

make his book a very useful insight into the heart of Nazism. Its failings are Schellenberg's own. He was not, as he believed, subtle, nor so important. His politics were in the over-populated realms of German cloud-cuckoo land, and his professional work as head of S.S. Intelligence was too much coloured by the penny dreadfuls with which the reference library of the Gestapo was filled.

Some at least of his memories are hindsight. Schellenberg's evidence at Nuremberg contained a number of erroneous beliefs: he was convinced, for example, that Himmler had murdered Hitler because this was the advice he had himself given. The error is silently corrected in the Memoirs, and Schellenberg appears as more intelligent and acute than he actually was.

Yet in spite of Schellenberg's failings, this book deserves to be read. It is the work of a man who had no strong political convictions, who tasted power, who regretted its loss; and who in his ailing exile, tried to recapture the glamour and excitement of his brief career.

—Francis West

RETREAT AND RETURN

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, by Jean Bloch-Michel; Longmans, English price 13/6. *DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER*, by William Brinkley; Jonathan Cape, English price 16/-. *THE MASTER*, by T. H. White; Jonathan Cape, English price 15/-. *SUMMER SHOCK*, by Thorne Lee; Abelard-Schuman, English price 15/6.

WE are all familiar with the problem of war's refugees, but *The Flight Into Egypt* brings it down to its most intense level—where it affects the family. The author is careful to avoid setting his story in an exact time and place, and so succeeds in giving it a symbolic power which takes it beyond the limitations of a simple narrative. A family are driven from their home by invasion, and eventually find refuge in a deserted village, where they subsist, peasant fashion, to the end of the war. The father finds that family love is threatened with extinction by the decisions which he makes for the security of the others. There is a material security in their isolation, but inward tensions almost destroy the family. Return to civilisation ends the struggle to give life meaning—an enigmatic end to the story, but utterly convincing.

In *Don't Go Near the Water* we are given a look at the war from the "public relations angle" (to borrow the jargon). All the goings on of a vast paper empire, safely established on a salubrious Pacific Island, are recorded here. The book is not without humour, but is spoiled by a Hollywood approach to plot and description. Situations are so heavily under-lined and over-emphasised, even for a farce, that the veriest idiot, be he patron or prospective producer, cannot fail to respond.

The Master is a clever science fiction story about a mastermind who lives in Rockall (not on it!) and aims to set the world right with a fiendish device. All right if you like these things.

Parking Metres

JUST ONE OF THOSE FLINGS

A CHAP who woke up with a sore head
Said, clasping a hand to his forehead,
"I honestly think
That last little drink
Must have carried a nuclear war-head."
—R.G.P.

Summer Shock is about murder at a Shakespearian Summer Festival, and it falls far short of the author's pretensions.

—Edmond Malone

SHIPS WITH SAILS

THE LAST GRAIN RACE, by Eric Newby; Secker and Warburg, English price 21/-.

MARCH, 1939. Lying in Port Victoria were the Pamir, the Passat, the Archibald Russell, the Winterhude, the Lawhill, the Kommodore Johnsen, the Padua, the Pommern, the Olivebank. It was to be the last grain race, as things turned out, and altogether 13 ships took part in the 1939 sailings. The Moshulu was in port, too, and this is her story, by Eric Newby.

Newby was no sailor. He was a delightfully egotistical young man of 19 who left an advertising agency "on the day we lost the Cereal Account," and decided to go to sea. The short chapter on the agency is a boisterous prelude to a lively book. Green as a grasshopper Newby joined the Erikson four-master Moshulu, in dry dock at Belfast. "Op the rigging" was his first order, and in that ordered tangle of knitting he had not only to find his way about at sea but find it in Swedish. (Reading as many of these books as I have it has never occurred to me that even foreign ships would give orders and name rigging in anything but English!) The crew belonged to every nationality, and their polyglot language is retailed with relish. After this sort of language on deck, Newby goes back to the fo'c'sle, where ordinary conversation is of seven-sea saltiness shot with the northern lights.

The voyage out, the voyage home—this is another story, told with enormous zest and vividness of the stubborn-hearted, horny-fisted simpletons who regarded shipping in steam as the last degradation.

Eric Newby began as a wide-eyed 'prentice lad. After one long round voyage he has given us a lively and thoroughly sailor-like story, complete with every detail of the Moshulu and three dozen exciting photos.

—Denis Glover

NEW POETS

UNCERTAINTIES, and other poems, by John Press; Oxford University Press, English price 10/6. *THE RIVER STEAMER*, and other poems, by E. J. Scovell; Cresset Press, English price 9/6.

BOTH these poets are unfamiliar to us as names in modern English poetry. Miss Scovell, one learns from the dust jacket, has already had published two books of verse; Mr Press, on the other hand, is making a first appearance. The Oxford University Press is to be congratulated for unusual generosity in taking the risk of publishing the work of a new poet—a risk which most publishers now avoid like leprosy. Mr Press justifies their parental trust. His poems are highly readable, intellectually acute, and essentially normal 'prentice work. But a tendency to abstract language makes his verse too thin at times—

... I was exempt from discontent
And aching disillusionment.
I was immune from pain and grief,
Guarded by steady irony:
Why did you come, when I was free,
To trouble my calm unbelief?

This is an example of the good half-poem (good as exact statement, but only half a poem) which Mr Press writes rather too often. Africa, however, renews in him the fibres of poetry: it horrifies him with violence, in female circumcision rites; it moves him also

(continued on next page)

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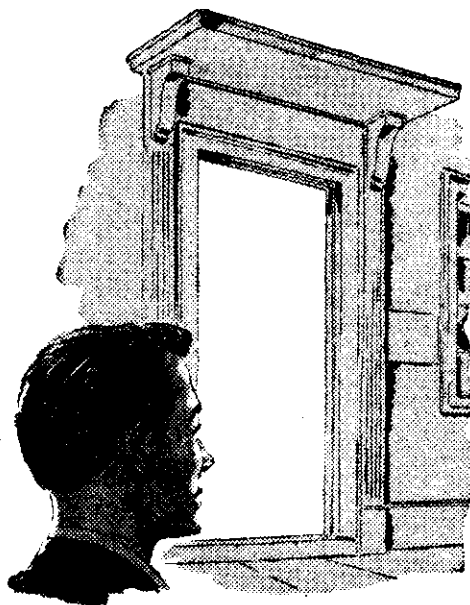
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