

information . . . performed or managed by members of the Diplomatic Service" simply because they seem to regard these newer responsibilities as contributing to the success of the traditional diplomatic processes rather than the other way around, as we are apt to do. With the possible exception of the British Embassy in Washington, I know of no British embassies with anywhere near the number of officers that American embassies seem to find necessary. This was definitely true in Tokyo, Jakarta and Prague, of which I had personal experience.

One must recognize, however, that the role of the Foreign Service now is different from that of yesterday, and there is no likelihood of a reversion to the "good old days," which may not have been so "good" after all. It is therefore incumbent on the State Department and the Foreign Service to prepare to meet contemporary needs. Mr. Harr recapitulates what has been accomplished and he offers cogent suggestions for what remains to be done. His book was apparently completed before the publication last November by the American Foreign Service Association of a report prepared by its members entitled "Toward a Modern Diplomacy" which in many respects anticipates Mr. Harr's ideas. Similarly, Mr. Harr says, in speaking of the massive alterations needed, "It may well be that a change strategy of this magnitude would be possible only when a new Administration takes power in Washington." The May 7th and 8th issues of *The New York Times* reported that the Foreign Service and the State Department are to be reorganized by the Nixon Administration.

*The Professional Diplomat* contains much sense, some nonsense, and one fallacy that pervades nearly all programs and suggestions for reforming the Foreign Service. The plans and executive techniques recommended have come mostly from modern management and administrative guides which have proved enormously useful to American corporations in meeting today's problems. But, although they will undoubtedly be of value to the Foreign Service, they lack an appreciation of the fact that there is still great truth in the words of the late British author and diplomat, Sir Harold Nicolson: "Foreign affairs are foreign affairs." This book tells little about the impact on foreign nations and peoples by the modern American diplomat using all the new tools of his trade. It is a pity.

John Allison

John Allison spent more than thirty years in the American Foreign Service, ending as Ambassador to Tokyo, Jakarta, and Prague.

## Men and Letters

### IN MY OWN TIME: Memoirs of a Literary Life

by John Lehmann

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 558 pp., \$15

JOHN LEHMANN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY was originally issued in three separate parts over a period of fifteen years. He has now assembled them in a single substantial volume, and to read them in sequence gives one the feeling of reading a wholly new work.

The first part, *The Whispering Gallery*, covers Lehmann's school years, his entry into publishing, and the emergence on the eve of World War II of his *New Writing* anthologies—those collections we read in younger years for their freshness and the new talents they revealed, and for their reach beyond the confines of England and America to show us writers at work in other lands.

Lehmann came to his role of literary impresario precociously; and he performed his task with knowledge, taste, a sense of style, and the vitality one discovers in these pages. His first volume is much more than a record of the fortunate circumstances of his youth—Eton and Cambridge; the companionship of gifted sisters, the novelist Rosamond and the actress Beatrix. It also shows how Lehmann clearly foresaw, in Vienna and Berlin, the coming of fascism. If that vision pushed him to the Left, as it did many thoughtful young men, his was not a blind allegiance. He recognized a primary enemy. As he says, "society was sick, it was sick unto death; it had called in the thugs as doctors: the thugs were preparing to sweep away all the traditional liberties of Western civilization." In Berlin the widely displayed pictures of the Fuehrer seemed like "altars dedicated to some primitive demon-cult."

*The Whispering Gallery* ends with Europe delivered to the demons. Lehmann makes this profound observation, equally applicable to our own period of intense "activism": "Rational people were looking for rational villainy; but what I had witnessed, sensed, was much more like the outburst of some tremendous force from irrational depths."

*I Am My Brother*, the second part, chronicles Lehmann's life in England during the war. To read it is to recover what the new generation in its self-preoccupied militancy cannot grasp—the combined horror and dedication of that time. Lehmann not only explores his own spiritual travail; he follows the fortunes of his brother writers during the struggle. Those were the years when separation and

"Makes the story of The New York Times as exciting as The Iliad. He's today's Homer."

—Mario Puzo

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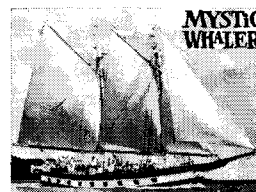
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# "OUR SCRAP HEAPS CAN BE ALUMINUM MINES"

—David P. Reynolds

**Aluminum's scrap value makes it worth collecting and "re-cycling"...**

There are two national problems which we believe no materials producer should ignore: litter and conservation. Fortunately, because of the nature of our metal, aluminum, Reynolds has been able to develop some answers in both areas.

**Indestructible aluminum is re-usable**

First, aluminum has scrap value; it is virtually indestructible. It resists corrosion, will not rust. It can be remelted, re-alloyed, and re-used—economically. And the need for and uses of this strong, lightweight metal multiply yearly.

So a used all-aluminum beverage can is worth something; it is worth picking up and "re-cycling." If this suggests a way to fight litter to you, it did to the men at Reynolds, too. We are now testing dif-



ferent approaches in two cities, Los Angeles and Miami, and plan to try others in the future.

**Using aluminum's scrap value**

Our idea is to encourage community groups to sponsor aluminum can collecting drives, and earn money for worthwhile causes and their own needs. As they raise funds, they help keep their streets, parks, and beaches free of litter.

Aluminum scrap does offer a worthwhile incentive to such organizations: a ton of aluminum, for example,

brings \$200 from dealers, compared with \$20 for steel and \$16 for waste paper. This scrap value is something many industrial users keep in mind when they specify aluminum equipment. They know there's a bonus waiting at the end of the service life of this equipment.

**Mines—not scrap heaps**

Although there is an abundant supply of aluminum for the foreseeable future, the fact remains

that the supply is not unlimited—and aluminum usage has been doubling roughly every ten years. This need not be a problem if we capitalize on aluminum's re-usability. Already, an estimated 30% of the world's aluminum is reclaimed or secondary metal. This could be even higher.

Countless products provide "mines" of aluminum, ready to be tapped. Not only aluminum cans and packages, but the aluminum in appliances, automobile parts, building products, even railroad cars can and should be reclaimed when they've finished their useful service.

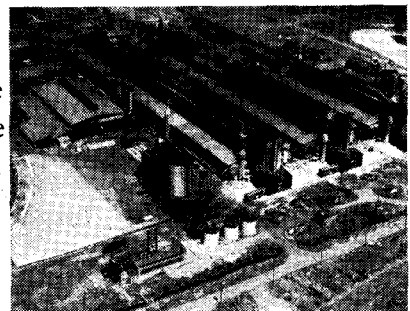


Scouts and many other organizations fight litter and raise money by collecting all-aluminum cans.

#### New Reynolds reclamation plant

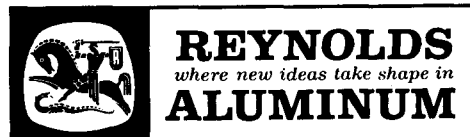
We at the Reynolds Metals Company have launched our effort toward this goal—not only with

our anti-litter can collecting programs, but with a major investment in reclamation facilities, as well. (An additional Reynolds reclamation plant will be producing usable aluminum from scrap this year.)



Reclamation plants which produce aluminum from scrap help conserve our natural resources.

Efforts such as these, we believe, will do much to reduce the solid waste disposal problem, and help stretch our natural resources. *Reynolds Metals Company, P. O. Box 2346-LO, Richmond, Virginia 23218.*



death seemed "normal," yet life was transfigured by courage, by danger, by love. In a beautiful personal passage Lehmann talks of the partings of lovers, the fears that every farewell embrace would be the last, and what happened when, in the midst of this, suspicion and jealousy arose. "Then the need for absolute certainties became desperate . . . one had opened a trap-door to a shaft of blackness." In this part of his autobiography Lehmann moves away from literary personalities and literary success, and probes the deepest meaning of life lived in the midst of chaos. His conclusion, which explains the title "I am my brother," is that in the age of the bomb "each living person should become aware of the reality of every other living person in the world." We cannot too often be reminded of this.

The final section, *The Ample Proposition*, tells of Lehmann's postwar venture into publishing. His experience was typical of that of the individual in a field where he seems always doomed to be swallowed up by the financial giants.

The personages who appear in Lehmann's memoirs are well known. He was of the generation of Auden, Spender, Isherwood, Orwell, C. Day Lewis. He worked with Virginia and Leonard Woolf at the Hogarth Press, and sketches an affectionate portrait of the former. There are profoundly human glimpses also of Edith Sitwell and E.M.

Forster, and, on the Continent, André Gide and André Malraux.

Lehmann came to maturity when literature was supposed to be *engagée* and proletarian. "Commitment" was expected of all writers—as if commitment to their own imaginations was not enough. But Lehmann did not share the delusions of many of his fellows that tradition, style, and form must be scrapped in favor of dialectic. His standard was always literary. He feels strongly that in serving other writers, as he loyally did for two decades, he sacrificed his own gifts as a writer; but his book shows that he did not possess the single-mindedness of the artist. Since he could not follow the imperatives of his own creativity, he ministered to the creative needs of others. It made him the kind of editor and publisher writers need but seldom get. His dedication was to literature rather than to the vicissitudes of the marketplace—and he was gobbled up by the marketplace, "killed," as he says, "at the height of his self-realization." His record shows nevertheless that he is far from dead; he crammed into his twenty years of unremitting effort enough life and work to suffice for the rest of his days.

**Leon Edel**

*Leon Edel, prize-winning biographer, recently published "The Treacherous Years," the third volume in his life of Henry James.*

## POE AND THE BRITISH MAGAZINE TRADITION

by Michael Allen

Oxford University Press, 255 pp., \$6.50

WHERE DID EDGAR ALLAN POE'S semi-journalistic style and choice of topic come from? Why was he so vituperative on the subject of New England and New York writers? How, as a magazine editor, did he attempt to satisfy both the aristocratic reader and the expanding mass audience? How much did Poe's wide reading in British journals like *The New Monthly* and *Blackwood's* affect the way he wrote and the subjects he chose? These are only four of the arresting questions Michael Allen raises and apparently answers to his own satisfaction in a specialized but highly interesting little volume called *Poe and the British Magazine Tradition*.

Professor Allen, who lectures at Queens University in Belfast, believes that Poe's journalistic style and subject matter derived from his reading of those British publications, particularly *Blackwood's*, which had developed a publishing formula half-intellectual, half-popular. In particular, Poe acquired much of his taste for burlesque and for tales of horror and suspense from a British magazine tradition that had been hugely successful in bridging the gap between literary sophisticates and the burgeoning mass readership.

Allen also believes that Poe's antipathy to the New England-New York literary clique stemmed less from jealousy than from a feeling that a deliberate assault on an absurd monopoly was overdue. To this end Poe adapted for American audiences the "Blackwood formula," practically non-existent on this side of the Atlantic because, as Margaret Fuller put it in 1846, "there was not a great deal of wit and talent in the country" of the sort Blackwood journalism required. Poe's was exceptional, even unique.

Finally, Michael Allen proves beyond doubt that Poe would never have written what he did had he not been devoted to *Blackwood's* "tales of effect." We owe that British magazine an enormous literary debt for the exciting, suspenseful, and atmospheric writing that Poe on this side of the Atlantic and Wilkie Collins on the other introduced into serious literature at a time of almost unbelievable stuffiness. For telling us why Poe wrote as he did we have Professor Allen to thank. His book breaks new ground, and is commendably readable as well as scholarly.

**Richard L. Tobin**

*Richard L. Tobin is associate publisher of Saturday Review.*

## Today Begins The Week Of Her Birthday

By Daniel J. Langton

And I will bring her oranges, and a parasol,  
and a poem on a letterhead.

On Tuesday  
I will be empty-handed.

Wednesday, I will bring her rice, and a dream  
And peonies, and a knowledge of Italian.  
And study her ear.

Thursday I will stay away.

Friday she will beam and put my  
hand over her heart to hear it beat  
and serve me rice and kiss my ear.  
I will give her one wish.

On Saturday I will go barefoot to her  
And dance her Greek dances  
And let her see my love  
In its place.

On Sunday she will be older  
And we will cry and eat oranges  
Under our parasol  
For the whole world to see.