 at the Hellenic Centre, 16-18 Paddington Street, London W1U 5AS. Professor James Pettifer will give a talk on *A Baptist of Fire - Patrick Leigh Fermor on the Greek-Albanian border 1940*.

If you would like to attend, please email us at info@patrickleighfermorsociety.org.



MEMORY AND HARMONY: AN EVENING CELEBRATING THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HELLENIC INSTITUTE, ROYAL HOLLOWAY, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON WITH BETTANY HUGHES AND PANAYIOTIS GOGOS AT THE HELLENIC CENTRE, LONDON, 30 NOVEMBER 2017

Royal Holloway is one of the oldest Colleges in the University of London (founded in 1879) and enjoys a leading place among UK Higher Education institutions, combining tradition and innovation. The Hellenic Institute of Royal Holloway (established in 1993) plays its full part in contributing as a research centre promoting the diachronic and interdisciplinary study of Greek language, literature, history and culture, from the archaic period through to the modern world.

The Hellenic Institute is celebrating its **25th Anniversary** in the present academic year with a number of special events. The first event will take place at the Hellenic Centre on **THURSDAY 30 NOVEMBER 2017** at 7.00 pm. As part of the event, the historian, author and presenter **Dr Bettany Hughes** will share her thoughts on *The study of Hellenism*, to be followed by a concert, under the theme *Metamorphoses*, with the Greek pianist **Panayiotis Gogos**, and a Reception.

There is no charge for those who will be attending, but donations are invited for the Hellenic Institute (£15 per person is suggested, while further donations would be most welcome).

This is likely to be a popular event and for this reason it is essential that places are booked in advance by emailing: **Ch.Dendrinos@rhul.ac.uk**. If registering by donating, however, please do so preferably at **<https://www.royalholloway.ac.uk/giving/donatetohellenicinstitute.aspx>** or send a cheque payable to “RHBNC Hellenic Institute” and posted to Dr Charalambos Dendrinos, The Hellenic Institute, History Department, Royal Holloway, University of London, Egham, Surrey TW20 0EX, UK.



DR BETTANY HUGHES is an historian, author and broadcaster, who has devoted the last 25 years to the vibrant communication of the past. A Scholar at Oxford, she has taught at both Oxford and Cambridge and lectured at Cornell, Bristol, UCL, Maastricht, Utrecht and Manchester. Her first book, *Helen of Troy: Goddess, Princess, Whore*, has been translated into ten languages. Her second, *The Hemlock Cup, Socrates, Athens and the Search for the Good Life* was shortlisted for the Writer’s Guild Award. She has written and presented over 50 TV and radio documentaries. Her programmes have been seen by over 250 million worldwide.



PANAYIOTIS GOGOS has given concerts throughout Europe since studying intensively in Athens with Valery Sagaidachny, the great pianist and Tchaikovsky Conservatory professor, and under Professor Thérèse Dussaut at the Toulouse Conservatory. He then spent 3 years at the famous artists’ residence “Cité Internationale des Arts” in Paris and has performed widely as an “Ambassador of the Music of Chopin”. His programme on 30 November opens with a series of Liszt transcriptions of works by Schubert, *Wohin, Barcarolle, Liebesbotschaft, Aubade, Der Doppelgänger, Erikönig, Litaney*; it concludes with Chopin’s *Scherzo No 2 op. 31*.

READING PADDY'S REVISIONS: MEMORY AND PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR'S WRITING PROCESS

By Max Long

“Occasionally, one comes across some unromantic soul who objects to Leigh Fermor on the prosaic ground that he couldn't possibly remember in such persuasive detail the events of 60 years ago”

– Jeremy Lewis

When, in 2015, I completed my undergraduate dissertation on memory and revision in Patrick Leigh Fermor's *A Time of Gifts*, I hoped that I wouldn't be read as one of Jeremy Lewis's 'unromantic' souls. In constant fear of being branded 'unhistorical' in a History faculty, I spent endless hours researching at the National Library of Scotland in Edinburgh and travelled for several weeks in Greece¹.

I saw my work, in fact, as rather romantic. As to the “prosaic” charge, I wouldn't be the one to judge. Rather than just milking Leigh Fermor's work for mistakes and inconsistencies, my research hoped to understand his process of writing, and in particular how this related to his obsession with oral storytelling. What things did he find harder to write about? Which parts of the book took longer to tease out? What can his revisions tell us about his thought process? Perhaps I hoped that, hidden among the closely-packed, rhizome-like notes, accretions and crossings-outs, I might find some remnant of the writer's mind. My work seemed at times like a cross between archaeology and psychoanalysis, with less mud, and the only couch to speak of being the cushions on which the *Green Diary* sits in the National Library of Scotland.

That memory presented an often haunting challenge to Patrick Leigh Fermor should come as no surprise to readers of this journal. It was indeed one of the central comments noted upon in some of the very first reviews of the book in 1977. One reviewer noted, perhaps wryly, that ‘His memory must be truly elephantine, so copious and immediate is the detail’,² whilst Jan Morris lauded his ‘marvellously retentive, not to say imaginative, memory’³. The difficulties posed by memory (and of course its close cousin, oblivion) to Leigh Fermor, and how this was reflected in his lengthy process of writing and editing, has of course frequently been explored by those interested in his work – perhaps most extensively by Artemis Cooper, who, among other things, points out that the extracts from the *Green Diary* were frequently more than a little bit polished. More recently, in this very journal, Joshua Barley examined Mani's early drafts to read the book a little closer and with an eye to the more distant past. In my own work, I engaged in precisely the painstaking comparison of manuscripts and typescripts that Mr Barley imagines. As I worked away at the archive, however, I was unaware of an entire school of French scholarship, *genetic criticism*, whose work consists of essentially the same type of literary archaeology, in which early drafts are conceived of as “avant-texte”, important and information-rich literary precursors. These early texts are seen not just as mere drafts, but rather as essential components of the finished work. That Leigh Fermor kept such a meticulous archive of his own numerous early drafts suggests to me that he might well have agreed with such a proposition.

1. Max Long, What's He Doing There, London Review of Books, Vol. 36 No. 17, (London, 11 September 2014)

2. Maurice Richardson, Walkabout, *The New Statesman*, (London, October 1977) NLS Acc. 13338/251

3. Jan Morris, Wanderer, *The Spectator*, (London, 24 September 1997), NLS Acc. 13338/251

In my dissertation I concluded that Leigh Fermor struggled the most with (and revised the most) those extracts from *A Time of Gifts* which were associated to the Second World War, the destruction of the Europe he walked through, and the friendships this severed. It seemed clear to me that located in these revisions was a unique window into understanding how Patrick Leigh Fermor thought, wrote, and remembered. I was also interested more generally in what the process of revising a text can illustrate about how a writer, or a selection of writers from a particular generation, thought about self-representation, their own pasts and the times they lived in. I thought *A Time of Gifts* might be a good place to start.

As I worked through his drafts, it became increasingly clear to me that Leigh Fermor's whole life was in some sense a long process of revision; of rewriting, of reprocessing, of rethinking. I came to see Leigh Fermor's enthusiasm with repeated storytelling as itself a sort of oral "avant-texte", through which he constantly shaped his own past. Whether it was recounting his experiences at thespian dinner table performances in numerous languages, in long handwritten letters, or in his published books themselves, Leigh Fermor was constantly reworking his life story. It seemed to me too that this constant retelling of his own history played a considerable part in shaping his peculiar social position in upper class British society. Acknowledging this does not detract from the literary value of the works themselves; instead, it reveals in greater detail a man of enormous emotional intelligence who understood the importance of memory, legacy and recounting, who was often troubled by these questions, and who spent a large portion of his life employing his knowledge of these to produce one of the only accounts by foot of a soon-to-be-destroyed Europe.

Leigh Fermor was writing at a time when ideas about memory were fluid and changing, and this too may have contributed to his anxiety about his own memory. By the 1960s and 1970s, autobiography and memoir had become almost synonymous with a sense of nostalgia. Raphael Samuel, in his seminal *Theatres of Memory*, identifies a growing interest from the 1960s of a form of 'resurrectionism' characterised by an obsession with conservation and family history, which, he argues, was spurred by a 'vertiginous sense of disappearing worlds'⁴. This obsession with the past has been likened to a so-called 'memory crisis' which began in the nineteenth century and persisted into the later years of the twentieth century.⁵ With the increasing popularity of personal narratives, questions of subjectivity in the representation of the self became central; at the heart of this lay a desire to seek 'truth' through the introspection of memoir and autobiography. And yet together with this obsession with self-writing came also the recognition that truly accurate recollections of the past were beyond reach. Every time Leigh Fermor revised his drafts, therefore, he was doing so in an environment and during a period in which a degree of subjectivity was not only accepted, but often also expected, in personal narratives.

Many readers will already be acquainted with the writing process involved in Leigh Fermor's texts, and how these are arranged at the John Murray archive at the National Library of Scotland in Edinburgh. For *A Time of Gifts* alone, up to five typescript versions of each chapter have been preserved, together with the original manuscript. Aside from these there remain the early manuscript for *A Youthful Journey* (c.1963), initially intended as a 5,000-word article for *Holiday Magazine*, and the Green Diary, the only surviving diary from the walk, covering the journey from Bratislava to Budapest and later from the Iron Gates to Constantinople, ending abruptly at Mount Athos. The order of the chapters in the annotated typescripts for *A Time of Gifts* does not always correspond with the final published version, although a rough chronology of changes can be established by comparing notes and accretions. The bulk of these revisions took place during the years 1970-1977. I will share here just a couple of interesting examples from my research, which used material from all of the above.

4. Raphael Samuel, *Theatres of Memory* (London, 1994) 150

5. Richard Terdiman, *Present Past: Modernity and the Memory Crisis* (Ithaca, 1993), *passim*; Whitehead, *Memory* 82

Leigh Fermor placed such importance on the multiple layers of interpretation involved in the composition of the text that he originally intended to name his trilogy *Parallax* to reflect this.⁶ Even the name he eventually chose, *A Time of Gifts*, borrowed from a poem by Louis MacNiece ('For now the time of gifts is gone — / O boys that grow, O snows that melt'), alludes to this mode of retrospection. So conscious was Leigh Fermor of the tension between the older and the younger writer, that one early typescript of *A Time Of Gifts* includes a fictional conversation between two internal selves, presumably an older and a younger one, noted as 'A' and 'B':

"B. Now what's all this? [...] You didn't know anything about Byzantium then.

A. That's your fault! I'd read some Gibbon and 'The Station'. I do remember seeing her tomb, though I admit I couldn't remember her name till I looked it up just now. Or perhaps you did?

B. One of us must have. (PAUSE) Well, it just won't do. And there's another thing. What date are we now? The twentieth December 1933 [...]

A. Are we going to print this conversation?

B. I don't know. They may be flattered by our confidence

A. Touched by our honesty?'

B. Understanding about our predicament. We'll see..."

Although this conversation was expunged from subsequent versions, it shows the extent to which Leigh Fermor felt troubled by this 'predicament'. It is worth noting that the number of similar deleted passages where Leigh Fermor either bemoans the weakness of his memory or reflects on the double prism of recollection in the typescripts is astonishing. However, Leigh Fermor didn't just excise or edit reflective passages such as these; he often worked extensively on the actual substance of his journey.

To be sure, much of what is to be learned from Leigh Fermor's revisions consists of correcting small factual inconsistencies – the name of a town, the number of days spent in a particular place, or even several passages where Leigh Fermor allowed himself the artistic license to extend a particular description on the third or fourth draft (sometimes, I should add, for several pages, with further crossings out, cello-taped pages and notes to his typist). An early passage in the 1963 manuscript for *A Youthful Journey*, where he sums up in just a couple of paragraphs what was to become the bulk of *A Time of Gifts*, refers to "a stay with a kind and pretty girl music student in Stuttgart", which might suggest that Artemis Cooper's suspicion that Liselotte was added into the text for dignity's sake, despite Leigh Fermor's own denials, may well be fully founded. As another example, the highly detailed description of him being handed "a tangerine and a packet of cigarettes wrapped beautifully in tinsel and silver paper" by a girl on Christmas day in a Gasthof on the banks of the Rhine is nowhere to be seen in the early typescripts of *A Time of Gifts*.⁷ The list, as one can well imagine, is endless. The point of my work was not simply to highlight these inconsistencies in Leigh Fermor's writing, but rather to understand what they can tell us about his writing process, and to use this to think more deeply about his struggle with memory and the past.

As I mentioned above, Leigh Fermor appears to have tampered with the *Green Diary* much more than he admits. In some cases this amounts to the addition of whole sentences to the text which are not present in the original diary. For example, in the entry for 19 March 1934, Leigh Fermor adds the words "...and hear the bells over the fields" at the end of

6. Cooper, *An Adventure*, 325

7. An important passage, given that it leads Leigh Fermor to end the paragraph with the words "The time of Gifts".

one sentence, while later he introduces the lines “my path ran through a hazel-wood where roe deer bounced nimbly away, their white rumps twinkling in the undergrowth”. Here Leigh Fermor has introduced archetypal, idyllic images which reflect his eagerness to portray a nostalgic image of a European landscape which is often not extant in the young writer’s original notes. That he should make a point of non-interference in the text and then project fictional images onto his younger self’s diary illustrates the unusual interaction between the supposedly unedited, immediate impressions of the 1934 diary and Leigh Fermor’s fusion of memory and literary imagination in the main text.

Passing by the Groote Kerk at Rotterdam in *A Time of Gifts*, Leigh Fermor laments that, “Except for this church, the beautiful city was to be bombed to fragments a few years later. I would have lingered, had I known.” In an earlier version of the typescript, he adds a description of the “beautiful and still unbombed tangle of roofs and canals”. The fallout of the Second World War not only coloured his descriptions, but affected Leigh Fermor’s process of writing; the typescripts show that he deleted or simplified many such passages relating to the war. For example, a passage from Chapter 9 in *A Time of Gifts* reading “I learnt that the monstrous German regime in Czechoslovakia had struck ruthlessly in these parts; it is hard to write of these matters” was later excised, whilst in Chapter 4 he removed a whole passage dealing with the treatment of Jews, ending “nobody could have guessed at the logical sequence that would lead Germany to the appalling conclusion eventually reached”. The removal of these passages in later revisions of the text suggests that the Second World War and its aftermath was an issue at the forefront of Leigh Fermor’s mind in the 1970s, and one for which he struggled to choose the right words. Through this process of revision, references to the war became increasingly elusive, which in turn contributed to the elegiac tone of Leigh Fermor’s writing.

It was not just war, however, that eroded away the sites at the heart of Leigh Fermor’s memory; it was also the inevitable drag of modernity. I found it particularly interesting that the Polymath’s long description of European peoples and the vanishing Danube landscape was added by Leigh Fermor almost entirely by hand on the fourth revision of the text, having previously been briefly mentioned in the 1963 manuscript. This character, whose soothsaying speech extends over several pages, is one of the most memorable in the whole book. As has been previously suggested, it seems likely that the Polymath himself is a fictionalized character, an amalgamation of several memories, and that he was constructed through constant revision to convey a sense of loss not only towards the physical landscape of the Danube, but also an ancient European way of life.

What makes the Leigh Fermor archive at the NLS in Edinburgh such a wonderful resource, aside from the multiple manuscripts and typescripts, reviews, photographs and so forth, is the extensive collection of correspondence, which was also meticulously preserved. Numerous letters from John ‘Jock’ Murray, such as one from October 2, 1982, illustrate the painful process of writing that Leigh Fermor faced: “Please don’t get diverted into the ‘old writings’ yet or you’ll never finish the glorious journey... you will get sucked into polishing, expanding, pruning, improving etc!”. However, perhaps even more interesting for my research, was the plethora of letters from readers and fellow writers, expressing a shared sense of loss for a bygone Europe. Gerald Brenan, who walked across Europe in 1912, and wrote briefly about the experience in his 1962 memoir, wrote to Leigh Fermor soon after *A Time of Gifts* was published:

“Although the country you travelled through is most of it unknown to me, it brought up memories of my own youthful travels... your picture of [Austria] is marvellous — the great river, the Schlösser, the rich spring vegetation, the civilised attitude to the life of the gentry...”.

The successful evocation of this lost landscape, I found, was a major element in Leigh Fermor's peers' enjoyment of *A Time of Gifts*. Frequent revision, the very process which caused Leigh Fermor so much anxiety — and which in itself reflected a broader societal concern both for authenticity and for the loss of an idealised past — was at the heart of his process of creation. By poring so excessively over his typescripts and manuscripts, Leigh Fermor created elaborate, richly descriptive texts, which, although often hugely divergent from their original state, appealed to the sensibilities of a collective and idealised image of interwar Europe.

Conclusion:

'Here is the evocation of a journey that can never be made again, for it belongs to a once-for-all youth, and to a vanished Europe'

— Colin Thubron⁸

All writers re-write; Patrick Leigh Fermor was not unique in this sense. Hannah Sullivan, for example, argues that similar degrees of revision became a characteristic element of the modernist style, with Henry James, T. S. Eliot and James Joyce representing prime examples of intense revisers.⁹ In particular, Sullivan refers to the 'problem of finish' when it comes to autobiography; to finish one's own life story presents difficult ontological problems.¹⁰ Leigh Fermor was a writer to whom the concept of the self and the refashioning of his personal narrative was fundamental. He moved in a social crowd where his very position was defined by his construction of a persona, and this filtered through to the writing of his books; Leigh Fermor's process of revision cannot therefore be extricated from his perception of his own character. No doubt further work can be done in this area, in particular connecting Leigh Fermor to a broader network of writers who thought of and engaged with the past in a similar fashion.

Practically for fifty years, from the mid-1960s until his death in 2011, Leigh Fermor was occupied with writing the three books which came to define his public and private persona. For Leigh Fermor, the very process of revising these texts defined the way he conceived his very self, and therefore to finish would have been to relinquish part of his identity. It was often a painful and excruciating process. Leigh Fermor was haunted by the exercise of recollection which both hampered and coloured his narrative; that numerous of these expressions of memorial anxiety were excised before publication indicates the extent to which Leigh Fermor pondered the question of memory. All of this does not make Patrick Leigh Fermor a liar. Quite the contrary: he understood the process of memory and utilised it to its very fullest. One could do worse than be a walker of memories.

8. Colin Thubron, *Travelling Hopefully*, (London, 2 October 1977), *Sunday Telegraph*

9. Hannah Sullivan, *The Work of Revision* (Cambridge, 2013) 2

10. Hannah Sullivan, *Autobiography and the Problem of Finish*, *Biography*, 34 (2011) 298-325

THE BATTLE FOR CRETE, MAY 1941 – A PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE

by Simon Forrester

The talk at the society's 23rd May meeting was the personal perspective of Captain Michael Forrester, a veteran of the Battle of Crete, delivered by his elder son, Simon Forrester. What follows is a heavily reduced version of his lecture.



*Daily Telegraph obituary
27th October 2006*

Like so many of his generation, my father spoke little of the war and he left limited information so I was very grateful for the help of others: local historians Stelios Jackson and Dimitri Skartsilakis in Crete; Society member Martin Henderson and PLF Society Director Charles Arnold; Dr Klaus Schmider at Sandhurst; the Bundesarchiv and the Volksbund Deutsche, as well as the books of Artemis Cooper, Antony Beevor, Ian Stewart, George Forty, Karl-Heinz Golla, Mary Henderson, Admiral Cunningham and Correlli Barnett.

Captain Michael Forrester's time in Greece was, appropriately, something of an odyssey.

It began with his posting to Greece, together with Paddy Leigh Fermor, as part of the British Military Mission commanded by Colonel Guy Salisbury-Jones. The mission was ordered by Churchill as a gesture of solidarity with Greece in the wake of the Italian invasion through Albania in October 1940.

Time in Greece was divided between the Albanian Front where Michael Forrester was highly impressed with the Greek Army – including, significantly, the Cretan 5th Division – and liaising with Prince Peter in Athens. Among others he also met Mary Cawadias, daughter of Professor AP Cawadias who was physician to King George.



Prince Peter



Cretan 5th Division

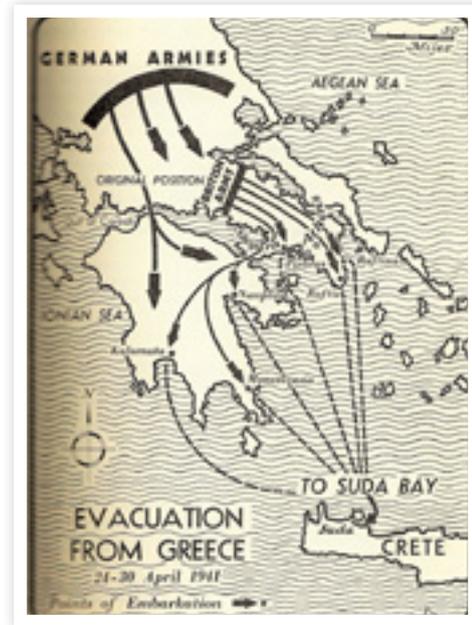
The defeat of the Italian invasion and the arrival of the British expeditionary force, W Force, provided the pretexts for the German invasion of Greece on 6th April 1941. With the Greek Army on the Albanian Front and inadequate Allied reinforcements, the German conquest of Greece was over in less than a month, leading General Wavell, Commander-in-Chief Middle East, to order the withdrawal to Crete.

Michael Forrester did everything he could to persuade Mary Cawadias and her family to leave, without success. He recalled, "I realised that saying goodbye and leaving my friends to the German Occupation was going to prove a painful and emotional experience, compounded by a feeling of guilt that it was we, the British, who due to our intervention were responsible for their plight."

Michael Forrester drove south with Guy Salisbury-Jones, crossing the Corinth Canal just before it was captured by German paratroopers and on to Nafplion in the Peloponnese, then 150 miles south, pursued at times by a Messerschmitt Bf 109, to the port of Monemvasia.

Both Michael Forrester and Paddy Leigh Fermor departed for Crete in caiques, involving highly hazardous three-day journeys.

Michael Forrester had first to relieve of his command a drunken skipper steering in the wrong direction and then deter once again the attentions of the Luftwaffe. Being caught at sea in daylight hours they were spotted by an ME 110 so he ordered up on deck the women, who were wearing brightly coloured clothing, to wave at the pilot. It worked and via Kythera and Antikythera they eventually arrived at Kastelli in Crete.



Paddy Leigh Fermor had his caique bombed, another broke down and he reached Kastelli in a schooner.

On arrival Michael Forrester reported to Guy Salisbury-Jones at General Freyberg's Creforce HQ at Canea where he was given responsibility for determining the needs of the Greek Army units.

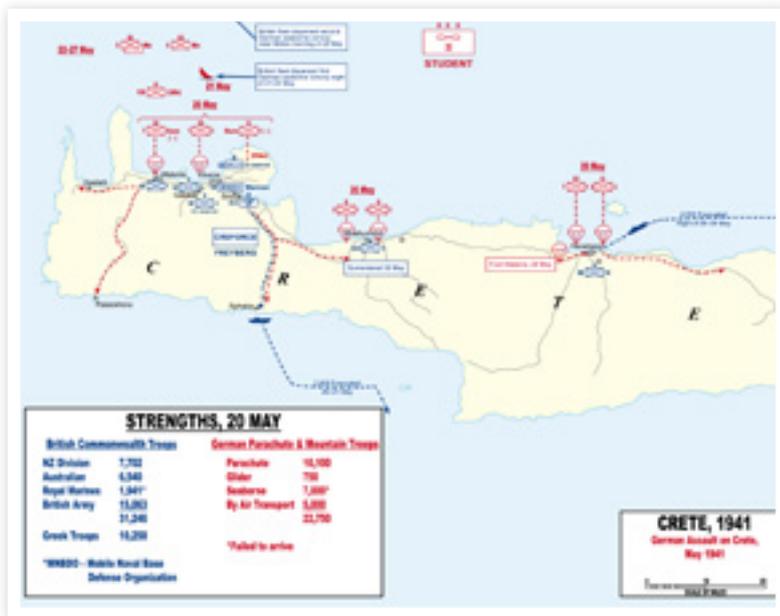
While preparations continued for the defence of Crete he was invited by Prince Peter to join him and Paddy Leigh Fermor at a villa on the coast west of Canea.

Both Leigh Fermor and Forrester had a healthy disdain for convention and regulations. And along with others such as Billy Moss, Xan Fielding, David Stirling, Ralph Bagnold, David Lloyd Owen, and Fitzroy MacLean, they had the ability to spot opportunities not found in military manuals.

This appealed greatly to Cretan resistance fighters Manolis Bandouvas, Manolis Paterakis and Yorgos Psychoundakis.

Meanwhile, German plans for Operation Mercury, the airborne invasion of Crete were at an advanced stage: 22,000 of General Student's elite paratroopers, the Fallschirmjaeger, and General Ringels' Mountain Troops, the Gebirgsjaeger, would be landed by parachute, glider and Junkers 52 troop transport aircraft.

Their initial aim was the capture of vital strategic communication points on the north coast, particularly the airfields at Maleme, west of Canea plus Retimo and Heraklion.

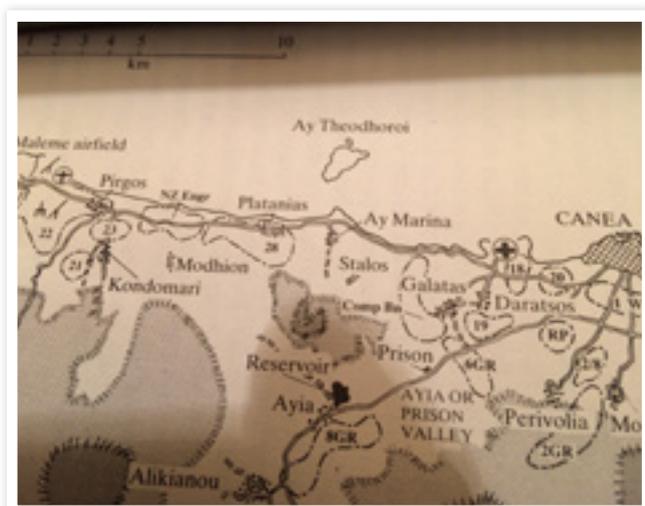


Among the German invasion force was a certain Major Helmut Derpa, Commander of 2nd Battalion, 3rd Fallschirmjaeger Regiment. An expert in the Flakartillerie, the anti-aircraft division of the Luftwaffe, he had transferred to the Fallschirmjaeger, whom Churchill called, "The spear of the German lance."



Unbeknown to the Germans, Hut 3 at Bletchley Park had been deciphering German signals issued on Enigma machines, and code-named ULTRA by the British Military Intelligence. Just in time the Mediterranean key for Enigma was cracked in April, providing much of the German invasion plan, expected on 18th, 19th or 20th May.

On 18th May, after delivering ammunition to the 4th and 5th Greek regiments at Retimo and to the 3rd and 4th at Heraklion, Michael Forrester met Paddy Leigh Fermor, by now a mission intelligence officer, for dinner at the main hotel in Heraklion. Their lives were about to alter dramatically.



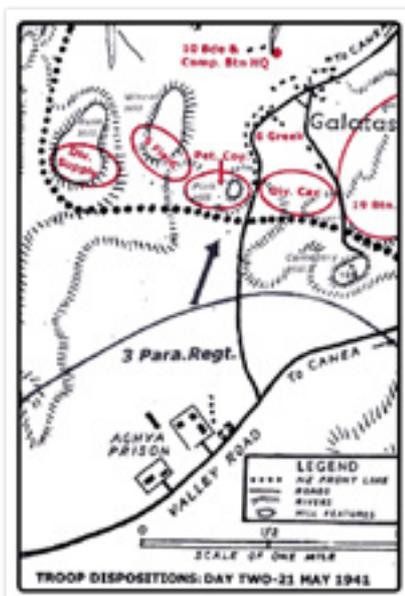
As dawn broke on 20th May over the north shores of Crete the sky darkened again with the approach of a huge concentration of Luftwaffe aircraft. A distant drone became a roar: first the bombers, then the transport planes followed by paratroopers dropping all around. Michael Forrester became aware of all this while shaving at the villa and realising he was cut off, grabbed his rifle and eventually met up with the Composite Battalion.

The 3rd German Parachute regiment, including Major Derpa's 2nd Battalion, landed south of Galatas and in Prison Valley and Lake Ayia. Their job was to advance northwards, capture Galatas – a hilltop village three miles south west of Canea, strategically placed overlooking the coast to the north and Prison Valley to the south – and the surrounding hills before moving on to Canea.

Already by noon on a sweltering first day, 20th May, Galatas was under threat by paratroops who engaged the Greek 6th Regiment in bloody fighting.

Later in the day Michael Forrester was taken to HQ New Zealand Divisional Cavalry Regiment at Galatas and was invited to take command of the 6th Greek Regiment, which had already fought bravely but been badly mauled by the morning's fighting south of Galatas.

The unit comprised 100 men and one junior officer and they became the reserve company with the task of counter-attacking as necessary and protecting a feature known as Pink Hill, south west of Galatas. In enemy hands it could threaten the whole Galatas position and, ultimately, Canea.



So the scene was set for a six-day confrontation with attack, defence and counter-attack and it would bring together two young officers on opposing sides, one of whom would not survive.

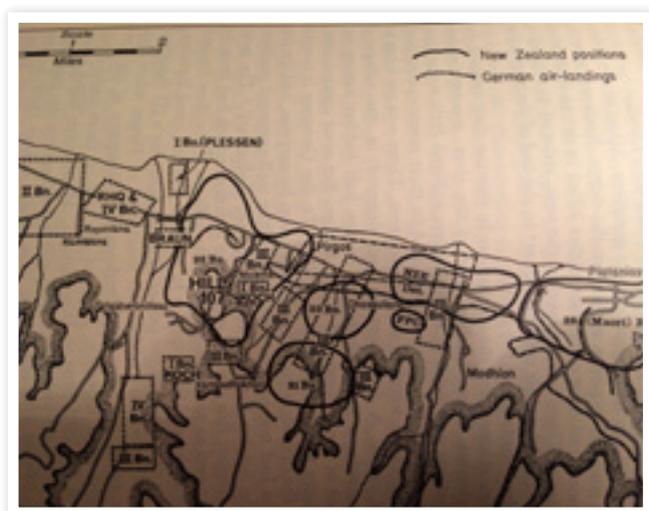
While fighting was under way in the south, a few miles to the northwest the potentially pivotal action of the Battle for Crete was taking place at Maleme airfield, one of the Germans' three priority targets.

The Germans attacked Maleme with paratroops and the Storm Regiment who landed by glider. In spite of suffering catastrophic casualties they managed to gain a foothold at the western edge of the airfield and on Hill 107 to the south, in bitter fighting in a confusing blanket of dust and smoke.

At the end of the first day on Crete the Germans had achieved none of their original objectives, had suffered huge casualty rates of between 50% and 90% and were on the point of calling off the invasion.

Meanwhile at Maleme the New Zealand units had lost wireless contact and believed they were about to be overrun so sent a message requesting they withdraw. The now infamous answer came back "IF YOU MUST, YOU MUST"

The following morning the Germans found Maleme airfield was theirs. They could not believe their luck.



Through Allied confusion and miscommunication the Germans had highly fortuitously gained the foothold they desperately needed and the die was cast.

At Galatas, as elsewhere, the Germans had seriously underestimated the ferocity of the civilian resistance. Neither side paid much heed to the Geneva Convention.

Michael Forrester used much of 21st and 22nd May to organise the motley crew under his command, the core being the remnants of 6th Greek regiment. He conducted briefings via English-speaking Greek officers and noticed the ranks swelling from interested villagers. Given the language barrier and risk of misunderstandings, he decided battle instructions would come from his whistle:

ONE BLAST – STAND TO; 2 BLASTS – START MOVING; 3 BLASTS – DEPLOY AND ENGAGE.

He also suggested everyone should yell AIERA! the battle cry he'd heard the Evzone Guards use on the Albanian front.

By 22nd May, third day of the battle Colonel Heidrich, Commander of the 3rd Fallchirmjaeger Regiment was becoming impatient with the lack of progress in capturing the hills around Galatas. Heidrich ordered Major Derpa and the remnants of his 2nd battalion to attack Pink Hill from Cemetery Hill, supported by air attacks.

Derpa pointed out the further unnecessary loss of life that would result, whereupon Heidrich flew into a rage and accused Derpa of being a coward. Captain von der Heydte, who commanded the 1st Battalion and who subsequently wrote *Daedalus Returned*, a book on the battle, recounts Derpa going pale with outrage, drawing himself up, saluting and replying: "It is not a question of my own life sir. I am considering the lives of the soldiers for whom I am responsible. My own life I would give gladly".

Von der Heydte noted those were the last words he ever heard Derpa utter.



The attack started at about 6pm and immediately Derpa's battalion took heavy casualties and was on the point of failure when a group of Derpa's men captured the summit and started raining machine gun and mortar fire down on Galatas.

This was the moment Michael Forrester had been waiting for. What happened next is best described by the commanding officer Colonel Kippenberger and

his driver who were well placed on the adjacent Wheat Hill:

"A most infernal uproar. Out of an olive grove on the adjoining hill came Captain Forrester, clad in shorts, a long yellow army jersey, brass polished and gleaming and waving his revolver in his right hand. He was tall, thin faced, fair-haired with no tin hat. It was a most inspiring sight. Forrester was at the head of a crowd of disorderly Greeks, including women; one Greek had a shotgun with a serrated edge bread knife tied on like a bayonet. They were running, bounding and yelling like Red Indians."

A New Zealand Captain described watching this charge as the most thrilling moment of his life.



It was too much for the Germans. Those not dead or wounded turned and ran, apart from a platoon who emerged with their hands up. One of the prisoners was a large blond man with a pink complexion. He was shouting abuse at his captor and ending every sentence with “Heil Hitler” – thoroughly obstreperous. He was wounded in the left thigh and limped badly. They’d meet again.

During the action Major Derpa suffered a serious stomach wound and died later in the evening.

Fighting for the hills around Galatas and the village itself continued for the next three days. By 25th May Germans had been re-supplied and reinforced by Mountain

Troops, mainly via the captured Maleme airfield. The pressure told, Galatas was captured, threatening the whole Canea area.

Although many now realised Crete was lost, Colonel Kippenberger ordered a counter-attack to re-take Galatas and hold up the German advance on Canea. This became known as the Battle of Galatas.

Michael Forrester now joined the New Zealand 23rd Battalion for the counter-attack, which succeeded in clearing Galatas of Germans but it was a temporary respite and General Freyberg took the decision to evacuate the Allied forces from Crete.

The retreat over the White Mountains was a shambles and a scramble for places on the rescue ships. 15,000 were evacuated but 12,000 surrendered and were taken prisoner.

As with the evacuation from mainland Greece, the Royal Navy and Allied Navies came to the rescue, under heavy and constant attack from the Luftwaffe and amidst great loss of ships. Michael Forrester embarked on 29th May aboard HMAS Perth. Paddy Leigh Fermor left from Heraklion on 25th May.

Crete was lost and the Germans had their strategic base in the Eastern Mediterranean.

EPILOGUE

Simon Forrester concluded his lecture with a brief look at the fortunes and fates of some of those involved:

Crete suffered terrible repression and reprisals during four years of German occupation. Some of those responsible were brought to trial.

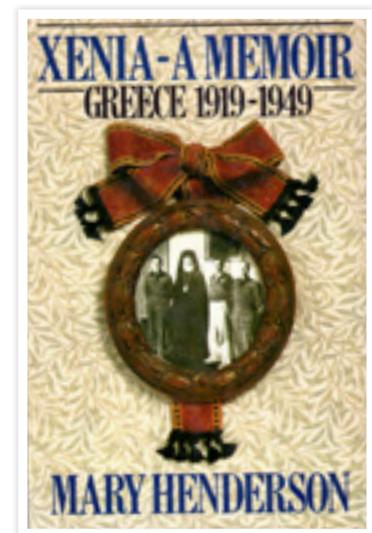


Paddy Leigh Fermor returned with SOE, three times, lived amongst the resistance and most famously, with Billy Moss and members of the Cretan Resistance, abducted General Kreipe.

Billy Moss became a best-selling author, most notably his account of the kidnapping, *Ill Met By Moonlight*. He also translated Baron von Der Heydte's book *Daedalus Returned*.

Despite being sentenced to death by the Gestapo, Mary Cawadias survived the war and wrote to Michael Forrester in Feb 1945 following liberation, telling of the torture.

They met for dinner in London after the war. Later Mary became the first female Time Life correspondent and later married Nicholas Henderson, Ambassador to Washington, Germany and France. She wrote about those days in her autobiography.



Army Form W. 521. Date recommendation passed forward Received _____ Passed _____				
Brigade _____ Division _____ Corps _____				
Schedule No. _____ (see The Queen's Regiment.) No. in the rank _____				
Army No. and Rank _____ [1/Captain]				
Name _____ MICHAEL FORRESTER, M.C.				
Action for which commended (Give date and place of action first in column)		Recommended by	Honor or Reward	(To be left blank)
Throughout difficult periods, both during the withdrawal from Greece and during the defence of Crete, this officer continually gave proof of the highest sense of loyalty and devotion to duty. Finally, on May 20th, when the German attack on Crete had started, he was ordered to report to Headquarters New Zealand Division and to watch the interests of the Greek battalions under command of that Division. During the next few days, when the situation became difficult, on his own initiative, he went forward and rallied the remnants of a Greek battalion. He then organized a counter attack and, mainly by his personal example and disregard for danger, he carried forward the Greek troops with him, drove back the enemy, and momentarily restored a difficult situation.		B. Freyberg Major General G.O.C. in C 2nd NZ Div Crete 13/9	BAR TO M.C.	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

Michael Forrester won a bar to his MC – here signed off by General Freyberg.

After Crete he rejoined his regiment in North Africa, fought at El Alamein, then in Italy where the Italians put up a monument to him, finally Normandy where he was badly wounded.

In a twist of irony he joined the Parachute Brigade and rose to command it and in 1966 he returned to Crete and was honoured by the Mayor of Canea.

A year later he encountered a familiar German paratrooper veteran – the large blond prisoner at Galatas – running a hotel in Austria and still limping.

Michael Forrester and Paddy Leigh Fermor took leading roles in the UK Crete Veterans Association.

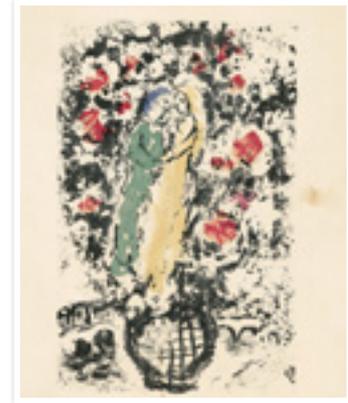




Crucifix, by Theophilos on loan to the Ghika Gallery, Benaki Museum



Landscape of Constantinople, by Theophilos



Daphnis and Chloe, lithography by Marc Chagall

The former owners of the house, Angelos and Leto Katakouzenos, belonged to the intellectual elite of their times and functioned as cultural ambassadors of their country abroad and arbiters of international tendencies to Hellas. The Katakouzenos house functioned since 1960 as a literary salon; its rooms have hosted many visitors of international fame, mainly artists, but also writers and poets. It also contains a representative collection of works by the most important artists of the so-called Hellenic “1930s generation”, and by many international artists, too.



Angelos and Leto Katakouzenos in 1934

Angelos Katakouzenos

Angelos’s family descended from John VI Cantacuzenos, the Byzantine emperor¹. A branch of the family moved to the island of Lemnos and subsequently to the island of Lesvos and across to Smyrna. Interestingly, another branch of the Byzantine family that moved to Romania was the branch that Balasha Cantacuzene came from.

Angelos Katakouzenos himself was born in 1904 in Lesvos, to which he often returned as a child for holidays; the rest of the year he lived with his wealthy family of timber traders in Smyrna. He graduated from the famous Evangelical School of this city when he was just 16 years old and went to Lesvos once more for the summer. While visiting a chapel, he encountered a young girl in chains; she was insane, and no one was around to help her. He was so grief-stricken that he took the decision to become a psychiatrist and prevent people from reaching the desperate stage of the chained girl. Immediately after he went to France, where he studied medicine in Montpellier. Two years later he moved to Paris to continue his studies with Professors J.Sicard and Th.Alajouanine in the Necker and Salpetriere Hospitals respectively.

During his student years in France he forged durable friendships with other students who would later become leading figures of Hellenic intellectual and artistic life, the so-called “1930s generation.” His experiences from these years were later presented in a series of psychographic essays of these old friends. He accepted an invitation to establish one of the first psychiatric clinics in Hellas, at the Evangelismos Hospital. He was one of the first

1. John VI Cantacuzenus, (born 1292—died June 15, 1383, Mistra, Byzantine Empire), statesman, Byzantine emperor, and historian.

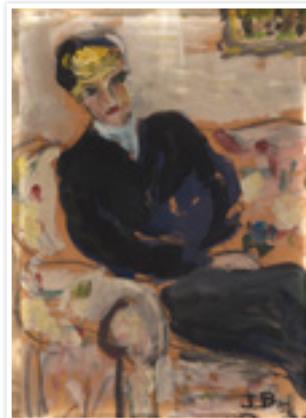
to use the narcoanalysis method and soon gained international fame that attracted many patients from Paris or London to his Athenian office that hosted the likes of William Faulkner, Albert Camus or Aristotle Onassis.

In addition to his medical career and his extensive publications in Greek, French and German, he was a man of high intellectual calibre and loved art. He created the Hellenic-French Cultural Union and the Hellenic-American Union, both with the aim to promote cultural interchange. His thoughtful lectures and the people he managed to attract as speakers at the events he organised caused much attention and admiration; in the 1950s he invited the Nobel Prize winner Albert Camus to lecture at a conference on the future of European Civilisation.

When Angelos Katakouzenos died in 1982, he had gained the love of his patients and of the Hellenic public, albeit remaining outside the academic establishment and gaining little official renown. His legacy, however, did survive thanks to the biography written by his wife, Leto, and is continued through the work of the Angelos and Leto Katakouzenos Foundation.

Leto Katakouzenos

Arete-Leto Protopappa was born in 1914 in Piraeus, where she spent her childhood years. Her great-grandfather was aide-de-camp to the first king of Hellas, Otto, and came from Montenegro. Her grandfather founded the first biscuit factory in Hellas and her father was a paediatrician and senator during Eleutherios Venizelos's tenure. Her mother was related to Vittorio Emanuele, king of Italy, and a famous beauty. At the age of 12 she lost her elder brother to typhoid and followed her bereaved mother to Berlin, Vienna and Rapallo. By the age of twenty, when she returned to Hellas, she was fluent in French, English, German and Italian and had a degree in piano from the Berlin Academy of Music.



*Leto, by Jean Baelen
(French Ambassador in
Athens from 1951-1955)*



*Leto's blond hair in
Chagall's blue,
by Marc Chagall*

She met Angelos Katakouzenos, in 1932 and their marriage lasted almost 50 years. But being a worthy wife of a great man was not enough for Leto. She took part in the underground resistance during the Nazi occupation and pursued an active literary career. In 1949 her play "The Luminous Path" was staged (with considerable success) at the National Theatre.

In the coming years, she published two novels, two collections of short stories and an account of her acquaintance with Albert Camus. Her books referred mainly to incidents from her own experience, and were full of picturesque details from everyday life.

Katakouzenoi and their era - The 30s generation

The couple were not an isolated case; they belonged to the so-called "1930s generation", a cultural movement by people born in the beginning of the 20th century, intellectuals who had mainly studied abroad and returned to Hellas with the dream of transforming their country to a modern state while remaining loyal to its cultural uniqueness and vast heritage. They were closely linked to the vision of Eleutherios Venizelos, a Cretan politician who during his second tenure as prime minister (1928 to 1933) strove to modernise Hellenic economy and social life.

During the German occupation of Hellas between 1941 and 1945, many members of the “1930s generation” (and the couple in particular) joined the underground urban resistance against the Nazis. The overall progressive political attitude of these upper middle class patricians kept them in touch with the avant-garde of Europe (especially of France, but also of Britain, Italy and Germany) and of the United States in the post-war period. The Katakouzenos house was a meeting point for this group, where its members presented their work and discussed cultural and political issues.

In addition to Niko Ghika, the leading Greek painter, and John Craxton (both of them had given the couple works of theirs, which are permanently exhibited at KHM), the couple was also very close to Rex Warner, the Head of the British Council when PLF was giving lectures there, and of course personal friends with Lady Norton, the wife of the then British



The Lamp, by Niko Ghika



The Cats, by John Craxton

Ambassador, who was known to her friends as “Peter”. It was she who invited John Craxton, and indeed Lucian Freud, to Greece and it was with her support that they managed to live in Greece for some time, visit Poros and paint a series of works.

It is quite characteristic that Professor Katakouzenos turned down serious proposals to undertake the direction of important medical institutions abroad (especially in the United States) for mainly patriotic reasons; for his idealistic generation, a real Hellene should remain and work in Hellas, however difficult that was. The Katakouzenos House preserves the spirit and intentions of people who deeply influenced Hellenic identity in the 20th century. Its importance lies not only in its collection of paintings, books and furniture. It is the spirit of the people that have inhabited it, its invisible side that makes it so important.

Shortly after the death of Angelos, Leto published a book narrating his life, entitled “Angelos Katakouzenos, ho Vales mou” (“Angelos Katakouzenos, my Vales” a name she had constructed by their respective two first names, eVAngelos and LEto). Inspired by this token of love, and with her encouragement, a group of young people was brought together and organised during the course of ten years a series of panels with the participation of leading figures of contemporary Hellenic life, mainly friends of the couple but also younger artists and intellectuals. In 1996, she accidentally found her husband’s last note to her, which he had prepared to send to her with some flowers the morning he died. It was his call to follow him, which she did in Christmas 1997. Her last will was the creation of a foundation that would preserve the house and its contents and continue their legacy.

The Apartment

KHM can indeed be classified as a historical house. The combined effect of art objects, personal items and decorative interiors in the context of real houses belonging to important persons allows the visitors to discover the atmosphere of the time its owners lived, even if they lack in specialist knowledge. A lived-in space facilitates the emotional involvement of the public and can persuade them to show more interest in aspects that would remain obscure had they been in a traditional museum setting.

The house contains an extensive collection of more than 60 paintings, hundreds of

drawings and prints, numerous works of art (decorative objects, sculpture) and a good collection of 18th and 19th c. French and Hellenic furniture. The collection of several thousand mainly 20th century books is scattered all over the house. Manuscripts and letters by both the Katakouzenoi and their famous friends also survive. The collections illustrate life in Hellas in a way that attracts attention, provides knowledge and encourages emotional involvement by the visitors.

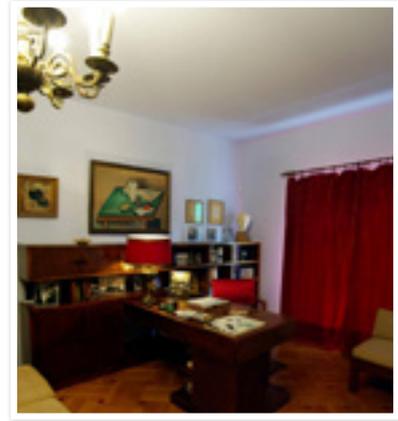
The collections of KHM are not limited to the objects, the paintings, the books or the furniture. They also include its past, the people that lived in and visited it, the words they uttered, their thoughts and dreams, the aura of the lived-in place.

Athens, the centre of modern Hellas, is changing fast. There is a clear danger that Athens is losing its landmarks; not its ancient monuments, the symbols of classical antiquity that are scattered all over its streets, but its recent landmarks, the pockets of 20th century history that a dated official policy is slow to recognise. The Katakouzenos house is one of these landmarks, a place of memory full of meaning and charm, a lived-in place open to contemplation and calling for thoughtfulness. Modern metropolises do not only need brand new cathedrals of culture and power; they also need small chapels of inspiration and intimacy, where the past can be relived and the future anticipated.

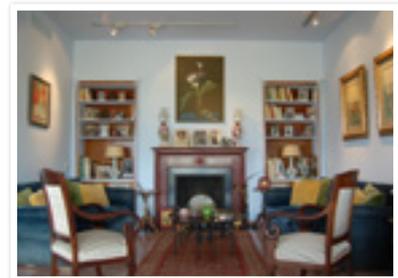
Keeping a promise

I hope I won't be accused of blowing my own trumpet by making a reference to my personal involvement, as for almost thirty years I have led, on a voluntary basis, the efforts to save the house and have offered pro-bono my services as a museologist and a curator to KHM since 2005.

It all started in 1988, when I read an article about Angelos Katakouzenos in a daily newspaper; it stirred my interest and a day later I had already finished reading his biography. I wrote and sent a letter to his wife Leto and, among other things, expressed my desire to do something for her and her husband. I was a second year University student and she was 85 years old; yet she replied immediately to my letter and for the following decade I would meet her practically on a daily basis. My admiration for the "1930s generation" was fed by her stories; a group of young people was formed and organised a series of events centred on the Katakouzenoi and their friends. Many people from all walks of life came to these events, some of them old friends of the couple, others completely unaware of their legacy; soon Leto was showered with letters, and the silent, mourning house was filled with people once more. They were seeking to live its aura of calm and safety, its unique atmosphere, and its magic; it was almost like returning to an ideal place, charged with the evocative power of the Acropolis, the Athenian landscape, and the landmarks of Hellenic history around and inside it. The urge behind this action was not nostalgia. It was the need to redefine its role and continue its legacy.



View of the office of Angelos Katakouzenos showing his desk (designed by Stamos Papadakis) and a "nature morte" by Niko Ghika



Partial view of the living room at KHM

According to Leto herself, the Katakouzenoi were anxious about the fate of their home, years before she made the decision to create a foundation. They were hoping that it would outlast them as a final gift of theirs to their country. Did Leto try, much like Kemal, the main character from Orhan Pamuk's book, the Museum of Innocence, to "tell her story through the intermediation of objects" and to transform the space where she had spent the last forty years of her life into a "house of memories" and a "museum of feelings"? Did she want a house frozen in time or one that would evolve through it? The Leto I met during my student years, her texts and the letters received by her friends, make me believe that beyond immortalising her partner and leaving a legacy about his life, she would have wanted her home to offer its visitors the beginning for a new way of life and thought process.

Many different forces and elements helped realise Leto's dream: the trust and precious support offered by Evita and Takis Arapoglou; the help provided by the Leventis Foundation, the National Bank of Greece and other organisations and foundations; the continuous contribution of the members of the board of KHM, all of them offering their services on a voluntary basis, like Vasso Koussoula, Vassilis Karamitsanis, Vassilis Christodoulou, Dimitri Vassilacos, Maria Sabatakakis and Panayotis Milas; the cooperation with cultural entities, artists and people of letters; and of course the presence of thousands of visitors. It is this enthusiastic and collective support that counterbalances the meagre financial means of KHM.

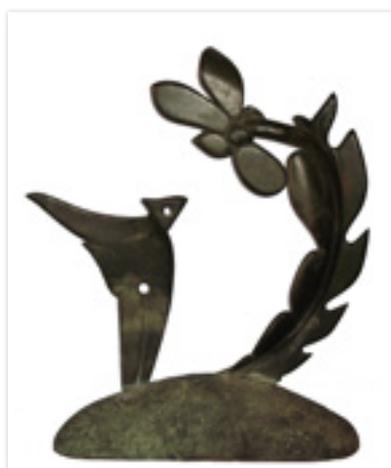
Nine years after its formal opening, the increasing support that KHM continues to receive from a large and high-quality audience, hopefully allows me to support that the faith that Leto placed in me, among others, was not misplaced. I certainly feel that I kept an informal promise towards Leto and even Angelos, whom I only met through her tales and the memorabilia I found in their home. If the Katakouzenos House Museum continues to exist it will certainly be thanks to those who visit it and allow themselves to be charmed by it and discover its own internal stories.

Sophia Peloponmissiou-Vassilacos

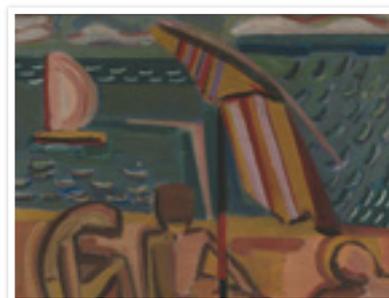
Curator of the Katakouzenos House Museum, Museologist and Member of the Board of the KHM



Sailing boat, by Yannis Tsarouchis

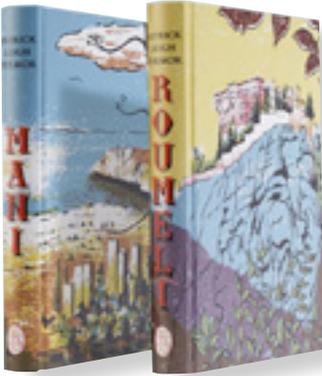


The flirt between the bird and the flower, sculpture by Michael Tombros



The bathers, by Lily Arlioti

The Katakouzenos House Museum is located on the 5th floor of 4, Amalias Avenue, at the very centre of Athens, and is open to visitors by prior arrangement. To arrange a visit, kindly contact the author of this article at sophiapel@yahoo.com or info@katakouzenos.gr or at +306949191272. Facebook: Οικία Κατακουζηνού



In June Katyuli Lloyd, together with Patrick Reade, talked about the new slipcase edition of *Mani* and *Roumeli* published by The Folio Society with photographs by Joan Eyres Monsell, introduction by Artemis Cooper and illustrations by Katyuli Lloyd

Katyuli Lloyd:

When in October 2016 The Folio Society commissioned me to produce new covers and illustrations for Patrick Leigh Fermor's books on Greece - *Mani* (1958) and *Roumeli* (1966) - I decided to embark on an observational drawing trip to the Mani, Greece's southern-most peninsula. I had first read his books at 17, and thinking back to an intimate lunch my sister and I had with him in a windy Dumbleton in 2005, when he signed my copies, I was determined to try to do them justice.

My illustrations would also supplement the beautiful photographs taken by Joan Leigh Fermor, which to the uninitiated give a glimpse of that forbidding and awesome Greek landscape. There is a strong symbiosis between her photographs and Leigh Fermor's writing and when I made my trip, therefore, her images were very much at the forefront of my mind. I didn't want to illustrate anything that one of Joan's photographs already did, and was conscious of wanting my illustrations to complement her work. Other than the large landscapes which form the new covers, I stuck to small decorate pieces for the internal illustrations.

Arriving in Kalamata, the gateway to the region, during a storm, I passed a fitful night's sleep before catching the early-morning bus to Kardamyli, the stone hamlet which Leigh Fermor had made his home from the 1960's until his death in 2011. As daylight broke, I could see the orderly rows of olive trees stretching away from the road as we wound our way into the village. The bus dropped me off in the small town square. After a warming cup of tea in a *kafeneio*, I reread the section from *Mani* where Leigh Fermor describes his first arrival there: "Most unexpectedly, we discovered a little hotel consisting of a few rooms over a grocer's shop owned by Socrates Phalireas". I thought how much I'd like to find that grocer's shop. But what were the chances? Hungry and tired from travelling, I went to seek lunch.

I walked along the main street, full of tourist shops with English signs and even English proprietors. Eventually, I found a small taverna with old fashioned tiles. I ordered an omelette and sat in the pebble courtyard outside, beneath a vine, looking up at the first floor windows with their wooden shutters flung open. I wondered who lived there. A lady came out with my omelette. Chatting in Greek, she asked how it was I spoke the language and what I was doing here. I told her how my family, Russians émigrés, had lived in Greece since the 1930's and how my grandparents, Christian and Lily Heidsieck, and Leigh Fermor had all met after the war. My grandparents had moved to the island of Hydra in 1949, where they worked as potters in the house we still own. Together with other literati and artists of the time, including John Craxton, many a balmy evening was spent on the terraces and in the halls of the Ghika mansion, high above the little fishing village of Kamini. This is where Leigh Fermor later wrote *Mani*.

I explained my commission and she said: “You know, when Leigh Fermor first came to Kardamyli, he stayed here, upstairs, when it was a grocer’s shop.” Well, no I didn’t. But what a good start.

In the last hour before sunset, I climbed up the hill, to look down into Kardamyli. Carrying my ink pens, brushes and watercolours (making as many sketches as I could, I intended to work them up into final artwork back in England). I sat on a low wall, sketching the horizon, the wide band of the darkening sea, the little bay to the right, the terracotta rooftops, cupolas and the odd tower, the rows of olive trees, with their twisting figure trunks, like dancing ladies, and the feathery dry grass in the foreground.

Eager to continue south, following Leigh Fermor’s footsteps into the heart of the Mani, I boarded a pre-dawn bus for Areopolis. Named after Ares, the God of War, it was where the Greek War of Independence against the Ottomans began. It was raining hard when I arrived at the bleak bus depot and I felt disheartened at the prospect of trudging around trying to draw. In a lull from the rain, I walked down damp cobbled streets. The clouds were grey and hung heavy overhead. Moist moss clung to stone walls. The white-gold stone blood-feud towers of the town - which distinguish this part of Greece - shone luminously against the forbidding sky. Fig leaves hung like large, desperate hands of souls in limbo over tall walls. Back at the station, and consulting *Mani’s* next chapter, I asked for a ticket south to Yerolimenas. “Then fovase moni sou?” said the man behind the counter. “Are you not afraid to go by yourself?”

In Yerolimenas, a pretty, coastal town, the temperamental clouds were swept aside: the sky was blue, the green sea calm and welcoming. But I wasn’t prepared for quite how remote the deep Mani was. I took a short walk around the village. Houses were largely abandoned or half-renovated, roofless, high stone walls had crumbled, and telephone wires hung crisscrossed and tangled above my head.

The next day I walked to the neighbouring villages of Kitta and Nomia, a 5 mile round-trip from Yerolimenas. Walking inland, I sketched two silver eucalyptus trees with dark emerald leaves framing a dry-docked little boat. But the billowing gun-metal clouds caught up with me again and together with the Taygetus mountains, looming purple to my right, I felt small and insignificant walking along the empty road. Leigh Fermor often refers to this mountain range. But it’s only when you are on foot, that you realise how great their presence is, stretching along the spine of the narrow peninsula. Above the wild thorny bushes and the blue-grey sea, there was a thin streak of white-yellow on the horizon beneath the clouds. Cypress trees rose sporadically. What a perfect landscape it was for the vengeful, vendetta-mad Maniot generations who had lived here in their towers and from where they launched cannonades on their enemies.

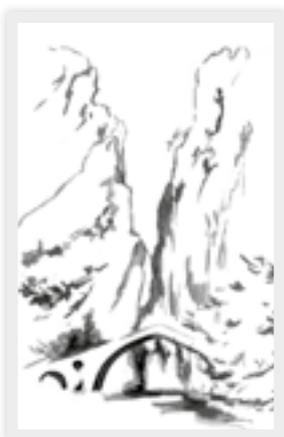
The road turned into a footpath, and the footpath soon disappeared, so that I was left winding my way across country, over rocks and red earth. Two towers suddenly appeared like sentries, beyond the cactus ahead: I had found Nomia. I walked down the path into the empty village and settled down to draw a church, but the changeable wind whipped up harder and I heard a voice call out in Greek: “O kairos halaii.” A man was walking towards me, “The weather’s turning. Come inside” he said. Any reservations I may have had at the prospect of entering a stranger’s blood-feud tower, in the middle of nowhere, were overshadowed by the excitement of entering a blood-feud tower at all. He unlocked a small door and ushered me in.

This was his grandfather’s tower, he explained, and he led me through dark, densely packed rooms, full of boxes and baskets that looked like they had been there for centuries. However, amongst all this, there was a crate of fresh oranges glowing in the darkness. At the top of

the tower I looked quickly around, taking in the panoramic view and the nearby towers of Kitta through gusts of wind. Retreating down the rickety wooden stairs, he then offered me some lamb stew. I declined, so he handed me two oranges from the crate instead. I put one in each pocket. Extraordinarily, when I emerged from the tower, the weather had changed dramatically and I found myself blinking in blistering sunshine.

Katyuli Lloyd read Russian and Modern Greek at Clare College, Cambridge (2004-8) and completed a Masters in Children's Book Illustration at the Cambridge School of Art (2014-16).

*Limited edition signed prints of the cover bindings and illustrations from The Folio Society editions of Patrick Leigh Fermor's *Mani* and *Roumeli* are available to buy on Katyuli's website at <https://katyuli.com/shop/>*



Patrick Reade:

My childhood was in the Eastern Mediterranean in the 1950s - in Cyprus. A tri-partite world of Greek, Turkish and English children with the smattering of Armenian giving our lives an exotic feel even at that age. Beyond the robust Ottoman divans dressed with kelims in the white arched Turkish villa the Bakelite brown radio gave us news through a curtain of static interference and London Calling seemed utterly remote with the sonorous tones of the BBC World service at six o'clock each evening and perhaps the announcer's voice was that of Alvar Liddell. The timbre of that voice still resonates in my head and makes me want to imitate his certainty, his grandiloquence, his imperial authority. He used words which were strange - "sputnik" - and he talked of distant figures - Khrushchev and Eisenhower - whose names evoked power reinforced it seemed by their repeated appearance on this stage. But as a child it seemed that great characters populated our doorstep at intervals or inveigled us to join them in the blanched houses that were scattered across the littoral or the mountain range of Northern Cyprus. There were drinks and conversation in the cool of the early evening on the roof top terrace of Lawrence Durrell's house in Bella Pais for whom my father acted as a lawyer upon purchase or sale, there were cool swims across the rocky bay with Marie Millington Drake observed by her peacocks, there were visits from Peter

Megaw, later to be Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens, encounters with Xan Fielding, author, traveller, philhellene, SOE operative and great friend of Paddy Leigh Fermor's. Larry Durrell wrote *Bitter Lemons* about his time in Cyprus and this became the biography of my childhood - a litany of names of those I knew and whose larger than life characters seemed to litter our daily experience from Sabri the great Turkish fixer in Kyrenia to the Governor General Harding and later Sir Michael Carver and others like Mr Magubgub - a dilettante archaeologist of Armenian extraction whose name housed within it some titular honorific long lost in the shifting social and racial tectonics of the Middle East. As a child of some tender years I was indifferent to most conversations but spoke enough Greek to distil parental secret language and make sense of imminent adult intentions. But the real interest lay in the pursuit of swift darting geckos keen to escape capture or the entrancement of a chameleon found on the branch of an orange tree or the cautious encounter with the vast polychromatic iguana type lizards that patrolled the garden walls or played sentinel upon abandoned rocks. Elsewhere with my brother Rufus hedgehogs were taken prisoner and fed on milky squares of bread and cats corralled into safe parts of the garden.

The names that had a particular élan and resonance were those of Paddy and Xan - and there arrived another figure from Greece called Elias Millas. They had all trained together in Palestine and Egypt with SOE with my father before being dropped into Crete either by parachute or submarine in 1942. My father was much older than either Paddy or Xan but was a fluent Greek speaker and Philhellene from years of travel in the Greece of Venizelos to which he had travelled by donkey from Albania in the 1920's. He had enlisted in 1939 with Field Security and because of linguistic skills speaking French, German and Greek was drafted into SOE and was sent for training to Northern Ireland initially and then Egypt and thence to Haifa where skills in insurgency were learnt. My father was sent to Crete by submarine with the instructed purpose of mining German warships in the reaches of Suda harbour - a vast natural bay where many of the German Mediterranean fleet were anchored. Anyone who knows the geography of Suda might express surprise at the prospect of a 40 year old swimming several miles out in open water bearing a cargo of limpet mines strapped to his body. The mission was suicidal and indeed when Paddy and a colleague tried the approach for the same task they were very nearly captured by German guards one of whom was about 1 foot from Paddy's nose as he lay hiding from the flashlight under the fuselage of a wrecked German plane. Paddy spent several hours lying motionless under the wrecked Dornier bomber on the quayside in complete darkness.

My father, Arthur Reade, spent Christmas 1942 high up in the White Mountains in a cave eating potatoes as his sole nourishment cooked in the ashes of the fire. He had in his possession a great many gold sovereigns which were intended as payment for the services of their Cretan supporters. One night a young Cretan shepherd boy who had never seen such treasure removed the lot. When his father discovered the loot they marched him back up to the cave with profuse apologies. My father simply reassured them that the boy had been given them for safe keeping and was in no way to be punished. There was one moment in the winter of early 1943 which became known as Oakapple Day - since it mirrored the escape of Prince Charles through Sussex during the Civil War. An entire regiment of Austrian mountain troops was suddenly sent out to capture Paddy, Xan and Arthur and their Cretan compatriots. There was snow on the ground and their footprints were easy to follow. It became obvious that Xan and his Cretan companion could run on ahead leaving a trail of prints which the Austrians would follow, which they did. But Xan outran them up the mountain. Meanwhile Paddy and Arthur climbed to the top of a tall pine tree and stayed there in chilly silence. The Austrian general walked beneath them with his Labrador dogs unaware of their enemies above them. A little over 14 years later Arthur met the General in

Vienna at the Ambassador Kranz Hotel and was able to recount to him an account of that very day.

It was on the high landscape of Crete that the friendship was wrought between Paddy and Xan and Arthur. Years later Paddy would report verbatim on conversations that they had enjoyed and Paddy would tell me about my ancestors as described by Arthur including tales of Maria Edgeworth, the author, the Abbé Edgeworth, Confessor to Louis XVI at the Guillotine and the great educationalist Richard Lovell Edgeworth. Thus it was that Paddy was assigned to me as my godfather - an important role in Cretan society amongst whom they were living.

The first meeting with Paddy that I remember with clarity was in April 1961 in London - when Joan and Paddy were borrowing a basement flat - the whereabouts are uncertain - perhaps Charlotte Street - I remain unsure. Paddy gave me 15 bob to buy myself a toy from Hamleys. I was 8 years old at the time. There was something of a gap then till the 1970's when we spoke on the phone on a couple of occasions when I was in Greece. But in 1983 at Mildmay Grove where I lived with Louise Hayman he came to supper with Will and Katie Joll and Rod and Christine Conway Morris. During the conversation I mentioned "salpinx" in a medical context and this set Paddy off quoting from Homer in Ancient Greek about the "salpinges" - trumpets sounding on the walls of Troy. At the climax of his very vital declamation the chair upon which he was sitting surrendered utterly and the frame shattered beneath him. It was the physical manifestation of his dramatic and theatrical personality.

The next occasion was at the Travellers' Club for which he had proposed me as a member and we lunched with Xan and he introduced me to the strange and spectral figure of an Abbé who haunted the library in his dark cassock. I tried then to perform a quick sketch of Paddy but the whereabouts of that drawing are unknown to me now, sadly. Paddy was very good with connecting and creating social bridges and introduced me to both the writer George Psychoundakis and the artist John Craxton whose engaging company led to a visit to Asigonia and explorations of remote chapels enriched with ikons and hidden coastal tavernas where fresh fish were eagerly delivered to our seaside table.

There was an enjoyable meal at King's School, Canterbury with Jock Murray where Paddy wearing all the trappings of a medieval scholar received an Honorary Degree from the University of Kent in Canterbury Cathedral and gave a wonderful oration. We then decamped to the Dean's garden for tea - this being the route taken by the fleeing murderers of Thomas à Becket. Paddy read aloud for us one of his funny pastiche poems plagiarising his friend John Betjeman.

There was another lunch with Paddy at the Travellers a few years on and then in 2010 my son Orlando and I had tea with him in Dumbleton where he marvelled at the quality of the local jam and we talked of Pelleas and Melisande and of early Romanian ceramics which had recently been on show at the Ashmolean. Orlando was keen to meet Paddy again and in May 2011 we flew to Athens and made our way down to Kardamyli going anticlockwise



around the Mani peninsula. We were greeted by Elpida and William Blacker who was staying in the house at that time. When I told Paddy that Orlando was studying Renaissance English he enquired if he knew Sir Thomas Wyatt's poem "They flee from me that sometime did me seek". He then recited the whole poem from memory to us. He asked me if I had an offering of a similar kind and I rendered the barge scene described by Enobarbus from Antony and Cleopatra which he recognised at the first line.

The lunch proceeded with much talk and I remember Paddy emphasising some point about writing to William which I caught on camera. This - the last photo taken of Paddy in his life. After lunch he retired for a snooze but later that day he suffered a relapse of his laryngeal cancer and after a visit to Athens for an ENT opinion was informed that there was no possible further treatment. He flew back to England 10 days later and died in his bed the next day in Dumbleton aged 96.

Paddy grew up in an era of famous travel writers such as Robert Byron who had written the *Road to Oxiana* and *The Station*. There was A.J.Ackerley and his *Hindoo Holiday*, Norman Douglas had written about Sicily and Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* was already a classic. Thesiger a fellow member of the Traveller's Club was exploring the empty quarter and Lawrence of Arabia had penned *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Newby produced *A Short Walk In the Hindu Kush* in 1952. Colonel Fawcett had already written *Amazonia* and was later to disappear completely in the Amazon with his son. But Paddy was at that watershed between the colonial literature of Empire and early post colonialism - there were restive writers discarding the mantle of Anglocentric traditions and, although he travelled through much of the West Indies, his journey in *The Traveller's Tree* is that of part anthropologist and almost explorer, rather than as a traveller, more as a man behaving like a companion in experience of West Indian life. Although it has to be said that *The Violins of Saint-Jacques* might be seen as the *dernier cri de coeur* of a lost type of life that had depended on centuries of discrimination and slavery. But Paddy loved so many facets of life - be it genealogy, linguistics, history, the classics and all this imbued with a great romanticism. He describes his time when discovering the Mani as "unregimented leisure between the rigours of displacement". He loved minorities and their curiosities and their unique clothing and language. He loves hagiography as much as he enjoys fleshing out the long retrospective lineages of ancient palaeologues and the inheritors of Byzantine civilisation. Larry Durrell had to confess upon reading *Mani* that all other writers on Greece had been knocked into a cocked hat. Paddy's *Mani* and *Roumeli* represent a deep understanding and penetration into a Greek culture that has vanished but is gloriously preserved for us in both volumes.

THE MAKING OF 'CAPTURE ON CRETE'

By Alexis Penny Casdagli

This personal account is of the making of the documentary, Capture On Crete, about one man's capture there, among the many thousands, on 1 June 1941. The man is Major A T Casdagli, my father, and although the film, based on his war diary *Prouder Than Ever*, precisely retraces the events of 5 November 1940 – 9 June 1941, those events of the past are seen through the prism of the present, a phenomenon with which Paddy himself was very familiar. The 'trailer' for Capture On Crete, entitled *This Song*, won the Odysseus Award in the recent London Greek Film Festival for the Best Experimental Film of 2017.

I first went to Crete in February 1964 to visit Knossos and the Villa Ariadne, which in 1944 was the residence of German General Kreipe, so famously abducted by Paddy and Billy Stanley Moss and Cretan resistance fighters on 26 April of that year. I was the guest of Paddy's great friend, the artist and keen amateur archaeologist, Maro Stathatos, neé Vatimbella. Indeed, it was through Maro that I was shortly to meet another of Paddy's great friends, the poet George Seferis, and then, many years later, Paddy himself. Maro was, as readers of Billy Moss' *Ill Met By Moonlight* will

remember, a friend of the gentlemanly Zaharis Zographakis, and helped him to learn English when he was in Alexandria, by inviting him to parties and other enjoyable events.

I found it an inspiring trip made all the more so by Maro's enthusiasm and erudition along with her friends and associates at the British School of Archaeology. At that time, I was unaware of my father's connection with the Villa Ariadne. On 27 January, 1974, having just read *The Villa Ariadne* by Dilys Powell, my father wrote to her about how he been short-listed to become Curator of the Villa Ariadne at Knossos in 1947, before his eventual appointment to the three year post of British Consul in Volos in that same year.



Alexis Penny Casdagli in the garden of the Villa Ariadne, Knossos, 5 June 2016.

In 1997, I went to Crete with my mother, Captain Wendy Casdagli, née Nicholson, Special Operations Executive, to scatter my father's ashes under a palm tree in the garden of the Villa Ariadne. Two years later, I made the same journey again alone, to that same tree with my mother's ashes. The last day of our filming of *Capture On Crete* took place in the garden of the Villa Ariadne on 5 June 2016.

Capture On Crete, in English and Greek, opens in May 1941 at Major Casdagli's HQ at the Agrokkipion, Chania, where he had been appointed Deputy Assistant Director of Ordnance to Services (DADOS) from his previous base at Alexandria on 5 November, 1940. It then follows the route of the evacuation march south, to Vrises, then on through Stylos, where 'all hell broke loose', through the White Mountains, to the Askifou Plain, where we also filmed in the War Museum there, to Nimbros – as Imbros was then called – to a cave in Komitades, and finally, as capitulation was ordered, down to their capture in the small port of Sphakia.

The film then charts the 'penitential march', as Dilys Powell so appositely refers to it, back to the north of the island along the old road up through Nimbros, and high into the unrelenting harshness of the White Mountains again, to the site of the war-time Seventh General Hospital, just outside Galatas and finally to Maleme aerodrome, where, roped into Ju-52 planes, and under armed guard, the captured officers were flown low over the sea to Tatoi aerodrome and Athens. We have added three additional Cretan locations: Chania and the Venetian Arsenals where my father kept the ordnance supplies; Hill 107 and the German Cemetery, both located at Maleme.

Amongst the film's participants are Ann Straker, another prisoner of war daughter, whose father, Lord Milne, was also captured on Crete in 1941, Don Bergomi from Australia, an expert on Second World War aviation, and the then British Ambassador to Greece, John Kittmer.

Also taking part are Ambassador Caramitsos-Tziras, the Greek Ambassador in London, Jeremy Kippenberger, the son of Major General Sir Howard 'Kip' Kippenberger, Yannis Zerbos, Executive Director of the Athens Centre, Tony



Maj A T Casdagli, left, in his own cutting of his capture, 1 June 1941, Sphakia, Crete.



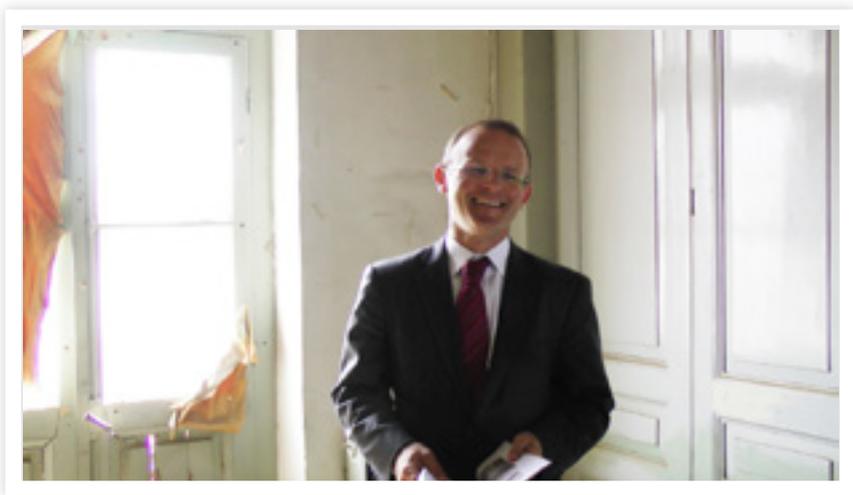
Maj A T Casdagli, temporary HQ, Stylos, 27 May 1941.

Buckby, the Director of the British Council, Athens, Andreas Fasolakis, an eye witness the capture of the Allied Forces in Sphakia, and Nikos Kalogeris, whose two brothers were killed in the Battle of Galatas. Music for the film is performed and composed by both English and Greek musicians, including Dimitris Gionis, Marina Deligianni and Pavlo Melas.

Capture On Crete is dedicated to the Allied Forces, many of whom are buried in Cretan soil, and to the men, women and children of Crete, who fought so bravely side by side with them and to those who gave their lives for freedom and peace in the world.

Capture On Crete, to be released in the spring, and *Prouder Than Ever* are produced for and by Cylix Press. For more details, visit www.cylixpress.co.uk

20% of all sales are donated to the British Red Cross



Filming Ambassador Kittmer for Capture On Crete, the Agrokipion, Chania, 22 May 2016