

ing with and seeing through them, but slightly foolish nonetheless, the central figures; finally, hovering over all and asserting supreme mental and moral authority, the narrating author. The reading audience indulges a complex pleasure. It is shown obvious numskulls and shares the author's amused contempt for them. It is also made to feel superior even to those characters who are superior to the saps. In sum, the audience identifies with the author's narrative voice, which consistently proclaims its own perceptivity and rectitude.

In *The Quiet End of Evening* the boobs are Irish islanders—greedy, sluggish, and malevolently stupid. Above them are the half-wits: the vaguely well-off Thomas Boxham, who owns an Irish estate and dislikes the Irish; his sister Sabina, who worships them; and Harry Buckle, who is English, wealthy, handsome, tediously competent, an admirer of Ireland, and obviously Sabina's future husband. The Boxham estate is staffed by dishonest idiots; it is not only filthy but collapsing. Buckle's desire to live there, like Sabina's Irish idolatry, is obviously fatuous. But Boxham's desire to live in England is shown to be equally silly, since London is crowded, dirty, busy, and full of foreigners.

The islanders are in a bad way when the novel begins and in a hopelessly bad way when it ends. Serves them right. The Boxhams begin by quarreling over the estate and end with no estate to quarrel over. Serves them right. Buckle begins enchanted with Ireland and ends disenchanted. Serves him right. Miss Tracy washes her hands of the lot.

Who, for such clods, would bother to provide a plot, consistent characterization, clarity of description, and interesting, dramatically developed scenes? No sensible person. Miss Tracy, by her own repeated testimony, is a sensible person.

Let's reread *Cold Comfort Farm* this summer, and P. G. Wodehouse.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1993)

LED ROSTEN:
PEOPLE I HAVE LOVED
(KNOWN OR ADMIRER)

Groucho's wit is as a masterly flirtation with schizophrenia. . . . He can dress lunacy in paralogic until he achieves that state of dementia best illustrated by the philosopher Lichtenberg, who puzzled over "a knife without a blade that has no handle."

GEHLEN: Spy of the Century
by E. H. Cookridge
Random House, 402 pp., \$10

**THE GENERAL WAS A SPY:
The Truth About General Gehlen
and His Spy Ring**
by Heinz Höhne and Hermann Zolling
translated from the German
by Richard Barry
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan,
347 pp., \$10

**THE SERVICE:
The Memoirs of General
Reinhard Gehlen**
translated from the German
by David Irving
World, 386 pp., \$10

GEHLEN: Master Spy of the Century
by Charles Whiting
Ballantine, 274 pp., \$1.25

Reviewed by Robert G. Deindorfer

In the perilous Cold War times of eighteen to twenty years ago, few persons privy to the ways of international circles—least of them Reinhard Gehlen himself—could have foreseen the twilight that was to fall over his later career. Gehlen's triumphs in the late 1940s and early 1950s, particularly his artful lifting of vital Soviet secrets, put him at the top of his profession. A slight, vain, driven man, methodical and single-minded, Gehlen was the remarkably reliable and productive leader of an espionage structure he hired out first to the United States and then to his own West German government. That was a world more clearly divided than now between friend and foe, and Gehlen seemed to some an epic figure, concealed behind the high, heavily patrolled walls of his headquarters at Pullach, a few miles from Munich. However, when the Cold War began to thaw, when his network was breached by the Communists, when new technology replaced people, Gehlen was brought down from his undercover heights.

Son of a solid, middle-class Prussian family, Gehlen, like his father, went into the German army and slowly climbed up through the chain of command. If he was an unimpressive-looking little man, with thin lips, jugged ears, and a pale, cardboard complexion, he was also willing to work sixteen painstaking hours a day to fill in the daydream his vanity kept spinning. Gehlen, who was a general staff officer

Robert G. Deindorfer has written three books on the subject of intelligence, the most recent of which is *Secret Service—Thirty-three Centuries of Espionage*.

TIRED OF THE CLASSROOM? READY FOR REAL LEARNING?

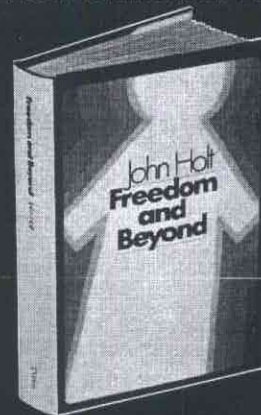
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A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of SR readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at SR offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

during the Second World War, was named head of *Fremde Heere Ost* (Foreign Armies East), the German staff's intelligence unit on the Eastern Front. With a card file for a mind and a passion for detail, he soon formed a successful network of agents on both sides of the battle lines. His evaluations of Soviet strength were so accurate that they finally did him in. Toward the end of the war, as the Russian armies rolled westward, Hitler angrily relieved Gehlen of his command, not because his intelligence forecasts weren't accurate—they were—but because mournful estimates of overpowering Russian strength were too hard for the tormented, ever-optimistic Hitler to bear.

In the circumstances this created, Gehlen demonstrated a flair for the self-serving long view. Germany was doomed, no doubt of it. Beyond the defeat, though, he saw an increasing tension between the U.S.S.R. and its Western allies once the postwar house-keeping in Europe commenced. He advised his better agents in the denied area to stay where they were, packed up forty crates of microfilm intelligence on the Soviet Union, and scuttled into Bavaria to bury the treasure and await the advancing Americans, who seemed as the most promising market.

For a while, after Gehlen had given himself up, he was submerged in the great wash of prisoners of war. When his unique background came to the attention of U.S. military intelligence officers, however, he was flown to Washington. In a matter of months he made an agreement to pull together an American-funded, German-manned intelligence service, with the help of his voluminous files, his dormant agents and networks, and an intimate knowledge of the Russians.

Gehlen and his people got on to the job immediately, with an annual budget variously reported to be from \$6 million to \$20 million. With the collaboration of German soldiers still prisoners in the Soviet Union and a host of refugees streaming into Western Europe, not to mention some former *Abwehr* and SS officers, Gehlen built an enormous service just as the breach between the Soviet Union and the United States began to widen.

"The Org," as the Gehlen organization was known, developed right out of the craft books: agents, subagents and cutouts, dead drops, codes, and safe houses—the whole sealed off with a watertight compartmentalization for the obvious reason of security. All over Europe Gehlen agents masqueraded as businessmen, tax advisers, and employment agents, while the director him-

self, who kept a suitcase fully packed in his Pullach office just in case, posed as Dr. Schneider, general manager of "Süddeutsche Industries Company." He also had emergency identity papers, as Dr. Garner and as Dr. Gross.

Like a number of other important services, The Org observed the customary split-level morality inherent in so essentially deceptive a calling. For example, while agents worked directly with the Egyptians, whose service they helped to modernize and improve, Gehlen people also knowingly helped train an Israeli agent for transport straight into Cairo, where he claimed to be a former Wehrmacht officer but now a gentleman horse fancier. If the Gehlen organization had a flaw, it was its lack of truly creative gifts. "Gehlen did a remarkable job of re-creating an organization at the end of the war, but we never credited him with any major innovations," a former CIA officer of especially lofty rank told me not long ago. "It was all rather straightforward, rather conventional."

Still, the thorough, comprehensive structure did a remarkable job of calling the shots on the other side of the Iron Curtain down through the years of the Cold War. In addition to having

agents already in place with the various Communist bureaucracies, Gehlen infiltrated other men—many of them escapees recruited in the sprawling refugee camps of Austria and Germany—for a flat price of \$100 a day, plus a fluctuating bonus afterwards if they managed to get back out safely. Among the notable successes were the penetration of East Germany's government and early warnings on Soviet jet and missile development; on uprisings in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary; on important political vibrations in Moscow; on Soviet troop strength, and even on the hostility between Russia and China. According to people who ought to know, The Org supplied upwards of 70 per cent of the intelligence data from the Soviet orbit for the United States, NATO, and SHAPE. Under the circumstances an East German newspaper was moved to offer an improbable tribute in the summer of 1953: "The Gehlen Organization has hitherto scored certain successes in the recruitment of agents in the German Democratic Republic."

In 1956 the apparatus, except for some ex-SS and ex-Nazi personnel who were phased out for political reasons, became the *Bundesnachrichtendienst*

Gen. Reinhard Gehlen (left) inspecting Russian auxiliaries during the Second World War—"too many old sausages."



WIT TWISTER NO. 277

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

We ----- esteem, as ill-begot,

The ----- that we breed;

And yet we -----, as like as not,

Behind a ----- of greed.

What ----- shunned as mortal sin,

This we, the -----, continue in!

Peter Hugh DeVries

(Answer on page 72)

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**FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1512**

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1512 will be found in the next issue.

ARQ HVAVJQ KY EW SWENQJ

XRCA KA VYQP AW IQ.

H. RWSSCEPQJ

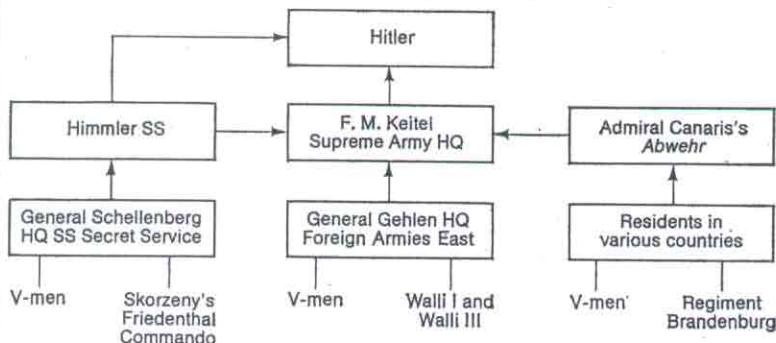
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1511

... At the age of four with paper hats and wooden swords we're all generals. Only some of us never grow out of it.

Peter Ustinov

SR REVIEWS Books

The German Espionage Setup in Russia, 1942-1945



From "Gehlen: Master Spy of the Century"

(BND), the official service of the Federal Republic of Germany, with Gehlen being given the special title of president. What this meant, of course, was that the CIA began receiving carbon copies of reports from Pullach to Bonn instead of the originals, as happened all those years when Bonn was getting the carbons. It wasn't long before a series of erupting events diminished the network's vitality. The BND became involved in a racketsy political dispute with the German news magazine *Der Spiegel* and then learned it had been penetrated by three Communist double agents, one of them Heinze Felfe, a ranking officer who had been honored for ten years' service only a few weeks before his arrest. As a result, agents and networks in East Germany and beyond collapsed. Gehlen and his BND took to serving up too many old sausages right out of Soviet publications or off the Soviet radio. Unable to adjust to the new era of warming relations and electronic equipment, the president even began coloring an occasional item in an effort to preserve his importance. One day he suggested that a bit of material be attributed to a sympathetic source on the Communist Central Committee. "But we have no collaborator on the Central Committee," an assistant said.

"Who can prove otherwise?" Gehlen answered.

Just prior to his forced retirement in 1968, the aging chief managed to achieve one last victory. Months before Soviet tanks clattered into Czechoslovakia, he correctly forecast that Moscow was moving toward a brutal showdown with the Dubček regime in Prague.

Of four new books on Gehlen, far and away the most useful is E. H. Cookridge's *Gehlen: Spy of the Century* (although the title itself strikes me as extravagant). A first-rate writer with a solid background in intelligence, Cookridge is on the mark in reviewing

Gehlen the general, interpreting his role in the Cold War, and providing the reader detailed reasons for his eventual collapse.

The General Was a Spy: The Truth About General Gehlen and His Spy Ring by Heinz Höhne and Hermann Zölling, while intriguing, is freighted with too much in the way of internal West German politics and damaged by a reluctance even to credit Gehlen with his many impressive victories. This imbalance may have been inevitable, since the authors, who edit *Der Spiegel*, are West Germans and the book originally appeared in West Germany.

For all the prepublication hullabaloo, Gehlen's own book, *The Service: The Memoirs of General Reinhard Gehlen*, is a disappointment; it is peckish and self-serving. By the scoring scales he developed for his own agents, his unsupported suggestion that Martin Bormann crossed over to work with the Russians following the war wouldn't rate more than a "D." The book is short on detail and long on windy sermons about the real nature of Communism. Gehlen's ego frequently shows through criticism of a number of individual targets, including several service rivals and Americans he felt didn't measure up: "I well recall my feelings—a grim humor at the situation as I, a brigadier general who had played a not unimportant part in the war, had to turn myself over to a young American first lieutenant. . . . Here the American personnel were uncharitable, to say the least."

As for Charles Whiting's paperback, apparently *Gehlen: Master Spy of the Century* was stitched together very fast in an effort to cash in on the trend. How else does one account for passages such as this: "Lead began to beat the grass around them like hot summer rain on a tin roof. They had been spotted. Tracers cut the air. Like myriad red, angry bees, the bullets zigzagged through the night."