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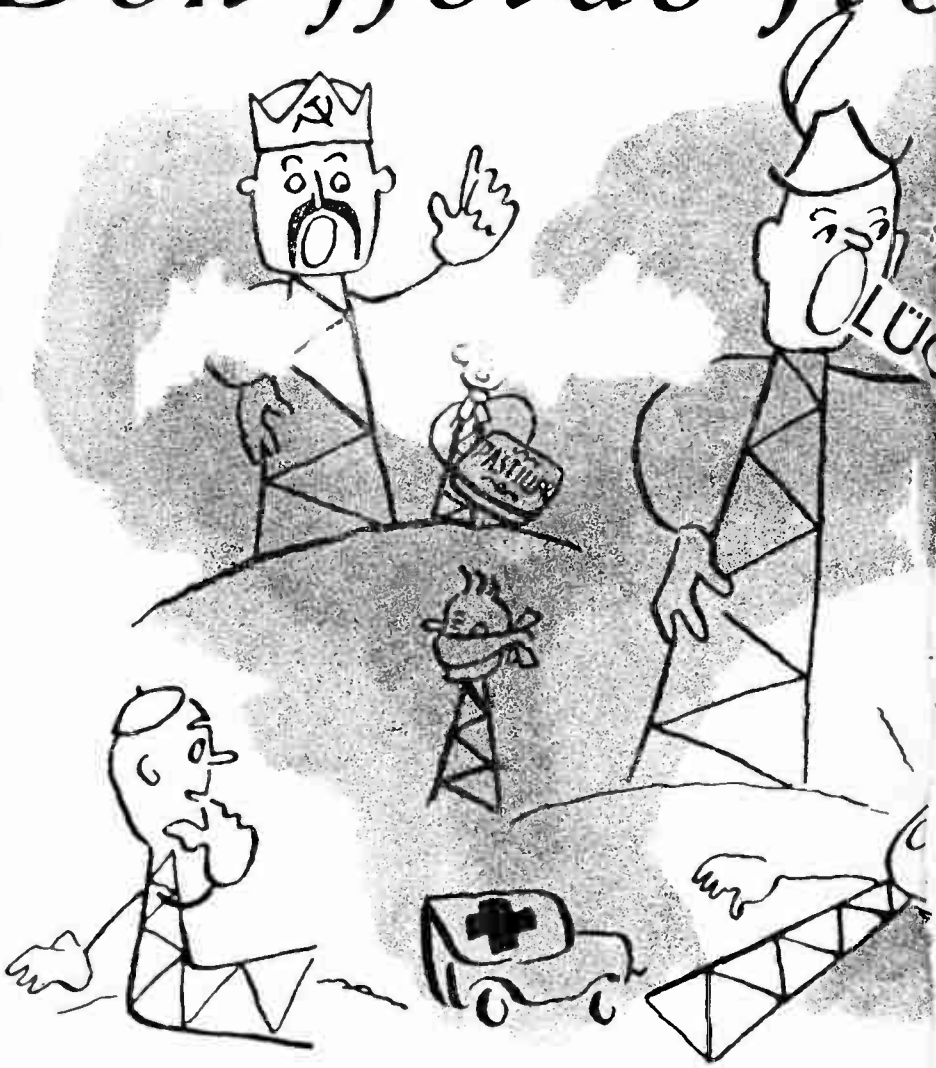

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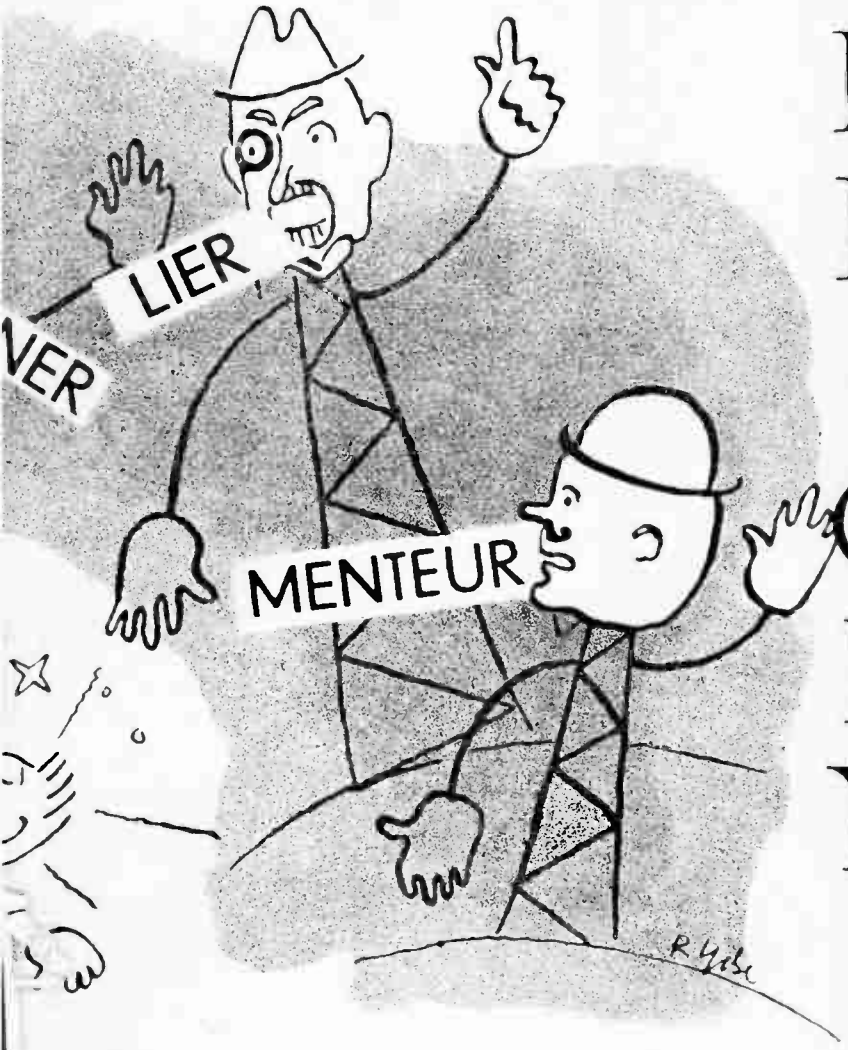

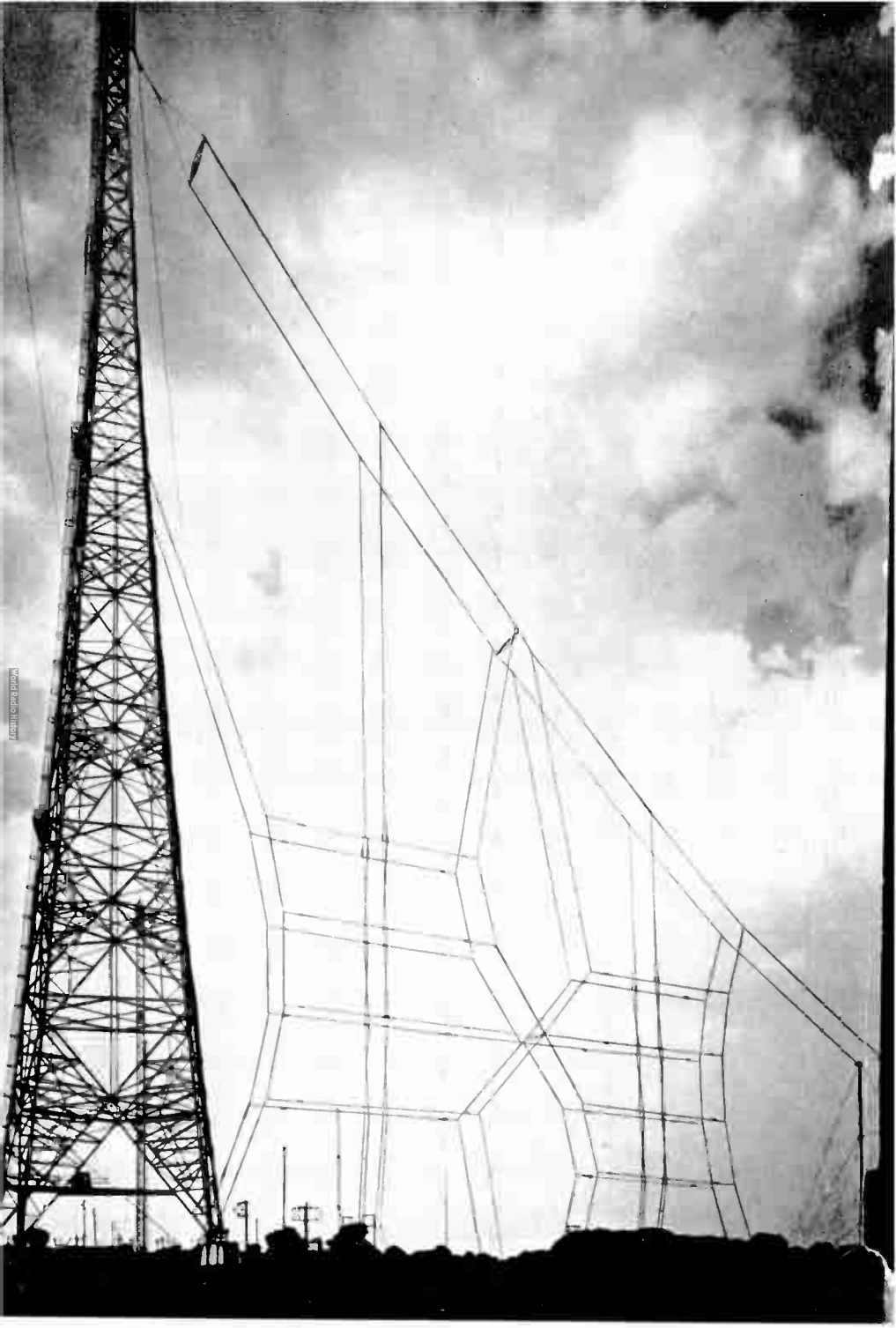

THE FRONT LINE [Frontispiece

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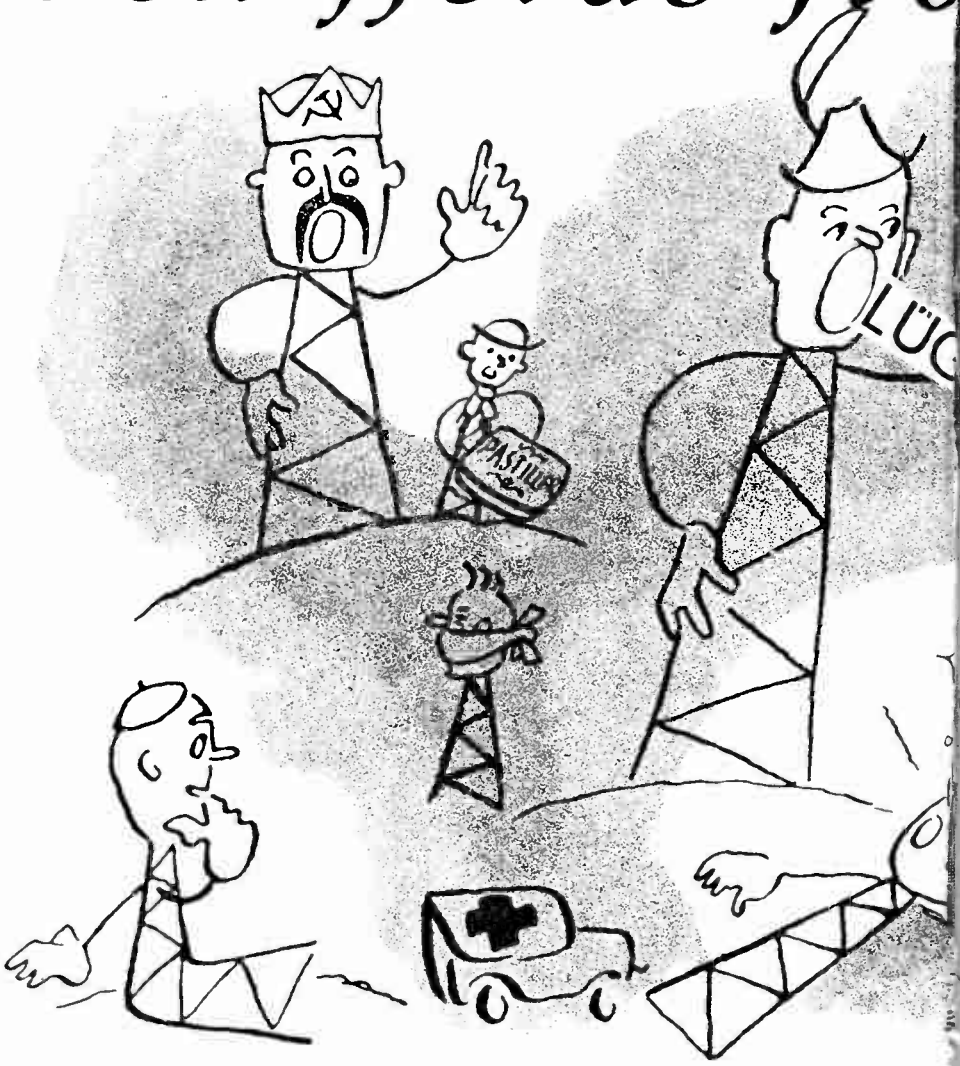

THE FOURTH FRONT—ÆTHER WAR. Looking south from Scandinavia. The gentleman with the tricolour in his eye is an Englishman who has forgotten how to spell "Liar." From the Norwegian paper *Hallo-Hallo*, April 1940.

VOICES IN THE DARKNESS

The Story of the European Radio War

BY

E. TANGYE LEAN

LONDON
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FOREWORD

THIS is not a guidebook, handbook or Official History of the War. I have been too much involved in it to be impartial. I wanted as far as possible to write only of what I had heard with my own ears, choosing Germany's offensive against France instead of her attack on Jugoslavia, reporting speakers on whom I had my own notes, and where my languages gave out and my ignorance of different audiences set in, it did not worry me that the treatment became sketchy. The German Radio stood no chance of a fair hearing from me who listened to it as a counsel for the prosecution, and the news-service from London, which made up nine-tenths of the B.B.C. output, is represented only by a few inadequate paragraphs.

News loses most of its interest a few hours after its birth, but all good radio tends to make less good reading, and the best propaganda is sometimes boring after six months. I have tried to save the reader the boredom and monotony which are part of the propaganda war. I did not want to sacrifice a script by Thomas Mann for the sake of one of the more numerous and representative, but less memorable talks by, say, Tangye Lean. Other details which are subjective or inaccurate include my views on various speakers, the inadequate attention to Moscow and the sketches of exiled announcers, which had to be " scrambled " for obvious reasons.

I have to thank Mr. Kurt Hubschmann, of *Picture Post*, for the unofficial photographs taken in the B.B.C.; Mr. Bernard King, of the *News Chronicle*, for arranging them; Mr. Arthur Phelps, who drew the maps, and Mrs. R. A. Martin for compiling the index. I have had the invaluable help of Mr. Weidenfeld, co-author of *The Goebbels Experiment*, and without his erudition I should have had to leave bigger gaps in the story.

E. T. L.

November 1942

CONTENTS

MAPS

ILLUSTRATIONS

(With due acknowledgment to Copyright holders)

TO

MY FATHER

WHO USED TO PAY MANY BILLS
IN MANY FOREIGN CURRENCIES

THE OPENING SOUNDS

" *I know that fewer people are won over by the written word than by the spoken word, and that every great movement on this earth owes its growth to great speakers and not to great writers.*"—ADOLF HITLER : Preface to " Mein Kampf ".

" *Hitler's thesis in the early stage of the movement was ' the agitator should only speak at night. Then his audience is tired and incapable of resistance.' *"—RUDOLF OLDEN : " Hitler ".

" . . . *the voice of a chained dog. . . .*"—THOMAS MANN : " Message to Germany ", January 1942.

As the Second World War broke out, Hitler increased his speeches to one a fortnight. Hoarse with threats, distorted by inadequate loudspeakers, they had been growing louder since 1933, until at last they were unchallenged. Their meaning penetrated the difficulties of language, so that one could listen in the company of a partly comprehending crowd outside radio shops in the City of London. " The enemy," said Hitler, " will receive an answer that will deprive him of hearing and sight. . . . If I should be struck down in this battle, I shall first be followed by party-comrade Göring ; if Göring should be struck down, he will be followed by party-comrade Hess." It was the first day of the campaign against Poland, and a fortnight later he was shouting from Danzig : " In future we shall take an eye for an eye, and for every bomb we shall answer with five bombs ". A fortnight later in the Reichstag, he turned on England and France. " The moment may come when we use a weapon which is not yet known and with which we could not ourselves be attacked. . . . I have carried out my solemn word to put an end to the Versailles Treaty. . . . Germany will win ! " The group of Londoners could only pick out the words Göring, Hess, Versailles, but these had become the recognizable notes of a battle-cry they knew and which found them without an answer. The impassioned sequence of climax and anti-climax held them uneasily on the pavement while the roars of the Reichstag members welding the sentences together, emphasized their passivity.

Twenty years earlier other voices had been heard there. They began on the second Monday in November 1918 with the cries of newsboys. Office staffs in the City scrambled downstairs and in a

few minutes the streets were full of people who shouted, sang, kissed strangers and bought flags from hawkers possessed of advance information. Some, who wanted an assurance that their joy would not be withdrawn, pressed into Downing Street and were rewarded by the appearance of Lloyd George, who smiled and said: " I am glad to tell you that the war will be over at eleven o'clock today ". The cheering was so loud that he felt for something more ceremonious, and added: " This British Empire has done a great share towards winning the war, and we are now entitled to shout ". The cheering became wilder; it filled the tiny street and re-echoed between the Foreign Office and the famous Georgian façade of No. 10 where housemaids waved dusters and handkerchiefs from the windows.

It could still be heard in the distance when Winston Churchill sat down to dinner with the Prime Minister. Churchill was hopeful but alarmed by the prospect of revolution; he pressed for a dozen great ships " crammed with provisions " to be rushed to Hamburg, and was glad to see that Lloyd George liked the suggestion. Both statesmen were aware of the uproar in the streets outside; it underlay their voices and spread into their thoughts.

Further east, on the outskirts of the City it was quieter, and the editor of the *Daily News* wrote his leader calmly. The war, he reflected, had been between ideas rather than nations. " The doctrine of despotic militarism," he wrote, " has made its last bid for the world and has been overthrown by the idea of freedom and the moral governance of the world."

If the phrases had grown a little dull, it was because they had been used for centuries to describe the policy that had built England's greatness. Queen Elizabeth, supporting the liberties taken by her seamen, might have used them; Adam Smith had shown their economic implications when he mapped with approval the ideal of unrestricted capitalism; Victorian England had grown and proliferated on the " idea of freedom " which seemed to spread hand in hand with the " moral governance of the world ". Was there any reason to doubt that the future would return smaller profits on the old idea, or that a nation just knocked from its military pedestal would rise again to denounce it?

The future author of *Mein Kampf* spent the night more or less without sleep in a hospital bed in the small German town of Pasewalk. He tells us, in his peculiar tawdry manner which was to become known as *Hitlerdeutsch*, that a few weeks previously yellow

cross gas released by the English had turned his eyes into " red-hot coals ". For a while he was blind, and his voice, which he greatly valued, had its timbre affected. But now it was the news that kept him awake. A pastor had informed the patients that the Hohenzollerns had abdicated, and the Republic which had been formed was submitting to Armistice terms. Hitler heard this on the 10th, but the effects lasted. " It was impossible," he writes, " for me to stay and listen any more. Darkness enclosed me as I blundered and stumbled back to my ward and buried my aching head between the blankets and pillow." He had suffered from a complicated neurosis since childhood, and more probably it was the stimulation of this by Germany's defeat, than English gas, which made him collapse. Undistinguished by much else, it is possible that his voice would never have been heard at another moment of history, but the peculiar shape of his personality lay in wait for a special political situation.

The freedom projected into the future by the *Daily News* evoked no automatic approval in Germany. The German Empire had not been slowly accreted through centuries of seafaring in which the enterprise of individuals brought profit for themselves and territory to the crown they served. By an opposite process and on land instead of at sea, Germany had grown in sudden abrupt expansions. Her emergence from medievalism had been delayed by an anarchy of bishoprics, margravates, abbecies and petty states; when their suppression was achieved, it was by the Prussian Army, and the dominating ideal became as a result military discipline instead of free commerce, the ruling caste soldiers, not businessmen.

Deutschösterreich muss wieder zurück zum grossen deutschen Mutterlande, cries the first page of *Mein Kampf*. Back, back to the motherland! It was the economic need, explaining centuries of aggression. But as we go on with Hitler's statement of it, we find a sudden irrational twist. " German Austria must go back to the great German motherland. But not because of economic calculations of any kind. No, no! Even if this union was indifferent from an economic point of view, even if it was pernicious, it must take place. The same blood belongs to the same Reich." What unstated motives inspired this new, more spectacular outbreak of the German neurosis?

The child of a minor customs official, Adolf Hitler in the 'eighties had been devoted to his mother and had shown a corresponding hatred of his father. Senile, arrogant and overbearing, this employee

of the Habsburgs demanded that his youngest son should become a government official like himself. But Adolf reacted surprisingly. At school he had developed into " ein kleiner Rädelsführer ", a gang-leader, whose passions were already spent in politics. He discovered that shortly before his birth a " battle of heroes " had been fought against the French Emperor, a battle from which the Habsburgs and their servants had absented themselves. The gangs he led and fought played their games within this framework. Good gangsters must unite against the Habsburg dynasty which, to safeguard its own petty privileges, prevented union with Germany; they wore forbidden emblems, saved the money they might have spent on food for their war chest, and greeted one another with " Heil ! " " I think an inborn talent for speaking now began to form itself in the rather strenuous arguments I used to have with my comrades," the adult Hitler explains. But when he mobilized his oratory against his father, that loyal servant of the Habsburgs lost his temper and would not modify his demand that Adolf should enter the imperial service.

No doubt the old man felt intuitively that this first political conflict was in fact rooted in Adolf's peculiar character; clearly the boy's rages could not be explained by politics alone, any more than they could forty-five years later when he gained control over Germany. " Human beings," Hitler admits, " are the product of their upbringing, and this, unfortunately, begins almost at birth." [1]

[1] The details of a neurosis are best confined to text-books, and text-books differ; but a Freudian hypothesis fits the facts of Hitler's childhood with interesting precision. Analysing savage customs in *Totem and Taboo*, Freud draws an archetype of primitive society in which the young men unite to destroy the father of the tribe. Their motive, he concludes from the similarity of the picture with a certain type of patient, is envy of the father's rights over the mother. They wish to destroy him in order to gain control over her. Applying this to Hitler's childhood we should conclude that the gang warfare he directed against the Habsburgs was in fact directed against his father, who wore their imperial insignia on his uniform. His fellow gangsters were the equivalent of the young tribesmen, and Germany—which he liked to refer to as the " Motherland " instead of the usual " Fatherland " —stood for the mother to be won by the destruction of the ageing father. In the neurotic these emotions of childhood became fixated, and are transferred in adult life to successive people and successive situations which recall the originals. (National Socialists must unite against Hindenburg and the decrepit statesmen of the Republic; Germans must unite against the senile Chamberlain and the degenerate democracies; Germans demand *Lebensraum*, and are prepared to spill blood to get it.)

Whatever its exact shape, Hitler's neurosis was already canalised into a political mould which remained far more rigid than the deviations of his policy suggest.

He was not to change very much, but would he find a bigger playground than the woods and fields of Upper Austria?

It was not, of course, accidental that Hitler's character was formed among a race whose pathology dangerously resembled his own. While the *Daily News* leader-writer proceeded with his traditional English article, Hitler dealt with the situation as a German. He collapsed in nervous prostration, and decided that the defeat had simply not happened; Germany had been "stabbed in the back" by a "group of despicable Jewish criminals". This, he tells us, was the conclusion he reached in the hospital at Pasewalk, and he added to it a course of action characteristically his own. Germans, it seemed to him, should immediately unite to overthrow the new enemy, the enemy at home. Two days after the Armistice, with the decision to take to politics already made, he left for Munich.

There is nothing easier than to be wise, like this chapter, after the event, but the statesmen who framed the Versailles Treaty were determined to save themselves from the revenge of history by being wise before it. They did not propose to be too harsh, and they absolved themselves from this charge, while putting an obstacle against the spread of Bolshevism, by safeguarding the nucleus of the Reichswehr. But lenience was equally out of the question, and they accordingly provided for a reparation commission to inflict on the new German Republic stinging financial penalties. They were wise enough to leave an interval of two years for the evaporation of victory emotions before the amount was fixed, but by the summer of the second year, "the lava," to quote Lloyd George, "had not yet cooled". Reparation totals are almost meaningless, but the immediate demands were real enough to have shaken a regime with roots planted deep in the tradition of the German mind. The Republic, instinctively regarded with distrust in Germany, but by ourselves with hope, was dangerously weakened; and the Army, its inevitable master, was kept ready in existence.[1] Making the prospects of peace more hopeless still, America, the designer of the new world order, withdrew her massive influence from Europe. By the German standard of Brest Litovsk, Versailles was a miracle of generosity; but it was the supreme muddle of the war.

[1] Ludendorff wrote as early as in 1919: "After our great downfall, let us, in memory of the heroes who have fallen for Germany's greatness, the heroes whom the country so badly needs, learn once again to become Germans". Five years later Hitler echoes: "The cause for which we fought during the Great War was the noblest and highest that man could strive for".

Meanwhile England herself was getting back to that traditional path of development which twisted as tentatively forward as her roads before the advent of the motor-car. War memorials were built for the men who had died in defence of freedom, but jobs and houses were needed for those who returned to enjoy it. The state had at once to assume a new responsibility. The Unemployment Assurance Act, passed in 1920, acknowledged this to an extent beyond any previous legislation. Besides the unproductive payment of the " dole ", relief work on a small scale was planned on roads, land drainage, water supply, forestry. But unemployment was not seen as a disease which must at all costs be eradicated; little was done to mitigate the humiliation of the men who queued up week in, week out, to accept the conscience money of the state. The homes for the returned heroes made a better story. For the first time a Housing Act obliged local authorities to take the initiative in providing tolerable living conditions, and within ten years half a million state-subsidized houses had been built. That was a great deal, but let us look at the kind of streets in which they were built.

Cities, according to the great social critic, Lewis Mumford, are to a nation very much what dreams are to the individual. They show in brick and concrete its desires and fears and hopes; their lay-out reveals the forces in control, their harmony the common ideals of the inhabitants. When Sir Josiah Stamp declared that " except for a hundred or two buildings, London needs to be rebuilt from end to end ", he expressed a feeling that had spread beyond the pioneers of planning; but unfortunately the plans had a way of getting blurred as soon as they were drawn. The *Daily Mail*—and we must listen attentively to the views of the *Daily Mail* in this period—warned the nation that " until the Government and local authorities abandon the housing schemes, which they should never have undertaken, there will be no real solution to the problem ". Similar declarations on the problems confronting post-war democracy were to be read at nearly two million breakfast tables daily throughout the 'twenties.

An ancestor resurrected after two or three centuries would have been astonished above all by the incoherence of the cities. As he tried to find his way to the town-hall under the impression that a town was ordered logically around its civic and religious offices, he would have made for a score of buildings whose pillared and frescoed importance could only puzzle him when he was told they were

cinemas and garages. The demolition of Nash's Regent Street for the sake of " wonder shops resembling palaces ",[1] would not have worried him as an aesthetic disaster so much as a further symptom of this internal lunacy which prevented him from finding his way. For what relation was there between all these buildings and streets ? —they seemed to have nothing in common but the fact of standing next to one another. If, as he was beginning to suspect, there was no relation, it implied that he never would find his way. It might even mean that the crowds themselves had nothing to do with the buildings—that they just worked or bought things there and went tens of miles away to sleep with their families in communities sterilized by separation from the life of the central town. Perhaps even there were vast areas of hovels somewhere which atoned for the wealth scattered here on everything but town-halls and cathedrals. Perhaps even the town halls were out there with the families, or perhaps they were here as well. On the whole he felt like returning to the seventeenth century.

We must grant him the kindness of release, for in the early 'twenties a further development appeared in the sky over these cities. A schoolteacher of Leytonstone wrote to the *Daily Mail* that one of her small boys " pressed closely to me and inquired in an awestruck voice : Did I think it was an angel writing in the sky ? " In fact it was a commercial aeroplane, and the message it spelt was not celestial, but successively VIM, CASTROL and DAILY MAIL. " It was the largest advertisement the world had ever known," said the *Daily Mail*. " The words written in silvery smoke from an aeroplane flying at 100 miles an hour 2½ miles above Hyde Park, were seen in the morning over an area of 100 square miles, and were read simultaneously by 3,000,000 people, an unparalleled achievement."

In the next few years the achievement was paralleled all over the country. Above the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley it

[1] " Perhaps the most remarkable piece of changing London ever seen is the rebuilding of shops, etc. in Regent Street, the Crown leases in which are now expiring. Certainly a returned exile today would hardly know that famous thoroughfare today if he inspected it, starting from the palatial new shops in Oxford Circus. . . . In all cases, far more imposing erections are taking the place of those demolished, and Nash's famous architectural scheme is being ruthlessly set aside. The sweeping quadrant is going, and by another year or so the whole street, with its transformed Piccadilly Circus, will reveal a New Regent Street, with wonder shops resembling palaces."—*Daily Mail Year Book*, 1924.

appeared in flame-coloured smoke; a year later it was over Manchester, Liverpool, Rugby, Stafford, Derby and Nottingham; it was over seventeen towns in one day; the pilot even extended his activities to Berlin. When the *Times* stigmatized it as " an indecent form of advertisement ", the organizer replied that those who disliked the sight had the " whole of rural beautiful England in which to carry on their contemplation undisturbed. Let them, therefore, leave those who have to engage in commerce freedom to do so in the commercial centres."

To select the *Daily Mail* as the voice of post-war disturbance in England is as natural as to examine the rise of Hitler in Germany. The *Daily Mail* became for many a " national institution "; it took the place of something that was missing. Not only did it provide free insurance for two million adherents, it advised them on personal problems, suggested how they should spend their money, canalized the overflow of their energies by awarding prizes for golf competitions, " ideal homes " and swimming the English Channel. But the motives which dominated this powerful undertaking were not simply an altruistic desire for the nation's and the individual's welfare; after Northcliffe's death, the *Daily Mail's* interests became more and more identified with those of the commercial firms which advertised in its pages. If it clashed with someone—as it did with Stanley Baldwin—who owed allegiance to other ideals, the full flood of its editorial invective was undammed.

" When the call came to me to form a Government," said Baldwin, the dominating political figure of this period, " one of my first thoughts was that it should be a government of which Harrow should not be ashamed." His sense of values was a satisfying patchwork assembled from the English Public School, the Livery Clubs of the City of London, and the landed gentry of Stourport and Worcester; he was aware that the dignity of these institutions had been great, and although they were already becoming the survivals of an earlier culture, he preferred them to any others he could see, and applied their standards to a world now swayed by a different balance of forces. " In the growth of our big industrial centres today," he exhorted the businessmen of Leeds in the middle 'twenties, " let us, while there is yet time look forward and plan to see where the factories of the future are to be, and where the houses of the future are to be, and where the open spaces and the playing fields are to be, and how people are to be got to and from their work.

All these things need thought, sympathy, imagination and vision. In a gathering like this there are men who are capable of doing most useful work of this kind." The *Daily Mail* saw in such appeals an idealism which should have been repressed by the leader of the Conservative Party in favour of ruthless national and class interests. No doubt it was sentimental to appeal to the businessmen of Leeds as if they were Harrovian prefects, for sanctions stronger than oratory were needed to plan the cities of the twentieth century; but Stanley Baldwin was trying to achieve something whose necessity the *Daily Mail* had not even perceived. He was trying, in after-dinner speeches, to solve the essential problem of the twentieth century: to preserve the freedom of the individual while warding off the increasingly serious disturbances which resulted from its abuse.

Soon the oratory of British statesmen was to stammer more seriously in this effort to reconcile irreconcilables. We can best hear its pain at the turning point between peace and war, in 1932, when " the habit of saying smooth things and uttering pious platitudes and sentiments to gain applause, without relation to the underlying facts ", was according to an impatient Winston Churchill, " more pronounced than it has ever been in my experience ".

That April Sir John Simon submitted to the Geneva Conference a compromise resolution on disarmament. " In seeking to apply the principle of qualitative disarmament as defined in the present resolution," it read, " the conference is of opinion that the range of land, sea and air armaments should be examined by the special committees with a view to selecting those weapons whose character is most specifically offensive and threatening to civilians, or more efficacious against national defence."

There is enough pathos in that, but within two days Ramsay MacDonald had the painful task of addressing a luncheon party of the delegates at the Hôtel des Bergues. " We wish," he said, " to do all in our power to lay those ghosts, so that this earth will be inhabited in security, in peace and comfort; and you can depend upon it that what I say today will be said by Government after Government in Great Britain." The sentence, his listeners must have noticed, had staggered and broken in half; its passion for the removal of fear from the world was perfectly genuine, but he could offer no assurance that it would be removed.

One more voice, a different one, must be heard from that critical year. " Fascism," said Mussolini later in the summer, " does not believe in the possibility or utility of perpetual peace, and is against pacifism, which implies renunciation of the struggle. Only war brings out the full force of human energy by compelling the people to have the courage to face it. Fascism does not believe in numbers as numbers. It denies that government can be organized by the periodical consultation of the masses. Attempts to establish world peace will fail."

" Will fail. . . ." In this speaker one feels there was once perhaps a struggle, but the struggle was given up. How clear the voice is; how sober in spite of its braggadocio, how its realism refreshes the ear after the stumbling excursions of British statesmen into Utopia. So, at any rate, it seemed to some people. For here at least was someone liberated from scruples about national and personal rapacity, who had eliminated conscience and the difficult striving after an ideal world. To many Englishmen it sounded like a joke.

Meanwhile events had been occurring in Germany which were startling enough to confirm the fears of the worst pessimists. Early in 1921—when war passions were to have been cooled—the London Agreement fixed German liability for reparations at one hundred and thirty-two milliards of marks to be paid at a steadily rising rate, about half being due between 1942 and 1963. In the Odeon Square at Munich thousands of nationalists demonstrated against the Republican Government. Adolf Hitler tried to speak, but at that moment the military band struck up, and he could not be heard. Within a few days he had taken Munich's largest hall, and this time his voice was clear.

It had recovered from the worst effects of the yellow-cross gas, and he had trained it carefully. Schooled and paid by the Army to spy on the Communists, he had himself joined a " German Workers' Party ", founded by the locksmith, Drexler, and was busy transforming it into a militant and subversive organization with ultra-nationalist ideals. He had discovered an instrument called propaganda, or more accurately he had elaborated with intuitive genius and scientific means the system of persuasion he had already used in childhood. Propaganda, he said, in definition, is " to influence large masses of people, to concentrate on a few essential points, never to allow these to be lost sight of, to enunciate principles in the form of a categorical

statement, to exercise the greatest possible patience in disseminating ideas, and to be infinitely patient in awaiting results ".

Ludendorff and Hitler, who were soon to join forces in the Munich Putsch, had returned from the war with the conviction that they had been stabbed in the front as well as the back. " We were hypnotized by the enemy propaganda," says Ludendorff, " as a rabbit is by a snake. It was exceptionally clever. . . . It did not set out to tell the truth. . . ." Like Hitler, he saw the British leaflets, which were in fact models of simplicity, as a system of lies worked out with inhuman cunning ; and concluded that if Germany had no answer it was simply because she had not the means. " We were lacking in the necessary facilities," he complains. " We had no world telegraph service, with its chain of cable and wireless stations."

From the start Hitler proposed to make good these and similar deficiencies that the genius of the Imperial Army held responsible for defeat. Just as a stammerer will sometimes more than overcome his defect, till he speaks with greater clarity than his fellows, so he intended the voice of nationalist Germany to be supreme.

In England the *Daily Mail* was pushing up its sale to two million copies daily when Hitler purchased the *Völkischer Beobachter*, an obscure weekly sheet with another name ; but the glaring red posters which began to dominate Munich, if less novel than skywriting, were the biggest advertisements Bavaria had ever seen. His second mass meeting was twice as big as the first ; soon more than twenty thousand were attending regularly.

Humiliated as only Germans are humiliated by defeat in war, his followers had seen their families all but starving under the continued blockade ; they had survived a period when their Government, to strike back at the French invasion of the Ruhr, had inflated the mark until a fortune would scarcely buy a loaf ; and finally they saw waiting for their jobs a population of unemployed numerous enough to people Scandinavia. Free Insurance would not have been adequate to still the fever of these minds, and the voice they chose to speak for them was less inhibited by scruples than Stanley Baldwin's. They were ready for the childhood cry : *Ein Volk ! Ein Reich ! Ein Führer !*

Hitler allowed ambiguity to surround his intentions. " I do not think," wrote Wyndham Lewis in a study published in 1931, " that if he had his way he would bring fire and the sword across otherwise

peaceful frontiers. He would, I am positive, remain peacefully at home, fully occupied with the internal problems of the Third Reich. And as regards, again, the vexed question of ' antisemitic ' policy of his party, in that also I believe Hitler himself—once he had obtained power—would show increasing moderation and tolerance. In the Dritte Reich, as conceived by Hitler, that great Jewish man of science, Einstein, would, I think, be honoured as he deserves. . . ." [1]

In France and on this side of the Channel there were all too few outside the Left who were able to watch Hitler's rise with the feelings of unmixed dismay which alone might have checked him. Under the " Peace Terror " of the 'thirties the Left committed its own crime by demanding that the Empire should behave like a lamb in the hope that its example might reorientate the instincts of tigers. But there were more subtle and equally pernicious refusals to face reality among those who lacked an interest in politics. The lights illuminating the lives of the " bright young things " had been switched on to disperse the General Strike and unemployment, to drown silence and good music, to distract from the mechanics of the trade cycle. When the *Brighter London Society* was founded in 1922, it was not the slums that it proposed to brighten. Informing its readers in the same year of the existence of broadcasting in America, *The Times* emphasized that here was " at once a solution of the terrible problem of the dullness of village life and a counter-attraction to the public house ". Later it was discovered with a certain dismay that Sir John Reith came of Puritan stock.

As time passed, Bobs were transformed into Shingles, and these, but less commonly, into Eton Crops. The Movies became Talkies, and those who had danced till three o'clock in the morning began to wonder where their sweethearts were tonight. Outside the Labour Exchanges the shabby line of unemployed grew longer, shorter, then very long indeed. But the memory of the General Strike kept strange beliefs alive in the minds of those who, passing in their cars, looked the other way; they murmured instances of individual laziness, some believed the state paid as much as half the insurance contributions.

[1] How permanently reluctant England was to believe in Hitler's ambitions is suggested by a résumé of this book in a catalogue published at the end of the second year of war by one of the best-known booksellers in the country. " Mr. Wyndham Lewis," it said, " comes forward as the exponent, not the critic or advocate, of the National Socialist Movement in Germany."

High dividends went to those who had mastered the craft of distraction; to Edgar Wallace and Noel Coward as well as the manufacturers of portable gramophones, tobacco and artificial rabbits for greyhound tracks. But consciences needed to be soothed as well as distracted, and " this little autobiography of mine is in itself a tribute to the system under which we live ", wrote Edgar Wallace in one of the books he published in 1932. " There cannot," he went on, " be much wrong with a society which made possible the rise either of J. H. Thomas or Edgar Wallace. . . ." He died that year, a few months before unemployment rose to 2,811,782, and Hitler conversed with the Danzig Gauleiter Forster on the veranda of Wachenfeld House, Obersalzberg. " I do not consider consequences; I think only of one thing," he said, according to Rauschning. " I do not play at war . . . I shall shrink from nothing. . . . Without power over Europe we must perish. I give you my guarantee that there will be no more unemployment in Europe."

It was still only in private that the voice of Hitler was to be heard like this. As to his intentions inside Germany, where his fingers were tightening on the controls, he was more frank.

Since January 1933, when he became Chancellor, the German microphone had been at his disposal. In the Ministry of Propaganda a radio department had been formed with Horst Dressler-Andress, former chief of the Party's own radio section, at its head. Responsible to him alone was the new director of the German radio system, Eugen Hadamowsky, who carried out the dismissal of all employees known to be racially or politically impure. " I had incessantly and untiringly demanded that German broadcasting should be made the chief instrument of political propaganda," he declared, and it was with enthusiasm that he set about the technical reorganization of transmitters to fulfil his aim. In time to come the " sharp and reliable weapon ", as he called it, might be turned outwards. For that purpose, high-powered stations were concentrated on the frontiers—Koenigsberg for Poland; Hamburg and Bremen for England; Stuttgart, Frankfurt and Saarbrücken for France. To secure victory in the Saar plebiscite the German Radio would be in a position to send out fifty national broadcasts and over a thousand local broadcasts. But immediately there was another task. " All that happens in and through radio today," Hadamowsky said, " happens in order to create so broad a basis for National Socialism among the people that one day the entire nation will be drenched

through and through with our philosophy, that one day it will be a thing taken for granted and an intimate need felt by every German to confess National Socialism."

A corporative Radio Chamber was established and membership became essential for all speakers and artists, the industry, wholesale and retail trades, the radio press and the organized listeners. Far-sighted instructions were given to the manufacturers to produce a " people's set ", whose two valves would be powerful enough to receive the German stations, but too weak to catch much of what was said abroad. The different things said by Hitler at different times could no longer be contradicted; they would be echoed; the German masses were about to receive the myth of National Socialism. By an audible stimulus the people were to be conditioned in the course of years as methodically as the dogs in the laboratories of Pavlov.

The development of radio in England was more commonplace. News was first broadcast four years after the Armistice. This and other broadcasting activities were granted as a monopoly to a commercial company in 1922, which was soon reorganized as an independent organization holding a Charter from the Government and reflecting almost the whole range of views in the country. One bias it had with which it was not charged. The B.B.C. was plainly anxious that its audience should think for themselves. Instead of the editorial creed of a newspaper they heard many-sided debates. It popularized music not by the cinema's play of artificial rainbows on a self-elevating organ, but by analysis and exposition. And with this characteristically English policy, it evoked the anger of those with ready-made legends to sell. Among the critics were many who wanted technical and artistic progress; but the uproar came from those whose motives were less disinterested.

Legends are for the sick, and the critics who demanded that the B.B.C. should deal in legends were not wholly mistaken in the estimate which they held of contemporary England. Unemployment and the slums had not vanished, and if the loudspeaker would not deal in dreams and certainty, there were others who would. In a large northern industrial town surveyed by Mass Observation, it was found that every week a third of the population filled in Football Pool forms. " I try my luck while I am still employed, in the hope that it will remove the fear of unemployment," said one, and another asked, " Can we couponers imagine a winter evening minus our

Littlewood's ? " In the newspapers astrology columns began to spread, assuring those who were born under Cancer and Gemini that for them at least mysterious certainties existed. Feelings of doubt and anxiety more obscure than the fear of unemployment began to attack the middle classes ; partly they were warded off by Insurance. The rapidly expanding lower middle class was reminded that " the possession of a life assurance policy has an invigorating effect upon men's work and women's outlook on life. It imbues them with a sense of security and a feeling of confidence in the unknown future, the like of which cannot be engendered by anything else in the world." [1] Brightness had yielded place to the more modest demand for security, and one could dream, if one was daring, of glamour.

If England had possessed a Ministry of Propaganda, it is worth speculating what it could have said for the progress of English civilization as the 'thirties drew to a close. The account of individual rights would have been impressive ; freedom of speech and freedom to learn had been retained ; education had even widened them. But was it true that, beyond this, freedom meant the poor had equal rights with the millionaire to sleep under bridges, an equally free choice between paying a fine and going to gaol ? For a decade since the General Strike the real wages of the worker had gone up ; but one in a hundred of the adults who died still owned over half of the nation's wealth. If the ancestor, who visited our cities after the first World War, had revisited them on the eve of the second, he would have been struck, not perhaps by the beauty, but certainly by the number of the new houses. In the middle 'thirties more than a third of a million had been built each year. He would have discovered a much more positive attitude to the nation's health, with the state beginning to show as much interest in the food which created health as in the dispensation of mixtures to restore its loss. Those would have been the most promising themes with which our Propaganda Ministry would have had to atone for its silence on the slums, the permanently unemployed and the lack of a deep communal feeling.

But Britain had no Ministry of Propaganda, and when the B.B.C. founded an embryonic service to Europe at the end of September 1938, what it broadcast was the text of Neville Chamberlain's speech on the eve of Munich. " It was direct retaliation

[1] " How Shall I Insure ? " Pitman, 1934.

against English broadcasts from German and other stations," said a press stirred at last to admiration. The broadcasts were in French, German and Italian, but the nature of their message showed plainly enough the mood in which Britain still lived. " How horrible, fantastic, incredible it is ", said Chamberlain, " that we should be digging trenches and trying on gas-masks here because of a quarrel in a far-away country of whom we know nothing. . . . But ", he added, " if I were convinced that any nation had made up its mind to dominate the world by fear of its force, I should feel that it must be resisted."

His dilemma was the logical climax of the evasions which British statesmen had been making palatable since Japan invaded Manchuria. Historians will probably see in those pronouncements which had begun with Sir John Simon and ended with this first broadcast to Europe, a paralysis which came from deep causes.

For the lack of strength in our foreign policy was mirrored at home in our delay to apply for the benefit of our own people the potentialities of life which the new science had given us. What we did—in common with France and America—was to postpone the adjustment and cling to the past from fear of the future. Almost any myth about Soviet Russia was believed; the blood shed during the Revolution was daubed over her economic achievements; the modernization of her Army was allowed to pale into insignificance beside the execution of untrustworthy generals.

One of the more dishonourable features of politics is the habit of attacking statesmen as if they alone were responsible for the speeches they made. After the collapse of France, for instance, it was an ordinary experience to hear people arguing the advisability of impeaching the politicians who had been responsible for our foreign policy in the past ten years, as if they had been some arbitrary phenomenon at the head of a nation which would as readily have backed an opposite course. As a sort of reflex of exasperation, this attitude is of course understandable. We feel inclined to bite off our tongues when they betray us, but we restrain ourselves because we know well enough that the role of the tongue is technical; the causes of its indiscretion lie deeper.

Let us realize here quite plainly that the voices of Sir John Simon and Neville Chamberlain were no more irrelevant to the England of the 'thirties than were those of the *Daily Mail* and Stanley Baldwin

in the 'twenties. The sense of guilt and the complacency, the evasions, the postponements and the wishful thinking all had their roots in our thinking and behaviour at home. It was we ourselves who failed to produce the voice which might have denounced the Japanese invasion of China and the Axis occupation of Spain. The timorous tones in which we did speak were those a blackmailer hopes to hear, knowing once he has heard them, that he has struck gold.

The Left realized much of this, and so did Winston Churchill. " The grave and perhaps irreparable injury to world security," he said nine months before the Munich agreement, " took place in the years 1932 to 1935 in the tenure of the Foreign Office by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir John Simon). In those days I ventured repeatedly to submit to the House the maxim that the grievance of the vanquished should be redressed before the disarmament of the victors was begun. But the reverse was done. Then was the time to make concessions to the German people and to the German rulers. Then was the time they would have had their real value. But no such attempt was made. All that was done was to neglect our defences. . . ."

The twelve foodships that Churchill on Armistice Night had asked to be rushed to Hamburg had never left port, and now a hundred times that number would not have silenced the blackmailer's demands.

" It would be as well if the gentry in Great Britain dropped certain attitudes of the Versailles epoch. We shall no longer tolerate the admonitions of a schoolmaster. We would advise all these gentry to look after their own problems."

The German people had long since been brought to heel, and it was now the turn of the outside world. The arguments Hitler had directed against his father and Hindenburg, the rages, the morose sulks, were at last turned on Chamberlain. The voice transformed England's week-ends into successive crises of anxiety; its frantic tones—still, it seemed, half stifled by the gas-fumes of Flanders—dominated the ether and seemed to weave themselves into the texture of daily life.

There were other voices in England, but they were blurred, and those that had conviction lacked unity. The new victor of Fleet Street was assuring its readers that there would be no war; but since the arrival of broadcasting and sixpenny books, no newspaper could

make itself heard as powerfully as the *Daily Mail* of the 'twenties. Skywriting had gone into decline after the attentions of a Special Committee, and the spectators soon to gaze in bewilderment at the frozen exhaust fumes of Messerschmitts, found they had forgotten what words they were expected to decipher.

THE WAR IN GERMAN

" *My task will be ended when I have raised up the German People.*"—HITLER in 1924.

" *The new times are bringing us wonderful things, including a new kind of laugh which produces happiness. Our dearly loved radio is transmitting it to us. Hearing all the comedians on the radio, one laughs quietly and hoards this laughter so that it surrounds life with a glow. For days one goes on quietly laughing. People go through life with a smile. There is good temper, gaiety and cheeriness.*"—" Oldenburgische Staatszeitung," December 6, 1941, after the failure of the first year's campaign in Russia.

" *It is not easy to cure folly at short notice.*"—MENANDER.

THE BATTLEFIELDS

I

IN September 1939 the tuning-dial of a wireless set was a thing of great simplicity. On a softly lit background the station names were patterned in a circle or quadrangle or in orderly strips representing wave-bands. The anarchy which prevailed throughout the ether in reflection of the nationalism of the earth was not revealed by it; only pressing a button marked *Paris*, one was likely to receive traces of Berlin and perhaps something from a higher wavelength as well. The lay-out of the tuning-dial was, one discovered, theoretical.

In the war, that glowing panel became useless as a guide to the voices ready to shout their rival messages from behind it. A knowledge of forty languages became insufficient without experience of the propaganda war, to unravel their intentions and origin. The soft voice is not necessarily a friend's. " You have only to turn to the Gospels," said a kindly Englishman, " and on almost every page you will find condemnation of war and praise of peace. ' No man can serve two masters,' said Jesus. In other words, we cannot reconcile war and Christianity. The sooner we realize this . . . " But although the station disclaimed allegiance to any earthly kingdom and closed with a hymn instead of a call-sign, it was situated certainly enough in Germany.[1] Strength of reception gives no clue to the distance of a

[1] *Christian Peace Movement* broadcasting from Germany on January 11, 1942.

transmitter, for short waves make Japan more audible in London than English broadcasts to, say, China. Radio Paris pretends to be the French station it always was, but *Radio Paris ment, Radio Paris est allemand*; and the Frenchmen who put that slogan on the air were not working from Unoccupied France but in a studio below the street level of London. A dialect may be coming from anywhere, even from its native land. When the United States entered the war, she was speaking in twenty-one languages; Moscow at that time spoke in twenty-two, Germany in thirty-six, and the B.B.C. in thirty-nine; but these were only the most voluble in a radio war between twenty-seven nations.

Like the structure of the universe, this confusion has its logic but is impossible to reduce to a single image. It is thanks only to the German passion for organizing their warfare that we can begin with an important simplification.

II

Imagine that a scientist, for reasons of personal mania, has three sets of microbes which he wishes to influence in three different ways. In the centre are some ninety million German microbes which he can keep in the centre. In a ring outside them are well over a hundred million European microbes which he is also able to keep in position. But outside these are a disorderly and many times bigger rabble straying about the laboratory as they like. His solution is to use three different gases. A bell-jar containing one of them is put over the German microbes in the centre; a larger bell-jar containing a different gas, is put on top to enclose the European microbes; and a third gas is released in the laboratory with the intention (which diffusion in so large a space made impossible to realize) of affecting the rest.

The scientist is anxious that no leakage should occur between the bell-jars, because he demands a different kind of behaviour from each of the three types of specimen. It would be dangerous if the German mixture penetrated extensively into the European bell-jar or vice-versa. But more threatening than this possibility is a group of rival scientists, who believe him to be mad, and are trying to inject currents of oxygen among each of the three sets of victims. Against these efforts he is continually resorting to new devices, which involve

the work of some thousands of assistants; but their precautions are only in part successful.

This, scarcely over-simplified, is a picture of Hitler's plan of action in the radio war. We are not much concerned with the fortunate millions running loose in the laboratory; our business is with the Allied and particularly the British scientists, the type of oxygen they are trying to inject, and with the two central groups of microbes clamped miserably under bell-jars. Opinions differ about the quality of the oxygen in use, but the Allied scientists deserve only sympathy for their unfortunate physical position outside the laboratory. Their mad colleague has the advantage that he is in the middle.

The ninety million victims in the central bell-jar are in fact dispersed over an area of half a million square miles in the centre of Europe where the ether is primarily controlled by the *Reichsrundfunkgesellschaft*. In some ways we shall find this area of the war less interesting than the outer, European sector where we know more about the reactions of listeners; but the outside scientists have spent more time in attempting to affect the members of the central block, and the madman in control has worked for a decade at their immunization to all influences but his own. Until we understand something about this influence, it is no use examining efforts at counteraction.

THE GERMAN MACHINE

The *Reichsrundfunkgesellschaft*, or German Radio Company, had of course no independent existence of its own. Massive and extremely intricate controlling machinery saw to it that every tune, every word, and every tone in which the words were spoken should contribute to the impression of the world that the leaders found desirable. The State controlled it through a separate *Radio Department* of the Reich Ministry for Public Enlightenment and Propaganda, directing policy, programme planning and business administration; and it was further controlled by the National Socialist Party, whose *Radio Directorate* was responsible for consistency of the programmes with Party ideals, listener research and the organization of communal listening. This Directorate also looked after the politics of the executives in the smallest local station.

The conflict one would have expected to arise from overlapping was avoided by carefully interlocked functions. By statutory decree, for instance, a single man had to be head of the State's *Radio Department* and the Party's *Radio Directorate.* Even a third control existed in the Radio Chamber mentioned in the introduction, but this lost power with the decay of corporative ideals which set in since the early 'thirties. The thoroughness of organization can be seen from the existence of a special wartime department inside the Radio Company with the function of ensuring against estrangement between civilians and the armed forces.[1] This body took its orders from the Propaganda Ministry's department *Truppenbetreuung*, headed by *Reichskulturwart* Hinkel, a Chaplinesque member of the Nazi Old Guard.

One of the major effects produced on the listener by this machinery was not among those for which it was designed. There was an unfortunate impression of machinery. The German Radio came on the air at five in the morning, and an Englishman who suddenly transferred his allegiance to it would have been gratified at the end of each musical item to hear the exact time so that he could put his watch right for the day. But as the day wore on he would have realized that he had flattered himself in thinking he was considered an individual human being instead of a cog whose accuracy was desirable for the smooth working of the war machine. He would have remembered with a certain nostalgia the radio system in which he could distinguish between announcers, for here personality was erased, and the most regular listener could not tell one announcer from another.

If an item was meant to impress by its objectivity, they all read in the same objective tone ; if it was intended to evoke scorn, there was a standard form of derision. Even running commentaries had a uniform style. Since it was mainly grandiose occasions of state which were honoured by them, the announcer spoke always in the soft obliterated tones of hero-worship. By contrast to the voice of the leaders, he was an impressionable simpleton who identified himself with the supposed feelings of the listeners.

Dr. Raskin, a director of the Zeesen short-wave station, saw the risk this treatment ran of boring the audience into indifference, and

[1] *Kameradschaftsdienst.* " It is certain," said Dr. Gerhard Eckert in his book *Der Rundfunk als Führungsmittel,* published in 1941, " that these broadcasts are essential for maintaining the loyalty of the troops and therefore for leadership."

laid down the maxim, "No propaganda without its *Dramaturgie*".[1] But it was an ideal which could not flourish among producers and writers whose every inflection was controlled by directive. Attempts were constantly made. A news item, for instance, would run :

> Against the failure to build air-raid shelters for women and children in England, protests were made, according to the *Daily Herald*, by delegates of the South Wales Miners' Union at a conference in Cardiff.

where the normal construction would have been :

> According to the English newspaper, *Daily Herald*, delegates of the South Wales Miners' Union have protested at a conference in Cardiff against the failure to build air-raid shelters for women and children.

Sometimes there was melodramatic anger :

> The war criminal Churchill announced yesterday the systematic bombardment of the Italian capital. In the announcement the brazen lie was presented to the world. . . . This is the kind of shameless duplicity with which Churchill prepares yet another devilish plan for his air force. . . . The war criminal No. 1 attempts to shift the blame for this approaching crime by his shameless lying.

Tricks of style and presentation were used above all to heighten the drama of the front. Soldiers, even in news bulletins, did not die, but invariably "met a hero's end" (*den Heldentod starb*). After a victory a general hook-up of national, regional and local stations was made for an astonishing fantasy of propagandists known as a *Sondermeldung*. The announcer would pretend that all the news had been read, but would add in tones charged with suppressed excitement, "We are expecting any minute now an announcement from the Leader's Headquarters." March music would begin, with

[1] Dr. Raskin was killed in an air accident early in the war, and according to the American radio correspondent, H. W. Flannery, who attended his funeral, his principles of *Dramaturgie* were applied to the ceremony held in the main auditorium of the German Radio. "The radio symphony orchestra of 150 pieces was on the stage, with evergreens and ferns on both sides and to the rear. Dr. Raskin's casket was centred in front of the stage, with banks of flowers, topped with red roses, on each side. Two of Hitler's tall, blond élite troopers stood at attention on each side of the casket, with numerous wreaths from Hitler and other Nazi leaders along the full front of the stage. . . . At the rear of the hall a black-robed choir sang special Nazi numbers arranged so that they sounded like Gregorian chants."—*Assignment to Berlin.*

perhaps a male chorus, until the announcer intervened with another warning. A new military march, ponderous, *fortissimo*, came on while the listener was expected to imagine the scurrying of messengers across the Wilhelmstrasse. Into the silence that followed drumrolls would suddenly break, and three times brass fanfares were unfurled. Then the announcer would read out in dead, unemphatic tones perhaps no more than a couple of sentences. " From the Leader's Headquarters. The High Command announces that U-boats have sunk seventeen further ships off the Atlantic coast of America. This brings the total of ships sunk in this area since the declaration of war on America to eighty." The military band would then play the appropriate war-song [1]—in this case " Our Goal is England "—which would be taken up by the male chorus. The text of the announcement would then be repeated and followed by further march tunes, the whole performance surrounding the one minute news item occupying about half an hour. But if the victory was considered important enough, its announcement would be preceded first by the national Anthem, then by the Horst Wessel song, and followed by a warning in religious tones, " a radio silence now follows ".

That ritual should be crystallized so richly around these announcements was of course a matter of careful calculation. Force was the core and essence of National Socialism; armed victory was its justification. The *Sondermeldung* was designed to convert these things into their full spiritual and emotional consequences, allowing no waste to occur. That was their first, aggressive purpose. But in three years the use to which they were put was revolutionized. In the Russian campaign, they became substitutes for victory, and by the time Britain and America took the initiative they had become diversions from defeat. In the weeks surrounding the Allied assault on North Africa they were broadcast at a rate higher on the average than one every other day. All were concerned with U-boat sinkings and the facts on which they were based were not of major significance, but the German listener was told to look away from Africa because victories were being won for him elsewhere more rapidly than during the invasion of Holland, Belgium and France.

[1] Each military campaign had its own signature-tune: *Die Wacht am Rhein* for the Battle of France; *Wir fahren gegen Engelland* for naval victories against England; *Bomben auf England* for air attacks; *Prinz Eugen* for the Balkans; and a combination of Liszt's symphonic poem *Les Préludes*, with part of the Horst Wessel chorus *Kameraden, die Rotfront und Reaktion erschossen*, for the invasion of the U.S.S.R.

Front reports, broadcast between one and three times a day, were produced by Propaganda Companies of regimented war correspondents, of whom more than 200 were killed in action in the first three years.[1] They had facilities new to the history of war. When German troops entered Bulgaria, the commentator described how the records were brought to Vienna by a relay system of runners, motor-cyclists and two aeroplanes. The recording was made by a portable outfit known as the Magnetophone which had the peculiar advantage, according to the *German Radio Handbook* of 1939–40, that the sections of records could be cut and sub-edited like a film. The technique of sub-editing had in fact such importance that apart from convenient accidents like the arrival of Göring within the view of the commentator, it must have taken a credulous listener to believe that reality was so neatly enforced by sound-effects.

Well before the German armies met their first defeat, a surprising change appeared in these reports of their deeds; original stories told by soldiers gave way more and more to the glib patter of the propagandists, they became comments instead of reports, and their purpose—to distort and colour the listener's idea of war—was quite clearly revealed. Horror was not excluded. Listening to the daily commentary on the advance into the Soviet Union, one sometimes wondered whether it was not damaging propaganda from Moscow; but the horror was always grandiose, never merely sordid. At first the National Socialist armies were a welded and impenetrable suit of armour; they were unflawed by the social importance which other countries attached to rank; death visited them less often than it did civilians in peacetime—and if, even in this evaporated form, it still hung inescapably in the atmosphere, the victim was as much to be envied as a lover. "Deceptions which longer life brings so thickly are spared him. Illness and old age can no longer drain his strength. He falls free of all care, with the smoke of battle swirling around him, destroyed in the innermost explosion of the conflict."[2] On the day he captured Tobruk, Rommel himself expounded the more sober attitude on this subject. "Though the individual loses his life," he said, "the victory of the nation is certain. In this moment of the storming of Tobruk, the Panzer Army greets its Germany."[3]

[1] According to the Berlin correspondent of the Swedish paper *Svenska Dagbladet*, July 25, 1942.

[2] German Radio, March 15, 1942. [3] German Radio, June 22, 1942.

The romantic attitude, flavoured with Wagnerian opera and worship of science, was applied to retreats. " Here speaks the Voice of the Front ! "—but a front retiring at last from Moscow. " Whatever the demand of the day, of the hour, we are ready, armed not only with our weapons, but also in our souls. Be the day good or bad, we shall master its claims. The choice of the day is not ours, but ours shall be the strength and courage to conquer. This we all know, at the Front and at Home, and therefore we stand erect as ever." As glamorous in its inverted way as advance, retreat was a device calling for qualities of tenacity and endurance which the German race possessed more than any other.

War, and level with war, the Leader ; these were the two subjects to which the German Radio applied Dr. Raskin's *Dramaturgie* with high efficiency. A special decree forbade a hook-up of all stations under German control for any occasion but a speech by Hitler ; then, all over Europe came the well-known ritual. Both dramas made the same assumption about the listener ; he was not an adult like the English or American listener chatting on equal terms with Roosevelt at his fireside, or hearing Churchill begin punctually, after a preliminary snuffle, at nine o'clock. He was not fit, and it might have been dangerous, to let him hear the experiences of pilots and sailors who had not studied the directives of *Reichskulturwart* Hinkel of *Truppenbetreuung*. He was a German who must be taught by everything he heard that the State had a right to his complete subservience. This did not mean that the relationship between him and the Leader was a static one. Although Hitler never honoured him after October 1933 with a personal talk from the studio, he did not just issue pronouncements *in vacuo* ; every broadcast speech in those ten years was made to a sample demonstration or meeting, whose reactions he followed more carefully than was apparent. Indeed much of the peculiarity of the later Hitler speeches was just this interaction of speaker and audience ; it became so much their distinguishing feature that the early speeches—one or two of which still exist on records—are not recognizably spoken by the same person.

Mass reactions, which are notoriously more primitive than the individual's, were the target Hitler aimed at, and by forming his immediate audience into a crowd and organizing further crowds throughout the country, he ensured himself of access to the least civilized layers of their minds. One must add that the sounds they

gave vent to were more bestial than human. And having selected this area as his field of activity, he proceeded to treat the Germans as if they were in fact and in all circumstances subhuman, the mere subjects of an experiment. When place-names carried with them the significance of conquest they were injected in repeated doses like a drug. I have heard Vipuri repeated in this way as many as five times in a sentence, but when they became the scene of a retreat, their identity dispersed. Almost any lie was in order if it served the need of the moment. " Tobacco is particularly dangerous for expectant mothers," declared Leipzig on January 22, 1941. " Tobacco may cause sterility."

On less practised tongues than those of Hitler and the Propaganda Companies, the existence of a prearranged scheme to affect the listener's mind was not so well hidden. *Zeitgeschehen*, or Topical News Reels, were supposed to clothe the directives with flesh and blood by interviewing people of distinction and alleged independence or by touring places of topical interest; but the energies of the department sagged; the interviews, the tours, became dry and boring, and in case their propaganda point might escape, they began with a few general sentences lifted almost straight from the directive as it arrived in the *Rundfunkhaus*.

Talks, apart from the brilliant juggling performance of counter-propagandist Fritzsche, succumbed to the same discipline. If one had a special personality, it was better concealed, because human characteristics, though good radio, had a way of failing to comply with directives. Fritzsche's personal and rather highbrow *jeux de mots* may have been a psychological possibility because of the power he enjoyed. By the beginning of the fourth year of war he had become Political Controller of the German Radio.

Music was the most likely candidate for political immunity. It had most of the transmission hours, and a few original works appeared even in wartime. But the well-played classics were more than outweighed by four times the amount of Light Music, and the standard of this was officially lowered by Goebbels in the middle of 1941 when the " final victory " of that year became obviously unattainable.[1] Though dance records looted from Radio Luxembourg

[1] The text of this promise, which we shall meet again, was published in Hitler's Order of the Day at the end of 1940. " The year 1941," it ran, " will bring the completion of the greatest victory of our history."

made their appearance increasingly in foreign programmes, jazz was banned at home as a non-Aryan degeneracy, and the substitute one heard announced as *melodiös und schwungvoll* proved only drab and unbearably monotonous. Here, too, the listener was not suspected of having critical faculties. Titles were often omitted and the pretence that everything came from an orchestra in the studio was kept up in defiance of the suspicions aroused by hearing the same rhythmic scratches on the record and the same flaws of execution in repeated performances. Artists of the standing of Egon Petri and Joseph Szigeti, although known to be outside Germany, were claimed as if they, too, were in the studio. The announcer did not flinch. " You will now hear," he would declare, " Liszt's Concerto for piano and orchestra. The soloist is Egon Petri."

Letters of protest from bored listeners flowed in steadily. Violent and anonymous, mild and properly signed, they mounted till Goebbels was forced in 1942 to offer, " for an urgent topical reason ", alternative programmes. " The solution of this complicated problem," he declared, " would be much easier if we had at our disposal twelve or fourteen transmitters as in peacetime. Today it is very difficult to keep even one transmitter fully going." [1] He did not mention that he had over a hundred, but that they were fully employed with foreign propaganda and jamming. Nor did his division of programmes improve them; henceforward the German listener had the advantage of choice between the dull and the tawdry.

Much could have been forgiven the German Radio if its faults had been attributable to the operation of warding off of defeat. It was, after all, regarded as a military instrument. " The radio will act as a teacher, giving enlightenment on the great problems of our time," said Goebbels. " When the hour has come it will raise the hearts and rouse the consciences. It will attack the enemy wherever he shows up. It will defend the interests of the Fatherland." [1] Once it had been used for expansion, and to further that it projected a world of invincible German armies confronting degenerate foreign villains. This was the offensive phase; and in the defensive period which followed—" it will raise the hearts and rouse the consciences " —the same voice extolled the qualities of endurance that had sustained the nation through the Thirty Years War; it boasted less,

[1] Broadcast article by Goebbels, February 28, 1942.

and threatened and exhorted more. Often it tried to ingratiate itself.

But between these two periods, let us remember there had been an interval. The German armies had been opposed only by the sea, and the one enemy that remained seemed unlikely to survive invasion. Then was the time when the German Radio could have been something other than a purely military instrument, when the promise that it would act as a " teacher " could have had some meaning apart from the hypocrisy of a Hitlerian phrase. We shall see later what it had to say to Europe as a whole. To Germany the only change was a kind of crude and intoxicated exaltation. Describing itself as a " bearer of Culture ", it commented on art exhibitions and festivals ; it listed the number of poets and symphony orchestras under its control ; but one never, except in concerts, felt the vivid excitement that art produces, and the lists of poets and orchestras sounded like booty detailed in a communiqué.[1] Instead of religious services, it broadcast occasional pious features. Transmissions to schools were stopped, and the programmes for children were confined to singing, physical training and handicrafts. Group listening by children was still valued, but only for its ability to enforce in childhood the properly subservient attitude to the voice of the state. In a book on the aims of the German Radio which was published with official blessing in 1941, the sometime Front Reporter Dr. Gerhard Eckert sketched the desirable effect made on a child by enforced listening. " He cannot simply go out of the room, or turn the wireless on or off when he wants to, but he has to listen to the broadcast with others. . . . We thus teach the growing children to use the wireless set properly." [2] And in case anyone should think he was merely advocating exercise

[1] Perhaps the most remarkable of these communiqués was a sentence spoken by Gauleiter Sauckel : " Nobody whose spirit and heart are educated," he said, " can have any doubts that the immortal heroes of Ancient Greece, the characters of those Greek tragedies and dramas, the great Roman builders of states and men, the leaders of the Roman legions, and also the powerful heroes of German and Teutonic ancient history, would, from Olympus to Valhalla, bless the great struggle and tremendous achievements of Adolf Hitler and Mussolini just exactly as would Goethe and Schiller, Dante, Albrecht Dürer, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Rembrandt, Beethoven, Richard Wagner, Verdi, Brahms or Grieg."

Sauckel said this in a speech broadcast from Weimar on October 26, 1941. Subsequently he was appointed Labour Dictator.

[2] *Der Rundfunk als Führungsmittel.*

in withstanding boredom, Dr. Eckert pointed out that it was the broadcaster's job to see that the " opportunities " thus presented were " properly recognized ".

The effect of inhumanity was heightened by the lack of ideas. No listener needed to consult the newspaper or radio journal to discover what he would hear. He knew already. Unchallenged and mechanical, the loudspeaker spoke the lines which had been calculated for a given effect. If the voice of the soldier at the front needed sterilization by the Propaganda Companies before it was passed on, how much more undesirable were the spontaneous impressions of the inhabitants of Cologne or Rostock under the air-raids. To share feelings, to describe them, was to defy the hypothesis of microbe-life on which National Socialism was based. Listeners could consult the omniscient voice of the radio, but only in properly suppliant tones.

" From the wealth of letters we have received, we select one which is unusually charming," said the *Reichsprogramm* as the German armies began to withdraw from Moscow. " A former coachman writes :

> DEAR RADIO,—I have two wonderful wool rugs which don't look exactly fashionable, but are in excellent condition and have no holes. I have one wool rug which unfortunately the moths have got into, but it's still too good to be thrown away. I would very much like to know whether I might offer such things to our soldiers. My wife says it is impossible. What should I do ?
>
> RADIO'S ANSWER : Kindly hand in the two good woollen rugs exactly as they are. From the damaged one your wife can easily make a hood which can be worn over a steel helmet . . .
>
> We would inform those young women [1] who wish to know whether they may surrender such articles of clothing as training costumes : yes, dear girls, naturally you can surrender your training costumes.

The German Radio had had its chance to give a message to its people, but all it deigned to tell them was how to win victories and how to postpone defeat. Hitler's task was finished when he had " raised up the German people " because he did not know what to do with people who had been raised up.

[1] Members of the *Bund Deutscher Mädel*, women's section of the Hitler Youth Movement.

STUDIO 5

Let me take you, the most distinguished of my readers, down to the studio for your first, and I am afraid your last, broadcast to Germany. Your services were surprisingly difficult to procure; to be quite frank, you saw small gain to anyone from a talk for which your fee would be trivial and your audience vague in every detail but their inability to buy your books. You were hurt more than you would admit by my insistence that your script should be shortened by half; you doubted my excuse about the importance of the news, and in this you were partly right, because I would have insisted on some such reduction on any day of the year. For my part I am pre-occupied by a German headline lying on my desk which reads "*Rundfunkverbrecher zum Tode verurteilt*" and informs me that Johann Wild, one of our most regular listeners, is about to be executed. I will not try to interest you in Wild, because you have already rejected my invitation to come down early to the studio to absorb its atmosphere. If polite relations still exist between us, it is, on my side, because of a realization that few living Englishmen have your sane and lucid views about the future.

It will take us four minutes to reach the studio from the editorial office. The compact luxury of Station Delta only housed the European Service for the first year of the war. In one night of bombs the staff was transferred to Station Gamma, which had disadvantages of its own, and became a stand-by station after a few months in which Station Beta was got ready. Here, in the year 1941, you notice, there is room enough for expansion, but the distances are big and the lift organization imperfect. You must excuse the hurrying figures in shirt-sleeves who shout and wave papers at secretaries receding in the distance. The atmosphere can't help being like a newspaper which is for ever going to press. Certainly those Polish officers had no business to kick your heel and crush you against the senior Greek announcer as they got into the lift, but probably they are late for rehearsal. Sometimes it is like an international barracks here, but in the narrow underground corridors things inevitably look like a civil war on a cosmopolitan scale. Your

pass again? It is a nuisance, but one must remember this is a national institution, and the precautions taken by every Ministry in London have to be observed.

That red light which now stains our faces from above the words STUDIO No. 5 means that the programme is on. Would you mind putting your cigarette out when we are through the first door? The abrupt twist you give it is suggestive, and I do at last feel a little officious as I take your arm and prevent you from going through the second door. You see the outside one has not yet closed, and we can hear the French Editor in embittered argument with M. Duchesne in the passage. If you open the second door at this moment, the Gestapo may hear as well, and that would not do. This cubicle in which we are slowly being enclosed is like the chamber of a submarine where the pressure is being adjusted before you exchange one atmosphere for another. Now you push your way in, hesitate, and look blank. A tiny room, only a few yards square, is in front of you. There are half a dozen people sitting around a table where two microphones are suspended. Faces look up without interest, and look away. The figures do not move. A voice comes steadily from one of them. You feel rebuffed as though the smile you expected had been replaced by the cold stare of enemies. Automatically you sit down where you are shown, opposite the man who is speaking. The microphone is between you. Now a second announcer leans forward, and tells it there is no more news until the summary at the end of the programme. But don't switch off, he says, in a moment you will hear the voice of H. G. Priestley, and if jamming is particularly bad on 1500 metres, there are six other wavelengths carrying the programme: 373.1 metres, 285 and 261 in the medium-wave band, as well as 49.59, 41.96 and 41.49 on short waves. Here is one of the most famous writers in the world. Listen to . . . and your name is repeated.

The bronze grill of the microphone now takes on strange qualities as repellent as your first sight of the studio. It seems to grow and harden against its background of green baize. Your first words are rejected one by one, and then whole sentences meet the same hostility and expire on the studio padding without an echo. At the end, your sense of failure is confirmed by the announcer opposite, who instead of rising to offer his congratulations, leans forward and says with an intensity which slightly flushes the sabre

scar on his cheek: "We interrupt our programme with an important piece of news." A U-boat has just been brought into a western port. The entire crew is aboard. Names to be announced later.

But what is the good? you are wondering. What about jamming? What about the penalties for listening? You lean back and try to relax, but it is very stuffy and there are too many people in the room. You have been used to studios with modernist glamour where the difficulties of combining subterranean ventilation with sound-proof walls had not occurred to you. Luxuries may make their appearance by 1942, but at the moment half a dozen canvas-covered screens, an obvious improvisation to improve the acoustics, hang from the ceiling. By the door stands an oil-lamp, ready, in case a bomb puts the lights out.

The sharp face and tangled lines on the forehead of the man on your right suggest that he was a don; but what is a don doing here, sitting in shirt-sleeves and following word for word the script which is being spoken? He really does follow, you notice, and the hand outstretched by the switch—is that, surely not, to cut off the service if something sinister happens? You still feel obscurely irritated by the absorption of everyone around you; it is as if they shared a secret into which you were not admitted. But you half suspect a dishonest secret, perhaps a private conviction that jamming is all too effective.

Now the announcer opposite has finished giving his urgent information about U-boats. He leans back with a faint but inexplicable smile. The scar on his cheek seems to fade; he looks satisfied, as if good memories warmed him. Already, nearly without pause, another German at the second microphone has started sending out personal messages. "Frau Kristina Wagner, of 56 von Spaar Strasse, Cologne-Mühlheim, here is a piece of good news for you. Your son, Ordinary Seaman Wilhelm Wagner is a prisoner of war in England . . . Frau Marie Schmidt, of 7 Christianstrasse, your son . . ." But his hands, holding the sheet of paper, are trembling slightly, and on his wide, slightly flushed forehead the electric light catches perspiration. The words come slow and clear, but his voice seems shaped in the recesses of his own personality instead of an anonymous and objective B.B.C. Is the accent Bavarian, you wonder? But the donlike person on your right has stood up, apparently in anxiety at the second by second convulsions

of the clock-hand, which have failed to distract the announcer. Feeling a movement in the room, he does reluctantly look up; and then finishes his sentence in a different tone of voice, as if some relationship had been broken between himself and the person to whom he was speaking. The first announcer, after calculating that eleven seconds remain for the closing announcement, adds, " And that is the end of our programme on the two hundred and eighty-ninth day of the year for which Hitler has promised you final victory. He has now seventy-nine days left." A good-looking girl, who had struck you as a discordant note, gets up from her study of the strip cartoons in the *Daily Mirror* and turns a knob on the control desk over to the left. In a moment a red light on the wall goes out.

You are a little bewildered as you leave the studio by a rush of Italians who have twenty seconds in which to make themselves comfortable inside. " *Parla Londra,*" you hear. " *Ecco il nostro quarto notiziario.* . . ." But the words with their suggestion of Mediterranean gold and blue are faded out by the closing of the second door. Unfortunately the speediest programme engineer of the French section chooses this moment to collide with an Italian sub-editor running to the studio with the news of a disaster in the Ionian Sea. He throws the preoccupied Day Editor of the central news desk against a Home Guard, and the handle of the new incendiary shovel which he was putting in the corner by the sand-buckets is suddenly thrust between your legs.

On the whole it seems fruitless to apologize, because other accidents are certainly materializing for us in the passage and lifts. I prefer the convention that all this is in some sense non-existent, that it can be obliterated and your distinction restored by a continuous flow of information about the studio.

Were you not impressed by the sign-off, the line about the two hundred and eighty-ninth day of the year for which Hitler had promised final victory? Not particularly? But how remarkable that seems to me, who first heard it in January, when invasion seemed certain and Arndt used to say, ". . . on the third day of the year . . . the fourth day . . . the fifth day . . ." in strained, gladiatorial tones appropriate to *Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant.* It seemed daring enough to me, but for him the arrival of the Gestapo would have been decisive. His reward, of course, will come on

December 31, when he will count off the hours left to Hitler one by one.

The man by the switch? Yes, an Oxford don who specialized in Middle High German and now scrutinizes the texts of every German programme that goes out. It is a Foreign Office instruction designed to prevent the gift of information to the enemy, whether in code or clear. There have to be half a dozen Switch Censors for German alone, there are thirty or forty others. No, there have never been major incidents; the switch is used mostly in spring and winter to enable everyone in the studio to cough. Certainly there is something inquisitorial about it, and you would not expect the announcers who were fighting for us before we were, to feel no trace of offence. But Switch Censors do other important jobs such as supervising the quality of translation, checking accuracy, sustaining *émigré* morale and watching the clock.

The fine features of the girl by the control-desk seemed familiar because you have seen them in photographs outside musical comedy theatres in Shaftesbury Avenue. She is now dignified by the title of Studio Manager and carries the minor but nerve-racking responsibilities of turning the programme on for transmission at the right second, and supervising, as far as that is possible, the events in the studio. Next year she may become grander still and be called a Programme Engineer. She must avoid, as far as she can, playing the second half of a recorded talk before the first half of another. Ideally, she should see that announcers and records come in on their cues as slickly as a Hollywood film. She should combine the vices of a Sergeant Major, the producer Jacques Duchesne and a universal mother. She can knit more silently than the tick of the studio clock.

But perhaps it is the announcers who interest you most? I wish I could tell you exactly why Scherer, with the sabre scar, speaks with such intense deliberation only to relax into a glory of smiling beneficence; I feel I know why, but only in vague terms. You notice that he is well into his sixties, that the bright eyes below the high slope of his forehead and the white hair gain your respect. If the young announcers smile at the trace of delay in his management of a studio crisis, it is like a class of schoolboys who have caught the maths master in a slip. They are delighted; but as for Scherer, he doesn't see. „*Ich bin ans übersehen gewöhnt*," he says, " I've got

used to not noticing things." For him the past has reality: his marriage at twenty-three, joining up on the first day of the World War, the sudden pain in his knee as he led his company into action in the Carpathians, his appointment as Judge Advocate on the Eastern Front. Thousands of soldiers pleaded in front of him and hundreds of civilian Russians. He was lenient, extricating them from the death sentence, which he never pronounced; today he can see a small town near Brest Litovsk rather like a Tsarist postcard with the inhabitants coming out to welcome him as their well-remembered protector.

There had been plenty in that campaign to keep him sweet, the shooting expeditions on horseback over the shallow snow, the dinners in the palace of Nicholas's mistress. And afterwards Berlin had not just swallowed him; he was too able, too serene. His legal practice flourished, the disputes of big business and the second biggest film contracts in the country passed across his desk. When he went into the courts a clerk in the corner of *Amtsgericht Berlin Mitte* used to jump stiffly to attention. He did that to all ex-army officers, Scherer realized, his name was what? Kerrl? A fanatic, Prussian perhaps and Nazi, but gratifying. Then in March 1933 he had a letter from Kerrl, who had been appointed Minister of Justice. Jews were to be eliminated from the bar. But this could not apply to him? Somewhere, generations back Jewish religion had been imported into the family from the Russian hussars. A few months later he found himself in Switzerland with 20 per cent. missing from his capital; a few months later he was in Kensington. He put most of the remaining money in industrials and lost. He had his wife with him, his father and two boys. The boys had gone to public schools, but after Dunkirk they were deported to Canada. His father was killed by a bomb; suddenly his wife became a permanent invalid.

Soon after Scherer began to announce he heard from Switzerland that he had been deprived of German nationality for propaganda against the Leader. Who had recognized his voice, he wondered. A private in the Eastern campaign? One of the big industry clients? Kerrl? Not that the news worried him much. *Ich bin ans übersehen gewöhnt—auch ans überhören.* "There are things I don't hear either." His smile is sincere; he likes to talk.

You noticed, perhaps, that Arndt who was giving out the prisoner messages at the far microphone seemed more vividly concerned?

He was talking to his mother in Prague who listens to him every day as she lies in bed. She is careless about the Gestapo nowadays, because her illness may prove fatal, and all she wants is to talk to Jindrich. Should she have the operation? she wonders. It is not anxiety about her fate which prevents her from deciding; but this daily routine of listening to him. Since he was fifteen or sixteen, she consulted him on every big decision she made, and he returned the compliment—except once. That was when he decided to flee when the Germans entered Prague in 1939. If he had stayed, of course, the articles he had written since Munich would alone have been enough to cause his death in a concentration camp; but the frontiers were already closed, and the risk of leaving was about equal. What he relied on was his Christian name, because years earlier, when appeasement was in its infancy, he had had the foresight to have his passport made out with his German name Franz, and the Gestapo, like his mother, knew him as Jindrich. At the frontier he watched the S.S. man's pencil move down the list of those they needed with the name of Arndt. There were not many. He saw Jindrich Arndt among them, but not Franz. He could go. At the first stop in Hungary, he wired his mother, and they got letters through to each other directly, but after he came to England and the war broke out, they could only hear of each other underground via America. Just now all he knows is that she is listening and cannot make up her mind about the operation. He wishes he could depart from the script now and then.

But if you are interested in the announcers, come into their room, now we are safely back in the German section, and see them for yourself. Scherer and Arndt are not particularly representative because they are both over forty; the majority are younger, but apart from that they have little in common except intelligence and an artistic tendency. Six were actors, others were barristers, journalists and architects. One was an archaelogist and another an advertisement designer. They sit at typewriters or dictating to German secretaries; they labour with a rather solemn stooping concentration which is more impressive than the Englishman at work.

Some still wear the Ersatz woollen clothing they had on when they left; they are so obviously German that the group playing chess in the corner look like a scene in a poorly furnished *Weinstube*. A few have Jewish features; several had married

Jewesses, and rather than divorce them, came into exile. Schnitzler, the best actor and the owner of the finest voice, married his fiancée a few days after Hitler seized power. " It was the only obvious gesture we could make," he says with a shrug. The pigment of his hair and the blood in his veins are as purely Aryan as Siegfried's, but two of his brothers disgraced their descent by becoming Nazis.

Let me introduce you to Karl Hoffmann, who has probably the best German library in England. To him we owe the most valuable minute of propaganda in the war. He had read a few sentences of the evening news one night in October 1940 when the first bomb to hit Station Delta exploded. We had no " lip-microphones " of the kind that kept out the sound of British bombs from the German Radio. It seemed as if the walls were coming down and the building was on fire. A blast of dust and fine debris poured through the ventilators, making it difficult to speak. Outside voices were shouting and colleagues were dying. But Hoffmann plodded on, as if that explosion which had been broadcast to Europe was the regrettable fall of a chair. " What I remember," he tells you, " is the extraordinary optimism of the Switch Censor who tried to stop the air which kept streaming in through the ventilator. He tried with one sheet of the news, and looked so puzzled when he failed. I never had to struggle so hard not to laugh." Hoffmann became a local celebrity after this, and when he was shown off to the Duke of Kent three months later, it upset him that he was more or less unable to speak. The Duke suspected that he had been struck dumb either by royalty or blast, but in fact he had a sore throat.

You wonder if these people are contented? But with what—with their work or with Hitler? Most of them left Germany in the hope of forgetting, and a few with the determination to fight back. Those who wanted to forget found it impossible and joined the others who wanted to fight. At the microphone it is never necessary to criticize them for indifference, but sometimes a kind of personal indignation breaks through, and then it is worth praising the virtues of objectivity and reminding them of the charges brought by Goebbels about refugee stations. For it is their personal tragedy that they can find no direct expression for their anger at what has been done to them; the B.B.C. is a national broadcasting system; the facts it gives are merely facts, and the views mostly English. If the voice

which speaks them would like to say more, it must temporarily forget.

The services of refugees were once declined by Britain in a gust of insular panic; the outlets to their loyalty, the canalization of their deepest feelings where they served a purpose, were denied them. At that time two German announcers were interned,[1] and on their way to the studio from their flats and boarding houses in the bombed London suburbs, the rest could have been forgiven a sense of persecution. Haller, one of the most civilized and charming men I have met, was killed on stand-by duty at Station Gamma. The others were afraid only that they might be dismissed. To ask them, as I have, whether they feel twinges of disloyalty to their country, is the merest buffoonery. They were loyal before Hitler betrayed everything that was good about it; when he seized power the only loyalty they could give was to those who meant to strike him down. I have seen them when programmes were suddenly expanded, labouring feverishly through the day, in an underground room too small for them, as I have never seen anyone work for money or ambition. After the war a few plan to go back to a Germany they already see transformed into a country fit for men to live in. But the number of these grows smaller; two have already married English women, and the details of the past become as confusing as a dream which may have been good, bad or both, but is fading in the distance.

As we go out into the passage, I have a feeling you are troubled by a problem you are too discreet to mention. In this wide suite of offices there is no need to fear international accidents of the kind that abound downstairs. Please reassure yourself. But the *number*? you protest. There seem so many announcers. Yet those were only a third; there are two other shifts which add up altogether to seventeen announcer-translators and twelve who only translate. Does that seem so many for a service which has a dozen programmes spread over the twenty-four hours of every day in the year? To us it seems too few.

But now that you are safely back at my desk and your arms have struggled into both their coat-sleeves, you feel you can risk a nearer approach to your real worry. You mention it casually, without noticeable curiosity. "Do they listen to you much?"

[1] Both have since been released. For an example of the German campaign to speed up the internment of anti-Fascists see foot of page 126.

Instead of answering, let me pass you the press extract which was occupying me when you came in.

Strassburger Neueste Nachrichten, March 15, 1941.

HE GOT HIS DESERTS

RADIO CRIMINAL CONDEMNED TO DEATH

Würzburg, March 14.

The Nuremberg Special Court has sentenced the traitor Johann Wild of Nuremberg to death for two serious radio crimes. Both before and after the coming into effect of the radio decree he behaved as an enemy of state and people by continually listening to hostile broadcasts from abroad. Not content with that, he composed insulting tirades whose source was the enemy station. In these tirades, he revealed his treachery to the people by vulgar abuse of the Leader, as well as other prominent German personalities and the German Army. Some of these writings he sent to a Government Office, thereby giving full vent to his hatred of National Socialist Germany ; and he followed this up with the saboteur's suggestion that the general public were opposed to the work of this Government Office.

In this situation, under the severe penalties instituted by the Radio Decree, the Special Court sentenced the incorrigible betrayer of his people to death.

You see, the relationship between us and our audience is a special one. These who wanted to read you in the *News Chronicle* paid a penny for the privilege ; they heard you on the Home Service for the price of a wireless licence ; but a German risks death. If I seemed obstinate in cutting half your script, please put it down to my preoccupation with Johann Wild, who may have been sent to his death by someone more diffident than myself. Wild seems to have laboured under delusions about the Gestapo, which was presumably the *Reichsstelle* where he stupidly sent his lampoons. But most of our listeners know how quickly Himmler's agents arrive to check the denunciation made over the telephone while your first words boom from the loudspeaker. Be brief, they would advise you ; say only the most important things, or be silent. Your listener has, by merely turning a switch, the power to enforce your silence and to ensure for himself a continued existence ; he will use that switch if you forget the relationship of life and death which stands between you.

You are re-reading the case of Johann Wild? It is short and purposefully misleading. If you are interested in our audience, I will gladly tell you what I can. But perhaps you would let me show you round a transmitter which is broadcasting to Germany? It is one of the poles in this rather dramatic relationship of life and death. On our way back we can discuss the other.

THE FRONT LINE

In winter the London streets are dark sometimes before the evening; a shadow which might be mist or fog blackens their surface and solidifies in blocks where the bombed houses leave a gap. Only the brilliant red and green crosses of the traffic-lights hold one to reality, but they are all we need to follow the complex system leading to the receiving sets of Europe. One part of it lies in a network of wires below our car, and the other spreads around and above us in the ether. Human and visible, we slip on our way between the two.

For what exactly happens to the voice of Jindrich Arndt in the studio of Station Beta? By a process I do not understand, the microphone transforms it into an electric current of varying strength and frequency. This passes through the control-desk of Studio Five, down still deeper underground to the Control Room, where it is watched by engineers for any startling change in volume and is fed into a "tie-line" which joins a G.P.O. cable below the street. Through this cable scores of private telephone conversations are proceeding, and at the centre, screened off heavily from the others, are the B.B.C. lines on their way to the transmitters. Bombs broke these underground circuits in many parts of the country that autumn, but the break in transmission never lasted much longer than Hoffmann's hesitation at the microphone. Reserve circuits run parallel and across the normal routes, so that the programme can be switched from one to another in a few seconds. If the bomb had exploded nearer Hoffmann, if it had killed him and wrecked all studios in the building, the interruption would still have been very short. An alternative network connecting with Station Gamma would have been switched into action, and the voice of Haller, who was killed there on stand-by duty in the following year, would have gone on with the news to Germany.

Station Delta was in fact evacuated a few weeks after the first hit; another followed, and the programmes had to be transferred the same night to Station Gamma. This time it was Hoffmann, again the hero of the hour, who was on stand-by duty. He was warned by telephone and proudly read the news unaccompanied by a Switch Censor. There was no hitch except in the Norwegian transmission, and here an announcer failed to find his way across London. A sub-editor of Danish descent performed miracles of improvisation at the microphone and filled the gap. Humanity had faltered, but the underground system of the engineers had done its job.

But we have left London well behind us, it is afternoon again, and to distract you from the sober but misleading sights of the countryside I must struggle with metaphors. For broadcasting works on a similar principle to the conveyor belt of a factory. If we call the rise and fall of Arndt's electrified voice by their proper name of " modulations ", and follow them, as we are, along the cables, we shall find them joining a " carrier wave " whose name, in French as well as English, suggests the function of projecting them into the ether. The modulations by themselves are feeble things; if we plugged a pair of headphones down through the road at this distance, we should imagine Arndt was talking on a far-off telephone, which would never reach his mother. But if they are feeble, their detail is infinite; they will faithfully register every tone and inflection of a jazz lyric, every crescendo of a symphony orchestra, each accent of the thirty-nine languages in which we broadcast. They simply need projecting into space, and this is the function of the transmitter, which unites them with a wave as strong and constant as they are mercurial.

It is getting seriously dark as we turn down side-roads and are confronted by a double row of railings crowned by spikes. Two soldiers demand our credentials, and seem, I am sorry to say, unduly suspicious of your temporary pass; but they let us in. Now, if you look through the window, you can see the masts. Set squarely on the plateau—where all good aerials stand—they reach high above the wood straggling into the distance. Their structure seems black and unduly complicated, more like the Eiffel Tower or pithead cranes, the flowers of applied science in the nineteenth century. But as we go into the station, we find ourselves back in the true, unemotional atmosphere of today where the final secrets do not deign to impress

the senses. In the high concrete halls, sounds echo wide and flat like the murmurs in a swimming bath. We hear the sustained bustle of generators, a Dutch voice reading news, and an occasional bell, as we pass through to the switch room. Here the current comes into the station from three alternative sections of the Grid, all of which would have to be put out of action to cause a break in transmission. It is controlled and fed through to the transmitters by giant electric switches.

The packing cases you notice on the floor as we move on, contain transmitting valves. They were intended for export just before the war, and the words *Sehr Zerbrechlich ! Aufrecht Erhalten !* are not stencilled on them in irony. The wall on our left to which a brick layer is putting finishing touches, is to protect the staff from the voltage passing through a speech modulation transformer on one of the new transmitters. But come back to the main hall and look at the transmitter itself. It is enclosed in an electrically sealed room made of metal, and the doors will only open when all power has been taken off. You peer into it through glass panels like those in the reptile house of a zoo—and for the same reason, for among the unmoving shapes in front of you death awaits the visitor who touches one of the anodes on their waist-high insulators. The death is less horrible than that threatened by the Gestapo to the receiver of the messages, but it is swift and more certain. In the warm yellow light of this chamber nothing moves. It seems strange to you, who have written, after all, about the roar and activity of factories ; you feel, even, that the fantastic shapes, the glass bowls, the china cones and the unmoving metres, must be a fake display of abracadabra or else a potent form of magic. That cage of copper bands plated with nickel and interspersed and supported by porcelain washers, might be a work of art for art's sake. The colour of the bands has been graduated by the heat: gold at the centre, they turn smoothly into silver towards the top and base. It is only a giant tuning coil.

The modulations, already amplified a little till they are louder than a telephone conversation, have been brought into the transmitter, and here, in a valve like a goldfish bowl, are fused with the carrier-wave. The combined wave now goes through stage after stage of amplifying valves until it reaches a power of as many kilowatts as the station will accept.

This transmitter is powerful, but radio power is not just a question

of the amount of electricity available. A high-powered station radiating a hundred kilowatts only takes as much energy from the mains as would heat two or three hundred radiators. If no station in the world has got beyond 1000 kilowatts, it is because of technical difficulties in converting the power to high frequencies. A discouraging fact is that to double the strength of the signal, you need four times the amount of power. We find it more profitable as a whole to reach our audience by going round the rock of brute force.

But come a few paces across the red rubber floor to the control kiosk where tentacles from every corner of the sealed chamber are centralized. As we open the door we hear Arndt speaking to Germans abroad and any relatives in the Protectorate who are still interested. " Now the home front is faced with new privations," he is having to say in those resonant tones with their trace of Sudeten accent. " It is announced officially that rationing of food is to be stricter and other foods must be given up because the war in the east is more arduous than any campaign hitherto. A further shortening of rations as a reward for bombs and loss of life on the home front ! "

By the monitoring loudspeaker the junior maintenance engineer sits over his log book. Metres and lights in front of him, listening points at his back, tell what is happening at every stage in the transmitter. On his left the needles on a long row of dials flicker erratically but in perfect unison as they register the modulations of the voice. On his right five beads of red light show that the circuits are closed and the voice is going steadily into the ether.

" Does it interest you at all ? " I hear you say to the engineer.

" Radio ? " he asks. He has keen blue eyes ; he is young, and there is something of the intelligent detachment of all engineers about him. " Yes, radio interests me, but "—he nods at the loudspeaker — " I can't understand that." He smiles.

" None of it ? No impression of a war ? "

" Well, sometimes I pick up a phrase here and there, and then I listen to the Home Service. The French is all right, I passed matric. and I can get a sentence or two of that."

" Reichsleiter Hermann Reischle suggests that the whole Stock Exchange has got out of order," Arndt is going on. We seem to have

missed something. " Reichsleiter Hermann Reischle knows what he is talking about ; swindle and deception everywhere, why not on the Stock Exchange too ? But simply controlling the rise and fall of stocks is like holding down the mercury in the thermometer for a patient suffering from fever. The fever goes on rising, and the illness, though unregistered by the thermometer, proceeds to its fatal climax." He is reading well tonight. It sounds slow without the jamming, but he convinces.

The engineer has got up to show us a mimic diagram switchboard on the wall to his right. Eight hundred connections, he explains, are fed into the back of the picture. Tubes of red and green light show where the circuit runs through and where it is cut. If there is a fault, a white light shows the affected area, and a bell rings.

Arndt is finishing, and we must start the journey back to London. You are surprised how few people we have met ? Like the announcers, they work in a triple shift, but a big transmitter only needs three or four engineers at a time, two of whom are now women. Those bright copper pipes leading up the wall ? They are taking Arndt's closing sentences with their carrier-wave out to the aerial. But it is nearly dark outside, and no wires are visible between the pylons fading into the clouds. The starting-point of this long invisible journey can itself not be seen.

RADIO CRIMINALS

In Germany no one is listening to the voices from London, no one except a handful of " radio criminals ", mostly of foreign extraction. That was the official account. Even Fritzsche, whose business is to contradict these voices three times a week, has not heard them. He is informed by " someone who is kind enough to listen for me—no one is capable of listening permanently to that kind of nonsense himself ". But for ordinary Germans tuning-in to foreign broadcasts—which specifically included those of Germany's allies—was illegal as well as boring. It was forbidden by decree before the military war began.

" For a moment I had a curious feeling that I had gone deaf," said one of the last American journalists to get out of Berlin. He

was describing the atmosphere among diners in the Adlon Hotel. " From time to time I noticed their lips moving, and I knew they must be talking but could not hear anything but a low mumble. Then I realized that everyone was talking just loudly enough to be heard by the person with whom he was speaking." We can imagine the dilemma this correspondent would have been in if his paper had wanted an estimate of the number of Germans listening to the B.B.C. The atmosphere would have been suggestive. The silent diners can easily enough be imagined tuning-in to a foreign station when they were alone, but direct questions on the subject would have been useless, and the inquirer might have felt justified in guessing. From observers with direct or indirect experience of Germany in the first two years of war I heard guesses ranging from one to three million " regular listeners ". One traveller who left at the end of 1940 managed to discover the Propaganda Ministry's estimate, which was then in the neighbourhood of a million; but he could not explain how Dr. Goebbels arrived at that figure. A year later an American told how " some friends of mine who have just got out of Germany say that the man in the street *never fails* to listen to the B.B.C." More convincing, if less informative was a Swedish businessman's account of a second-hand conversation about the same time. " A client of mine had quite a long talk with a German," he said, " but unfortunately he was going back, and such people are careful. He said that he knew many people listen to England, ' but they won't speak about it '. He himself had heard nothing, he said, ' nothing at all '."

If we ignore guesswork, several facts remain and we can infer the development of listening with a high standard of probability. At the outbreak of war Germany had a high proportion of sets relative to the number of inhabitants. The current licences had reached 16·2 million at the end of June 1941,[1] but the area in which these were held covered Austria, Czechoslovakia and the Ostland, as well as the Reich proper where the sale of receivers was not forbidden. A large class of the people who owned these sets hungered for news as Englishmen can scarcely imagine. A correspondent in Switzerland in the first year of the war has described the behaviour of German travellers at the first bookstall they came to beyond the Austrian frontier. " I was able," he says, " to observe that all of

[1] Zeesen, on October 10, 1941. The full area which these figures included was only revealed several weeks later.

them, the moment they were able to step on Swiss territory, stormed the stand and bought up all the Swiss newspapers. They devoured these right on the spot as the thirsty at a well. The unanimity of this incident was particularly interesting."

But these Germans cannot have been a representative " sample ". They were probably habitual travellers, and they were too old to be affected by conscription. If their sons had been on a Strength through Joy excursion to Switzerland, they would probably have passed by the bookstall; impregnated since childhood with the Hitler myth, they would have marched past Tell monuments and the International Labour Office without noticing anything to disturb their vision. A young Marseillais, who had worked in a Danzig sugar-factory with other prisoners of war, reported that the older German workers listened to the B.B.C. in German and English, but the younger ones never listened.

Many reports in the first three years of war implied this division between parents and children. " I should like to thank you especially for the broadcasts in German," said a correspondent who obtained an exit permit to a neutral country in the summer of 1941. " You have no idea how widely your transmission is still listened to in spite of severe sentences from one to three years' penal servitude. . . . The treatment meted out by the Gestapo and Police is really inhuman when anyone is denounced in connection with food offences, a remark or a mere bagatelle. Children at school and children in the Hitler Youth are even taught that it is their duty to inform, and this by the Party. But there are still honest people—who simply have to keep silent. One encounters these silent and thoughtful people everywhere in private, and then they confess to their dissatisfaction. Please continue to keep us informed."

One of the more enlightened criticisms made in England of the B.B.C.'s German broadcasts was that they were not enough directed to the young, that whereas Moscow ran a special youth programme, the B.B.C. neglected the overwhelming need of re-education. But the criticism escaping from Germany itself was invariably from the well educated and consequently from the old or middle-aged. " I hear continual complaints of the broadcasts from London," wrote an observer in Göteborg, Sweden, at the end of 1941. " In London I doubt whether they know how much they are listened to, but the intellectuals I have met are depressed by them. Why don't the

great exiles speak more? Thomas Mann simply isn't enough. . . . Why don't they exploit Germany's former spiritual possessions, Goethe and Beethoven and the genius of their painters, poets and musicians?"

No evidence could have been so welcome as that the young, with their tommy-guns and their ignorance, were well represented among the audience in the early years of the war, but evidence was lacking. As long as there were victories, those who won them seem to have been equally inattentive to Moscow and to London; they believed in magic. It was necessary for the magic to fail before they would listen to reason. Then the welcome news began to arrive. In Danzig by the end of the third year it was admitted that boys were no longer joining the Hitler Youth as they should; in Würtemberg a girl of twenty-one was executed for "helping the enemy by spreading inciting propaganda"; from many directions came evidence that the armed forces were beginning to listen.

The first big-scale changes began to appear as soon as Hitler's victories were slowed down and before they were fully reversed. One of the developments which occurred at the end of 1941 was that the civilian clientele of restaurants, with all its range of types, began to show openly that it no longer believed the German Radio. Three months after the invasion of the Soviet Union the *Danziger Vorposten* protested that "formerly absolute silence prevailed in restaurants when the news was read on the wireless, but this is unfortunately no longer the case. When news is read nowadays people talk, laugh and make a noise with their glasses and plates." A few weeks afterwards the *Strassburger Neueste Nachrichten* reported a sentence of two and a half years' penal servitude on a Wilhelm Meier of Bombach. He had been drinking in a restaurant when the wireless programme was interrupted by the "special announcement" of a further victory over Bolshevism; while Liszt's fanfares were still playing he got up suddenly and requested that the radio should be shut off.

The German press was surprisingly informative about the audience, provided we take account of its motives and reject the furious partisanship of its reporting. The severity of sentences for listening to foreign stations steadily increased until the autumn of 1941, and the prominence and repetitive treatment given to the cases make it clear that they were intended as a warning. Penalties

were imposed before the military war broke out, but they were limited for the most part to a few weeks' imprisonment and minor fines.[1] In Hamburg on March 1, 1940, Ferdinand and Ernst Reimers were sentenced to five years' penal servitude for listening to and discussing the B.B.C.'s news. But although the Propaganda Ministry already estimated there were about a million other listeners, this severity was in advance of its time. At the beginning of the following year, for which Hitler promised final victory, the sentences were still averaging only one, two or three years; but in the early summer when the prospect had disappeared, batches of half a dozen or more convictions began to appear in the papers. In June a whole family, headed by the father of sixty-eight, were imprisoned. In August the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* reported a group in which several Poles were named; their sentences had risen to seven, eight and nine years; and before different methods of combating the B.B.C. were adopted, not only had Johann Wild been executed (in March), but the sentence on the ordinary German had become four, five or six years.

The cases were all reported in the same style:

RADIO CRIMINALS CONDEMNED

Emil Kasper, aged 66, and 50-year-old Heinrich Kerkhof, both from Cuxhaven, were two lost members of the community. They stood before the Special Court at Hannover on a charge of being radio criminals. In spite of the penalties imposed for radio crimes, they had been unable to resist listening regularly to the lying news of the English broadcasts. Kasper admitted having listened to foreign transmissions for nearly a year since March 1940. In this period he was repeatedly visited by the fellow-accused, Kerkhof, who had also, on one occasion, tuned in the set to a foreign station. The Special Court sentenced Kasper to three years' penal servitude and loss of civil rights for five years. . . . Kerkhof had to pay for his crime against the community with one and a half years' penal servitude and loss of civil rights for three years.[2]

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[1] According to the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* of August 4, 1940, there were 225 convictions for listening between April 1939 and March 1940. Of these, eleven received prison sentences varying between one and eight weeks, and 214 were fined from 3 to 200 Rm. But other papers reported sentences of two and five years' penal servitude in the first few months of 1940. Equally heavy sentences were inflicted as early as 1937 for listening specifically to Moscow.

[2] *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, April 5, 1941.

OLD JITTERFOOT TUNES IN TO LONDON

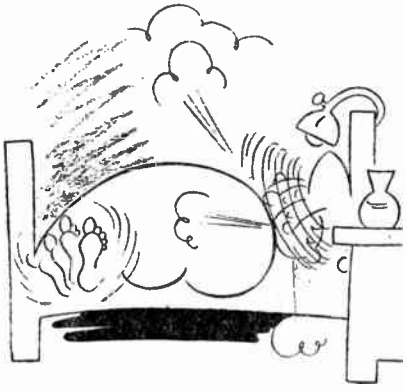
(From the *Hamburger Illustrierte,* February 7, 1942)

Old Jitterfoot at dead of night
gets London on his wireless.
He thinks himself extremely bright;
his secrecy is tireless.

He hears how Churchill's bound to win,
how we'll be drawn and quartered,
that England's latest bombers skim
backwards among the slaughtered.

The Reds have reached Berlin in queues,
and every head is falling;
but snow and ice obscure the view
and hide the most appalling.

The Esquimaux have joined the line
to hack us into gory blots;
bloodthirsty, waiting on a sign,
are aerial Hottentots.



Old Jitterfoot in great alarm
creeps sadly to his bedclothes.
Invading pleasant dreams of balm,
his deed induces death-throes.

A frog, like Churchill, scares him stiff,
an evil nightmare figure,
which greets him smartly with a biff
and leaves him with a snigger.

Next day he meets a friend in woe
who whispers, eyes a-glisten,
" Have you heard London's radio ?
It's worth a risk to listen."

That was too much for Jitterfoot,
who hadn't slept for terror.
He raised his boot, a good right boot
and socked him without error.

Moral

The London or the Moscow fan
deserves the cup of hemlock.
He has no use for legal bans
and needs a penal deathlock.

He's lost his head—that's why he feels
so much below the weather.
Unless his trouble quickly heals,
he'll lose it altogether !

The macabre jocularity of this threat was typical of Nazi humour. In his book *The Goebbels Experiment*, Mr. Weidenfeld describes how Hadamowsky told radio officials after the purge of the German Radio in 1933 : " All major officials with anti-National Socialist bias have been dismissed, though only one has behaved like a gentleman and hanged himself ". Following this remark, the *Völkischer Beobachter* reported : " Prolonged laughter and cheers ".

The Propaganda Ministry attempted to reduce the listeners to a criminal type. " Their listening lowers their powers of resistance and brings about a spiritual self-mutilation no less criminal than self-mutilation by an army conscript " (*National Zeitung*, May 14, 1941). They are " traitors and saboteurs " (*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, August 10, 1941). They indulge in " fornication " (*Völkischer Beobachter*, December 4, 1942). Occasionally a " medical counsellor " is called in to discuss their sanity (*Oldenburgische Staatszeitung*, September 5, 1941). Around their crime other perversions constellate. The forty-seven-year-old Peters of Oldenburg " maltreated his wife and children in a most infamous manner. Peters was by nature a sadist and moral degenerate. In spite of the legal ban, he listened to Moscow and spread what he heard " (*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, October 3, 1941).

Among all these puppets I have found only one human character half recognizable for a moment before she is dragged out of sight. Susanna Kiefer, an Alsatian, was described by the *Oberstaatsanwalt* who prosecuted her in May 1941, as " an obviously malicious woman who too often lets her tongue run away with her and curses everyone and everything. But it cannot be tolerated," he went on, " that such vulgar insults should be used against the Leader, the Wehrmacht and the German people." She had listened, and this was still more serious, to foreign stations, particularly the English. He must ask for two and a half years' penal servitude and two years' loss of civil rights.

Susanna admitted using " a few quite ordinary insults ", but denied everything else. " I wouldn't have used such vulgar expressions," she said. " I am too well educated."

" And listening to foreign wireless stations ? " asked the presiding *Staatspräsident* Dr. Huber. " Isn't that true, either ? "

" It's quite untrue. I've had Switzerland. . . . And that, well that's an international station."

" An international English station, yes ! " rejoined the President.

She was found guilty on all charges and sentenced to three years loss of civil rights as well as to two years' penal servitude.

Early in the autumn of 1941 the news service of the German Radio ceased to be plausible even to the listener who made no attempt to check it with outside sources. Accustomed to an unbroken series of swift and victorious invasions, the propaganda machine behaved as it always had done, claiming that the roads to Leningrad, Kiev and Moscow lay open and the Red Armies were destroyed at

the time scheduled in the plan of campaign. The fact that events were at last dragging behind was temporarily concealed by a repetition of the claims in different words but with the same fanfares. Finally, at the beginning of October, a supreme assurance had to be given by Hitler himself over all German and conquered transmitters that " this opponent is already broken and will never rise again ". Lulled for a few days by this cheque on Hitler's personal credit, the doubts that had been growing solidified quickly enough into permanent suspicion.

It was nearly a year before Goebbels would admit that the German people had been deceived.[1] " Now and again we have overestimated our chances and underestimated those of our adversaries," he wrote then. " We have wrongly estimated the enemy's powers of resistance and consequently have required a longer period to achieve certain objectives than had been anticipated. These, however, were exceptions."

But the roads to Leningrad and Moscow were still not open, and two assumptions of infallibility had been destroyed which could not be repaired by belated admissions. First, the authority of the radio had been called in question, and secondly the basis of armed invincibility on which German propaganda had grown strong, as any propaganda must grow strong, had been removed. News, which had been a romantic demonstration of that invincibility, became the story of a vast deadlock and then of a retreat; therefore it could not be told except as a statement of German heroism. Once the attack on Crete had been withheld from these motives, and now there was nothing to report of the greatest battle in history. It was the dilemma to which all propagandists who have put themselves above the truth must eventually come. Nor was it made more pleasant for Goebbels by the fact that the Russian propaganda machine, which for two years had been studiously neutral, had come into action beside the British.

At once there were indications of a vast increase in listening. Speaking in the Ministry of Justice at the end of September, the Berlin State Secretary Freisler advocated that the public should be told of the existence of instruments which detected all radio-sets tuned to Moscow or London. In the following weeks several papers obediently printed the story. As soon as the speech reached Station Beta, the engineers were consulted on the technical possibility of

[1] In an article broadcast on July 10, 1942.

such a device, and news bulletins were preceded by an assurance that it did not exist.

Also in Berlin an official of the Propaganda Ministry told Howard K. Smith, the Columbia Broadcasting representative, that arrests for radio crimes had tripled by the middle of October. The same month Goebbels published a list of stations to which listening *was* allowed. In November, according to Howard Smith, all Germans received with their ration cards " a little red card with a hole punched in the middle of it so that it might be hung on the station-dial of a radio set, and on the card was the legend: 'Racial Comrades! You are Germans! It is your duty not to listen to foreign stations. Those who do so will be mercilessly punished.' " [1]

A few days later local Nazi chiefs visited houses near Howard Smith to see whether the cards had been fixed to the sets. " People who had no radio sets," he says, " were told to keep the cards anyhow, and to let them be a reminder not to listen to the conversation of people who did have radios and tuned-in on foreign stations." The effect of these elaborate precautions was to stimulate the curiosity of those who had been afraid to listen and to convert them into regular listeners.

The fate of Johann Wild had not been allowed to escape from public memory. Communism was listed more and more prominently among the crimes for which he had been executed. But fresh executions did not follow at once. Listening had become too commonplace. During the third war winter sentences on radio criminals dropped sharply to an average of six months to two years, with no loss of civil rights, and a pessimistic interpretation was ruled out by a report on a central German town of some 25,000 inhabitants, no fewer than 250 of whom had been denounced for listening to the B.B.C. Only eight of the accused were prosecuted, and all of these had listened publicly in restaurants. If this was the situation in the heart of Germany, it was certainly further out of hand in, say, the Rhineland or Hamburg.

In Düsseldorf early in 1942 eleven Catholic clergymen were prosecuted. Five of them, ranging from a Dekant to a Pfarrer, were sentenced to hard labour for periods varying between six months and three years, but contrary to the invariable policy of earlier years the case was given a minimum of prominence. Some

[1] *Last Train from Berlin*, by Howard K. Smith.

months afterwards, however, it was announced that the terms of imprisonment had all been practically doubled by order of the Public Prosecutor. Although radio crimes were attributed to all the fourteen conspirators executed in Mannheim that summer, listening in itself would not have been enough to bring them in front of the People's Court. Unrest was at last beginning to take more active forms. The prosecution of five Frankfurt arms workers later in 1942 for listening and spreading the news, ended in the execution of a "Marxist" works engineer, aged only thirty-one, and sentences up to ten years' penal servitude on the rest.

Besides additional jamming measures, Goebbels had adopted one other defence in answer to the B.B.C. transmissions. As an inventor convinced of the self-evident importance of his discoveries, the German Radio had been too busy proclaiming its own vision to spend much time on contradictions of it which were plainly too trivial to matter. It had unbent enough to laugh now and then—at our optimism over Norway, at a story rashly put out in the first year of the war that all German dogs were to be destroyed owing to the scarcity of food—but there had been no need to contradict at length when the campaigns themselves were sufficiently eloquent. Then, in the autumn of 1941 it began to turn to the defensive. Instead of demanding *Lebensraum*, asserting the rights of German minorities and proclaiming the invincibility of the *Wehrmacht*, it spent its time on warnings and denials.

The warnings were of destruction: "We must not lose this war, for it would mean the loss of national life, culture and the existence of every individual German".[1] The denials were of British and Russian propaganda. Built as an answer to London first and to Moscow only second, this counter-propaganda may not have been a completely accurate index to the size of the two audiences. There were constant indications from Germany that they were separate; a listener tuned-in regularly to London or Moscow, but rarely to both. It seems probable, too, that motives of political loyalty would have existed in the Moscow listeners which would have made them more impervious to denials than the London audience, who listened primarily for information. Roars of anger were directed against Moscow, but the exactness with which the bulk of reaction answered the B.B.C. was too big a com-

[1] German Radio, February 2, 1942.

pliment to overlook.[1] It was no longer Goebbels, but an analysis of Station Beta's output which provided the basis of directives.

Under his own name, Goebbels contributed a fortnightly, and later a weekly, orgy of denials to *Das Reich* which was broadcast on the night of publication. Ley, Quade, Lützow, Bade and many less known speakers joined Fritzsche in the work of counter-propaganda. Some of it was ingenious, particularly the invention of endless items, which we had never given, for dismissal with scorn. But the moral appeals were less convincing. Has the radio criminal no feeling of national honour? Goebbels asked. " Does he not flush with fury when in these broadcasts his country, his Führer, his people, but above all his country's soldiers are covered with dirt every day? Or does he expect us to issue for his sake every day from dawn to nightfall denials of that flood of lies? " [2]

It is what both he and the German Radio, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, were already doing. For the first time the initiative was lost that winter on the radio as it was on the frozen ground of Russia.

By 1943 the vocabulary of the German loudspeaker had echoed the reversal from attack to defence, from glory to approaching despair. The verbs *Coventrieren* (1940–1941) and *Weiter Rommeln* (mid-1942) did not lead to the " final ", " decisive ", " annihilating " nouns they had promised, but to an ugly little imperative. *Durchhalten!—Hold out!* came from the last years of the last war, but by 1943 that was all the German Radio had to offer its audience.

Strange defensive arguments had begun to appear before then, an emphasis, for instance, on the inferior quality of American armaments without reference to their quantity; and a mind which traced these disturbances below the surface had to infer that a great change, like water coming to the boil, was proceeding invisibly as the Allies prepared.

" We are not so stupid in political matters as you think," a listener wrote from the heart of Germany in the summer of 1942, before the Russian or Anglo-American offensives were launched. " For the most part it is only our new *élite* that is stupid, the noble

[1] It was possible to draw up the statements and answers in a neat table. V. Appendix I.

[2] German Radio, August 15, 1941.

Nordic Aryan ultra-supermen. But the rule of this brood is coming to an end, and I prophesy, in this coming winter—even though they still overcome a large slice of Russia, it will make no impression now on an enlightened mind, the *Third Reich* is at its last gasp. Furthermore, we think you and the Americans are preparing something very great, for that you are asleep . . . is believed only by the most stupid Nazis."

In November 1942 when the African offensive was launched, the German Radio was blindly beating down the fears at work in its audience. Some of the blows (and fears) were uncannily accurate. A fortnight before the Americans landed, Dr. Dietrich, Chief of the German Press, reassured his audience that " the existing shipping position of Britain and the U.S.A. makes it impossible to start further operations." As the giant convoys were actually under way across the Atlantic the Italian Radio said : " The presence of Italian submarines in the Atlantic makes the British Admiralty dizzy," and Goebbels, apparently trying to quieten all fears for good, asked : " Will a power which is not ready for an offensive today ever be ready for one ? "

It was a Sunday when the North African landings were carried out, and Hitler had to speak in the evening on the anniversary of the Munich *Putsch.* In the atmosphere of that meeting one could hear an unspoken question. For on that momentous day, what had happened to the magician who had spent a lifetime preparing victories and producing them ? His voice was the same, but he was saying the wrong things. Instead of describing the precision of his movements, instead of prophesying what he was going to do—and that had been his glory and terror—he prophesied what the closing circle of Allies would be unable to do. They would not make him capitulate, they would not get away with this *coup* and escape countermeasures, he wasn't going to be confused with the leaders of Imperial Germany. It was almost tragic. He had become like one of the weak politicians of the Republic confronting the threat of his own Storm Battalions. He, the genius of propaganda, had lost the secret.

Afterwards he fought back as if the campaigns had been planned by himself. The fanfares blared out as his troops marched down to the Riviera ; the *Wehrmacht* fought in the South and East " according to plan ". But Hitler had been thrown finally and irrecoverably on the defensive. And since his magic had depended

on his will and power to attack, he began from that day to lose his audience. The radio, they had been taught to believe, was an oracle holding the secrets of the future, but the secrets had migrated to London, Moscow and New York.

HOW TO SPEAK TO GERMANY

" *Once you heard the voice of a man, and it struck deep into your hearts ; it awakened you, and you followed this voice. Year after year you went after it, though him who had spoken you never even saw. You heard only a voice and you followed it. . . . The wonder of us coming thus together fills us all. Not everyone of you sees me and I do not see every one of you. But I feel you, and you feel me !* "—HITLER at Nuremberg in 1936.

When we leave the technical relationship between studio and listener for the problem of what London should say and has said to Germany we are plunged immediately among controversies. One of the more unpolitical of them needs a preliminary glance if only because it is rarely noticed. Was Hitler wise in his view that the German listener should be treated as a microbe ? The tendency among those who have analysed his technique of propaganda at all deeply is to reply in tones of admiration that he was. Serge Chakotin, most impressive of the analysts, is so fascinated to find principle after principle of the conditioned reflex being applied with success to a nation instead of to experimental dogs that he sometimes writes of Hitler in tones more appropriate to his master Pavlov. However abominable Hitler's aim, for Chakotin and many others, the propaganda means he used to attain it form an archetype for the future. " There is only one effective method," he says in *The Rape of the Masses*, " to meet them with violent propaganda, to counteract their tendency to psychical rape by equivalent action on the psychism of the masses, but "—he adds a little uneasily—" without recourse to lying."

By this Chakotin seems to mean more than that an immediate wartime reply to German propaganda should follow the same technique and speak—but " without recourse to lying "—the same language. The books, newspapers, radio and cinema screens of the world are to be turned into a vast conditioning-plant for all time ; the masses should be raped for good. We are not here concerned

with surgical defloration on this scale, but with National-Socialist Germany, and there are already one or two reservations that need to be made to the claims of objective psychology. It is easy, for instance, to place too much emphasis on the short-run effect. Can we consider the German expansion without its inevitable collapse? Can we reasonably isolate the decade of conditioning and draw conclusions valid for a lifetime? But the questions are unreal because the German people were neither microbes nor dogs, but human beings, who are more complex. Pavlov himself was more cautious in extending his canine principles to human beings. "It would be the height of presumption," he wrote, "to regard these first steps in elucidating the physiology of the cortex as solving the intricate problems of the higher psychic activities in man, when in fact at the present stage of our work no detailed application of its results to man is yet permissible." [1]

If we consult the experience of hypnotists we find some facts which are even more applicable to Hitler's career than are the findings of Pavlov. Unlike a dog submitted to the technique of conditioned stimulation, a human being can decide whether he will allow himself to be hypnotized or not. If he decides against it, he cannot be hypnotized. This is because successful hypnosis depends (to speak loosely) on the abdication of the conscious mind in favour of the unconscious; when the first is suppressed, the hypnotist has merely to give his orders and they will be carried out faithfully whether they entail a distaste for butter or an excursion against the Soviet Union. They will be carried out often with remarkable determination, like a drunkard's or a sleepwalker's. The hypnotist needs a dominating personality, a manner that convinces, and he can steadily increase his influence on the patient by regular visits. In his absence, his influence slowly subsides; but it can be damaged by instructions that are contradictory or impossible to fulfil.

If there is anything valid in this comparison, it is not surprising that Germany with her periodic desire for domination should have assented to Hitler (in succession to Bismarck and Wilhelm II in less neurotic periods) while the Englishman, descended from generations living in relative freedom and independence, covered his would-be dictator with ridicule. Hitler made his personality dominant by every possible means. His victims were never allowed to get away from him. They saw everywhere his picture and swastika,

[1] Pavlov: Introduction to *Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes*, vol. ii.

recalling his myth in concentrated visual form. He spoke simply, for tens of millions, not hundreds of thousands, and his instructions were monotonously the same. Though he contradicted himself, it was on a logical, not an emotional plane, and his speeches were not collected in book-form for the extent of these contradictions to be seen. His infallibility was asserted as loudly as any god's. The German Radio summed up the ideal relationship when it defined the Third Reich as " a country in which eighty million people worship one Führer who keeps them in his magnetic power ".[1]

The importance of sound has a special place both in the experiments of Pavlov and of hypnotists from the earliest times. To the ringing of a bell Pavlov's dogs learnt to respond as if they were about to be given food. It is with his voice that the hypnotist gives his orders. Nor was it mere chance that the period when radio first penetrated into the ordinary man's household coincided with Hitler's rise to a power more spectacular than any previous ruler's. If his personality was an ideal combination for a mass hypnotist, the loudspeaker was an ideal instrument to distribute it. A Nazi author, Hans Münster, did not hesitate to point out that " just as Gutenberg's discovery (printing) is linked with Luther's work, so are the coming of wireless and the discovery of the loudspeaker linked with Hitler's achievements ".[2]

As Hitler was fighting his way to the Chancellery, a German film studio produced a film unconnected with the National Socialist Movement, which portrayed an omnipotent dictator who ruled by loudspeaker. Even his closest followers received their orders by this means; to them the dictator himself was disembodied, an amplifying horn with wires attached. Hitler realized that it was necessary not simply to emphasize his semi-divine superiority, but to emphasize it simultaneously to all Germans, not as individuals who might criticize but as members of a crowd, who would be more easily swayed. The common ideal of radio-theorists was to organize listeners into a vast series of crowds and gradually to eliminate absentees. In 1941 it was revealed that the Institute for Broadcasting Research at Berlin University had more ambitious plans than any that had been put into practice. Loudspeaker columns were to be erected in the streets all over Germany so

[1] Bremen, in Dutch for Holland, May 13, 1940.
[2] *Publizistik*, Leipzig, 1939.

that " the man in the street " could be told the same thing everywhere at the moment.

Ideally the technical resources were to be so organized that the audience at a given moment should be nothing less than the whole nation. Group listening was just a step towards this ideal. Such groups, said Dr. Eckert, " have given a decisive increase to the striking power of wireless as a means of leadership ".[1] Simultaneous and mass listening were simply tactics in the German strategy of subjecting the individual to the state. They emphasized the mastery and hypnotic power of the Leader. They made possible " a new style of broadcasting, a style which need no longer address itself to the individual listener ", for by this means access could be won to the layers of the mind on which a hypnotist can work, layers where the critical faculties do not operate.

The authority possessed by the loudspeaker is beginning to be recognized, and in time our clichés will pay it the compliments they have lavished in the past few centuries on the printed word. It has obvious advantages. Its power to convey personality is stronger over short periods, and the listener need not concentrate with the active effort of a reader. It can inflict shocks greater than headlines. True, the turn of a switch can silence the voice, but in the Third Reich care was taken to make this act a crime if it was done publicly on occasions of vital stimulation. In Wupperthal in the fourth year of war a labour court sanctioned the dismissal of a woman worker for reading while Hitler was speaking.[2]

Unfortunately the act of listening to rival voices, which would weaken the hypnotist's influence, was also made a crime. Advice that the B.B.C. in speaking to Germany should copy Hitler's technique ignored this essential fact. But it ignored much more, for the success of Hitler's propaganda was based on the authority it was given. Ministerial dignities were not enough ; it was granted spotlights with the glamour of the stage, ritual taken from the Church, moral backing which made its acceptance a duty. For a second hypnotic voice, for another course of conditioning, there was no room.

As I switch on the German programmes from London on another synthetic day in 1941, the " propaganda-scientist " is likely to be more indignant than the politician, but that need not worry anyone

[1] " *Der Rundfunk als Führungsmittel.*"
[2] *German Press*, September 19, 1942.

who thinks of the listener crouching in furtive solitude over his set while he compromises between losing the sentences in the jamming and denouncing himself to the Gestapo. It would be wiser to speak to this microbe as a human being, for that is what, in these uncrowded circumstances, he has become.

DAWN, CULTURE AND REVOLVERS

Through the night, in the great belts of German industry stretching up the Rhine through Düsseldorf and Frankfurt and across central Europe with the Elbe to Magdeburg, Dresden, Czechoslovakia, the factories have been working against time and the industries of the outside world. The shifts change in the early hours, unfortunately not all at the same moment but unevenly; sections of workers pull on their clothes and go to the factory, while others leave for home.

The German Radio is already at work on the minds temporarily away from the controls. In the first world war, strikes were one of the decisive defeats, and this time even the word, even the news of their existence in America before she entered the war, was withheld.[1] The B.B.C. is also at work, but what is worth saying at five in the morning? News, certainly, news read slowly and repeated three times in full. But can talks be urgent enough for a weary, war-sick land before daylight, when sounds penetrate and the fate of Johann Wild has been well advertised? It is hard not to be disappointed in the German service at that time in the morning. A member of the Labour Party is speaking.

" *What would happen if Britain were to win the war?* " (But it is January 1941, less than a fortnight after Hitler promised quick victory for Germany.) " *What would happen?*

> " Goebbels and Hitler tell you that a British victory would mean the destruction of the German people. If that were true you would go on fighting to the last man. But is it? Remember you are not fighting a small clique of international financiers but a free people. It is not the City of London but the millions of members of the British Trade Unions and Labour Movement who are the deadly enemies

[1] But the populations of the occupied territories were informed of American strikes, perhaps to weaken their faith in the omnipotence of U.S. production.

of Nazi Germany, and our Labour leaders are collaborating with the Churchill government. When we win, peace terms will be made only with our consent. We want not the destruction of Germany but a world in which the German and British peoples work together as friends.

" We who know Germany well have told our colleagues here that the German workers are human beings like ourselves with the same hatred of cruelty and injustice and brutality. But as this war goes on and you remain the accomplices of the men behind the War Machine, it becomes daily harder for us to convince them. For they say to us : ' If the German workers really hated cruelty, injustice and brutality they would stop this war. They have the power to do so . . .'

" I know the dangers under the Terror. But I must tell you this : the longer the war lasts, the more cities your airmen *Coventrieren*, the more implacable our will to victory will become, and the harder it will be to achieve a just peace. We shall win, with or without you. But it depends on you whether by our victory you achieve peace and justice."

Objections arise from all angles. Was this manner convincing at a moment when we had nearly lost the war ? And how far were the German people our friends ? If not very far, would retributive threats from the Old Testament have been better ? [1] If they were our friends—or if the pretence was at least expedient—would they be dejected by the fate of Coventry after they themselves had suffered three months of night bombing before the *Luftwaffe* replied ? Since history has shown that this appeal produced no movement of revolt, can we assume another would have been more successful ?

These and other criticisms, which might occur to anyone at dawn, are likely to inflame the passions of many readers throughout this chapter. I do not raise them to answer or reject, but to postpone until the end of the book.

Many of the programmes in 1941 are " angled " for a specific type of listener. The Labour Party candidate's appeal would have been less impressive if one had not known that he was talking to workers on the morning shifts of the war machine. What audience there is at five in the morning can be reasonably assumed to consist of these, and even more accurately of elder workers

[1] On New Year's Day, 1941, the Dawn talk ended : " Before peace comes the German people will have much to suffer. Suffering will be your lot ; you cannot avoid it. Germany is ill ; she will not easily be cured."

who regained some of their leadership in factories combed of young men. They are given mainly informative talks and analyses of events; on Wednesdays a military review, on Saturdays descriptions of resistance in occupied countries. They are encouraged to link up with the millions of foreign workers and in the early stages of the war incitement to sabotage was more clearly approached here than at any other time of the day. None of the other "angled" programmes can work as safely on the assumption that they are being heard by the people to whom they are addressed.

After the dawn transmissions London does not speak again in German until the middle of the morning, and then only for a quarter of an hour. At lunch-time it again gives news, now directly challenging the propaganda news of the German Radio. For a fortnight in November 1941 when the longwave European transmitter first opened up, these two services were running beside each other, unjammed, as alternatives. Turning the dial for *Deutschlandsender*, the listener can scarcely have missed London a few kilocycles higher on the scale. If he was not from habit a radio criminal, he must have been surprised. It was not simply that the news was bad—that the Red armies were successfully holding Moscow and Rommel was retreating across Lybia; nor just that these victories were announced without fanfares or radio silences. Through long depressing months the sub-editors had got used to telling a different story. They had learnt to admit British defeats fully and to refrain from crowing over victories—of which there had been few enough. On the German Radio ships, unless they had the inescapable solidity of the *Graf Spee* or the *Bismarck*, never sank; they only faded away. No U-boat met its end; retreats were merely "readjustments of an unstable line". What thoughts must have awakened in minds used to such denials on hearing London give the loss of a cruiser its fair prominence, or begin, "The news from the Pacific is grave" when the Afrika Korps was decimated and Moscow was out of danger? The stray listener was probably tempted to come again; the radio criminal, who had heard the truth from us about defeat, can scarcely have doubted the victories.

News was not the only lack in Germany that the lunch-time programme supplied. "When I hear the word culture, I cock my revolver," wrote the playwright Hanns Johst before he became President of the Reich Chamber of Literature; and culture,

taking note, emigrated beyond range. From there, although it has to be careful how and what it says, its voice can speak from Station Beta. Technical difficulties are considerable because of the number of German writers who went to America. As long as Thomas Mann lived in New York, his voice could be beamed directly across the Atlantic, but complications involving records and trans-American planes set in when he moved to Hollywood. He still spoke regularly once a month.

The first time was in March 1941 before the German armies had been halted or even checked. Bulgaria had just been occupied and the Jugoslav government had signed a pact of submission to the Axis. When his message was repeated in the evening, bombs were falling in the streets outside the studio. " German listeners ! " he said. " What I had to tell you from the distance has been spoken to you until now by other mouths. This time listen to my own voice. It is the voice of a friend, a German voice, the voice of a Germany which has shown and will again show the world a face different from the frightful Medusa mask which Hitlerism has imposed. It is a warning voice. To warn you is the only service that a German like myself can now do for you.

" Those ' evil men ', evil in the final and deepest sense of the word, who lead you, know well that every victory leaves you disturbed, that you mistrust these victories as a mirage, that you fear the impossible, unrealizable role of slave-owners these men intend for you. They know that you are longing for peace, for a responsible life in common with the other peoples of the earth, for the end of this horrible, immeasurable adventure of Hitler's war, and for that reason they try with all their strength to win prestige from the successes their crimes still bring in, successes which are no more than further desperate crimes. Your press boasts that the Power of the Idea under Arms is about to eliminate the last resistance to the New Order. The power of arms, this must mean, for where is the idea ? The idea is force and villainy, and there is a great distance to go before the final resistance is broken to that and the intolerable degradation of mankind which its triumph would mean. The resistance is alive, on its feet ; it is powerful, tough and unbending. It is called England, and England is a world.

" Your leaders demand peace. *They*—still dripping with the blood of their own and other peoples—dare to shape this word with their tongues—Peace ! By that they mean subjugation, the legalizing

of their crimes, the acceptance of what is humanly intolerable. But it cannot happen. With a Hitler, peace is impossible because he is from the depths of his being incapable of peace, and because this word in his mouth is a soiled, diseased lie like every other word ever spoken by him. As long as Hitler and his regime of fire-raisers exist, you Germans will have no peace. Never! (*His voice has lifted, filling the loudspeaker.*) Peace under no conditions. For ever it must go on as it does now with its desperate deeds of violence, if only to keep at bay the forces of revenge, if only to prevent the enormously growing waves of hate from engulfing you. (*But now his voice falls back, as if tired of convincing his audience insufficiently.*) To warn you, people of Germany, means to fortify you in your own worst suspicions. (*Then clearly, coldly, separating the words.*) I can do no more."

The polemics which started with this warning, and to which cold print and my translation do damaging injustice, are among the finest that European writers have produced. Mann invites comparison with Victor Hugo in exile from the Second Empire in the Channel Islands where he wrote *Les Châtiments* in denunciation of Louis Napoleon and the disasters he brought on the French. The invective of both novelists was more than an exile's rancour; it united indignation at the setback of their countries' tradition with austere pity for their prostration.

In Mann's novels there is an aloofness from life which he has taken over semi-consciously from Goethe, an appraisal of struggles which even when they involve himself remain by some means at arm's length. But added to an earnest German sense of duty, his *ex cathedra* attitude gave him a special advantage. The exile suspected of personal bitterness loses his power to convince, and deriving so obviously from the tradition of German humanism, Mann could denounce Hitler with an historical authority unequalled by anyone except Winston Churchill. As his voice arrives at Station Beta after the Atlantic crossing by beam radio, it heaves slightly and sags; but this adds to its natural dignity a touch of the oracular effect to which Delphi owed some of its influence.

Two problems recur in Mann's broadcasts: the responsibility of the German people for prolonging the war, and their fate afterwards. These he links together. "Reflect," he said as the German armies invaded the Soviet Union, "reflect that the weapons for the enslave-

ment of the world are the work of your hands, and that Hitler and his war cannot continue without your help. Stay your hands and help no more! For the future it will be of enormous importance whether you Germans yourselves put away this man of terror, or whether it has to be done from outside. Only if you free yourselves, can you have the right to share in the approaching freedom of a new world order."

Mann did not delude himself about the difficulty of the task he was here trying to achieve. " I know well," he said later, " that you in Germany after these eight deafening years are scarcely capable of thinking without National Socialism. But does it seem easier to visualize its perpetuation by the final victory in which it would have you believe? Is it for eternity, this immeasurably corrupt, diseased and infamous regime, under which you live and fight? Recall its origins, the means by which it seized office, the sadism with which it exercised power, the unlimited disruption it spread, the deeds of shame committed first in Germany and then as far as its war machine would reach. Look at the gallery of its representatives, at these Ribbentrops, Himmlers, Streichers, at Goebbels, his mouth gaping with lies, consider the evilly inspired Leader himself and his stout, vainglorious all-highest Reichsmarshal of the greater German super-imperial empire. What a menagerie! This is to triumph and set its foot on the neck of the world? This is the solution of the problem of our time, the problem between man and himself, the problem of humanity? This is to decide the pattern of life for a thousand years? Who can believe it? It bears the stamp of a grotesque interlude—sick, abnormal, fanatical—a nightmare unpredicted by the stars, but a nightmare from which, praise be to God, there will and must be an awakening if Germany is to regain natural and unforced relations with the world and mankind. *Germany, Awake!* With that cry you were once lured into the fatal opium-trance of National Socialism. He means better by you who cries today: ' Germany, Awake! Awake to reality, to sound reason, to yourself and the world of freedom and justice awaiting you '."

Month by month through the early defeats Mann spoke with Olympian confidence. " I know," he conceded after Jugoslavia had fallen and the swastika flew over the Acropolis, " that it is hard for you to listen to me today. News of victories rain down on you as the fire-bombs of your monstrous rulers rain on London; they inflame your spirits, at least those of the weak and foolish, they send

your enthusiasm flaring up in spite of warnings." He avoided military and strategic calculations; his confidence was based on pure humanism. " Mankind will not submit, because it cannot. One may think of men as bitterly and scornfully as one likes, but in all their misery there is undeniably a spark of the divine which cannot be quenched. . . . The final victory of evil, brute force and untruth mankind cannot accept, because under this it simply could not live."

The progress of the war justified him, so that it was possible at the beginning of 1942 to give extracts from his talks interspersed with a diary of events, from which he emerged as a realist as well as an austere and cloudy prophet. His talks were repeated and used in nearly all programmes. Meanwhile the German Radio had been forced to turn from celebrating the glories of victory to almost hourly warnings of the consequences of defeat. Mann replied with brevity. " Those who seduced you into all these deeds of shame tell you: ' Now you are committed, now you are shackled to us inseparably, now you must hold out to the end, or hell itself will engulf you '. But hell engulfed you, Germans, when these leaders took you in their power. To hell with them and all their accomplices, and you can yet have salvation, freedom and peace."

In April 1942 he was told that the R.A.F.'s devastating raids on his native town of Lübeck had destroyed the Buddenbrook House where his grandparents had lived and which had become famous in association with his novel *Buddenbrooks*. Mann commented from his fortress of tradition that although a great symbol might lie in ruins, " such ruins do not shock a mind which lives in sympathy with the future as well as with the past ". Warsaw, Rotterdam and Coventry had to be paid for, and Hitlerism was responsible—Hitlerism which had neither tradition nor future.

Ranged behind Thomas Mann, denouncing Hitler and supporting the artistic, philosophical, even—under the Napoleonic domination—freedom-loving Germany, were the poets who had fallen into discredit or bowdlerization under the Third Reich. The lunch-time programmes gave extracts from Matthias Claudius, Mörike, Freiligrath, from old editions of Hölderlin as well as from Schiller and Goethe—all of whom would have been with Mann in exile. The German Radio fervently denied this. Goethe, it declared in

1940, would have been piloting a Stuka. But Germany, said the poets, had phases of anti-militarism which belied the simple National Socialist version of the past; and these voices from a different mood gave the cultural programmes an authority which was difficult to achieve before war aims were announced. At the grotesque Weimar Book Congress of 1941—held " under the sign of Book and Sword "—they were denounced as devilish quotations from scripture.

Since culture in England is not yet regarded as a target for revolver practice, it was possible for a year when the brute facts of the war made a poor talking point, to flavour ten minutes or a quarter of an hour of German transmission with it every other day. These lunch-time broadcasts were intended for the big German civil servant class and the higher officials who would be at home at that time. They were the type of people who most readily listened in. Their standards were rooted in the past and they could be relied on to welcome a type of appeal which denounced the ideal of the gangster-state to which Hitler was tending steadily more. The flourishing of English science and art in spite of the war was emphasized; Julian Huxley and A. V. Hill, the secretary of the Royal Society, spoke; university professors and lawyers insisted on the objective standards by which their professions were still ruled; members of Parliament, extending from Vernon Bartlett to Kenneth Pickthorn, reported debates in their best German. For most of these scripts the press would have paid high prices, and occasionally facts of historical interest came out. Ivone Kirkpatrick, for instance, who went with Chamberlain to Munich three years before he greeted Hess in Yorkshire, gave some reliable details of Hitler at the climax of the appeasement era.

> At the morning session of the conference, Hitler controlled himself. His manner was courteous and his behaviour was normal. His first sign of temper was at the lunch interval. The delegation left the Führerbau for their various hotels. Hitler accompanied Mussolini. I can see him now, walking along the gallery on the first floor of the Führerbau. He is talking very fast to Mussolini. The Duce's face is impassive, but Hitler's is black as thunder and he is emphasizing his remarks with short angry movements of his hands.
>
> The second sign of temper was after lunch. The delegation is assembling. Chamberlain and Daladier are deep in conversation.

Hitler arrives. He cannot wait until the conversation is over. After making gestures of impatience for some moments, his patience is exhausted. Angrily he sends Ribbentrop to summon the two statesmen to the table.

As the day wears on into night, Hitler's irritation increases. In the closing stages Göring and other Nazi leaders come into the room. Göring is the centre of a conversation and there is some laughter. It is an atmosphere of relaxed tension. The danger of war has been averted. But Hitler sits moodily apart. He wriggles on the sofa, he crosses and uncrosses his legs, he folds his arms and glares round the room. At intervals with obvious effort he joins in a conversation—only to relapse into silence. At last the agreement is ready for signature. The four statesmen sign. Three look satisfied that they have done the right thing. But Hitler scratches his signature as if he were being asked to sign away his birthright.

Hoffmann was unable to produce a photograph from which the signs of anger were wholly absent from Hitler's face.

Now why was Hitler angry? He had received all he wanted without war. For years he had complained that negotiations led to nothing. Now he had successfully negotiated the full satisfaction of his demands. He had surrendered nothing, absolutely nothing. So why was he angry?

I was given the answer by Germans in Hitler's entourage. He was angry because he had wanted to settle the Czech question by himself in his own way. He was angry because circumstances had compelled him to negotiate. "This," he shouted, "is my first conference and it will be my last." He abused Chamberlain. He called Göring and the Generals cowards. In future, he declared, he would not talk, but act.

In September 1939 Hitler remembered Munich. This time he would not repeat his mistake. The Poles must come to Berlin to receive a *Diktat*. He would not be lured into negotiation again. He would act. So Hitler invaded Poland.

Before Hitler opened his attack on civil servants in the spring of 1942 there was a view that even if the class of middle-aged listeners starved of objective information and civilized living was big, it was politically without importance. The same was occasionally said of the German women. But a moment's thought on the influence they wielded in writing letters to the front should have been enough to atone for a depressed view of their rioting prospects. For a quarter of an hour every day their special tastes were catered for. Food and clothing shortages were dealt with; casualties were stressed; damage to family life, to education and health were traced to

their inevitable source. Monday in Germany is washing day, which had long been a misery owing to the kind of lather produced by chalk-substitute soap. On Monday there would perhaps be a talk pointing out that Hitler had been sold to them as the greatest Leader of all time, but he could not supply his subjects with a cake of soap—why not? Because of something they were not allowed to hear about: the British blockade.

It was in the women's programme that *Frau Wernicke* spoke first every week. Married at present to a small employee, this imaginary character was formerly the wife of a political fighter murdered by the Nazis several years before the war. Week in week out she gossips in the rich Berlin slang, which cannot, unfortunately, be translated. At the ersatz coffee party in her *gute Stube*, in markets, air-raid shelters, shops and buses, she jabbers on a range of subjects as monotonous and inexhaustible as the reality of war-time Germany. None of her words is without its propaganda implication, no phrase lacks its subversive aim. At one time she was imprisoned by the Gestapo, and went off the air. Released on the understanding that she should speak only good of the regime, she has ever since been ostensibly a Nazi propagandist, but from density or cunning, she manages to enhance the existing discontent by developing National Socialist arguments to absurdity. The spirit of her strident slang derives from German poetry as well as from the Berlin working class. Reports from as far south as Vienna emphasized her popularity, and at the end of 1941 the German Radio invented an answer for its home audience. It consisted of a naïve dialogue between a Frau Schnick and a Herr Schnack. Frau Schnick was the embodiment of crude, mean self-interest. She would complain, for instance, that a waiter was rude to her when she ordered a simple meal of meat, fish, poultry, cheese and plenty of butter to be followed by bicarbonate of soda and two headache tablets. This was above the general level of her jokes, and the extent to which she failed as an answer to *Frau Wernicke* could be judged from the tepid amusement of the studio-audience.[1]

Straightforward and detailed exposures of the Party's handling of ordinary people were one of the most effective devices of the *Frauen-sendung*. "Party member Fenner," said the announcer in October

[1] The loudest laugh I heard was in January 1942, when she explained how she had asked for "Italian salad" in a restaurant, and the waiter replied simply, "crossed off".

1941 to the woman supervisor of a rationing office, " you denounced the Neumanns of No. 3 Charlottenburgerstrasse.

" The Neumanns have six children. But that didn't stop you from having their father brought up at the Moabit Court. You got what you wanted—he has been condemned.

" All Berlin shall know your name :

" PARTY MEMBER FENNER ! Supervisor of the Ration-Card Offices in Berlin Weissensee ! All Berlin shall know you as an informer !

" Why did you denounce the Neumanns ?

" Frau Neumann from the Charlottenburgerstrasse came modestly enough to you at the Rationing Office. She needed warm coats for herself and two of her six children. Those children had not enough to eat. Frau Neumann asked for three ration cards. You, Frau Fenner, flatly refused to give them to her. Three winter coats for a family of eight—that seemed too many to you.

" Frau Neumann asked again, she pressed you—winter is coming. She wanted to give up three old coats for the new ones—two at once, and the third when the new ones were bought. She couldn't do without it before that.

" But you, Frau Fenner, Supervisor of the Rationing Office, you refused.

" Then Frau Neumann dared to invoke the words of the Leader. He, after all, had demanded of German women that they should produce many children. Was it not also his will that these children should be clothed ?

" That was the question asked by Frau Neumann, mother of six children.

" But you, Party Member Fenner, you did not like to be reminded of the Leader's words so inappropriately. After all, any and every German mother might come running to the Ration Office asking for warm coats for their children.

" Therefore you flatly refused to issue the coupons. But that didn't satisfy you. Frau Neumann had taken the Leader's name in vain. She was therefore admittedly a malcontent. So her name and the text of her remarks had to be entered on your Black List, which you, Party Member Fenner, send up to the authorities above you.

" Frau Neumann was alarmed when she realized this, and she called in her husband. The result was a charge brought in front of the Moabit Court. Herr Neumann was condemned for malicious slander, because he had called the Black Lists ' wrong '.

" The Moabit Court declared in its findings : ' The drawing up of Black Lists is perfectly lawful. Officials in the Ration Offices are in duty bound to note down the names and remarks of all malcontents so that public opinion can be checked.' You, Frau Fenner, were thus

vindicated by National Socialist justice: your Black List is not 'wrong'. In the offices of the Third Reich denunciation is an official virtue. And you, Frau Fenner, are the kind of person who goes in for denunciation. Your name shall be forgotten neither in Berlin nor the Reich. When anyone enters a government office, he shall have you in mind. For in every office of the Third Reich your kind is sitting compiling its lists.

"But don't forget one thing, Frau Fenner. These Black Lists of the dissatisfied get steadily longer. Party members of your type have more and more to write about; until—yes, until—the day comes when the poison pens are struck from your hands."

By the time the four o'clock programme came on the air it was considered necessary to make "concessions" to the audience, which could only consist of the minority who worked at home all day. Under the title *Aus der Freien Welt*, two more important lacks in the Third Reich were supplied, both musical: jazz of the chemically pure kind for which the German Radio substituted "*schwungvoll*" music, and classics played by great German composers who had left the country. Bruno Walter and Lotte Lehmann, although in America, introduced records of their performances with comments which must have surprised the listener who thought he had heard them playing from the *Rundfunkhaus* in Berlin. Interspersed among the music were bursts of news and talks repeated from other programmes. But it is doubtful how far the effect was that of a sugar coating; warnings in the German press soon showed that it was being used as a heaven-sent excuse by radio criminals who could protest that they were listening in innocence to their native composers. Prosecuting counsel might well have replied that they would have fared better elsewhere on the tuning dial, for the jammers were attentive to *Aus der Freien Welt*, and music survives jamming less successfully than speech.

ARMY, NAVY AND WORKERS

The Forces Programme which followed early in the evening began on New Year's Day 1941 with a set of problems to solve which demanded the utmost skill from its organizers. The young, the magnificently victorious, the inspired disciples of Hitler, were to be its audience. It was not so much a problem of listener

resistance as of listener absence. Other programmes might put out military songs which went with a mournful swing—

Wir fahren immer hin und her,
Wir haben keine Heimat mehr,[1]

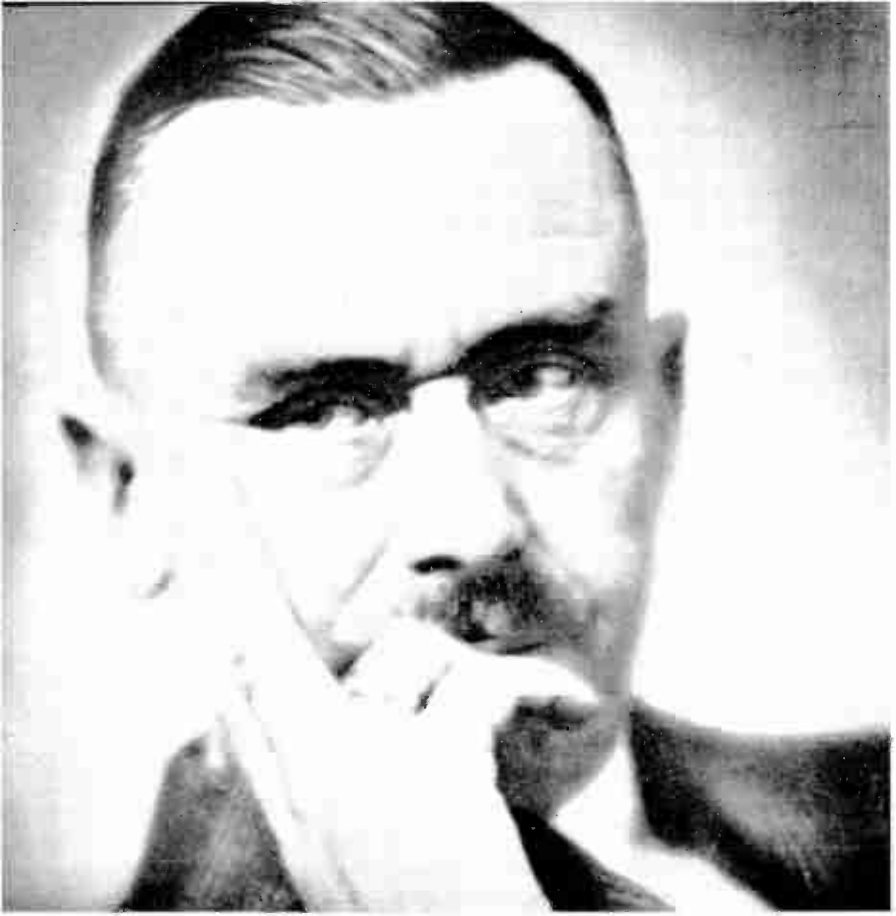
but the lips from which an echo might be heard in Europe were less likely to be those of the Wehrmacht than of the armies it had scattered. As in the previous war, a change was to come in the songs sung by the German soldier; his taste for the brisk anthems of hatred with Blitzkrieg implications would give way in the second and third years to nostalgic themes more appropriate to a war of duration. But on January 1, 1941?

News, as always, was the most attractive bait. Any reader of the German press could with a little ingenuity have surprised the man at the front by his omniscience. If Oberst Windisch, hero of Narvik and holder of the Maria Theresa Order in the last war, had been passed over for promotion in this, might it not be that Austrians were being studiously neglected? If Major von Arnim of Berlin W.15, Duisburgerstrasse 8, advertised every month in the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* for a new housemaid, might that not suggest indecent conclusions to the major's trusted lieutenants? But the Forces Programme had more fertile sources of information, and was in a position to tell its listeners a surprising amount of what they did and did not want to hear.

One subject which could be relied on to interest the German soldier almost as much as his personal fate, was that of his wife and children. In this sense the natural interests of the *Frauensendung* and the Forces Programme were opposite; the women wanted to hear what was happening to their husbands, and the husbands what was happening to their women. Later we shall find the French "traitor of Stuttgart", who was attached to the German Radio in the capacity of Ferdonnet, exploiting sexual anxieties with the enthusiasm of a schoolmaster; but the German soldier had other fears. How did his wife and home-town survive the air-raids? Why these constant complaints from home about food and money? They worried Dr. Goebbels at least as much as their recipients. He knew the damage done by letters to the Front in the last war, and

[1] *Marching always to and fro,*
We're homeless now for good.

The words were seen chalked up on a troop-train in the Polish campaign.



DIFFERENT GERMANYS. *Left :* THOMAS MANN, embodiment of the German Humanist tradition, who speaks regularly from London, and (*right*), FRIEDRICH SIEBURG, jilted lover of France, Liaison Officer between the German High Command and the French Radio.

A German programme going out from one of the new (1942) European studios of the B.B.C. A record of Hitler's voice is ending (*right*) in the cubicle. Through the double-glass panels PATRICK GORDON WALKER is waiting for the Programme Engineer's cue-light. At the other microphone the German-speaking announcer (*left*, with B.B.C. badge in buttonhole) follows the text opposite the Switch Censor.

not only issued warnings in general terms, but cut off the outgoing *Feldpost* from a whole district like Bremen after a heavy raid. The letters presented to the B.B.C. by his expositions of what not to write, may have seemed unexciting to the casual reader. " I had to pay up two months' arrears from 1937 into the *Arbeitsfront* for you," wrote a woman from Bremen before the existence of thousand bomber raids. " I suppose you forgot. Now they want me to pay 60 *Pf.* for every month you've been away. One has to count every *Pfennig* now. There's Health Insurance, *Winterhilfe*, etc. etc. It all goes on." But mild as such a letter may sound, it could not have been better calculated by a British propagandist to undermine the fighting spirit of the man at the Front.

While many subjects of this kind were of interest to one audience rather than its opposite at home, there were other themes that were attacked in all programmes. Casualties and names of prisoners were of quite special value because of the German refusal to publish lists of names which would have contradicted the official juggling with figures. The poor prospect of getting jobs after the war interested women and workers as much as the *Wehrmacht*. The report of a Spanish captain, who came upon the wreck of a convoy of reinforcements for Rommel, went out in the Women's Programme. " At first," he said, " we saw rafts with no one on them.

> They were merely littered with provisions. But then suddenly the sea around us was filled with corpses and we found ourselves in a complete cemetery of ships. The water was shallow and the boats stuck out of the water like macabre rocks. There were two destroyers and six cargo ships, all of them piled with corpses. The smell was ghastly. We boarded one of the burnt-out destroyers which looked as though it had been chewed up by some giant. Everywhere there were corpses riddled by splinters and bullets. When we boarded one of the cargo ships we found that it had contained only Germans. The dead belonged to the Tank Corps and the Luftwaffe. They were all newly and smartly equipped. All round them lay planes, petrol, spare parts, machine guns, trucks, motor-cycles and tanks."

Ultimately the aim of all wartime propaganda is operational, but this is more obviously true when the audience is the enemy's armed forces than when it consists mainly of the home public. If the purpose of the themes I have mentioned seems obscure, it becomes clearer in direct attacks on morale. A talk on the letter

V first went out in general programmes in the German service in May 1941.

> The letter V. Just a single letter, but with a wealth of meaning. A letter that German soldiers all over Europe are every day getting to know better and better. Drawn with a finger in the dust on the back of an army lorry. Chalked on the door of a billet or company office. Daubed in tar or on a tree or wall by the roadside. Cut with a knife on a *Wehrmacht* poster. You do not have to look very far for this letter V. In the streets of Trondheim and Brussels, along the Flanders roads, in Polish farms, on army vehicles all over occupied Europe. Written by unseen hands, hands that one day will hold something more dangerous than a pencil or a paint-brush. The finger that writes V in the dust will know again the sweet smooth squeeze of a trigger. The letter V. Symbol of defiance. Symbol of hate. Above all, symbol of final victory.

But morale is not always best attacked directly, particularly not by means of radio, which can be switched off. The most effective of the early undermining work against the German armies of occupation was carried out by the European service in other languages. *Dé-mo-ra-li-sez-les-Alle-mands!* ran, up and down the scale, the French slogan which summed up the V campaign.

The Forces Programme in the early years of war was the first model of fast-moving production. Technique was often called upon in the radio war to atone for the difficulties of the situation, but the German service of the B.B.C. had not previously made full use of it. Contents were cut to the bone and the information was reliable and closely packed. Once a soldier had discovered it, there was every temptation for him to keep on listening in spite of himself. He was given a second chance at two in the morning, when a night edition was given in the same style but with later news.

A woman who escaped from France in 1942 told me she had often taken groups of German soldiers down to the cellars of a château in Brittany where they listened to this programme in the early hours. In Croatia and in an Italian village square other witnesses saw them listening in public. In December 1942, according to the Norwegian Government, all radio sets were confiscated from German troops in Norway up to the rank of Captain. They had been listening regularly to London.

The Naval Programme, launched in November 1941 to the strains of " Rule Britannia ", had as its potential audience all ranks of the

German Navy and Merchant Marine and their friends and relations at home. This target—the population of the *Wasserkante* and the comparatively few German ships at sea—was smaller than that aimed at by any other programme; but in the first world war the Kiel Mutiny had proved it to be one of the softest spots, and its experiences in the air-raids and sea-battles of the second world war were not happier. For long periods of the war it was primarily the Navy which engaged the enemy, and of the first-hand information about Germans which reached the B.B.C. a large proportion flowed through the Admiralty. Absorbing as first-hand stories always are, this material also implied the overwhelming strength of British sea-power against which the inexperienced German crews and officers were unfairly pitted. In other programmes a story was told of Kretschmer, the famous U-boat commander who decided to scuttle his craft when he was forced to the surface by the fire of British destroyers. The man who had to scuttle her died below, and Kretschmer was rescued with some of his men. In his prison camp Kretschmer behaved intolerantly.

> "About three weeks ago (at the end of October 1941) two newcomers arrived at the camp—the commander of the U.570, Rahmlow, and the commander of the U.501, Förster. The camp commandant introduced the two to Kretschmer in the usual way. Kretschmer refused to shake hands.
>
> "Kretschmer demanded that the two commanders should be placed apart in different rooms. This demand was refused as no reason was given. Kretschmer and some of his officers told the two U-boat commanders that they would have to go before a Court of Honour. But some of the other officers in the same camp took another point of view, and the Court of Honour was never held. In any case the British authorities would not have allowed it. But the question whether Kretschmer was right or wrong was naturally discussed all over the camp. The officers split into two groups: those who sided with Kretschmer and agreed that Rahmlow should have scuttled the U.570 and sent his men to a needless death, and those who supported Rahmlow and said he had no other choice than to give up the fight. Rahmlow's friends said that Kretschmer himself had no experience of bombing from the air in a badly damaged U-boat or of being surrounded by ships of the Atlantic patrol at night with guns concentrated on the conning tower. They said further: Kretschmer had sent his own men to die while he was saved, and therefore he had no right to call Rahmlow a coward. If Rahmlow had attempted to scuttle his boat at once not a man of the U.570 would have escaped.

> " The dispute became so heated that the British authorities decided to separate the conflicting parties. Kretschmer and his men remained in the camp, while Rahmlow, Förster, and their supporters were taken to another camp."

An Englishman might find this story merely interesting, but the German Radio had taught its listeners to think of the U-boats as lords of the sea whose victims totalled roughly a million gross tons a month while they themselves prowled on with trivial losses not worth announcing. In English prison camps, the German listener now discovered, survivors by the hundred spent their time arguing whether it was better to surrender to superior forces or to be sunk.

The Workers' Programme goes out twice weekly at 8.15 p.m. It is spoken chiefly by Patrick Gordon Walker and two German Socialists whose blunt style suits the subject matter. The predominant themes of this programme are simple and unvarying. First it stresses the vigour and independence of free workers' organizations and their complete devotion to victory. It gives a faithful picture of English workers and their Labour Movement, and it sticks to this whatever is happening in the outside world. A weaver, for instance, was speaking with a strange Yorkshire accent about himself and his surroundings a few weeks after the attack on the Soviet Union began.

> " We work in cotton mills where the noise of machinery is so deafening that we cannot hear each other speak unless we shout into each other's ears, and so we have learned to talk across the looms by reading each other's lips. In the dusty light amid the forest of belting, we wave our shuttles to and fro to each other to attract attention, and then we discuss the news.
>
> " I have learnt your language painstakingly, writing my translations in the china-clay dust on my loom-frames, and so I am able to listen in to your German broadcasts. You are being *misled* as far as we British working people are concerned. We are solid and united behind Churchill and his Government. He expresses our will. Facts speak louder than words, and here is a fact that shows what I mean. In every English town, War Weapons Weeks have been held. The record is held by the town of Heckmondwike, with the sum of £42, 8s. 5d. per head. Heckmondwike is a town of blanket-weavers. . . ."

About the same time I watched Gordon Walker recording a lodge meeting in a Durham mining village to form part of a sound picture of the village life which had been freely but highly organized by the miners themselves. No pretence is made that England is Socialist, but it is projected as a democracy with a strong and steadily growing

Labour Movement. Embarrassment is only audible when certain problems of imperial administration are discussed. " No Socialist can support an imperialist policy," said Professor Laski, " and no Socialist, therefore, but must be critical of things in the British Empire that retain the character of imperialist habits.

> " But the history of the British Empire to any Socialist who is realistically minded is the history, first, of a slow but sure recognition of the right of the white races to self-government, and, second, of an ever-deepening conscience of our obligations to the coloured races of the Empire. . . .
>
> " I think we should go forward much more rapidly to self-government in India. I think the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia should be a government run for the benefit of the natives there. I do not think there should be special reserves for white settlers in the highlands of Kenya."

But observe, as Professor Laski went on, that " we in Britain are free to say these things and to work for these things ". No reply to the sterile uniformity of the German radio could be as convincing as statements that proved the reality of freedom at the German microphone of the B.B.C.

News was also given of international, Russian and continental workers, of the leading part played by the latter in the resistance of the occupied territories to the " New Order ". Among continental socialists and trade unionists who spoke were Rabache, Paolo Treves, Kalina, Adamczyk and others. Messages were often given from the English Labour leaders, Attlee, Bevin, George Gibson, Sir Walter Citrine and James Griffiths.

Destructive criticism centred on the exposure of National Socialism as a sham Socialism. As in the Forces Programme, appeals to revolt were avoided, but a tacit sympathy was implied between English and German workers, and it was suggested that the German workers had an ultimate interest in the victory of the Allies. National Socialism was shown as a more ferocious form of the familiar German militarism, resting on the same social forces which themselves had always hated and secretly feared the organized German working-class. It followed that not only the destruction of National Socialism was necessary, but the uprooting of the interests which produced it.

By comparison with the early propaganda of the Soviet Union, the Workers' Programme of the B.B.C. was a tame affair. The atmosphere of the Communist Manifesto was as absent as from a

speech by Sir Walter Citrine. The impressive romance of class warfare was replaced by an objectivity and caution descended from generations of bargaining with employers for the best conditions to be extracted over conference tables. The common international interests of the workers were stated not quite so loudly as the improvements that the English worker had been able to make in his own garden. In other words, the German worker who listened to London heard something peculiarly English. It may have struck him as insular, but the counterpart of that was its obvious honesty.

There were other special programmes—for peasants and Austrians, for Catholics and Protestants—but I lack the space for a detailed account of them. There were, indeed, rather many. The Peasants' was, in my opinion, considerably the most effective, and the Austrian, although the most important, because it should have had the biggest and most sympathetic German-speaking audience, seemed for a long time the weakest.

By the summer of 1942 when German transmission time was reduced, three of these programmes, the Peasants', the Civil Servants' and the Variety Programme *Aus der Freien Welt*, had been taken off the air to make room for further news. The overwhelming demand for news in Germany became even more obvious when the Allies took the initiative, and some of the best features of the vanished programmes were salvaged and spread more evenly through the output. This decision was obviously a wise one.

COMMENTS AND COMMENTATORS

Unlike the telephone, radio cannot guarantee that a message will reach the person for whom it is intended. P. P. Eckersley may be right in seeing this as a disaster to be overcome by the development of wired wireless, but if that system had covered Europe during the war the uses of Station Beta would have been eliminated. In Switzerland, where it did exist on a considerable scale, there was an outcry against the officially controlled isolation.[1] But Germany and

[1] Wired wireless was imposed as a protective device against Moscow and the B.B.C. in the Bessarabian village, Straseni. " Henceforth," said the Roumanian paper *Curentul*, " the thread of information is severed, and the villagers will be able to listen only to the voice of truth." This was in October 1942.

the rest of Europe were peopled by radio eavesdroppers, who believed they were more likely to hear the truth, or at any rate a more illuminating kind of lie, in any language but their own. Nor was there any evidence that within a given language listeners heard the programmes intended for them. The audiences of the Catholic, Forces and Civil Servants' programmes were quite probably saboteurs, women and Gestapo agents. A doctor who listened to them all in Norway did so because he liked the way they were so carefully tailored. That, indeed, was their justification, for the slightly different emphasis given to their subject-matter repelled no one, while the well-calculated time of day at which they went out may have assembled a minority at least of the class of listener to whom they were addressed.

But just as a newspaper keeps its financial and literary features off the front page, so the peak listening hours of the evening were cleared for general news and commentaries. These emerge unfairly from summary; their interest depended to a large extent on their topicality, and all we can do at this distance is to summarize the personalities and some of the arguments of the commentators.

The most sober and English-sounding was Lindley Fraser, a don from a northern University, who scored marks for a fundamental propagandist virtue—the ability to convince listeners of his honesty. The most talented was Sefton Delmer, formerly a foreign correspondent of the *Daily Express*, who was the only one of the group whose German was obviously composed in the original. Whether countering the counter-propaganda of Fritzsche or performing his own spontaneous acrobatics in the interstices of the propaganda-war, Delmer could be relied on to astonish and delight a wide circle of admirers. Most versatile was R. H. S. Crossman, who could put himself into the position of high Nazi officials as effectively as if he had just returned from Berchtesgaden or the Wilhelmstrasse and could drive home every conceivable argument in support of the Allied cause with an emphatic battering attack of his own. There were others, H. Carleton Greene of the *Daily Telegraph* and Henry English who used to contribute to the book page of the *News Chronicle*. Many of them spoke regularly in a kind of German Brains Trust, *Was Wollen Sie Wissen?* But although every speaker in this group had his special virtues, none individually seemed to make the impact on the German audience that Ferdonnet once made on the French or Colonel Stevens on the Italian. This may have

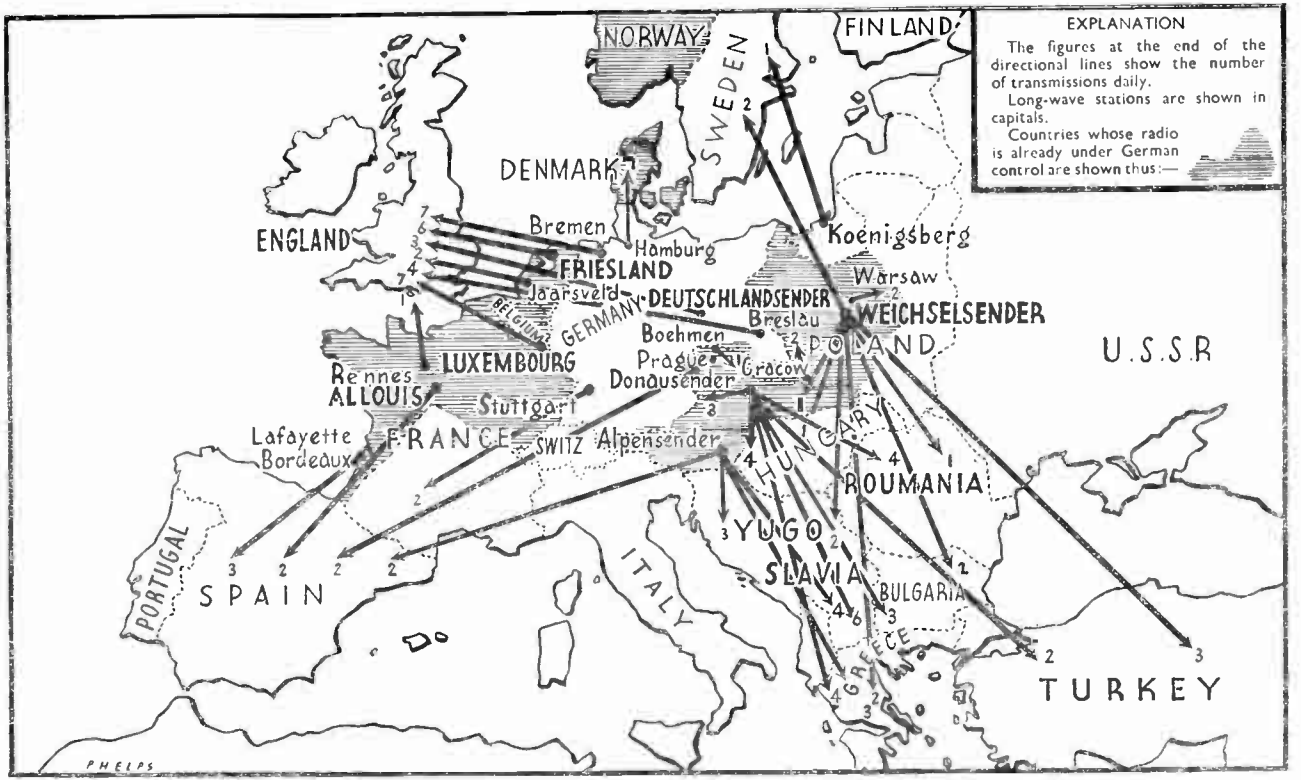
been because of the distrust of the audience, or it may simply be a misleading impression from insufficient evidence.

Surprisingly enough there was plenty of evidence of the popularity of isolated performances. Nearly always the most appreciated were humorous: *Frau Wernicke* and *Gefreiter Hirnschal*, a gloomy, lovable ignoramus of a soldier eternally writing letters to his wife and reading them aloud to his friend *Jaschke*; a weekly dialogue between *Willi*, an official of the Propaganda Ministry, and his naïve friend *Kurt*; or impersonations of Hitler by a mimic so expert that he should have been able to penetrate with Crossman the innermost recesses of the *Reichskanzlei*. Good use, too, was made of Hitler's own voice, recorded and stored away in some forty speeches which were ready to rise up and bear witness against him at any moment. They were perhaps best exploited by a commentator speaking in the tones of a Punch and Judy showman who explained that he had two different voices in the studio with him, one on his left, and one on his right. A battle followed between two quite genuine sets of extracts —Hitler assuring his people in the autumn of 1941 that the Soviet Union " is already destroyed and can never rise again ", and then another Hitler at the turn of the year explaining how the German " musketeer " would have to get straight on with the job of destroying the Soviet Union as soon as the ice melted. By the end the two voices would get out of control, rising up independently and shouting each other down in ecstasies of rage and excitement.

To summarize in a few sentences the barest outline of what the B.B.C. was saying to Germany as the war finally took shape, one might reduce the news and talks to a combined attack in three related parts. First came the cold facts of the war of the armed forces, which might be good or bad, but tended to become steadily and overwhelmingly better. This occupied the bulk of the news; and underneath it, of greater long-run significance but of less immediate interest to the listener, came the battle of production in which final victory was certain. Here, for instance, it was important to point out incessantly to the German audience just what was implied by the man-power problem which had induced Hitler to wring from the flesh and blood of the country an effort which was in the last resort impossible. It was impossible because ninety million Germans were pitted against many hundred millions of the Allies, and when time had brought out the contrast between these sets of forces, Germany must collapse. But—and this was the

third and positive part of the approach—it was dangerous folly to wait until all this happened, because Britain and her Allies firmly intended to see that the world, including a totally disarmed Germany, should emerge from this struggle into conditions which were more stable than those of the past and which allowed for a development in the concepts of freedom and responsibility.

GERMAN OFFENSIVE IN 1941



After the Battle of France the German Radio moved out to the circumference of Hitler's empire for the next campaigns. At the moment depicted here—the beginning of 1941—it seems uncertain whether the blow will fall on England or Jugoslavia, but in fact the radio attack is already relatively much stronger in the south-east where the transmitting facilities of the Balkan countries were weak. More news bulletins were being given to Jugoslavia by Germany, and at a higher power, than by the Jugoslav Radio. As soon as Hitler had occupied the Balkans he set about remedying their lack of transmitters.

Only long and medium-wave transmitters are shown; there was no point in grouping short-wave stations near their audiences. (See "The Mote and the Beam", p. 176.)

THE RADIO MAP

BEFORE listening to the multi-lingual babel suspended in the ether for the benefit of the non-German listener, we need, here too, to glance at the organizations which produced it. Ideally one would like to leave them to a map-drawer, but not even that master-hand who manages to reveal the human body in coloured layers of muscle, bone and digestive organ, could encompass the whole of this tangle. Disguise on a large scale became the passion of propagandists. England was cautious in the matter, suspecting reasonably enough that rough winds could blow wigs awry and that the best greasepaint tended in the long run to look like greasepaint. But in the wardrobes of Dr. Goebbels, of the German Foreign Office and the High Command, there were some hundreds of audible disguises, not simply swaggering Uhlans and neo-Wagnerite economists, but peasant outfits for Alsace and Lorraine, Ukrainian dummies, whiskered Trotskyite costumes and the masks of fierce young Egyptian patriots.

Our business is with Europe, but first let us waste a moment on the world outside. We have noticed how a certain carelessness invaded the German stage. It was as if the Siegfried of a repertory company came on while still adjusting his costume and scowled: All right, I admit it's just your Uncle Josef—Wotan last week and Parsifal from Friday next, but you can lump it, because there's no alternative but Winston Churchill.

A quite different kind of carelessness surrounded the services for countries outside Europe. It was a calculated disarray with the simple, rather touching appeal of Chesterton's Father Brown. The make-up was careful. If we revert to the mad scientist metaphor, this propaganda was the gas released in the laboratory for the benefit of the microbes straying wilfully outside the German and European bell-jars. There was something a little sickly about it. An announcer, nicknamed by his colleagues Harmonika Walther, used to play on his mouth-organ to fill gaps in the programme with a warm human atmosphere. Another told jolly anecdotes about his son; a third, whose talk was being recorded from transmission, apologized for making a slip and warned the engineers to start the record again.

Through the panes of glass separating the Overseas Service studios the good-humoured propagandists used to wave to one another. The windows which were broken by a bomb in 1941, gave on to the street, and the sound of sirens in Berlin or the barking of a dog drifted in if they were left open.

Talks often had so spontaneous an air that it was difficult to think of them as scripts. Within limits the announcer could word the opening and closing phrases of the bulletins as he liked; he seemed to choose the news items he liked best. The Fascist poet Ezra Pound was allowed to remain a Vorticist of the 'twenties as his domineering tones were transmitted from Rome to North America.

> " I read that Scrutus Erigina said as how sin is a lapse from reality. That is a high and fine idea. Oh shucks! You give up flirting with strangulation and starvation policies. They are natural currents of trade and commerce. They run between countries who produce certain materials abundantly and countries that do not. You cannot cover that up with a few billion sheets of newsprint."

On the first day of the Allied landings in North Africa, Pound was above noticing the news. " England is the tail of a dog intellectualleh," he insisted, " the dumping ground of Jews and anything going." He had begun to sound seriously mad, and it seemed rather indecent to listen to him.

Eccentricities were well liked in the short-wave station of Zeesen. They were a convincing means of suggesting the Third Reich's respect for the freedom of culture. Religion, too, was respected and deepened, as Roosevelt accused Hitler of blasphemy, into reverence. Most picturesque of the speakers in this *genre* was Jane Anderson de Cienfuegoa, which may well have been her real name. In Sta. Jane reversion to the Middle Ages had reached a remarkable almost stained-glass intensity. " Scarlet and red and crimson and ruby and idolatrous garnet were the colours which had conquered the immaculate citadel of the Catholic Kings," was her description of the Republican hold on Madrid in the Civil War. But her Irish " r "s, mingled with American and Spanish intonations, were to be heard at their most surprising when she was given a more modern theme.

> " For the brotherhood of the world, where all is purity and truth and mercy, and the milk of human kindness flows unquenched and

deathless under the pulverous light of the solitary star, held aloft in the heavens by the blood-streaming hand of Stalin, deflating in the firmament the crucified Saviour of humanity, Whose immaculate Image the Soviets would annihilate for the eternity of eternities from the heart of man." [1]

How far the outside world might have succumbed to these alternately passionate and carefree approaches is a remote question. The populations outside Europe had rival sources of information; they heard louder voices and saw repugnant caricatures of Goebbels in the newspapers. The battle only becomes of interest again when we consider the second bell-jar where a hundred million European microbes were submitted to a much more intensive course of treatment.

In Europe Hitler lacked the exclusive authority he had in Germany. He had the geographical advantage of being in the centre of the continent, but this did not count for much as long as he was opposed in each of the surrounding countries by independent transmitters. He had also to deal with populations who had undergone little of the preparatory treatment carried out in the Third Reich, and their history and descent were unpromisingly diverse. The first obstacle was overcome by military conquest, which gave Hitler the majority of the transmitters, and the second he approached with tactics of ingenious subtlety.

The ideal, realized turn by turn in successive languages, was to speak in three quite different voices. First came the open broadcasts of the *Europasender* expressing brotherly solicitude or, as the invasion took place, scorn and hatred which were truly frightening. Then, a few months before the invasion, the *Europasender* was joined on quite different wavelengths by a group of " freedom stations ". Run ostensibly by opposition groups of the country about to be attacked, these were less interested in Germany than the crimes of their native governments. Once the invasion had begun, interest was sharply focussed on peace and the salvation of property and historical cities. When the war was lost, they closed down with a sigh of satisfaction, and were succeeded by the third group—the native broadcasting system now in the hands of the German Army.

[1] Neither of these quotations is in translation. For a long time Jane Anderson de Cienfuegoa broadcast twice a week in English and twice in Spanish, but in 1942 she disappeared.

The organization of this machinery was less systematic than that of the German home radio ; it evolved piece by piece. At first a mere subdivision of the *Reichsrundfunkgesellschaft*, its growing ramifications were seized on by diplomats, propagandists and the High Command, leaving the German Radio itself with responsibility for nothing but the transmission and translation of a tiny fraction.

At the head of all foreign broadcasts inside the German Radio was the Short-Wave Intendant who got his directives straight from the Propaganda Ministry. He was responsible for programmes of a more elaborate kind than were sent out to Europe, and underneath him but by no means wholly in his control was an important Regional Intelligence Service. The Intendant of the *Europasender* worked to his directives, but the independence of this official was restricted by the control of the Regional Intelligence Service and by the ready-made character of the news he put out. News bulletins were compiled outside the German Radio's orbit by the *Drahtlose Dienst*, a sort of central copy-tasting and editorial unit under the Press Department of the Propaganda Ministry, while the Regional Intelligence Service had significant powers of its own. Although its officers were attached to the German Radio, and their word seems to have been law to the programme officials, their outside activities ranged from espionage to the compilation of venomous pamphlets for distribution abroad. They enjoyed powerful support from the Nazi Party through the Foreign Affairs and Propaganda Departments, and the majority combined their position in the German Radio with others under Goebbels and Rosenberg or in disruptive organizations like the *Fichtebund* or the League for the Promotion of German Culture Abroad. The findings of the American Dies Committee confirmed the existence of these entanglements, revealing, for instance, the part played by the Radio's Intelligence Service in fomenting " un-American activities ".

With little left but responsibility for translation, it may well have been embitterment which made the Intendant of the *Europasender* invest his switch censors with semi-military powers over the translators. The prostration of the latter was audible in their slavish adherence to the original German text.

With the radio networks inside the occupied territories the German Radio had no direct contact at all. An engineer from one occupied country reported that by 1942 all programmes in Hitler's Europe went by landline to the *Rundfunkhaus* in Berlin and back

to the transmitters for broadcasting. But if the resultant master-switchboard was a reality, it would not have been a plaything for the Intendant of the *Europasender*. At the controls would have been an official of the Propaganda Ministry with strictly limited powers of censorship. An illusion of independence in the once truly independent national networks was desirable. To produce it they were left a great deal of liberty in non-political programmes and choice of staff, and wherever it was possible on political grounds the announcers of the *ancien régime* were retained. The reorganized broadcasting system had to submit to local censorship, but this altered with the constantly fluctuating relations with the Reich and from country to country. Three different authorities, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Propaganda Ministry and the Army made their weight felt in different degrees. Where there was a military Commander-in-Chief, as in Paris, the radio stayed in the hands of the army. Friedrich Sieburg, who was in charge of the Parisian press and radio, took his orders from the High Command. In a country which preserved its neutrality over a long period, as Turkey did, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had the final say by virtue of the delicate diplomatic situation. Von Papen, for instance, was certainly able to decide what should or should not be said to Turkey. But if independence was as purely nominal as it was in Slovakia, then it was left to the Propaganda Ministry to speak as it pleased. The resignation of the chairman from the Slovak Radio in 1942 was not followed by another appointment. His office was merged under the head of the Propaganda Office, " who has always ", so the Slovak Radio explained, " taken a very lively interest in broadcasting ".

Hitler's ideal victim listened to all three of these voices, to the frank warning from Germany, to the illegal whisper in his own country, and to the post-war advice to collaborate given by his familiar home station. The attacks were all different. They were like acquaintances who gave the same advice in different words and, proving the advice was sound, from quite different motives. For this reason and for the benefit of foreign workers in the Reich, the German Radio continued to broadcast open propaganda in many languages after capturing their internal broadcasting systems. The sharp difference of tone suggested that the home service was after all run by fellow-countrymen of integrity and independence. At moments of Franco-German crisis before the total occupation of

France one could even hear three different voices: Stuttgart barking abruptly, Radio Paris more reasonably, and Lyons, under Vichy, emitting gentle whines.

But while these voices were complementary and advertised one another, the intrusion of genuinely independent sounds was of course fatal. London, Moscow and Boston or New York were the most dangerous intruders, but the plan was so nicely calculated that even Germany's Allies and her own services in other languages did something to detract from its effect. To take a quite unspectacular example, it was in order for the High Command controlling the Oslo Station to instruct Norwegians to fall in for Quisling's appointment as Premier.

> In tomorrow's parade through Oslo only those in uniform will take part, such as the Labour Corps, Youth Organizations and the Police. The public is advised to line up along the route.

But in a little-known language like Afrikaans addressed to a country as remote as South Africa, the Overseas Service could extract credit from the affair.

> The enthusiasm of the Norwegians at the nomination of Quisling as Prime Minister is tremendous. This evening just before seven a long procession carrying flares . . . marched through the streets and were enthusiastically cheered by large crowds of onlookers. They cheered the Prime Minister who had to appear again and again on the balcony. Finally the huge crowds took up the Norwegian National Anthem, thus proving their allegiance to the new National Socialist Norway.

To Norway, again, it was better to admit some of the truth.

> A fire broke out last night in the western wing of the railway station Oestbanen, in Oslo, and lasted till the early hours of this morning. There was also an explosion in the third-class waiting room at the Westbanen Station last night when much damage was done.

It did not need the Regional Intelligence Officers to explain that as few Norwegians knew Afrikaans as South Africans who knew Norwegian. Similarly, Christmas in Berlin could be described in Bacchanalian terms to England, and the Russian winter with warmth to the Spain of the Blue Division. Nevertheless, the German Radio was not unduly rash; the contradictory stories it put out

In London every morning the Director of European Broadcasts, N. F. NEWSOME, instructs his regional editors. On his left sit the Naval Correspondent, European Talks Editor, European News Editor and (*back to camera*) Colonel BRITTON. *Below:* sitting—are Information, Portuguese, more Information, German, Operational, and Czech specialists. *Standing*, are Assistant French Editor and English Editor.

Central News Desk of the B.B.C. European Service works a twenty-four-hour day for bulletins in twenty different languages. Copytaster, sub-editors and secretaries at work.

were as a rule false only in atmosphere and emphasis. Gradually foreign workers were needed inside Germany itself by the million, and home-sickness made their listening habits unpredictable. Slovak workers, for instance, were officially warned that they would be penalized even if they listened to their German-controlled home broadcasts. All news of interest to Slovak workers in Germany, they were told, was broadcast by *Donausender* three times a day.

Lying is one of the most difficult operations ; it raises all kinds of problems of consistency and co-ordination apart from the risk of exposure by different sources. Goebbels himself implied its folly by attributing to the B.B.C. countless examples invented by himself. In contradiction of this method he published a letter allegedly written to him from the Front, which analysed " the motives inspiring the B.B.C.'s apparent preference for the truth." [1] What England counted on, said the letter, was " the slogan already spread abroad before the war, and unfortunately one which had become a fixed conception about the decency and ' fair play ' of the English ". London relied further, it continued, on " the tendency of Germans to regard everything coming from outside and everything which in any way appears to be objective as being alone true. . . ."

Certainly England had learnt from propaganda experience in the last war the principle that it pays to tell the truth, though no doubt it pays a country better which is going to win the war than one which is certain to lose it. Nor had we on our hands the complex transmitting instrument beyond our territory which called for master-plans of deception.

In charge of England's European Service inside the B.B.C. was the Controller, Ivone Kirkpatrick, whose work in the Foreign Office had brought him in contact with Hitler, Hess and the other Nazi leaders. Under him, the Director of European Broadcasts was N. F. Newsome, a Fleet Street journalist. Above these executives and including the first of them, was an institution whose structure was explained by Winston Churchill to the House of Commons in October 1941. The Foreign Secretary, Minister of Information and the Minister of Economic Warfare were to be jointly responsible for the conduct of " Political Warfare ". " They have recommended,

[1] DNB. February 3, 1942. The letter is an obvious invention, but is interesting apart from its contents, for the obvious anxiety shown over the relationship between Front and home.

and I have approved their recommendation, that a small special executive for the conduct of political warfare should be established in lieu of the various agencies concerned at present, to conduct such propaganda in all its forms. This executive has already begun its work, but it would be contrary to the national interest to make any public statement regarding its personnel or the nature of its activities. . . . The executive will be responsible to the three Ministers sitting together ; but if those Ministers, who have different functions and who approach matters from different angles, do not agree, the matter would come to me as Minister of Defence, and afterwards to the Cabinet."

Six months later, when Dr. Hugh Dalton left the Ministry of Economic Warfare, the ministerial control was narrowed down. ' The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Eden, will be responsible for policy," Mr. Attlee told the House of Commons, " subject of course to the general discussions of the War Cabinet, but the Minister of Information (Mr. Brendan Bracken) will be solely responsible for the administration of the Political Warfare Executive."

Questions about the conduct of propaganda were often tabled. Mostly they dealt with policy, but often with equipment. While Captain Plugge hammered in the need for more transmitters, Mr. Noel Baker wondered " whether this new executive will be able to deal with the housing and staffing of the foreign broadcasting services, the inadequacy of which has long been a scandal ". Mr. Noel Baker's anxieties were more thoroughly allayed than Captain Plugge's, for in the following months office accommodation began to keep pace with the growth of staff, but the number of transmitters, though it put on a spurt, still lagged far behind Hitler's, and it was not until the fourth year that transmitters began to fall to our arms.

Protests were often made by Members of Parliament about the secrecy in which the Political Warfare Executive had its birth and did its work. Mr. de la Bère wanted to know " what is the difference between a secret question and an awkward question ? " and another member made inquiries about the cars owned by the executive. " The affairs of that department," said Mr. Brendan Bracken, " are wrapped in impenetrable mystery, and their cars are camouflaged." But in April 1942 the Minister of Information divulged the names of the executive. The Director-General of Political Warfare was Sir Robert Bruce-Lockhart, who was knighted in the New Year's Honour's List, 1943. Formerly he had been journalist, author,

and British wartime representative with the Czech Government. Under him was a Policy Committee consisting of R. A. Leeper, the diplomat, Brigadier R. A. D. Brooks and Ivone Kirkpatrick.

If control of foreign broadcasting by the B.B.C. was in part surrounded by secrecy, it was in a different way from the German system where the grip of Regional Intelligence Officers turned the broadcasts in different languages into dictated and often mutually exclusive essays in propaganda. This difference in structure had far-reaching consequences in the integrity of the broadcasts, and it enables me in this book to relegate the Intelligence Officers of the B.B.C. to a later chapter on technicalities where they will play an efficient and highly honourable role. There were other intelligence officers, but of these I may only mention their existence. Here we may observe the news flowing into the B.B.C. from the Services and the independent news agencies to the Copytaster who tests it first for accuracy and only second for its news and propaganda values. It flows on in the form of finished stories to the regional editors, who add local detail and give policy " slants " according to other instructions. But this imposition of regional policy did not, as it did in the German Radio, imply the enslavement of the editors to a corps of pseudo-spies and Party propagandists. The services were slanted only within limits, because their first task was to adhere to the news. If they departed from it or gave contradictory variations, they knew they could rely on being discovered by Europe's innumerable " radio eavesdroppers ". As the radio war went on the number of these people who listened to other languages than their own because of jamming or because they suspected what was expressly said to them, grew to such proportions that in some countries observers believed them to be in a majority.

A final contrast to the German system occurred on the last lap to the microphone, where translators worked with the language supervisors and switch censors in an atmosphere of friendly collaboration which was very different from the reign of terror exercised by the switch censors in Berlin. As a result language as well as truth survived the strain of war a good deal better in the B.B.C.

The contrast between these opposing organizations did much to explain the difference in the two voices. For quick opportunist success the German model was almost perfectly designed, but for a long war and for a peace to follow, the opportunist machinery was

fatal. The British model, which was constantly evolving, but remained the despair of Dr. Goebbels' admirers, neglected opportunist possibilities, worked to retain and increase its audience, and had its eye on the peace.

The German machine was ready first and won victories. In theory it could set Flemings against Walloons at the moment desired by the High Command and reunite them in the solidarity demanded by the " Fortress of Europe ". It could pretend to each occupied territory that theirs was the only one in which people were foolish enough to reject the benefits of the New Order. But it did not allow for listeners who " eavesdropped ", nor did it imagine that anyone remembered contradictions between what was said yesterday and today. More important was an assumption that rival voices did not exist, or at any rate would soon collapse into silence. To atone for the deficiencies of the theory, an elaborate technique of jamming was evolved; but even if this had been completely successful, it would not have meant the end of news distribution. No Gestapo could have censored the secret Polish newspapers and the conversations of individual Frenchmen. Hitler unconsciously assumed that Europeans could be brought to heel with the compliance of Germans.

We are concerned at the moment with questions of organization rather than with war aims, but the two meet. When the German Radio had played its part in destroying a country, it had nothing to propose but subjection under Germany. The organization of the European wireless re-echoed this message. While the independence of certain home stations was emphasized, everything was done to magnify the overwhelming strength of the Third Reich. Radio Paris had to relay transmissions in German. The names of national stations were Germanized. Above all, the omnipotence of the Leader was impressed on the inhabitants of Europe as it had been on his own people. Frenchmen were humiliated enough to hear ordinary relays from Berlin introduced by a list of stations carrying them, which included their own, but on occasions of a Hitler speech this device for advertising the extent of his power reached grotesque limits. " The speech," a German announcer told Europe after Hitler had spoken on January 30, 1942, " was relayed by

> the Protectorate stations of Prague, Brno and Moravska Ostrava; the Government-General stations of Cracow, Warsaw and Lwow;

the stations Oslo, Paris, Belgrade, Athens and Salonika ; the Ostland stations of Riga, with Modon, Goldingen and Libau, Kovno with Vilna, Reval with Dorpat, Minsk, Baronowicze, Pskov, Smolensk, Dniepropetrovsk and Vinitsa ; the radios of Italy, Japan, Finland, Roumania, Manchukuo, Slovakia, Croatia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland ; short wave stations DZH and DZE were simultaneously transmitting a Spanish translation for Central and South America." [1]

Apart, in fact, from the neutral Spaniards, all Europeans were expected to know German or to receive an emotional shock as telling as knowledge of what Hitler actually said. Later they were favoured with translations.

From the beginning of the war when he could only speak from a few stations inside the Reich, Hitler extended his range until the European ether was almost exclusively under his control. At the end of the second year he could speak from nearly a hundred medium and long-wave transmitters, stretching from Calais in the West to Dniepropetrovsk in the East, from Tromsö in the North to Athens in the South. The enormous area over which they were scattered was important because medium and long waves do not carry far in daylight ; by these means England could only reach the West of Europe, and after dark somewhat further towards the centre. Short waves were more dangerous ; narrowly beamed, they can straddle the world by day or night, and about half Europe's sets were capable of receiving them. Here Hitler resorted to confiscation, to the erection of ultra-weak transmitters (*Ortsender*) for ultra-weak receivers, or to marketing devices such as the export to Roumania of large numbers of Telefunken sets which could only receive a limited range of wavelengths. Not until the Allies began to capture transmitters, and stations in Morocco and Algeria were freed from Axis speakers, did the tide of brute technical force begin to turn.

Hitler's defects made it inevitable that having overcome the first of his obstacles so successfully, he should have failed to show anything but military awareness of the second, the danger threatening from the diversity and independent descent of the peoples to whom

[1] The effect of this display might have been a little reduced if listeners had known that allied Finland and Italy, occupied Denmark and neutral Switzerland evaded any undertaking they had given to relay the speech. Denmark played truant so regularly on these occasions that it is surprising she was still mentioned.

he spoke. In his hands was an apparatus unique in European history for the chance it gave of respecting and fostering varied cultures while uniting them in a common organization under German leadership ; but the discernment of those who had organized it was used for mere economic and military exploitation. The directional appeals were first of a disruptive kind, to undermine independence, and secondly systems designed to suppress these cultures as though at their own wish in favour of the Third Reich. Adherence to this strategy, which Hitler had used in childhood and in the struggle within Germany, was bound to fail in a situation as different as modern Europe. If his practice of psychology had had the scientific basis so often claimed for it, he would have known that although Pavlov found it easy to condition the reflexes of tame domestic creatures, he needed the utmost patience with others which had once enjoyed liberty. And Pavlov, as we have said, was dealing with dogs.

Since the European listener was still more or less free to choose the voices he wanted to hear, we may finally add to our account of the organization of London's European Service the spokesmen of the occupied territories themselves. One by one the exiled governments established themselves in England and made their influence felt on the B.B.C.'s broadcasts in their own language. Sometimes it amounted to no more than a say in policy ; sometimes they controlled a programme of their own, such as *La France Libre* or *Radio Orange*. But even where control was purely English, it was usually native artists, and often the most brilliant, who filled the majority of transmission hours. From the tangle of interlocking controls that resulted—the British Government's, the Free Governments' and the contact of the unattached exile—it would have been too much to hope for a clear vision of much beyond the undesirability of Hitler. But however uprooted the exiles may have seemed to their distant countrymen, and however complacent the British Government may have sounded to men dying of starvation, it was not difficult for this service to compete successfully with the German. The well-told story of the present was already something, and for those to whom a future based on the Atlantic Charter seemed insubstantial there was Moscow.

As we listen to these voices speaking to one country after another, the contrast will not be flattering to Germany. We shall tend automatically to judge her voice like theirs by its sustaining power, its

ability to convince and amuse, to educate listeners for citizenship in the promised New Order and above all to win a long war. But the German Radio was planned as a short-term weapon of destruction. Let us first do it the justice of listening as it went into action with the Panzers.

THE WAR IN FRENCH

Rien sur le bombardement du Havre ;
Rien sur l'Espagne et l'Italie ;
Rien sur l'évacuation probable de la colonie anglaise de Paris.

Censorship Consignes for May 20, 1940. ALEXANDER WERTH, " The Last Days of Paris ".

" *The Parisian crowd shows itself to be docile and easily preserved from panic. The contrast with Russian crowds of the past is striking.*"—CHAKOTIN, " The Rape of the Masses ".

" *Their cause was lost when, rather than see Paris destroyed as the Poles had the courage to see Warsaw destroyed, they abandoned it without a blow. Then panic seized the nation as it had seized the army, and there was no one to stay it. It was a moral failure that led to a material failure.*"—SOMERSET MAUGHAM, " Strictly Personal ".

FERDONNET AND THE FRENCH COLLAPSE

FROM the outbreak of war the German Radio built up a large audience of French listeners who had grown suspicious of the statements of their home press and radio. As the invasion began the weapon was already in contact with its objective.

There were several connected reasons for this success. In Ferdonnet, " the traitor of Stuttgart ", who was condemned to death in his absence by a French court, the Germans had a first-class speaker who drove home his simple, unvarying points with force and conviction. Many Frenchmen thought him better than anything to be heard on the home radio ; certainly he was incomparably superior to the English Lord Haw-Haw, and his personality seems to have spread over the other talks and the news-editing. France, he said, could only lose by her association with England. She might sink to the level of a colony, plainly would do if the treatment of the two armies was an indication. The English soldier was not only clothed better ; he was paid better, and never failed to buy up the available women in his particular plot of France. It was a painful thing to say, but at this very moment a certain number of French wives were submitting to his advances. Mostly, though, the Englishman was not a soldier at all ; he was not even training to become one ; he

preferred his club in Pall Mall and his port. And this clash of interests at the front was repeated throughout the body of France, where plutocrats, working for the most part through the Trusts, exploited the workers in peacetime, and having joined England's war against Socialist Germany, herded their victims into the obsolete Maginot forts to protect their power to exploit them further.

Countries seem to get the propaganda they deserve; they not only give their due, but receive it. Against the Soviet Union, Hitler's Third Reich could find nothing effective to say and no one to say it; but against the static French Republic a single intelligent traitor who took his stand on the ramshackle ideology of the Third Reich could do damage. It was, of course, no more an accident that an able French traitor could be found than that he had convincing arguments to produce. About a half of propaganda must be plucked from the body of the society to which it is addressed; if the wounds are not already there, they cannot be deepened and widened. " There's only one war I'm prepared to fight in, and I'll fight that all right," a French sailor told Somerset Maugham. " That's the war of the poor against the rich, and one of these days that war's coming." In the Maginot Line, Maugham found time hanging heavily on the soldiers' hands. They envied the English and listened to Ferdonnet.

EVE OF THE BATTLE OF FRANCE

One French soldier sent a sketch (reproduced here) of his spare-time amusement to a magazine, *Toute la Radio*, a few weeks before the Battle of France. The hyper-sensitive, home-made, almost invisible set it illustrates was made and used throughout the army, according to the editor of the magazine, who was impressed by the number of letters which reached him on the subject. It was christened the " Micro-Soldat " and could receive a considerable range of stations. Germany's French-speaking transmitters had been grouped near the frontier where the French Army was massed, and could have been heard by the weakest of receivers.

On the first day of the war the author of this book found himself among a trainload of soldiers on their way to the Maginot Line. Conversation centred interminably on the miraculous defensive qualities of the position they were taking up, but it by no means left them without fears. They were worried about what would happen to the farms and workshops they left behind, about the decay which would gradually set in among their possessions. The months of inaction which followed greatly intensified these worries. Just before the invasion a peasant, who may or may not have been listening to Ferdonnet, made an appeal to the B.B.C. which showed that the fundamental theme of German propaganda had come to be assumed by him as the basis of his universe. " Please," he wrote, " could you arrange for my son Joseph to be replaced in the French Army by one of your soldiers so that he can come back and help me to run the farm, which I cannot keep going without his help ? "

The more intelligent knew on the whole what they were fighting against, but had a most confused idea of what they were fighting for. The extreme Left, with views of its own, had been imprisoned wholesale without regard to the effect this would have on the workers. The extreme Right, who remained at liberty, sympathized with Hitler to whom they looked for salvation from Bolshevism. Between these two sections were a mass of unconvinced individualists, weary of political intrigue and as vague in their desires as the Government. Jean Giraudoux, the poet who directed the Bureau of Information, entirely failed to stir the public enthusiasm. (It is perhaps worth noting that psychology had made less progress in France than in most other European countries.) Neither Frossard, the Minister, nor Prévost, who succeeded Giraudoux, had an inkling of mass propaganda as it had been developed abroad. Traditionally it has always been easy for the French intellectual to speak to and for the masses, but in this war the intelligentsia were at one with the workers in distrusting their home propaganda still more fervently than in the first world war. How right they were we shall shortly see.

The defensive attitude of the Propaganda Ministry, with its passion for good news and denials—*Il n'est pas vrai que . . . Il est inexact que . . .*—had its fitting counterpart in the jammers which were the official reply to the German Radio. A system of eighty small stations was spread across the country with the sole object of stopping French ears. It was calculated that everybody would be

close enough to one of them to hear nothing from Germany at all. By the use of a wide range of wavelengths this Maginot Line was as completely outflanked during the invasion as its counterpart opposite the Rhine; but between the winter of 1939 and the beginning of operations, it was of the greatest value in stimulating, like M. Frossard's more positive attempts at propaganda, the Frenchman's curiosity. " I often listen to the Traitor of Stuttgart out of curiosity," said a woman writing from Landes in February 1940. " As for my husband, he gets irritated and shouts : ' Shut up, or I'll smash the wireless ! ' "

In the following arrangement of the propaganda campaign to which France was subjected during the actual military offensive, the B.B.C. will be scarcely heard. The B.B.C.'s service in French before the collapse was something like the third dummy funnel on a liner ; it was begun chiefly as a diplomatic completion of the services in German and Italian. Even so, the general principle of sticking soberly to the news won it a reputation. I have read a hundred letters of praise, and almost as many denounced the French Radio as praised the B.B.C. " We do not wish to be spared," wrote a girl of eighteen from Alençon, as the German armies drove south towards Paris, " we do not wish to be treated like children." But as the campaign advanced to its conclusion it became impossible to give up-to-the-minute news—not least because the French Ministry of Information resented it. " A thing that alarms many of our French listeners," wrote a Lyons workman on June 6, " is the announcement of an agreement between the French and British Ministers of Information. We are afraid that your bulletins will lose much of their interest . . ."

Though I have tried to give a fair emphasis to the varying themes, inaccuracies and volubility of the different voices in this battle, the selection is inevitably personal ; it represents less than a half of one per cent of what was said in the French language. But the pattern should emerge the more clearly. It has a classical, even a biological simplicity.

First and above all, Germany gives out a fearsome picture of herself calculated to paralyse the enemy. The Praying Mantis does this before feeding on its victims by the simple expedient of separating its hind limbs and assuming a spectral appearance. Hitler fused propaganda and military action together by such devices as the screamers attached to dive-bombers, the " secret weapon ", the

attack on Sedan and the carefully timed entry of Italy into the war. This emphasis on fear implies the inter-dependence of propaganda and military success; each place-name, each battle becomes a propaganda victory which helps to produce the next military victory. The weakness of the French propaganda was only in part traceable to the propagandists. Even if they had been skilful, which they were not, they could have achieved practically nothing. As it was, the radio technicians, as well as the directors and speakers, showed themselves prepared only for the end of the world. In Holland, Belgium and France the main transmitters were either handed over intact to the Germans or else so ineffectively sabotaged that they were in action against the French within a few days or weeks. Here again Russia was to supply an unflattering contrast a year later, for the conquered transmitters of the Soviet took months to restore.

Apart from impressing this picture of invincibility, the main strategy of the German propagandists aimed at splitting up the enemy. They worked over a long period to separate the Flemings from the French, the French from the British, the masses from the governments (if possible by the assassination of the leaders), the anti-Fascists from the countries they wanted to assist. Each of these campaigns had its military counterpart and climax. The Dutch and Belgian armies capitulated separately; tanks forced a dividing line between the English and the French; the governments were driven off from their peoples; the anti-Nazis were interned and handed back to Hitler. As a rule military action formed a brief climax to a propaganda campaign which had been in progress for months and sometimes years, but the attack on Paris was an interesting exception. Here the main propaganda campaign began with the air-raid of June 3, which hastened evacuation, and thereafter propaganda and spontaneous panic made further large-scale action unnecessary. The capital was handed over appropriately enough by radio. Appropriately, too, we shall leave the French disaster on the day when the French Radio declared that although the Navy was intact and the Air Force at least existent, the armies, " divided into four distinct groups, are separated from one another, and risk being engulfed by the Germans ".

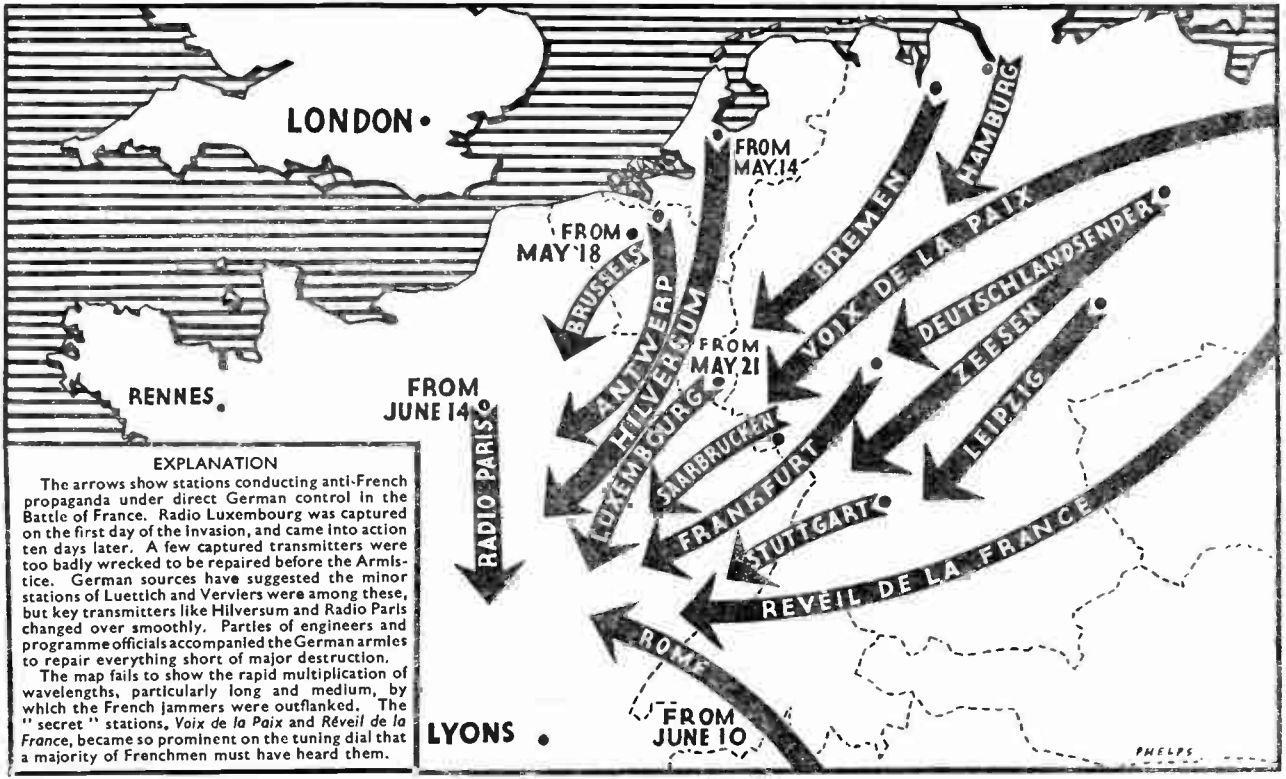
A striking detail of German technique was their use of the mechanism known to psychoanalysts as projection. No sooner was the Third Reich aware of a new vice she had developed than her

opponents were accused of it. In this way Churchill was said to suffer from a desire to emulate Napoleon, nearly a hundred civilians were killed in Lyons by French anti-aircraft defences, while Allied ambulances shot down German fighters. How far this technique was used consciously is difficult to tell. It may have provided sympathizers with a counter to atrocity stories, but on the other hand Germany's conscience was heavily loaded, and having no direct means of expression, may well have travelled into the devious paths of paranoia. A precedent existed in Frederick the Great's furious denunciations of anyone against whom he was secretly hatching a plot.

A more important question which cannot be answered is how far German propaganda was responsible for the defeat. But to a believer in political warfare such a question is as meaningless as whether tanks or motorized infantry won the battle on land. The radio was one piston in an attacking machine which relied on the joint action of all its components. Just because it was co-ordinated, it cannot be considered in isolation either from the rest of the German attack or from the picture of French weaknesses from which it originally took shape. What we can say is that it was the first radio campaign in history to be so perfectly fitted to both.

Of the many authors who have already described the Battle of France, only Somerset Maugham has to my knowledge laid due stress on the consequences of the surrender of Paris. This act was decisive. The importance that the German Radio attached to it should have been warning enough; but instead of withstanding these siren invitations to preserve culture, property and blood, the French Radio echoed them. On the day of occupation, the German Radio began to boast of what it had always known: that in an unusually centralized country a huge psychological prize was here combined with a unique economic and military prize, and that its conquest must be the supreme victory of political warfare. The battles in the north were excellent material for a spectre; the radio had only to separate its hind legs and the Praying Mantis could feed on its victim. One cannot help noticing that the radio performed its function with a certain relish; crude sadism was not deeply buried in the spirit of the Third Reich.

THE ATTACK IN FRENCH



EXPLANATION

The arrows show stations conducting anti-French propaganda under direct German control in the Battle of France. Radio Luxembourg was captured on the first day of the invasion, and came into action ten days later. A few captured transmitters were too badly wrecked to be repaired before the Armistice. German sources have suggested the minor stations of Luettich and Verviers were among these, but key transmitters like Hilversum and Radio Paris changed over smoothly. Parties of engineers and programme officials accompanied the German armies to repair everything short of major destruction.

The map fails to show the rapid multiplication of wavelengths, particularly long and medium, by which the French jammers were outflanked. The "secret" stations, *Voix de la Paix* and *Réveil de la France*, became so prominent on the tuning dial that a majority of Frenchmen must have heard them.

POLITICAL WARFARE DOCUMENTARY

I. THE ROAD TO DUNKIRK

In the early hours of May 10 *the Germans invade Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg with mechanized forces supported by dive-bombers and parachute troops. The headquarters of Lord Gort at Arras are bombed.*

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8.

GERMAN RADIO (*to the home public*): Nervousness and high tension in neutral states continue unabated. Over and over again the question is put: *Where will the British aggressor now act?*

THURSDAY, MAY 9.

FRENCH RADIO (*to Germany*): The whole of Holland looks like an armed camp. There are guards at all public buildings, aerodromes and railway stations. Packed troop-trains continue to move up to the frontier. Hitler's agents will find no Quisling in Holland.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France*): Do you realize that 90 per cent of Englishmen gave a negative judgement when questioned about Churchill? They said he was intelligent but crude. They remembered that he had made a hash of things at Gallipoli. He has been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in spite of his failure in the last war.

FRIDAY, MAY 10.

DUTCH RADIO: German parachute troops are being dropped in Dutch uniforms.

Radio Luxembourg, the most powerful station in Europe after Moscow, goes off the air. In the same way a year later Radio Belgrade would go off the air on the first day of the attack on Jugoslavia.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France*): The Luftwaffe now virtually dominates the North Sea. The successes up to now are only beginning. There will be very unpleasant surprises for Britain and France.

SATURDAY, MAY 11.

GERMAN RADIO (*to Holland*): The German Air Arm has been bombing the fortresses of Liége and Namur with its heaviest type of bombs. The armour-plating burst open like an egg-shell, and shortly afterwards heavy explosions were seen and fires occurred. The attacks are continuing. They will pave the way for the charges of the German troops.

At daybreak this morning German parachute troops were landed near Rheims. The object is to prepare the way for reinforcements, and

by occupying key-points to prevent the enemy from carrying through their movements. The French Forces and the Maginot Line will thus be attacked in the rear.

The Luftwaffe has attacked French transport columns. At an altitude of only a few metres, our fighters swept along the enemy troops, machine-gunning them. Our bombers destroyed cars and streets. The results were terrific.

BRUSSELS (*to Belgium*): In the North the Belgians are resisting on their main line and are carrying out effective destructions. The French and English are advancing. In Holland, troops have established themselves strongly on their line of defence after flooding the evacuated areas. The Belgians and Dutch hold a strong position covered by the course of the Meuse and a line of deep and wide marshes. Dutch G.H.Q. announces that . . . the German advance has been stopped at the frontier.

A detachment of Dutch troops were attacked by a group of people, some in civilian clothes and others in Dutch uniform. Other cases have been notified of Germans in disguise.

GERMAN RADIO (*to the Dutch Army*): Soldiers, for whom are you fighting? For whom are you allowing yourselves to be butchered? For the capitalists in Holland, France and England.

(*To the Dutch people*): One day when this plutocratic war comes to an end, the Dutch people will realize how they have been incited by an unscrupulous clique to act against a brother nation. The German people were toiling to obtain a place in Europe. The plutocrats hated and feared this. No lie was too gross to drag the name of Germany through the mud. . . . What do the plutocrats care whether your young men are bleeding to death on the battlefields? They are thinking of their gold. They will flee at the first sign of defeat.

BRUSSELS (*to Belgium repeatedly*): The Salvation Army issues an appeal to all those in a position to supply them with mattresses and pillows to forward them to their headquarters at 20 Rue Hôpital, Brussels. These are required for civilian refugees.

GERMAN RADIO (*to Holland*): The Dutch Premier has forbidden the Dutch people to listen to the German Radio. Again we find an example of false neutrality. . . .

We tell you that resistance or sabotage by civilians will be broken and punished.

RADIO PARIS: The War Office announces that those on leave, including land and air forces who were given ten days' leave and were due to return to their regiments on May 14 or later, have to rejoin earlier than was at first thought necessary.

GERMAN RADIO (*to Holland*): That Chamberlain has resigned and Churchill has become Premier does not surprise Berlin. It is in line

with the British policy that the biggest warmonger, Enemy No. 1, also becomes Minister No. 1. . . .

London is right on only one point, that is her quickness in promising help within half an hour.

RADIO PARIS: There are further reports of parachutist landings in Holland. The Germans are said to be using all sorts of tricks and disguises. . . . The great fire at Rotterdam is found to have been started by spies.

BRUSSELS: It is reported from Amsterdam that in no place in Holland have the Germans penetrated more than 12½ miles. . . .

The Ambassador of Ecuador in France, who is also his country's League of Nations representative, has visited the Dutch, Belgian and Luxembourg ambassadors in Paris and conveyed to them his country's indignation at the violation of their neutrality.

GERMAN RADIO (*to Holland*): Every Dutchman found guilty of sabotage will be shot. In the last few days we have repeatedly warned you. . . . Is it necessary to have your country destroyed? You destroy your own communications, bridges, roads, etc. Look at Denmark and her reaction to our occupation of her territory! On April 9 our advance into Denmark started—now look at the result. Both your country and Denmark are in German hands. Look at the difference.

MONDAY, MAY 13.

GERMAN RADIO (*to Holland at* 1.30 *p.m.*): In Liverpool, transport ships lay ready to sail to Holland so that troops might launch an attack through the country on the Ruhr district . . . Germany has been preparing a programme of work and peace for many a year. A war would not suit her aim. But because the plutocracies see this effort as a threat against themselves they pumped hatred into the hearts of their people against social Germany.

(*At* 4.30 *p.m.*): Here is a warning to the civilian population of Maasluis (*twenty-five miles from Rotterdam*). The population of this town is urgently requested to leave at once.

British forces have landed in Iceland, Aruba and Curaçao and the Dutch West Indies. Has the fate of South Africa been forgotten? Remember how South Africans have been struggling for many years against British domination.

(*At* 7.30 *p.m.*): The defences of Liége have been broken. This is due to the Führer's secret weapon. The Maginot Line will soon fall in the same way. . . .

(*In Flemish*): Flemings, Soldiers! In the Belgian State you have always been citizens of inferior status. In the Belgian Army you are treated in the same way as the French and English treat their black colonial troops, as cannon fodder and nothing more. Thousands of

your officers do not even understand your language ; they despise you, and now you are to die for a pro-French clique which wants to sacrifice the Fleming for England and France. Are you going to be fooled ? . . . Throw down your arms ! When you come over to us, we shall treat you as the sons of a kindred Germanic nation.

(*To Walloons*) : If you help the Germans now, they will help you later to develop your country. . . . Belgium doesn't care a damn for you. She only expects Walloon workers to die for her.

Separatist appeals to Flemings and Walloons had been made sporadically since March 1939 *; they increased with the invasion and continued daily and sometimes hourly until after King Leopold's capitulation. The importance Germany put on them could be seen from the fact that they were transmitted over the highest powered stations, at first on* Deutschlandsender *interrupting other programmes, and then on the captured transmitters of Brussels and Luxembourg. A similar campaign was carried out in April* 1941 *against the Serbs and Croats.*

(*In Dutch at* 8.30 *p.m.*) : The German flag is now flying over the Dutch capital. Holland has capitulated in five days—fourteen fewer than it took to conquer Poland. (*In fact the capitulation was not made until* 7 *p.m. of the following day.*)

Why did you dabble in petty questions of politics and forget the true interests of your country ? You were brave soldiers, but you were undermined by the lies of your High Command, such as those about German parachutists in Dutch uniform. . . . There are about 450,000 unemployed workers in Holland. Now they will all be given work.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 1.30 *p.m.*) : Careful examination of the situation in Holland provides favourable comment. The actions of parachute troops have been checked. A number of airfields previously captured by the enemy have been retaken. In the region of Liége the advance of the Germans has been checked owing to the destruction of bridges and roads by British aircraft.

TUESDAY, MAY 14.

DUTCH RADIO (*at* 8.30 *a.m.*): For technical reasons news will now be given on 415 metres only. Listeners will recognize the voices they know.

After a religious address, assuring listeners that there was no cause for anxiety, the Dutch Radio announced that the Queen and her Ministers had decided to transfer the seat of government. Their destination was not revealed. At midday a summary of the military situation was given.

The northern part of Rotterdam is firmly in our hands. The Army has withdrawn to the flooding line. Den Helder is still intact. In North Brabant the situation is uncertain, but Zeeland is still in our hands.

BRUSSELS (*at* 10 *a.m.*): We bring you the true news at hourly intervals. Do not believe the news from enemy stations.

The Press Department of the Foreign Ministry announces that all persons going to France are requested in their own interests to use the railways. Evacuation is proceeding normally by that means of communication.

(*Lt.-Col. Casanier*): The situation is not such as panicky people describe it. I give my word of honour that I have spent an hour with the Minister of Defence, and he has declared: "Brussels is in no way menaced. All movements are effected with order and method, and we can view the future with confidence."

(*Brussels Announcer at* 4 *p.m.*): The population should not see parachutists everywhere. Often shell-bursts in the sky and light signals are mistaken for parachutists. . . . The population should remain calm and confident.

(*M. Pierlot at* 6.12 *p.m.*): Fairly numerous attacks occurred yesterday on various sectors of the front. Our troops, adapted to new methods of warfare, resisted admirably, and towards the end of the day they retained all their positions. Since then certain modifications have been carried out in our defence arrangements in conformity with the view of the High Command. They were executed in accordance with orders and without incident. This morning, further attacks were launched in various sectors, but none of them succeeded in breaching our lines. The situation, therefore, is one of normal conditions.

Contrary to current rumours, not a single parachutist—do you hear me well?—landed in Brussels either yesterday or during the night.

HILVERSUM (*in Dutch for Holland at* 5.56 *p.m.*): The Dutch Government has arrived in London. They arrived by warship and were greeted by representatives of the Foreign Office. . . .

Many people are arriving at Ymuiden in an attempt to cross to Britain. The Burgomaster advises against this procedure as there is no possibility of crossing.

(*Proclamation of Dutch Commander-in-Chief, General Winkelman, read at* 7.40 *p.m. and repeated by himself three hours later*): This afternoon the Germans bombarded Rotterdam, while Utrecht is also threatened with destruction. In order to protect the civil population and to avoid further bloodshed I consider myself justified in ordering the troops concerned to cease fighting.

After the national anthem has been played a voice suddenly speaks in German.

To the Foreign Office, Berlin, urgent. Please immediately inform the Reichsminister and Secretary of State that today at 19.00 hours the Dutch General Schuurman appeared in my office and declared: "I have to inform your Excellency that the Dutch Army, with the

exception of its troops in Zeeland, lays down its arms before the advancing German troops."

At four in the morning the German voice calls direct to the Foreign Office in Berlin.

For the Foreign Office, Berlin—as quickly as possible. Here is the German Consul-General in Amsterdam.

(*German Consul*): On their entry into Amsterdam, German troops will have no difficulties. Everything is prepared. The entry will proceed smoothly. The population will behave with calm.

Announcer (*in Dutch among other orders at* 10 *p.m.*): Until further notice it is forbidden to sell alcoholic drinks.

FRENCH RADIO (*to Austria from Lyons at* 10.45 *p.m.*): During the last twenty-four hours the military situation in Belgium has considerably improved, and the improvement is being maintained. . . . Brussels is by no means endangered.

Hitler is waging war by fraud, dropping parachutists masquerading as peasants and parsons. Children's balloons have been filled with poison gas, and poisoned chocolates distributed.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15.

DUTCH RADIO: At midnight Dutch time will be placed on the same footing as German time. All watches and clocks must be put forward one hour and forty minutes.

Notwithstanding the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic drinks, beer may now be sold to officers and privates of the German Army of Occupation.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief all those imprisoned under martial law (*the Fifth Columnists*) are to be released at once.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France at* 9.15 *p.m.*): Since the beginning of the war we have kept on impressing on you that you have been thrust into the present conflict by Britain who stood in need of your arms, your bodies and your blood to defend the English coast. We have also drawn your attention to the fate which has overtaken the other allies of Britain one after another. Poland, Finland, Norway, Holland and Belgium have fallen victims to English treachery. . . . The sovereign moment has arrived . . . the moment when you should cease fire.

THURSDAY, MAY 16.

A German break-through near Sedan begins the southern prong of the pincer movement which is to separate the British from the French. The northern arms now press south.

DUTCH RADIO: This evening there will be a continuous procession of German mechanized troops from Haarlem to Utrecht. They will follow

the Haarlemmerweg and proceed along the Nassauplein, Nassaukade, etc. Traffic along these roads during that time will be interrupted as well as at cross-roads.

Two belated German lorries had drawn up outside the AVRO studios with a complete transmitter, a thousand records, programmes for two weeks and announcers. The occupation party consisted of thirty men, of whom half were from the programme staff of the German Radio and half technicians. They seemed perfectly acquainted with the technical installations of the studios.

GERMAN RADIO (*to Holland*): The economy of Holland must now be revised to meet modern standards. . . . The tremendous agricultural and industrial resources will at last be revealed at their true value. The number of ships built under the old system, the number of cattle kept, the number of eggs produced, the quantity of fruit and vegetables, can all be doubled at short notice by proper economic methods. . . .

The surrender of the Dutch Army and the retreat in Belgium was not reported in the Paris newspapers yesterday. They devote their space to harrowing stories of German atrocities in Belgium and northern France. They describe the machine-gunning of innocent peasants in the fields, the shooting of a milkmaid while milking, and so on.

It is typical of the English that while on May 10 all French leave was cancelled, only a very few British soldiers on leave were recalled.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 6.30 *a.m.*): Last night the German Radio warned its German listeners against easy optimism. . . .

BELGIAN RADIO (*at* 9 *a.m. transmitting now from Lille instead of Brussels*): Yesterday evening Allied circles were optimistic.

(*At* 9.40 *a.m.*): German troops have entered the Hague and Amsterdam.

(*At* 12 *noon. M. Delfosse, Minister of Transport*): The ordeal will not last long. . . . In all offensive wars the aggressor has the initial advantage. . . . But then comes the moment when the enemy has to stop and is counter-attacked. The victor of yesterday becomes the vanquished of today. We have time on our side.

GERMAN RADIO: A few kilometres from the French frontier a road was blown up and troops came to a huge crater. Immediately the pioneers are at hand, and without waiting for the arrival of machinery, trees are being felled and carried to the spot by twenty or thirty men. Branches are cut off and in a short time beams are ready and passage is made for thousands of vehicles moving west.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 1.30 *p.m.*): The battle on the line Namur-Sedan is developing into a typical war of movement. It is not advisable, however, to reveal any details about the progress of the battle.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France*): Now France who boasts she is invincible sees German troops crossing her fortified frontier south of the Ardennes.

FRIDAY, MAY 17.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France and Belgium at* 8.36 *p.m.*): Louvain has fallen and towards evening German troops entered Brussels. Fate has fulfilled itself. Panic reigns in Paris. Banks and savings banks are beleaguered by the public, while the Government's panic is shown in its hunt for hiding places in the provinces. At last it is understood in France to what degree the rulers have told lies to the nation. . . .

The French Army is streaming back in retreat while official quarters try to prove that such places as have not been named in the sober German communiqués are still in French hands. They must now feel very foolish, these gentlemen who mocked Germany when she thought guns more important than butter. . . . They begin to understand that if you have guns the rest follows, that we in Germany will have more butter as it begins to disappear from the tables of the Western Powers.

SATURDAY, MAY 18.

GERMAN RADIO (*at* 6 *a.m.*): German troops have overrun the exceptionally strong Meuse line of fortifications on which the enemy placed especial reliance. These fortifications were reinforced so strongly by natural obstacles of the terrain that the enemy's hope of delaying the German advance seemed here at least likely to be justified.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 6.30 *a.m.*): Certain strategic withdrawals have been necessary, but brilliant counter-attacks have been successful at many points. . . . The withdrawal of Allied troops may be disconcerting, but it must be remembered that these movements were dictated by strategic motives and were not in consequence of defeat by the enemy. . . .

All petrol dumps have been destroyed, and there is a possibility that the German tanks, which use great quantities of petrol, may be useless if they penetrate too far from the German main columns. . . .

It is proved that the Germans have been compelled to use very inferior metals in the construction of their planes.

GERMAN RADIO (*to England*): Whether the attempt to invade England is to be made before or after Paris is captured is difficult to predict.

(*To the home public*): In the French armament industry the twelve-hour day is to be introduced immediately. The industry must also work on Sundays. It is not long ago that Germany was accused of weakness when a holiday was occasionally declared a working day. Now the Western Powers see themselves compelled to introduce the measures they condemned. It will be too late.

BELGIAN RADIO (*from Lille at* 3.5 *p.m.*): Belgian troops have checked enemy attacks at various parts of the front. In Antwerp Province particularly the German attempts to advance have been repulsed with considerable losses.

GERMAN RADIO (*at 9 p.m.*): The Swastika flies on the tower of Antwerp! This announcement reveals to the world the enormous significance of the successes achieved to date by the German advance in Belgium. With the fall of Antwerp Belgium's strongest line of fortifications fell completely and for good. From Narvik to the coast of South Africa the bow of the German war effort is now stretched!

Brussels Radio is now hooked up with the German Radio.

FRENCH RADIO (*to Austria at 9.15 p.m.*): It is already clear that Hitler's Blitzkrieg has failed, whatever the eventual front line may be. Since decisive success has not been achieved, a new phase now begins, the war of duration so much dreaded by the German High Command. This will enable the blockade to tell fully on Germany.

GERMAN RADIO (*to England at 9.15 p.m.*): England now has to face the attacks of an army backed by eighty million Germans. Under the blows of this army the French are in retreat everywhere. Attacked by every known and unknown weapon, France is already in dire straits and unable to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for you.

FRENCH RADIO (*to Austria at 9.20 p.m.*): Already during the first phase of the struggle which is now drawing to a close it has turned out that German tanks are partly made of inferior substitute materials. The Germans now need to make large replacements, but they lack the required materials.

(*Reynaud speaking from Radio Paris to France, Algeria, and relayed by all networks in the United States*): Here then are the decisions I have just taken. The conqueror of Verdun, thanks to whom the aggressors of 1916 did not pass, thanks to whom the morale of the French Army in 1917 was strengthened for victory—Marshal Pétain—returned this morning from Madrid, where he has rendered so many great services on behalf of France. From now on he will be Minister of State in the capacity of Vice-President of the Council, devoting all his wisdom and strength to the defence of the country. He will remain until victory!

SUNDAY, MAY 19.

GERMAN RADIO (*in Flemish to Flanders at 10.30 a.m.*): Great activity prevails at Bordeaux where hasty preparations are being made for the reception of the French Government. Gold is being hurriedly shipped from France to New York.

(*To the German home public*): We are now speaking from Antwerp Market Place, the Great Market, as it is called. We did not have to wait till a bridge was constructed, because our skilled pioneers had found six large tugs at another point on the canal, had lashed them together and thus made an auxiliary bridge over which our vehicles could pass. . . .

The town of Brussels is in our hands. . . . In the court of the

historic Town Hall the General of an Army Corps has arrived with his suite. Officers are lined up. The Lord Mayor comes out of the Town Hall.

(*The German General speaks*): My Lord Mayor, the events of the last few days have shown that the German armed forces are able to break every resistance. The population in the parts of Belgium we have already occupied have understood this and shown a dignified attitude.

The Mayor answers, in French, that he has listened to the General's statement with deep emotion, and will fulfil his duties loyally.

German General: I thank you, my Lord Mayor. The temporary commander of the city is Colonel ———.

German Announcer: This ends the ceremony of handing over Brussels to the German Command.

(*Bremen in French for Flanders*): Flemish soldiers, we address you! We address you, women of Flanders, mothers of innocent children, whose husbands, sons and brothers sacrifice themselves for their country in order to free it from the plutocratic system. . . . Do not despair. . . . Follow the example of your Dutch brothers! There is still a chance to save Belgium!

RADIO PARIS (*at* 7.30 *p.m.*): Time is undeniably on the side of the Allies. The Germans will very soon exhaust their supplies and it will become more and more difficult, in view of the blockade, to replenish them. . . . The situation in the north of France is showing comforting signs.

GERMAN RADIO (*in French to France at* 10.15 *p.m.*): Holland has become an aerial base. . . . In Belgium the German advance is proceeding at an almost incredible speed. The fall of Liége after only four days' siege proves that what was hitherto considered an impregnable position is helpless against the Luftwaffe. . . . The German forces have crossed the Albert Canal.

MONDAY, MAY 20.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 6.30 *a.m.*): A parachutist must not be attacked indiscriminately when he lands. Always act with coolness and judgment. When two, three or even four men land from the same plane, you must look carefully to see if it is crashing. Make certain whether it is an Allied or an enemy machine. When they have been rounded up, make a careful investigation of their identity. If ten or more land at the same time, take immediate steps to attack them according to the local means at your disposal.

GERMAN RADIO: Now, after the capture of Namur, we are at Fleurus in a small convent abandoned by its nuns. The Mayor is going to tell us about the devastations carried out in the Château de Paix.

The Mayor is interviewed with the help of an interpreter whose translation is scrupulously correct. The Moroccans, he explains, spent a day

and a half in the Château de Paix. They left on Thursday afternoon. When the Germans arrived they asked him to inspect the damage. Afterwards he came back and found German troops had as far as possible put everything in order.

GERMAN RADIO (*in Flemish to Holland and Belgium*): Flemings, England and France dragged Norway into the war, and have forsaken her after a fortnight. Now it is the turn of Holland and Belgium. . . . Think of the fate of Poland and Norway. If you would save yourselves, throw down your arms!

Near Emmerich, on the German-Dutch frontier, a hospital was the target of British planes. . . .

RADIO PARIS (*at* 7.30 *p.m.*): In Belgium the strategic movements of withdrawal continue in entirely satisfactory conditions. To the east and south of Cambrai fighting continues. The enemy has been unable to make the slightest progress. If, further south, the enemy push continues, all attacks on the remainder of the front from Rethel to Montmédy have been repulsed. On the Maginot Line there is nothing to report.

GERMAN-CONTROLLED BRUSSELS (*to France and Belgium at* 7.35 *p.m.*): But what has happened? Antwerp and Brussels have fallen, Liége and Namur are surrounded, the Germans have advanced well into northern France.

We are not trying to crow over you. This is the fault of your politicians who dragged you into the wake of accursed England.

English detachments holding part of the Maginot Line withdrew from their positions so rapidly that the population of Lorraine demonstrated against them.

FRENCH RADIO (*to Austria at* 9.15 *p.m.*): For the first time the French have brought up heavy tanks which are a full match for the heaviest German tanks.

LA VOIX DE LA PAIX (*German "secret Freedom Station" broadcasting in French to an imaginary Fifth Column inside France*): The Officers who have received our instructions personally and in whom we have complete confidence must observe their instructions to the letter. Soldiers who are still in towns not occupied by the Germans should make sure that the name of everyone opposed to our movement is reported to the chiefs of groups. Anyone pretending to act for our movement but unable to produce our official identification card should be handed over to the chief of the group. All chiefs of groups have constantly to be on the alert and ready to execute Order No. 202d as soon as instructions are given.

We held yesterday, at twenty-four hours' notice, a huge meeting somewhere in France. The patriots of the *National Revolution* have made a grave decision. Our movement will shrink from nothing to establish peace. (*The first hint that Reynaud should be assassinated.*)

MOSCOW (*detachedly, to France*): Balzac was appreciated in Russia between 1830 and 1840, long before he won fame in his native country. Gorki wrote that the celebrated French writer had a deep influence on him. In Soviet Russia he is more appreciated than ever.

TUESDAY, MAY 21.

The British are now cut off from the main French armies by an armoured thrust to the Channel from between Arras and Amiens.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France at 8 a.m.*): People of France, cease thinking the world is with you! It is overwhelmingly ours! Germany alone has innumerable allies! Only the dead are with England—living on the sweat of her victims, she sees them rise in multitudes against her.

Those victims of England, they are coming towards *you*, for the secret weapon is perhaps nothing else than the ghosts of the dead. The ghosts of tens of millions of Chinese who died from the opium England forced on China to enrich her capitalists, the ghosts of the wretched Boers, of the women and children erected by their soldiers into a living shield when they went to hunt for gold, the ghosts of Austrian and German children who died under their pitiless blockade. Here are the ghosts of the Poles. Their voices cry: "Treason! Treason! You led us to death!" Here are the ghosts of the Dutch, the Norwegians, who believed their vain promises. Here at last come the ghosts of your own husbands and your sons, your brothers, who fight for England They have risen from the ground on which they fell! They are on the march! They are here!

Look at your doors—look! *They are coming in!*

(*To the home public at 5.30 p.m.*): We are now in Amsterdam. In front of the Royal Palace there is a veritable concert of bicycle bells, and the cyclists perform amazing acrobatics in the traffic. Two women kiss each other as they pass by without getting off. . . . In the spring sunlight the town looks as if it were new.

We go on to Haarlem, where the people greet us as old friends. . . . We reach the Hague, but have no time to look at the many buildings, because we are making for the sea. Here German and Dutch soldiers are on the shore. . . . Only now do the Dutch soldiers feel free and safe. They know that over there in England lives the enemy of the world.

(*To England*): This morning's French Army Report does not contain even the slightest reference to the tremendous events of yesterday. ". . . in spite of the great fighting activities, no essential changes took place during the night between the Somme and Cambrai. . . ." Not a word of the terrific German break-through. "No essential changes!" What changes, then, must the German Army bring about for the French Army Report to consider them worth mentioning?

RADIO PARIS (*Paul Reynaud speaking in a lifeless voice to the Senate at 7.30 p.m.*): The nation is in danger. The first duty of the Government is to tell the truth to the Senate and to the country concerning military events. . . . The truth is that our classical conception of the conduct of war has come up against a new conception. . . . If tomorrow I was told that only a miracle could save France, I would say I believe in miracles, because I believe in France.

Three weeks later in the Limoges central post office a woman " with crazy eyes " grasped Arthur Koestler's arm and " shook it as if trying to tear it out. ' Monsieur, monsieur,' she shouted, ' the Russians have declared war on Germany. C'est le miracle—*at last the miracle has come ! ' "*

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22.

RADIO PARIS (*at 6.30 a.m.*): It is quite possible that if the heavy rainstorms that fell on Paris during the night, fall in the north and north-east, a new element will modify the aspect of the fighting.

Overnight, Radio Luxembourg has been hooked up with the German Radio.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France*): French guns are powerless before the German mobile fortresses.

RADIO PARIS: Between May 11 and 20 the Belgian counter-espionage service has arrested more than two hundred German spies. Some of these agents had given the enemy information concerning the French anti-tank obstacles in the Ardennes.

GERMAN RADIO (*to Belgium*): Walloons, Reynaud has said that only a miracle can save France . . . the English think only of saving their skins and are fleeing in disorder to the Channel.

RADIO PARIS (*at 6.30 p.m.*): The news that Arras is again in our hands has created a deep impression in London. The German push is now being threatened from the rear.

(*At 8.30 p.m.*): The Minister of Public Works announces that owing to the overflow of luggage on railways, personal baggage will be limited to forty kilograms per person holding a railway ticket.

(*To Austria at 9.15 p.m.*): Many people are leaving Paris. German propaganda harps on this plain and simple fact, though the people are mostly refugees from northern France passing through the capital. German talk about hunger and despair in Paris is absurd. Confidence prevails and the transport of refugees proceeds smoothly. Long trains with restaurant and sleeping-cars are available. There is no panic.

A taxi-driver remarked today while driving across the *Champs Elysées*: " Look at all the young women in the cafés ! It's as if there was no war on ! "

GERMAN RADIO (" *secret British* " *station at* 9.30 *p.m. to England*) : If we are correctly informed—and we don't stake our reputation on this particular source—negotiations have already been started between representatives of the German Foreign Office and prominent French politicians outside the Government.

THURSDAY, MAY 23.

FRENCH RADIO (*to Austria at* 9.15 *p.m.*) : The battle in northern France will not decide the result of the war. If the Germans cannot penetrate the interior, they will not reach a decision. They will only exhaust their supplies and reserves.

FRIDAY, MAY 24.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 11.45 *a.m.*) : In Flanders and north-west France the situation, although dangerous for us, is distinctly more so for the Germans.

GERMAN RADIO (*from Brussels and Luxembourg to France*) : The Western Powers, in the catastrophic position in which they find themselves, lie and keep on lying.

RADIO PARIS : It is the duty of citizens to report all suspects. Children should wear labels attached to their clothing to aid identification.

GERMAN RADIO (*from Brussels to France*) : Liberty, O Liberty ! You lose the right to speak your mind, to assemble in the street, to drink alcohol, to travel, to dispose of your goods, and in the name of that liberty you have to die. Poor people, cannot you see how you are being tricked ? Either you are fighting for liberty or you are not. If you are, then why is your liberty taken away from you ? If you are not, you must be fighting for something quite different.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 12.30 *p.m.*) : In Flanders the battle proceeds with the same violence, but discretion is essential and one cannot foresee the outcome. Yesterday and last night violent fighting took place in the Arras, Cambrai and Valenciennes region. From south of Arras to the Somme, German motorized units are still passing through the breach towards the north-west. Only light elements are taking part, and their importance must not be exaggerated. When the time comes they can definitely be neutralized.

(*At* 10.15 *p.m.*) : Yesterday, in all probability, was the turning-point of the battle. From now on everything will be different, as infantry will play a big part.

GERMAN RADIO (*to home public at* 6 *p.m.*) : Only a few enemy soldiers are on the road to the Ruhr. They are prisoners. They pass along roads of horror and despair. While yesterday we reported events in the area of Maubeuge and Valenciennes, today we drive on over terror-stricken routes in the district of Laon, Cambrai and St. Quentin. . . .

We see the wreckage of a smashed army—destroyed tanks, human beings, animals. Here were enormous masses of troops attempting to withstand our advance to the coast. . . . They marched directly into the cannon of our tanks. Most of their vehicles have their noses turned towards the east: they were still advancing when smashed. A few tried to escape along side routes. All were destroyed by our tanks.

SATURDAY, MAY 25.

RADIO PARIS: Last night Allied troops succeeded in driving the Germans out of the main parts of Boulogne.

SUNDAY, MAY 26.

GERMAN RADIO: The occupation of the Channel port of Boulogne, the encirclement of Calais and the bombing of Dunkirk, Ostend and Zeebrugge are featured by the neutral press.

RADIO PARIS: The enemy has made several attacks on our northern front. These attacks have failed.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France*): France has been deluded for years, and the delusion has become pathetic in the past months.

(*In Flemish to Belgium*): In present circumstances (*when German military movements would be impeded*) to flee means to commit suicide. From a great height our aviators cannot distinguish between refugees and enemy troops. To leave your towns and villages brings you into the greatest danger.

MONDAY, MAY 27.

GERMAN RADIO: Calais is in German hands. What did not succeed in the Great War has succeeded now. At that time Foch said: "Whoever holds Calais has the key to the door of England and France".

. . . Duff Cooper, who boasts of knowing French as well as a born Frenchman, went before the microphone last night to give the French the supreme pleasure of hearing him. . . . He now insists on his wish for peace, but the peace he has in mind is to be enjoyed by England, while others are to fight and be pushed into misfortune.

(*In Flemish to Belgian soldiers*): Flemish soldiers, the position of the Allied army of which you form part and which is surrounded in Flanders, is hopeless. . . . The capture of the Channel ports means the defeat of England and the end of the war. . . . Serve your own interests and refuse to fight.

(*In French to France*): From neutral sources it is learned that there is a serious panic among the French population in the Midi.

(*In Dutch to Holland*): Germans are now standing at the gates of England. Dover is only twenty-one miles away, and therefore within range of German guns.

TUESDAY, MAY 28.

Belgian resistance is ended by King Leopold at four in the morning.

GERMAN RADIO (*in Flemish to Belgium*): Flemish listeners! After your heroic struggle, you have been liberated today. The wise decision of your King has made you free. . . . You have not suffered defeat. On the contrary, you have conquered—conquered the dark powers that brought you to the end of the precipice. You have conquered decades of propaganda.

(*Brussels to France*): Now the English are calling you to their aid. Now you have lost your Dutch and Belgian allies. You have lost a fifth of your effective troops and still more of your modern war material. . . . If you want to continue the fight it will mean horrible slaughter ending in the destruction of France and the French people.

(*To Belgium*): Our German documentary pictures which will be shown from tomorrow in your towns will give you the truth which was intentionally concealed from you. They will show . . . that no country is able to resist the power of German arms.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29.

GERMAN RADIO: On Monday a civilian standing alone on a hill near Bruchsal was machine-gunned by a French aeroplane although he committed no hostile act. This means that France wages war against defenceless civilians.

RADIO PARIS: The Franco-British armies in the north are without doubt in such a critical situation that one can well believe that nothing will be neglected to re-establish an effective line of defence.

THURSDAY, MAY 30.

The evacuation from Dunkirk begins.

RADIO PARIS: Nevertheless there is no room for pessimism, as, in spite of weighty efforts by the Germans, the situation has become no worse.

FRIDAY, MAY 31.

GERMAN RADIO ("*secret British station*" *in English to England*): The Fifth Column in England is working day and night, and among the 64,000 persons of German and Austrian nationality who are at liberty on our English soil there is a powerful nucleus for the kind of work undertaken by the Fifth Column.

RADIO PARIS : A despatch from London gives an account of the French and English soldiers who have just reached England from the Channel coast in France. All declare themselves convinced that the Germans will crack.

MOSCOW (*detachedly, to France*) : The Education Budget in the U.S.S.R. proves there is not a single district which fails to show progress in public instruction and culture. While Russia is providing larger sums for education, capitalist countries are increasing their war expenses. In America, schools are closing down.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

RADIO PARIS : The Allied position (*at Dunkirk*) is very much more assured and is being fully protected and provisioned by the Navy. . . . Yesterday's enemy attacks on the Somme front have been completely beaten back.

(*In German to Austria*) : Without interruption the B.E.F. is arriving in England from Flanders. After a few days' leave the troops will return to their duties at the front.

During the last three weeks the war has assumed the character of a battle of material. . . . Soon Germany will be unable to continue.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France*) : It is alleged that Germany's oil supply will not last out another two months. The question of oil amuses us very much.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2.

GERMAN RADIO (*to home public*) : On the road to Boulogne a group of captured soldiers were resting. They sat on cases of ammunition—their own. They said : " We didn't know how horrible the German tanks were and how terrible the dive-bombers are. We have been deceived."

Yes, they have been deceived ! And they didn't know that on the same day Germany achieved another victory—Calais was taken. . . . A captured French officer was sent to the British commander to ask for his surrender and to threaten bombardment by all available arms. The reply was : " No. It is the duty of the British Army to fight just as it is the duty of the German Army." This answer was very soldierly, but also very brutal, because it paid no regard to the French population.

(*To France*) : The irresistible advance of the German armies has proceeded exactly according to plan. The French and English armies defending Flanders have been decimated and their fleeing remnants mercilessly bombed. . . .

The English troops have got out of Belgium and have left the French alone to face the might of Germany. The *Daily Telegraph* goes so far as to say that French strategy must now turn from the defensive to the offensive.

MONDAY, JUNE 3.

GERMAN RADIO (*to home public*): It is impossible to give an accurate picture of the destruction in Rotterdam! What an enormous power must lie in German bombs! But life still continued alongside the debris and the mass cemetery. Quite near us was a big café and in front of the window was a poster: CONCERT AND DANCE. People passing by did not look embittered. Their faces were indifferent or even cheerful. They seemed to be glad they had escaped the terrible fate of being buried under the debris. It was difficult to find our way into the town as all the streets were blocked by ruins.

Then we met a worker. He gave us a friendly look and said he was going the same way. . . . He led us through the city. We filled up our petrol tank somewhere and then we played some music from our loudspeaker. Another worker listened attentively and offered us a cigarette.

People here are not embittered against the Germans. . . .

RADIO PARIS (*at* 7.30 *p.m.*): German aircraft attempted to bomb Paris and the surrounding region between 1.20 and 2.15. Our fighters quickly went to the attack. You will understand that for strategic reasons it is impossible to give you even the smallest detail of the results of this enemy raid.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 7.30 *p.m.*): An incident which may possibly throw a certain light on Italy's forthcoming attitude is the announcement that the Italian liner *Rex* is posted to sail from Italy for New York on June 20 and there will be further sailings—on June 27 and as late as July 13.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France at* 8.15 *p.m.*): The Germans have started to attack the Fortress of Paris from the air.

(*At* 9.15 *p.m.*): Dunkirk has fallen.

(*To home public at* 10.30 *p.m., a* Sondermeldung): The great struggle in Flanders and Artois is over. It will be recorded in war history as the greatest battle of annihilation of all times.

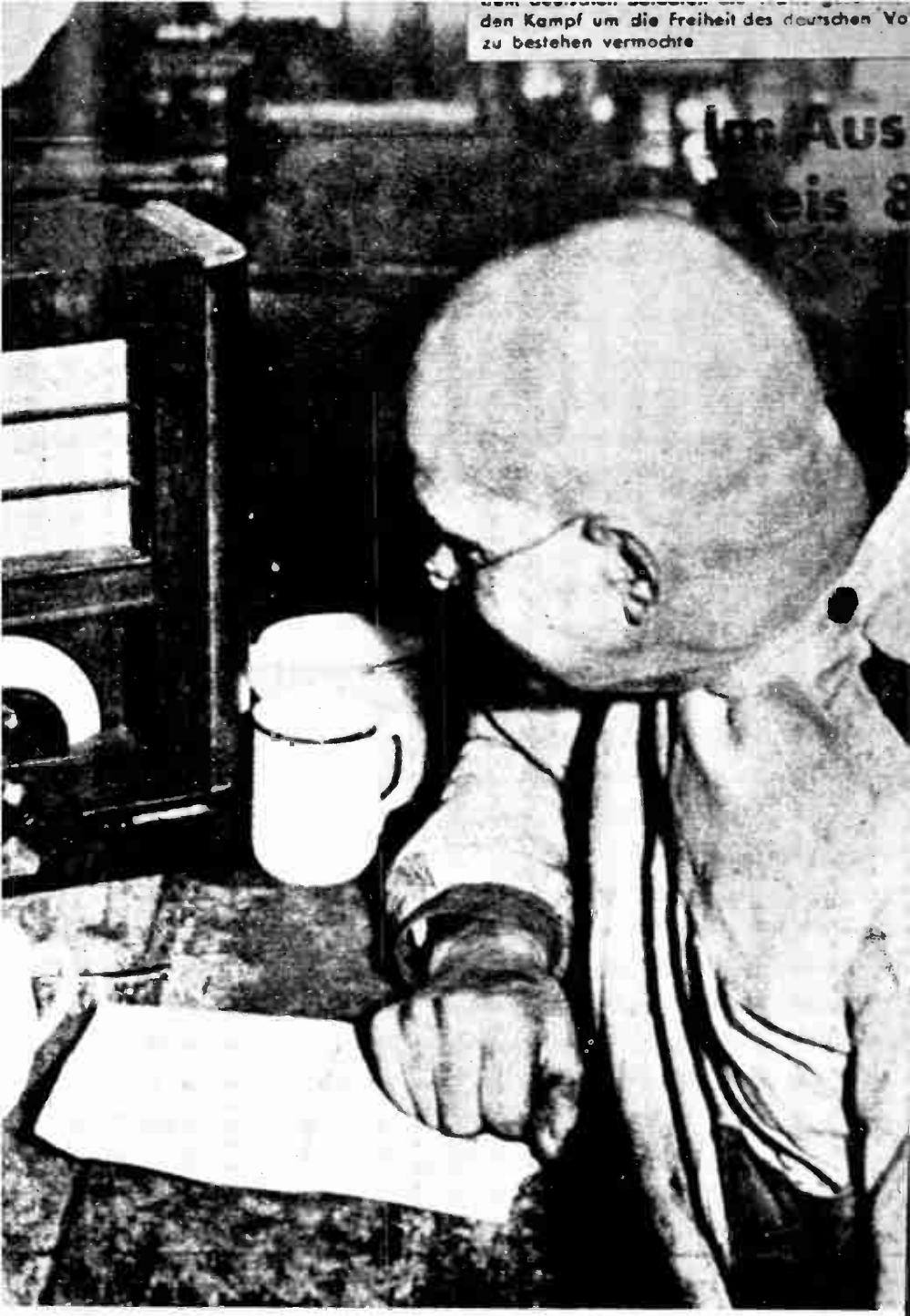
Traditional Dutch Hymn of Thanksgiving. (Chorus and Organ.)
Deutschland über Alles. (Haydn.)
Three minutes' silence.
The Heavens Praise the Glory of the Lord. (Beethoven.)
The Watch on the Rhine. (Karl Wilhelm.)
The Song of the Parachutists.
Germany's Honour Upheld.
Solemn Praeludium. (Richard Strauss.)
First bars of *The Watch on the Rhine.* (Karl Wilhelm.)
Repetition of the *Sondermeldung.*

BRUSSELS TOWN HALL—FRONT REPORT OF MAY 19, 1940

German General : My Lord Mayor, the events of the last few days have shown that the German armed forces can break every resistance. . . .

Mayor of Brussels : I have listened to your statement with deep emotion. . . .

Two Propaganda Company photographers are on the spot as well as the recording van with its microphone. The scene was reproduced in cinemas, newspapers and by radio. *See page 124.*



A GERMAN ARMS WORKER FOLLOWS THE DRIVE INTO FRANCE

GERMAN RADIO (*to home public*): "In the French armament industry the twelve-hour day is to be introduced immediately. The industry must also work on Sundays. It is not long ago that Germany was accused of weakness when a holiday was occasionally declared a working day. Now the Western Powers see themselves compelled to introduce the measures they condemned. It will be too late." *See page 118.*

II. THE SURRENDER OF PARIS

After a pause, the Germans drive south towards Paris on a 150-mile front.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6.

GERMAN RADIO (*to England*): The announcement published by the French press that all Paris schools will close on Saturday is interpreted in Geneva as the first step towards total evacuation of the French capital.

(*To France at 12.45 p.m.*): Large numbers of cars filled with refugees have arrived in San Sebastian, Spain. Spain is considered much safer than France.

(*At 8.15 p.m.*): A comparison of French and German news of the past few days shows how you Frenchmen are being gulled by the mendacious reports of your propaganda service under the able leadership of your arch-fabricator, Frossard. . . .

(*At 9.15 p.m.*): Do not believe in British help. The British have withdrawn to their island, abandoning you to your fate, and the only miracle which could still take place is the end of the massacre and the conclusion of an immediate peace. . . .

(*At 10.15 p.m.*): Can you not understand that nobody can produce the miracle you are so fondly hoping for? A Clemenceau, a Foch, even Napoleon, could not accomplish it.

(*To home public*): A cameraman who took part in a dive-bombing attack has been awarded the Iron Cross. . . . From the back of the plane he saw a most gruesome picture. The bombs exploded after six seconds. Plate armour flew into the air and the whole picture was incredible. This picture you will see next week in your cinema.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7.

GERMAN RADIO (*to home public*): No more of the enemy remain under arms in Flanders, and now the German lightning attack is being directed against the Southern front.

Before us we see the wooded hills and meadows. It is early morning. The German artillery begins to attack. (*The sound of firing is heard in the background.*) German guns are firing at the heights. We can see with the naked eye how hits are scored as smoke rises again and again. Everywhere there are German hits. Now the infantry goes forward under cover of the artillery. Soon our tanks will move into the attack.

. . . On the roads men of all ages, women and children, stream along in a pitiful condition, mostly short of food unless they have already come across German troops. These poor people left their villages and hamlets because of the terror propaganda drummed into their ears about the alleged cruel treatment which would be meted out to them by German troops.

(*To France at* 12.45 *p.m.*): French listeners, the new offensive has started, and the blood begins to flow again.

(*At* 8.15 *p.m.*): The English have left France and now she stands alone against the Germans. Many of your soldiers have been killed, have been wounded, are missing. If you continue to fight, this will go on. It is for you to decide!

(*At* 9.15 *p.m.*): Is not an honourable peace better than the destruction of men and property?

(*At* 10.15 *p.m.*): The German armies are continuing their triumphant way through your country! Your Maginot Line has been turned! Your Army has been outflanked! The German Army is irresistible! The fatal hour has sounded and all you can do to prevent your country's final agony is to give in!

VOIX DE LA PAIX (*German "secret French station" at* 8.44 *p.m.*): The Committee of Public Safety constituted by comrades versed in all technical questions of organization and administration of a centre such as Paris, will be responsible for sparing the town the horrors of war. They will negotiate with the chiefs of the German Army and will watch over the functioning of public services, supplies for the non-evacuated population, and the maintenance of order.

RÉVEIL DE LA FRANCE (*German "French revolutionary station", at* 9.34 *p.m.*): We appeal to all our friends to prevent the present members of the Government fleeing the country.

VOIX DE LA PAIX (*at* 9.50): The French Army consisted on May 12 of ninety-seven divisions. It has lost thirty-seven. The Germans have one hundred and eighty divisions, or three against one. The French Army has been beaten at every point and is flecing. The left wing of the German Army is marching on Le Havre and Rouen. The right wing is driving on Paris, only fifty-six miles away.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 6.30 *a.m.*): The Committee of Ex-Servicemen and Pensioners announces: "In reply to the methods of fighting adopted by an unscrupulous enemy, Paris appeals to Ex-Servicemen! Those who can still serve and who are owners of a car or a motor-cycle are in duty bound to respond to this appeal and to join formations of Territoria Guards."

" We left the peaceful shadow of the church tower to go and watch the mad, disordered tide of refugees flow past along the roads," a correspondent wrote later to le Temps. *" Then we went back to the house and switched on the radio.* Aux Armes, Citoyens !— *those six notes of the* Marseillaise *were being used as the listening signal. No death-knell could have sounded sadder, more distressing."*

(*At* 1.30 *p.m.*): Enemy elements, reported last night towards the valley of the upper Bresle, have accentuated their progress. The advance detachments have reached Forges-les-Eaux (*sixty miles from Paris*). The situation remains the same on all the rest of the front.

VOIX DE LA PAIX (*now on medium as well as short waves*): Our armies in Flanders have been annihilated and innumerable enemy divisions are striking at the Weygand Line—at our door. Our government of traitors has brought this about; they make us fight against an immeasurable superiority of men and material. . . .

Our soldiers have been able to estimate the quality of our war material, especially our tanks. Instead of being solidly built and armoured by steel capable of resisting every impact, they were nailed to the spot as soon as they met the first shock.

(*At* 9 *p.m.*): The enemy is continuing his offensive with crushing superiority on all fronts from Rheims to the Channel. German motorized divisions have reached Dieppe.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9.

RADIO PARIS: The B.B.C. announced yesterday that ten new divisions have finished their training in Great Britain. During the past few days they have received all their equipment. These divisions are ready for the struggle.

GERMAN RADIO (*to France*): The B.B.C. announced yesterday that sport was being carried on in spite of the war. It is needless to add that this was not broadcast to France.

MONDAY, JUNE 10.

The German advance crosses the Somme and the Aisne.

RADIO ROME (*Mussolini from the Palazzo Venezia at* 6 *p.m. The roars of the crowd and the quick rise and fall of the cry* " Duce ! Duce ! " *match the bombast of his delivery.*): The hour marked with the seal of destiny has struck, the hour of irrevocable decisions ! Our declaration of war has been handed to the Ambassadors of Britain and France ! . . . This gigantic struggle is the struggle of peoples poor but rich in workers against the exploiters. It is the struggle of the fruitful and young peoples against the sterile peoples on the threshold of their decline.

RADIO PARIS (*Paul Reynaud*): How shall we judge this act? France has nothing to say. The world which is looking on will pass judgment.

(*By cable to President Roosevelt*): The enemy is almost at the gates of Paris. We shall fight before Paris, fight behind Paris, shut ourselves up in one of our provinces, and if they drive us out, go to North Africa, and if necessary, to our American possessions. Part of the Government have already left Paris. I myself am preparing to go with the Army.

VOIX DE LA PAIX (*at 9.45 p.m.*) *La Voix de la Paix* has never published false news. . . . All Paris is threatened with poisoning because Fifth Columnists have succeeded in poisoning several reservoirs of drinking water. . . . Is Paris to be another Warsaw, or is it to be a Brussels? We must save Paris as Brussels was saved. Must we see our capital destroyed, Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle, the Louvre in ruins, and the blood of our women and children flowing along the pavements?

TUESDAY, JUNE 11.

GERMAN RADIO: The French Government has fled from Paris, as can be seen from the official Paris announcement which calls the flight "the transfer of officials from Paris, carried out according to pre-arranged plans".

In many sectors the battle has ended with complete encirclement of the French armies. French resistance is becoming increasingly feeble.

(*To France*): Frenchmen, are you still waiting for the English?

VOIX DE LA PAIX: The departure of the Government for Angoulême or Bordeaux—nobody knows exactly where—and the news that the Germans have reached Pontoise (*nineteen miles from Paris*) has created panic in the capital and everyone is trying to escape.

Paris is burning. It has been continually bombed by the Germans with incendiary bombs.

Water, gas, electricity supplies have been stopped.

We were right last night to advise you *Sauve qui peut!* Reynaud the bandit and Mandel the murderer are fleeing along with the whole Government.

All is lost!

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12.

GERMAN RADIO (*Réveil de la France, now operating on long as well as short waves, at* 12.30 *a.m.*): Northern France is in the hands of the Nazis. The fall of Paris is imminent. The south of France is at the mercy of Mussolini, who has come in for his share of the booty. In face of all this Reynaud stammers a few sentences into the microphone and disappears.

RADIO PARIS (*at* 6.30 *a.m.*): Informed circles declare that Italy possesses from seventy to ninety armoured divisions, apart from a strong air force. All this will substantially increase the German forces. . . .

(*At* 8.30 *a.m.*): As already announced, the French War Ministry has declared that the following French provinces in the southern area are now war zones: the Departments of the Rhône, Aisne, Haute-Savoie, Savoie, Isère, Drôme, Hautes-Alpes, Basses-Alpes, Alpes-Maritimes, Var, Bouches-du-Rhône and the French Mediterranean coast.

GERMAN RADIO (*to England at* 10.15 *a.m.*): The Copenhagen *Berlingske Tidende* writes that the danger which Paris is now facing can only be described as overwhelming. The French Army is apparently on the verge of a catastrophe.

. . . Refugees have arrived (*at the Swiss frontier*) in a completely exhausted condition. They stated that complete disorganization prevailed in France, and none of them honestly believed France had the slightest chance of winning the war. No one in France had told them the news of Italy's declaration of war, and this piece of information, coming on top of their horrifying experiences, quite convinced them that final collapse was quickly approaching.

(*To the home public at* 11.30 *a.m.*): The population of Paris is trying its utmost to leave the town as quickly as possible.

(*To England at* 2.15 *p.m.*): The *New York Daily News* states that well-informed Americans regard it as most probable that an offer by France to conclude a separate peace with Germany will be the next spectacular event of the war.

(*At* 5.15 *p.m.*): Today the B.B.C. announced that Paris was being feverishly prepared for defence, and that every single street in the city was to be contested. . . . Whether true or not, Britain is rendering the French people a very poor service by this kind of report.

(*At* 6.3 *p.m. to the home public*): German troops are attacking with an *élan* which suggests it is their first battle. After crossing the Marne, the railway line and terminus were taken. The heights on the other side were occupied.

What a magnificent picture! The German soldier feels that his advance *cannot* be stopped.

RADIO ROME (*to France at* 7.15 *p.m.*): The German forces round Sedan have penetrated far into Argonne. Near Montmédy German troops are in full advance.

(*In planless anger*): All over France and England, the entry of Italy into the war has synchronized with violent demonstrations against Italian subjects. Thousands of our countrymen have been arrested. In Malta, Italians have not only been arrested but placed in a concentration camp near the harbour, the first place likely to be bombed. This is a flagrant example of British perfidy and treachery.

GERMAN RADIO (*at* 8.15 *p.m. to France*): French listeners, the hour has come for the people of France to lift up their voice, to go down into the streets and cry out aloud for peace. The situation is desperate. The

only means of avoiding further devastation is to force your Government to make peace. It is indeed a Government which no longer deserves any respect from you. In a cowardly manner it has left Paris, although it proclaimed that it would defend the city stone by stone.

(*At* 9.15 *p.m.*): With what do you think M. Paul Reynaud is concerned at the present moment? The defence of Paris? The salvation of France? No. Reynaud is thinking of how to divorce his wife and marry his mistress!

VOIX DE LA PAIX (*at* 9.15 *p.m.*): All workmen between the ages of sixteen and sixty have received orders from the military authorities to leave Paris for the south of France.

RÉVEIL DE LA FRANCE (*at* 9.30 *p.m.*): It is criminal and senseless to defend Paris and have it destroyed. Paris must be declared an open city. The *National Revolution* will save Paris as the Belgians saved Brussels—in spite of the murderer Reynaud.

VOIX DE LA PAIX (*at* 9.45 *p.m.*): We would rather see London destroyed. . . . You must die, Reynaud, because your death will give France the peace she needs.

OFFICIAL GERMAN RADIO (*at* 10.15 *p.m.*): French listeners, at this very hour German patrols are already at the gates of the capital. Why expose the city of Paris, with all its memorials of a glorious past, to insensate destruction? If the criminal desire of Reynaud is carried out, Paris will be nothing but a burning ruin.

FRENCH RADIO (*from Lyons at* 10.15 *p.m.*): Had the Government Departments remained in Paris, the fact would have impaired to a considerable extent the possibility of manœuvres. To prevent this, the High Command advised the Government to leave the capital. It was not surprising to learn that the Government had not retired to some provincial town but to Headquarters. The movement was carried out without any loss of time or interruption of work. This is a new proof of the French national characteristic—adaptability—a new proof of the fact that France never loses herself, that she knows how to stand up to conditions always and everywhere.

U.S.A. (*National Broadcasting Corporation—Fred Bate speaking from London at* 11.15 *p.m.*): There are no two ways about it. Either Paris is to be had for nothing because the French evacuate it, or it is only to be had at a very high cost. The cutting-off and besieging of a ring-fortress the size of Paris—a ring of seventy-five miles in circumference with the southern half of the besiegers presenting their backs to the French Army outside—is hardly conceivable as a military operation.

From the French Revolution to the tragic Commune of 1871 Paris has provided more examples of tough street-fighting than any city in the world.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13.

RADIO ROME (*to France at* 12.45 *a.m.*): Paris has to defend itself to the last and all its civilians are to be slaughtered in order that Britain may further delay the blow on herself.

A crowd came to listen to the news bulletin in the Officers' Mess, says Douglas Cooper in "The Road to Bordeaux". *They wanted official confirmation that the position was not as critical as they secretly believed.*

RADIO PARIS (*at* 1.30 *p.m.*): To the west of Paris another German drive is taking place on the Seine from Pont de l'Arche to Mantes. In the region of Rouen the Germans have begun to send outposts towards the coast in the direction of Caudebec and Le Havre. . . . The French have counter-attacked in the east and advanced five miles from Paris. . . .

Normally, Cooper goes on, *the Ministry of Information fulfilled this desire—for reassurance—admirably, but today it had a bitter blow for us at the very moment when the order for a new retreat had been given. Paris had been declared an open city. . . . It was no ordinary crowd of gloomy and depressed officers who left that room to carry on with their duties. It was a group of broken men.*

GERMAN RADIO (*to home public at* 6 *p.m.*): We are in burning Rouen. We have come here with an armoured division and have now reached the Seine.

It was our intention that the town should fall without a fight and that an emissary should be sent from our side under a white flag. But the French declined. (*The voice drowned abruptly by the clatter of machine-gun fire.*)

Late in the afternoon the German High Command sends a radio message to the Commander in Paris demanding surrender, but when the German emissary reaches Porte St. Denis, *he is fired at from a barricade.*

GERMAN RADIO (*to France at* 8.15 *p.m.*): French listeners, one single week of the German offensive has been enough to annihilate the Weygand Line and bring the Germans to the gate of Paris! You are alone and will remain alone.

(*At* 9.15 *p.m.*): If you have left any of the logic and good sense on which you pride yourselves so much, you will see now that the only course to follow is to lay down your arms.

FRENCH RADIO (*Paul Reynaud introduced by the* Marseillaise): The heroism of Dunkirk has been exceeded in the battle raging from the sea to Argonne. The spirit of France is not broken. Our race does not allow itself to be crushed by an invasion—it has seen too many

in past centuries. France has always thrown back and defeated the invader. Let the world know all this, the suffering and the pride of France.

France is wounded, and she has the right to turn to other democracies and tell them, "*J'ai le droit sur vous !* We are entitled to make claims on you ! " We know how important ideals are in the life of the great American people. Do they still hesitate to declare themselves against Nazi Germany ? You know I have addressed myself to President Roosevelt. This time I send him a new and last appeal. . . . Clouds of warplanes from across the Atlantic must smash the evil force which dominates Europe. Despite our reverses, the power of the democracies remains immense. We have the right to hope that the day is drawing near when this power will be put into action. That is why we are determined that France shall retain her free government, and for this reason we have left Paris.

Whatever may come in the days before us, all Frenchmen, wherever they may be, must be prepared to suffer. Let them be worthy of our nation's past. Let them gather in brotherhood around their stricken fatherland. The day of resurrection will come.

We listened to the hoarse loudspeaker from a radio shop in Limoges, says Arthur Koestler. *There was a large crowd listening in petrified silence ; the traffic in the street was stopped. Some women cried noiselessly ; they had already started crying during the last bars of the* Marseillaise *before the speech ; but when the voice of the little man spoke the words :* " Que les Français se reserrent fraternellement autour de leur patrie blessée," *several of the men around us joined in with the women. It was the first and last time that I have seen a crowd burst into tears on a political occasion. . . .*

At 11.30 p.m. the German High Command sends another radio message in German to the Commander of Paris. This time it is immediately answered in French. The reply states that the French Army is ready to hand over the capital. A meeting place is arranged for negotiators.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14.

U.S.A. (*Bound Brook at 4 a.m.*) : Authoritative reports from Berlin of an impending radio ultimatum for the surrender of Paris, with the alternative of devastation, were followed tonight by a published report that the French would not defend the city from within.

At 6 a.m. the first German reconnaissance cars penetrate into the capital. At 9 a.m. troops enter from three directions.

Months later P. G. Wodehouse described on the German Radio how the troops marched in. "All that happened as far as I was concerned," he said, "was that I was strolling along with my wife when she lowered her voice and said, 'Don't look now, but here comes the German Army'. And there they were, a fine body of men, rather prettily dressed in green and carrying machine-guns."

SATURDAY, JUNE 15.

GERMAN RADIO (*to home public at* 1 *p.m.*): Paris is the heart of France, the centre of her economic life, culture and political will. In a word, Paris is France.

(*At* 4 *p.m.*): No other country would be as hard hit by the loss of its capital as France by the loss of Paris.

(*At* 5.30 *p.m.*): Half of France's export trade is paralysed with one single blow.

(*At* 7.15 *p.m. to England*): The entire railway and motor-road systems radiate from Paris.

South of Paris the Germans advance to the Loire and break up the disorganized French armies into isolated groups.

FRENCH RADIO (*operating on the Radio Paris wavelength from southern transmitters, at* 6.30 *a.m.*): The French authorities appeal to the population to stay in their locality even if it is invaded by enemy tanks.

(*At* 11.30 *a.m.*): In the Paris region our troops have carried out the movement decided upon by the High Command in perfect order. In Champagne, between Troyes and St. Didier, the enemy has increased his pressure still further. Violent fighting is in progress. In Lorraine and Alsace the front and our communication lines are being violently bombed.

A Paris transmitter is now hooked up with the German Radio.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16.

FRENCH RADIO (*at* 8.30 *a.m.*): It is alleged that more and more troops coming from Russia are marching to the German-Russian frontier. These forces are said to constitute a Red Army Corps, with motorized elements, artillery and infantry.

"*This very slender hope buoys us up and restores some measure of confidence to us,*" writes Captain Barlone in "A French Officer's Diary."

GERMAN RADIO (*to home public from Paris at* 6 *p.m.*): A tall young Lieutenant now approaches us. Under his arm he carries a French Tricolour.

The Lieutenant explains that he and Col. Paymaster Wehner had taken the Tricolour from the Eiffel Tower and hoisted the Swastika instead. He and several others rode on motor bicycles at high speed to the foot of the Eiffel Tower and broke into the entrance. They climbed to the top. There they stayed for half an hour untying the Tricolour, hoisting the Swastika and taking photographs. The announcer in the Berlin studio goes on :

While the German troops are marching past a General on the *Place de la Concorde*, our advance troops have already reached the southern boundary of Paris. They are marching through Paris, closely pursuing the enemy, who is retreating towards the Loire.

Verdun, the fortress which was thought to be impregnable, has fallen into our hands. This feat of German arms is like a miracle. It was at Verdun that our troops fought in the last war for many long months and with the loss of thousands of men. The streets of Verdun are deserted. Blinds are drawn and doors locked. The town has suffered hardly any material damage.

(*At* 9.15 *p.m. to France*) : Frenchmen, you have been deceived. Daladier, Reynaud, Mandel, Frossard and all their acolytes combined to lie to you—they held your heads in the clouds and your feet in the mud. When things went very badly they told you they were going very well. What are you waiting for ? Why not silence once and for all your deceitful leaders ?

(*At* 10.15 *p.m.*) : Thanks to the energy and lightning speed of the German Army the *Ville Lumière* has been spared a dreadful fate and is intact today in all its beauty. . . . German troops entered Paris when it had been abandoned by French troops except for isolated posts which were taken prisoner. Most of the population, deceived and frightened out of their wits by the Government, had fled. Column after column of refugees go forward in utter wretchedness and without knowing which way to turn.

Among the many yarns which your criminal rulers and your newspaper-gangsters have retailed was the one about the Fifth Column.

FRENCH RADIO (*at* 10.30 *p.m.*) : To the south-east of Paris the enemy has continued his advance.

VOIX DE LA PAIX (*at* 10.40 *p.m.*) : Basle reports that German troops by permission of the Swiss authorities have crossed the Swiss frontier. The encirclement of the Maginot Line is thus complete.

OFFICIAL GERMAN RADIO (*from Holland to France*) : Among the French who have recently arrived at Biarritz are a considerable number of people who usually spend June on the Riviera and who have kept their de luxe automobiles for evacuation. One wonders how they can do this on the allowance of fifty litres of petrol a month.

FRENCH RADIO (*from the transmitter at Rennes, at* 11.30 *p.m.*) : The

Reynaud Cabinet has resigned. Marshal Pétain has been requested to form a new Government. Weygand has been asked to be Vice-President. Here are some names among the new Ministers: Marine, *Admiral Jean Darlan*; Justice, *M. Pierre Laval*; Foreign Affairs, *M. Baudouin.*

(*To Germany from Lyons at midnight*): The population of Paris is streaming over the roads of France. Women and children, factory workers in overalls, have left their places of work in the munition factories at the last moment. Many have abandoned all their worldly possessions and have saved nothing except what they have on. They are near complete exhaustion. If the liars of the German Radio could only see the faces of the French men and women streaming out of Paris, if only they could listen to what they say and experience the superb atmosphere of brotherhood, they would be the first to blush at their own lies. The French people was never greater nor more faithful to its heroic traditions.

MONDAY, JUNE 17.

FRENCH RADIO (*from Rennes at 6.30 p.m.*): Paris remains calm under German occupation. The monuments are intact. The capital has not suffered materially. . . .

At 12.31 p.m. Marshal Pétain speaks. His voice is thin and interrupted by dry coughs. Listeners in France were struck by a quality of ghostliness about it. " We listened to the cold, quivering tones of a tired old man."

Frenchmen! At the request of President Lebrun, President of the Republic, as from today I assume the direction of the French Republic. (*He was sure, he said, of the support of the armed forces and civilian public, but there was a strange streak of vanity about his claim, which became striking at the phrase, " I give France the gift of my person to mitigate her misfortune "*.) It is with a heavy heart that I must tell you: " *Il faut cesser le combat* ". I have appealed in the past night to our adversary, asking him whether he is ready to discuss with me honourably, as between soldiers, the means to end hostilities.

The Marseillaise *was played.*

" *The crowd in the restaurant was dumbfounded,*" says Douglas Cooper. " *Critical as the situation was, no one had expected this blow. They did not know whether to stand on their feet while the National Anthem was being played or remain seated.*" " *Tears came into our eyes and rolled down our cheeks,*" says Somerset Maugham, *who was listening in his Riviera villa.* " *Several officers weep bitterly,*" writes Captain Barlone in " A French Officer's Diary." " *Others remain indifferent as if struck dumb by the disaster.*"

The German propaganda machine had reached its highest momentum and seemed unable to stop. Submission had not been expected so

soon, and demands to surrender continued until 10.15 *in the evening, only the tone was still more confident.*

GERMAN RADIO (*to France*): You need sleep and rest. Fresh German troops are continually subjecting you to exhausting battles. There is no respite. . . . The Reich, which has no intention of repaying you for your malice, will leave you a place in the sun. Hitler does not require a super-Versailles. But patience has a limit. Do not wait till his has expired. (*And in a different tone*): Your weakness has shocked the entire world. From now on, every day which passes when you do not ask for peace is a sin against France. The burden of sin is getting very heavy. Take care!

RÉVEIL DE LA FRANCE (*at* 9.30 *p.m.*): Reynaud, you have reached Bordeaux where you wait for a passage to Mexico. But it is not enough that you should disappear from the political scene. You must die!

OFFICIAL GERMAN RADIO (*to Holland at* 10.30 *p.m.*): Berlin is still beflagged in celebration of the fall of Paris. In the Friedrichstrasse a bus goes by packed with people. A pot-bellied little gentleman calls out: "Everybody get out! There's a *Sondermeldung*!" At last the voice of the announcer is heard saying: "France has laid down her arms." Dead silence follows. Then the National Anthem, *Deutschland über Alles*, is struck up.

(*To the home public*): The pursuit has been carried out at such speed that the French simply cannot understand the sudden appearance of German troops. They have taken them for English soldiers. *They thought the English had come to the assistance of the French!* A civilian showed one of our lancers his military pass. "Yes, I'm in civilian dress at the moment," he said, "but the truth is I'm a soldier and could join you and help." When he was told they were Germans, he simply did not believe it.

B.B.C. (*to France answering Pétain at* 10 *p.m.*): An offer to conclude a solemn act of union between the two countries was made by the British Government to France on Sunday when M. Reynaud was still Prime Minister. That is what Churchill revealed tonight.

"I grieve for the gallant French people who have fallen into this terrible misfortune," he said. "Nothing will alter our feelings towards them, or our faith that the genius of France will rise again. What has happened makes no difference to British faith and purpose. We have become the sole champions now in arms to defend the world cause. We shall do our best to be worthy of that high honour. We shall fight on unconquerable until the curse of Hitler is lifted from the brows of men."

A working woman wrote to the B.B.C. from Hérault: "When at 12.30 *Marshal Pétain told us he was going to try and put an end to the struggle, our consternation was unbounded. I could not admit that it was so. All afternoon I remained in a state of stupefaction.*

But in the evening when I heard your voice saying that England would continue the fight for the liberty of France, it was as though an immense weight had been lifted from my heart. And now, though we have to bow our necks beneath the oppressor's yoke, we know that it will not be for long. . . . Thank you, thank you—in the name of France!"

GERMAN RADIO (*to France at* 10.15 *p.m.*): The Führer has announced that he will consult with the Duce and they will inform Pétain of the conditions of the negotiations. . . . French people, you are not so much conquered as the forces of evil which took refuge behind you. They have really lost this war.

(*To England*): Once upon a time you used to sing a song about your washing, which you meant to hang on the Siegfried Line. Are you, we wonder, still attracted by that song?

FRENCH RADIO (*at* 10.30 *p.m.*): To the east of the Loire the enemy has advanced further beyond Autun. In Burgundy he has entered Dijon. In Franche Comté he has reached the Doubs and launched motorized elements in the direction of Girac. . . . The Maginot Line is outflanked.

Next day a correspondent, already too cautious to sign his name, wrote to the B.B.C. from Isère: "Before this province is attacked by paralysis, before we are reduced to silence in the deepest wretchedness, I wish to tell you of our distress—to tell you of our amazement—to tell you that no one wished to cease fighting—to tell you that we all thought we were united, England and France, in life and death—to tell you that we wish to strengthen the links that bind us together, making of us one single country, under a united government, as Mr. Churchill proposed—to tell you that you must make all Englishmen understand the battle that was fought in France by publishing the losses of all the armies—the figures will speak for themselves. And then should a voice be raised to curse France, we can only say, 'God forgive them, for they know not what they say'. We want to tell you also: continue your transmissions in French and English in such a way that they may be heard whatever happens. . . . Think of it, you will be the only friendly voice in the whole world—in a moment all will be emptiness and darkness."

Article Fourteen of the Armistice which was signed in the railway carriage at Compiègne on June 22 stipulated that the French Radio should close down.

SIEBURG AND THE FRENCH RECOVERY

" *Do not let us doubt that the salvation of France is possible, for the solidarity of tomorrow should impoverish no one, but should enrich everybody.*"—FRIEDRICH SIEBURG, " Dieu est-il français ? " (1930).

" *On December 26, 1941, from a window of the Mairie of the 12th Arrondissement in Paris, I saw about a hundred Jews, including young children, standing in the bitterly cold courtyard. They had been brought there from their homes in the district several hours before. They were guarded by German soldiers with fixed bayonets, and anyone making the slightest movement was struck with the butt-end of a rifle.*"—PAUL SIMON, editor of the underground paper " Valmy " (1942).

" *Today when a mere signature at the foot of a sincere letter is nearly the equivalent of a death sentence.*"—Letter from Occupied France, November 1940.

A MORE drawn-out phase of the war in French now began with the German attempt to hold what had been won while the English and Free French fought to restore the dazed people to a condition in which they would resist. In this campaign the German Radio lost as spectacularly as it had previously won. The outward symbol of defeat was the dynamiting of the long-wave transmitter of Radio Paris close to the demarcation line between Occupied and Unoccupied France in May 1942. The battle was lost long before that, and if we must trace it in greater detail than the campaigns in the rest of Europe, it is because of its greater intricacy and its special problems, but not because it was any less decisive.

The only serious blunder in Germany's revolutionary offensive was the armistice clause suppressing the French Radio. No doubt Hitler realized this on the day it was signed, for that night General de Gaulle was declaring into the B.B.C. microphone that a French National Committee would be formed in London in view of the total dependence of the French Government on Germany and Italy. This Committee, he told the French people, would " account for its acts " either to the legal Government when one existed or to " the representatives of the people " as soon as they could assemble. A programme called *Ici la France* was already going out from the B.B.C., but those who ran it chose repatriation to Vichy France, and one of them spoke regularly on the Vichy Radio until he was dismissed by the Germans. It was followed early in July by *Les Français parlent aux Français*, which developed into the most

brilliant half-hour of radio in any language from any country. Deadly little slogans were soon reminding the French that *Depuis Strasbourg jusqu'à Biarritz, La radio est aux mains des Fritz.*

The ink of Hitler's signature was scarcely dry before orders were given that the French Radio should return to the air, this time with the accent on French. Ferdonnet disappeared, reappeared for a moment in Paris and vanished ; but there was no lack of successors who had remained all the time in the capital.

Once again Hitler had first-class instruments at hand. Friedrich Sieburg, who became the all-powerful liaison between the High Command and the French Radio executives, was a rare phenomenon in German public life ; he had been a Social Democrat who understood the meaning of the German metaphor to live like a king in France. As Paris Correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, he had lived there like a passionate king. Indeed, his attitude recalled that of the injured party in a certain type of love affair. He liked the refinements of living and thinking, the clarity of French wines and of French wit, the classical lines of French logic ; but while his attraction was heightened by the aloofness of the French, by their conviction of the unalterable superiority of their culture, his desire that Germany should at least impinge on this aloofness was stimulated. In the 'twenties he was warning them with good reason that they could not afford to turn eyes blinded with classical prejudice on the technical advances in progress beyond the Rhine ; he warned them more pressingly that an ambition to dominate Europe without concession, by means of vast standing armies and the machinery of the League of Nations, would end one day in disaster. He pleaded with a certain fatalism, having noted that only two great French writers had ever interested themselves in foreign culture. He was enlightened. If his love for France made him want to advertise the existence of his own country, he did not want to obliterate France from the map of Europe in order to erect a more pathological German nationalism. " Germany," he said, " will achieve her salvation only when her anti-semites have ceased to exist." In theory at least he believed in co-operation and equality between races.

It was this same Friedrich Sieburg who, as the agent of the German High Command behind the microphone, helped to enforce on France the ideology of the Third Reich. His knowledge of French weaknesses, added to the origin of the rival voices

from beyond the Channel, made him insist on the purely French character of the transmissions. The Vichy Radio system and that of the Occupied Zone were separated, but of the two it was Paris who insisted most emphatically on its national character. Between items the *Coq Gaulois* crowed the call-sign, and the speakers had peculiarly French virtues. Marcel Déat, of *L'Œuvre*, had earned a certain notoriety before the war by his reluctance to " die for Danzig ". He now confined himself to the argument that collaboration with Germany (but Hitler's collaboration, not Sieburg's vision of the 'twenties) was essential for French survival, and the instrument should be " National Revolution ", a phrase we first heard from German transmitters in the campaign against Paris. Déat spoke his clear, logical arguments in curiously tired tones that reminded one more of a lecturer than of a revolutionary. More attractive, with a wit that enlivened the gloomiest aspects of this Revolution, was Charles Dieudonné who was to be heard for a long time every night giving the *Causerie du Jour*. Concerned with the detail of political intrigue, he would whip up well-known personalities for their lethargy in furthering collaboration. " *On le confondait jadis avec Figaro*," he said of Vladimir d'Ormesson at a time of bitter hostility between Vichy and Paris. " *Mais il y a entre Figaro et d'Ormesson une petite différence. Figaro était un barbier ; d'Ormesson, lui, est un raseur.*" His sentences raced on like this, flicking and flashing.

Brilliance was not enough ; to compensate further for the dull and suspect content of its political message, Radio Paris undertook a wide range of social services. The Public Relations Staff was increased. A daily feature, *Labour Link*, pleaded insistently for the unemployed. Employers were asked to listen and to provide work ; when they did, the names of the " eagerly responding employers, conscious of their social duties," were given free publicity. *Work for Youth*, another regular feature, had a stronger pseudo-Socialist style, and regularly attacked Vichy. " Youth has a holy right to work," said one speaker, who demanded that the Minister of Labour should provide training classes, camps, apprenticeships on a wide scale, " just as in Germany ". Casual allusions like these soon merged into frank recruitment of workers for German industry. Four months after the Armistice a regular broadcast, *French Workers in Germany*, was introduced. Similar services were carried out for wives of French prisoners of war and for war

" Flags for the pride of France, processions for her hope, and the Marseillaise *for her passion. We need, and we still have pride, hope and passion. The world will realize that tomorrow."*

How de Gaulle's radio appeal on the eve of July 14, 1942, was answered in the Rue de la République, Lyons. These photographs were taken from the same point, one three minutes before the other, in the hour he named for the demonstrations. The white of tricolour flags can be made out at many of the windows. *See page 151.*

ET VOICI LES CRIMINELS

Above: Photograph reproduced in a German propaganda publication at the beginning of 1942. "At the London microphone," said the caption, "is Jean Oberlé, whose name is supposed to be secret. But it is no secret to us. Oberlé is Oberlé the artist, who learnt his politics among advanced dilletanti and surrealists." *Below:* At the end of 1942 OBERLE is still at the microphone. Partner in *Les Trois Amis*, he is one of the most brilliant script-writers in London. By his side at the controls is the European Features Editor.

widows. Direct contact by mail was welcomed, and the radio tried to play a paternal role new in French life.

The actual production of programmes was studied with care. Good titles were found: the B.B.C.'s programme *Les Français parlent aux Français* was answered with *Les Français de France parlent aux Emigrés*, and the B.B.C.'s fast production methods were carefully, if crudely, imitated. The anti-semite ethnologist was only allowed to speak for four minutes, the artist who had been on a collaborative trip to Germany, for three; Mozart followed, and after Mozart a well-composed survey of the " French " press.

The need for all these devices was obvious. The jammers which had once interfered with German propaganda might have been diverted to the B.B.C., but the psychological barriers were greater than any Ferdonnet had had to surmount. The traitors were now in control; their promises could be judged. Ferdonnet had disclaimed any desire in Hitler to inflict a super-Versailles, but the reparations immediately exacted from the French were far more severe than those collected from Germany after 1918. The Socialism on which Radio Paris laid so much stress was no more than a Fascist juggling with words, whose purpose was to steal the thunder of the most threatening section of the opposition. The most careful use of language could not conceal the political quarter from which the arguments derived. " We know that if Britain and the U.S.S.R. win, we will have to submit to the domination of the Comintern, of the Political Commissars. This would mean the end of our civilization. (Sieburg, one wonders ?) It would mean the harshest tyranny. It would mean the flowing of blood, deportation of families, our cathedrals mutilated, our priests executed. It would mean all the horrors of Spain." [1] Such themes were as well calculated as any could have been to inspire loyalty to Hitler's Europe, but they had been used too often by appeasers before the war. If they had once been effective, they were now irrelevant to people who were acquainted with the horrors of Hitlerism. It appeared, indeed, that Hitler, who was so eloquent in inviting a nation to destroy itself, had less to say to one that was groping towards a new stage of development. " You have no right not to listen and not to try to understand me," said one speaker. " Hear me tonight until *the end* of the broadcast so that you may revise your unfavourable opinion." [2]

[1] *Les Français de France parlent aux Emigrés*, January 11, 1942.
[2] Charles Guy from Radio Paris, November 3, 1941.

Germany spent more trouble on Radio Paris than on any other station in Europe. Monitors who listened every day were enthusiastic over its ingenuity and technical excellence, yet by other standards than those of pure propaganda, it was a sterile and desperate business, as certainly destined to failure as Ferdonnet had been to success. One could hear its quintessence in the talks of "the German journalist, Dr. Friedrich," who made his frank Teutonic bow nearly a year after the invasion. Many people believed on the evidence of the name that this was Friedrich Sieburg, but a friend of his failed to recognize the voice, and poetic justice might have been too neatly executed if Sieburg's own lips had come to shape these epitaphs on the German attempt to better French leadership of Europe. A shadow performed the distasteful task. While one Paris station was carrying an operetta concert relayed from Frankfurt, Dr. Friedrich could be heard from the other speaking in the Palais Royal to an audience of Frenchmen "interested" in the history and ideals of the National Socialist Movement. Quietly, in cultured if rather colourless French, he would explain how Germany had been misunderstood while she reorganized her economy in order to eliminate unemployment, how the elements which had spread tendentious accounts of preparation for war, had themselves made that war inevitable. But now Europe had come together in a solid block for its own benefit. Or, well into 1942, he would demonstrate how the world was divided into *possédants* and *non-possédants*, the latter with Germany and Japan among them, having no territories which they could exploit as England had once exploited Europe and Malaya. Dr. Friedrich's thoughts had acquired the timeless fixity of Hitler's, and whether it was more depressing to hear this calm perversion of a second-rate mind or the quiet, appreciative waves of applause caressing his voice, was difficult to tell. To regain faith in the French one had to listen later in the day to a group of Spanish songs by Ravel or a nocturne of Debussy's, for then the applause became a confused, swaying uproar like the noise surrounding an English football match with the urgency of partisanship.

For a long time the radio network under Vichy lacked the glitter of Radio Paris and had no more inspiring policy. Many of the German habits were acquired, as when Lyons National claimed that "on the road to St. Valéry-sur-Somme a British plane machine-gunned a young lad of fifteen, André Fichter".[1] "As for the trans-

[1] January 10, 1942.

missions of the so-called free zone," wrote one B.B.C. listener, " you know more about them than many Frenchmen. . . . They fill us with shame. Though we have tried to listen once or twice, the very first words stank so much of the Boche that we had soon had enough of it. We hear of many people who feel the same." The favourite theme of Ferdonnet gained such a grip on the mind of Pétain that, after the R.A.F. bombed the Renault factories, he called on history to judge " the criminal aggression of a former ally who allowed our soldiers to go to their deaths alone ".[1]

Gradually, in spite of lacking the ordinary technical amenities of a national radio station, the Vichy network improved in quality. A group of executives came to power who realized that the French were utterly weary of " propaganda " and they concentrated on pure entertainment. Vichy also staked one important claim on the future : it made a point of speaking to French youth. To be fair to the Paris radio, we must admit that it, too, made an attempt to cope with the future by this means. Organizations such as " The Youth of New Europe " and the " *Jeunesse Nationale Populaire* " had been founded, but with the simple intention of furthering " collaboration " with Germany and engraining it in the next generation. Vichy, while copying the Goebbels technique, sought to build up a Fascist youth organization for its own independent purposes. The number of radio hours devoted to youth by the two networks together rose between August 1940 and January 1942 from some four hours to nearly fourteen a week.

Two generations of young Frenchmen passed through the Vichy organizations, the " *Légion* " and the " *Compagnons.*" " In my eyes," said Pétain, " you are the vanguard of the National Revolution," and it was clear that what he intended was a scarcely modified form of Fascism. Certainly lack of discipline and organic feeling had helped to prepare the way for the German victory, and now these defects were to be overcome by the inculcation of the team spirit and the belief that " sacrifice " was nobler than pleasure. In the Youth Camps " physical education " was looked on as of the first importance. Each day, with military ceremony, the French flag was hoisted. Collaboration with Germany was not welcomed on any but an economic and political plane, but the code of behaviour was similar to that of the Hitler Youth. In Orange, the *Compagnons*

[1] Read by Barthélemy from the altar at the climax of the funeral procession in Paris, March 7, 1942.

were reported to have hunted down and denounced listeners to the B.B.C., and when Pétain made visits to provincial towns they called on tradesmen and forced them to buy flags and paper bunting. Mussolini's concept of leadership—to act and obey, but not to decide—was inculcated, and we meet again the familiar gulf fixed between the sexes whereby the women were to stay at home and breed the armies of the future.

A cardinal principle of these youth movements was that they should take no interest in foreign policy; but before occupation was extended to the whole country it seemed as if they might one day take an interest in the future of France. Satisfied with Vichy's impotence, Sieburg did not interfere more than to instruct Déat to bark out occasional sarcasms about " national cretinization ".

On the whole the radio, which had done so much to achieve the German victory, did little to consolidate it. The unqualified use of the word *la radio* came in fact to mean the B.B.C., and Sieburg must have felt like a man who having triumphantly married the mistress whose self-absorption had tormented him for years, sees her turn her bored gaze elsewhere. There was a recklessness in the tone of Radio Paris which suggested no further hope as it reported the occupation of Southern France in November 1942. " The passage of troops gave rise to demonstrations of sympathy as early as yesterday afternoon," said the commentator—who had blinded himself to the explosions at Lyons and the bitter hostility of the crowds. " The great cities of central France, the ancient Latin towns and the beautiful centres on the Mediterranean welcomed those who come to defend our shores and to prevent our soil from becoming a battlefield once again. In some places spontaneous demonstrations of friendliness took place."

Two fairly clear periods emerge from French history after the prodigious shock of defeat. In the first few months there was a sort of distracted numbness, the counterpart on a national scale of an individual's behaviour after discovering that his worst nightmare had become a reality. Sometimes this took the form of a sense of humour which simply ignored what had happened. In one of the earliest underground news-sheets—which, it is worth noting, contained practically no news—the editor quoted a philosopher friend who, tired of seeing the enemy moving about in packed lorries, consoled himself with a whim. " You know," he used to say, " really we've

taken too many prisoners." But if consolations as poor as these were all that appealed to the Parisians, the inhabitants of the Unoccupied Zone could cherish illusions about the Vichy Government. The majority did so; they trusted in Pétain as the Danes counted on King Christian. "The French people abroad who carry on a propaganda against him are fools or scoundrels," said a writer in Lyons at the end of 1940. This attitude was to change profoundly well before total occupation, but for a preliminary period in the south it was possible for large numbers of people to believe in the feasibility of compromise and ways of escape which were closed to their countrymen in the north. They remained for a long time less anti-German than the latter, and for months the B.B.C. had to remember it was speaking to a split nation whose fragments had passed through different experiences.

The first period of crystallization in France was the emergence from the various bunk-holes of fatalism, despair and hopes of compromise or even of German victory, to a corporate feeling of resistance and belief in the future. This recovery took about a year, and in it the B.B.C. played a vital part. "The underground resistance movement was built up by the B.B.C.," André Philip told me when he escaped later in the war and became de Gaulle's "Commissioner for Labour". I had made some reference to criticisms he had made of the B.B.C. "In the first six months, the first year even, it was everything," he explained. "You don't understand how we depended on it. I haven't criticized the B.B.C. at that time, and its influence has always remained tremendous. But at the beginning it was everything. We needed help from outside, and the B.B.C. gave that help."

André Philip had himself built up a circulation of hundreds of thousands for his own Socialist underground news-sheet. He did not pay these compliments lightly. Writing from inside France at the end of 1941 another listener admitted that she had been slow in "daring to pronounce a grave sentence against this old man: he was, after all, a Marshal of France, the victor of Verdun. . . . Now all this is over; he is undoubtedly a defeatist, a traitor, sold like those common traitors Darlan, Pucheu, Doriot, Laval and the other Déats."

As soon as the French spirit of resistance had come fully to life, more complex problems presented themselves. It was no longer, in this second period, a question of raising morale; a

direction was needed for energies that spent themselves easily in isolated attacks on German soldiers and in fierce internal disagreements; organization, discipline, patience had to be instilled. But more than this, the Soviet Union was shortly involved in the war, and it became important to state what kind of society we were fighting for. " In those critical days," wrote a woman listener, referring to the first period, " there was only your radio to cheer our hearts. But now that the agony has lifted a little and loosened the grip which forced us into the blind circle of a single obsessing thought, the cold light of reason is returning. Noble sentiments are losing their fine rapture and we are washed up in the cold light of dawn."

In the year of recovery a cult grew up around the transmissions of the B.B.C. which was unique in history. The opposite of the German radio cult, which had been imposed from above, this, too, drew its strength from the prostration of the country and had semi-religious qualities reminiscent of suppressed movements whose groups practised their ritual separately but united by the knowledge of a common source of consolation. " It sometimes happens," wrote a demobilized lieutenant who had listened to the B.B.C. day by day for a month since the Armistice, " that weeping women kneel around the wireless set and men turn away their heads to hide the tears in their eyes, but if England announces a victory, there is applause and cries of ' Bravo ! ' But the transmissions are interfered with, and it is often very difficult to hear the announcer. Then heads come close together and ears are pressed to the set."

" We listen to you, we believe you, we love you," wrote a French girl as if declaiming a creed. " You are the truth," a group of French girls in the Unoccupied Zone wrote to General de Gaulle. " You are hope—without you we should have no more hope." " Every time I dream of you," wrote a younger girl from Savoie, " I always see you clad in magnificent rose-coloured silk and girt with a golden belt." When this period closes, about a year after the Armistice, a traveller in a crowded train heard a woman cry out, " If de Gaulle came down in an aeroplane, he would be received like Joan of Arc, and the good marshal would not count for much ! " But the B.B.C. at this time could more fairly be compared with the voices heard by Joan than with her corporeal self. As another traveller who passed through France remarked, " Do you

know that no one in France knows what de Gaulle looks like?" He was a voice, a slow, majestic, lofty voice which invested final syllables with the values due in poetry and celebrated battle for the nation's sake as an absolute good. He made jamming seem a rather scandalous and irrelevant impertinence.

On the eve of July 14, 1942, when the resistance he had fanned had become so firmly established that the name *La France Libre* could be changed to *La France Combattante*, he made one of his most eloquent appeals. The tones of his oratory still seem to cling to the words of the text. Processions were to take place, the tricolour was to fly from houses. "*Partout*," he commanded,

> *Partout, la Marseillaise sera chantée d'une seule âme, à pleine gorge, les larmes aux yeux. Que voudront dire ces drapeaux, ces défilés, cette Marseillaise? . . . Ils diront que la France se prépare, qu'elle se rassemble en secret pour le jour terrible où l'Allemand, fléchissant, les Alliés présents et les traîtres balayés, la nation toute entière debout, chassera et punira l'ennemi.*
>
> *Les drapeaux! c'est la fierté. Les défilés! c'est l'espoir. La Marseillaise! c'est la fureur. Il nous faut et il nous reste fierté, espoir et fureur.*
>
> *On le verra bien demain.*

Next day it was indeed plain for everyone to see. According to the letter of the instructions, the tricolours flew, the processions marched and the *Marseillaise* was sung. At Lons-le-Saulnier, where priests were among the demonstrators, the *Marseillaise* was sung in front of the statue of Rouget de l'Isle. In Lyons and Marseilles, the two main cities of Unoccupied France, crowds of a hundred thousand assembled and marched—in Lyons, to the *Place Carnot*, and in Marseilles through all the main thoroughfares. In one street police opened fire with Tommy guns, killing two men and two women. Information was sent to the B.B.C. immediately, giving the exact place in the St. Pierre Cemetery where the women were buried, and de Gaulle, who was in close touch with the organized resistance, called for another procession which duly filed past their graves between five and six in the evening of the following Sunday.

To give the Germans no excuse for drastic action against the patriots, the instructions for celebrating July 14 had emphasized that in Occupied France no demonstrations should take place. This restraint was observed, giving by contrast to the activity in the south a striking proof of the discipline of French resistance.

There had been previous attempts to organize such demonstrations by radio, but apart from the slight success of the first, on New Year's Day, 1941, and the rather greater success of May Day, 1942, the intervening attempts had no very impressive response. By the summer of 1942 de Gaulle had acquired a formidable ally in the Gestapo, whose mass executions were more potent than any oratory in the world.

Long before that the audience had existed. An Englishman who was in Chambéry for some time after the Armistice reported that from eight o'clock till nine the town seemed deserted. " Generally at this time people were out for a stroll, but not now. The wireless is the cause. As the waiter here says : ' All the cafés in Chambéry might as well close at 8 o'clock '." A German soldier, referring to Paris in the late summer of 1941, claimed somewhat unplausibly that here, too, " you could see hardly any people in the streets at London time ". The supreme experience for devotees of the B.B.C. was of course to hear an acknowledgment of their own existence. In this way the war and the fact of Germany's omnipotence could be miraculously abolished. " I was awaiting the reply (presumably to another member of the same group of listeners) to write in my turn," wrote a listener in Central France at the end of 1941. " This reply, with what emotion we heard it a few days ago ! "

Schoolmasters were particularly faithful listeners, their mood sometimes recalling the exalted stories of 1870. When Churchill himself spoke to the French nation a form-master in a lycée near Paris told his assembled pupils that it was no ordinary day. " We are going to hear the leader of the Allied Forces," he said. " The broadcast will be badly jammed, so will each of you take down every sentence he can hear properly ? We will piece it together tomorrow." Next day they succeeded in reconstructing the speech in full. For the young people of France, unlike the young Germans, were as fervent an audience as their schoolmasters. An eighteen-year-old boy wrote from the Occupied Zone that his companions were " all in favour of the Allies " and got out of bed to hear the programme at a quarter to one in the morning, when jamming had declined. A boy in Vichy France reported that he and his friends set their alarms at the same hour.

Overwhelmingly important among the reasons for this early cult was the fact of English resistance. By itself it produced a psychological revolution against the achievement of German

propaganda. The overturning of accepted landmarks had been so well advertised that defeat had become a habit of mind. " Nobody ever imagined that you could offer the magnificent resistance you are putting up against Germany," said a writer from Marseilles. " It makes one think that things might have been different last June if our rulers could have had this feeling." England was fortunate in not only having the dogged pugnacity of Churchill and the victories of her fighter-pilots to her credit; the night-raids which followed with their high death-roll among civilians made it easier for Frenchmen to forget whatever jealousy they harboured. These raids also acquitted the Frenchmen in the B.B.C. from the meaner charges brought against them by German propaganda; their words were surrounded with the glamour of the front line.

We may fairly label the devotion to the B.B.C. at this time " Gaullism ", the word by which it was known in France. It is of course thoroughly inexact. The French news and some of the programmes were compiled by Englishmen; the most popular half-hour was run by independent Frenchmen subsidized by the B.B.C. and unattached to General de Gaulle; he himself directly controlled only a five-minute talk which went out every night under the title *Honneur et Patrie*. But de Gaulle was the best-known personality who spoke from the B.B.C., and the French saw his hand in everything spoken in their language. If their picture of his activities there was confused, the views of precisely what he stood for, beyond the military fact of resistance, were more so. Reliable reports from France after a year of defeat agreed that six or seven Frenchmen in every ten were " Gaullists ", but insisted that ideas about him were very vague. The people felt they did not " know " him; they approved only because he was continuing the fight. His warmest supporters were among the young. They were to be found liberally sprinkled among Vichy's youth movements and especially among the older secondary school children, who shared with French prisoners of war the honour of being the most ardent. In the working classes he had fewer admirers, the causes of distrust being that " he is a professional soldier, a Catholic and possibly a Monarchist," to quote the correspondent of the anglophile Swedish paper *Göteborgs Handels Tidning*.

Beyond the circle of Gaullism other forces were at work. There was the pervasive influence of German propaganda. An

American girl who came out at the beginning of 1941 described how everywhere she went " people read the newspapers in desperation, because they have to read something ". They may indeed have read them, as a wine merchant said of himself, " with a sceptical smile ", but scepticism is less impenetrable than those who feel it suppose. Devoted listeners to the B.B.C. services in French and English were amazed, for instance, to find Waterloo Station still standing when they got out of the train which brought them to London.

After the Battle of Britain the prospects of victory receded for a while. Oran, Dakar, Syria and Madagascar came as successive confusions to those whose attitude was most purely determined by nationalism. For more detached believers there was the fate of Jugoslavia, Greece, and Crete. " Everything seems to start all right," said one indignant listener, " then without any obvious reason you just drop it and start on something new. I tell you it makes a terrible impression. Many people I know have already given you up and have no more hopes." The 1942 broadcasts officially warning the French to leave coastal districts because of the imminence of invasion were followed by a jibe from Hitler about nations whose help to Russia consisted in shouts calculated to disperse his forces. When the big offensive was finally launched, Radio Algiers fell to the Allies, but from there the French heard the voice of Darlan, the bogey of innumerable Free French broadcasts. After de Gaulle's protest—duly made at the B.B.C. microphone—they may have remained puzzled until the end of a remarkable edition of *Les Français parlent aux Français*, when explanations were capped in the last few seconds by news of President Roosevelt's assurance that relations with Darlan were a " temporary expedient ".

These incidents need to be remembered if one is to realize the difficulties that B.B.C. speakers had in retaining the full confidence of their listeners. But the fact of British resistance audible in the nightly service of the B.B.C. was itself a continuous victory, and the recovery of French morale never turned into a serious relapse. The fervour of the Gaullists seems to have lost some of its emotional quality, but their numbers grew. Outside, sceptics always remained. " People listen to London," said a Parisian in October 1940. " They don't know who is telling the truth. They wait. They are building up their individual opinion. We have all

been so duped by the papers and wireless that we don't believe in anything completely any more." Many who felt like this listened to American stations. Their letters showed that they wanted to believe the British communiqués during the Battle of Britain, but did not dare to. America's neutrality seemed a guarantee that the news was accurate and gave it the advantage of freedom from censorship; but these advantages of course lapsed at the end of 1941. Listeners who valued objectivity above everything then turned to Swiss broadcasts and even to Ankara, but their defection was more than counter-balanced by new listeners. There were plenty of Frenchmen who had fewer grudges against America than against Britain, more sympathy for the American democratic spirit, and above all, were impressed by the tradition of overwhelming American industrial power. One visitor to a large town in the south found that people had " begun to listen largely to the American broadcasts in the evening as these are easier to get ". They were unjammed by Vichy, and a Frenchman back from the Free Zone in the summer of 1942 reported " there is increasing listening to Boston and Schenectady ". Roosevelt himself addressed this audience.

Both German and Vichy propagandists continued to regard the B.B.C. as public enemy No. 1, but America seems to have overtaken Moscow for second place. " To what is due the revival of the patriotic spirit? " asked an engineer from the Swiss frontier in the early summer. " First of all to the Free French Radio and secondly to the excellent transmissions from America, direct and relayed from London."

Efforts to prevent listening were from the start less successful than they had been in Germany. In the Unoccupied Zone, where London was least popular, the first ban on listening in public places was made four months after the Armistice. Penalties were imposed in terms of days and weeks instead of the months and years inside the Reich. Further north, meanwhile, a witness who spent some three months in Brittany, found the *petit peuple* of all districts listening to the B.B.C. without troubling to shut their doors. From Paris the correspondent of the Spanish newspaper *Ya* reported " a veritable pandemonium of British radios pouring news through balconies, windows and patios ". A year later, in September 1941, a woman who was prosecuted in Paris for exactly this attitude, was only fined fifty francs and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. At the same time, Vichy quadrupled its penalties, bringing

them to a maximum of ten thousand francs and imprisonment for two years. Listening was admitted to be general all over France.

After a year the German authorities seem to have decided that in many districts the good done by the whole battery of German radio propaganda was more than undone by the B.B.C. The logical conclusion was to confiscate sets, and this was carried out at Boulogne, Calais, St. Nazaire, Douai, Lille and in ten neighbouring communes. In 1941 a measure was published demanding the surrender of every Jewish-owned set in Occupied France, but it is doubtful how far the municipal authorities succeeded in collecting them. Success in such circumstances is rarely complete, and where one set was left behind in a village, the news was spread almost as widely as before.

It was not only the people of France who bent their heads close to the English radio in those days. Laval, before he was shot at by Colette, admitted envying the B.B.C.'s team, and used to be late for appointments rather than miss the main evening programme. He protested that his private statements were quoted by the B.B.C. as soon as they were made, and complained in public at the end of 1942 that Frenchmen still listened every night to " *émigrés* ".

One listener whose motives were puzzling to myself was a guest—he seemed to be the guest of honour—at a Christmas dinner-party in London. Middle-aged, with the slightly boyish expression of so many artists, this Frenchman had, one felt, been famous under some name in some branch of art. I was not introduced because he was listening intently to the main French programme of the evening which was coming at full volume from a wireless set in the corner of the dining-room. Dinner was already late, but in the circumstances the guests hesitated to sit down. *Maman*, the radio was saying, *la B.B.C. Qui dit si vrai, Est-elle en France ?* To which an indignant feminine voice replied, *Mais non, petit bêta ! Si elle l'était, elle mentirait !* And a third voice commented with emphasis : *La radio française n'est française que de nom.* The would-be diners stirred uneasily, puzzled by the intent attitude of the listener and distressed at the delay. " Would you mind," said the host, " turning it off ? " The guest jumped rather guiltily, apologized, and got down on his hands and knees to listen to a fainter version in circumstances more nearly resembling those in his country. I joined him. Edging under a table, he acknowledged my presence with the

greatest pleasure. Now and then he turned towards me to emphasize with a nod some neat turn of phrase, and once he banged the carpet with his fist at a delayed cue. " We could turn it up a little, yes ? " he said with an uneasy glance, because the clatter of plates was now louder than the jamming. I turned it up. " Do you think," our host suddenly said, " you could turn that off—we're finding it hard to hear ourselves dine ? " A look of complete wretchedness spread over my companion's face, but was followed by an inspiration. " Upstairs ! " he said. " There's another set." We got up and he hurried across the room. " What about your dinner ? " said the host, " your Christmas dinner ? " Without turning back, the French guest said to me as he took the stairs two at a time : " What an institution this has become in England ! " In the sitting-room he picked up a radio set from the centre of a pile of presents, put it on the floor, wrestled inexpertly with plugs and flex, and turned it on. We had got used to the floor and knelt for the rest of the programme while shadows of approval and disapproval continued to pass across his face. At the end he gave a brief " All right," and looked at me with a smile. " You listen often ? " he asked. " Every night when I can," I replied. He was tremendously pleased, beamed at me and pulled a pipe from his pocket. " And you ? " I asked. " I ? " he said. " But I am Jacques Duchesne. I am the organiser. I have of course never missed a night." It was now plain that M. Duchesne and I could talk for a long time, but as he had extracted a box of matches and we were speaking on top of the last German programme of the evening, it seemed advisable to go down to dinner.

Perhaps the main reason for the excellence of *Les Français parlent aux Français* was precisely this enthusiasm of its organizer. With a message to give and enough theatrical experience to invent original ways of giving it, half an hour's propaganda became more exciting in his hands than any other radio programme I had heard. Neither content nor means of presentation gave the listener a chance to switch off ; themes were attacked from all angles, angrily, wittily, musically, in dialogue ; it came out with such speed and precision that one imagined an Olympian calm surrounding the mechanics of the performance. But the atmosphere in the studio was a contrast to the intensity of the German programmes. A minute or two before the clock-hand had reached half-past eight, one would find an apparently inextricable muddle being resolved. In shirt sleeves

at a table, *Les Trois Amis* would be still rehearsing their long conversation for the end of the programme. Jacques Duchesne would be arguing heatedly with Jean Oberlé, the " bohemian-artist-criminal ", so often denounced by German propaganda. But was this the script or a private political argument, one wondered, confused by the invisible setting which was supposed to be a winter's day? At another microphone a programme engineer was crumpling different kinds of paper at different speeds to achieve the most vivid impression of a fire burning; but in the control cubicle the effect was hard to disentangle from a French woman's excited account of her experiences in Paris before escaping to the Unoccupied Zone. As the clock-hand reached its destination, however, the picture altered. A gesture, a grimace, was enough to make everyone respond exactly. But easily, even gaily,—the only strained face now was Jacques Duchesne's as he prepared to announce: " Aujourd'hui, quatre cent cinquième jour de la *lutte* du peuple français pour *sa libération !* "

After speaking these words with the full passion of French oratory, Duchesne would become another person. The warm, benevolent voice of an ordinary middle-class *ancien combattant* would deal with some point that had struck him in the news of the day. Afterwards came a commentary on the news as a whole. The French are particularly good at this kind of reduction to lucidity, and in Pierre Bourdan, a vaguely Radical Socialist commentator from the Midi, and Jean Marin, a Catholic from the North, they had model speakers. They were cautious, but encouraging. I remember when the Germans first began to retreat on the Russian front, hearing the event stated in a way which must have warmed the most frozen hopes. Bourdan was speaking. It was a few weeks after the first long wavelength came into the European service, but a new type of jammer was already pressing up underneath and breaking his words into fragments with the strain. " I expect," he said, " that many of you remember those bad serial films which used to be shown in the last three years of the Great War.

> There was nearly always the ' horror scene '. The hero or heroine was generally enclosed in an iron chamber whose walls were being pressed together by a mysterious mechanism. Slowly but inexorably they neared the captive, and the agonized audience wondered if the machinery would ever stop. Of course, at the last minute, at the very last minute, it did stop, and everyone heaved a

> sigh of relief. In just the same way, for more than two years the German wall of steel advanced and went on advancing. We always knew that one day the terrible machine would stop. But many of you must have been saying to yourselves : ' In the North, South, East, West, he goes further, ever further. When will he ever stop ? *Will* he ever stop ? ' Well—— the horrible machine has stopped."

Encouragement to throw off passivity could take an indefinite number of forms, descriptions of the work of the Free French Forces, for instance, or detailed stories of the heroism of individual Frenchmen since the Armistice. There was the Commandant D'Estienne d'Orves, who was executed for his patriotism at Vincennes in the summer of 1941 as if he had been a spy. D'Estienne was a fanatically brave Frenchman who had always volunteered for the most dangerous work. To the French it was a bitter irony that he should have been shot as a common spy by Frenchmen in France. " The other Friday at dawn," said a close friend of his, " he was led out at Vincennes down a path ending in a rifle range and a slope where the posts stood. He was bound to one of these posts where formerly the spies Bolo Pasha, Lenoir and Mata-Hari had been bound. Soldiers wearing the helmet of Verdun aimed at him and fired. His head fell forward. Then the soldiers of Vichy filed past his body, as military ritual dictates, to the triumphant strains of *Sambre et Meuse.*" His friend ended not with a rhapsody, which might have been justified by one of the ugliest executions in French history (it had been endorsed by Darlan), but with the simple words of a Breton seaman : " *Fusillé ? Le Commandant d'Estienne ? Je le connaissais bien. . . . Il faut le venger.*"

Hatred of Hitler's Germany was as necessary to foster as mere encouragement of the belief that England would win the war. Conscious that the absence of over a million prisoners of war did not help the cause of collaboration, Radio Paris was at pains to describe their happiness and welfare. The B.B.C. undid this impression. Prisoners who had escaped, and there were many of them, gave details of the real conditions in the prison camps. They described how at Goedep, in East Prussia, the flea-ridden hospice had fourteen beds for three thousand men ; how abscesses were lanced with kitchen knives for lack of scalpels ; how the diet made recuperation impossible, and in the hospital of Stalag 20B at the end of 1940 more than a score of Englishmen died in a fortnight.

In winter we had heating in the barracks for three hours a day; the rest of the time we stayed lying down to save ourselves from freezing. We suffered from a kind of rain, because drops of condensation fell from the roof on the few letters or books we had to read.

One day a friend of ours put that in a letter. The letter, torn across, was returned with a note by the censor: "What you say is true, but you should not say it. You will disturb your family." The officer replied: "My son is old enough for me to teach him the facts about Germany, don't you think, Monsieur?" After that we were left for many weeks without letters.

Every day in the shower-room of each Stalag there is a prisoner who watches the gloomy procession of his comrades in chains. Some with rheumatism of various kinds, others with boils, hernia, frost-bitten hands or feet, bronchitis, diseases of every type. This prisoner who watches is the French doctor. He is helpless. He has no medicaments, and he cannot defend his comrades from the ferocity of their torturers, for he himself is in the Nazi grip.

And when a prisoner gets that disgusting rag called the *Hyphen*, which Dr. Goebbels distributes—when his eye falls on this *Hyphen*, he sees articles by Déat and other scum who sponsor collaboration with the New Order. He finds out that the men of Vichy want to persuade their countrymen of the advantages of a *rapprochement* with the Boche!

Generally *Les Français* relied not on horrors but on their native wit. They replied to Radio Paris with epigrams, justifying, for instance, their departure from France with the reasonable claim that they "would rather see the English in their country than the Germans in ours". A nice talent was shown for fitting the right music to the right words, as when they commented with just the right light-heartedness on the London blitz to the jazz-tune "Boom!"

Et Boum! quand les avions font Boum!
On n'entend que des Boums!
Dans tous les faubourgs de Londres.
Boum! Les bombes tombent—Boum!
Il faut plus que ce Boum!
Pour que notre moral s'effondre!

and so on through verse and chorus. There was also a delightful *Jamming Song*, ending to an accompaniment of disastrous cacophonies, "*mais non, Messieurs les Allemands, La vérité ne se tait pas!*" We know that many of these slogans which crystallized more important propaganda themes than this, were sung from the Pas-de-

Calais to the Pyrenees. Outside the German labour recruiting office in Grenoble on July 14, 1942, demonstrators chanted the monotonous slogan " *Ne va pas en Allemagne* " until they were dispersed by *gardes mobiles*.[1]

In summary one cannot do justice to performances which drew from France complaints that " the very soul of French wit has fled to London," for the standard was maintained night after night, month after month, without very striking variations in quality. One of the model pieces of French sadism—a more elegant and artistic affair than Germany's—was a dream which proceeded along sound anti-collaborationist lines. The narrator had dreamt that he was in Paris after the war. The fact that there were no Germans in the street told him that. The Parisians seemed happy and free. He came to a fair, and the special French sounds, the drifting soprano music interrupted by slaps from the rifle-range, welled up in the loud-speaker. Inside he found one of those booths, known usually as *La Vie* or *L'Enfer*, where under a pallid light monsters and human beings are revealed in the grip of venereal diseases. The impresario was explaining to a crowd that in the recent war there had been a number of " collaborators " who met such a terrible end that their persons could only be represented in wax ; but " there were some minor ones who managed to escape the fury of the populace and these were recovered after unheard-of difficulties, and preserved in the original flesh and bone ". Inside, they tour a room whose *décor* is arranged in the style of the Park Hotel at Vichy.

IMPRESARIO : Over there on your right, that conventional-looking gentleman is M. Pierre Pucheu. He was well brought up, and his parents did everything they could to make an honest man of him. Alas, he turned out badly. He became King of the Trusts, and when the provisional government of Vichy appointed him Minister of Production it was apparently to fight the Trusts.

A VOICE : Nonsense !

IMPRESARIO : I assure you, Sir, it was so. He fought the Trusts. But only those from whom he drew no dividends. Here you see him casning his monthly cheque at the counter of the Banque Worms. Of

[1] The neatest slogan presupposed a knowledge of the tune " Les Ecrevisses " by Poulenc and experience in catching crayfish :

Dans la Russie, O quel supplice !
Les Allemands maintenant s'en vont
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
A reculons, à reculons.

course it's allegorical. M. Pucheu didn't queue up at the bank like you or me. It was on behalf of this great institution and certain metallurgical undertakings that M. Pucheu furthered collaboration with Germany. If he didn't always seem in perfect agreement with his chief, Admiral Darlan, it was because he disapproved of his keeping the profits of " collaboration " —what crumbs Hitler let drop, that is—for another institution, the Paris and Netherlands' Bank. The fight against the Trusts, ladies and gentlemen, was simply the fight between the Trusts.

The spectators shuffle further down the marquee.

IMPRESARIO : Now tell me, young man—you with the mischievous face—if the gentleman you see over there asked you to lend him your note-case, what would you do ?

YOUNG MAN (*promptly*) : Say I'd left it at home.

IMPRESARIO : Well, that is M. le Baron René de Benoist Méchin. Before the war he vegetated like a fungus while pretending to be a writer and musician. One day M. le Baron de Benoist Méchin got to know a famous Parisian publisher who made him his secretary and took him travelling. Entrusted with the publisher's note-case—because he looked after the petty cash—M. le Baron amiably pocketed what was given him. A good many people were not in the habit of shaking M. le Baron by the hand. But the Vichy Government made him an ambassador of France.

MAN'S VOICE : I hope the Government he went to locked up its money.

IMPRESARIO : Appointed Secretary-General of Vichy's Presidential Council, M. Benoist Méchin showed his political and military acumen by declaring in September 1941 : " If Russian resistance is not liquidated, it is at least so enfeebled that it can no longer give any serious anxiety to Germany." Which shows that, lacking ability, anyone could become a Minister at Vichy provided they were sufficiently dishonest.

Has anyone any questions ?

WOMAN : Yes. What's that great Frigidaire over there by the wall ?

IMPRESARIO : That great—I would rather say that monumental Frigidaire was expressly constructed for our museum. Reverently preserved on ice, it holds the remains of the anti-Bolshevist Legion. I now open the door. You may notice particularly M. Abel Bonnard, M. Georges Claude, M. Alfred Mallet, Cardinal Baudrillart, as well as some legionaries of less distinction who were frozen on the Russian steppes.

MAN'S VOICE : But those people never went to Russia at all !

WOMAN'S VOICE : Do be quiet, dear—don't make trouble. The main thing is that they're frozen.

IMPRESARIO : And now, ladies and gentlemen, Room No. 4 awaits you.

MAN'S VOICE : Look ! Darlan ! But it doesn't make sense. He's licking a boot . . . only, whose boot ? Where's the owner of the boot ?

IMPRESARIO (*gravely*) : The boot hasn't got an owner. The Admiral licked all boots. He wasn't particular. It was enough if the owner of the

boot seemed to be all-powerful. Admiral Darlan was the devoted servant of all Governments. He even courted the Ministers of the Popular Front. He was even an anglophile and a patriot as long as he thought England would win the war. And then one day he thought she'd lose it, so he became a Germanophile and licked Hitler's boots. The Führer promised to make him Admiral of the European Fleet. A nice title. Only this great navigator had set a wrong course. He had faulty binoculars. A clear sign of this, ladies and gentlemen, was that before the victory Admiral Darlan became the subject of a little parlour game. When the French got very bored in the winter evenings they set one another this question : " Who is the more repulsive : Laval or Darlan ? "

Needless to say this was broadcast before Darlan set course for North Africa and appealed to the French Fleet to join the Allies. The tour went on with inspections of Déat, Doriot, de Brinon and the other collaborators.

With scripts of this quality, *Les Français parlent aux Français* played its great double part of raising French spirits and limiting collaboration with Germany. There was something essentially gay and confident about it. Even when military marches alternated with slogans as musical relief, they had the very special character of French military music. Méhul's famous *Chant du Départ*, which Michelet thought grave and imposing, sounds to English ears above all exuberant, with its speed entrammelled slightly by clusters of bugles ; and the *Marche Lorraine* was inspiring in the same way. For weeks and months on end the great traditional French marches, banned in two-thirds of France, were woven into the texture of the programme.

How little this inspiriting quality was a mere matter of calculation became evident as soon as *Les Français* went into mourning when French hostages were first shot late in 1941, at the end of this period. The atmosphere of speed and scintillation was inevitably destroyed, and the mourning was less effective than it is on a French widow. The truth was that those responsible were by nature rather entertainers than undertakers. In the first year it was entertainment that was needed. The period of mourning was happily brief, but meanwhile the problem had altered.

If we consult the enormous audience in France, we shall find that their demands had become a great deal more exacting than when the B.B.C. started to raise their morale. London had given the example of resistance and the promise of good intentions in the post-war world. Frenchmen at the B.B.C. microphone had denounced collaboration, the surrender of colonies and the whole

Hitlerian ideology; they had extolled the virtues of *Honneur* and *Patrie* as well as of freedom and democracy. But this list which sounds fairly impressive, becomes more unreal when we investigate the interests of the individual Frenchman. A foreigner who knew his facts found him at his least forthcoming among the peasants. " They just," he said, " went on with their jobs, disregarding the rival propagandists." A Swiss in the summer of 1941 found that " the people didn't care what happened to Algeria and Morocco; they had never been there and didn't know where the places were ".

The recovery of French morale had not produced unity. " Never in the history of France has hatred between Frenchmen been so violent," said a writer just before Hitler's attack on Russia. Vichy, on the eve of eclipse, had fewer supporters than ever; its fascism was too shabby and out-of-date an affair to win support from any but those who held office under it. General de Gaulle had such widespread admiration that he would probably have commanded a majority vote. One writer reported that the bourgeois were dismayed to discover that in the working class " nearly all are Gaullists "; but this statement itself shows that there had remained something elementary about his appeal, for French workers were not easily united on a detailed programme. The resistance of the Soviet Union brought a moment's relief—" Everybody breathes again "—and then an intensification of the antagonisms. For the hope cherished by some that " the Germans and Russians will kill each other off " was not possible to hold for long. It was neatly ridiculed by Radio Paris in an attack on the " mental decrepitude of the bourgeoisie who . . . imagine that Russia will save them from defeat and England from Bolshevism ".

Now, more than ever, Radio Paris spoke in the name of Socialism, realizing, as it had always done, that this rather than the bourgeoisie it attacked was the most serious enemy. We meet again the overwhelming importance in propaganda of military success. Logically those who hoped that the Germans and Russians would kill each other off should have rallied to the support of the side which seemed to be losing, but in fact a majority were so impressed by Soviet resistance that they succumbed to admiration of the prospective winner. " Anybody will tell you—' Leningrad, but that is a new Verdun '. The word Communist no longer frightens the *petit bourgeois*."

The B.B.C. was at a relative disadvantage until Britain and America took the initiative in Europe. The bombs which had once exploded around Station Beta, absolving its speakers from the typical charges brought against refugees and surrounding the programmes with a glow of heroism, had transferred their favours to Moscow. Radio Paris returned to the attack. " They think that they speak to France, but they only speak to an imaginary France built by their enervated minds from insufficient data according to the very little they know and the very little they understand of the country they left a year and a half ago. *Les Français parlent aux Français !* If ever the sound of a fraternal voice came from them, that time is past ! "

To this altered situation the B.B.C. had to respond as best it could. While war aims were not more clearly defined than in the Atlantic Charter, it became of obvious importance to convey the changing English atmosphere, the old English values and the new sense of responsibility. These, at any rate, would be powerfully expressed in the post-war world. But at once the ghost of Sieburg rose up in warning. " The French," it said, " are *susceptible*, they are, if you like, a little vain and exclusive. The defect which has, indeed, a dangerous attraction for lovers may have brought her to disaster, but it has also brought disaster to me." It was a problem, we must admit, that needed tact as well as faith. In peacetime there had been few native pioneers who had cared to broach the subject of England, but now there were unlikely to be any. For while the German, the Pole and the Czech refugees had a respectable ancestry in exile, the French had none apart from Victor Hugo, who had ventured as far as the Channel Islands ; they were linked by tradition with the counter-revolutionaries who fought the First Republic from abroad and drew their cash from the governments who harboured them. " *Émigrés* have always been wrong throughout history," said the astute Laval.[1]

Religion proper, which in France meant Catholicism, had been compromised politically to some extent by the many French Catholics who had backed Franco in Spain and sympathized with Mussolini in Italy. But this had not been the attitude of all Catholics.

[1] In a national broadcast on November 20, 1942. Note the pertinence of the title " Les Français de France parlent aux Émigrés ". Similarly Radio Paris referred to de Gaulle's Minister, André Philip as " Ministre de l'Intérieur à l'Extérieur ".

Bernanos, for instance, had been politically on the side of the angels. From South America he sent messages through the B.B.C. to priests and Catholics who had been invited to listen beforehand. He used his familiar application of Christian metaphor to political facts and was quickly jumped on by Radio Paris for " mythomania ". His messages had a peculiar quality of precision which only half survives my translation.

> French Catholics on the side of the Enemy ! Spare us now the revolting imposture of a crusade against Stalin, to which you will in any case contribute only loud tirades disagreeably reminiscent of those you made ten years ago against Hitler. The real peril is in the centre, at the heart of Europe. Hitler . . . strikes down the national chiefs of the warring pagan churches, but he will put his own creatures in their places, and he will round up the whole flock . . . French Catholics fighting for the Enemy, once you repulsed the Enemy, once you rejected the military pact with the cruel Stalin because it would have saddened the dear sons of pious Italy who were then engaged in burning Abyssinian women and children with poison-gas. When Hitler threw himself into Stalin's arms you only broke off your prayers to demand that the Communists, his accomplices, should be locked up. Now Hitler is raining blows on his former associate, you demand once again that the Communist workers should be locked up. Twenty-two months ago, who were Hitler's collaborators ? They, or you ?

Much of the French correspondence addressed to the B.B.C. at this time showed the profound clash of fears and hopes caused by the Russo-German war. Some of the *Air Post* programmes, in which letters were acknowledged, read and commented on, were wholly devoted to it. Here, for instance, are the main points from January 23, 1942. The date of writing is some months earlier because of the devious routes by which many of the letters arrived.

COMMENTATOR (*after a long list of brief acknowledgements*): And now here is a letter of July 20. It is from a Catholic girl student writing in Roanne (Vichy France). She doesn't disguise her anti-Communism—but listen :

LETTER : . . . We know it is often from evil that better things can be gained for combat against the worst evils. We distinguish between Communists and Russians, and we hope that out of this patriotic war they will get the change of régime they want . . .

COMMENTATOR : From Roanne also comes this letter of September 13.

LETTER : . . . The Anti-Communist Crusade has convinced nobody, and Russia's entry into the war has raised a great hope. . . . It has of

course redoubled the vigilance of the police, and there is an increase in the arrests of admitted Communists. Apparently France had quite an impressive number of Lenin's disciples. In a little town not far from my commune, three good men—fathers of families, honest workers and dutiful citizens—have been sent to Concentration Camps under suspicion of being Communists.

COMMENTATOR: Inevitably the anti-Communist campaign had on some people the effect Hitler wanted. But until now we have only had one letter which mentions fears. It is from a refugee from the north who wrote us on September 26.

LETTER: . . . I have found that many people are afraid of Bolshevism, and since the Anglo-Soviet Alliance they have deserted you.

The real trouble is that there was a majority of people in France—and I belong to them—for whom the hatred of the Boche and of Hitler came before everything. Now these people have been deliberately classed as Communists. Apparently we have come to a pass where we must be for one or the other. German propaganda spread through Paris by enormous placards has contributed a lot to this. But I also have the feeling that you have helped: some of your broadcasts give the unfortunate impression that you are in favour of Communist propaganda, or at least that you favour Communist ideas, if only to sing the praises of the fools who go in for inglorious assassination.

COMMENT (*abbreviated*): Anyone who knows anything at all about Communist policy knows that Marxist theory expressly forbids assassination. Also, as far as we know, Paul Colette was not a Communist. Nor have we ever praised his deed. It was Vichy and not London who tried to argue that Frenchmen opposed to the present state of affairs are Communists.

LETTER (*continues*): Your argument should above all be this: the English *alone* have carried the war to German territory. They alone are avenging us, they alone are wearing down the enemy; they alone have dealt with the Italians . . .

COMMENT: We are not likely to forget what the English are doing. We repeat every day that the English held out alone from June 1940 to June 1941 and that without them the world wouldn't be what it is to-day. But neither the English nor the French can close their eyes to the role that is being played today by the Russian people. Listen to this letter from St. Etienne (Vichy France) written on October 1.

LETTER: The majority of the public is against Vichy and that majority is composed above all of the working class. In many cinemas, films called National Propaganda are whistled and hissed, particularly when Hitler appears. On the other hand, scenes of the Red Army often produce bravos. Very many people here admire the valour with which the Russians are defending themselves, and yet the percentage of Communists is relatively very small.

COMMENT: That is a perfectly simple reaction which has no social or political implications. . . . When a Frenchman looks on the English as his allies, it doesn't mean he wants to set up their form of democratic monarchy in France. Why should he feel differently about the Russians? It will be France's own business to decide her form of government after the war.

These letters and the many others from which I have quoted are fairly representative. Any letter-bag has of course an upper-class bias which a century ago was almost complete and today in spite of universal education still exists. But although peasants, factory workers and those classed as " illiterates " were by no means proportionately represented in the B.B.C.'s correspondence, sample letters did steadily trickle in. Again it was about twice as hard to get a letter to London from the Occupied Zone as from Vichy; but letters continued to come, if only in that proportion, and considering the risks of communication with the enemy or almost-enemy, the numbers were remarkable. Despite ever-tightening control, in July, a year after the Armistice, 193 arrived—57 from the Occupied Zone and 136 from Vichy's territory. The geographical distribution within France was good, leaving only two or three of the major provinces unrepresented. Eight came from professional men and women, nine from tradesmen, shopgirls or petty officials, four from factory-workers, and ten were illiterate.

Choosing now a long extract from a long letter which arrived from the Occupied Zone at the end of 1941, I do so because I feel it represents what a number of Frenchmen who had learned from the past, would have asked if they had been eloquent enough, and because it shows the extent of the demands which were made on the B.B.C. Borel, who edited *Air Post*, devoted a whole number to it.

COMMENTATOR: I submit this letter to you hoping you will discuss it among yourselves and that it will cause a fresh exchange of thoughts among you over there in France and between you and ourselves.

LETTER: What honest object is there to this war apart from lasting peace? Who will dictate this peace except those who win it? What kind of a peace will it be? Neither you nor ourselves want a European Order under National Socialist Germany. What other European order do you intend to succeed it? From what I have been able to learn of the intentions of Britain or the Free French Forces I can see nothing very different from the *status quo* introduced by a solemn and mutual declaration of good intentions.

But do you realize that just as we are opposed to the continual warfare under which we live at the moment, we have no use for a war with interludes, not even if the interludes last twenty years, which is just long enough to raise a generation and dedicate it to the sacrifice? Whatever the anxieties of the present moment, it is not too soon to build up a peace programme. For you do not imagine, I take it, that the conference to decide its terms will spontaneously resemble the Last Supper unless the apostles representing the peoples are convinced beforehand of the need and the possibility of sharing the earth's produce equitably among the peoples and providing everyone with his fair share of work.

It is in fact a whole economic programme which needs setting up, and that programme will clearly be unrealizable without an international armed force to ensure that it is carried out. Such a force is entirely lacking in Europe, and on this level the League of Nations was simply a congress deprived of executive powers. The idea of a forced return to the political machinery of the past must therefore be rejected *a priori*, and also the maintenance of the ones now existing.

The author goes on to insist on the role England should and must play in such a Europe. He praises a speech of Cordell Hull's condemning excessive nationalism, demanding that primary materials should be made accessible to all nations and that international finance should be reorganized to benefit all peoples. As for national aspirations, *he continues*, as for nationalism and xenophobia (which I do not in the least confuse with love of country) these always have their roots in a collective feeling of injustice either in the present or past—it is a feeling more or less foreign to a free and happy human being surrounded by free and happy men like himself. What has to be ensured therefore is individual liberty in conditions of plenty, and then it matters little if certain *national* privileges should have to suffer.[1]

COMMENT (*in slight embarrassment*): I am not in a position to give our friend Letulla formal replies to all the questions he asks. But I will reply all the same. In London, which has become in the middle of the war the capital of free thought and free expression, the problems set by our friend are occupying many minds. To my knowledge there exist no less than half a dozen committees, circles and different study groups who have set themselves the task of clarifying the future in a world stripped of Nazism. Here Englishmen and émigrés from all the oppressed countries meet. In addition, each of the Allied Governments has a section entrusted with the study of post-war problems.

[1] " Don't accuse me of materialism," the author adds. " If an ideal is needed to canalize human energies into such a programme, it can be condensed into the old motto of the French Republic: *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*"

> But the labours of all these men may remain abstract plans on paper if agreement is not arrived at between the planners and the desires of the peoples. Projects for world transformation are fruitless unless they are based on universal will and conviction. That is why the French people who decline to let themselves be dominated by passing events, must prepare to come out of the nightmare of the moment with firm ideas on the world order of the future.

To many this broadcast will seem of doubtful worth as propaganda; it achieves no short-run object and no counterpart of it could have got near the microphone of the German Radio. But that, it seems to me, is precisely its virtue; it is adapted to the English strategy. England could not hope to fight the second Battle of France in terms of the first; and so the technique of the German Radio's campaign had to be ignored for something more permanent than Ferdonnet had worked for. Sieburg, it is true, was fighting to hold what Ferdonnet had helped to win, but his task was hopeless, he was forbidden now to call in the French as equals, and a letter such as this, written from his own sphere of influence, must have made him despair—not simply because it had been written, but because it had been broadcast back to France with the humility of a fellow builder of the future. For the free and equal right to think had been recognized by Hitler years previously as his arch-enemy in a more fundamental sense than Communism. To shout down thought in Europe, to condition it into the automatism of his own subjects, was the only basis on which his New Order could be built. That ideas should ferment like this, intangibly in his own ether, meant that revolution against his system was sooner or later inevitable. To Sieburg it may have brought at least the satisfaction of seeing his plan for a co-operative Europe still alive and handled now by more determined minds than his; for between them Hitler and Sieburg were teaching the French to listen to reason.

In leaving France at this turmoil of ideas, I am aware that I have given too little attention to other parts of the French Service—to the news which was edited brilliantly and with an almost excessive care to avoid touching French susceptibilities: to the workers' talks, which up to 1942 were less brilliant; and to the propagandist elephant, *Babar*, and the children's programmes. My excuse is that *Les Français parlent aux Français* ran away with me, and my justification that it ran away with the French.

TECHNICALITIES

BEFORE pressing deeper into the European jungle we need an interlude on technical questions which may have been besetting the reader from the start. Was the B.B.C. properly heard in Europe if jamming was so bad? It was heard with great difficulty on long and medium waves for much of the time, but on short waves it was always more or less comprehensible and often quite clear. What are short waves? In practice, concentrated radiations like the beam of a headlamp. How is it that you can quote so confidently from the German and French Radio? A big staff of people write down what they and other radio systems say.

The answers are very bare, and they will now be elaborated and supported.

1. JAMMING

Like the other sounds emitted by the hostile radio systems, their use of the jamming note faithfully reflected their characters. Italy jammed with more enthusiasm than accuracy. She would come on early and leave late; she battered at one of our programmes for two months after it had transferred to another wavelength; she strayed off our wavelengths and jammed her own. Germany was elaborate, precise and efficient. To ensure these qualities the *Reichsrundfunkgesellschaft* recognized "Broadcasting Defence" as one of its main functions. Fresh hostile programmes were promptly discovered and dealt with to the minute; if they changed their wavelength or went off the air, the jammers immediately followed suit. The number of technicians employed probably ran into several thousands. Neither England nor America resorted to jamming at all. Aware of the attractions of forbidden fruit, they were in any case handicapped by their geographical situation and lack of transmitters. A listener in Barcelona neatly put the case for not jamming when he wrote that "if the English transmitters treated the German broadcasts in the same way, they would descend to the same level and we should imagine that—as in the case of the Germans—they

had some reason for this. In the ordinary course of events one asks : ' Was there much jamming ? ' ' Yes.' And then one gathers that things are going badly for them, and so on."

The technique was developed as soon as radio had become a massive popular force. Less than a year after Hitler had seized power the German Radio went to work on broadcasts from Moscow. The Soviet Union retaliated against German broadcasts in Russian. The Italian Radio jammed Haile Selassie's speech from Addis Ababa just before the invasion of Abyssinia, and shared the German attentions to Moscow in the late 'thirties. When the B.B.C. replied to Italian broadcasts in Arabic by starting its own service in 1938, Italy replied by jamming both these and our broadcasts in Italian, which started later in the year.

Germany was more cautious, calculating at first that the positive advantages she would gain from uninterrupted broadcasts to England outweighed the damage done within her frontiers by the B.B.C. Before the war and in its early months she simply prosecuted her citizens for listening ; later she took the risk of reprisals and jammed as well. France and Germany had tried to silence each other from the start, and now the German Radio steadily extended its barrage to cover nearly every European language unless it was being spoken by herself or by Italy. Sometimes the racket was a clear pointer to her intentions, as when she started jamming Warsaw (with whom she had a model radio non-aggression pact) some days before the invasion began. When America as well as Russia were in the war, the task became gigantic, needing technical resources only available to a power in control of the whole of Europe.

If Germany was the most thorough, Russia was the most original interloper. It is a mistake to think she was the first to break into the German service with her eruptions in the *Deutschlandsender's* news in the summer of 1941. Norwegians achieved this honour while the north of the country was still in their hands ; on top of the German-controlled Oslo Radio patriotic songs could be heard and a voice, which may have come from Tromsö, denouncing the official German orders. But Moscow was the first to use offensive tactics. She interfered, for instance, with Hitler's speech from Berchtesgaden before Munich, but with one curious result. While engineers in London thought the effect very successful, a Russian psychologist, who was unaware of his country's part in it, hailed the combination of brooding thunder in the background with the vivid cries

of Hitler and his followers as Goebbels' masterpiece in mass-terrorization.

The listener is apt to conclude from the monotony of jamming that there is something simple and merely parasitic about it, that it winds itself round the transmission as ivy clings to a tree, drawing support and strength from it. But in fact the jammer must exist in his own right. He must invent the most distracting sounds possible and ensure local superiority over his victim. If there was any potency in his ideas and war aims, it would of course pay him better to emit these instead.

After a decade of experiment no agreement has been reached on the noise which causes the most distress to a listener. Different countries have their own tastes and generally indulge several at the same time. Italy favoured a sound like a lunatic performance on a concertina in which the same group of notes was depressed backwards and forwards in cycles of less than a second each; she also used Morse, repeating groups of letters instead of pure notes, and a similar effect on a machine imitating the bubbling of water through a cistern. The Italian Radio also seemed to possess a tame but voluble cicada. Germany was more earnest. Her favourite attack was with a steady roar which seemed to rise up underneath the transmission forcing it apart into syllables and fragments of syllables. She superimposed several voices talking together, hammers and steam engines, buzzing and swishing sounds. When signals of a more inexplicable nature were heard, they were put down to the Gestapo's attempts to trace listeners with sets tuned to London.

To ensure superiority in volume for this interference Germany worked out a system of regional and local transmission to cover the whole of Europe. The regional jammers might be foreign transmitters captured and converted into whole-time jammers or they might be some section of the home German Radio itself, even the *Deutschlandsender*, which would interrupt its own programme for half an hour in order to interrupt the B.B.C. This type of jamming covered a wide area—a province, a country, or even, less reliably, the continent of Europe. Within it, reinforcements were brought up by local jammers. The Third French Republic had found eighty were needed to cope with Ferdonnet, but Hitler, who was glad enough of these recruits against the B.B.C. did not content himself with defences he had so easily outflanked. It is impossible to be precise because the majority of local jamming was inaudible from London,

but wide use seems to have been made of apparatus which could be packed into a suitcase and worked from the mains in a hotel bedroom. The disturbance would be sufficient to affect the neighbourhood, and a few operating from scattered points could deafen a town. For this reason free-lance or partisan jamming was a possibility. In Toulon a tribunal sentenced an unnamed woman for this offence. According to the very guarded reports which appeared, she had " systematically jammed, with an apparatus which was not discovered, the French Radio, particularly when Marshal Pétain spoke." [1] There were mysterious " attenuating circumstances ", and she was only condemned to three months imprisonment.

But the size of the problem Hitler tried to solve by " Broadcasting Defence " can be judged from the fact that the B.B.C. began to transmit each programme on half a dozen wavelengths simultaneously. As each of them had to be challenged on its own wavelength by separate transmitters, regional and local defences had to be multiplied half a dozen times. The listener's job was to try all the wavelengths and choose the least affected. For a long time a legend persisted that one was always left free for the convenience of the German monitoring service, but my own experience never justified this.

One is often assured that the jamming audible on a set in England gives no indication of its volume on the continent; but roughly it is an opposite indication. Jamming on long and medium waves is likely to be stronger beyond the Channel, and on short waves there is a good chance that it will be weaker. The reason for the first half of this statement is obvious: the nearer one is to a medium or long-wave transmitter, the louder its signal is likely to come in, and if it is a jammer, the more completely will it blot out the B.B.C. But short waves, whose strength depends on reflection over a long distance, tend to be heard better far away from the transmitter. Fortunately a high proportion, almost as many as half, of the European receivers at the outbreak of war were built to receive short waves. A notable exception was the German " people's receiver ", but even this could be converted, and a German who listened on one in Cologne in 1941, told me that reception was good.

On the outside edge of the continent, then, England was at a great disadvantage in the long and medium wavebands. At first there were the favourable psychological reactions which jamming

[1] Reported in the journal of the Vichy network, *Radio National*, June 7, 1942.

can be relied on to produce. " Breaking off a conversation without an apology, jamming the wireless, are a few of a thousand little things which enable one to distinguish between a gentleman and a lout, between an Englishman and a German." This was the expostulation which a group of villagers in the Charente sent to Radio Paris in February 1941, and they added, what was probably true : " The less we hear, the more we understand." But a principle of this kind ceases to hold at the extreme, and in the summer of that year it was becoming impossible to hear anything at all on medium waves. " First and before anything else you must do something to counteract the jamming," wrote a correspondent from Marseilles. " It is inadmissible that the Allied technicians and scientists . . . should not have found yet, after twelve months, a means or a trick to make the French transmission of the British stations reach their listeners almost intact." An Italian, writing at the same time, protested that our lack of cunning was displayed all too well by announcing at the start of each Italian programme the wavelengths on which it was going out—thus, he thought, giving the jammers their cue. In fact, of course, jamming cannot be improvized as quickly as this correspondent supposed, and the B.B.C. could have been virtually free if it had cared to scatter its programmes at different times and on different wavelengths every day. But the listeners would have been scattered as well.

Measures taken by the B.B.C. both at the transmitting end and in advice to listeners did continue to ensure reception of some kind all over Europe. The listener could obtain some relief by using a frame aerial. It was unlikely that the interfering transmitter lay in the same direction as the station he wanted, and the aerial could be swung round accordingly to minimize the interference. Advice to use this method was frequently broadcast, and a model frame aerial was on permanent exhibition in the Press Office in Spain. But as the jammers multiplied, the listener had no longer simply to disentangle one station from a noise, but to search for something that might be a station in a ring of barrel-organs, concertinas, circular saws and the other sounds we have met, many of them being applied simultaneously.

No " means and tricks " could get over the fact that much of what we said on medium and long waves was lost, but ultimately much depended on the listener. If his will was strong enough he could hear ; if it was weak enough and if the news was depressing

enough, he would be irritated by quite modest interference and turn off. An Englishwoman illustrated this by telling me how she had tried to listen to London with a Frenchman in the Occupied Zone. After bearing the uproar for a while she gestured to him to give up. " What do you mean ? " he said in genuine astonishment. " It's very good today. It's clear."

One of the measures taken by the B.B.C. in 1942 was the nightly transmission of news bulletins in Morse. This was very much more difficult to jam, and for the sake of listeners who were not experts in the medium, its speed was slowed down and each word was repeated. An early reaction from Belgium was the ban imposed by the Germans on all lessons in the Morse Code. The news was sent out every night in this way in French, German and English.

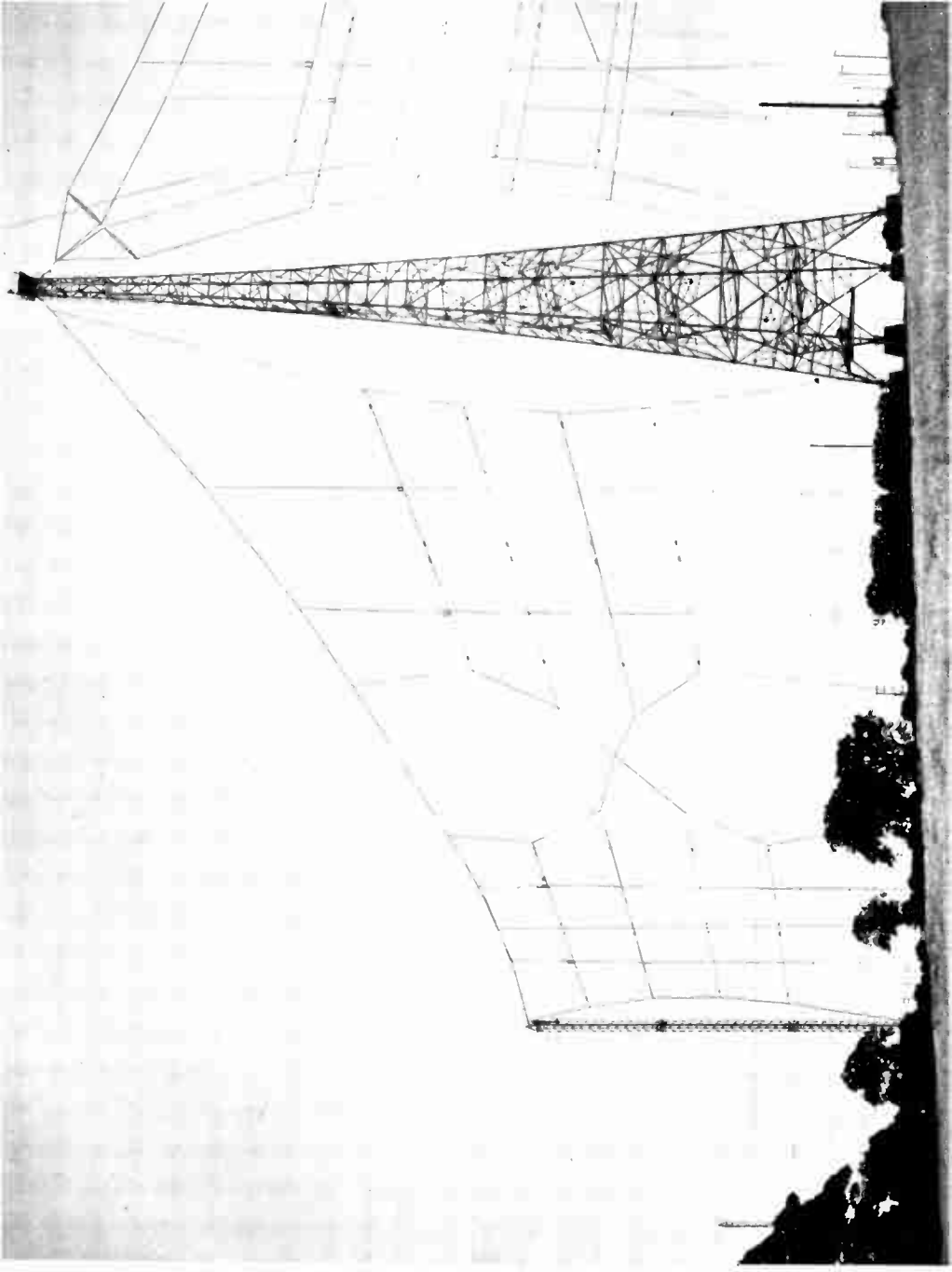
But it is time to inspect the world of short waves where wavelengths are more numerous and technicalities more complicated.

II. THE MOTE AND THE BEAM

If cars and petrol still exist, it is better, for the sake of contrast to arrive by car. The road leads through a countryside which belongs to a firm familiar past where villages are small and cluster solidly at the crossroads. Careless of petrol, our car twists between woods and rises rather more than it falls, making for a plateau. Round a bend the masts come into sight ; they are slender and seem a little delicate, balancing without visible support. Related, apparently, to the poplar, each appears a legitimate enough part of the landscape until the twigs growing laterally from its stem are seen to reach out in an unnatural complexity to join a second mast. There are several of these arrays facing in different directions. They sway slightly in the breeze. Spars and bobbins, scattered across the wires, drift with them.

Let us stare at a single one. We must be forgiven if the adjustment to a scientific attitude takes time, for the complicated pattern of wires in front of us is a device for speaking to the German armies bogged on the Eastern Front.

Not all the wires constitute the aerial proper. The aerials are simply pieces of wire half a wavelength long (suspended side by side the two halves make a whole), and since the wavelength of the Forces



The short-wave aerials in the centre are sending out beams in opposite directions simultaneously because they lack "reflectors". On the right a one-way aerial can be seen with its reflector.

Monitors examine their rota to find what bulletins they must cover.

Monitor takes off the wax record from her recording machine after a bulletin.

Listening-room supervisor lays on messages from outside to the B.B.C. monitors.

Supervisors select items from her report for flash transmission to Station Beta and Ministries.

Programme to Germans engaged in Russia is 42·46 metres, we may look for—and find—strands of wire of just that length suspended behind and on top of one another facing the direction of Russia. The wires that remain unaccounted for are stays to support the masts and leads connecting the aerial wires. Above them is a triatic which was originally used on ships and serves to support the whole array. Connected with this is a cable with a big concrete block, whose give and take keeps the array supple in the wind. In winter ice forms on the wires by the ton, lifting the block several feet off the ground. Lighted braziers were put underneath before the war, but this would now be too warm an invitation to the Luftwaffe ; the ice has to go on forming in exceptionally cold weather until miracles intervene or fail to intervene.

If one takes the lens off an ordinary torch and the reflector from behind the bulb, the light, dissipating itself in all directions, seems suddenly feeble. Something of the same sort happens with a medium or long-wave aerial—the familiar double strand slung high between two masts—which cannot radiate over really long distances. The object of the complex short-wave aerial is to direct and concentrate the radiation as the lens and reflector of a torch concentrate light, giving it a vastly greater strength at the spot on which it is focussed. The beam can be made very narrow, as it is in radio-telephone conversations where reception is only desired at a single point ; or it can be made relatively wide to cover a country or a continent.

If the parallel with a torchlight were exact, we should be able to bring the beam to bear on Mars or a retreating nebula quite easily, but not, without the highest of aerials, on our own earth sloping inexorably away from us. We should only be in a position to do this if we had a reflector poised somewhere in the sky, and just this improbable phenomenon does exist in a belt of atmosphere enclosing the earth at a height of about 180 miles. The ionosphere, as it is called, has the property of forming a conductive path for electricity and of reflecting it. A beam pointed up will come down again in almost as predictable a fashion as a ray of light which strikes a polished sheet of metal. It lacks the same certainty because the ionosphere, born of the sun's radiation and composed of particles of gas called ions, is more fluid than a metal reflector. Its height and the efficiency of reflection vary and produce " fading ". As the sun's radiation changes with the time of day and year and the development of sunspots, so the ionosphere changes and with it the quality of the reflected signals.

While short waves come back all round the clock, medium and long waves are only reflected at night when—one has often noticed—they come in more powerfully, but with the " fading " characteristic of short waves.

The ionosphere has the further peculiarity of letting rays which are beamed almost straight up at it, pass through and inaudibly off into space instead of sending them almost straight down again. This is of particular interest to us because it makes broadcasting over small distances by the shorter short waves more or less impracticable; it makes obvious difficulties for the jammers. The ionosphere performs its task for the oppressed peoples of Europe with a partiality which leaves to American, British and Russian engineers the relatively simple task of taking aim.

A given transmission is directed just as if it were a searchlight; only the arrangement of reflectors is more obscure. Control over the beam is gained not by the adjustment of a metal saucer, but by manipulating the number and height from the ground of the energized wires which make up the aerial.[1] It would be reasonable to wonder why this carefully calculated beam only proceeds east to Russia and not westwards to America as well. There is no wall of insulating material to intervene, but only a replica of the energized aerial hanging behind and level with it. This unenergized " reflector " throws back the westward beam and thereby doubles the power of the message to the east. If it seems too much to believe, the incredulous may comfort themselves with an admission that the reflectors are not completely effective and a small leakage does occur in the opposite direction. The path of the beam can of course be reversed by energizing the " reflectors " and de-energizing the aerial. The same aerial can thus be used for South America, and in reverse for the Far East; for the Near East and its opposite, Eastern Canada. Each has half a dozen other possible directions, so that in practice it is not a question of hoisting the elements further from the ground or hitching additional wires between the masts. From each of these arrays which face most of the points of the compass, feeders pass back over insulators and through a massive gantry by the transmitting station to the transmitters inside.

[1] Technically: the number of elements vertically determines the vertical width of the beam; the number of elements horizontally determines the horizontal width of the beam; the height of the array from the ground determines the angle of the beam.

The transmitters do what they always do—take in the modulations from Station Beta, amplify them, join them to a carrier-wave and send them out to the aerial—but they differ from long and medium-wave transmitters in one important point. They have to be readily adjustable. It is not enough to connect an aerial trained on Italy with a transmitter working for a different wavelength to another country; aerials are more fastidious and demand a radiation fitting their own peculiarities. So when a change is needed one man collects a lever and a bicycle to attack the switches at the foot of the aerials, while a colleague opens one of the electrically controlled doors inside and goes to work on the transmitter. It can be easily adjusted to four wavelengths marked on a turntable above coils of different sizes. The engineer shifts this turntable round to the new wavelength; anode tuning condensers are adjusted; heavy copper switches worked by electricity sink home; a score of other adjustments are made, and the doors close. The preliminary current is switched on.

But remember the man with the lever in the fields. To save himself from electrocution, he is hurrying from one to another of the seven switches which have to be moved. They carry a high voltage and are accordingly big; in the winter when his ride through the snow seems enough labour in itself, he sometimes finds them frozen up. But in spite of the terrors surrounding him, his mind strays as he rides among the aerials, for he suspects that the touch of medievalism about his job makes it insecure in a progressively scientific world; he is thinking of the days of remote control when these switches will be worked from inside the transmitting station, and he is hoping those days are still remote.

To safeguard him from electrocution the main current is not turned into the transmitter until the Senior Engineer has signalled that the outside switches are adjusted. Then at last a red bulb glows on the control desk, the needles of the voltmeters swing over to the right, and the programme for Italy slips out along the feeders to the chosen arrays, up in a steep diagonal to the ionosphere and down again neatly on the Mediterranean.

Outside this great directional exchange there is a view which I may not describe with accuracy. Through the 350-foot-high wire curtain trained on Europe, we see the English countryside stretching out with groups of alders and oaks around tiny farms. At right angles another array faces South America. To the left, in the

path of India and Malaya, there are ploughed fields and grass, a row of cottages marked by a puff of smoke. A train moves across the path to Europe in the direction of South America. In the foreground a figure on a bicycle approaches, swinging a lever and frowning abstractedly.

III. EARS TO THE SKY

The opposite of this last organization is the monitoring service whose business is to take in what every other radio system is saying. More a human than a mechanical problem, it is best represented at our approach along a willow-lined river by an Arab in a white turban and a cloak, who alarms inhabitants and impresses visitors—how consciously no one knows. The working quarters are less idyllic than the setting. Army huts house a staff of many hundreds, and although they outnumber the editorial staff of any newspaper their accommodation has only grown in terms of further army huts. Monitoring began on a small scale after Munich at the request of the Government. A few days before the outbreak of war the staff expanded abruptly, and of the fifty people who arrived at a buried country station one night a good many had to sleep in the waiting-room. Soon there were dormitories. They are, I suppose, no worse than many other wartime dormitories, but the changing shifts rising and reclining in bursts throughout the night, do not make for restful sleep and an edge is put on its absence by the international quality of the snoring. On the whole we could do worse than go to watch the monitors at work.

In the listening-room scores of selective receivers stand on two long lines of benches. Some are more selective than others, and remote transmissions likely to elude them all are laid on by line from a central listening hut. The organization which controls them has to be as efficient as a telephone exchange. Aware that a transmission lost is lost for good, a daily conference decides what stations and what bulletins shall be listened to. The enemy is given the closest attention, but neutrals have often had revealing things to report. Coverage for the day is worked out and the monitor comes to his set a few minutes before the transmission begins. He is a linguist rather than a mechanic, and with a notebook in one hand as

he hunts for the station with the other, he has some of the flurry of a secretary who cannot find her boss in a crisis. If the flurry develops, he is helped by the supervisor, and if neither succeeds they appeal to the listening-hut which sends the bulletin through one of a dozen channels. As it starts, the monitor presses a switch on a recording machine behind him, and has then the assurance that the distant voice is recording itself on wax. But his concentration does not unbend. Notes sprawl across the pages of his notebook. When they have finished he stops the machine, extracts the cylinder and goes along to the supervisor to " confess ".

" Helsinki ? Anything interesting ? "

" Yes. More about Finland only fighting to regain the old frontiers."

" Good—let's have that. And the rest ? "

The bulletin is gone through systematically. The wanted item is " flashed " through to the ticker machines in London—to the Ministries and to Station Beta. It is verified and other items are taken down from the record which the monitor now plays back in a cubicle and dictates in translation to a secretary. Sitting there with transparent earphones on his head and repeating with pedantic care what Helsinki had said two minutes ago, he seems to belong to a Utopian fantasy. I cannot give you a close description of him because he is sometimes a Russian girl who speaks Chinese, an anglophile Pole, a forlorn and brilliant Jew, a Greek, Roumanian, Dane, even an Englishman. But he is an exceptional person if only because of the number of languages he knows.

A radio network which is listened to day after day has its effect on the listener wherever he may be, however anonymous and deeply buried in the English countryside. Germany's radio offensive in 1940 appalled some of the hardiest monitors, and a Dutch girl, who took down some of the sentences I have reprinted in " Political Warfare Documentary ", collapsed. The crude projection of power demanded a steady flow of energy to contradict and hold it in perspective. The average Englishman's hostility to Lord Haw Haw could be easily expressed by switching him off ; the monitor had to go on listening, and without the outlet of derision.

Several monitors I have met developed a sense of possession towards the stations they listened to. One knows people who play their gramophone records as if they were themselves the artists

who created them, and monitors tend to have this kind of pride in their radio systems. I have listened to a Russian monitor criticizing the Moscow speakers with real brilliance from one o'clock in the morning till two. "*What?*" he would say incredulously. "You don't listen to La Passionaria? Nor Ehrenburg? You haven't heard Theodor Plivier? Look, you can still get that speech of Ehrenburg's. It was extraordinary. I'm a sober person, but it brought tears to my eyes." He was not in love with Communism, but with the voices to which he was chained. I have known a man who fought the Nazis for years adopt Hitler in this way. Words, other than direct quotations from the speeches, could not express his admiration: it was conveyed by widely rolling eyes and the dumb enthusiasm of his gestures. "Did you hear the jokes?" he said to me a day after one of the speeches on the Russian campaign. "Did you get the one at the beginning?" And in increasing discouragement—because Hitler's sense of humour was, after all, quite execrable: "You saw the point, I suppose?" I repeat that this man detested Hitler: the quotations he used were the most ludicrous boasts and the prophecies which had already been disproved.

When the translated summary is complete, the monitor's job is done. It passes into a sub-editing machine run by journalists who reduce the million words that flow in every twenty-four hours to a daily digest about the length of this book. Indexed, checked, selected according to the needs of various London offices, it is on their desks within ten hours of the monitoring of the last word. In this summarized form it will make interesting research material for the historian who can face many millions of words.

Of the several national monitoring systems, the English is probably the most efficient. Most of the medium and long waves in Europe are outside the range of American receivers, and texts have to be cabled across the Atlantic. The efficiency of the Third Reich did not extend to monitoring. It was characteristic of the German Radio to prefer speaking to listening; when it quoted from other networks it either distorted on purpose or misquoted by accident. From this and the fact that it passed over good chances, we can conclude that Goebbels would have profited from a visit to this part of the country. On the other hand, he might have resented paying a salary to some hundreds of radio criminals when millions had already taken the job for nothing.

IV. EARS TO THE GROUND

To find out what the audience wants to hear and what the market wants to buy has only recently been regarded as of serious importance. Until a decade ago it was left to trial and error, or to the intuitions of newspaper proprietors; then the discovery of techniques which could produce accurate results led many people to believe they had an instrument of more than technical importance. Generalizing from their experience, advertizing agents concluded that life was a business of finding out what people wanted and selling it to them. They allowed their sense of values to obtrude as little as possible. But this demand for a simple consumer-producer relationship assumes a great deal. It assumes that political and commercial warfare are the same; that policy should abdicate in favour of consumer demands, that responsibility should be replaced by a technical consideration of what is expedient. It assumes, in fact, too much.

Once that has been said, the importance of listener-research can be seen for the invaluable gadget it is. For while Lord Vansittart may know what is desirable to say, the European Intelligence Section knows what is possible. Roughly speaking the intelligence officer in any language can tell you who and how big your audience is, what would increase its size and what disperse it. He cannot do this as efficiently as the technicians attached to Mr. Gallup because he lacks the facilities; but long experience of the country on which he specializes enables him to make something more than a guess from the evidence which passes across his desk.

The evidence is surprisingly plentiful. Some of the most reliable comes from admissions made by the enemy on their radio and in the European press; this is called by the chief intelligence officer "making the Gestapo work for us". For Goebbels had often to risk informing the Allies of the true state of affairs in Europe in order to remedy them. His fortnightly denunciations of our broadcasts showed more than that a dangerous number of people listened to London; they gave clues to the efficacy of various themes. Newspapers, of which many hundreds in all European languages are examined by the Intelligence Section every week, added detail and certainty to deductive work of this kind. Radio and press directives, for instance, were not always the same. In the first retreat from

Moscow the empty items of comfort which led the radio bulletins and may have justified themselves to the ear, were not allowed the same prominence in newspapers because they lacked enough solidity for eyes able to re-read and ponder. The importance and also the weakness of the situation in Russia could not have been more clearly pointed out.

Standing outside a bookstall in Copenhagen shortly before its occupation by the Germans, I remember an anglophile Dane protesting violently about the dangers implicit in the Personal Advertisements of *The Times*. " Just look at it," he said, " don't you see that half of those are probably inserted by Nazi agents and the rest give information which ought to be kept quiet? " For obscure reasons the girl behind the counter now removed *The Times* from sight. " You see? " said my friend. " That copy's now on its way round to the German Embassy." His fears were, I hope, as exaggerated as I proceeded to assure him, but even in the most ruthlessly controlled press, informative leakages occur. There was, for instance, the addition of the word *Warum? Why?* at the end of an advertisement in the *Kieler Neueste Nachrichten*, announcing that a German father had fallen in action against the Russians. There must have been political as well as religious implications about that little word; and apart from their oversights, German papers had a more humdrum value in providing verifiable quotations, such as the assurance that the Soviet Air Force was annihilated in 1941, which could be hoarded for re-transmission at a later date. They were an important indication of the atmosphere in which our audiences lived. As a contrast the underground press which sprang up in nearly every country showed how they would have liked to live, what their real interests were and the tone of voice in which they spoke. A minority of these papers were virtually transcripts of B.B.C. broadcasts. It was, of course, the ones that differed most widely from the broadcasts that were of greatest interest to the Intelligence Section, and anything like a general contrast in any language between underground press and the voice of London was at once registered as a danger signal.

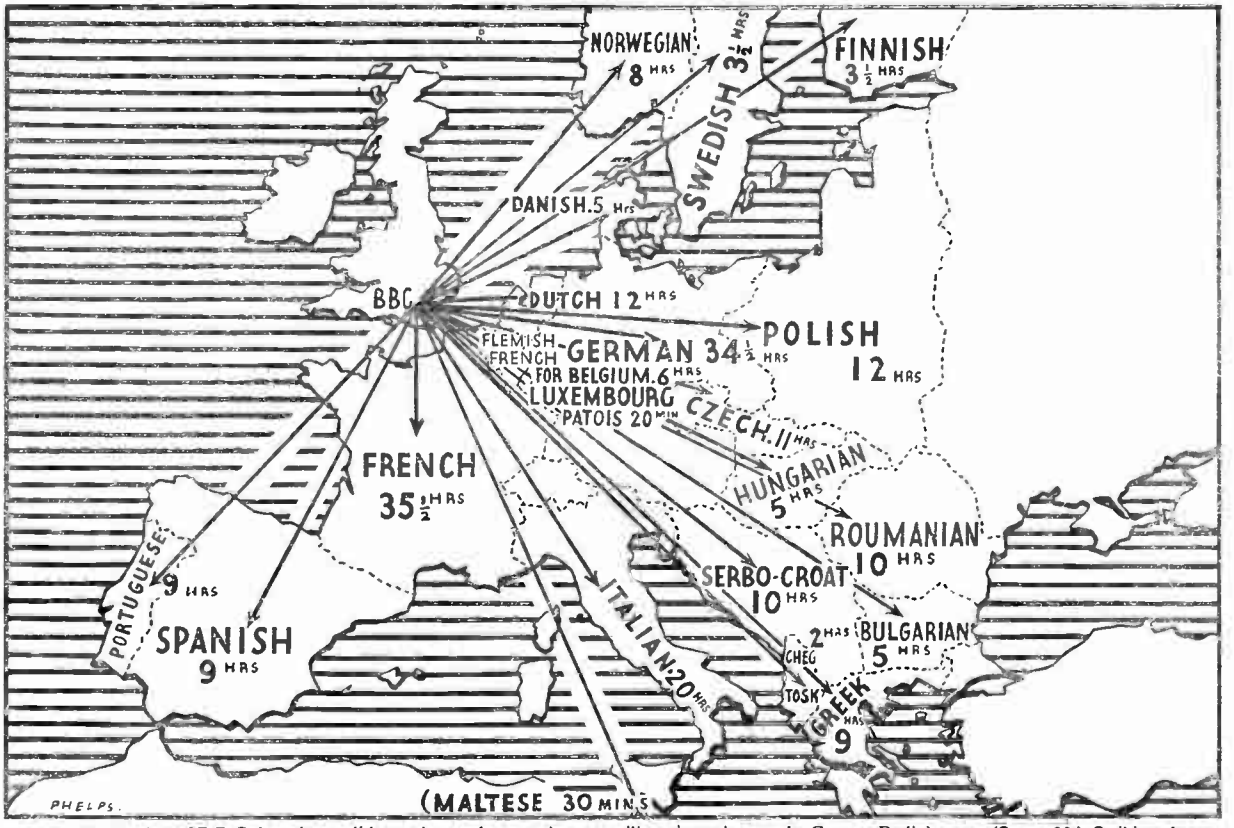
Direct contact between an intelligence officer and his country was achieved in several ways. Telegrams outlining the success of jamming came from various points in Europe every day. Letters from listeners were surprisingly frequent, but some audiences were far better represented than others. In one rather exceptional

month in 1941 France produced more than four hundred; Portugal regularly despatched about half as many as that, and even from Germany a trickle, which included a twenty-page letter from Berlin, continued to reach Station Beta by devious means. Few of these letters were of the kind normally received by a newspaper or radio station in peacetime; the " fans ", the cranks, the claques organized by the friends of a particular contributor, relapse into silence when a penalty threatens them; they are replaced by the most serious people in the country. A spectacular change of this kind could best be seen in the correspondence which arrived from France before and after the invasion.

Not all the European audience stayed under Hitler's control; some escaped to England, and of these a high proportion were interviewed by the intelligence officers of Station Beta. They could always give detailed information about the listening habits of their countrymen and surprisingly often they had discussed the B.B.C. with the German or Italian forces of occupation. In some of the neutral countries surveys of the audience were undertaken on the spot. Information gained by these methods could, of course, be compiled more systematically than was possible with correspondents who wrote as they pleased. There were other sources that have to remain secret, but those I have already mentioned were, in the majority of countries, the most valuable.

The labours of the Intelligence Section only began with the collection of this material. There were other less profitable and more laborious means of acquiring information such as surveying the enemy news agencies Transocean, Domei and Stefani, which repaid comparison with the internal press and radio systems. There was the technique of summarizing, collating and then reporting to the editorial staff of the language concerned. There was the distribution of material for talks and news items. There was the never-ending task of impressing on other Government departments the importance of divulging to the B.B.C. information they felt inclined to keep to themselves. For all this a certain enthusiasm was needed. If one adds that it is above all scepticism and objectivity which are needed in an intelligence service, it is a considerable compliment to say of the B.B.C. that it was far and away the best critic of its own output that I have met.

B.B.C. OFFENSIVE—EVE OF 1943



The distribution of B.B.C. broadcasts did not give as clear a pointer to military intentions as the German Radio's map. (See p. 90.) Striking changes in 1942 were the ousting of broadcasts in German from first place, which went to French from June onwards, and the tripling of Albanian broadcasts a few weeks before Anthony Eden promised her post-war independence.

The times show broadcasting hours per week; they include Morse bulletins and the relaying of American programmes. They give no indication of the number of short, medium and long-wave transmitters in action at the same time.

EUROPE UNDER THE RAUBORDNUNG

Il ne faut pas
Désespérer
Il ne faut pas
Vous arrêter
De résister !
N'oubliez pas
La lettre V
Ecrivez la !
Chantonnez la !
V ! V ! V ! V !

Les Français parlent aux Français.

The noble Duke of York
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And marched them down again.
And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only half way up,
They were neither up nor down.

ANON, " The Noble Duke of York."

" *We have a Chief. We have an Army. What we want now is a people.*"—General FRANCO, February 1942.

WE have examined the apparatus of the scientists engaged in the battle for the mind of Europe; we have analysed the gases to which Hitler subjected his own people and the French; we have observed, or at least sympathized with, the efforts of the allied scientists to disinfect these victims, and there remains now the muddle of other European races and nations, all of them flattered with similar attention from opponents joined after two years by the massive figures of the Soviet Union and the United States.

Here we are in danger of getting lost in detail. Almost all the two dozen languages in which the B.B.C. spoke to Europe by the beginning of 1942 had their separate problems of policy which arose from peculiarities in the audience addressed. What was the British attitude to revolt and sabotage? How far should those who collaborated with the Axis—workers as well as bourgeois—be threatened? A single answer, or at least a single attitude, existed, but it was a

waste of time to urge Sweden and Portugal to revolt or to denounce the three million foreign workers in Germany when they had become our potential allies in sabotage in the German factories.

Before we make a lightning tour of the national audiences we may note with relief that they could be addressed in the same tones on a surprisingly large number of subjects. There was also a single language which could be heard and understood. Generations of English businessmen, ignorant of a second tongue, had forced the rudiments of their own on customers and schoolmasters from Stamboul to Calais. Enough evidence accumulated from Holland to prove that over a tenth of the population listened to the B.B.C. in English, and although this proportion declined towards Eastern Europe, there remained a strong motive for the Armenians, the Portuguese and the Greeks to remember what they could of conversations held with the customers of the past. There was the exporter of olives who wrote from an island in the Ægean in August 1940 that " we all of us are blessing that England will braik soon down the barbarous stuprotions whoever they action against the people, beastly men, mischievous and conquerors of the world."

ARE EUROPE'S ANNOUNCERS ASLEEP? Advertisement from the Norwegian paper *Radiobladet* two days before the invasion of Norway.

One of the reasons why it paid him and so many other half-masters in English to listen in that language was that it could not be effectively jammed. While one local transmitter could threaten languages such as Danish or the Luxembourg patois which were understood only in small areas, not all the technical resources of Hitler could dismiss an audience scattered throughout Europe. Jammers were, as a matter of fact, pitted against *London Calling Europe*, and the Italians tried to blot out our Home News and particularly the speeches of Winston Churchill; but there was something half-hearted in these attempts, they sounded like barristers who knew their case was lost. It is true that the Home News on long and medium waves could not effectively cover every country, but special English programmes, in addition to the Home and Forces, were beamed on short waves for the whole continent.

In their tough, bluff, confident way these " London Calling

Europe " programmes carrying the basic English message, were among the more impressive that went out. Run by a small staff which edited both news and talks they had a dovetailed coherence and a speed of movement which combined with their confidence to win them a big public on both sides of the Channel. Here the " Man in the Street " stated his unshakeable faith in the ultimate victory of England, his allegiance to a standard of values which Hitler had rejected, his certainty that *Gewaltherrschaft* and *Herrenvolk* were alike doomed to failure, his sense of responsibility as a European after the war. Here Britain was " projected ", a civilized Britain, but the Britain of Winston Churchill, dogged, tough, at war. " Waiting for Hitler's Spring Offensive, are we ? " asked a worker in a tank factory in the interval of apparent British inaction.

> " Not in this place, we're not ! We're waiting for nobody's offensive here, because we're launching an offensive of our own. The first we'll see of it won't be in black print in the headlines ; it'll be in blacker and blacker smoke belching from the stacks above us. The first we'll hear of it won't be in the news bulletins ; it'll be in a new high pitch in the roar of the wheels and the whine and flap of the driving belts. The first we'll feel of it won't be a second-hand thrill over someone else's deeds ; for me it'll begin here in my two hands."

COLONEL BRITTON IN ENGLISH

In the English programmes, Colonel Britton was to be heard. For a year, while the original V campaign was in progress, his name was to be found on the front page of nearly every English newspaper nearly every week. The fact that his photograph was absent and that his broadcasts were addressed to the saboteurs and passive resisters of Europe, turned him into a sort of Lawrence of the Ether. According to the *New Yorker*, he gave an " invisible " interview in which he was separated from the journalist by a partition through which he revealed nothing of much interest. His accent was analysed. " The Colonel," declared the analyst, " says ' spyahhaid ', ' Norweh ' and ' clyah ' for ' spearhead ', ' Norway ' and ' clear '." But this, he decided, was an inconclusive feature among voices at the B.B.C. microphone. One bad guess was that the Colonel was Ivone Kirkpatrick, Controller of the European Service, while general

irritation at the whole business made the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* dismiss his gallant men as " the bogus V Army ".

Without the glamour of a screen, I have found Colonel Britton a modest and preoccupied person who referred neither to " spyah-haids " nor spearheads, but worried a great deal about the dilemma in which his job placed him. For the propaganda he carried out was as strictly operational as the German campaign against France, but with the difference that he was unsupported by secret weapons, tanks or even a modest machine-gun. He was just a voice, and it would have needed a believer in miracles worked by pure propaganda to have envied him his position. In his favour was the fact that hundreds of thousands of men and women were ready to risk death at a word, but against him was the certainty that unsupported by anything but words those people would die in vain. " The brake and the accelerator at the same time," he used to say, " that's the problem we're up against." It was one which had bothered a former Duke of York.

But within the limits of its dilemma the V campaign was a very real success. Colonel Britton could not hope to achieve revolution, nor did he try, but he did prepare the ground by damaging the morale of the German forces of occupation, helping resistance to coalesce and spreading minor guerilla warfare which had concrete results. To the listener in England it may have sounded pretentious and vague when he quietly told the audience beyond the Channel : " You are the unknown soldiers. Millions of you. Men and women. A great silent army, waiting and watching. The night is your friend. The V is your sign." But the point was a real one, for countless letters had shown the sense of isolation which oppressed the enemies of Hitler, the feeling of helplessness which paralysed them. The V campaign broke the isolation and suggested certain outlets.

Other centuries have seen movements sweep to success under the aegis of a simple and visible symbol. *In hoc signo vinces*, were the words of Constantine's vision before he advanced under the sign of the Cross to make Christianity the official religion of the Roman Empire. It was one of the soundest of Hitler's intuitions that made him adopt a simple and meaningless swastika as the focal point of National Socialist propaganda, for his generation had taken to wearing almost any symbol of corporate loyalty in their buttonholes. These marks become a focus and stimulant to the emotions.

They delight the students of Pavlov in their exact correspondence to the coloured disc or the ringing bell in their master's experiments. Hold up the crooked cross or the V and in the mind of the beholder a whole set of associations come to life and win new strength which would otherwise ebb away. The V, one must add, gets high marks from the Freudians not only for its great simplicity but for some specially encouraging symbolism they detect in it.

The B.B.C.'s part in building up the associations which grew around this letter began with a sentence spoken by a broadcaster in *Radio Belgique* in January 1941. " I suggest," he said, " that you should use the letter V as a rallying sign, because V stands for ' Victoire ' in French and ' Vryheid ' in Flemish." One week later a correspondent in the north of France described how thousands of " little Vs " were springing up on all sides, because French listeners, he pointed out, listened to *Radio Belgique* as well as Belgians.

There had been scores, even hundreds of symbols of resistance before the B.B.C. sponsored the V ; paper-clips in the buttonhole, letters such as R.A.F., words like *Vive de Gaulle*—they produced something of the confused impression to be seen on the chalked telegraph posts of France before the war. Now the V won. " In reply to your desire to know if the walls, pavements, doors, etc., are covered with big Vs," wrote a Marseilles correspondent in March, " there is not a single space without them ". That spring, flowers were planted in the significant shape ; ships off the Norwegian coast flashed the letter in Morse. A fortnight after Colonel Britton put out the V in sound, an announcer at Hilversum played Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor in a programme where its emphatic statement of the same idea was so out of place that it was interrupted. In August a bomber dropping leaflets on Paris flashed the letter towards the ground and watched the city reply with many Vs from cars and windows.

Colonel Britton made it his business to attach precise associations in addition to the strong but vague background of faith in victory. In his first broadcast he suggested details of practical sabotage, the hiding of nickel, copper, leather, rubber, as well as moral sabotage such as the mass desertion of cafés when Germans entered. He launched a " Go slow " campaign which had its immediate consequences but was, in his words, " only a foretaste, a drill for other more resolute collective action when the time comes ". The suggestions were always concrete ; workers, he urged, should, according

to their job, lose their tools, cause breakdowns and muddles in offices, make miscalculations, send letters to wrong addresses and make unnecessary telephone calls.

There was ample evidence of success. Copper and nickel coins disappeared as if they had lost their value. " There are Vs everywhere," wrote a Parisian. " Last Friday at the Montparnasse underground they had no small change in nickel at all. By the way, make it clear that we must hide all the nickel coins, or else only the one sou pieces will disappear." Within a month the Norwegian paper *Frederikstad Blad* reported that krone and fifty öre pieces had totally disappeared.

Later in the year Colonel Britton began to introduce the Allied leaders at the same time as he listed and attacked Quislings. Winston Churchill sent a message ; Dr. Benes asked workers " to slow up the war machine as far as is consistent with personal safety " ; the Foreign Ministers of Greece and Poland spoke. The strongest advice came from Sir Stafford Cripps early in 1942 when he came to the microphone with the hard-hitting atmosphere of Russian propaganda around him. " Strike now," he said, " strike silently, swiftly and again and again. Repeat the blows small or great and know in your hearts that we stand by you cheering you on and strengthened by your courage."

The original V campaign ended in May 1942 when Colonel Britton explained that he would not speak again " until the moment comes to indicate a particular line of action which is needed. I cannot tell you what that line will be," he went on. " Until that moment comes I shall be working with my colleagues and advisers on the plans." It seems safe to assume that the dilemma in which he had found himself from the start had persuaded him to hold his hand. For much had happened in that year. While he had advised unremitting caution, there had always been fighters for freedom who disregarded such advice. Shootings and executions multiplied until the firing squads had a daily task. To have advocated concrete resistance when it was already being carried beyond the limits of personal safety, would have been strange unless the end of the war had been in sight.

There remains one interesting incident in the V campaign. In 1941 Colonel Britton announced the " mobilization " of the V army, for July 20. It would be the date, he declared " of Europe's mobilization against the Germans." These words, which might have meant

"LONDON CALLING EUROPE." Inside the studio LIONEL GAMLIN (*right*) produces the programme, while the Talks Editor makes last-minute additions. In the background, actors prepare for a "feature". The secretary on the right is worried by timing problems.

OME AL SOLITO

"As Usual." *Left:* At the beginning of July 1942, when the Axis expected Alexandria to fall, an Italian caricaturist depicted Colonel Stevens allegedly saying: "Alexandria in Egypt is a little cluster of houses of no importance whatever with a shallow little harbour suitable for motor fishing boats." *Right:* Colonel Stevens in reality.

little or much, alarmed the German Propaganda Ministry into an attempt to adopt the V sign as their own. Articles appeared in nearly every newspaper in Europe explaining that the letter stood for the German *Viktoria.* A huge V was hung on the Eiffel Tower by the High Command and the sound was adopted as an official interval signal on the radio. " The idea," said Radio Paris, *au plus grand sérieux,* " first dawned in the mind of a little tank driver who decorated his vehicle with the V surrounded with laurels and completed it with the swastika ".[1] For some weeks this artificial controversy on origins was kept going. It was badly co-ordinated. Bremen, for instance, admitted that " it was the English who started this V business ",[2] but there was enough argument and official adoption of the letter to cause confusion as well as the ridicule which was the response of most people in most countries. In Brussels below a German notice: V MEANS GERMAN VICTORY ON ALL FRONTS, a small boy summed up by adding: V MEANS JACKIE'S BIRTHDAY TOMORROW.

This trick of the German propaganda machine has been dismissed by most people as a failure and a farce, but my own view is that it was intelligent. Nothing caused such distress to the much invoked dogs of Pavlov as the abrupt alteration of the idea with which a stimulus was associated—if the food, for instance, which generally came with the ringing of a bell, was replaced by a mild electric shock. In such circumstances the laws of the universe seemed to collapse and future reactions were more hesitant. One does not laboriously build up images and feelings around an idea to have them replaced, however clumsily, by their opposites. But it was not this unexpected accident that damaged the V campaign so much as the conditions underlying it. In petty sabotage and the undermining of German morale it was demonstrably a success. As an example of political warfare in the major sense it was premature for the reason that it was operating without support from the air, sea or land.

COLONEL STEVENS IN ITALIAN

Of the special problems of broadcasting to the occupied territories, Italy presented one of the most difficult. In fact an enemy

[1] Radio Paris, July 20, 1941. [2] Bremen in English, July 29, 1941.

of ours, but only in theory a friend of Germany's, she was held down forcibly by the Gestapo after herself being the first country to accept Fascism. To magnify any of these peculiarities was dangerous. The Italians were unlikely to carry out an anglophile revolution in 1940 or 1941. Indeed, their supposed love of England loomed too big in the mind of the traveller who had owned a villa at Porto Fino or scaled Vesuvius on the Cook's Funicular. He was apt to mistake Mediterranean courtesy for political devotion.[1] But if it was ridiculous to speak to the Italians as dependents, it would have been more dangerous to acquire the Wop-mindedness of Fleet Street and denounce them as a nation of cowardly organ-grinders who had put on fancy dress for what they imagined to be a party. There were reasons why the Italian microphone of the B.B.C. was not a place for relaxation into fantasy.

One of them was that Italy listened in. The very small proportion of wireless sets with which she started was nearly doubled in the two years after the invasion of Poland. Over half of these could receive short waves.[2]

Apart from Ansaldo with his special taste for Jeremiads, the speakers on the Italian Radio had an unsatisfyingly light-headed attitude to the war. "Bolshevism is not even a social danger," said the leader-writer and commentator, Mario Appelius, "it is simply an invitation to madness. The struggle against Bolshevism is therefore essentially a crusade of civilization." In this scatter-brained fashion which had characterized her radio offensive against France, the whole propaganda war was conducted. Counter-attacks would be loosed off without any other motive than to relieve irritation. Replying in Italian to Cincinatti, Rome Radio would string sentences together quite wildly.

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[1] *Popolo d'Italia*, April 23, 1941: "Those groups of bespectacled, decrepit, arrogant, mummified and single-minded readers of out-of-date copies of *The Times*, took the best rooms in the hotels, special dishes at the inns they visited, the best places in the cafés. Now they have gone so much the better for the dogs of England, for the damp cottages, the stiff pretentious Clubs, the Salvation Army and for the pubs of puritanical London with their naked and drunken dancers, all the better for us that we shall never again see those f—— boors who put their anthropomorphic feet on the table like so many animals."

[2] According to Rome Radio, May 5, 1942, the official figure for Italian radio licences had risen to nearly two millions from 1,130,540 in December 1939. This was the biggest increase in any country, and the proportion of sets with shortwave bands was authoritatively assessed at 70 per cent.

> To destroy the Axis more is needed than the comic chatter put out daily by Radio-Stupidity. As good Christians, we urge those gentlemen to do us a favour: let them tell lies but not overdo it! We like to hate them, but despising them is too big an affair! Italian-speaking gentlemen of Radio Cincinatti, if you cannot be less infamous, at least be more serious![1]

The only interesting propaganda trick I came across was the invariable prefix of the phrase "*in the underground premises of*" to references to the House of Commons, a legislative body which must have become in the Italian mind a group of Carbonari conspiring in a cellar.

For a year after the attack on France there was no co-ordination with the German Radio, and contradictory accounts of the same event were repeatedly put out by the two systems. As the internal Italian situation deteriorated, this independence gradually disappeared. Charles Barbe, who remained as an American commentator in Rome almost up to the time the United States entered the war, has described how the censorship of his scripts suddenly became intelligent and severe in the middle of June 1941. He found the explanation when the Chief of the Radio Division of the Ministry for Popular Culture showed him a telephone bulletin which, he explained, came every day from Berlin with a full statement of the subjects which could and could not be discussed by Rome Radio.

In the interests of propaganda efficiency this of course meant a turn for the better. Co-ordination was improved and more and more time was spent in answering the B.B.C. Extreme methods were resorted to in an effort to offset psychologically the material disruption inside the country. "Just to give you an idea of the havoc wrought in *London* by the justified reprisals of the Luftwaffe," said Rome Radio a full year after the raids had stopped,

> "the value of the material obtained from the demolition of bombed buildings amounts to several million pounds. The bricks alone amount to over £100,000,000. This should be enough for you to visualize what London looks like. If anyone should be interested in the astronomic increase in the cost of living in England, here is an extract from an article in a London paper and literally translated: *Five shillings were given for one egg yesterday and one pound sterling for a kilogram of potatoes. . . . There is no sugar on the market,*

[1] Rome Radio, January 27, 1942.

although small quantities are still to be found at prohibitive prices. . . . Butter is made entirely with lactic acid and mutton fat. Beer is poison and wine an alcoholic mixture.

It was not surprising that Italians listened to foreign stations on what sets they had. In the tradition of generations spent under unending censorship, they also spread what they heard. Sentences were never as severe as in Germany, but they were increased in two jumps, first a few hours after the opening of hostilities with Russia and again in the following year when the prospect of victory seemed hopeless. Catholics, workers, small shopkeepers all appeared among the prosecutions. At the end of 1941 the *Corriere della Sera* described how " a group of people in the act of listening to the enemy's broadcasts " were surprised by the Carabinieri in a newly-built quarter of workers' dwellings on the outskirts of Milan.

Another prosecution was reported from Gorizia where an agricultural labourer and a parish priest were sentenced, the priest being guilty of " listening to the B.B.C. and spreading the news ". There was a ladies' hairdresser of Santa Margherita Ligure who was sentenced to two months and ten days imprisonment for listening to the B.B.C. and " distributing to his clients slips of paper with the wavelengths of London, Moscow and Cairo stations ".[1] But the most interesting case was heard in Florence just two years after Italy had entered the war. Fascist Italy, one must remember, was a " young and virile " land whose radio criminals were ostensibly to be found only among the senile. But here, as in the Third Reich, those who should have been developing into good Fascists had at last begun listening to the outside world. That may have been one reason why two brothers aged nineteen and twenty were given unusually severe prison sentences, but another, more significant reason for their guilt was that they had listened " together with other minors ".[2] Groups were being formed, and the groups were no longer Fascist.

There were many other less specific examples of indifference to the authorities. The German Propaganda Ministry had shown more foresight in pushing the " People's Receiver " than the Italians in allowing a majority of short-wave sets to be sold. They occasionally tried to atone for it. Another Florentine was ordered to take his set to the police and on its return found it incapable of receiving anything but the local station. If the stable door could not

[1] *Stampa*, February 26, 1942. [2] *Gazetta del Popolo*, June 3, 1942.

be shut after the horse had bolted, there was some point in attempts at castration.

Easily favourite among the foreign stations was the B.B.C. The neutrality of Switzerland made her seem more accurate, but less interesting, and a minority listened to Moscow. Italy was far from the most promising European audience for Soviet broadcasts; the Catholic influence was against them, and Fascist propaganda for what it was worth had worked on the subject for a score of years. A slight trace of scorn in the announcer's voice was the only comment thought necessary in broadcasting as an anti-British news item Anthony Eden's message of appreciation to Molotov on his return from Moscow.[1]

To what did London owe its prestige? In part, certainly, to the attraction that opposite characters feel for one another. For in spite of furious propaganda and a natural resentment against our tourists, the Italians' admiration for the resistance of the British was in direct ratio to their hatred of the German neo-tourists. "The B.B.C. should have its place in future history books side by side with the fighting forces," wrote one correspondent in 1941. "The regular way it has carried on, even during the autumn months of 1940 while bombs could often be heard falling in the distance, the almost unbelievably short time London was ever off the air, and the fact that the voices broadcasting never once changed their tone or faltered—all this is the admiration of everyone." It was the familiar event, which we shall now stop tracing in other countries, of the British ordeal by fire sending her stock up to a point where it stood before appeasement had begun.

There were charges that our news was inaccurate. Reports of riots in Milan, that a factory between Genoa and Alassio had been effectively bombed, were ascribed to the B.B.C., investigated by local inhabitants and denounced as inventions. Where so much of the news circulation depended on repetition in shops and cafés by word of mouth, it is surprising that far graver charges were not brought. Similar criticisms were made against the news services in other languages, and in so far as the exaggeration took place at the listener's end, where the temptation of wishful thinking was much greater than in Station Beta, there was nothing the B.B.C. could do about it. The standard of accuracy became, I think, more fanatical than that of a newspaper of integrity, but something impossibly

[1] Rome Radio, December 31, 1941.

more was needed when local sleuths could check the impressions of a pilot over Milan while the gossips of Capri widened each crack we found in the regime they hated.

From the talks which won the B.B.C. credit in Italy there stood out above all the personality of Colonel Stevens. There were other speakers: *Candidus*, an Italian, persuasive, witty and vituperative, who could speak as an Italian deploring the disastrous position of his country; and *Cittadino Britannico* who gave the English point of view. But Colonel Stevens was reported by a traveller who left the northern part of the country in September 1941 as " the most popular figure in all Italy ". This was presumably an exaggeration; but one would have been hard put to choose a rival from Italian politics, and from the surprisingly large number of letters that reached London it seems that he made a bigger and more favourable impression than any other purely radio-personality in the war.

His talks were news comments which would not stand up to print. Beginning at Christmas 1939, their number gradually increased to four a week. Structurally Italian, there was yet something English in the detached and casual friendliness of their manner. He talked to his audience as responsible for the war in that they continued to tolerate the Fascist regime, but he was ready enough, at least by implication, to put that passive attitude down to their blindness in not seeing clearly the cause of their predicament. The German occupation, the military and naval disasters, corruption and the economics of scarcity, even the bad quality of the armour-plating on their battleships, were all directly traceable to Mussolini and his regime. They were none of them necessary.

> Mussolini must have known that the war was lost for Italy before even embarking on it. It was lost on the cornfields. The " battle of the grain " has been fought for the last ten years under the orders of Mussolini, who urged it on with words, words, words. He sowed not grain but wind, and now he reaps the whirlwind.

Clear, simple, strong, with the dryness I have mentioned challenging the Italian tendency to tolerate the war with fatalistic jokes, it was his manner, in my opinion, which made Colonel Stevens into the success he was. In Italy he became known as *Colonello Buonasera* from his habit of casually saying " Good evening " and " Good night ". The characteristic attitude of " fans " developed: " . . . we all rush to the set and when he says his ' *Buon giorno* '

or ' *Buona sera* ', we all answer in chorus ' *Buona sera, Colonello !* ' " This enthusiasm gave a useful indication of the inefficacy of Italian jamming early in the war when one listener asked him to acknowledge the receipt of the letter he was smuggling out by saying " Buona sera " rather more loudly than usual.

The Italian Radio usually replied less with arguments than with personal abuse—endorsing, perhaps, my own interpretation of his success. Formerly the Italian military attaché in Rome, Colonel Stevens had two married sisters in Italy with sons in the Italian forces. It was one of the opportunities that Italian propaganda did not neglect.

When, at the end of 1942, British and American armies stood opposite the Italian mainland on the coast of Africa, American propaganda to the Italians took on a stronger emphasis. To the " true patriots " of the free, friendly Italian nation who rose against the Fascists, Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle promised that " the armies of America and the United Nations are behind you ". The Wop-mindedness of Fleet Street had become a thing of the past.

THE FULLY OCCUPIED

In the totally occupied countries the demands made on foreign broadcasts were tremendous. We have seen the enthusiasm that existed in France for the B.B.C. in the period after the Armistice before the Nazi heel began to grind into its victim; but that service was in its way the finest in the world, and the conditions in which its audience lived were luxurious compared, for instance, with those of Poland in the east. Germany did not deign to revive the Polish broadcasting system after her victory, and a similar suppression of national culture was carried out at once and ruthlessly in every cranny of the land. There had been a million wireless sets when the invasion began. Of these all but a few thousand—owned by German citizens or by Poles on the western frontier who chose to become *Reichsdeutsche*—were immediately confiscated by decree. News and spiritual nourishment had nevertheless to be got, and the only channel was by radio.

Over one hundred and fifty underground newspapers based on radio news are known to have been published in Poland. But on the average a score of executions for listening were carried out every month, and many of the editors were shot. The B.B.C.'s broadcasts in Polish were not noticeably inspired, and at the beginning of the war serious criticism came from the listeners. The problem of speaking to a handful of men about to die here reached an intensity for which improvement of the service was no final solution. "It would drive me mad to miss a single broadcast from London," wrote a Czech. "London is the only thing to feed the soul." But the situation put greater demands on the radio than this; to Greece it needed to be bread,[1] to Poland life itself.

In the majority of countries she invaded Germany claimed that she had a positive message. Appearances were against it. "A lower race needs less room, less clothing, less food and less culture than a higher race," said Dr. Ley. "The German cannot live in the

[1] An arrival from Belgium, where the lack of food was not quite as bad, showed the same attitude when he called London broadcasts "*un aliment, presque*".

same fashion as the Pole and the Jew." [1] But there were degrees of lowliness, shown in the amount of German blood diagnosed by geo-politicians like Rosenberg and Haushofer in the veins of the conquered race. The Scandinavians, the Flemings, the Sudetens, had quite a streak of it, and this qualified them for the role of poor relatives who would be acknowledged as such in return for a recantation of their former nationality. The same role fitted the positive economic theory, which had indeed one of those flashes of modernism often to be seen like a bare and surprising electric light in the Gothic dungeons of Nazi ideology. For Europe, ran the argument, was economically one instead of the twenty odd states it had been hitherto; it needed to work as one and submit to a common organization. This, it so happened, could be best carried out by Germany, and an ideal arrangement was for industry to be centralized in the Reich while the rest of Europe became a surrounding agricultural province which could fortunately spare some millions of workers for the central workshops. Culturally the same pattern was valid. What was German in foreign cultures should be held up and proudly exaggerated; what was native should be suppressed.

This, the positive German war aim, was propagated in varying degrees of crudity by the radio systems of the occupied countries—nowhere else with such comparative subtlety as by Radio Paris, nor, at the other extreme, with the uncompromising volleys of the execution squads in Poland.

The listener inevitably felt himself degraded. He would hear, in Flemish, a running commentary on the departure of the 250,000th Belgian worker to Germany—who in the *Gare du Nord* at Brussels German officers and high officials from Berlin were drawn up with representatives of German industry while the worker, Jan Arys of Ganshoren, was handed a gold watch and diploma and conducted to a second-class compartment specially decorated for the occasion. Enthusiasm for this kind of broadcasting on either side of the microphone is difficult to sustain. We have seen how the quality of the German Radio itself sank lower and lower under the deadening weight of directives; but the converted home services of the occupied

[1] The semi-official *Zeitschrift für Politik* went further than this when it declared late in 1942 that "the survival of certain nations, even as slave states, may be dangerous for the *Herrenvolk*. Historical experience has proved that the total annihilation of a foreign people and their culture is not contrary to the laws of life—provided it is total."

countries never came to life. The voices were tired, resigned, defeated. Max Blokzijl, an ageing Dutch Nazi broadcaster who had spent longer than was good for him as a newspaper correspondent in Berlin, answered his opponents so weakly that one wondered whether after all he was not on their side. " The Dutch press," he said, " has recently published obituary notices of Dutch National Socialist volunteers who have fallen on the Eastern front. I have received several such notices cut from papers with remarks written on them such as : ' *Good ! A thousand more like him ought to be killed !* ' Now," he commented in his ageing, querulous tones, " is this not scandalous ? "

Colonel Moravec, the Propaganda Minister in Prague and author of a wartime book, *Three Years at the Microphone*, did not even rise above his melancholy to celebrate the victories of his masters. Slow, letting his voice drop to inaudibility at the end of a sentence, he claimed only to be someone who had accepted the permanent reality of defeat. " I am doing this not out of love for the Germans," he admitted, " but because it is what reality looks like and because people who want to live must face reality as it is."

Had this propaganda been confined to the radio, the demands made on foreign broadcasts might have been less severe, but in the cinemas of Europe it assailed the eyes as well as the ear from films directed in Germany with enthusiasm ; universities, churches, trade unions, were purged of their officials of integrity and had their functions perverted in the same sense ; national schoolbooks were revised and converted into National Socialist tracts. Even the atmosphere of cafés, which had been so intense a part of the national cultures, was liable to be disrupted at any moment by the invasion of German soldiers weighted uneasily with power.

The people of Europe went to their radio sets with taut emotions, ready to cry with joy or grief ; like lovers, they were irritated to distraction if the postman fumbled or delivered the wrong letter, but were ready to throw their arms around his neck and kiss him for dexterity. Fortunately the B.B.C. behaved with a mixture of calm, enthusiasm and dignity ; but a glance at all the letters it received in exchange would not have suggested this—from them it seemed that the B.B.C. had shown genius of the highest order with occasional lapses into black-hearted villainy.

I. THE WESTERN SEABOARD

Norway, the first victim after Poland, developed into the most complete and exclusive audience on the continent. There was a period of bitter disillusionment after the failure of our expeditionary force, whose prospects had seemed too bright to the B.B.C. as well as to the other news agencies outside Germany. Then as confidence returned, the *Deutsche Zeitung in Norwegen* noted with surprise and gratification that the number of registered wireless listeners was increasing by three thousand a week. Most of the sets came from Holland and Germany. But a Norwegian who escaped to America explained that " no propaganda works any more, nobody reads any newspapers or listens to any radio except the B.B.C." [1] It was a conclusion at which the High Command itself reluctantly arrived in August 1941 when a decree published by Terboven forbade the manufacture, sale or possession of radio sets in the western, southern and eastern coastal districts including Oslo. Here at last was the admission that English propaganda had become more potent than German. The decree inevitably failed like any other form of " radio defence ". Underground newspapers, less elaborate and based more exclusively on the B.B.C.'s news than the Polish sheets, sprang up everywhere. J. Schanche Jonasen, former editor of a Liberal paper, has told me how he helped to found one of them while in prison under the eyes of the Gestapo. It was called *Prison Post* and circulated in most of the prisons and concentration camps. Some of these accounts of running a newspaper from the radio news sound like ancient Norse legends. " I stood on the storm-swept headland somewhere in Northern Norway with a fisherman," said one editor who escaped.

> " I had been hunted for days and found shelter in his home. It was night, the wind swept through the pines and stars shone in a black sky. It was time for the news, the fisherman said quietly. He led the way down to his boat, we jumped in and rowed into the storm. . . . Nearly an hour later a hump loomed up out of the blackness—a tiny island. There were several boats in a small cove and low voices came

[1] In fact, Boston had a very good audience in Norway. The only drawback to its sober news and well-presented talks and music was that they did not come from London. Also, of course, it could only be had on short waves.

from a hole in the ground. We crawled in. On a shelf stood a fine radio set, its green eye and lit dial the only light in the cave—that and the glow of several pipes. Then there was silence as the London announcer's voice was heard—it was the midnight news."

At the end of 1941 a German firing squad shot the middle-aged teacher, Ingvald Garbo at Bergen for failing to surrender his set and distributing the B.B.C. news with the help of Norwegian students. In fact it transpired later that Garbo was executed because at his court-martial he insisted on accusing his judges. They were criminal, he said, in not informing even the German troops of the real trend of the war, and as long as that situation lasted he would make it his business to distribute the news among them as well as among the Norwegians. But executions for listening were rare in Norway, although they were often threatened. More often the news-sheet editors were sentenced to four or five years' imprisonment, frequently in the concentration camps of Germany. It was not until November 1942 that Terboven was reduced to imposing the death penalty on all listeners by decree.

In Denmark, as long as it remained the model garden village of the New Order, there was no listening ban. Automatically because of this and the corresponding lack of cultural and economic persecution, there was an absence of passionate devotion to the radio. London had a many times bigger audience than Bremen, and effective jammers were at work in Copenhagen, but radio-dealers thought the number of listeners could be increased. In the appeasement paper *Politiken* one of them inserted an advertisement of spare parts for short-wave reception. It ran: " ' Blah, Blah, Blah, everywhere ! ' says Mr. Nielsen hopelessly. ' I really must get a short-wave accessory for my radio.' "

Ruthless measures of persuasion were not used to bring Danish workers to Germany, but large numbers arrived. One, who subsequently reached England, gave a good deterrent broadcast in the Danish service. " First of all," he said, " I want to emphasize that the Danish workers came to Germany under false pretences.

Most of them had been promised work in a certain firm, but were in fact sent to other places. Most of them were sent out to do road work under the military authorities and the food they got was far from sufficient. Most of them had been promised 90 pfennigs to 1 mark an hour, but were only given 75 pfennigs. I have seen for myself how they lived in Kiel. They are billeted in barracks without access

to air-raid shelters. The sanitary conditions are inexcusable. . . . Many tried to escape. Those who were not lucky enough to get away were given a long stay in the various ' concert camps ' as they call the concentration camps."

In Holland and Belgium listening to the B.B.C. was a normal and almost universal practice.[1] A Dutchman in a German Infantry Division interrogated by the Red Army said : " In spite of the fact that in Holland listening to foreign broadcasts is punishable by death, people always tune in to English broadcasts. Many are caught, but a whole people cannot be caught." [2] In fact there had been no executions at the time he said this, and prison sentences were relatively light, but a certain amount of success was had with whispers of miraculous detection apparatus. A Belgian officer reported tales of an instrument which when pressed against the wall of a house " registered " the station being listened to inside, and a still more ingenious invention was said to be put in letter-boxes and to record automatically the sounds coming from the householder's loudspeaker. Children had to learn not to give away their parents. A few months after the invasion a Dutch teacher asked his form whether any of them listened to English broadcasts. A young girl got up and said, " A man who asks such questions is a traitor ! "

Both the Dutch and Belgian services had programmes of their own : the Dutch Government's *Radio Orange*, the Belgians' *Radio Belgique*, which went out in French and Flemish on alternate days, and a broadcast to Dutch seamen called *de Brandaris* after the famous lighthouse. The two last of these had some of the most fiery and original broadcasting in the European service. All had their admirers, but interspersed with them were others who disliked their association with the unmodified regime of the past. " One thing is absolutely certain," said a writer from Antwerp in the summer of 1941. " It is that practically no Belgian wishes to return to the old regime." A Belgian officer declared that while his countrymen admired the discipline and organizing genius of the Germans, they detested the lack of liberty, the uniformity and the interference of the State in private life ; they wanted something " which is not the New Order, but is certainly not a return to the old ". There was also a certain

[1] In Holland probably less than half the sets could receive short waves ; but in Belgium rather more than half.

[2] *Soviet War News*, October 15, 1942.

amount of resentment against political speakers who had escaped the rigours of German occupation and had not themselves joined the Free Belgian Forces.

Parallel criticisms were made of *Radio Orange*, which had a more " official " atmosphere ; but it would be a mistake to think the critics were as numerous as the devotees. According to an American report, the prison of Scheveningen became known as the " Orange Hotel ", and while inside it the prisoners could still, as in Norway, tell each other what had been said from London on the same day.

II. TOWARDS THE SOVIET UNION

In the west the B.B.C. had something like a monopoly of the radio audience. America, particularly the station of Boston, came second, while Moscow seems to have had small groups of listeners who were not interested in other sources. In the east this picture changed. There was no smooth transition which could be calculated by the number of miles separating the listener from London or Moscow. Sweden, for instance, still sympathized with the gesture of Charles the Twelfth outside the Stockholm Opera as he urges traffic and passers-by to advance against the barbarians on the far side of the Baltic. Roumanians shared this feeling of hereditary antagonism and liked to listen to the B.B.C. in French as well as their own language. But in Poland complications set in, and by the time we reach Bulgaria, the Russian monoply is as great as the B.B.C.'s in Norway or Holland.

Czechoslovakia was one of the most interesting audiences in Europe because of its readiness to take action. Executions for listening and spreading the news were frequent, and set confiscations took place in whole districts of Prague. But here, in spite of the scar left by the Munich Conference, Moscow still came second to the B.B.C. A neutral traveller who left two months before the invasion of Russia reported that " it is especially the London transmission which today is of tremendous importance in keeping up the spirit of the people. It is absolutely necessary to have a message of President Benes made from London at least once in six weeks."

Benes spoke with the authority of one of Europe's major statesmen. " We bow in grief before the coffins of these dead," he

said, in his calm, sympathetic tones after the early executions of hostages.

> " But their death has accomplished a great task and will have a great mission. It has destroyed at a blow the treacherous cajoling and fraudulent manœuvres of Neurath, who for three years wished to win you over by fair words, and it has again, and thoroughly, opened the eyes of the world. It has again shown that the whole Czechoslovak nation is with Britain and Russia and especially that it is with its London Government. . . . Be firm and determined, friends ! We are on the right path and the right side of the front." [1]

Moscow would repeat in full these speeches of the Czech Ministers in London, adding to them more direct appeals for sabotage and desertion :

> Now the battle against bloody Fascism must be revived. You must know that every shell you produce in the Skoda works or the Zbrojovka Armament Plant might kill a Czech or Slovak soldier. Sabotage your war production. Perform your national duty. Imagine that you have just been called up. Czech men and youth, get into the ranks.[2]

The B.B.C's broadcasts that autumn continued to draw more fire than Moscow from the Czech radio and press. They were more cautious in calling for overt resistance, since their instructions would have been obeyed, with devastating results for the Czechs. On a small scale this had happened in 1940 when one broadcast was misunderstood as a demand for immediate revolt, and some sixty workers were shot. Minor operational instructions, such as an appeal to boycott the press made in September 1941, were invariably carried out. To boost the toppling circulations that resulted the Czech Radio submitted to the indignity of trailing and advertising the next day's papers. " A terrible disaster has befallen the Swedish Navy," it would say, " —details will be found in the newspapers ".

In 1941 the B.B.C. attacked a group of the Quisling editors by name. Among them was Laznovsky, editor of *Ceske Slovo*. Several of those journalists became seriously ill from poisoning after a banquet, and on the night of October 10 Laznovsky died. The Czech Radio at once accused the B.B.C. of assassination. " The foreign wireless has long been vulgarly inciting against

[1] B.B.C., October 27, 1941.

[2] Moscow Radio, July 21, 1941.

this group of editors," it said. " It has demanded that they should be put out of the way. The connection is clear." [1]

The ease with which power could be attributed to the B.B.C. when it in fact lay in the pent-up feelings of the oppressed population, could be seen a few days after Laznovsky's death in a letter published by his paper. This letter had been written by the wretched man to " an important Czech personality " before the B.B.C. had launched its attack. " We are swamped with letters which make our hearts ache," it ran. " Insulting letters are also sent to journalists' wives, parents, etc. Entire families are boycotted, their members insulted in shops and streets, ridiculed with anecdotes and defamed with calumny. . . . My father, an old miner, is almost a nervous wreck."

It was not only the renegade journalists who at times broke down in self-pitying lamentation. In a broadcast statement at the end of 1941 President Hacha himself protested more tearfully than in defiance, that " the London Radio has induced individuals to . . . commit acts which imperil the foundations of the nation. The heritage which came to me would have been rubble long ago had I not decided to persevere on the road for which I am now reproached by London. Dr. Benes is more fortunate in that he cannot see the tears of the mothers and wives who turn to me in despair because their sons and husbands have fallen in disaster, led astray by deceptive broadcasts ".[2]

Some months after the assassination of Heydrich in 1942, the Czech Radio announced that the families of speakers on the B.B.C. had been arrested and would be used for reprisals if inciting speeches continued. Masaryk went to the microphone next day and replied that the threat would be disregarded. He was followed by the other Czech ministers.

In Hungary the main weight of home propaganda was turned against the Soviet Union. Listening to Moscow was banned and prosecutions were frequently made in the poorer districts, while listening to London was only frowned on. Jews were not allowed to own sets at all.[3]

The main Russian appeal was to Hungarian patriotism against the traditional German enemy. Special care was taken to cater for the literary tastes of the middle classes and broadcasts to youth

[1] Melnik, October 11, 1941. [2] Czech Radio, December 6, 1941.

[3] Other parts of Europe where the anti-semitic radio ban was in force included Italy, Germany, Bulgaria, Roumania, Slovakia, Holland, and parts of France.

Above : President BENES, Czechoslovakia.

Left : General SIMOVITCH, Jugoslavia.

Premier GERBRANDY, Holland.

General SIKORSKI, Poland.

Five minutes before the lunch-time programme in Czech goes out from London the Editress, SHIELA GRANT DUFF, advises the two announcers (*right*). WILLIAM GERHARDI, novelist and war-time sub-editor (*left*) listens to the preceding programme.

included Hungarian poetry and traditional songs. Well-known Hungarian writers and refugees came to the microphone, among them André Gabor, poet, playwright, and journalist, who had been a violent critic of the Regent, and Rakosi, the former People's Commissar, who was released from prison in the short spell of friendship with the U.S.S.R. and allowed to visit Moscow. Four broadcasts a day were given compared with the B.B.C.'s two news bulletins.

Poland, once the Cinderella of broadcasting, became the recipient of five broadcasts daily from Moscow as well as from London where the Polish Government's *Radio Polskie* was included. These attentions in turn stimulated the German Radio to greater activity. Again the Russian appeal was nationalist. The Red Army, it promised, would bring freedom to a brother nation of Slavs. The wrongs done by Germany to Polish culture by the German occupation were emphasized, and the Soviet Union was projected as a land of freedom assured of final victory.

The B.B.C.'s best audiences in the Balkans seem to have been in Jugoslavia and Greece. There are even well-informed people who claim that it was a broadcast by L. S. Amery that brought about the overthrow of the regime which submitted to the Tripartite Pact. I have found no proof of this, and quote instead from a broadcast he made when the war was actually in progress. It was a model recipe for the civilian faced by enemy tanks. " The first weakness of the tank," he explained, " is that it requires large quantities of petrol and is helpless if its communications are cut.

> The first object of the counter-attack against German armoured divisions should be their communications and depots. The next weakness of the tanks is that they can only move in certain limited directions. . . . A large boulder will stop them and even small boulders will soon stop them by bumping and tearing their caterpillar tracks which are their weakest point.
>
> " The essential thing is, one way or another, to stop the tanks before you attack them. The moving tank is a terrible animal. The tank once stopped is a helpless one waiting for its throat to be cut. . . . Never forget that the weakest part of the tank is the caterpillar track. Aim at destroying that. Remember also that when you are close to the side of the tank the enemy inside cannot point their guns down far enough to hit you. . . ."

And so on with an amount of informative detail which would, I hope, be repeated in English before the invasion of Britain turned into total occupation.

Moscow devoted twice as much time as the B.B.C. to Serbo-Croat broadcasts, but the Belgrade paper *Novo Vreme* claimed that " British and American broadcasts are mainly responsible " for Serbian resistance ; " Moscow is responsible in a lesser degree," a statement which was at odds with the official policy of attributing all resistance to Communists. As a rule reference to Moscow broadcasts was avoided, but the speakers from London, including General Simovitch, the head of the Government, were threatened with repulsive forms of revenge. Their relatives, they were told, as the Czechs were later told, had been arrested among other hostages and would be executed if they continued to speak. Afterwards, it was implied though never explicitly stated, that these executions had been carried out.

From Greece after the occupation came accounts reminiscent of the enthusiasm in Norway and Holland ; there was a story of Athenian streets where two rows of people could be seen at their doorways while the rest of the families listened at the radio. It sounds unreliable, but one of the most paradoxical facts about the really devoted audiences was that they grew up in countries which the British Expeditionary Force had been forced to leave to their fate.

In October 1941 all Greek owners of sets were ordered to register them at the nearest Italian police station. The B.B.C. immediately warned the Greeks to sabotage this order, even if it meant their sets would be confiscated. A few days later Radio Athens admitted the success of the warning by explaining that fears that the order meant confiscation were unfounded. It was merely a precaution " for military reasons ".[1] Shortly afterwards wholesale confiscations began to be carried out.

Greece was well served by foreign broadcasts. Since the beginning of 1941 Germany had increased the power and number of transmitters throughout the Balkans, but the quality of the transmissions tended to decline, probably because words could count for so little against the terrible facts for which she was responsible. But the broadcasts from Moscow, Cairo and London were all good in their different ways. The Russian announcer was said to have his heart quite obviously in his work, and the broadcasts were very much alive compared with those of the Axis ; their defect was that they seemed less interested in the plight of Greece than in emphasizing

[1] Radio Athens, October 19, 1941.

the virtues and invincibility of the Soviet Union. Cairo and London managed to come closer to the Greek tragedy. A Greek who escaped in the summer of 1942 reported enthusiastically that " everybody listens to the B.B.C."

In Bulgaria the usual habits of European propagandists and listeners were reversed. The German Radio, which was hard to distinguish from the Bulgarian, invited the people to make a clear distinction between the Russian people and the Soviet rulers. The importance of this doctrine of the two Russias lay in the fact that it was the Russian people who had given their lives for the liberation of Bulgaria, while their self-imposed rulers merely wanted to make it an area for their revolutionary activities. In this topsy-turvy world Germany did not make her Western protests against a Britain tied to the Kremlin. A typical newspaper headline ran :

CHURCHILL
THE UNFAITHFUL FRIEND OF STALIN

Listening to the home and German broadcasts became less and less popular, and of foreign stations Moscow had far the biggest audience. Many Bulgars even in rural areas listened to the Russian home news. But there were also first-hand reports of a faithful minority of " inveterate listeners to London who would be shot rather than give up." At the risk of five years imprisonment, they continued. They were the counterpart of Moscow's audiences in the West.

III. RUSSIAN STEAMROLLER

In postponing a general glance at the efforts of the Soviet scientist to inject oxygen into Hitler's bell-jars, we have done him an injustice. When he did come into the war he atoned for nearly two years of neutrality by being busier and more urgent than anyone else. The ordinary Englishman who knew little about the work of the B.B.C., read impressive broadcasts from Moscow in the newspapers and concluded that the Russians were the only people who knew anything about propaganda. Drive, originality and ruthless hard hitting were something for which a public tired of passivity had longed.

The differences between the voices have their origin for the most part in the contrasting backgrounds of the post-war years. While Britain had developed propaganda as a weapon for a moment, in 1918, and had then forgotten it until international pressure at the end of the 'thirties forced her to take it up again, the Soviet Union had been acutely propaganda-conscious ever since the October Revolution. The content varied a great deal; the early denunciations of foreign capitalism gave way, with the spread of diplomatic recognition, to a demonstration of the benefits which Communism had brought to the Russian people. But the change did not bring any lessening in the importance which the Kremlin set on propaganda as a political instrument.

In the late 'twenties the number of transmitters inside the Soviet Union increased tenfold in two years, while in the rest of Europe the number little more than doubled. For many years Moscow was the most powerful station in Europe. It may seem odd that there were only a quarter of a million receiving sets in the Union in 1927 when Britain had more than ten times as many, but the comparison is unreal because the Russian sets served large numbers of people; they were listened to in factories, army barracks, club-rooms and other communal places. By the time of Hitler's invasion they had increased to well over four million. Controlled by the state through the All-Union Radio Committee, broadcasting in the U.S.S.R. was more exclusively a monopoly than in any other country. Geography was partly responsible for this—it prevented effective foreign penetration—but policy did not lag behind. After the German invasion all privately owned sets were confiscated.

ANTI-SOVIET

In the Russo-Finnish war distrust of the U.S.S.R. was strong in Scandinavia. This Norwegian caricature was captioned: "All right, say we've killed another ten million. No one's going to believe you anyway."

The stress which Lenin put on the propaganda value of newspapers had naturally been extended to the radio. Its propaganda was to a very large extent "cultural". The amount of time given by the Third Reich to light music, and by the B.B.C. and

America to various other concessions to popular demand, was rigorously absorbed by political, artistic and general material in the French sense " serious " and in the liberal sense propagandist. The contents of the massive correspondence kept up between the Radio Committee and listeners is said to prove that the public quickly lost its taste for trash, and played an increasingly enthusiastic part in the choice of first-class programme material.

To western ears broadcasts from Moscow had a very special sound which could only gradually be analyzed into its components. They were simple and serious; they had an ascetic bareness of presentation which was perhaps caused superficially by the ban in all arts on " formalistic experiments " and the boom in " socialist realism ". But the bareness probably had deeper roots in the contrasting attitudes which Left and Right have regularly shown in questions of display. They took, finally, the state line and the state facts with mechanical precision.

Since Ribbentrop and Molotov had signed the Russo-German non-aggression pact of 1939, propaganda from Moscow had been singularly mild in tone. While German newspapers carried articles in Russian and German alternately to celebrate the trade agreement of January, and the German Radio spoke of " the greatest economic pact ever concluded ", Moscow was markedly reserved. " Experience has shown," it said, " that there is enough mutual understanding and confidence in the relations between the Soviet Union and Germany to solve complicated financial and commercial problems." But neither then nor later did the Russian Radio think experience had shown more than that.

Meanwhile a change was taking place in the reporting of world events. Recriminations against foreign imperialists dropped away. Reports of the exploitation of workers by Anglo-American capitalism were replaced increasingly by news of American co-operation with the British war effort. As a war reporter Moscow became as objective as any in the world. If she developed a bias during the allied disasters of 1940 and 1941, it was in her reluctance to believe that they were as bad as they seemed or that they implied defeat in the long run.

In the summer of 1941 the German listener to Moscow must have been aware that some momentous change was coming. Until June 2 he had been honoured with only two transmissions a day; then they expanded abruptly to twelve. But what, he must have

wondered, could it imply? "In central Russia," the loudspeaker was saying, "the fields look like green carpets; in the south and south-east wheat is ripening. In Uzbekistan tens of thousands of hectares of wheat have already been harvested." Roumanians, he was told, could in future read the works of Lenin and Stalin in their mother-tongue; in Moscow a big chess tournament was billed for August.

Then, with the German invasion on June 22, the number of transmissions again jumped, this time to seventeen periods of about half an hour each. The innocent padding was swept away and the Russian war propaganda, ordered, fully armed and planned ahead, went straight into action. Famous by then for apparently major changes of policy, Moscow allowed not the least deviation to occur in this. Simple, unyielding and repetitive, it was a model of mass propaganda according to Hitler's definition. It subscribed at once and with less hesitation than the B.B.C. to the theory of the two Germanys:

> It is not you, the German people, but your Fascist leaders who are our enemy. And they are not only *our* enemy, they are *your* enemy as well, they are the enemy of the world. Therefore unite on the home front, unite with the other peoples of Europe and with us to defeat the common enemy.

Specially angled programmes were ready for the German forces, German youth, the Austrians and others. The emotions and sentimentality of German women were exploited with gusto. „*Frau Krämer*," said the announcer after calling a widow to the loudspeaker to tell her of her husband's death, "*was suchte Ihr Mann an der Beresina?*" What did your husband *want* on the Beresina? You wanted a fur coat, and the Fascists who drove him there wanted other people's land; but what he found was death. The same would happen with hundreds of thousands of other husbands until the Hitler regime was broken. Only then could there be peace.

To workers the demands for sabotage were on a larger scale than Colonel Britton's and took less account of the consequences for those who carried them out:

> French workers, sabotage everything you can! Wreck production! Make unusable all aeroplane parts and other pieces of machinery for tanks and war weapons. Explode the munition depots and oil stores, derail trains and impede every means of transport!

Two years of war did not soften these demands. Late in 1942 Moscow told the Czechs :

> The old methods will not be good enough. Mass sabotage must now be supplemented by the determined and organized activity of fighting groups. We have no time for postponements.

This was the language of a country stung to fury by invasion, but side by side with it went an insistence on cultural values. To the scientists and intellectuals of Germany, Russians and German exiles spoke as equals, stressing the decline of intellectual life in Germany and contrasting it to the level of science, research and learning in Russia. The time given to this theme was no doubt increased by Hitler's repeated descriptions of a land where men had been degraded into brute beasts ; it seemed most effective when one considered a particular talk or manifesto not in a vacuum, but in immediate relation to the war. When fifty thousand German tanks were converging on Moscow, a commentary on a scientific congress in the heart of the city still went on hour after hour with astonishing effect, as if the scientists and their deliberations were of the same immediate value as the defence system they had helped to organize.

The most distinctive feature of Soviet propaganda was its combination of experience and enthusiasm. Experience sent its microphone in and out of prisoner-of-war camps as a matter of course. One could hear German privates shouting " Down with the war ! " to their former comrades on the other side of the line. Fraternization was carried out more effectively on the air than it had been in 1917 in the flesh. Enthusiasm, wholehearted devotion to the cause, produced some classic broadcasts, among them Ilya Ehrenburg's appeal to the Jews a month after the invasion began.

> When I was a boy I witnessed a Jewish pogrom. It had been organized by the Tsarist police and a handful of toughs. . . . But once they had conquered freedom, the Russian people forgot the persecution of the Jews like a nightmare. There has now grown up a generation that does not know the meaning of the word pogrom. I have grown up in a Russian city, Moscow, and my native tongue is Russian. I am a Russian writer, and now, like all Russians, I am defending my Motherland.
>
> But the Hitlerites have reminded me of something else. My mother used to be called Hara, I am a Jew—and I say this with pride, for Hitler's hatred honours us. I do not know what the German people think of their Führer ; but I saw Berlin last summer. It is

a bandits' den. I have seen the German Army in Paris—it is an army of brutes. With the German people those who carry out pogroms are not despised, but they are promoted Marshals and Academicians. The entire world is now waging war against Germany, not for territories, but for their right to breathe.

Is it possible to speak about what these cruel beasts do to the Jews? They kill the children under the eyes of the mothers. They force the old people to make fools of themselves, they violate young girls, they torture, burn, and names such as Bialistok, Minsk, Berditchev, will remain in history in letters of fire. . . . I am speaking as a Russian writer and as a Jew. There is no ocean behind which one can feel safe. Listen to the voice of the guns near Gomel, listen to the voice of the Russian and Jewish women who have been murdered at Berditchev; you cannot shut your ears and close your eyes, and your nights will be haunted by the pictures of Hitler's cruelties. Your still quiet dreams will be invaded by the voices of the Ukrainian Leah, of the Minsk Rachel and of the Bialistok Sarah, who weep for their murdered children.

Jews, the beasts are aiming at us! Let, then, the end be a glorious one! Our place is in the front ranks!

Underlying the broadcasts to Germany was an extraordinary, to my mind rather speculative, confidence in the listener's sympathy. "We see him before us, the German soldier," said one speaker in the winter campaign of 1941–1942. "His waistcoat is made of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, his trousers of the *Angriff*, and over his backside he has a copy of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* to defend him from the kicks of the Red Army." This was not a broadcast to workers or peasants at home, but an appeal to the solidarity of German school-teachers.

In home broadcasts there was a simple and passionate excitement which would have been almost inconceivable in other countries. "The collective of our factory has been awarded the Order of Lenin, the highest distinction in our country," said a worker.

> "When the work began everything went like clockwork. We had graphic timetables for every kind of work; and they had to be kept in all circumstances. Every member of the collective lived and breathed with the life of the factory. We knew that the least loss of time might mean loss of time at the Front."

In foreign propaganda the price that had to be paid for enthusiasm was a sense of strong partisanship. Although this was not likely to worry the devoted listener, it may have made new ones sceptical, and there were other disadvantages. When ardent appeals for

sabotage in all directions were put out on the first day of war, there remained little to add beyond repetition. The justification here was that Moscow was not concerned with drawing a delicate pattern which would end in a climax; she was fighting a defensive war whose greatest dangers were at the beginning and demanded a maximum of resistance from the start. But this did not explain the fact that in general Moscow showed a more subjective tendency than New York and London. News and comment were kept rigidly distinct by the latter, and Moscow gave more time than they did to talks. In this sense Moscow was more " propagandist ".

But there is something irrelevant in judging Russian war propaganda by Western standards of objectivity. Nor, by any test, could it be charged with lack of integrity. The core of Russia's policy was the definition of the war as a defence of the Soviet Fatherland against arbitrary aggression. Her appeal to other countries was also in national or even racial terms. She addressed Poles, Bulgars and Czechs as brother Slavs.

> Brains, strength, bravery and faithfulness to their friends—these are all qualities common to all Slavs. By provoking the Slavs Hitler has signed his own and his allies' death warrant. My country fights not only for her own freedom, but also for the liberation of all Slav nations.[1]

To Hungarians and Frenchmen she spoke of the Germans' aggression in former generations and of the degradation of the present. But in doing so, she did not single out races as superior or inferior to one another. On the contrary, although Communist doctrine was never broadcast, certain vaguely defined but positive attitudes were implied. She was so little concerned with the advantages to be sneaked from addressing an audience with recognized prejudices that in broadcasts to France she regularly mentioned " the honest German people ". She was early on the scene with a forthright defence of the Jews and she proved her intentions to the German people by giving full personal honour to the refugees who spoke at the microphone.

It has usually been assumed as an axiom of a desirable propaganda world that the Russian and Anglo-Saxon voices should have spoken as one. If this refers only to essential co-ordination it is obvious, but if it means that the details of tone and accent should have been reduced to a common denominator, the result would probably

[1] Lydia Sevevlina, July 23, 1941.

have been to inhibit both sides into a stammer. There is no evidence that the general separation of audiences into Moscow listeners and Anglo-American listeners diminished their enthusiasm. A reasonable guess would be that it heightened it.

IV. THE PREOCCUPIED

Scattered uneasily on the outskirts of Europe were a few nations who had delayed or escaped occupation by Hitler. In a military sense they were neutral; as objects of attack by radio they were inside the European bell-jar—near enough to the rim to be able to gulp as much oxygen as semi-asphyxiation allowed, and near enough to Hitler for tremors of dismay and attraction to run through them. Their state of nerves made them listen often but sceptically to a number of stations.

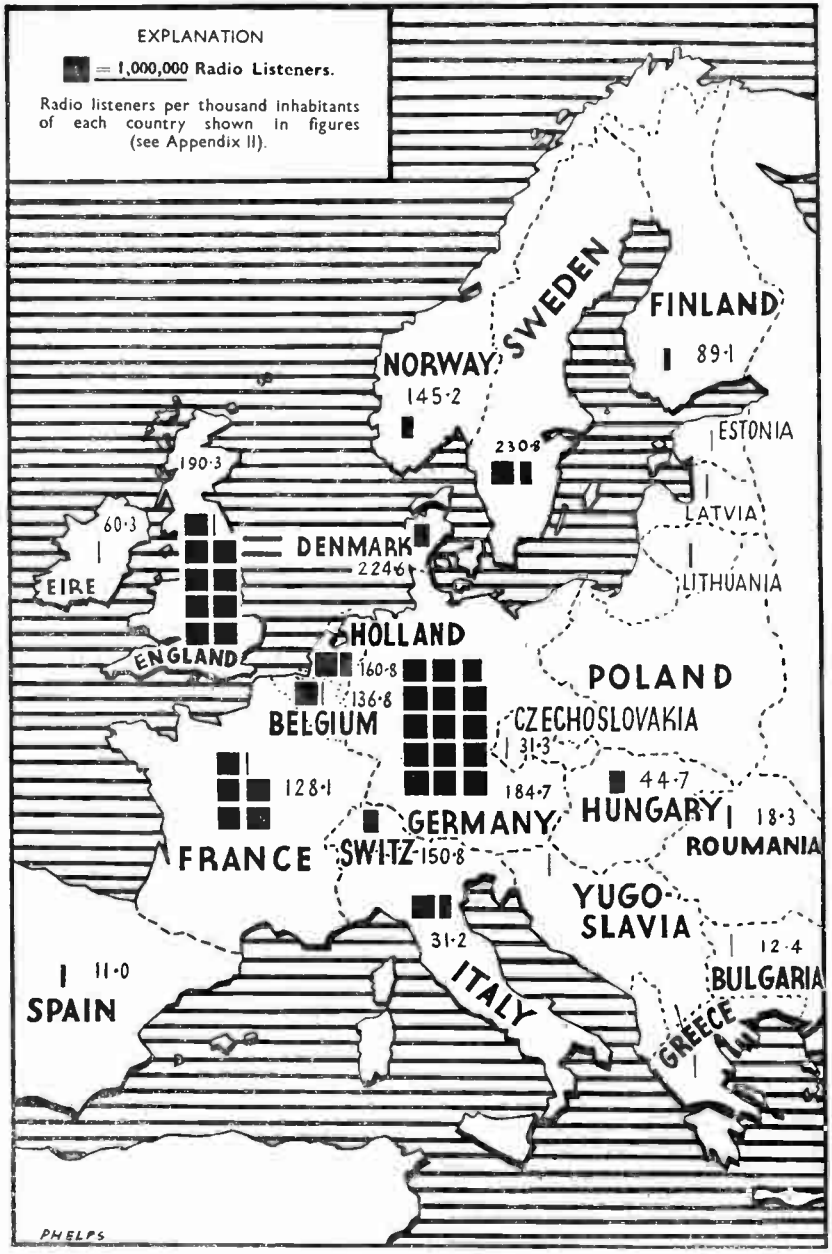
For years in all these countries there had been a solid foundation of German propaganda. In the hotel lounges, on the bookstalls, in the newspapers and cinemas, it appeared quite innocently as a rather obvious statement of Germany's power. The power, it appeared, was both irresistible and civilized. Deriving from soldiers in field-grey, it ended in first-class tennis players, travel photographs and a universe as solid and anti-Bolshevist as the heart of a prosperous neutral could desire. There was no smell of poison in the gas.

NEUTRAL REACTION

"Don't shout so loud! Your propaganda's breaking my ear-drums!"—*Hallo-Hallo*, April 1940

Some of the duties of the Allied scientists are already plain. At first it was necessary to explain about this gas, that its sweetness was deceptive. As more and more stories came across the border by other means than radio about the reality of Germany's New Order, the warning became less important than an account of ourselves: that it was we, and not National Socialism, who would inevitably win, that it was we who had a serious concept of

THE LISTENERS



The density of receiving sets at the beginning of 1941 shows the advantage of Western Europe over the East, where there were also fewer short-wave sets. Based on official returns, the map may even show this contrast too strikingly if a complaint by the Roumanian Radio that the number of set-owners was more than double that of the licence holders, was true of other Balkan states.

In Poland, confiscations had already reduced sets to a few thousands, but similar measures in Norway were not carried out until the end of 1941. The number of sets in other countries tended to increase in roughly the same proportion except in Italy where it was nearly doubled between 1939 and 1942. (Details are in Appendix II.)

civilization and plans for the future. To some it was also necessary to explain the good sense of Churchill's decision to form an alliance with the Soviet Union on the first day of Hitler's invasion.

In Sweden there were enthusiastic devotees of the B.B.C. among fishermen and lonely farmers. The more educated were often more sceptical, and the ideal would have been to persuade everyone into the way of thinking of Dr. Segerstedt, who edited the Swedish equivalent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Gothenburg. The anglophile and benevolent Dr. Segerstedt was depressed from the start by a vision of vast German armies marching through Europe to an inescapable graveyard. His faith in England was absolute, and German propaganda seemed no more real to him than the obscure individuals who were too well acquainted with his telephone conversations and followed him through the streets. As a contribution towards multiplying this ideal character the Swedish service of the B.B.C. gave regular surveys, naval, strategic, and political from the British point of view. For those who dismissed this as merely a different brand of propaganda, there were talks of a quality that could not be heard on other stations, talks, moreover, that dispersed the German claim to be a bearer of culture. Nobel prize-winners in return for benefits received, reported on the progress of their work. Sir William Bragg, showed that in spite of the inevitable decline in pure research, work did go on.

> The new vision which the X-ray methods give us takes us far down into the study of the minute, where properties and purposes first begin to take shape. It is very curious that they have left behind a region which we find less easy to examine. It lies between the furthest reach of the microscope and the X-ray regions where we have found the going to be relatively easier. It is occupied by particles containing a few thousands of millions of atoms and by waves of similar dimensions. What happens in this region is of fundamental importance.

Of all the quotations I have made, this would be the most difficult to have imagined on the German Radio. " What happens in this region is of fundamental importance," was the view of Sir William Bragg ; but the scientists of Germany had long since evacuated such regions for the exploration of new lethal techniques. When Hitler boasted in the fourth year of war that the inventive genius of his scientists had not been asleep, it did not occur to him that anyone would mistake his meaning.

Einstein, who had become an American, allowed himself one of his excursions into higher political opinion. " I expect," he said, " that today everyone feels much the same as I do.

> " Technical developments are going to weld mankind into a single economic organism which needs special protective measures of a super-national character. Such protective measures are only possible if the sovereignty of the several states is correspondingly curtailed in favour of an authority—executive as well as legislative—standing above the states, which has the power to carry through its decisions."

He went on to argue that the present calamity could largely be ascribed to the failure of Woodrow Wilson's contemporaries to carry out his proposals.

Both Sweden and Switzerland had some of the finest newspapers in the world. They were not subjected to any direct form of censorship, and listening bans on the foreign radio were not imposed. It was partly for this reason that a news service from any of the belligerents was looked on as a somewhat untrustworthy source by those who wanted a detached view. Anglophiles were a different matter ; but the B.B.C.'s problem was to convert rather than to preach to the converted. It had to satisfy itself with the knowledge that a large proportion of its audience was listening out of curiosity and in the wrong language at that—to overhear what we were saying in German, to discover what the mixture of the Gheg and Tosk dialects in which we spoke to Albania actually sounded like. They were enthusiastic critics.

When we come to Spain and Portugal the atmosphere is suggested by the fact that jamming was as heavy as in the enemy countries. Some of it came from Italy, and the rest from nearer home. In 1942 a decree was published in Madrid granting a credit of £17,000 for equipment to counter what were called " the pernicious effects which the propaganda from certain foreign radio stations on the minds of those who, because of their lack of firm convictions, constitute fertile soil for the germination of ideas contrary to the good name of Spain and her institutions ".[1] One Spanish listener who had justifiable fears on reading this, wrote that an increase in jamming would be " lamentable " because the B.B.C. was " the only means we have of obtaining true information ". The Spanish press was scarcely more inclined to give the Allies a hearing ; certain papers

[1] *Boletin Official*, May 20, 1942.

published British communiqués, but none gave the Russian. Although no listening ban was in force, pressure of varying weight was brought in different parts of the country on people who were known to listen. The result of so much repression was to reproduce the listening mentality of the occupied territories. A big majority of radio owners listened to the B.B.C. " They'll not succeed in making us think their way," a Catalan engineer told a friend of mine. " People have been imprisoned for having B.B.C. bulletins found on them. In Puigcerda the police seized three radios because their owners had been listening to the B.B.C., but they won't get away with this even if they killed us by starvation, which they are already doing."

While this attitude may have been representative of Catalonia where year after year of martial law did nothing to damp the spirit of the people, there were other districts where dissuasion was so slight that not only were there no arrests, but sets tuned to London could be heard quite openly in cafés. In conversations about the news, the B.B.C. would usually be quoted, often with the exaggeration which fulfilled all kinds of wishes at the moment, but would later be attributed to London. But from Spain there often came the neutral's ideal compliment. " I know of several persons," wrote a Catalan, " whose entirely unfavourable views on an Allied victory have been changed as a result of B.B.C. broadcasts." His statement was backed by so much similar evidence that the B.B.C. cannot be denied the credit for producing in Spain one of the clearest shifts of public opinion which took place in Europe.

In these broadcasts, unvarnished news was as important as in the services to the occupied territories. To counter the German argument that semi-starvation was due to our blockade, a constant stream of details was given on the withdrawal of foodstuffs by Germany and Italy. By the beginning of 1942 few people believed any longer that Britain was responsible. The programme *La Voz de Londres* became popular, particularly the commentator Antonio Torres, who spoke with a rare combination of strength and irony.[1] Some of the music seemed to me a less impressive advertisement of England. Kettelby's *In a Monastery Garden,* for instance, made unsatisfying propaganda because of the difficulty of distinguishing the birds from the jammers.

[1] On a wall of the market-place in Tetuan someone even scrawled the words, " Churchill, Roosevelt and Antonio Torres will win the war for us ".

Portugal, one of the most prolific sources of letters, was another enthusiastic audience. Catholics contributed a considerable proportion of the talks, among them Hilaire Belloc, Douglas Woodruff and Father Zulueta. " It filled me with emotion," wrote one correspondent at the end of 1940, " when every night the whole population of this village, of every social grade, trooped into the only café in the place to listen to your bulletins, confident in Britain's victory. Afterwards they dispersed, discussing the events in their simple manner. . . . As for the German bulletins, no one listens to them—they do not interest us." Shortly afterwards the Portuguese authorities introduced a ban on listening to loudspeakers in public places. It operated unfairly against the B.B.C. whose listeners were scattered far more widely than the German among the poorer classes, who could not afford sets of their own. But in no country did technical hitches of this kind prevent people who seriously wanted to listen. " You would be surprised," wrote another correspondent at the end of 1940, " to see how more or less illiterate people club together to get funds enough to buy a radio—almost every little village consisting of no more than a handful of huts is now the possessor of a set."

As the war went on, this audience was held. It is people who suspect attempts are being made to suffocate them, who develop an appetite for oxygen.

COMMENTS, CRITICISMS, CONCLUSIONS

" Dr. RUSSELL THOMAS (Southampton): *Broadcasts for the Italian peasants should invariably include Grand Opera. We should start our programmes with selections of Grand Opera and intersperse them with selections from them. As I have said, it is the one way above all others by which to rivet their attention.*

" Mr. J. J. DAVIDSON (Glasgow, Maryhill) *rose . . .*

" Dr. RUSSELL THOMAS: *I am not going to give way. I have sat here a very long time, and I intend to go on.*"

" Hansard ", Volume 377, No. 33.

" *The young airman up in the sky is driven not only by the voices of loudspeakers, he is driven by voices in himself—ancient instincts fostered and cherished by education and tradition. Is he to be blamed for those instincts? Could we switch off the maternal instinct at the command of a table full of politicians?* "—VIRGINIA WOOLF, " The Death of the Moth ".

" *Propaganda is out of date.*"—TOM HARRISSON.

WE have done with the scientists; we reach the politicians. Criticism of propaganda leaps so readily to the mind that many volumes of newsprint have already been devoted to the subject. At the time of writing, however, the shortage of paper puts me in the fortunate position of having to exclude all but essentials. I have called upon two critics who are acquainted with topical controversies, and an old lady who is not. One of the critics is on my left, the other on my right. The old lady is directly opposite. Negative as she is, she figured in Mr. Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* and in *Tristram Shandy*, so that she feels rather out of place in these surroundings and can be relied on to say as little as usual. The critics are unlikely to say much, having promised to show intelligence, a readiness to compromise, and reckless disloyalty to any Party they feel in the background. The author is still employed by the B.B.C. and will think twice before he says anything. Over us all, promising early release, is the *deus ex machina* of the paper shortage.

AUTHOR: Madam, it is for you to begin.

OLD LADY: Well, it may seem simple of me, but I would like some information on this business about the two Germanys. Some people seem to think there are two Germanys and we're only at war with one of them. You say that's the Russian view. But some very

well educated people I know say there isn't any difference between the Nazis and the Germans and we're fighting the whole lot. Now I don't really see how you can start talking to the Germans until you've made your mind up one way or the other.

LEFT CRITIC: If you make up your mind that the Germans are all Nazis I don't see any point in talking to them at all.

RIGHT CRITIC: Perhaps there isn't a great deal. After all *are* there two Germanys—I mean can you describe them to me? For years we've been fighting ten million Germans who seemed a fair enough cross-section of the nation. They didn't cease to be Germans just because they were in uniform. And if there aren't any members of the " other Germany " in the forces, where are they? In Rostock or Cologne? There's no recognizable opposition whose programme we know about and approve. I suggest to you that if there's a Germany with whom we're not at war, it must be either some historical fantasy like Weimar in the eighteenth century or else an attitude of mind you assume to be latent.

OLD LADY: Do you mean, sir, that every German is an incorrigible Nazi?

AUTHOR: It makes me think of a broadcast which was repeated several times by the B.B.C. It was a sermon by a German bishop who delivered it in Münster in 1941. He attacked the Nazis with the greatest courage and seemed to assume there were quite a lot of people in the congregation who would share his views. Then I remember hearing a broadcast on the German Radio by Hitler in which he said he would execute those who disagreed with him. He proceeded to execute fourteen people in Mannheim in one day.

LEFT CRITIC: Surely the fact that there isn't an opposition whose programme we know and approve shouldn't worry the B.B.C. very much. There are still safe assumptions you could make.

RIGHT CRITIC: For instance?

LEFT CRITIC: Well, I should assume something like this. At the loudspeaker is a German with an average dose of the well-known Teutonic illness. Some years ago Hitler found him in a miserable out-of-work, humiliated condition and offered something more attractive than self-respect, something involving pageants and power and mastery over Europe. Being a German, he jumped at it. But what with the R.A.F. and the Eastern Front extending to the Mediterranean Front, his hopes gradually turned to fears. Far from moderating this process Goebbels made it worse by assuring him that any

settlement that wasn't in Hitler's original pageant would mean the destruction of the German nation and the permanent enslavement of himself. Do you follow me, Madam ?

OLD LADY : I don't quite gather which you are condemning, his hopes or his fears.

LEFT CRITIC : I condemn both, because both are symptoms of the Teutonic disease we are fighting. They are, if you like, the two Germanys.

RIGHT CRITIC : And you condemn both ? But this is a revolution.

LEFT CRITIC : There is, I was about to remark, something in this cycle of vast hopes and catastrophic fears which is familiar to my listener. Did his forefathers experience it ? Did he absorb it in childhood with the Siegfried legend ? He knows it so well that victories lose their attraction because of the shadow of the inevitable defeat. And the defeat will seem so frightful that the only redemption which can appeal to him is another victory pageant. The circle, you see, is a vicious one.

Now, I call these the two Germanys because I suspect that the picture of them as a simple political reality is a fiction based on this truth. In propaganda to Germany and in debates in the Commons for that matter, it's perfectly justifiable, but as we're among friends let's admit that there are not two Germanys in the ordinary external sense. In the early years of the war you wouldn't have expected to find so many million Nazis and so many million anti-Nazis at one anothers' throats. All eighty million were more or less Nazi. I say " more or less ", because even then some indubitably were less Nazi than others ; the fears and doubts had begun to get the upper hand in them. The B.B.C's job, as I see it, has been to heighten that tendency until it wins the day.

AUTHOR : A clear enough argument. But just now you said it was precisely this phase of passive depression that caused the lust for conquest.

RIGHT CRITIC : In fact the Germans won't all have been converted after all and a few bad boys will be waiting to lead the great mass of innocents into their neighbours' lands again ! Don't you think it would be better to adopt my suggestion and treat the Germans with realism ?

LEFT CRITIC : I am trying to do that. In my view the German wants tremendous victories because he feels he has been

tremendously defeated. The implication of that is: don't let him feel tremendously defeated.

AUTHOR: If there is one thing the B.B.C. has said, it is: *You are going to be tremendously defeated.* Do you quarrel with that?

RIGHT CRITIC: It's because people quarrelled with it last time that we are where we are today.

LEFT CRITIC: On the contrary, I applaud it. Until their defeat is a reality, you must impress them with its approach.

AUTHOR: And then?

LEFT CRITIC: Why, then your job is to break the vicious circle by removing the humiliation of defeat. Mind you, I said the humiliation. Occupy Berlin, if you like, and wipe out the *Reichswehr*, but don't send native troops into the Ruhr, don't create ten million unemployed and don't demand impossible reparations. If you do, you'll be creating a thirst for victories which won't be quenched a score of years later by appeasement.

AUTHOR: Unfortunately the B.B.C. is not in a position to occupy Berlin or demand impossible reparations. I must rule out your suggestion as irrelevant.

RIGHT CRITIC: It is not only irrelevant, but dangerous. In the first place I doubt the whole theory that German rapacity is founded on a feeling of humiliation. But if it is, I should have thought the occupation of Berlin and destruction of the *Reichswehr* which you propose would be enough to make them want the earth next time. And since there seem to be two such grave flaws in your argument it would surely be safer this time to plump for the facts.

OLD LADY: What are the facts?

RIGHT CRITIC: Madam, you are well acquainted with them. For nearly a century Germany has been a singularly dogged enemy of ours. What she wants is the mastery of Europe, and she still proposes to get it when she's nearly dead. Very well, after this war she will need the appropriate treatment. But in the meantime I want to know if the B.B.C. is being tough enough. Certain things you have said gave me a feeling of uneasiness. I didn't much like the pride with which you took Mr. H. G. Priestley to the microphone. And then without wishing to insult your admirable qualities as a writer, I suggest far the most impressive part of your book was nothing to do with the B.B.C., but the account of Germany's campaign against France.

AUTHOR: The most impressive in what sense? As an example of a service which had acquired the confidence and affection of a growing number of listeners?

OLD LADY: But haven't we been at war for three years? In that time couldn't the B.B.C. have *done* something—I mean something like the German victories in what you called Political Warfare.

AUTHOR: It did do something. Colonel Britton sent a lot of nickel and copper into hiding, and the services to the Occupied Territories raised morale and fortified resistance to the Germans. But at the moment the B.B.C. can't hang BERLIN on its walls, if that's what you mean—not as Ferdonnet might have hung the word PARIS on his microphone at Stuttgart.

OLD LADY: And yet you claim that the B.B.C. has done its job well?

AUTHOR: Allowing for the ups and downs of different regions and for human fallibility—yes. There's nothing strange about that. You have seen the B.B.C. engaged in propaganda in a more or less ordinary sense; it was confined to that by the military situation. If it had attempted political warfare in the German sense, but using the microphone as an independent striking force without relation to the other arms, it would have spoiled its efficacy in the final stages by breeding distrust. Suppose it had attempted to bring about the evacuation of Berlin by spreading rumours that the reservoirs were poisoned and a force of 5000 bombers was approaching. Possibly it would have succeeded, but what would have been the result?

OLD LADY: Well, of course, everyone would have got very tired of evacuation and gone back to Berlin. But couldn't there have been more likely ideas?

LEFT CRITIC: Only, I think, if they had been more ambitious, and the damage done to B.B.C. credit would have been proportionate. Suppose in 1941 the B.B.C. had backed the Generals to carry out a revolutionary coup against the Nazis. I leave out questions of political desirability and the fact that we should have forfeited all chance of sympathy from the Left—"our only hope" as Lord Vansittart has called it. By committing ourselves openly to a faction before we were in measurable sight of victory we should have undermined what trust was put in the integrity of our war aims. I think any other attempt to employ the tactics of major political warfare *before* the armed forces had brought us to the edge of victory would

have had similar consequences. At zero hour, of course, the scene changes. But then all the preliminary years of patience bring their return.

AUTHOR: Let me extend your defence to cover this book. It records a period when for the most part Britain was on the defensive and Germany held the initiative. You have seen the two basic stances of political warriors: on guard and in assault. But now they have been exchanged, you would not expect to find Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union lunging in quite the same style as Germany lunged. A distinction of characters is involved, and I hope a distinction in lasting achievement.

RIGHT CRITIC: But you do not dispose of the whole criticism. When Russia was as hard pressed as we ever were, she was, on your own admission, *tough*. In effect she demanded revolution.

AUTHOR: Wouldn't you call Churchill tough? The B.B.C. broadcast his speeches *ad nauseam* and the European Service caught his spirit. Russia had certain advantages over the B.B.C. She had no variety of opinions to contend with, no clash of ideas on the subject of post-war Germany, and—a small but important point—she was a Land Power.

RIGHT CRITIC: And the relevance of that?

AUTHOR: Armies make better material for propaganda than navies. You can see the sort of reason. If a reporter had to choose between a complicated set of patrol duties at sea and a battle on land to get his story on the front page, I don't think he'd hesitate. I say it's more important than it seems, because I think it made Britain seem a lot more passive than she was. The B.B.C. did what it could to project the full force of our war effort, but it could have done more if we'd been a Land Power.

OLD LADY: Just now you said something about the ups and downs of different regions. It interested me because it confirms a strong suspicion I've had when listening to the B.B.C. in languages I don't understand that the wrong things were being said, and being said in very bad language.

AUTHOR: Madam, I have had precisely that feeling, but perhaps it is a subject for psychologists. On investigating the scripts I disliked and failed to understand, I found my objections vanishing. It is strange. I remember the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information saying on one occasion that the B.B.C. did not claim fluency in all its forty languages. But that is a

different matter. You would not expect the Albanian Service to reach the standard of " Hi Gang ". Of course it may do, but I have not listened regularly enough to know.

LEFT CRITIC: You have said that Hitler has all the transmitters in the centre of Europe, but why doesn't the B.B.C. build powerful medium-wave transmitters on Gibraltar and Malta and Cyprus? Surely they are as important as any other kind of armament at strategic points.

AUTHOR: Probably it would like to, but the B.B.C. is not responsible for putting up transmitters outside the country.

LEFT CRITIC: I should like to know how much the B.B.C. has done to sustain the national cultures which the German Radio tried to destroy. It seems to have been on a much higher level than the German Radio, but it struck me, I think when you referred to the war in Hungarian, that Moscow was more lavish with cultural broadcasts than we were.

AUTHOR: Moscow in Hungarian had more transmitting time, and transmitting time is the answer to the question, because what you broadcast can't be considered without watching the studio clock. If you only have two or three periods of a few minutes each, I imagine you would choose to sustain your listeners with the news they don't hear, particularly if it is good news. But as your time increases, your semi-luxuries can increase more than proportionately.

LEFT CRITIC: I am not speaking of semi-luxuries, but of necessities for winning the peace.

AUTHOR: I am glad to hear it. Perhaps I may forward to you the kicks from those who think culture has nothing to do with winning the war?

RIGHT CRITIC: Allow me to communicate with him direct. I doubt the advisability of the long broadcasts we already have. How many Germans, how many Frenchmen, for that matter, are going to listen for four or five hours a day?

LEFT CRITIC: Obviously very few. How many Englishmen listen for five hours daily? But that doesn't mean we should cut the Home Service to three or four hours. No, Sir. Since different people listen at different times, I consider it a matter of urgent national importance that the foreign language broadcasts should be extended till they become twelve or twenty-four hour services.

AUTHOR: Something like it has happened already on big occasions. When the Japs attacked Pearl Harbour, and when the Allies

launched their North African offensive, the B.B.C. kept broadcasting the news in German, French and Italian from one till five in the morning.

RIGHT CRITIC: I don't know that I feel very strongly about this, but I do suggest you might find yourself in something of a tangle with a dozen different services on that scale. As it is I have sometimes wondered what the Czechs have thought of your more friendly references to Germany. I mean, for instance, your assurances that post-war Germany should be granted freedom from economic instability.

LEFT CRITIC: Well, they're in the Atlantic Charter. If you and the Czechs resent that, then let me say that I have been alarmed by the effect on Germany of some of the vengeance speeches made by the exiled statesmen of the occupied territories.

OLD LADY: But why doesn't everyone say the same thing as they do in Russia?

AUTHOR: Madam, we live in a democracy and our guests were the heads of democratic states. As a matter of fact my friend on the left exaggerates this talk of vengeance. But there is just one thing I would like to say on the subject of co-ordination whether with Russia or any other ally—it is that the whole thing would become vastly simplified if you two gentlemen could reach some sort of solid agreement. There is a paper shortage, and my hopes are not exaggerated, but I would like you to say what you do really want.

RIGHT CRITIC: Well, I should start by pointing out to the author the importance that the majority of mankind attaches to strength. If you like, brute strength. In your chapter on origins you seemed to overlook the possibility that Britain's weakness was the most important cause of the war. It was also the main reason why our voice was uncertain and unheard. Curious that you overlooked it, because later on, when Hitler lost his magic, and in the campaign against France, it seemed to dawn on you; phrases like "the interdependence of propaganda and military power" ran from your pen. Now, if I'd been writing your first chapter, I would have said something like this: "After the victory of 1918 the democratic idea became popular and highly esteemed. There was no mystery about it; the democracies had just won a gigantic victory and their strength was unchallenged. But England as a whole was not hard-headed enough to realize this was the reason—she preferred to believe in good will and indefinite

progress. And she let her superiority decay. For a while all went well. There was the voice of Hitler, but that was not very noticeable as long as we had the strength to silence it. But it grew louder as ours grew weaker. It enticed whole peoples and countries away from our idea. It was a magical voice, if you like, but the magic did not lie in Hitler's personality. It was in the tanks and Junkers and Heinkels coming from the Ruhr factories. It dominated Europe at the time his arms were ready to do the same."

What I want, therefore, is a strong England. As a matter of fact I wouldn't be surprised if our propagandists don't regain their reputation for genius when the tanks and bombers are on our side. This time let's keep that reputation.

LEFT CRITIC: But you don't explain what the B.B.C. is to *say*. Is it to be just a gorilla beating on its chest?

OLD LADY: I should think not! That makes everything in the neighbourhood run for its life.

LEFT CRITIC: But I call that success of a kind. Hitler and Ferdonnet and all the rest sent people off at the run. But what then? Are they to go on running? The primitive political warriors don't seem to have had any other plan. They didn't exactly win the trust of the French or the Serbs; they just tried to paralyse them into permanent submission. No, sir, gorillas are horribly out-of-date. I want something better than fear to impress your audience or it will disperse. I want us to have something to talk about. Fear was the German weapon, but hope should be ours.

OLD LADY: There's the Atlantic Charter, isn't that any good?

LEFT CRITIC: Madam, it's not good enough. If we had a more detailed edition of the Atlantic Charter with a promise of family allowances and paid holidays for all, I still would not be satisfied. Because if the voice of Britain is going to be listened to, it must have some sort of message for the modern world. Consider the chance we have. Here is a civilization which has suffered agonies from its failure to adjust individual rights and liberties to the common good. A century ago you had no bombers with which to shatter your neighbour's capital and you hadn't the means to give health, leisure and education to all. But today those destructive and creative forces are at your fingers' end, and I want to know if we're going to use them. You see, I think we could use them quite extraordinarily well, because in spite of our passion for individualism we have some of the things that are needed—an ability to compromise and a tolerance

which other nations haven't got. In other words I think we can master the problems of this century without revolution, and if we can do that, we shall have something to say that will make Goebbels' theory of political warfare look like a Voodoo dancer's death-mask. Madam, the future would be ours.

OLD LADY: And if we don't do it? Because, frankly, I never like to overdo anything.

LEFT CRITIC: Why then no doubt the future will be someone else's. It is for us to choose.

RIGHT CRITIC: I hate to intervene . . . but I would like to remind you of the civilization of Ancient Crete. You remember that for many centuries the island of Crete had a culture which was spectacular? I don't mean just the central-heating and light-wells in the palaces, but the ordinary vessels to be found in the houses, even the tools, they were all designed in excellent taste. Life there was manicured. But it seemed so absorbing to the Cretan that he forgot about the navy from which it had sprung. Now you, sir, seem to hope that a wireless station would have done instead.

LEFT CRITIC: Not instead, no, but a means of spreading what Crete had to offer to the Mediterranean.

RIGHT CRITIC: But you are wrong, I'm afraid. Only their ancient navy could have done that, for after they'd concentrated on their civilization for long enough marauders fell on them from the north. They burnt the palaces. They wrecked the central-heating and the light-wells, and they went away. If there'd been a wireless station, they wouldn't have left it to broadcast a postscript.

AUTHOR: You are not advancing the argument, sir. You have already said that force is the secret of propaganda.

LEFT CRITIC: But for my part I deny that it's anything of the sort. Was force responsible for the spread of Christianity? If so, whose force? Was it brute strength that gave Karl Marx's early disciples their power as propagandists? Surely this is the purest nonsense. The spread of an idea depends on the strength within that idea itself.

OLD LADY: You know I have a terrible habit when I'm reading a book of turning over the page, and I can't get rid of it even when I'm in the book myself. I must therefore warn you gentlemen that in another couple of pages you won't exist any more. I shall be alone with the author.

AUTHOR: One thing that might hasten that event would be an

attempt to agree with each other's major thesis. You, Sir, on my left, I can't believe you have any fundamental objection to the argument of my friend on the right, that after this war British strength must be retained?

LEFT CRITIC: I'm afraid I have, if you put it as crudely as that. In theory, you see, I'm opposed to anyone being in control of forces which can smack down another people at will. The trouble in practice is that we seem to wait ten years before smacking down anyone. Therefore I'll grant you your military strength if you'll promise to use it at the request of the international organization of which it's a part.

AUTHOR: And you, Sir, on my right, are you opposed to the desirable world which my friend painted just now? I'm bound to say it struck me as rather more desirable than your . . . er . . . historical fantasy of Crete.

RIGHT CRITIC: I'm not opposed to it exactly, no. I fancy it would be more expensive than you think. And there are things about it which strike me as rather Utopian and impracticable. I'd rather add some safer bets from the past—the family, for instance, and the Church of England.

AUTHOR: I cannot conceive that you, Sir, would object to these institutions even if you personally happen to have no pride in them? Admissions are more fashionable than they were in the 'twenties. In the *Daily Mail Year Book* for 1942 I noticed an article by Professor Reilly entitled " A Planned Britain ". In the *Observer* I discover it is " vital " that " no private interests should be allowed to obstruct the replanning and rebuilding of cities ".

LEFT CRITIC: Well, I can imagine more thrilling subjects for propaganda than families and church bells, but I don't object to them—no, of course not.

AUTHOR: Good—because that finishes your outline of a plan. To suit one of you we state the momentous strength of the United Nations, and to satisfy the other we explain how we shall organize this power in the post-war world for the well-being of its inhabitants. In response to demands from the Left we clean up our own house so magnificently that it becomes the envy of its neighbours, but from natural instincts and by request of the Right, we leave undisturbed certain time-honoured furniture which has proved its value.

OLD LADY: It's really extremely gratifying. At last I've got into a book with a happy ending.

AUTHOR: There is only one reservation . . .

OLD LADY: No! You're going to spoil everything. . . . And it's too late because the critics have disappeared.

AUTHOR: I don't know what you make of their disappearance, Madam, but it seems to me a little sinister. Perhaps they began to feel unreal and just evaporated. For we must face it that there's a possibility of their not agreeing. I don't mean on detail, because obviously they'll never agree on that, but on fundamentals, on the sort of place England is going to be. My reservation was only going to be that. They must agree and they must mean what they say. Mind you, I know the future is going to be a muddle, and the people who think it can be clear-cut and simple will be disappointed. But there are different kinds of muddle—intolerable ones that prevent people from enjoying life, sensible ones caused by development and changing interests, and there are bloody muddles. Now if the critics disagree fundamentally on the kind of muddle they want, I think we are at one of those moments in history where the muddle they will get is a bloody muddle. It concerns us here because the barricades in the streets will have their counterparts at the microphone. For a time your favourite speakers will be suppressed and when they are freely chosen again half of them will be dead. Do you want to hear more Fascist voices, Madam? Please be careful, because I have heard more than enough, and we might find ourselves on opposite sides of a barricade.

OLD LADY: But this seems very extreme. These gentlemen were perfectly civil, and I'm sure a clever propagandist could smooth over their differences. I haven't liked to mention it before, but I thought propaganda was just the thing for . . . er . . . supple tongues.

AUTHOR: I'm afraid you are thinking of Dr. Josef Goebbels, Madam. His tongue was certainly supple. At times his tones were so well modulated and so lyrical that you had to remind yourself of his motives. For most people in Europe it became a habit. But since you have brought the matter up, let us make an unnatural effort to recall some of his statements *as if he had meant them.* It is worth our while. On the first day he took over the Dutch Radio, you remember, he described the reorganization of the economic system. "The tremendous agricultural and industrial resources," he said, "will at last be revealed at their true value. The number of ships built under the old system, the number of

cattle kept, the number of eggs produced, the quantity of fruit and vegetables, can all be doubled at short notice by proper economic methods . . ." Forgive me for quoting that twice, but it shows Goebbels at one of those moments when one realizes how dangerous he might have been. For imagine if he had meant what he said. What weapon could have been used against him? Suppose the German Radio with its outposts all over Europe had been correct in describing itself as a bearer of culture, had offered the best of German art instead of the flashiest and the worst. Imagine that Germany had in fact been the happy social state he described and that the peoples around her had been offered a similar life deriving from their own national roots in a confederation of equal peoples. Then, I fancy, Goebbels would have won.

Happily he made a mistake. He thought propaganda had something to do with cynicism. He became a spiritual inflationist who issued promises like banknotes in the knowledge that they had no backing.

OLD LADY: But that isn't the kind of mistake the B.B.C. would make.

AUTHOR: Madam, the B.B.C. does not make mistakes. It is one of its virtues. I want it to make promises—and I want you to keep them.

OLD LADY: But there seems to be some misunderstanding. I don't want to make promises or to keep them. I'm against all that sort of thing. I just want a quiet life.

AUTHOR: A quiet life?

OLD LADY: Now what have I said? You don't look well, all of a sudden.

AUTHOR: You gave me a shock, Madam. To my ears the words have a lyrical sound like the trickle of water in a desert; and yet you make me wonder how we are going to get it. There's the radio, and it can't be turned off. There are the voices—not just these I've been describing, but the ones about to speak. Are they, the new ones, going to make threats and broken promises like the archaic gorillas we have heard? They'll be ready to, believe me. Even at this moment, perhaps even in the hospital at Pasewalk, someone may have had a revelation. The wound in the heart of Europe, it may have dawned on him, can be cured only by a counterpart of Parsifal's sacred spear which could both heal and slay; and in the hands of modern knights of Parsifal this miracle could be achieved.

You find such a voice improbable? But remember voices aren't independent arbitrary things that make themselves heard because of a special genius in the speaker. They weren't in the 'thirties and they won't be in the 'fifties. They speak because an audience wants to hear them; in the long run they are chosen by the listener. Indeed, if you detect a note of urgency in my pleading, Madam, it is because I am conscious of your importance. I can only give you ideas; it is you who must give the answer.

OLD LADY: But you've become most gratifying again, young man. Please tell me your ideas.

AUTHOR: Even they are unoriginal: I picked them up from what these critics have been saying. All I want to add is a suggestion that you may be feeling tired of voices like Hitler's that go bump in the night, that you may be feeling a little regretful that you allowed a noise like that to become the loudest in Europe. It's difficult to remember exactly how it happened, but I think it was because you weren't interested enough in what was going on around you. You know how it is when a day goes wrong and you can't concentrate on anything; you get bored and over-anxious and when you're in bed voices start shouting at you from your dreams. Of course as domestic events go it may be quite a big thing that goes wrong—the arrival of a brand new electric vacuum cleaner, for instance, which you just don't know how to cope with and try in despair to use like an old-fashioned mop. At last when you're in bed it rises out of the darkness with a scowling face and a magician's hood and starts to eject exaggerated insults about your private life. It's most unpleasant. But I expect you've noticed that never happens after a good day's work. Then all the energy flows into your neatly moving fingers and the arrangements you make for extending your vegetable beds. Something, on these occasions, seems to get transferred from yourself to the outside world and comes back to you in brighter colours and a greater attractiveness in the people you meet. It's exhilarating.

The question is how to make days like this come more often and more permanently. You may say they went smoothly enough before the vacuum-cleaner arrived and you feel inclined to join a society for the removal of vacuum cleaners. But it would be a pity, surely; a neighbour might master the thing first. A better idea would be to have a plan of campaign. I'm not one of nature's planners, but with a complicated thing like a vacuum cleaner, I don't see what else is to be done. Ruthlessly and clear-headedly

we must treat it as its nature demands. The plug here in the wainscotting, the flex across the floor behind us—and it's *not* to be used as a skipping-rope for the children—the switch on by the wall, the other one on the handle, now, with the furniture properly arranged, we're off.

It's extraordinary how much better one feels, don't you notice? Do you remember Browning?

OLD LADY: Do I remember *Browning*, Sir? I am losing patience. You were suggesting some new speakers.

AUTHOR: I was getting back to that, Madam, but it was for your sake that I digressed into the quiet life. Let us simply define it as one which is properly occupied. Then, on the day when you were fully occupied with your vacuum cleaner, what would you like to hear? I think, you know, honestly the question would seem less important than it did the night before. You remember how Hitler when he founded his movement insisted on speaking after dark? He knew the deadly myths he had to tell would not be listened to outside a nightmare. But now that you're really interested in the day's work again, why I should think you'd like to hear voices that matched the daylight, real, direct voices that were quiet and meant business like yourself. Only stick to the job, Madam, keep interested in reality, or they will start shouting and move back again into the night.

APPENDIX I

Charges and Counter-charges in German on the Eve of America's Entry into the War

B.B.C.	*German Radio*
R.A.F. offensive means that Germany is already engaged on two fronts.	A lie. There is no Western Front.
R.A.F. offensive is already heavy, but will grow enormously.	R.A.F. raids are trivial. German defences are effective, and the Luftwaffe will soon turn the tables on England.
America is already a dangerous opponent of Germany.	America is a base and despicable enemy of Germany, but cannot be dangerous in time to forestall her plans.
Social progress in Britain continues even during the war.	Britain is a plutocracy whose social developments are far behind Germany's.
Europe detests her subjugation under the Third Reich and awaits the first moment to rise against it.	Europe has been united by the Third Reich into a fortress which will foil all outside attempts to besiege or disrupt it.
A comparison of September 1940 with September 1941 shows how the German situation has deteriorated.	A comparison of September 1939 with September 1941 shows how the English situation has deteriorated. In that time England has lost twelve allies to Germany.
German A.R.P. is inadequate.	German A.R.P. is incomparable. Casualties are due to sky-gazing.
The immorality of Nazi propaganda aimed at increasing the number of illegitimate children.	The English are hypocrites.
The Nazis are killing off the aged, incurables and the insane.	No response.
British war aims are stated in the Atlantic Charter.	Britain has only one war aim : the destruction of Germany. The Atlantic Charter is a list of calculated deceptions like Wilson's Fourteen Points. It foreshadows an attempt to impose a super-Versailles.

APPENDIX II

Europe's Listeners

A survey of the number and distribution of listeners was given in the German paper *Wirtschaft und Statistik* in August 1941. (The map on p. 186 is based on it.) No allowance is made of course for unregistered listeners, but in most countries the existence of listening bans could have little effect on registration, which had been carried out beforehand. Poland is excluded on the legal ground that no one of Polish nationality might own a set. The figures in brackets refer to 1940, the others to 1941.

	Radio Listeners in Thousands	*Radio Listeners per Thousand Inhabitants*
Sweden	1,470·4	230·8
Denmark	863·4	224·6
Great Britain	(9,132·2)	(190·3)
Greater Germany (including Austria and Sudeten district)	14,880·0	184·7
Netherlands	1,440·6	160·8
Switzerland	637·6	150·8
Iceland	18·3	149·7
Norway	429·4	145·2
Belgium	(1,148·7)	(136·8)
France (excluding Alsace Lorraine)	5,133·0	128·1
Finland	348·5	89·1
Éire	179·6	60·3
Hungary (New area)	609·9	44·7
Slovakia	83·0	31·3
Italy	1,400·0	31·2
Roumania (New area)	244·3	18·3
Portugal	98·0	12·8
Bulgaria	83·0	12·4
Spain	281·4	11·0
Turkey	91·2	5·1

INDEX