



Thursday, 13th January 1944

I have received an extract from the *Verbale* of the Faculty of Medicine and Surgery of Messina University, signed by the Faculty, deploring the misbehaviour of the students at the opening ceremony, and expressing to the Rector Magnificus, Martino, their appreciation for his great work on behalf of the university, and calling for the punishment of the group responsible for the disgraceful scene. There is little doubt that the professorate are entirely behind Martino, realizing the great work he has done for Messina.

To leave Messina and Sicily this morning was not very pleasant after the time I have spent in the country. The curious thing about this island is that it is very possessive, and those of us who have spent any time here, and worked on the problems facing this people, find it difficult to leave—and so it was this morning. Professor Martino, looking as smart as ever in his naval uniform, Signore and Signora Lipari and Bill Hare with Tony came down to the ferry.

This consisted of a British landing craft under command of a lieutenant of the Royal Navy which took off from the beach. The regular ferry service has been completely disorganized by our bombardment before we took Messina. There were many mules waiting to cross, and the jeep, with my Italo-American driver, was put aboard with the mules, and Captain Hare and Tony also came on board, both determined to set foot on the shore of Italy and go back with the craft on its return trip. As the ship was drawing away from the shore Mrs. Lipari shouted that the Badoglio Government, according to the wireless announcement, had just taken over Sicily from the Military Government. It is a sad day for Sicily, as was only too plainly seen from the faces of the pathetic group on the shore. More than half of Sicily has feared this event: they would rather be ruled by us than any Italian Government—which, in any case, they do not consider as really their own. It is only under Military Government, with its headquarters on the island until recently, that their grievances

and difficulties could be dealt with quickly and with the certainty that the Government was really anxious to meet the needs of the people. Their experience of fascism has made them distrust any centralized Italian Government.

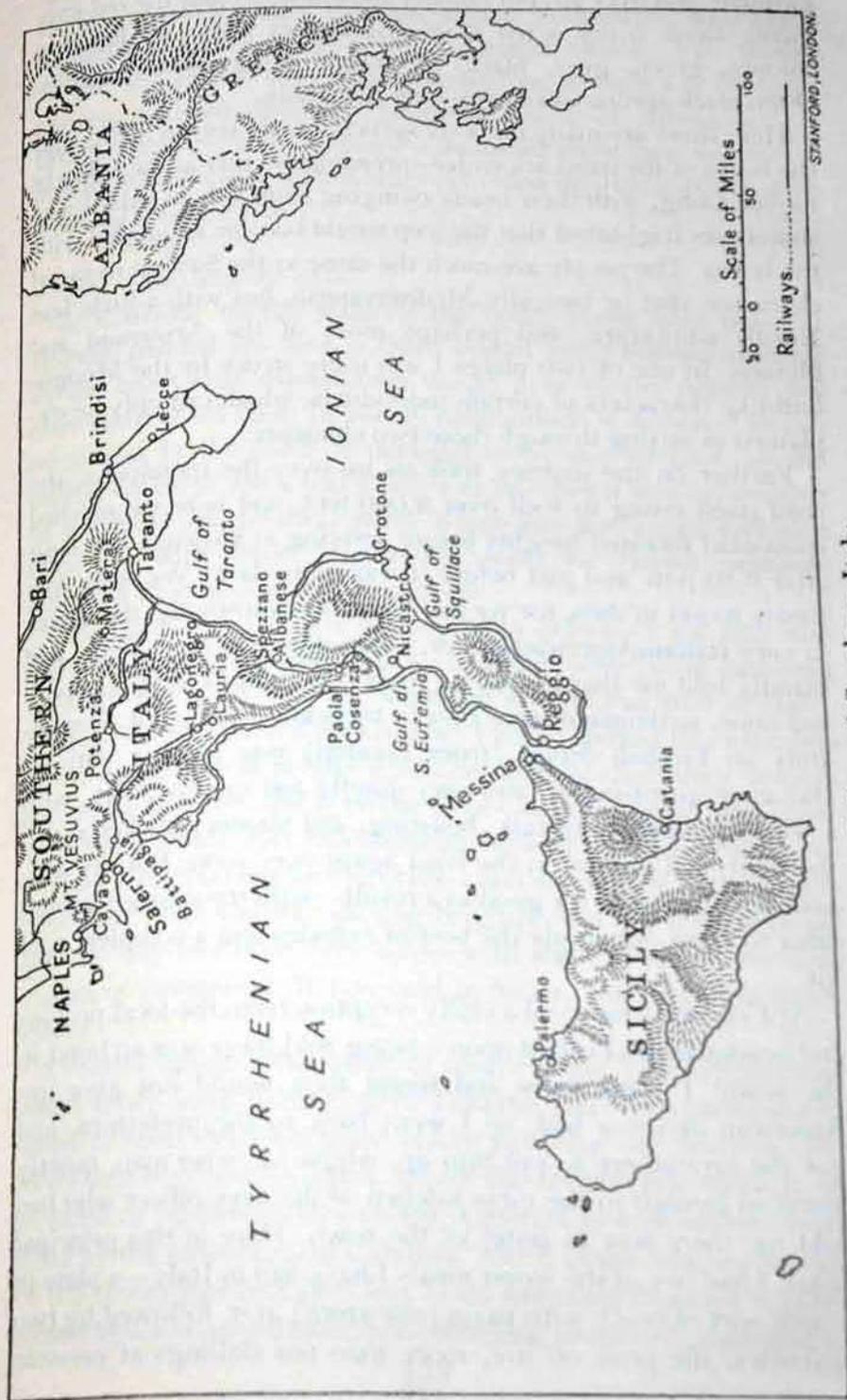
As the boat pulled out into the Straits, we saw Mount Etna standing up beautifully to the south-west, with its peak snow-clad and wisp of smoke over it—and Sicily appeared in all its glory of beautiful colour of blues and greys and deeper greens, with the whiteness of Messina in the foreground receding as Reggio was approached.

As we drew near to the shore the mules began to whinny and the lieutenant told me that they always did so at the same spot from which, apparently, they can smell the land.

The Italian side of the Straits is very like Sicily—except that the women are normally barefooted on this side, and there is an absence of the beautiful Sicilian carts. These women march along with swinging strides, their skirts swinging almost like the kilts of highlanders (except that they are longer, of course) and the bare feet making no sound, while all the time they have a perfect carriage, no doubt due to the fact that they carry everything on their heads.

As we went farther north the country became less precipitous and so less and less like Sicily, and towards midday (our start having been at 8.30 a.m.) the road crossed over a plateau, the sea lying to the left, and in the distance, on the right, rose up the high Calabrian mountains. The road straightened out as a consequence, and had not the winding nature so typically developed as in Sicily, and, furthermore, the road was much better despite the war having passed over it. It brought to mind all that the Separatists, Aprile, Tasca, Napoli, and the others had so frequently told us of the neglect which Sicily had suffered at the hands of successive Italian Governments. Because of the change in the landscape, we now came into a country in which there were fields instead of cultivated strips upon the hillsides. Olives too grew in greater profusion, but there were less oranges and those I tasted to-day were not nearly so good as those of Sicily.

Northwards, about Nicastro, the women, still barefoot, wore pretty, but not always clean, folk costume, usually of white petticoats, with over them scarlet skirts not quite covering the under-



Sicily and Southern Italy

garment, and over all, but hooked up behind, so that the red garments alone really acted as skirts, flannel skirts of differing colours, green, grey, black, or yellow being most common. Often black aprons were worn over the whole.

Here there are many more ox carts than one sees in Sicily, and the horns of the oxen are wider-spreading, so that as they slowly moved along, with their heads swinging from side to side, I was sometimes frightened that the jeep would become entangled with the horns. The people are much the same as the Sicilian in racial character, that is, basically Mediterranean, but with a little less Nordic admixture, and perhaps more of the Armenoid and Dinaric. In one or two places I was quite struck by the Mongoloid-like characters of certain individuals, which can only be explained as arising through these two elements.

Farther on the journey took us up over the mountains, the road itself rising to well over 2,000 feet, and here we reached the snow-clad forested heights before arriving at Cosenza not long after 6.30 p.m. and just before it was quite dark. We were fortunate to get in then, for we had had a breakdown and the driver (a very Italian-American driver, a taxi-driver in New York) had blandly told me that he had no tools—as A.M.G. cars normally had none, so deficient were they in tools and equipment. Fortunately an English driver (from London) was passing with an Italian sergeant-major, and very quietly and methodically, with a welcome absence of talk, boasting, and bluster, tracked down the fault, and had us on the road again very soon. But my self-assurance had gone for good as a result—with these lonely mountains to cross one needs the best of vehicles and a complete tool kit.

At Cosenza I received a chilly reception from the local provincial headquarters I called upon—being told there was an hotel in the town! I went there and found they would not give my American driver a bed, so I went back to the prefettura, and got the carabinieri to put him up, whilst he, wise man, quietly installed himself in the mess kitchen of the very officer who had told me there was an hotel in the town. Here in this principal hotel, I had one of the worst meals I have had in Italy—a plate of a poor sort of broth with pasta (macaroni) in it, followed by two sparrows: the price 50 lire, more than ten shillings at pre-war

rate of exchange—and even at the present rate very expensive. Here, at table, was a Calabrian, a local interpreter, who had a Canadian passport, and he cursed the dinner roundly. I am thankful that my driver, with some premonition of what was likely to happen, insisted upon my taking a couple of American 'C' rations up to my room with me—the small tin of meat in the one and the tin of cheese in the other provided my real support after I left the dining-table.

*Friday, 14th January 1944*

In Cosenza, on the walls of the hotel, there were political slogans painted up—one of them was of great interest reading to the effect that communism would give to the peasant the ownership of his land. In reality communism is designed to put communal in the place of personal ownership of land, so the legend on these walls was a political lie—but it was interesting to see how one political party which has not a dog's chance normally with these land-loving southern Italian peasants amended its gospel to suit local needs.

The hotel was full of a cosmopolitan crowd—I am told that there is a Yugoslav camp near by in which were being gathered together the Slavs who are scattered around this part of Italy. This would account for the German I heard spoken this morning in the hotel. I wish people would not noisily clear their throats and noses and then spit it on the floor—it puts one off breakfast.

We had a late start this morning because we had difficulty in getting some patches for the tyres—and we did not get away till ten-thirty. The sun was shining brightly, but did not warm us, and the day has been very cold—with snow lying on the surrounding mountains. It was cold in Sicily, but here it is much colder.

Cosenza lies in a flat piece of country, the Vale of the Crati which flows down to the Gulf of Taranto, and bears pastures and crops in open stretches quite unlike anything one finds in hilly Sicily and southern Calabria, where the countryside tends to be in terraces. Although in a valley, Cosenza is surrounded on all sides by the mountains of Calabria, which in the Sila, to the east of the town, rise to 6,000 feet. This morning Cosenza was enclosed by snow-white mountains dazzling in the cold sunlight.

Everywhere hereabouts we are in the land of the ox-carts, the mule and the horse, which are the chief draught animals in Sicily, being left behind.

As in Sicily, so here in Calabria, there are villages inhabited by Albanians. One of these we passed through—Spezzano Albanese. The men wore long black cloaks and the names of the streets were Slavonic. The people too had more of the appearance of the strains found on the other side of the Adriatic than the other villages we passed through, and even noticeably more so than the Albanian village of Piano dei Greci in Sicily: or so it seemed to me. To the southwards of Spezzano Albanese, but off the main road which we followed, there is a group of these Albanian villages—S. Giorgio Albanese, S. Cosmo Albanese, and S. Demetrio Corone.

All the villages through which we passed were squalid and the women were drably dressed, unlike southern Calabria where they wore pretty costumes. But here, as in most parts of Sicily, they wear shoes and stockings. Perhaps because it is so much colder than further south.

North of Spezzano Albanese we passed over some hills which gave way to the Plain of Sibari, in which the farming conditions were like those of the plain around Cosenza, and this plain ran eastwards to the Gulf of Taranto. To the left the plain merged into the valleys of the Ésarò and the Follone, and beyond provided passes over Catena Costiera to the Mediterranean. It was over the pass formed by the head-waters of the Ésarò that we flew on returning to Palermo from Brindisi. In these high mountains rising to over 5,000 feet, there are more of these Albanian settlements, such as S. Caterina Albanese and Falconara Albanese.

Crossing over this plain we began to climb a high snow-clad mountain range, the Pollino, and the scattered single dwellings which we had noticed in places came to an end, and gave place to towns similar to those of Sicily, perched on the tops of the mountains, and often near the ruins of a castle. It is clear that, both in this mountainous region between Cosenza and Potenza (our next destination) and in Sicily through the ages, the inhabitants have had to crowd into towns on the tops of hills as a protection against both man and the mosquito—certainly the mosquito in

the case of Sicily. To this day, except in harvest time (when the towns empty of their inhabitants, who go and live in houses and cottages on their lands) the Sicilian would not dare to live outside the security of his town. Even in the neighbourhood of the cities, such as at Mondello near to Palermo, those who have lemon groves on which they live, say they can only do so with the protection of the Mafia: now in 1944.

In this part of Calabria our road took us over the highest, bleakest, and coldest part of our journey, reaching sometimes 3,000 feet or thereabouts. In these parts we passed through another Albanian village where the street signs had been newly painted in Albanian (the fascists not having permitted the public use of the language before). Here in the mountains the mule and the ass, as beasts of burden, and the goat, became once more common and the ox wagons less so. The Armenoid and Dinaric characters seemed to me more marked in this last Albanian village, and in some of the other places we had passed in these mountains, than elsewhere in Calabria and Sicily: although, of course, in all these places, the Mediterranean is the predominant type. Nordics were here and there to be seen and there were occasionally quite fair children. The people seemed, on the whole, less dark than in southern Calabria—where they were much darker than the average Sicilian.

Coming down from these mountain heights we entered Lucania and the scattered dwellings reappeared again—many of them in the hills, with chimneys, a sight unknown in Sicily. The greater coldness here has made it impossible for man to maintain the fiction of Sicily, that the climate is so warm all the year round that fires are not necessary. The scattered nature of the dwellings suggested a greater degree of public safety as we neared Potenza, which we reached at 5 p.m., and I am staying in the AMGOT mess, being hospitably entertained by the senior Civil Affairs Officer (Major Nichols). Here I met, again, Major Follitt of the R.A.M.C., with whom I travelled out in the s.s. *Ormonde*.

*Saturday, 15th January 1944*

This morning Captain Vesselo arrived at Potenza from Matera, as I had arranged. I gave him an account of the develop-

ment of our policy, and especially of the vexed question of the Washburne-Ferretti suggestions to teachers which had caused such trouble with the Church authorities, only to find that Major Sherwood's telegram to him not to print them had not been received and 10,000 copies had just been printed and were now in process of being issued to the Provveditori of Region II (Calabria and Lucania). Vesselo will get them back—and as my jeep was leaving he asked, 'What shall I do with them?' to which I called back, 'Burn them!' And I believe he will. [He did!]

Vesselo has done an excellent job here in southern Italy in a land without any good communications, where war has made the mountainous countryside more difficult than ever to administer. He is particularly concerned at the way in which, no sooner is an official dismissed by Colonel McCaffrey (Commander of Region II) on his advice, than the man has only to go to King's Territory (Apulia) and Cuomo, the Minister of Education, gives him an appointment. I have had similar trouble over the Administrator of Messina University, who was so bad a fascist that I had to dismiss him, and now I hear that Cuomo (or his staff) proposes giving him also a goodly appointment. One may ask is it because Cuomo is a fascist in secret? I think the answer is very definitely no for he has been out of office for twenty years, but what we do not understand at home about the situation here is that intrigue, to a degree of which we have no conception, is normal. Furthermore, party alignment is much less important than family and friendship—as a result an extreme anti-fascist will put a very compromised individual into office on occasion because of such underlying considerations. In fascist times the same thing was true in southern Italy. That is the only reason why quite outstanding anti-fascists could survive in many cases—their kin and their friends were high in the party. Therefore, it is no surprise to find men of unimpeachable anti-fascist record coming round to plead for some arch-fascist, as they frequently do. Fascists and fascism have to be eradicated, but its dangers, so far as southern Italy is concerned, are not so great as we might at first think, owing to the order of the society being based upon the family rather than party or state. If dictatorship in any form arises in Italy it will come from the north and not from the south.

Concern is also expressed over Vito Reale, Minister of the Interior, who, it is alleged, has been heard to say that those officials appointed by Military Government were collaborationists and would be removed when the Italian Government took over its territory again. This is supposed to be a pro-Allied minister!

Left Potenza at twelve-thirty for the last lap of a long and difficult journey to Naples. At Battipaglia, near Salerno, where the battle for the landing on the beaches was fought, there is a scene of indescribable destruction—the worst I have seen in Italy, only a few houses being habitable. From here to Salerno, and thence to Naples, was a difficult journey because of the heavy military transport going up to the front. I reached Naples late and found the billet Major Washburne had reserved for me—a well-furnished house in Via Santa Brigida, No. 68, Flat 5, with a fat pleasant *portiera* downstairs to look after me.

The approaches to Naples are as if through a rural slum, like those which have grown up on the approaches to some of our large towns. Here the dwellings are dispersed, often in bad, dirty, and derelict condition, and they stand in their gardens which are intensively cultivated—for the whole district is a great market garden on the fertile lands created by the frequent eruptions of Vesuvius through the ages. Naples itself also strikes me as equally slummy and unpleasant after Palermo—although the bombardment to which it has been subjected does not improve its appearance. The dock area, through which we passed, is very badly mauled. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that, like all Italian towns, it looks beautiful from a distance.

Thus ends the coldest journey of my life—sometimes, although wrapped in a blanket and two coats, I felt I would freeze, and the winds, especially between Potenza and Salerno, were extremely bitter as they rushed down from the snow-clad heights. Major Follitt told me this morning that frost-bite was a frequent complaint which he had to treat here—in sunny Italy!

This last lap of the journey from Potenza was made worse by the wet mistiness of the day, which prevented even a weak sunshine relieving the intense cold.

Prices of goods are terribly high in Potenza. In Sicily we were paying the scandalous price of 12 lire an egg. That is 6½d. an egg,

in an agricultural country at modern rates of exchange. But here they ask 20 lire—1s.—an egg. Everything else is high in proportion.

*Sunday, 16th January 1944*

To-day had two long conferences. First with Colonel Spofford, who was chief of staff, first to Lord Rennell and then to General McSherry, and who, now that the latter has left, is commanding that side of our operation which is still Military Government as distinct from Armistice Control Commission, and then afterwards with Lord Stansgate, who is Vice-President of the Commission. Both were very cordial. There are rumours that officers are being recalled for preparation of plans for Germany, and I ought to be among those, in view of my knowledge of German affairs, but I fear that they are going to oppose it here on the score of indispensability.

Stansgate appears to be the only person who manages to keep warm. When he arrived at Palermo he soon discovered that the American military hospital was the only warm place—the Americans rarely stint heating, if it can be contrived at all—and he went there to live. Now here in this frigidly cold Naples, he also has a room with a blazing stove. It must make most of his callers envious.

*Monday, 17th January 1944*

Washburne has got much work under way already. I really have never met such an enthusiastic worker—the debt which is due to him on the part of the authorities is very considerable, but he is hardly likely to have it acknowledged, as, in order to get things done, he has had to be very forceful, and that upsets people—especially senior officers.

When Carlton got here he found there was nothing provided for us in the way of office space. First he managed to get a corner only of a large room occupied by several officers, and no desk. By long fighting he got a table and chair. Then he got hold of a large cold bare room with no telephone (on which Carlton sets great store—but I hate it) and a kitchen table and two chairs. He was lucky to get a first-class American corporal, Johnny Apicella, who is an Italian-speaking university graduate, of

obliging manners and great willingness. In addition he got another Italo-American soldier, Joe Dimarco, also a university graduate, and teacher of romance languages. With their aid he got supplies, typewriters, and furniture together, and two rooms in the shattered Post Office building. Here we have our offices at the moment—and Washburne does not exaggerate when he calls them 'cold as Greenland'.

This evening I had an excellent dinner with Captain Geyer (who is my Education Officer for Region III, Naples province, with Colonel Kraege) and with Captain Pomeroy and other officers of his small mess. He is very fortunate in being in a small and excellent private mess, where everything is well ordered and clean. Quite a contrast to the wretched mess we have here as usual: it is quite as bad as that at Palermo. On getting back to my flat—which I occupy all alone—and which is extremely cold, the house shook violently twice, and at the first time I thought it was a bomb, but, no sound being heard, I realized it was an earthquake shock. How foolhardy man is, in that, just for the fertile soil produced by volcanoes, he will build right at the foot of one with a bad reputation. It seems to me that this volcano is going to go off at any time, because it is covered with a pall of smoke by day and flames flare up at night. (It erupted shortly after this.)

The sight of this heat wasting away in the volcano is aggravating considering how cold we are here where the winds sweep down from the snow-clad mountains, and where one is never warm at night, there being no means of heating whatsoever in the houses.

*Tuesday, 18th January 1944*

Since I arrived I have been making frantic efforts to get my office to rights. Carlton is off to Foggia to see if he can get a paper mill working in order to produce enough paper for our school text-books—as there is a great shortage we have to compete with the *Stars and Stripes*, the soldiers' paper, for newsprint, so that the children may have some books for the opening of their schools. Cord is another great difficulty, as they appear to have run out of cord in Sicily for binding the books they have already printed, and Carlton in his usual persistent way is trying

to find some here so that we can fly it to Sicily to keep the machines going. In our offices in the damaged Post Office building the windows are out, rubble is all over the place, and there is no light—but Carlton has got telephones in for us. We are now trying to get a civilian staff together, to replace that excellent staff we had at Palermo, but it is very difficult, and the new administrative people who arrived with the Control Commission, who have already trickled in till our headquarters is quite heavy, have no great experience of military government and are not helpful; and Lieutenant Panelli, who wants to help, finds he is obstructed. From the point of view of educational work, the move to Naples has been a decided setback, as we had a perfectly developed office machine, based upon a big civilian staff which we have had to leave behind. I have asked the Rector of the University, Professor Adolfo Omodeo, to find me an English-speaking secretary but I cannot hope to replace Catinella by anyone else with a like knowledge of Italian law and procedure and English at the same time. We have obtained an Italian woman who has married one of our Canadian soldiers—Mrs. Anna Scott—but she knows very little English as yet.

The *portiera* in my house is very kind, and I have arranged for her two daughters to keep the flat clean, and they seem very willing to do so. They have put a brazier (of the Sicilian type) containing some wood ash, in the sitting-room I am using of an evening, in the belief that it will warm me—but it has no effect at all, so cold is it. The only thing to do is to go to bed and sit up and write there until one's hands become too cold to continue.

To-day I received the second number of the illegal Separatist paper *L'Indipendenza Siciliana* (issued on January the 15th) which contains an attack upon the Provveditore of Palermo Province, Ferdinando Albeggiani, quoting from a work of his which reads very much in favour of fascism. Actually we knew about this—Aldo Raffa and his civilian staff had nosed this information out some time ago, and supplied me with a copy of the book, which appears to have been an appendix to a book of his on philosophy. When I taxed Dr. Albeggiani about this he told me that, as his book had no fascism in it, he was compelled to write this supplement, which he did only through necessity. *Albeggiani* is, like *Baviera*, strongly unitarian, which, besides

any fascist considerations, no doubt adds to his undesirability in the eyes of the writers of this article. The paper also has an attack upon Dr. Aldisio, the head of the Christian Democrats there, who is so friendly with Raffa.

Wednesday, 19th January 1944

The Rector of the University is a man of very strong character, and, with Professor Arangio-Ruiz and Benedetto Croce, is a leader of the Liberal Party of Italy. He is a Sicilian by origin and stands out in marked contrast to the others because of his independence of temperament—for the character of the Sicilians is much stronger than that of the Neapolitans, and it is a good job that we had a training in that island before coming here.

I find that owing to absence of direction and guidance, the Rector has created a great deal of unrest in certain directions because of the decrees which he has issued in his own name, and the various appointments he has made. I have made it clear that, whilst I understand these had to be made in order to keep the university machinery working—and, indeed, what he has done has been right and proper and reflects great credit upon his energy and clear-sightedness—they must be regularized. I have told him that by about the end of the month I hope to have the names of all the staff, and I want the *Scheda Personale* designed by Raffa filled in by each of them; as soon as possible thereafter the dismissals and appointments will take place and the new Deans of Faculty confirmed in office, and an election for a Rector proceeded with as I arranged in Sicily. In other words, what we took months to do in Sicily must now only take a few weeks, as we now know what must be done and how it has to be done. I think the Rector is shocked at the amount of work he has had thrust upon him, and at the way I am putting the affairs of the university into order. I think he resents the pressure of work thrust on him, but I feel sure that later, when we have settled everything, he will realize that it has been the right thing to do—they all think I am a slave-driver at first. I am oppressed with the feeling that there is so little time in which to get everything to rights: I am also certain that if we allow the Italians to become used to a hiatus in their institutions there will later be great difficulty in getting them back to work at all, and there will be a con-

sequent collapse of morale meanwhile. The most tragic thing here is to see such apathy, as the result of defeat, so that some are in the condition of asking what is the use of anything. Furthermore, by getting the universities re-started quickly I am able to underline the moral which I have been preaching to all the rector's. Italy's destiny is in the realm of the spirit—as mistress in this realm she has been supreme and the world is her debtor for the past. That realm of conquest she must recapture. Her genius is not in war nor in empire but in letters and arts, and I go so far as to think that Garibaldi, despite his greatness and the cause of liberty for which he stood, was a tragedy for Italy, for he gave them the conception of a conquest in arms—and from that to Mussolini and his fictitious New Roman Empire was not too far a road to travel.

Letters to-day from Lady de Saumarez, and from Corporal Macey, my clerk whom I left at Oxford, and who has now been posted overseas and wants to join me here. I wish he could.

London has cabled for me to go home to prepare the planning for the German educational administration—but great opposition is being put up here against releasing me.

The weather is frightfully cold—I have found a paraffin stove, but unfortunately cannot get any paraffin.

My arm is troubling me—I have been inoculated against the epidemic of typhoid and typhus which is raging at the moment.

Obvious prostitutes parade the streets here and accost one—the first time I have seen them since they are not noticeable in Sicily.

*Thursday, 20th January 1944*

On my way back from Salerno to-day I visited Pompeii with Captain Masón Hammond and Major Sizer of the Fine Arts sub-commission of the A.C.C. I could not have visited the ruins in better company, Hammond being steeped in the whole history and knowing nearly every house. Part of the ruin was bombed by our air force during the invasion, but fortunately no more than 125 tons of bombs were dropped: many things have gone as a result, but fortunately much more remains. What must strike all visitors forcibly in connection with all old civilizations is the lack of reticence on sexual matters. The phallus and other brothel

signs were publicly exhibited in their streets, and men did not scruple to decorate their walls with Bacchanalian pictures. Then, as now, sexual indulgence was a costly matter, as is seen from the score of the prostitute totted up on the walls of the brothel, and from the picture which some lewd but wealthy citizen had portrayed at the entrance to his house, in which he is shown weighing his sexual desire in a balance against a bag of gold.

The fundamental character of the Pompeians of Roman times and the southern Italian to-day has not, however, changed unduly. Each house had its household gods, who were put away in a niche or some other convenient place, much in the same way that in the walls and along the wayside at every turn one finds to-day the patron saints of the locality—and in much the same neglected state. No doubt the Roman, like the modern southern Italian, paid little attention to them while affairs went well, and only in times of acute distress did he turn devoutly to the household gods to exert their influence in getting him out of the mess he was in.

Sizer, like Hammond, is a most able administrator of the Fine Art part of our work. He is Director of Yale University Art Gallery, and belongs to old Colonial stock, and lives at a place the name of which has the ring of an older puritanical English folk—Litchfield Turnpike, Bethany, Connecticut. If all the men imported by the Control Commission had been like Sizer life would have been easier in the transformation from Military Government conditions to those of the Armistice Control Commission.

This evening dined with Major Thorpe (who was an Education Officer on Salisbury Plain, under Major Hawkins, when I was with Airborne) and Captain da Pina who was one of my officers for a short time at Oxford, at the British Officers' Club at the Teatro San Carlo.

Having found an electric coffee percolator I can now heat a cup of water for shaving in the mornings—an unwonted luxury.

Stansgate is full of complaints that we get no news, papers, or anything else from England. It is quite true, and a difficulty we have been faced with from the beginning: but it is, of course, quite disgraceful that it should be so. For if any people in the field should be well-informed on currents of opinion, press criti-

cism, and so on, it should be those charged with military government.

Friday, 21st January 1944

George Houser, of the American Counter-Intelligence Corps, who was so useful to us in Sicily, and who has been in Naples ahead of me for some time, is going to join our office, in much the same way that Aldo Raffa did in Palermo. He will be a godsend as he can assemble the *Schedas* and with the use of the intelligence agencies, check up on the notorious fascists lurking in the educational system, whom we must get rid of as early as possible. I have also suggested that he should move into my flat, as I am afraid that they may push other people in if he delays doing so too long.

My pen running dry I went down to the *portiera* for more ink, and, like all these hospitable people, I could not get away without a glass of liqueur, and even then, they trudged all the way up, mother and daughter, to try and put some life into my brazier—but it was a hopeless task.

On seeing Reinold's photograph (for these people always want to know all about the Signora and the Bambino) they remarked with approval 'biondo!' (fair). It is interesting how fairness is a desirable quality with the dark as well as fair peoples of Europe.

Saturday, 22nd January 1944

I am now fortunate in having an excellent secretary—Signorina de Lorenzo who has been introduced through Professor Omodeo, the Rector of the university, and who is the daughter of Senatore de Lorenzo, the Vice-President of the Royal Society of Naples. To-day I have sent for her father the Senator, and I have instructed him that in the absence of the President, who I believe has fled, he will conduct the affairs of the Royal Society and forthwith issue *Schedas*, get them returned to this office (where George Houser will deal with them) and at an early date convene a commission to regulate the affairs of the society.

I find that Signor Cuomo, the Minister, has been issuing orders to both the university and the Royal Society, and I have told the Rector and the Senator that under no circumstances should they take orders from him—he is only able to rule directly

in Control territory, and Naples is under Military Government: and even if it were Control territory, I should nevertheless expect to be consulted by him. Colonel Kraege, the Senior Civil Affairs officer of the region tells me that Cuomo has been slipping in and out of Naples regularly seeing officials. I have had a talk with Major Bergin, who was our liaison officer with Colonel Smith at Brindisi and who has now moved to Salerno, where the Control Commission has been set up with Lord Stansgate, and we both came to the conclusion that the Minister does not seem to be able to grasp the difference between Military Government and Armistice Control Commission. In the first we rule direct, informing him of what we have done, and in the other territory he rules direct, keeping us informed and getting my approval on matters which affect the Control Commission. But this seems to be beyond the poor old man. Nevertheless, it is bringing everything into confusion. Captain Geyer, who is on Kraege's staff as his Education Officer, is full of complaint about Cuomo's interference with the Provveditore of Naples, and Vesselo and McCaffrey down at Matera are most eloquent on the same subject. All this would not matter much if this interference were demonstrating a great zeal for the removal of fascists and fascism—but it is nothing of the kind.

Sunday, 23rd January 1944

George Houser and I went to Herculaneum, the day being Sunday. How different from Sicily where we worked regularly seven days a week, and felt a guilty twinge if we took the Sunday off to go shooting with Cavaliere Ciauri! But the Armistice Commission is a much more leisurely affair than the old Military Government in Sicily. The whole thing has grown far too big now. I feel almost a stranger in our own headquarters, so many new arrivals have come in the last month or so, and they all seem to have internal administrative jobs—as a result the internal paper work we have to attend to now is enormous, which means the job for which we actually came here, settling and controlling the administration of the country, is slowed down considerably. A hierarchy has grown up which lives in its own restricted orbit and which never meets that strange unknown creature—the Italian.

However, this is all a digression. George Houser and I went to Herculaneum, and I thought this town more interesting, as a ruin, than Pompeii. Here, as at Pompeii, the freeness of depicting and thinking upon what are now forbidden sexual themes was ever present. The phallus placed on many things and buildings, in one case to bring good luck, or to show that trade was good, and in another to bring fortune in his baking to the baker. The orgiastic pictures in these two places, painted openly where all must have seen them, argues a low moral state in late Roman times, and a low place for womanhood in ancient Italy. No wonder that the picture presented by our ancestors in Germany was a shock to Tacitus, and no wonder he descanted at such length upon their high morality. The shrines were in the houses, as at Pompeii, while the chief temple I saw in Pompeii was that of the goddess Isis and the one in Herculaneum was of Cybele—both of the Mother Goddess.

It was of interest to see how the sea, as a result of the cataclysm which overwhelmed the city, had receded so that now the sea wall and the port of Herculaneum stand on dry land. When, some day, the whole of the city is excavated, we shall have a first-rate idea of a large Roman seaside resort. To do this the modern Erculaneo will have to be moved, in part at any rate, because it is built on the old site. But this will be no loss, as it is not a pleasant spot—all these places which form the portals of Naples are dowdy and often slums.

A surface-mail letter from Captain B. S. Townroe arrived to-day dated October the 13th. The Post Office is attempting to break its already well-established records for slowness!

*Monday, 24th January 1944*

Major Hinckel, one of our American officers, has been having a terrible time of it under some boorish superior, one of the new-comers, although he is about the most inoffensive man I have ever met. Rumour has it that he was put under arrest for stealing some tins of American C rations by this officer—but when the case was investigated after quite a song and dance, it was found that he had used them to feed starved and famished civilian drivers who were driving some of the AMGOT trucks, and the whole case was dropped as ridiculous.

I do not think the Americans do themselves any good in war-distressed countries by their great PX stores for soldiers and the sight of the G.I.s staggering away laden with goods unobtainable except in the black market. Naafi is more modest and discreet.

*Tuesday, 25th January 1944*

A budget of letters arrived to-day ranging from August last to December the 20th!

All the people of this house are spending their time at nights in the cellar—because of the bombs—but I am too lazy to get out of bed.

The Americans have an unfortunate habit here of rushing smoke-making machines to all parts of the town during an air raid to make a smoke screen. It may serve its purpose although I never thought much of these methods when we used them in the Battle of Britain. But it is a nuisance as it holds the whole traffic up for hours—and negro sentries seem to lose their heads and let off rounds at moving vehicles which they imagine have too much light! I now realize why Catinella and others living at Mondello all insisted on going back in daylight through the La Favorita Park if at all possible. They always complained of the rather uncertain conduct of the negroes encamped there. At the time I thought they were exaggerating. Now, I wonder!

*Wednesday, 26th January 1944*

I have never been in so completely a rank-conscious headquarters as this has become in the last few months since Rennell left. Senior officers, who are considered here to be those over the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel—a purely arbitrary division—are segregated from the rest and live apart. This is extremely bad, only if for the reason that one's function and one's rank are not necessarily related. The whole establishment of military government has been thought out piecemeal—and so it is that the head of all Fine Arts and Monuments is a major; I am, as Educational Adviser and Director of Education combined, a Lieutenant-Colonel; and the head of the legal department is a Colonel; and of Public Health, a Brigadier. Yet Education, for instance, deals with the work of a full Italian Ministry, while Public Health is

only a branch of the Interior Ministry—and there can be little doubt which is much the more important division if we really mean that our war aims are the elimination of fascism. The curious situation therefore arises that assistants, and even lower officials, of some of the departments qualify in rank and messing as senior officers, and the heads of other divisions are less than senior. So far as I am concerned this does not much matter in matters of the messing, but the allocation of cars, quarters, and office accommodation tends to be governed by the same principles—and that is serious.

In fact we have a thoroughly 'blimpish' element who look at your badges of rank first before they decide whether to give you a civil reply or not. It all reflects once more the inadvisability of bringing certain types of rather circumscribed military minds into military governments at all—and makes one sigh for the régime of Rennell which has gone.

Mr. Nestor, the very pleasant American Consul-General, has been here in Naples lately arranging about a car which he has had shipped from America and which is being sent on to Palermo. It is curious how apparently uninterested the Foreign Office is in getting itself re-established in Italy. One would have thought that they too would have their consuls back in the field—or that they would reopen the British Council Institute at Palermo at least. If they did, it would be the most popular move they could make. The whole of Palermo would flock to it. Meanwhile the goodwill which they could gather to themselves now is just oozing away.

Mr. Nestor and I discussed the separatist question the other day. He says I am quite wrong when I estimate 60 per cent as about the present strength of the Separatists. He believes it is nearer 75 per cent.

*Thursday, 27th January 1944*

We have had a hectic time in the last week, especially as I have to leave for Palermo to-morrow to attend the opening meeting of the Anthropological Society as well as to get many important matters settled which were outstanding when I left. Here among other things we have had difficulties with our headquarters as they like to have neatly laid out arrangements so

that their charts on the wall look pretty, irrespective of whether they will work or not. They want the heads of sub-commissions to go to Salerno where Lord Stansgate has taken up his residence and where the seat of the Italian Government is to be found. But it simply will not work in our case, we have our greatest amount of work in the Military Government phase and it is far more important that I should be here rather than twiddling my thumbs doing nothing in Salerno—and, in any case, I am more than well represented by Tom Bergin and I can always go over whenever Stansgate wants me. He saw that point all right and agreed to my action in staying, but now the administrative hierarchs want to get me out of Naples as they want our little bit of accommodation—it does not seem to matter to them that we have about the biggest job to do in Italy at the present time, and they are only impeding it. Anyway, I am determined to put Naples University and the Royal Society to rights before I leave, and if thereafter I am so restricted in my field of operations that I can do little but have a *tête-à-tête* twice a week with the Minister, and go sight-seeing for the rest of the time, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the whole of southern Italy and Sicily (the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies) has been put on a sound educational footing. Constantly when in the midst of important conferences with Rectors of Universities or Directors of Education I am peremptorily sent for to explain some triviality, or to be told that my office has not written the letter on the right size typewriting paper, or that the form of the letter does not conform with their latest orders on the subject, or something equally idiotic. There are to-day serried ranks of officers in this headquarters who have nothing else to do than to create newer and newer internal administrative regulations, jobs, establishments, and greater and greater dignities for themselves, and for these the governing of Italy means not a thing. They are not even satisfied if I send Washburne or Sherwood (although they are in all conscience busy enough themselves) and nothing will content them except my own presence. The fact that I have an office carrying a greater load of pressing work, of a nature which is a foremost war aim of the Allies with a wholly inadequate staff, than any other means nothing at all to them. I believe that the fact that this staff is more experienced in Italian affairs

than they are, is a ground for resentment. Affairs are getting to that pitch that I am expecting to be told that I cannot send for a rector of a university except with their permission and through their cumbersome and time-consuming channels. Those parts of the educational business which have been so diverted, have been done so with such success that by the time a result has been achieved through those channels, it was no longer needed as the situation had changed long ago. Already they have attempted unsuccessfully to 'canalize' all my work with the Church authorities in that way. Military Government in the Rennell sense was efficient because it was informal. But this cast-iron Staff College-Sandhurst-West Point incubus is an administrative form of jack-booted Prussianism. Military Government ought never to have been put under the War Office, or, if it had to be, it ought to have been saved from becoming a dumping-ground for worn-out war horses. These constant pin-pricks are gradually wearing down my energy and resistance.

We are very fortunate in having Senatore de Lorenzo to help us. Houser has studied his *Scheda* and we find that he is not in the active and leading fascist class, and we can use his assistance with confidence. At his age he has been reluctant to take over the reconstruction of the Royal Society, but what we should do without his help at this time I do not know. If the Royal Society succeeds in getting on its feet again it will be in no small measure due to the untiring zeal, under most adverse conditions, of the Senatore, Count Filangiere, Omodeo, Signora Bakunin, and the others who are so willingly helping us at this time.

When Houser and I first went to see Senatore de Lorenzo at his house about the affairs of the Royal Society, we found him overwhelmed and reluctant to assume the task we had thrust upon him. He was much more anxious to remain in the background among his books and his studies, which range from geology, which was his subject in the university, to Buddha and Shakespeare, upon both of whom he has written. He keeps insisting that he is too old, and wants peace now: but I shall insist that he must take the office. He is a man completely free from any self-seeking and that is hard to find in Italy these days.

Professor Arangio-Ruiz has been here to see me—he, like the Rector, is one of the heads, indeed the chairman, of the Italian

Liberal Party. He is a short man, with longish, shrewd, and intelligent face, and there is little doubt that both he and Omodeo are extremely able men, and under their leadership the university should make a rapid recovery.

*Friday, 28th January 1944*

Flew to-day from Naples to Palermo in an American transport plane similar to the aeroplane I travelled in between Palermo and Brindisi when I had to visit the Badoglio Government. How badly our people cater for British personnel! This particular flight leaves about midday, but like all these air journeys you may be kept several hours waiting around before taking off. The Americans have a snack bar at their mess near by, but there is nothing for the English. As a result, if it had not been for the kindness of an American officer I knew who was travelling by the same aeroplane, who bought Colonel Young and myself sandwiches as though they were for American officers, when he got his own, we should have gone without. This is only typical of dozens of cases which could be cited. It is curious to find that the better paid of the two armies has more done for it than the poorly paid one. I suppose the War Office works on the Biblical saying that from those that have not, shall be taken that which they have! I do not think the troops will be bursting with gratitude to a beneficent government when they get home after the war!

These machines in which we fly are by no means the most comfortable in which to travel as they are built, not for passengers, but for utility purposes. Along the sides are 'bucket' seats of steel, and the passengers sit facing each other with their backs to the small portholes, which are so placed that it is difficult to see out of them without getting a stiff neck, while the luggage is piled in the middle.

The flight was an interesting one as we flew over the Isle of Capri with the greater island of Ischia to our north. Capri looked beautiful, but no more so than any part of Sicily does from the air. On approaching Sicily we had on our right the island of Ustica, and then suddenly the mountains of Sicily came in sight, and we came in over Mondello. The aerodrome in Palermo is very difficult to get into, for to its north lies the city and the sea, and to the south the mountains, whilst the east is blocked by

hills, and to the west is Monte Pellegrino, and so the aeroplane has one route only into the airport, between this mount and the mountains further south at the Mondello gap. As a result, when the winds are across the runway it is difficult, almost impossible, to get in and out of the airport.

Strange the feeling one gets on landing in Sicily—it was the same on coming back from Brindisi. One feels as though one were coming home. This island is too possessive.

The Variscos very kindly put me up in their home—where they keep a room for me. This was most convenient, as it saved finding a room at the mess, which is right out at the Excelsior in the Via Liberta, or going all the way out to Partanna, beyond Mondello, to the Catinellas. The hospitality of these people is really overwhelming. Signora Varisco is now acting as secretary and interpreter to Major Koopman, who is my Director of Education in Sicily in Carlton Washburne's place.

On the 'plane there were two civilians, one of them a clergyman—civilians are unusual on military transport, and so one noticed them the more.

[They were Monsignor Carroll, representative of the Cardinal Secretary of State and Mr. Bruce Mohler, both Americans.]

*Saturday, 29th January 1944*

To-day was a madhouse in my office—everyone seemed to arrive as by magic. The Rectors of the Sicilian universities were there, the Bishop of Mazara del Vallo, Padre Gliozzo, the Deans of the Palermo faculties—Guarneri, Ferretti, Crosti, Giardina, and Sellerio, and many more. They had heard I was back in Palermo and descended on the office like a swarm of bees—but it was very pleasant to realize what friends we had made. There was much business to transact quickly, so Catinella and Giardina had letters, authorities, and decrees written as fast as possible to dispatch as many of the callers in the waiting-rooms as they could. Major Koopman handled the Regional affairs of education, whilst I dealt, with the aid of Sherry, with national matters. Aldo Raffa and Barone both in to settle matters of the *Schedas* of some of the staffs not yet dealt with.

To-night I spent the night at Mondello, having an excellent dinner with the Catinellas. It was pleasant to be out there again

in their bungalow in the lemon grove—but the road to it is fouler than ever. We consider that the Via 'Catinella' has no match anywhere else in Christendom. At Mondello you turn off the main road and bump along a trackway, until the part is reached of which the neighbourhood appears to be very proud, for they preserve it in its natural simplicity. Added to a path full of ruts, deep Sicilian ruts, none of your anaemic English affairs, one has a small quarry (or what looks like a quarry) on each side—so one slip, and over the car goes. Yet Colontoni has sometimes driven me backwards (without a rear light) along this pathway: he quite cheerful, and we in the back white with apprehension.

The Library of Congress seems to be very active. I have had visits from their representatives anxious to arrange exchanges of publications with the learned societies and universities. But there seems to be no comparable British interest in these matters—although the academic life of Italy needs all the help it can get.

*Sunday, 30th January 1944*

This morning to the office, where much more business, and from thence to the Storia Patria, the Historical Society, which is in an old Dominican Convent, the San Domenico in the Via Roma. Here was the opening meeting of the Anthropological Society of Sicily, the decree for the formation of which I signed on December the 31st. With an English experience of scientific societies I expected the dozen or more scholars who had signed the petition for the formation of the society—but, instead, the hall was absolutely packed, with people standing in the aisles, around the table and behind it, and in the corridors. There were at least three hundred present, among them everyone of importance, and many others had to go away as they could not get in. The Cardinal had sent Monsignore de Gaetano to represent him, the Bishop of Mazara del Vallo was there in the front row, his cheery and pleasant self, Padre Gliozzo, the Provincial (or whatever it is) of the Jesuit Order in Sicily, Padre Zingali of the Salesian Order, His Excellency Mussoto, the Prefect, sat on my right, the Mayor, Cavaliere Tasca and many other notables, too many to mention. Besides these, and not least, were the Rectors of the three Sicilian universities. Their presence more than any-

thing else pleased me—because not only have we become firm friends, but also because Military Government has achieved something in this island, where it has broken down that sectionalism which formerly existed, so that now it is taken for granted that when a function of importance occurs in one of the university centres the other two must be represented.

The venerable Professor Giardina, Dean of the Faculty of Science presided, and his son, our Professor Giardina, a professor of law who works for us with Catinella, read my speech in Italian in a most polished and telling manner—in fact it was about the best reading of a paper I have yet heard. The translation of the paper into Italian had been the work of Professor Martino (Rector of Messina) and Professor Catinella.

The lecture was heard with the utmost warmth.

[It has since been published as part of a small work entitled *Bibliotechina Antropologia di Gayre* by Palumbo Editore, Palermo, March 1944.]

The presentation of the place of the Mediterranean race in the building of European ethnology was most enthusiastically received, both as a tribute to that great Sicilian, Professor Giuseppe Sergi, and also because it was a change from the constant harpings of pan-Germanism to which they, and we, have been subjected for years. Afterwards Major Raffa and Professor Martino made speeches, and so the inauguration of the Anthropological Society of Sicily took place. Before leaving the building, we visited the rear of it where is housed the historical museum, which had suffered partial destruction in the bombing of the city, and which proved of great interest. Then out into the brilliant sunshine—it was warm in the sunshine—and so to Mondello, where Sherry, Professor Martino, Catinella, and I had lunch with Cavaliere Tasca the Mayor. Here the conversation turned mainly upon the need for the development of Sicily, with which they agreed. I firmly believe that a few million pounds will transform this country—and besides that, such a project will reap first-rate profit as well as bring untold benefits to the island. But, it is clear from the intimate knowledge we have now gained of their character, that such a development scheme could only be carried out by those who know the Sicilian, and, furthermore, by those whom he trusts. The Sicilian has the uncanny ability of

wrecking anything he does not like or does not want. One has only to see the railway line which runs up from Palermo through the mountains to Piano dei Greci where there is a great lake and hydro-electric scheme. Although the bridges and tunnels are all complete and as new, there is not a sleeper or scrap of rail—all having been removed by Sicilians who felt their need was greater than that of the railway authorities.

Bob Koopman, Beard, and I went with Sherry to the Massimo Theatre to see *The Barber of Seville* from the royal box—Sherry's prerogative apparently—but were much amused at the expressions of pain from time to time as Sherry, muffled in his great-coat, groaned aloud. The acting struck deeply and painfully into his artistic nature.

*Monday, 31st January 1944*

I had a terrible day in the office again. Everyone in Sicily seemed to come to see me. In addition I had a visit from Monsignor Carroll, representative of the Cardinal Secretary of State (Cardinal Maglione) and Mr. Bruce Mohler (representative of the Roman Catholic charities organizations in America), both of whom I had seen on the aeroplane from Naples. The situation was difficult, as he had been misinformed, or at any rate only half informed, which is just as bad. He felt that the whole incidence of my administration had been anti-clerical. But when I went over the names of all the professors we had appointed he readily saw, and speedily admitted, that that was not the case. It is a curious fact that I had had a political analysis made a few days before, by Catinella, of appointments which we had made on purely academical grounds. The results showed that all elements were fairly balanced, ranging from one communist (Montalbano) and one socialist (Ferretti) to several liberals (including Titone, a follower of Croce), many Catholic Democrats, and several Separatists. But it was quite clear that he was disturbed about the document I had had withdrawn, which Ferretti and Carlton (Washburne) had drawn up between them, and he had evidently not been told the whole matter was settled. Bob Koopman and the Monsignor came to loggerheads over this matter, but the whole incident was closed satisfactorily, the Monsignor saying that he was satisfied that the administration had been carried out

fairly, but there had been a danger of what were undesirable tendencies, from their point of view, developing, and he was grateful that we had taken the action we had done in regard to the Ferretti document.

Afterwards Catinella took Sherry and me to lunch at the house of Professor Restivo, where we found Mrs. Catinella. Professor Restivo is long-suffering—for Catinella asked at the outset of the meal if there was any sweet *this time*, and Sherwood hoped it was a good meal. But the Restivos did not mind these pleasantries, at which those who knew either of them less would have been offended. We had dinner with the de Pasqualinos, Professor Ascoli and Professor Martino being present. The hostess is an artist—but paints, what are for me, terribly modern things, fit for the walls of a lunatic asylum. I fear I have no appreciation of this modernism. The food was good and the wine also—and Sherry was very merry. I spent much of my time talking to Ascoli. He is a remarkable man, a physician who was put out by the fascists from his Chair in the university because he was a Jew, or rather had Jewish blood—in physical characters no man could be less Jewish, being roughly a mixture of Nordic and Mediterranean, as are so many Sicilians. It was a great pleasure to be able to restore him to his Chair. His discovery of a new treatment for curing malaria, without any later recurrences, is of great importance and I have sent an account of it home, at his request. If all I hear about it is correct, it is likely to save us a great deal of money in pensions if we take up the treatment.

The party running late, several ladies and gentlemen demanded from Sherry a pass to go home, because curfew time had passed, so he (as a merry Irishman might be expected to do under such circumstances) wrote them one in English, which authorized and gave them the liberty to go to the Devil! They all seemed very pleased with their passes—and I only hope they got home all right—or else they are sure to appeal to me, and I shall have to do something about it.

Since getting back to Sicily Colontoni has been missing. Apparently he just took French leave after I left, although he has had his pay from the Military Government, and from all I can hear has been profitably engaged—as anyone can be in civil life here if he happens to be possessed of a sound car. This he has,

having got back from the officer, by whom he was employed before I took him into my service, the car that officer no longer needs. (I gave my car back to its owner before leaving Sicily, and had instructed Sherwood to get another car, or get hold of this one which Colontoni is now driving.) Anyway, I put the whole matter into the capable hands of the Variscos—and Colontoni is back in our service to-night, car and all, but looking very sheepish withal, and I suspect amply supplied with funds as a result of his recent escapades.

Living in Sicily in these days is like living as a baron in the Middle Ages, except instead of a poignard you have an automatic in your pocket, and you make good your will with a bold front—even if it sometimes hides a palpitating heart.

*Tuesday, 1st February 1944*

Lunched with Professor Cocchiara at the Pitre Museum. Mr. and Mrs. Catinella there and Major Sherwood. Cocchiara is trying to get me a set of Italian anthropological works which I shall be glad to have. Professor de Stefano, of the Historical Society, who put the *Storia Patria* at the disposal of the Anthropological Society for its inaugural meeting, also came to lunch. An excellent lunch—as always with Cocchiara. So good that it was with difficulty that I got back to the office in Palermo by 3 p.m. to meet Monsignor Carroll. We had a cordial talk at which he expressed much concern at my possible departure for London, where I am expecting to go to work in planning for German education. He was also greatly exercised at the attitude of the Rector of Naples University (Omodeo), whom he considered as tantamount to being an atheist, and he disagreed with Koopman's viewpoint, when the latter justified, if necessary, appointing an atheist in a Catholic country as the rector of an important university. I was able to tell the Monsignor that I had had a talk with Omodeo who had emphasized that he was not necessarily anti-religious at all, and in any case he had given me his assurance that he was not using, and would not use, his office for the purpose of furthering anti-clericalism or any other political development. This interview is like so many our office has had to handle with pressure coming from all sides; on this occasion it was the Church, but often enough it is the Labour Front, since