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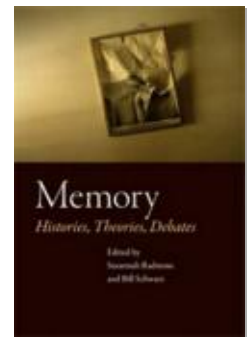
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II. SUBJECTIVITY AND THE SOCIAL

16. Memory-Talk

London Childhoods

Sally Alexander

Historical facts are, in essence, psychological facts.

Marc Bloch, *The Historian's Craft* (1941)¹

Marc Bloch's remark comes halfway through the unfinished final chapter of *The Historian's Craft*, on historical causation. For Bloch human consciousness is "the subject matter of history . . . reality itself." To ask why something happened or how it happened and under what conditions is a "common law of the mind," Bloch avers, an "instinctive need of understanding." Historical facts are psychological facts in the sense that however "brutal" are external forces, "their action is weakened or intensified by man and his mind." Man's mind is not always conscious, logical, or rational, Bloch continues; it can be explained neither by *a priori* assumptions nor by the "pretended truths" of psychological common sense. Causes cannot be assumed, he adds in the final sentence: "They have to be looked for."²

The Historian's Craft was drafted from memory in the early 1940s, when Bloch, a medievalist and cofounder with Lucien Febvre of *Annales* (1929) was active in the French Resistance, and continued in captivity before he was taken into a field and shot with twenty-six others by the Gestapo. The book opens with the question asked by his twelve-year-old son as the Nazi generals marched into Paris: "What is the use of history?" Events and ideas of the twentieth century had put history on trial, Bloch reflects, although European civilization since the Greeks and Romans, through the Judeo-Christian tradition, is ineradicably historical, a cast of mind imbibed by individuals through law, language, and generational memory.³ The historian deciphers the origins, as well as the causes, of beliefs and events in past times, borrows from other disciplines, studies, and works through the manifold times of the present,

and strives to “feel with words.”⁴ Bloch imagines the “shock” a historian might experience if he “were able to take a walk through a village” in Carolingian times to overhear peasants discussing their status or seigneurs describing that of their dependents. These overheard conversations would not give the “total meaning of life,” Bloch continues, but the “underlying feeling” of their times, as vital for the historical narrative as legal or economic relations.⁵ Historians of the twentieth century experience this “shock” of feeling in the archives of oral history—one of the century’s significant new archives of collective memory, Jacques Le Goff suggests (he names journalism and the media as the others)—whose voices offer not unmediated meaning but a strong wish for their experience to be heard.⁶

Oral history—“memory-talk” in Annette Kuhn’s phrase—is often the absent dimension of thought and sentiment in histories of the twentieth-century welfare state and social democracy, just as ordinary lives seemed “infinitely obscure,” “submerged,” and “uncompleted” to Britain’s interwar literary and political elites.⁷ This perception of “obscurity,” of “incompleteness,” was as powerful an impetus to reform as empathy or dread of the barbarians at the gates; it made for a sense of loss that underpinned the voluntarism characteristic of much British liberal activism.⁸ Yet ordinary people’s needs and wants—in particular those of women in the aftermath of world war, amplified by universal suffrage, by the death of men, by mass production’s new universe of objects and things, by the shared glamour of dance-hall and cinema—constituted a dynamic dimension of “never again” that willed Clement Attlee’s Labour government in 1945.⁹ The principles of national insurance, provision “from cradle to grave,” and the universalism of the National Health Service (NHS) articulated by Beatrice and Sydney Webb, William Beveridge, and Anuerin Bevan, among others, were the outcome of common feeling and thought condensed in the political demands of labor and feminism, and in new forms of association such as the League of Nations Union or the movement for birth control. Traces of that thought and feeling—discarded by New Labour—haunt welfare institutions still. Twentieth-century history, still in the minds of its protagonists, still unsettling the present and future, is in thrall to memory.¹⁰

This chapter uses oral histories and autobiographies of twentieth-century Londoners, recorded or written between the 1960s and the 1990s, in order to unearth some of Bloch’s “underlying feeling” that underpinned class relations and generated a sensitivity to social justice mid-century. It selects iconic moments in spoken and written childhood memories—Wordsworth’s “spots of time” perhaps—that reveal the (remembered) child’s self-awareness in relation to the outside world and to the child’s own place within it.¹¹ Memory, a way of thinking as figurative as it is literal, fuses the imaginative world with everyday life, dramatizes and recreates the past as it is retrieved. Most of what happens is forgotten, yet nothing of past life perishes, Freud believed.¹² Image, scene, or other person is cannibalized, infused with primitive (infantile, visceral) feeling, combined, condensed, and transposed and might erupt in bodily feeling, dream, or nightmare; meanings transmute with every retelling; in which every slip or hesitation of pronoun or syntax marks a shift

in emotional register. Subjective individual time is compound: the past shadows or overreaches the present, jettisons the future; the several times of historical event, life-cycle, and inner world hold simultaneously in mind. Memory works on the cusp of inner and outer reality. Words of the dead in the archives of the recent past reveal the lived experience of ordinary people that shaped thought and feeling, often unconsciously, of twentieth-century culture and its institutions as surely as did the minds of the elites. The historian's task is the same: to listen carefully, for change sounds in personal memory.¹³

The Smell of Poverty

We don't remember childhood, we imagine it.

Penelope Lively, *City of the Mind*, 1991

Few people have continuous memories before the age of seven. Earliest memories might be no more than a sound, a smell, or an image, but the recollection given precedence, Freud and later historians of autobiography have observed, offers a clue to the life.¹⁴ In her finely composed autobiography, Doris Bailey (born in 1916), opens her account of her early childhood with the “queer smell” of poverty that hung around one of her school fellows, “poured” from some of the open doors in their street, mingled with the smell of carbolic and lysol (which attacked head lice) and of horse manure, dampness, and wet knickers, and followed her home to be greeted by her mother's frantic anticipation—“Your father'll kill me.” Doris Bailey had been wrongly accused of head-lice by the “tight-lipped” Nitty Nora, the school nurse, during the latter's periodical inspection of the children, but her teacher ignored her protests. Placed at a separate table, her hair labeled “not clean”—marks of shame—“the memory of that morning has stayed with me all my life; for I learnt at that early age the impossibility of trying to reason with authority.”¹⁵

“Nitty Nora” appears in most London memories of the period, emblem of the efficiency of the London County Council's (LCC) school medical services, testimony to the association of head-lice with dirt and the working classes in the LCC mind, and a lead into the collective memory of domestic economy. Doris Bailey's extended family, like all respectable households in her street and neighborhood, eliminated the “stench of poverty” by rituals of cleanliness and repair—copper clothing wash, tin baths by the fire, daily jug washes—that were for the most part the responsibility of the women of the household, in Bailey's case, her mother, aunts, and grandmother. In winter the three layers of petticoats plus the combinations that Doris Bailey and her sisters wore were stitched, mended, and then inspected by their father. If a clean shirt showed a speck of dust it was whipped off and replaced. Sunday best had to be immaculate. “Spotless clean”—a reiterated phrase—applied to both boys and girls and identified a family or an individual as “a cut above” or “superior.”

Memories of clean, patched, improvised clothing meticulously track the emotional economies and household labor of working-class families during the interwar years, rituals unevenly displaced by indoor running water, electricity, bathrooms, and ready-made clothing. They record the moment of transition from hand-me-downs, rag-stalls, and scraps brought home from factories to mass-produced and mass-consumed lipstick, silk stockings, cheap frocks, suits, and shoes, an economic transition that was self-transformative.¹⁶ Rose Gamble, in her Fulham autobiography, made this sudden wellspring of affluence the source of a rush of sexual knowledge. When her family moved from one room off the King's Road, Chelsea, to the new local authority buildings in 1929, she watched her mother and father walk down the road together arm in arm toward the department store to buy—on the hire purchase—furniture for their new flat. “I understood for the first time that she belonged to him as well as us,” she comments, a realization that deepened as, walking through the flat, room by room, she saw the gold taffeta bedcover with orange flowers that lay on her parents' bed and was filled with embarrassment.¹⁷

“Mental Anguish”

Lily van Duren's formative memory had the quality of a nightmare. Born in Minton Buildings, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green in 1914, two memories, she said, “stood out.” The first was being “wheeled around the streets” in a “long basket work pram,” then “crying” and “my mother coming into the room with a candle.” The second memory was seeing her mother ill in bed. Lily's parents had married in Russia and came to London in 1910, exiles from the pogroms. Both had been married before, each had one child from their first marriage. Lily and her brother

used to go to school together. . . . I think I must have been quite young when I started school, I was about four years old, he was about seven. I remember my father used to give us a ha'penny each, and he used to, somehow or other, cajole this ha'penny from me . . . and we used to come home for lunch, and my father was a cabinet-maker. In those days people used to come home, midday, to dinner. . . . Well, I remember on this particular day, my brother and I came home from school, midday, and we had to go up a flight of stairs, and there was a door at the top, and, you know, we knocked . . . and there was no reply. . . . I assumed, in my mind, that this was very unexpected, you know. And then my father came home, he had the keys, and we got into the flat. And then I could see my mother lying on the floor in a white nightgown. And the next thing I remember was, you know, a whole lot of adults, all dashing about all over the place, saying well, “the gas was on,” and “did she do it on purpose?”¹⁸

The children were hurried away. After her mother's suicide, Lily's father combined looking after the children with earning his living as a cabinetmaker. He left the two young children in the charge of Lily's older half-sister, Rose. One day, four-year-old Lily, who had been locked in the lavatory by Rose, fell out of a window while trying to escape down a drainpipe, and spent weeks in Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.¹⁹ As a result of this accident, Lily and her brother were sent to the Jewish orphanage in West Norwood, South London—it was a family decision—and placed in separate houses, one for boys the other for girls. Siblings were allowed to visit for one hour only on Saturday afternoons. "I remember screaming and screaming, I was in such terrible agony . . . mental anguish it was." So great was her heartache that the orphanage rules were broken and her brother was allowed to come from school every afternoon to see her—"he was my link."²⁰ Lily had no memory of feeling until the orphanage.

Lily's mother's suicide had been retold in family stories so often that it was no longer clear to her what she had seen and understood at the time and what she had been told later, an uncertainty reinforced by the fact that what she had been told had been spoken in Yiddish, her own first language long ago forgotten—"it became a lost language for me."²¹ Lily's immediate family of one brother, one step-sibling, and one half-sibling, supplemented by aunts and cousins (with whom she had lost touch by the end of the 1930s), were among the 60,500 Russian and Polish immigrants recorded by the Census as living in the four East End London boroughs of Stepney, Bethnal Green, Hackney, and Stoke Newington in 1921, London's "Jewish ghetto." Many of these families were widowed, Lily recalled, the father often having returned to fight on the side of the Bolsheviks during Russia's civil war. She remembered few new migrants in the 1920s; but like Lily's parents earlier in the century, the thousands who fled fascism and Hitler's Germany left behind everything to take a chance amid the grim poverty of London's East End. Lily's memory of her mother's suicide—told several times in interviews—was exceptional only in its tragedy. Exile, the threat of destitution, break-up of family, and loss of language—"cumulative loss"—encompassed many such Jewish family histories; they were part of the history of London's expansion between the wars.²²

Fear of death, abandonment, and loss—infantile terrors—reached beyond the experience of forced migration. They form part of the fabric of the general memory of interwar Londoners. Death of a parent was common in the twenties, and then the workhouse or orphanage beckoned.²³ "We were alone, denied a father," Celia Wilmot, daughter of a Fleet Street office cleaner and printer who had been killed in the trenches, told me, shifting pronoun in a gesture of common experience as she spoke: "You could well end up in the workhouse."²⁴

Families, usually mothers, in working-class neighborhoods already overcrowded, took in orphaned children rather than see them put in a "home," the name commonly given to local orphanages, run either voluntarily or by the council, or to the workhouse.²⁵ The van from Dr. Barnardo's orphanage that took children away was dreaded with real

cause, the van itself a metonym for domestic tragedy, outside interference, unwanted officialdom. May Jones's mother had "seen off the van" in Stepney Green, when her husband, an oyster sorter, died of pneumonia after the war.²⁶ Lily van Duren and her brother, among thousands of other London children, spent months or years in an orphanage or "home"; spells in hospital or convalescent home with measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, meningitis, diphtheria, tuberculosis punctuated many childhoods. Medical opinion and local authority separated the child from its contaminating environment, prevented the spread of infection by isolation; parents and children feared the separation. Dr. Barnardo's continued to send children as domestic servants to the Empire until 1925; voluntary and local authority homes did the same until well into the 1940s. Jim Wolveridge's father, for instance, rescued him from a convalescent home in the 1920s, lest he be sent away as cheap labor or into the military. Not all meanings of "home" between the wars were sentimental.²⁷

The van features in Charlie Chaplin's popular film *The Kid*, made in Hollywood in 1917 and drenched in nostalgia for Chaplin's London of the 1890s. *The Kid*, one of the few films named in memory-talk, according to Annette Kuhn, played in neighborhood venues across London throughout the twenties, often attached to church or settlement, venues that disappeared in the thirties as City-financed chains of Odeons and Gaumonts—picture palaces—replaced them after the advent of sound in 1927. *The Kid* played to cinema audiences of mostly women and children who watched while peeling potatoes or knitting or eating oranges and nuts, often either lip-reading or listening to the titles read aloud by a neighbor.²⁸ The mythic power of the story rested on the fantasies and fears of belonging and abandonment common to families and households fractured by poverty, ill-health, and the "misfortunes" of everyday life. Children relished such stories. Rose Gamble's favorite, for instance, recited over and over again by her sister in the quiet and dark before bedtime, told of the lost orphan, or "the Happy Traveller," whose theme was being "found and loved": it roused feelings of "sheer ecstasy and we lived every second."²⁹ *The Kid's* story of the abandoned showgirl, sentimentality, and stock characters belong to the music hall and melodrama; slapstick and the tramp's feckless aspiration and dignity were Chaplin's signature. But its happy ending had a new and modern twist: the fallen woman's—or "unfortunate" girl's—ability to earn her living and find her child resolves the plot.³⁰

The Kid opens with the gates of the workhouse, or "home" for unmarried mothers, closing on a mother and infant turned out by a stern-faced matron. Mother and infant wander the streets, pause for rest in the park until eventually the mother places her child in a car outside a grand house in a wealthy street. Thieves steal the car and dump the baby, who is found by the tramp as he picks up a fag-end. A series of comic encounters with a policeman and a working-class mother (the different faces of authority) force him to take the baby back to his derelict room where he improvises a cot, a feeding machine, and nappies. The child thrives. He cooks and fights for Charlie, acts as lookout and

stone-thrower for his glass windowpane repair racket. But when the boy falls ill, a neighbor fetches the doctor, who reports the duo to the authorities. Two villainous men arrive in a van, seize the distraught boy from the arms of the tramp and drive off. The tramp chases the van across the rooftops; he leaps down to release the child, and together they escape. Meanwhile, the seduced and abandoned chorus girl finds fame, fortune, and—eventually—reconciliation with her irresistible street urchin son (brilliantly played by Jackie Coogan). The final shot shows the tramp, after a blissful dream sequence of heavenly encounters with his lost child, bereft and exhausted, entering the palatial home of the chorus-girl-become-star, reunited with the kid.

Film critics in the twenties counted *The Kid* among Chaplin's masterpieces in spite of its "unnecessary amount of realism."³¹ Chaplin, who grew up in South Lambeth, the son of music hall artists, of course knew the story he was telling.³² Seduction, the trope of domestic melodrama, was a matter of fact for many working-class women and a theme of many family histories well into the twenties and thirties. Celia Wilmot, born in Drury Lane Buildings, was the granddaughter of a foundling, Jessie Bailey.³³ Jane Smith's grandmother, a stonemason's daughter who lived in the stuccoed labyrinth of Pimlico, had been "seduced by a guardsman" she met in the park, her infant raised as her sister.³⁴ In one Hackney school in the twenties, a teacher remembered, several girls had babies before they were married, "brought up by the girls' mothers as their own—they weren't bundled out of the way."³⁵ All parents "protected" their daughters in the years between leaving school (usually fourteen) and full adulthood.³⁶ All young women were warned against "white slavery"—debated at the League of Nations throughout the 1920s.³⁷ Protection, a legal principle restricting women's industrial employment since the 1840s, again became the subject of intense debate among feminists claiming their right to employment in the 1920s. Within the family it meant accompanying daughters or sisters to work or across London, looking out for them, and "nothing said" if calamity fell.

Enforced secrecy, the mother's willingness to absorb such arrivals born to "unfortunate girls," did not lessen the shock of discovery to the child her or himself. One "son" from the Isle of Dogs never "spoke to his mother again" after he was told that his sister was in fact his mother. The illegitimate son of William Whiteley, of Whiteley's, London's first department store, walked into the store and shot and killed his father when he found out who he was. These two instances—sober counterpoints to Freud's "family romance"—are multiplied in oral history.³⁸ Close-knit families, overcrowded homes, small comforts—these only just held at bay the "ocean of violence" beyond the safety of the familiar.³⁹

"Just Birth"

A real nightmare forms the leitmotif of the autobiography of Doris Bailey, whose smell of poverty we encountered above. Bailey recalled the Zeppelin and Gotha raids of the

First World War from when she was two, a time when feelings passed swiftly among people huddled together.⁴⁰ She heard the ping and bang of the bombs as they fell, and she caught her mother's "fear and cr[ied] bitterly" as she sat on her lap during one raid.⁴¹ Her "good memory" had made Bailey the "brainy one" in the family, "clever" because she could learn dates, times-tables and poetry "like a parrot"—learning by rote was the "pulse" of schooling. Bailey had a remarkable although not singular birth memory. Throughout her childhood she suffered from nightmares:

Whenever I had a cold, or childish upset, tall thin men in white would stand in the corners of the bedroom, and advance on me, swearing loudly and stretching out bony hands to grab me. I would run from them, run and run until I fell head first down a tiny, tight tunnel. This tunnel was slippery and slimy on all sides, and the slithery walls would press upon me until I felt I should be crushed. Then, just when I could stand no more, I would shoot out from the tunnel of horror into a huge, light open space, cold and echoing. I would start screaming then, loud piercing screams that brought my mother running to me. She would light the candle, give me a drink and sit on the bed awhile, showing me the familiar outlines of the room. . . . Every "flu" episode . . . brought the same sensations, until my own first baby was born. In a flash, it came to me that this was what my own nightmare was all about. It was just birth; and it has never once troubled me since.⁴²

Bailey's screams echo Lily van Duren's "mental anguish" at being left alone, and, like hers, they brought someone she loved to her side. The slippery, slimy, and cold tunnel, the sense of being crushed, matches fears of snakes and suffocation common in childhood memories.⁴³ "Tall thin men in white" also belong with the ghoulish figures that stalked or otherwise troubled childhood imagination.⁴⁴ Rose Gamble's terror-stricken visits to the outside lavatory, for instance, down two flights of stairs in the dark, across the soft earth-beaten floor of the scullery, where rats scuffled underneath the copper, reached a pitch of horror outside the room of Mr. Sackett, an old man in a long black coat who haunted her in the streets and cemetery near her home. Bailey's night-light enabled her to see all "manner of things moving about in the room . . . creeping slowly toward" her; "shadows in the scullery crawled with figures from Grimms' Fairy Tales and there were goblins in the copper."⁴⁵

Dark passageways and yards, kitchens or steps, cupboards under stairs, outside lavatories conjured phantoms and creatures who peopled the houses, streets, and wastelands of the city and were then reproduced in rumor, newsprint, and close-up and absorbed repetitively by eager gothic imaginations across class and generation. Jack the Ripper—"founding father of the modern sex crime"—remained a potent playground horror thirty years after he murdered five Whitechapel prostitutes, his presence reiterated in the foggy

streets and gas-lit interiors of Alfred Hitchcock's *The Lodger* (1927), G. W. Pabst's *Pandora's Box* (1929), and Thorold Dickinson's *Gaslight* (1940).⁴⁶ The moving image imitates the thought process itself: "It all comes back in pictures," wrote Syd Foley, born in the Irish community of Marylebone in 1917, whose own safe and loving childhood came to an abrupt end with the arrival of a soldier stepfather in the early twenties who "exiled" him from his mother's bed.⁴⁷

Doris Bailey's birth memory magnetized associations until, refracted through later events, like Freud's screen memories the dream acquired new meanings.⁴⁸ "Tall thin men in white"—unlikely assistants at a birth in Doris Bailey's Bethnal Green street in the interwar years—might have come to mind through the specter of hospital medics conjured by her boy cousin who tormented her with tales that the white mice she sold in Club Row market would be "use[d] for experiments"; or they might be ambulance men—portents of death—who arrived at the back of her house one day, lifted a small dead boy out of the canal, covered him in a grey sack and took him away under the silent observation of the neighbors. After this event her father taught the children to swim, on boards in the back garden.⁴⁹

Bailey gave the dream a later happy—Freudian—ending. Her desires reworked the dream. She had wanted to be a minister when she grew up, or a writer; she dreamed of wealth, of "being somebody." She wanted to live in a family where no one shouted, swore, or drank. Once she realized, to her disappointment, that only men could preach, she resolved to become the next best thing—a minister's wife. She married a devout, gentle churchgoer, a Sunday school teacher. On the birth of a son soon after the Second World War a "new dream was born"—that she might become the mother of a minister. This dream was fulfilled.⁵⁰

. . .

Early memories reveal the foundations of the conscious, continuous self in a mix of fantasy, bodily feeling, family story, and the local landscape,—all figments of the imagination. The shock of death and separation, an image grasped from nightmare or dream, proved the bedrock of experience in interwar London memories; fear and shame break into conscious memory, as they had done for Burnett's and Vincent's nineteenth- and early twentieth-century autobiographers.⁵¹ But these interwar memories were also libidinal. Bailey's first chapter opens with the stench of poverty and ends with her playfellow enviously watching her mother breast-feed, greedily seizing the breast from her baby brother and sucking from it herself. Women's desire makes its appearance in memoir as it does in fiction, cinema, and political demand in the period.

Hallucinatory inner landscapes seemed real enough to the observant London child. Homes for unmarried mothers, run by voluntary committees in alliance with church or

local authority furnished every borough in the County and multiplied in residential boroughs like Westminster, Chelsea, Kensington, and Hampstead where the wealthy and their domestic servants lived. Doris Knight peered into the garden of the Salvation Army Mother and Baby Home in Clapton, where the babies of the “unfortunate girls” lay in cots and prams in the sunshine.⁵² Roughly one door in thirty was that of a workhouse; according to one estimate, one third of Londoners in the County died in one, and fear of the workhouse will die only with the last of that generation.⁵³ While not all institutions were as overbearing as those housing the mysteries of birth and death, school medical inspection, like a visit to the Poor Law Guardians or local housing officer, was experienced from childhood as random, intrusive, punitive. Bailey’s account of the way in which public scrutiny provoked her mistrust of authority articulates the deeply ingrained, widespread ambivalence toward welfare legislation in the middle decades of the century, which liberal policymakers and social researchers knew had to be overcome if the poor, the unemployed, or all the working classes were to be made to “feel” their citizenship as entitlement.

Life stories before the Second World War are thickly threaded with family stories, or “what I was told.” Cinema and newsprint did not break the continuities of generational memory. In this respect interwar mentalities are in a continuum with enlightenment thought: “We confound what we have heard from others with that which we really possess from our own experience,” Goethe observed in the opening of his autobiography,⁵⁴ and the vocabulary of misfortune, dream, seduction, and bundling in twentieth-century memoir reaches back to eighteenth-century plebeian speech, if not earlier, even as it borrows colloquialisms from trade and locality where workers were “hands,” neighbors “a cut above,” and school a way to “better oneself.”⁵⁵ Memory and experience did not begin with birth. Embellished with folklore and gossip, family stories predate the birth of the child, place her or him in a family history, and make of the self a “company of many.”⁵⁶ Parents’ and grandparents’ wishes and thoughts—“ancestral voices”—imprinted themselves in the child’s mind, kindling desire and ambition, thoughts that did not end with death.⁵⁷ Grace Foakes, for instance, was born in Shadwell, Limehouse, in 1903. When she married in the 1920s she took over the lease of the flat in which she had grown up. Her first child was born at the end of the 1920s. She had, she wrote, “but one thought in my mind. My children were to have a different life from the one I had known” and she felt the presence of her mother (long since dead) with her in this wish.⁵⁸ “Moderns” of the 1920s and 1930s were haunted by values from another age.

This chapter opened with Marc Bloch’s affirmation of human consciousness as the foundation of historical reality and the need to search deep to find causal explanation of human motivation. These fragments or shards of individual childhood memory and the everyday lives that made them were emotionally commensurate with the events of death, world war, poverty, and fascism; the inner rhythms of fear and desire mixed with the detritus of everyday life to shape common mentalities, a dimension of the structure of

feeling, of the history of the time. The Second World War brought the childhoods, glimpsed in this chapter, to an end, literally and figuratively. London's East End Jewish ghetto had disappeared by the fifties; Gamble, like Bailey, returned home in the middle of war to find her home and thousands like it destroyed by bombing. Only memories remain, recorded in archive, memoir, and life-story, there to be listened to and written again into historical narrative.