

Then came the bombings of Berlin and the population behaved heroically. It is true that its heroism, as I have already said, was directed preferably to saving a sheet or a bedcover, but a sheet or a quilt is as important now as a human life. The people put out the fire, move the wounded, take off their furniture, and when all that is over, worn out, dishevelled, stand staring at the sky, wondering what the next night will bring.

My own opinion is that the bombardments are efficient to a degree which is not realised. It must be borne in mind that they are taking place over all Occupied Europe, and that wherever the bombers pass they throw into disorder whatever there is below. One must have gone through bombardments to realise their speed and their extent. In a single hour they lay an entire inhabited place low. I cannot say whether those who are engaged in them, British or Americans, have many losses, or whether the anti-aircraft defence and the German fighters have much success. But what is certain is that the bombardments have increased, despite all the assailants' losses, and that the German communiqué generally agrees with the London one, as far as air losses are concerned.

Bombardments have an effect equally upon the front and the rearguard. On the rearguard they have effect for all the reasons which have just been mentioned. On the front they have effect because the soldier is able to fight against his enemy, but is not able to bear the torture of thinking that behind his back his house is falling into ruins and his family flying amidst cinders.

For now popular discontent is reaching great heights. There is sympathy with Hitler, criticism of Goebbels, and hatred of Himmler. Hitler has lost his nimbus of infallibility, and is now thought to be an exceptional man indeed, but one for whom the whole world was too much.

Hitler has lost his nimbus, but he is still respected. Goebbels is thought the most intelligent of them all, and the most cynical. He is generally called "the little Jew." When Himmler appears the streets shiver. I don't know what he has done. I do not want to go by mere talk, but all I know is that as soon as he appears his very presence freezes every smile. The only one who still really is popular is Goering, which is a real paradox, since the voluminous Hermann is the Chief of the Luftwaffe. But that is how the public is. When in the midst of a bombardment Goering went through the streets of Berlin he did not receive a single black look.

The rest of the party does not count. The party, as such, is a sort of island, having no contact with the public, which endures it as a matter of discipline. It must be borne in mind that the war has put an end to all the marching-past, and that these marches and parades are —apart from spying and tale-bearing—the only activity of the party, in the opinion of the average German.