I was happy and flattered to be invited to deliver this lecture because like so many others who knew Michael Quinlan I was an impassioned admirer. Yet I cannot this evening avoid being a little daunted by the memory of an occasion twenty years ago, when we both attended a talk given by a general newly returned from the Balkans. Michael said to me afterwards: 'Such a pity, isn't it, when a soldier who has done really quite well on a battlefield simply lacks the intellectual firepower to explain coherently afterwards what he has been doing'. Few of us, alas, possess the 'intellectual firepower' to meet Michael's supremely and superbly exacting standard.

I am a hybrid, a journalist who has written much about war as a reporter and commentator; and also a historian. I am not a specialist in intelligence, either historic or contemporary. By the nature of my work, however, I am a student of the intelligence community's impact upon the wars both of the 20th century and of our own times. I have recently researched and published a book about the role of intelligence in World War II, which confirmed my impression that while the trade employs some clever people, it also attracts some notably weird ones, though maybe they would say the same about historians.

Among my favourite 1939-45 vignettes, there was a Japanese spy chief whose exploits caused him to be dubbed by his own men Lawrence of Manchuria. Meanwhile a German agent in Stockholm warned Berlin in September 1944 that the allies were about to stage a mass parachute drop to seize a Rhine bridge- the Arnhem operation. His forecast was ignored by the Nazi high command- and after the war it was found that his supposed sources in Britain were figments of his imagination- the Arnhem message was an inspired

but wild guess. One of Russia's wartime spy chiefs, Pavel Sudoplatov, earned his spurs in Stalin's eyes by presenting a nationalist in Rotterdam with a handsome box of chocolates adorned with the Ukrainian crest…which a few minutes later blew the wretched recipient to pieces. Meanwhile in the Far East, bitter hostility between the British and US secret services reached a nadir in January 1945, when American Black Widow night-fighters shot down two RAF Liberators, apparently deliberately, because they were carrying French agents into Indochina against Washington's anti-colonial policy.

One of the most bizarre British wartime agents was a man few people have ever heard of, SOE's Ronald Seth, who in October 1942 was parachuted into Estonia to start a resistance movement. Seth was next sighted in Paris in 1944 wearing a Luftwaffe uniform, having become an employee of German intelligence, trained to drop back into Britain. In the National Archive at Kew this fabulously weird man's doings fill a thousand pages in the files of SOE, MI5, MI6, MI9- and Hitler's Abwehr, all of whom ended up baffled about whose side Seth was really on. It almost defies belief that his SOE operational codename was Blunderhead; the last entry in his MI5 dossier is a copy of an unsuccessful 1946 application to become chief constable of Wiltshire. He achieved some postwar success as a writer of sex manuals, and was last heard of trying to patent a penis enlarger.

So much for black comic sidelights on wartime espionage. What I really want to try to do tonight is to offer a few reflections about and comparisons between the evolution of British intelligence-gathering during World War II and its practice in the 21st century . Secret

service became the 1939-45 struggle's growth industry. Never in history had such huge resources been lavished upon garnering information: the Americans alone spent half a billion dollars a year, serious money in those days, upon signals intelligence. Of course most of this was wasted. As late as January 1943, in the heyday of Bletchley Park, the minister Lord Beaverbrook expressed his own scepticism, saying that in Cabinet he heard 'very little secret information of real value. Secret Service reports were of doubtful quality, and their quantity made it difficult for anyone to sift the good from the bad'.

Beaverbrook even expressed caution about Ultra, Bletchley Park's output, saying that 'the enemy could put out deception messages in a code they knew we had just as easily as we could'. Today we know that didn't happen, but it deserves noticing that a warlord could say such things. At the time, Britain's secret war machine did not always command the open-mouthed admiration conferred upon it by some modern writers of spy books.

Much that is written and presented on television about World War II intelligence focuses upon what was found out. The only question that matters, however, is how far intelligence discoveries changed outcomes. Did they prompt <u>action</u> in the field or at sea ? All claims about spies' heroics or codebreakers' successes, then or now, are meaningless unless they caused things to happen. Intelligence-gathering is not a science. There are no certainties. There is a cacophony of 'noise', from which 'signals'- truths large and small- must be winnowed. In August 1939, a British official wrung his hands over the government's confused picture of relations between Stalin and Hitler: 'We find ourselves when attempting to assess the

value of secret reports', he wrote, in terms that can be used of most intelligence, 'somewhat in the position of the Captain of the Forty Thieves when, having put a chalk mark on Ali Baba's door, he found that Morgana had put similar marks on all the doors in the street and had no indication which was the true one'.

Statesmen, commanders and analysts must alike be willing to consider evidence objectively, rather than in the context of their own prejudices and pre-ordained objectives. Donald McLachan, a journalist who became a wartime naval intelligence officer, observed: 'Intelligence has much in common with scholarship, and the standards which are demanded in scholarship are those which should be applied to intelligence'. After the war, many German generals blamed their defeat on Hitler's refusal to do this. Good news was given priority for transmission to Berlin, while bad received short shrift. Before the invasion of Russia, the German high command produced estimates of impressive Soviet arms production. Hitler dismissed the numbers out of hand, because he could not reconcile them with his contempt for all things slavonic. Field-Marshal Keitel, the Nazi defence chief, eventually instructed the army to stop submitting intelligence reports that might upset the Fuhrer.

I am struck by the number of secret agents of all nationalities whose only achievement abroad was to stay alive, at hefty cost to their employers, while collecting information of which not a smidgeon assisted anybody's war effort. Perhaps one-thousandth of one per cent of secret source material changed battlefield outcomes. Yet that fraction was of such value that nations grudged not a life nor a pound, rouble, dollar, reichmark, yen expended upon

securing it. Intelligence has always influenced wars, but until the 20th century, commanders could discover their enemies' motions only through spies and direct observation- counting men, ships, guns. Then came wireless communication. The great British scientific intelligence officer RV Jones wrote about this: 'There has never been anything comparable in any other period of history to the impact of radio. It was as near magic as anyone could conceive'. In Berlin, London, Washington, Moscow, Tokyo electronic eavesdroppers were suddenly empowered to probe the doings and sometimes the intentions of their foes without benefit of telescopes or men in false beards.

Until halfway through the global struggle the signals intelligence competition was much less lopsided in the allies' favour than legend suggests. Hitler had his own Bletchley Parks. The Germans broke important codes and ciphers, with consequences for both the Battle of the Atlantic and the North African campaign. During the spring and summer of 1940, they read two thousand British naval messages a month. Even after codes were changed, Admiral Karl Donitz's men still achieved reasonably regular breaks into allied convoy traffic, though fortunately only about one signal in ten was broken quickly enough to concentrate U-Boats. A postwar American study of German intelligence concluded : 'The enemy possessed at all times a reasonably clear picture of Atlantic convoys'. In ten days of March 1943, when the Germans were for a time ahead in the sigint contest, each of four allied convoys lost one in five of its ships, a disastrous attrition rate.

Yet such costly failures sometimes had perverse consequences. Donitz several times became fearful that the British were reading U-

boat codes, and ordered inquiries. In the end, however, he allowed himself to be reassured by the convoy traffic's vulnerability. He reasoned that if the Royal Navy was clever enough to read the German hand, its chiefs would have stopped this costly hole in their own communications. Had the allies' conduct of the Battle of the Atlantic suggested omniscience, Donitz would almost certainly have guessed the Ultra secret, and slammed shut the window prised open by the brilliant codebreakers of Bletchley.

As for the land war, for the first three years German and allied sigint were in about the same place. In June 1941, Bletchley warned of British messages decrypted by the Germans during the Cretan debacle. In the desert the Afrika Korps thought British wireless discipline very slack, and attributed to this some of Rommel's triumphs. One of the desert fox's intelligence officers wrote gleefully that his chief 'often had a clearer picture of what the British C-in-C planned than did his own officers'. Rommel considered it a major disaster when in July 1942 Montgomery's troops overran and destroyed his radio interception unit. Worse for the Germans, Washington belatedly changed its diplomatic codes. For months, Rommel had been reading what he gratefully called his 'little Fellers', the dispatches of Col.Bonner Fellers, the American military attache in Cairo, who reported almost every detail about British deployments and intentions.

After Bletchley persuaded the Americans to repair this gaping security breach, the Germans never again found such a superb source. For the rest of the war Hitler's men broke only lower allied codes, though they were able to piece together a lot of information about troop movements. The German out-station in Athens, for

instance, once read a signal from a British paymaster in Palestine, instructing a division moving to Egypt to leave behind its filing cabinets. This enabled a big red pin to be shifted on German maps. Later, the Germans discovered that the American 82nd Airborne division had been shipped from Italy to Britain because they cracked an administrative message about one of its paratroopers who faced a paternity suit. They later received warning of an impending allied attack in Italy by decrypting a signal demanding a rum issue for the assault units. Sigint also warned them that the August 1942 Dieppe raid was coming.

So we should acknowledge that German codebreakers had substantial successes before thanking our forefathers' lucky stars that the enemy did not, in the end, match the stellar achievement of the men and women of the Government Code & Cipher School outside a dreary suburban town in Buckinghamshire. Bill Williams, the brilliant Oxford don who served as Field-Marshal Montgomery's intelligence chief, wrote in an important 1945 secret report: 'It must be made quite clear that Ultra and Ultra only put intelligence on the map'. Until Bletchley decrypts became available in bulk in the summer of 1942, in Williams' words 'intelligence was the Cinderella of the staff'. Pre-Ultra scepticism was often merited. I found in the 1940 war diary of the army's Middle East intelligence section such comically silly snippets as 'all Hungarian cabaret artistes have been ordered to leave Egypt by the end of May'. Ultra, when it came fully on stream, bore an authority that no spy could match. Hugh Trevor-Roper, the Oxford historian turned intelligence officer, noted afterwards: 'of all the great intelligence triumphs of the conflict not one was directly or exclusively due to the Secret Service proper'. The

allies' ability to read- for instance- the voluminous radio reports to Tokyo of Baron Oshima, Japan's ambassador in Berlin, detailing his conversations with Hitler and other leading Nazis, provided a far more credible insider's view of the Nazi high command than any mere spy could have secured. The codebreakers transformed the very nature of intelligence-gathering.

I will here offer one reflection about the 1939-45 experience which seems to me to have a powerful resonance for defence and security in our own times. A key reason that the wartime democracies did intelligence better than the dictatorships is that they gave imaginatively free rein to clever civilians. When the British official history of intelligence began to be published almost forty years ago, as a young journalist I attended the launch party and suggested to its chief author Harry Hinsley, a Bletchley veteran, that his work seemed to show the amateurs, enlisted only for the duration, achieving much more than did Secret Service professionals. Hinsley replied to me a little testily: 'Of course they did. You wouldn't want to think, would you, that in peacetime the best brains of our society wasted their lives in intelligence ?'. I've always thought this important. Before 1939 most secret services got by, or at least did little harm, run by second-rate people. Once a struggle for national survival began, however, intelligence became part of the guiding brain of the war effort. Battles could be fought by men of limited gifts, the physical requirements of the sports field- fitness, grit, dexterity. But intelligence services suddenly needed brilliance, and Britain was the place where they got more of this than anywhere else.

Take Hugh Trevor-Roper, the historian who spent the war monitoring the Abwehr for MI6. Britain's professional spooks at MI6's Broadway Buildings headquarters hated him, because Trevor-Roper never concealed his contempt for them. 'A colony of coots in an unventilated backwater of bureaucracy' was one of his milder descriptions, 'a bunch of dependent bumsuckers held together by neglect, like a cluster of bats in an unswept bar'. I decided while researching my book that the unlovable, snobbish, rude, arrogant Trevor-Roper was one of the most remarkable British intelligence officers of the war, who from 1942 onwards knew more about Hitler's secret services than anybody in Germany, because he was privy to the identities of all the double agents controlled by the Twenty Committee in London.

The Second World War was ultimately decided by the actions of massed armies, fleets and air forces, with intelligence playing a significant but subordinate role. Today, however, that balance has been transformed. While it would be absurd to suggest that conventional war has been abolished- for Vladimir Putin finds tanks most serviceable in Ukraine, likewise Sukhois in Syria- the intelligence services now man Britain's first line of defence. The work of GCHQ, especially, can only grow in importance. While it seems mercifully unlikely that in the decades ahead our armed forces will engage in a big, hot war with either Russia and China, it seems extremely probable that we shall experience deadly cyber-confrontations. Russian operations in Ukraine reveal a formidable cyber-capability, very effectively linked to their kinetic weapons systems. Michael Howard- the good Michael Howard, that is, to distinguish him from a politician- remarked to me the other day that

he increasingly inclines to the view that, in the age of cyberwarfare, nuclear weapons may soon seem no more relevant than were horsed cavalry in 1914.

My point here is that, given the centrality of the intelligence services to our 21st century security, only the best personnel will do to staff them. I have the highest respect for many of the people who serve GCHQ, MI5, MI6, but I do not think their chiefs would claim that they have access to an unlimited pool of the brightest and best. Recruitment for GCHQ, especially, is hampered by the limitations of the British education system. I will go further, and suggest that Britain's machinery for intelligence analysis, centred upon the Joint Intelligence Committee, has again and again in recent times proved inadequate . Against the background of the Chilcot Report, I do not need to labour this point in the context of Iraq. We may reasonably hope that no future chairman of the JIC will allow himself, as did John Scarlett, to become conscripted to serve the political objectives of the prime minister of the day. But there is plenty of ancecdotal evidence that the JIC machine is still underperforming because, frankly, those responsible for intelligence analysis at the highest level are just not good enough.

Consider, by contrast, the quality of personnel working for the JIC, JIS and Joint Planning Staff in the World War II years, many of them former academics shoehorned into uniform. I have quoted in my book the observation of a wartime JIS officer, that when his team got wrong their assessments of enemy intentions, this was almost always because they underrated the personal stubbornness of Hitler although- he added sniffily- 'I still think he would have done much better if he had done it our way'. In the years ahead, means must

surely be found to raise the quality of intelligence analytical personnel. In what we now laughingly call peacetime, and in the absence of national conscription such as remains mercifully implausible, it is impossible to strip the great universities of talent, as was done between 1939 and 1945. But we have entered a new era, likely to persist indefinitely, in which the old clearly-defined sequence of peace, succeeded by war, followed again by peace, has been supplanted by a murkier, more muddled environment in which most people can continue to live in tranquillity in their own homes, working and playing as they always have done, while all around us 24/7 a bitter struggle is waged against both state and non-state enemies, often in silence and shadow, but periodically erupting into open bloodshed and cyberstrife.

It is impossible to believe that customary civil service methods of recruitment, and civil service scales of pay, will bring into the heart of the intelligence machine enough people of sufficient brainpower and appropriate qualifications to defend our society as it needs to be defended. I cannot tonight propose an off-the-shelf means of addressing this issue, but I suggest that we should recognise the limitations of Britain's intelligence analysis, together with the shortage of linguists and adequately-qualified GCHQ personnel, and do something about it.

It is welcome that the army is experimenting with recruitment of officer reservists from the IT and on-line media industries, to assist in a counter-offensive on the social media front, which is becoming critically important everywhere that conflict takes place. The army's tentative new approach to exploiting scarce and relevant civilian skills could prove an important element in our future

defences. Here, two other Michael Howard thoughts spring into my mind. First, he says: 'Social media, and especially Twitter, are beginning to make as radical an impact upon both politics and hybrid war as did the invention of breech-loading firearms'. He has also said that to defend Britain today 'we need lot of spooks, geeks and thugs'. He did not mean to be discourteous to GCHQ when he spoke of geeks, nor to the SAS when he spoke of thugs, but he might have added that we also need lots more brains, people with the intellectual self-confidence to inject originality and to exercise independent judgement, in the manner that the likes of Hugh Trevor-Roper once felt able to do.

I will here revert to some thoughts as a historian, to provide perspective. I am not one of those who believe that we got everything about intelligence right in World War II, and wrong ever since, as we might be tempted to imagine in the immediate backwash of Chilcot. The historian Paul Kennedy argues that much of the 1939-45 intelligence story among all nations, with or without Ultra, is one of failure- failure to anticipate Hitler's 1940 thrust through the Ardennes, the invasion of Russia, Pearl Harbor, the panzer divisions at Arnhem in September 1944 or the German Bulge offensive in December. Kennedy has written: 'even if one can readily concede that the Allied record on intelligence was far better than that of the Axis, it is easier to demonstrate where smooth logistics helped win the war than to show where intelligence led to victory' . There is a bit of truth in this, but the evidence suggests that secret knowledge made a more important contribution than Kennedy allows, especially at sea, in both the Pacific and Atlantic. Ultra's exposure of Germany's U-boat codes- with a terrifying nine-month interruption in 1942- and

the American codebreakers' warning that the Japanese were targeting Midway, were huge achievements.

As is true of most things in life, however, it is necessary to nuance the achievements of Bletchley Park, and for that matter also its American counterparts. Legend suggests that through Turing's bombes, Britain gained open access to the enemy's communications. Not so. Though what was done was indeed miraculous, the codebreakers could never walk on all the water, all the time. While a lot of Luftwaffe and naval traffic was read from 1941 onwards, army Enigma posed chronic difficulties. As late as September 1944, Bletchley could solve only 15% of army messages; in October 18%; in November 24%. Many breaks took days to achieve, and reached battlefield commanders too late to influence events. For almost the whole of July 1944, for instance, during the critical battle for Normandy, scarcely any enemy army traffic at all was cracked.

Moreover, Ultra addiction posed perils of its own, as Montgomery's intelligence chief Bill Williams reflected, looking back on the failures of analysis that bred disaster at Arnhem and in the Ardennes in 1944. 'The material was dangerously valuable', Williams wrote, 'Instead of being the best, it tended to become the only source. There was a tendency at all times to await the next message and, often, to be so fascinated by the authenticity of the information that one failed to think whether it was significant…Probably essential wood was ignored, because of the variety of interesting trees on offer'.

Ultra enabled allied commanders to plan their operations in the second half of the conflict with a confidence vouchsafed to no

previous warlords in history. But while Ultra was a marvellous tool, it was not an Excalibur, magicking victories. Knowing the enemy's hand did not diminish its strength. Until late1942, again and again the British learned where the enemy intended to strike- as in Crete, North Africa and Malaya- but this did not save them from losing the battles that followed. Likewise RAF intelligence guided by the great R.V.Jones achieved an almost complete understanding of Germany's electronic air defences, but allied bombers continued to suffer punishing losses. Whether on land, at sea or in the air, hard power was indispensable to exploitation of secret knowledge.

We can say confidently that the codebreakers exercised far more influence on the war than did any spy. But it is impossible to quantify Ultra's impact, and it is baffling that Harry Hinsley, the official historian, usually so sensible, claimed that it shortened the war by three years. Ultra was a British and American tool, while the Russians did most of the heavy lifting for the destruction of Nazism. It seems to me no more feasible to measure its contribution to the timing of victory than that of radar, or of Winston Churchill. One of Churchill's most profound observations was made in October 1941, in response to a demand from the RAF for 4,000 heavy bombers which, claimed the chief of air staff, would defeat Germany in six months. The prime minister wrote back saying that while bombers were being built as fast as possible, he deplored attempts to place unbounded confidence in any one means of securing victory. He declared: 'All things are always on the move simultaneously'. This is a tremendously important comment on human affairs, especially in war and above all in intelligence. It is

impossible justly to attribute any outcome of anything to a single factor.

Comparing and contrasting the World War II intelligence experience with that of today, a few points stick out, especially against the fresh perspective provided by Chilcot's portrait of failure in Iraq. First, among prime ministers of the past century Winston Churchill was uniquely sensitive to the importance of intelligence, and also to its limitations. While a personally dominant war leader, it is impressive to behold the manner in which he promoted the recruitment of very clever and often very young men- in those days they were almost all men- and allowed them to speak their minds, even when what they said was unwelcome. A remarkable diversity of opinion was tolerated within Britain's wartime corridors of power. This contrast dramatically with the picture revealed by Chilcot, in which we see how an epidemic of group-think overtook ministers, civil servants, armed forces leaders and intelligence chiefs alike. The report acquits both MI6 and the JIC of wilfully manufacturing false intelligence to serve political purposes. It nonetheless convicts both Richard Dearlove and John Scarlett of an error that seems equally grievous in its consequences: they remained silent while the prime minister made statements to parliament and the nation that both men knew to be quite unjustified by the evidence. If there is one striking lesson here for intelligence chiefs, it is that their duty does not begin and end with reporting what their services can discover to the government of the day. For all those in positions of authority, privy to decision-making, silence means consent, and in the case of Iraq this meant consent to an unjustified war, with disastrous consequences for Western foreign policy.

We should note, of course, that in 2003 the National Security Council did not exist, as today it does, providing a forum in which intelligence and service chiefs meet alongside Britain's political leaders. It is striking that both David Richards as chief of defence staff and John Sawers as C made plain in varying measure to the prime minister between 2011 and 2013 their reservations about interventions in Libya and later Syria, chiefly focused upon doubts about whom we were *for* to match the fervour towards those whom we were against. Granted, this did not prevent the government from continuing on its chosen courses until, in the latter case, halted by the will of parliament, but they fulfilled their proper responsibilities, as their predecessors in 2002-3 did not.. I hope I may be forgiven a frivolous aside on those debates. A friend of mine who was also an NSC member asked me what David Richards, also a friend, thought of him. I replied evasively, by my standards. He said: 'I think David thinks I'm a bit wet'. I said, 'well, he often thinks that the two of you are more or less on the same side, but you don't say much'. My friend responded: 'Let's say that I believe there is more than one way to skin a cat, and I'm not persuaded that telling the prime minister to his face that he is a blithering idiot is necessarily the only route towards winning an argument !'.

Be that as it may, it seems self-evident that while unity of purpose, a common voice, are fine things in national crises, before governments make important decisions it is vital that the widest possible range of intelligence and service opinions should find an audience behind closed doors in Whitehall. I am currently writing a book about the Vietnam war. It is striking to notice how disastrous it was, when the 1964-65 decisions about escalation were made, that

the US joint chiefs of staff suppressed evidence of sharp divisions among themselves, especially about the conflict's winnability, in order to present a common recommendation to the president. On our side of the pond, it is unnecessary to be a professional cynic to notice that when the House of Commons provides cross-party, or worse still unanimous, support for a given course of action, this almost invariably proves to have been wrong.

I will make one further important point from a historian's perspective. Often over the years, and especially in 1985 when I was working on a book about the Korean war, I have read embassy dispatches. It is hard to overpraise the quality of the analysis provided in the 1950s by the likes of David Kelly in Moscow, Oliver Franks in Washington, Gladwyn Jebb at the UN. This was based not upon secret source material, but instead upon shrewd judgements about both our friends and foes, made by people of the highest intellectual gifts. Too many prime ministers delude themselves that material from secret sources possesses an inherent merit superior to that of diplomatic reporting. Yet the latter should properly provide a parallel channel, an alternative voice, alongside secret intelligence. As matters are today, however, we have embarrassingly few ambassadors of the calibre of olden times, because neither they nor the Foreign Office as an institution are valued as they should be by government.

Amid the terrorist threat, it is obviously right to increase the resources of MI5, MI6 and GCHQ. But it seems extraordinarily foolish simultaneously to slash those provided to the FCO, as has been done over the past two or three decades, embracing a real budget cut of 25% since 2010 alone, with a deeply corrosive effect on

its effectiveness and morale. Diplomats are incredibly cheap compared with both warriors and spooks. We need not merely to sustain, but to go further and dramatically revive the diplomatic service. If half of what I hear is true, about the meagreness of our knowledge and understanding of the tribes, families and factions in Iraq, Syria and indeed across that huge region, where Britain is woefully underrepresented and thus underinformed, the government cannot hope to make sensible diplomatic and military decisions. Moreover, within the Whitehall machine there is still inadequate integration of open and secret source material.

Vigorous debate, argument, and examination of alternative interpretations of evidence are indispensable to good decision-making. The dilemmas and difficulties facing today's intelligence gatherers and analysts are strikingly similar to those faced by their predecessors of the 1939-45 era, the modern task rendered harder by the fact that we are not now, as we were then, a nation mobilised for a war of national survival. The revelations of Edward Snowden, the former American Security Agency geek who has disclosed vital secrets of Western eavesdropping from the sanctuary of Moscow, invites a stab of relief that he did not serve at Bletchley Park. Snowden inhabits a new universe, in which old definitions of conflict, and also of patriotism, are no longer universally acknowledged. The balance of loyalties, as well as tactics, in struggles between nations has changed, is changing, and will continue to change.

Lest anyone suppose from some of what I have said above that I am less than admiring of our modern intelligence services, that is not so. They fulfil immensely challenging responsibilities with

remarkable success, especially in the field of domestic counter-terrorism. I am impressed by the quality of many of the intelligence officers whom I meet. We all recognise the difficulties inherent in serving political masters who do not always display the wisdom of Gandalf. It is essential to their interests, as well as to ours, that we should retain a healthy scepticism about the limits of what intelligence can accomplish. But we all hope that they can escape from the long shadow cast upon the reputation of SIS, especially, by the revelations of its failures before the Iraq war, as revealed by Chilcot. I am an impassioned supporter of all the intelligence services' claims upon national resources and public support in the struggle that will continue not only through the balance of our lifetimes, but until the end of time. Secret war, as it was practised by the nations that fought the1939-45 struggle, is clearly emerging as future war.