

as outside the camp, comes to have as "work for Jerry" introduces a positive and obstinate element into a previously apathetic or a social rejection of cleanliness and order. Also, the bludger, the *debrouillard*, can invoke right feeling and military duty on his side, and does so, frequently.

Throughout the period of the Greek Dulags, the great herd of men which had been driven through the streets of Kalamata on the morning of April 30, 1941, remained, for the most part, a herd. Dirty, unshaved, undisciplined, shiftless, grubbing continually for bits of food and cigarette ends, indecent, selfish, we must have provoked by our appearance the bullying and occasional irresponsible shootings that stirred wretchedness into a fierce misery.

In Germany, in the permanent camps, the Stalags, conditions are very different. The camps are planned and organized for their purpose. The German rations themselves are slightly better, and are regular. Camp administration and guards are recruited from older men and from those unfit for active service—apart from the few Party men. But most important of all, the International Red Cross services come into full action, B.R.C.S. parcels of food, undreamed of in transit camps, arrive, correspondence is permitted, parcels of clothing, books and tobacco can be sent from home. In response to specific needs, and following the forms set down by the Geneva Convention, organizations have to be arranged between prisoners and camp authorities for distributing Red Cross supplies, for corresponding with Red Cross authorities at home and in Geneva and with the Protecting Power in Berlin; football leagues are started; the inevitable classes in German grow into established schools with enormous curricula; makeshift concerts and entertainments grow into dance bands and a permanent theatre.

However, the prevailing mood is still to "see it through," and not to "make the best of things." The organic community life that emerges is short term: the recurrent and arbitrary suspension of all social functions, standstill orders, the complete vacuum around the community, the impossibility of imposing more than

fractional alterations on a rigid environment—all these hedged social existence with provisos, regulations, taboos, and fears. They provoked, too, defensive attitudes of cynicism or of "sense of humour," and a blank inability to think of workable improvements.

For individuals, routine was a vitally necessary protective device. The disposition of our food into the constant proportions of the daily meals—the bread ration made three thin half-slices for supper, five for breakfast, and two for lunch—the turnabout at cleaning our quarters and washing up after meals, and all the other minutiae of daily existence were ordered not so much for efficiency's sake as for the sense they created of living in a normal, familiar world. Similarly, the perspective of the barrack-room from one's own bunk, the crackpot shelving nailed up around it, the location of one's friends and enemies about the camp, the character of the compound guards, the time for the issue of Red Cross parcels, the stains and graffiti on the walls and neighbouring bunks were all familiar constellations whose removal or disturbance affected the foundations of existence. Consequently, to have to change quarters involved a tremendous emotional upheaval. Such an order was issued not infrequently, and entailed merely our removal, much at our own pace, from one barrack to another, perhaps in the same compound. All barracks were identical in design, variations in the physical conditions of different parts of the camp were for the most part trivial, and the time and labour needed for removing and settling down might well have been regarded as the welcome occupation of a day or two. But no; for days and weeks after a move—and before, if we suspected it—we would be consumed with savage resentment of the German authorities; crises *de nerfs* would alternate with long spells of melancholy brooding; we would avoid people on whom we relied normally for half an hour's conversation; the vistas of the war would prolong themselves interminably.

We acquired, in this reaction to our environment, a special set of psychological modes according to which we lived. These modes determined our ways of