

**Wonder and Horror:
An Interpretation of Lee Miller's Second World War Photographs as
"Surreal Documentary"**



**Thesis submitted in accordance with the requirements of The University
of Liverpool for the degree of Doctor in Philosophy**

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March 2010



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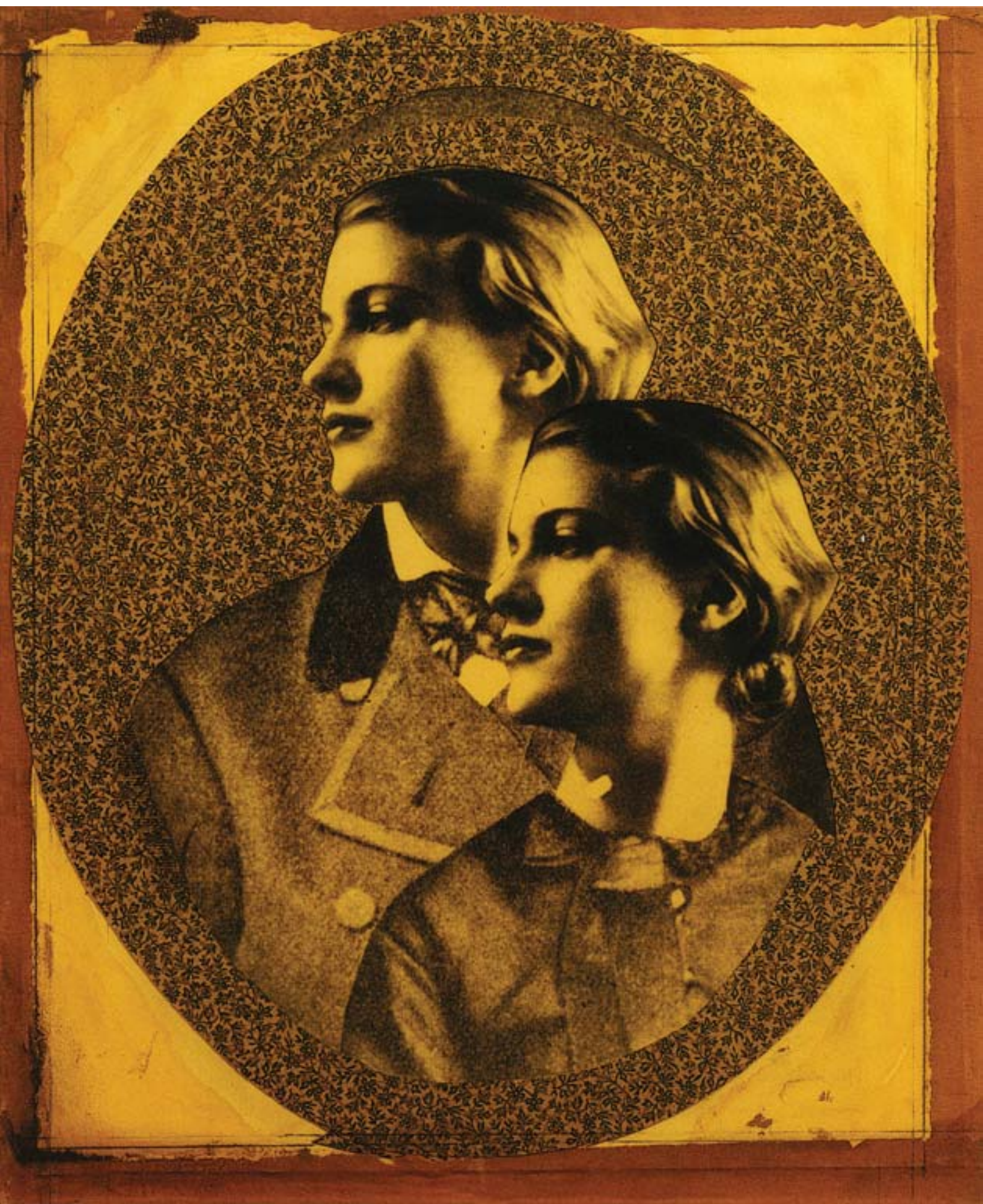
The following PDF is composed of the JPEG images that accompanied this thesis.

















VOGUE

CALLING ALL
WOMEN





















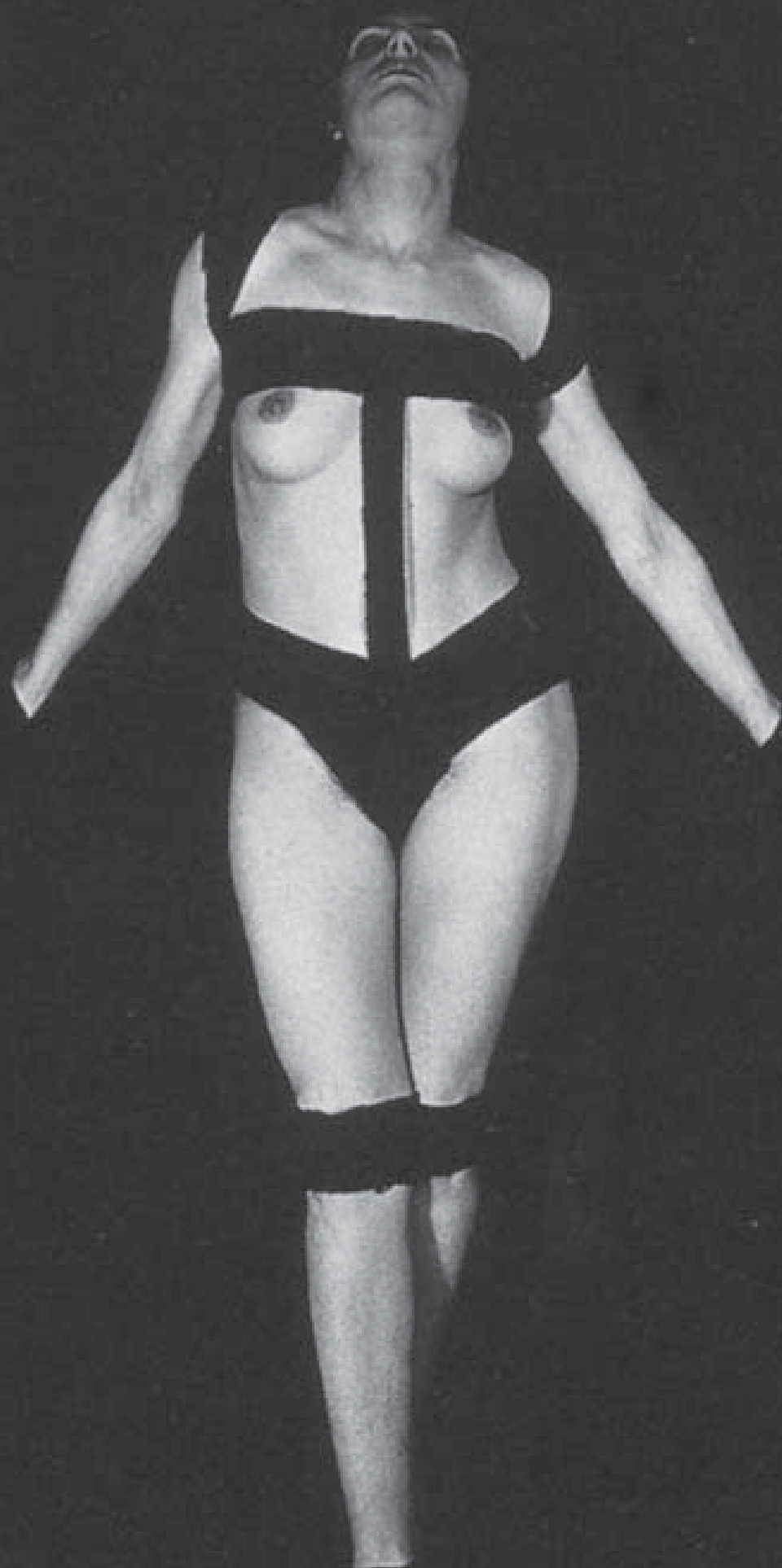


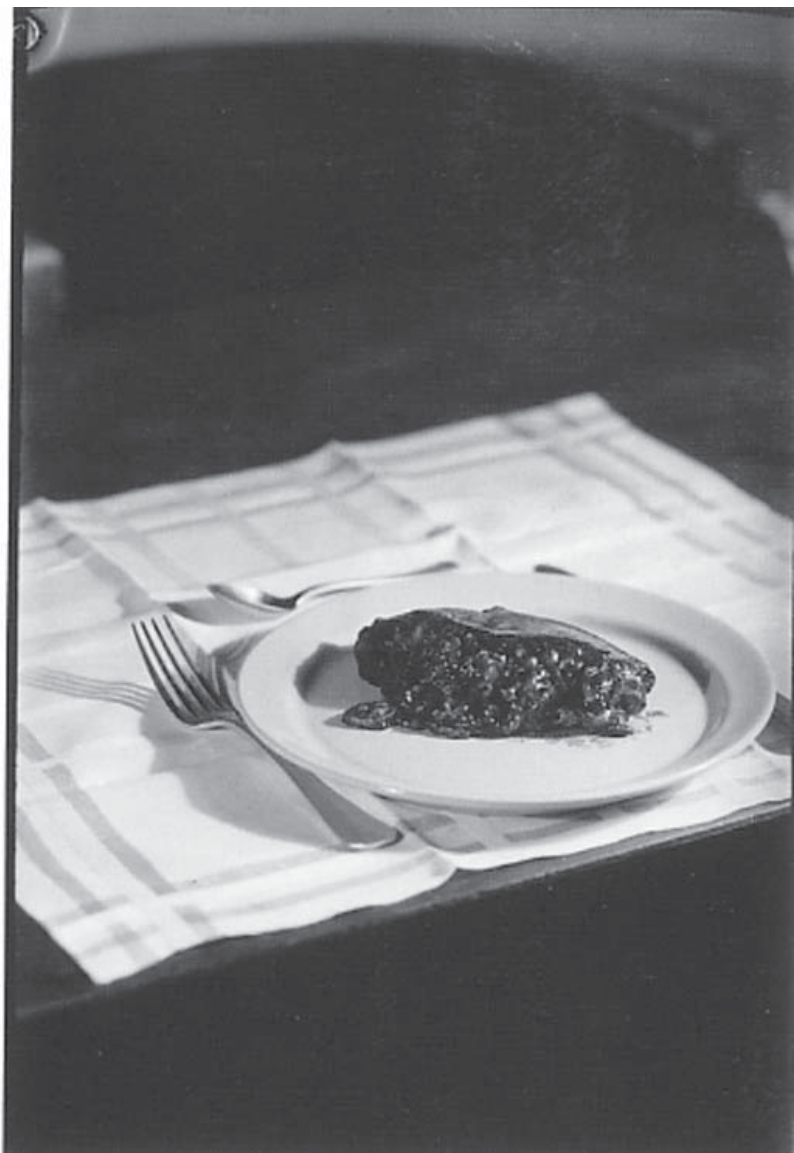














































Marina

1944



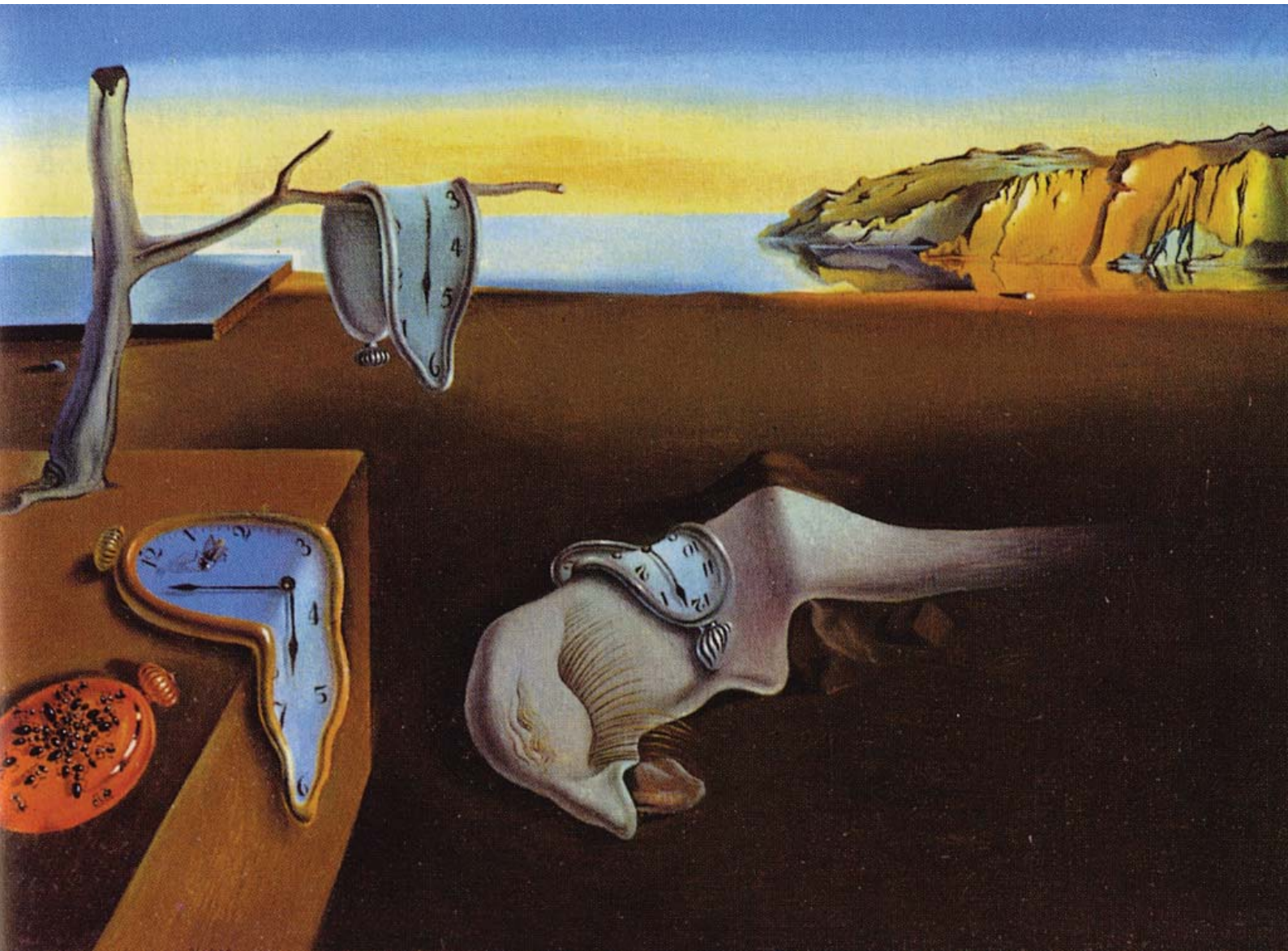












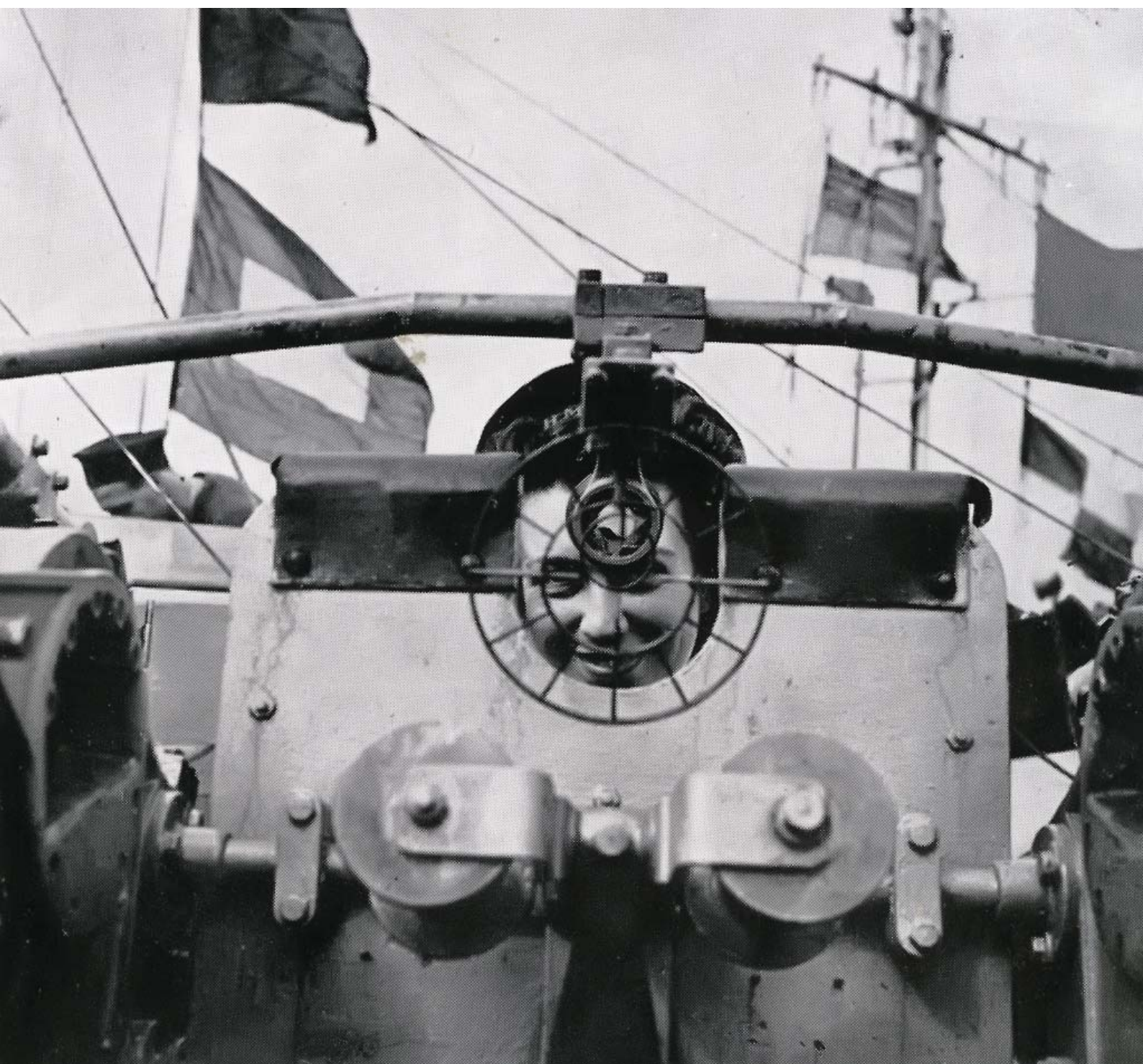


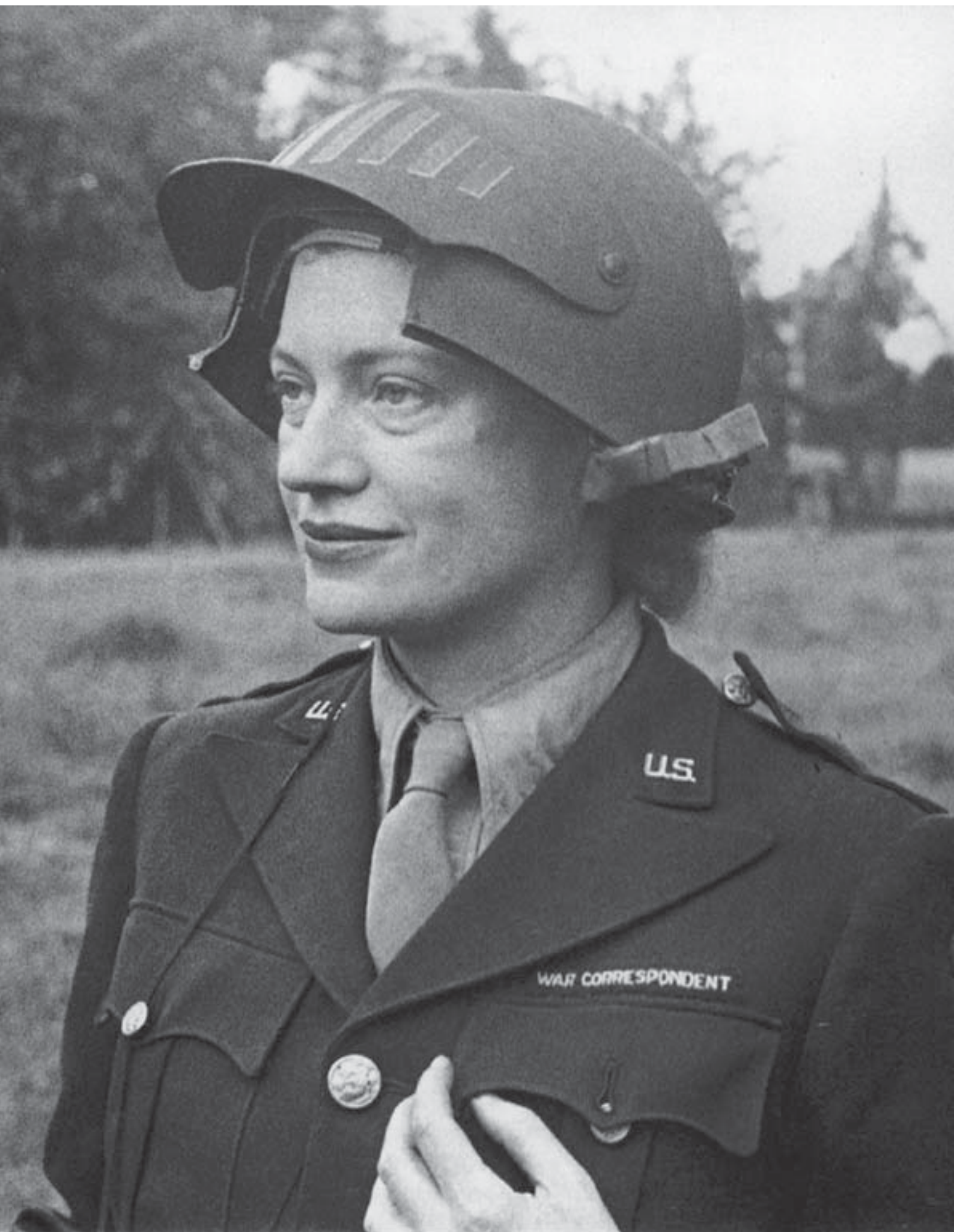






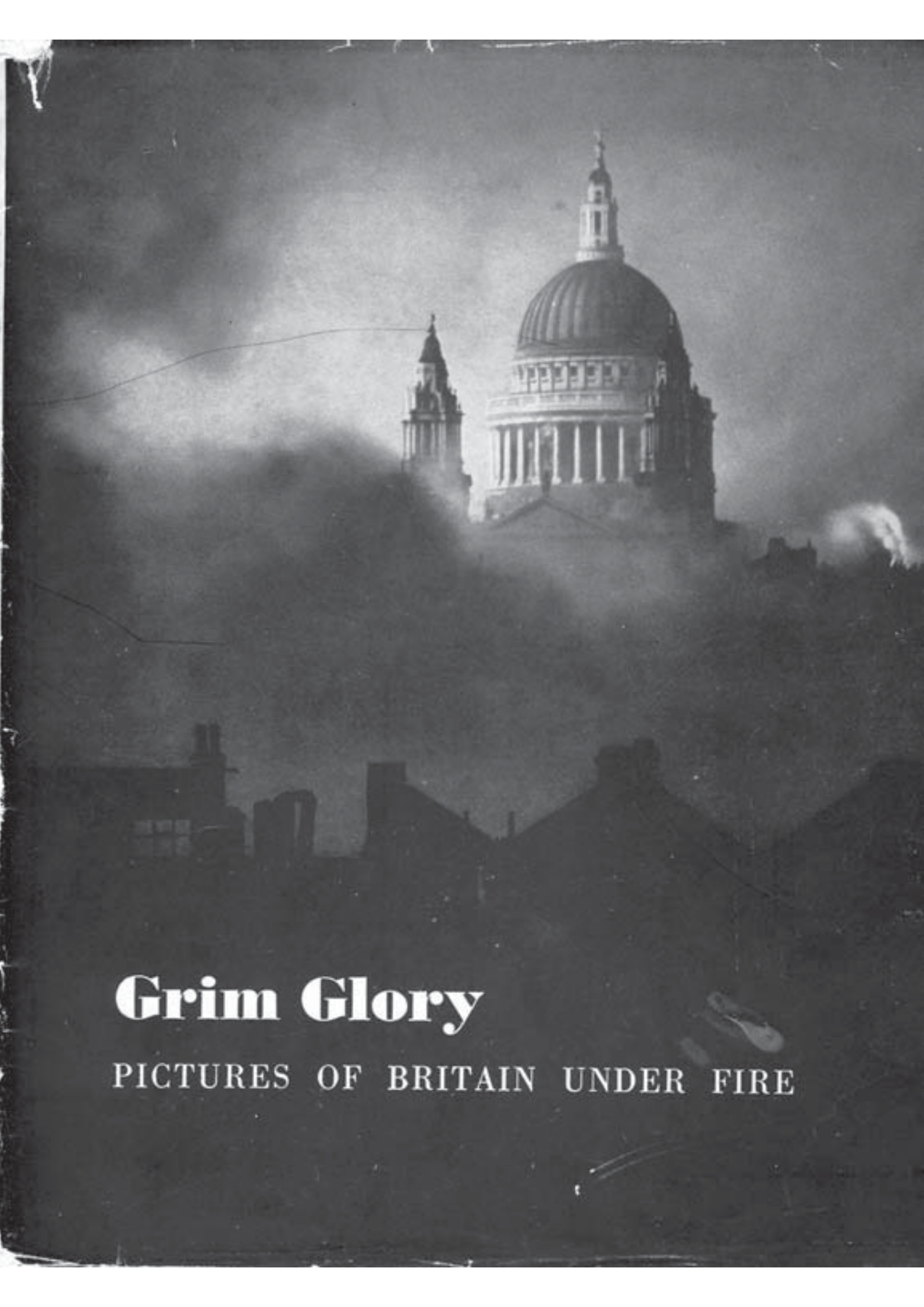








LONDON'S
NO
NIGHT RAID
ONE NIGHT
OF LOVE



Grim Glory

PICTURES OF BRITAIN UNDER FIRE















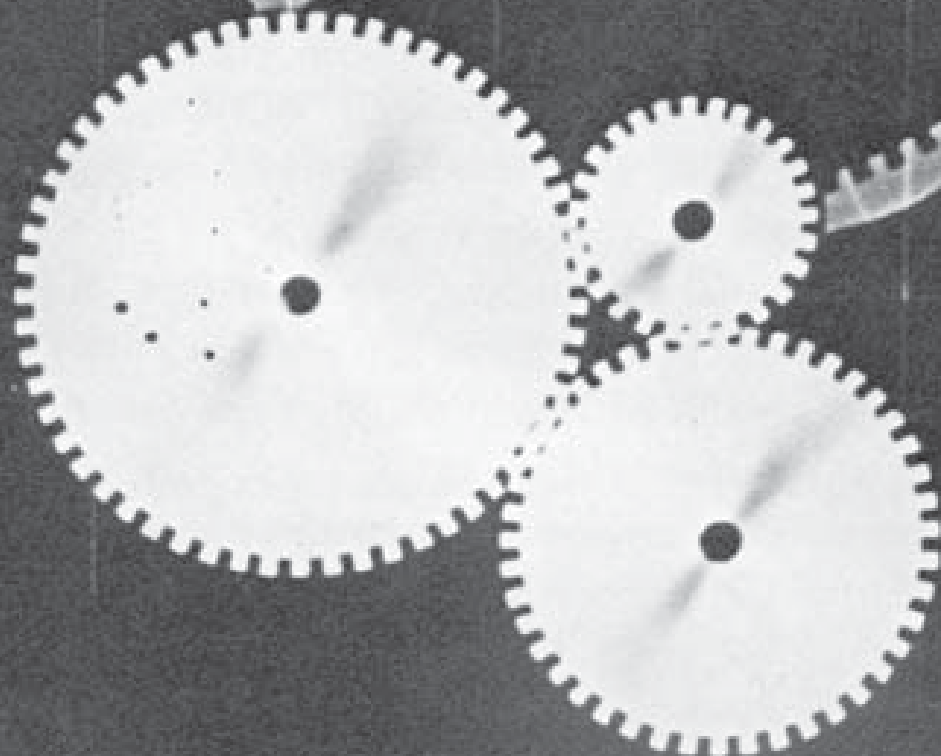








DANGER

















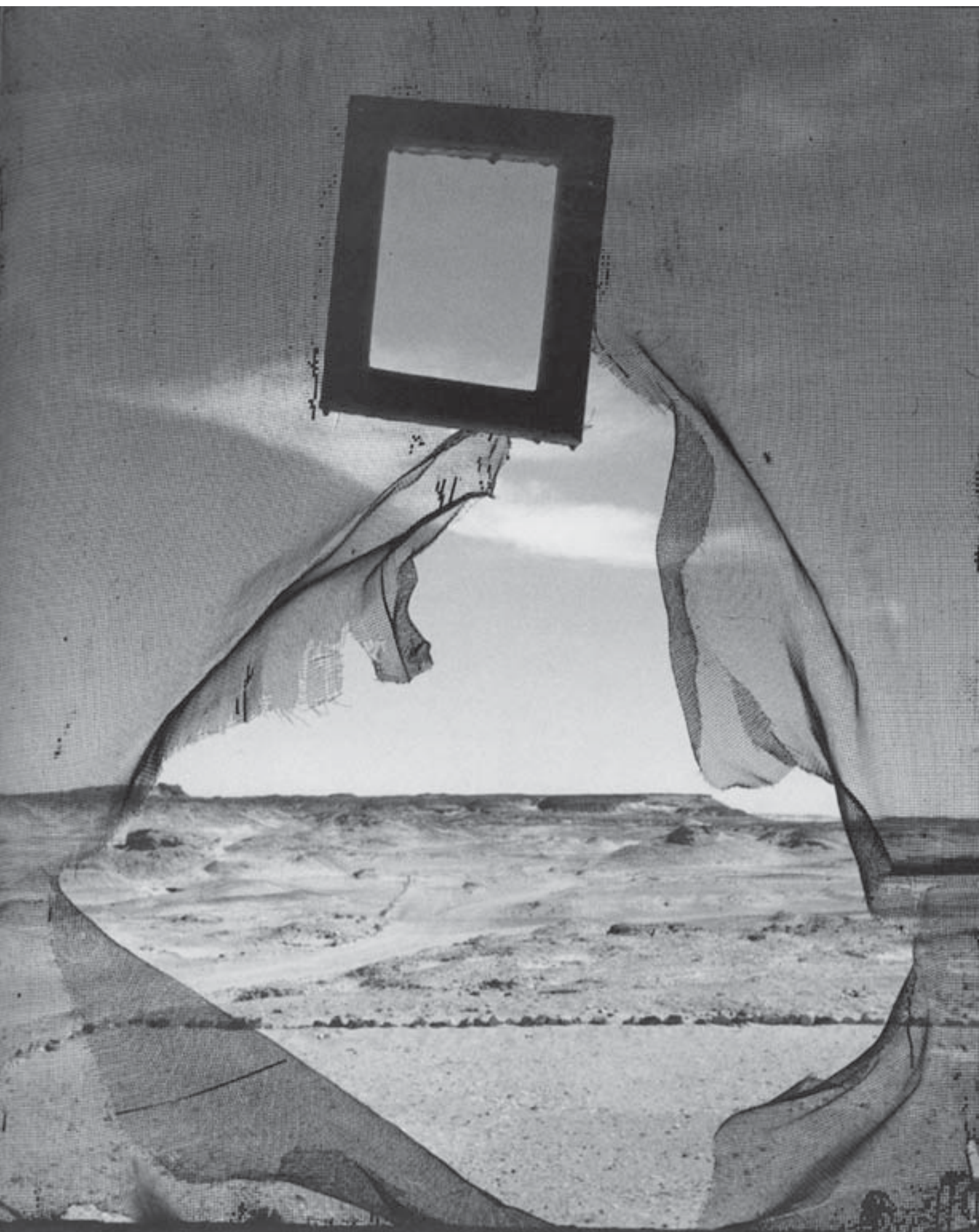


















HERBERT
HANKS

MOCCASIN SHOE SERVICE 40

BERNERS ST
FLOOR
FLOOR
FLOOR
be LET
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ST W. 1

EMERSON

EVERETT OPPEN
VICTOR GREEN







ASIN SHOE SERVICE 40

Modern
MOCCASIN
SHOES
FOR
WOMEN
CHILDREN
OBTAINABLE
WITHIN



MOUNTAIN
SHOES
NORTHAMPTON
AND
STAFFORD
OBTAINABLE
WITHIN

OREL
HOUSE

OS
UCTS



SHELTER

HITLER'S
DOORS

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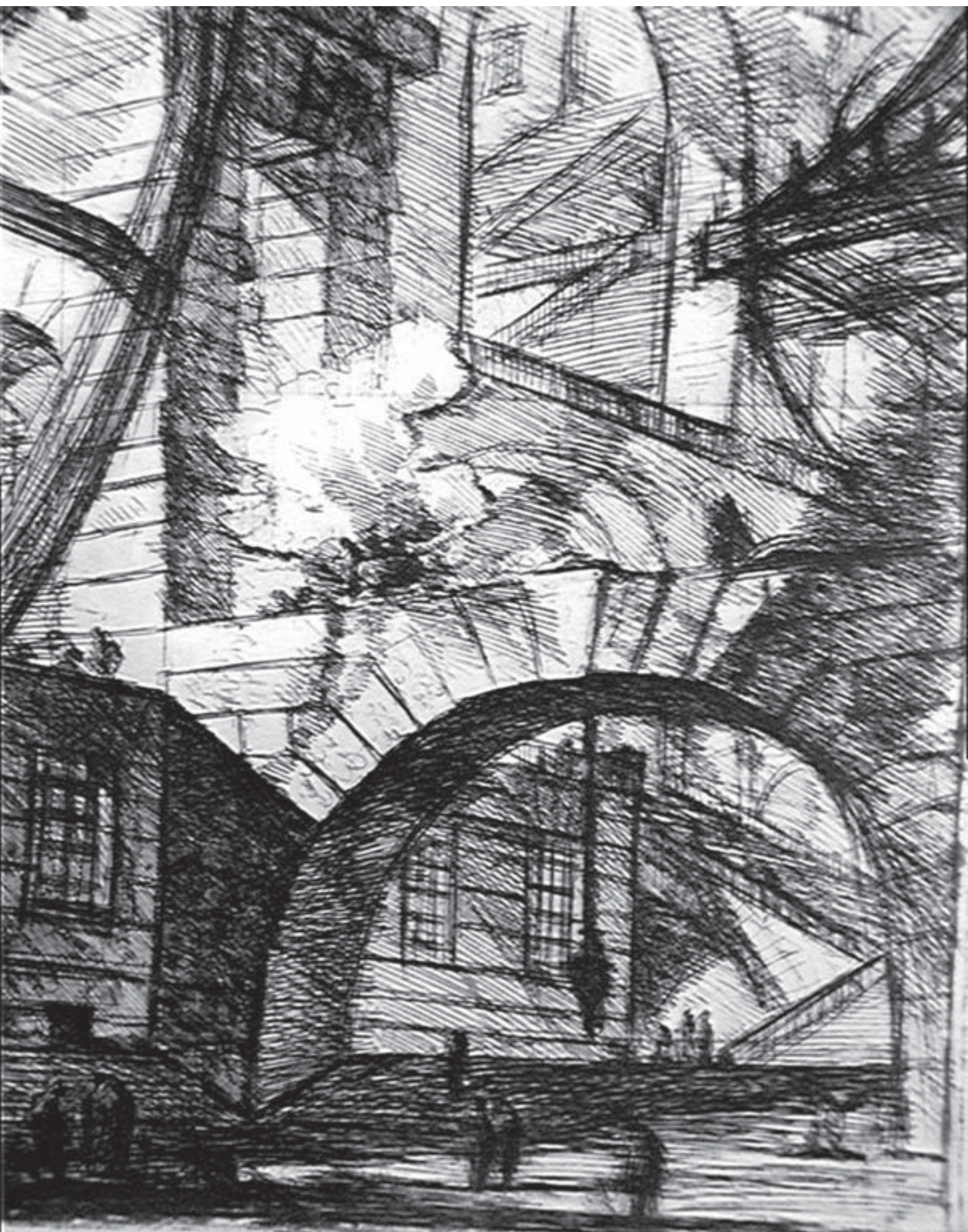
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THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER
SITE OF
ST JOHN
ZACHARY
DESTROYED IN THE
GREAT FIRE 1666
BY THE GENERAL OFFICE OF LONDON



















SCALES OF JUSTICE

In Frankfurt, amid complete devastation, a figure stands inviolate: the figure of Justice with her sword and scales. Behind, the unscathed cathedral spire proclaims the Christian and cultural heritage which the Nazis aimed to destroy. Now, instead, they are themselves destroyed. But statue and spire remain, symbols of justice and aspiration. . . .

The first phase of the struggle is over. We do right to rejoice, before we turn to complete the winning of a just war and the founding of a final peace.



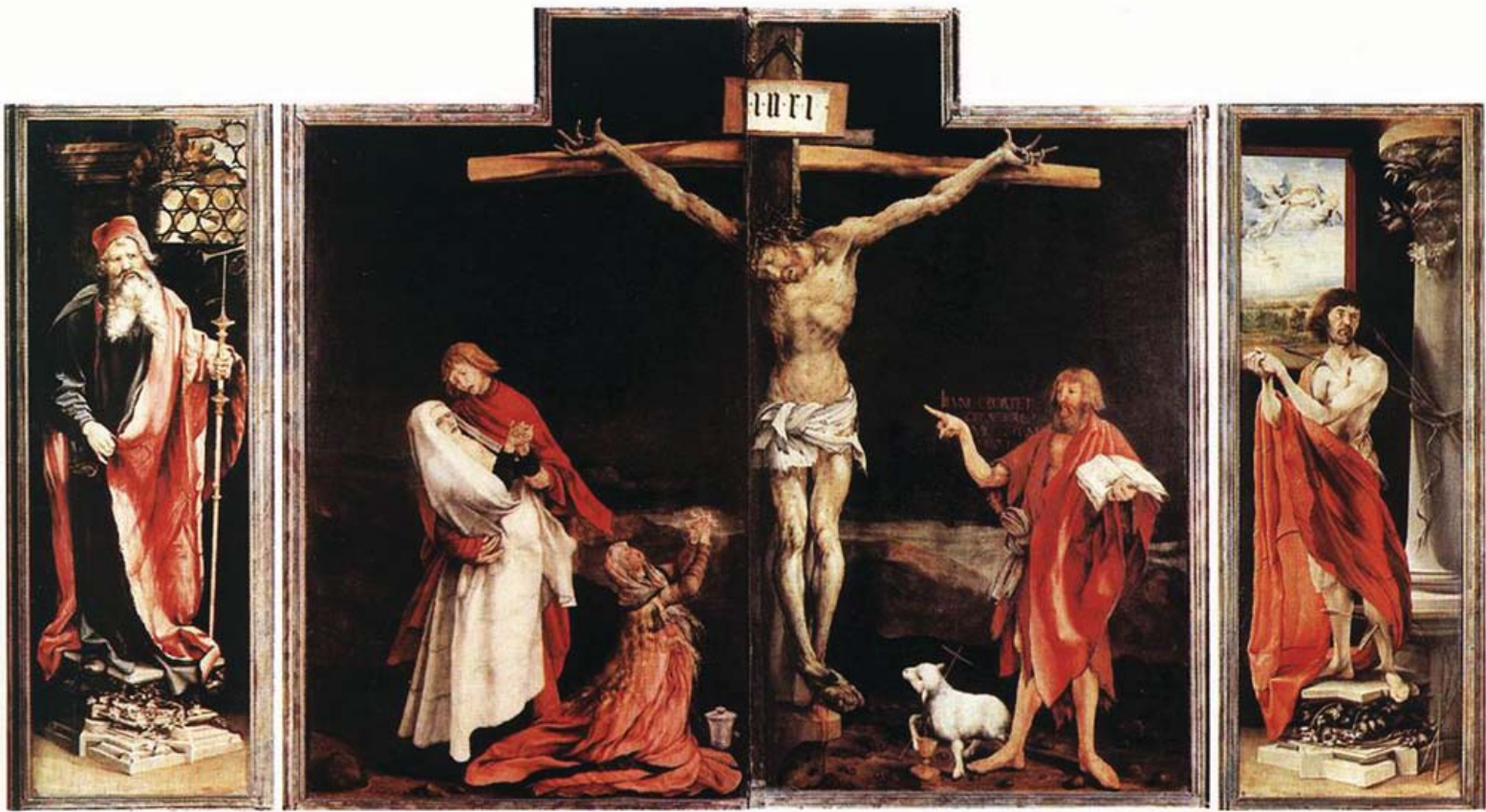
LEE MILLER









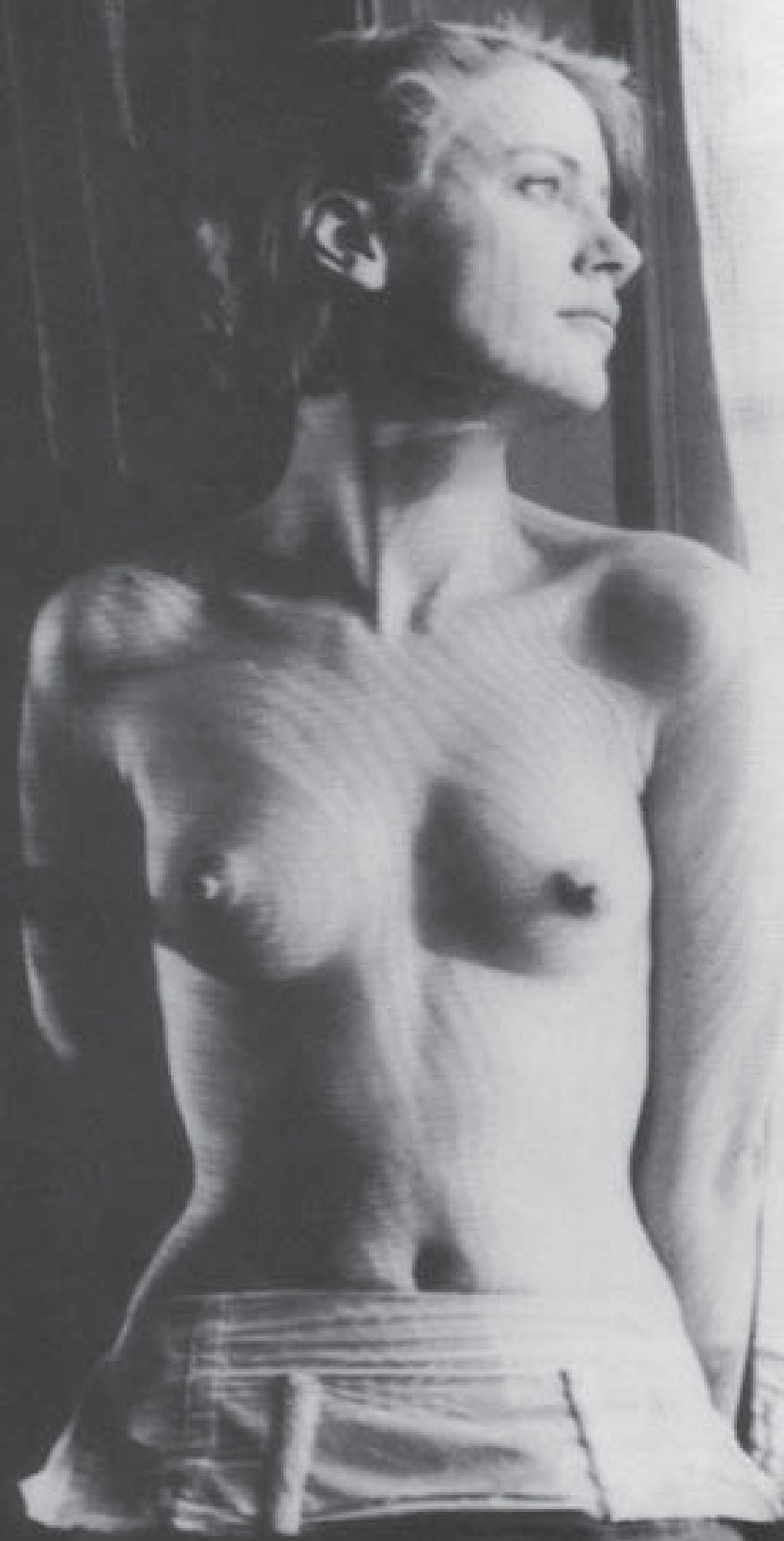


GUERRE















Giorgio de Chirico





German children, well-fed, healthy...burned bones of starved prisoners



orderly villages, patterned, quiet...orderly furnaces to burn bodies





































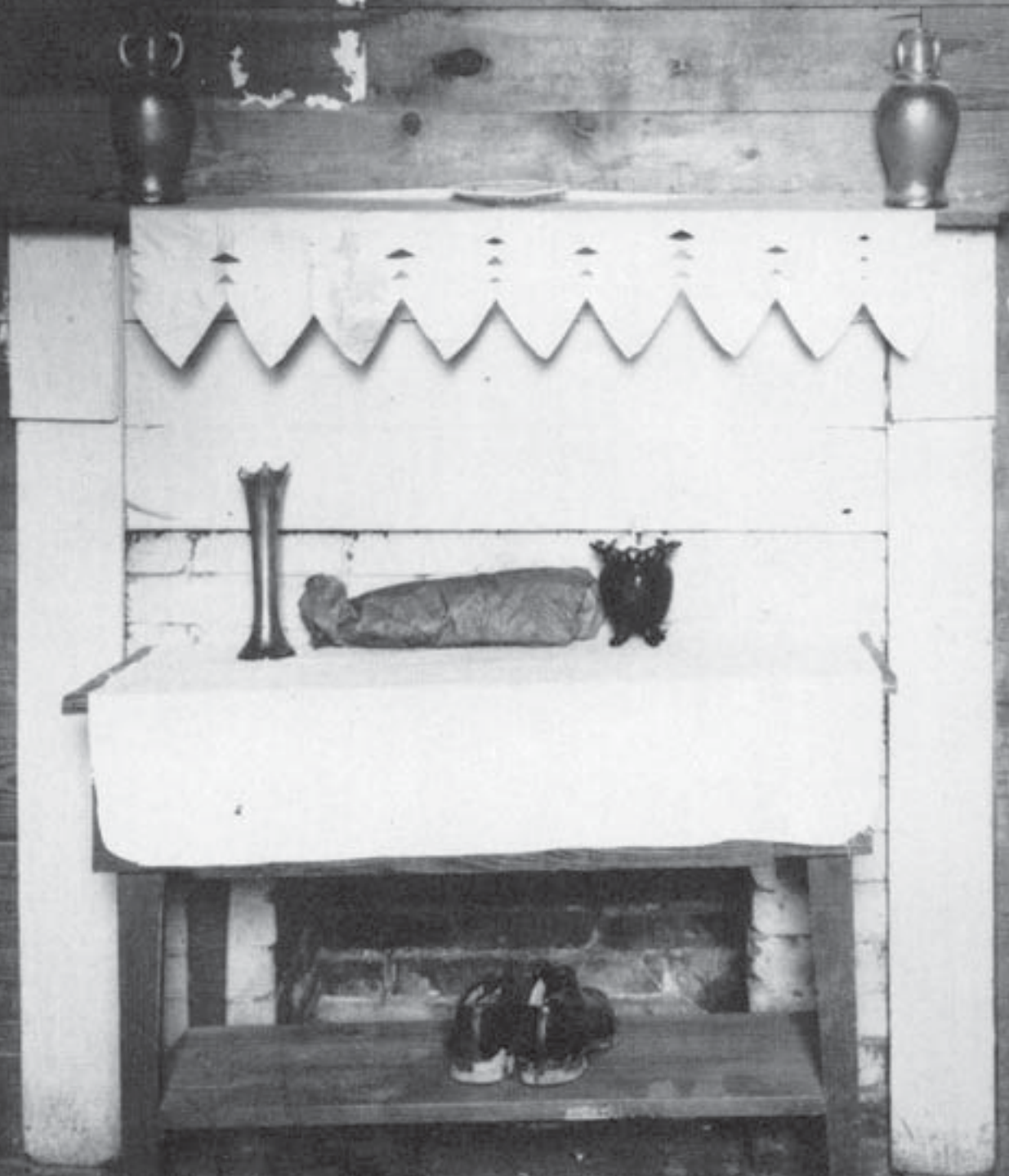






THE WOMEN OF WORLD WAR II





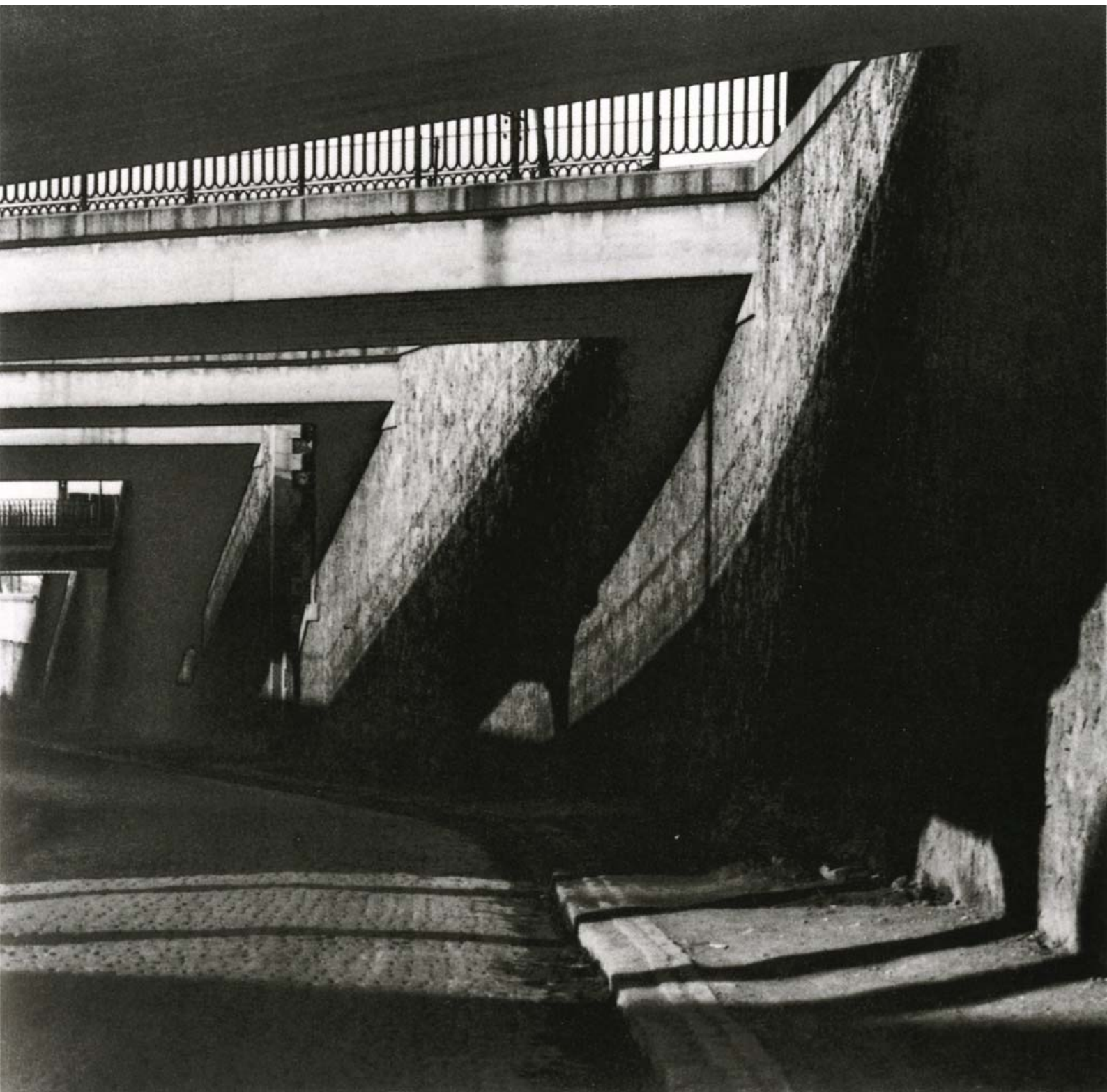




















ST. MALO HARBOUR GLIMPSED THROUGH THE BATTLEMENTS

ST MALO

HIGH LEVEL BOMBING ON THE CITADEL PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A ST. MALO BALCONY









HITLERIANA

Lee Miller, first correspondent in Berchtesgaden and Hitler's Munich flat, photographs and describes them

I SAW the war end in a plume of smoke curling up from the remnants of Hitler's mountain retreat. Although the area had been blitzbombed, houses crushed like hard-boiled eggs, and the mountain-side was a mess of craters, Hitler's own house was still standing with the roof slightly askew and the fire which the S.S. troops set as a final salute was lashing out the windows. I crawled up and down the bomb-made hills and the wreckage of Goering's house next door and looked at the empty flagpole which had carried the last Nazi banner to fly over the volcano. The departing S.S. had tipped the swastika center from it, but left the red disk.

In the morning, the fire was nearly out and we were the losers, in fact—legally, because this was Wehrmacht property. The French tanks had finally arrived, having missed their opportunity of making history in Berchtesgaden by mixing their traffic into snails. Everybody hunted for souvenirs of life with Hitler and explored the miles of underground living quarters cut into the rock under and behind the house. Considering that Hitler was a test-taker and wouldn't allow a cigarette to be smoked in his presence, he was remarkably well supplied with the best whiskeys and champagnes of Europe, the whiskey of England and the finest cigars.

The whole house didn't burn, by any means, and there was a storage room of books and treasure above ground. But the main excitement was inside the mountain. Miles of library, dining rooms, cinema machinery, living rooms and kitchen space. Rustic Bavarian furniture and heavy art pottery were the style of decoration. Cases of silver and linen with the eagle and swastika above the initials A. H. found their way into the pockets of the souvenir hunters and the books were tossed around if they didn't have a book plate or dedication or personal-looking binding. It was like a very wild party with champagne corks whining over the flagpole and the house falling down over our ears. Every once in a while a great cascade of masonry would slide off the roof, and from the bowels of the house an explosion (the French C.I.C. trying to blow Hitler's safe)—would shake the hillside and spout smoke and bricks out the passages. I don't (Continued on page 72)

END OF A MYTH: THE EAGLE'S NEST FLAMES TO DESTRUCTION





P ARIS UNDER SNOW



It brought fun to the boys and girls, snowballing; brought hardships, too. It gave statues and tombs neat snowwraps; mocked the disconsolate chairs of the Tuileries summer theatre; made a long toboggan slide of Montmartre; veiled the Eiffel Tower, and outlined figures, animate and inanimate, with the precision of a Chinese painting. Read more about it all on page 80.









