

hills/Into the common ground." His control is immaculate but it lacks that tension in control which generally denotes the struggle of personality with art. Many of his poems build the awareness of love, though in autumnal, wintry, passing terms. Perhaps the poem in the book which most involves us is an intellectualized yet moving memorial to Einstein.

—W. T. S.

BRITISH TRAVELER: Robert Beloof, author of "*The One-Eyed Gunner and Other Portraits*" (henry penny press, \$2), appears to be an Englishman writing—at least part of the time—in America. The speculation is worth mentioning since his poems of American rural or urban landscape are evidently those of a traveler and suffer from being observed rather than felt. Subjectively too many of his poems are wan with triviality and stylistically they stumble in a jerky ear; his over-present use of the spondee would seem to be accidental. His best quality is a joyous amorousness touched with wit that makes a few of his poems fun to read: "I packed her hands with rocking ships/with what was left of what was left/of what was left of my damned head."

—W. T. S.

LYRIC LINE WITH ELEGANCE: The variety of Lawrence Durrell's poetry includes the personal lyric, the descriptive poem of places and people, and even some randy ballads, and yet his "*Selected Poems*" (Grove Press; cloth-bound, \$3.50; paperbound, \$1.25) introduce an English poet whose basic tone is always lyric. That is, introduce to America; these poems are drawn from four published volumes, and there are a few new pieces. His is, in MacLeish's phrase, a "grave and level voice"; yet it is of another American poet, Robert Hillyer, that Mr. Durrell is remindful. Their poems are not in the least interchangeable, but both use the traditional lyric line with a certain elegance which would be banal if it were not for the freshness of language; and since the smooth ear is quieting, never alarming, their personal subtleties are liable to be undetected and unappreciated. One may imagine a merely worn-out traditionalist assuring us that "The Pleiades are sinking"—let's say—"like a god." The Durrell line is "The Pleiades are sinking cool as paint." He has also observed "The light running like fishes among the leaves." Indeed he has observed sharply and recorded freshly many a human and natural glance.

Only the unwary will dismiss it as Georgian poetry; it bears everywhere the required stain of separate personality.

—W. T. S.

BIG DAY by CLIPPER*



Old vineyards...overnight by Pan Am

On your way overseas by Clipper enjoy the pick of the world's vintage wines along with meals prepared by master chefs. Every day's a holiday along Pan Am's 64,085 pleasure-miles and you pay only 10% down on Pan Am's World-Wide Plan. Go Now—Pay Later.

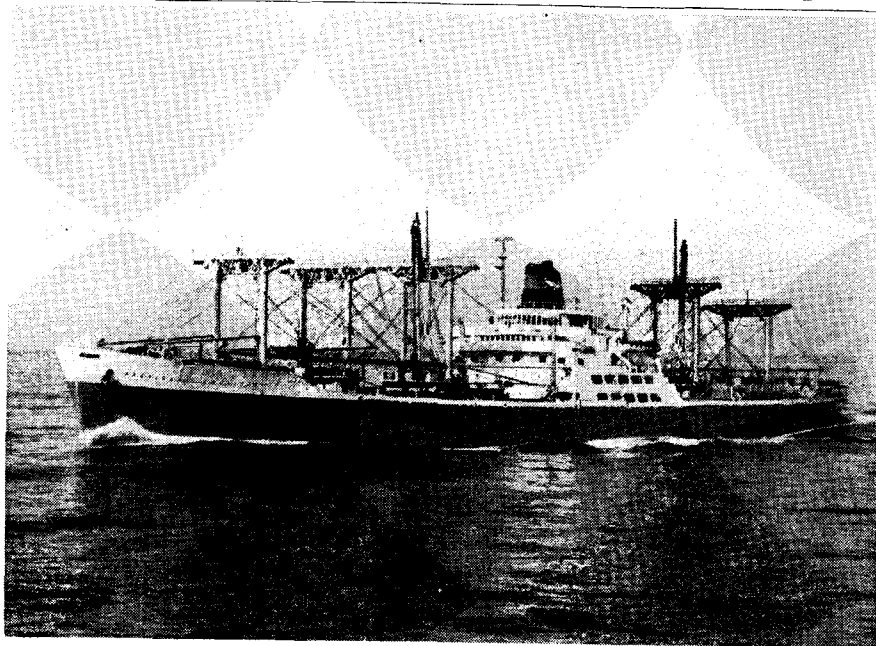
*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

France	11½ hours	\$47 down
Spain	14 hours	52 down
Italy	15½ hours	56 down

PRICES BASED ON 14-DAY TOURIST EXCURSION FARES FROM NEW YORK

Call your Travel Agent or

PAN AMERICAN



Your Picture Window Around the World

High in the superstructure of American President Lines' swift, ultramodern "Mariner Class" *President Coolidge*, 12 passengers enjoy a breathtaking, panoramic view from the beautifully-appointed public rooms and from their air-conditioned, outside staterooms as they cruise leisurely to some 23 ports in 13 countries. This fine ship, with her sister ships, and others of APL's crack 40-ship fleet, provide restful cruise travel and skilled freight service across the Pacific and around the world.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

SERVING FOUR MAJOR WORLD TRADE ROUTES

Inside the Third Reich



"The Labyrinth," by **Walter Schellenberg** (translated by Louis Hagen. Harper. 423 pp. \$4.95), is the memoir of the S. S. general who became chief of the German Foreign Intelligence Service. William L. Shirer, who reviews it, covered Nazi Germany before World War II for a radio network.

By William L. Shirer

THE late Walter Schellenberg was the youngest general in the S.S. and at the collapse of Hitler's Third Reich had risen to be the chief of the German Foreign Intelligence Service. He had, as H. R. Trevor-Roper has said, a parochial mind and a trivial character.

To this description I would add, on the basis of a reading of his fantastic memoirs now published as "The Labyrinth," a monumental capacity to delude himself about his great knowledge of foreign affairs, a subject on which he remained colossally ignorant to the end.

The end for this Nazi careerist, who undoubtedly was one of the more decent and intelligent of Himmler's choice assortment of thugs in the top ranks of the S.S. and Gestapo, came in 1949 when he was sentenced at Nuremberg to six years in prison, the court having decided that his guilt was mitigated by his efforts to save the lives of many concentration camp inmates in the last stages of the war when he realized that it was lost. Released from prison in July 1951 because of illness, he took refuge first in Switzerland and then in northern Italy where he died peacefully, in a hospital bed, in March 1952 at the age of forty-two. He spent the last year of his life in writing this book.

It is not an apologia, as are the memoirs of men such as Dr. Schacht and Papen and a host of other Germans who contributed so much to the rise of the Third Reich. Though Schellenberg seems never to have taken very seriously the ideological aberrations of Nazism, as did his revered chief, Himmler, he thoroughly enjoyed his work in the Gestapo, especially the glamorous assignments as counter-spy and secret agent. At one point he exults over the way he had fixed up his office at the headquarters of the dreaded RSHA, the Main Se-



—International Graphic Press.

Ribbentrop—"imbecile mind."

curity office, in Berlin. This is the way he describes it:

My desk was like a small fortress. Two automatic guns were built into it which could spray the whole room with bullets. All I had to do in an emergency was to press a button and both guns would fire simultaneously. At the same time I could press another button and a siren would summon the guards to surround the building and block every exit.

And he tells with unconcealed pride of how when on dangerous missions abroad he always wore "an artificial tooth which contained enough poison to kill me within thirty seconds if I were captured." As a matter of fact, it was just such a tooth—the Gestapo must have distributed them widely—which enabled Himmler to cheat his British captors at the last moment.

The interest of this book lies in two things: a rich assortment of "cloak-and-dagger" stories, some of them so fantastic that they could only have taken place in the loony world of the Nazis; and the picture of the sinister, blood-thirsty world of the Nazi Gestapo. Though Schellenberg is an abominable writer, he has a knack for telling a good spy story and of drawing illuminating portraits of such monstrous characters as Himmler, "Gestapo" Mueller, "Killer" Kaltenbrunner, the sadistic Heydrich, and

others who served Hitler so brutally and well.

There are dozens of tales of adventure and espionage and counter-espionage, perhaps the most incredible being the one about the Nazi attempt to kidnap the Duke of Windsor when he was in Portugal. Schellenberg himself superintended the operation on the spot, but the idea sprang from the imbecile mind of Foreign Minister Ribbentrop, who actually believed that the Duke was trying to escape from the British Secret Service and wanted to dissociate himself from the British war effort and—so Ribbentrop told Schellenberg—"be friends with Germany again, as he was before." To accommodate the Duke, Ribbentrop added that he was prepared to deposit in Switzerland some fifty million Swiss francs in his name.

Though I suspect that the author is far from accurate in many of his details—he naturally tries to make himself out as a most brilliant and forthright fellow—he has the merit of confining most of his tales to exploits in which he personally took part and usually led. Such, for example, was the Venlo Incident in which he contrived to drag two British agents, Major Stevens and Captain Best, over the Dutch frontier into Germany under the very noses of the Netherlands guards.

Another fascinating episode is that of "Operation Cicero," the bizarre story of the valet of the British Ambassador to Turkey, who was one of Schellenberg's agents, and who filched from the envoy's safe much intelligence of value to the Germans. Revealing to this reviewer, at least, is Schellenberg's account of Richard Sorge, who was executed by the Japanese as a Russian spy. Schellenberg reveals that Sorge also worked for the Germans and supplied them with vitally important information he had accumulated from Tokyo.

FINALLY, Schellenberg gives an account of his efforts toward the end of the war to win over Himmler to the idea of doing away with Hitler and suing for peace with the Western Allies. Trevor-Roper in "The Last Days of Hitler" has told it better and much more revealingly, but Schellenberg's version is important as a first-hand account of the last ludicrous days of Hitler's thousand-year Reich.