

Decennial in Dutchess County

Continued from page 41

Campobello, and a campaign ad when he was running for state senator. It read:

TO FRUIT GROWERS!

I am convinced after careful investigation that the present law making a 17 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch barrel the legal standard for fruit is unjust and oppressive to fruit growers. . . .

Pledging himself to a 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch standard fruit barrel, he won. There are memories of other campaigns, too, and campaign buttons that say, "For Roosevelt and Repeal." There is a stub for Section E, Row 5, Seat 3, President's Stand for his first inauguration, March 4, 1933, and there is a sampling of the endless gifts in the years that followed—a rug from the Shah of Iran; hangings from the Dalai Lama; the bell from the people of Capri which was rung on V-E and V-J days; a pair of duelling pistols that Lincoln gave to Kibrisili Pasha, Governor of Adrianople, in appreciation of the governor's efforts in catching the killers of an American missionary, and which were returned to Roosevelt through Myron Taylor.

There is the letter from Winston, dated Teheran 1 December 1943, which says:

I was indeed touched by your kind present. It is a beautiful bowl and I shall always treasure it as a remembrance of our sunlit days

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 618

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 618 will be found in the next issue.

BE KSWVS OK ATYV

CBHWKZ CV ZGHO ATYV

BPEKSTERV.

OAVKWKSV WSVBHVS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 617

Great hypocrites are the real atheists.

—Bacon

in Teheran and of the most memorable of my birthdays.

I cannot thank you enough for all your friendship and support in the years in which we have worked together, and I am glad of this occasion to send you a message of affection and gratitude.

I left the library and followed the path up to the rose garden. The rain had stopped and there was no sound except the twittering of the jays and sparrows. Here in the shelter of a high hemlock hedge that was planted before James Roosevelt came, here in the garden that bloomed bright red and pink before July 4 when the Roosevelts left each year for Campobello, here before a fourteen-ton slab of Vermont marble lies Franklin Roosevelt in the grave he himself had designed. It was his wish to be interred beneath the marble, but a foundation that would support this heavy tomb could not be built in time, and he lies in front marked by a simple American flag of the kind children wave at parades. Alongside the sundial is the grave of Fala, 1940-1952. And looking down is the maroon coach house with its gables, its steeple, and its escutcheon marked "1886." It was last used as a stable the day the West Pointers arrived with their caisson for the funeral.

I thought of the centerfold of the *Daily News* of April 16, 1945, which is pasted on a file cabinet in the National Park Service office in the Roosevelt home. The panorama photograph shows the 600 cadets, the honor guard from the 240th M.P. Co., the black-cloaked wives of the four sons, three of whom were overseas. Across the two pages ran the streamer headline, "Here He Lies Where He Longed to Be . . . Home Is the Sailor, Home from the Sea." Underneath the picture ran the caption, "In the hush of the sorrowful setting, dignitaries listen as Dr. George W. Anthony intones, 'Father in Your keeping, leave we now Thy servant sleeping . . .'"

Now, ten years after the President's death, I thought of what Mrs. Roosevelt had said when she dedicated the grounds as a National Historic Site back in 1946:

This is the house in which my husband was born and brought up. It has undergone some changes since the days when he first saw the light of day, but they were changes made to meet the needs of a growing family and his own tastes. He always felt that this was his home, and he loved the house and the view, the woods, special trees, the particular spots



FDR receiving congratulations in 1936.

where he played as a child; or where he had ridden his horse as a child; or where he had ridden his horse as a boy and a man, or where he drove his car when he was no longer able to ride.

My husband's spirit will live in this house, in the library, and in the quiet garden inside the hedge where he wished his body to lie. . . . It was the people, all of the people of this country and of the world, whom my husband loved and kept constantly in his mind and heart. He would want them to enjoy themselves in these surroundings, and to draw from them rest and peace and strength, as he did all the days of his life.

The rain had stopped and a pale flush of red showed through a chink in the gray. In the flowerbeds the tulip leaves were reaching for the April sky, and the timid sun was making orange lakes of the puddles in the garden walk. I got in the car and drove slowly down the long driveway to the main road, and then south towards Manhattan.

HEMISPHERE HOLIDAY: Last week in fifteen pages we tried to cover Europe. Emboldened by success, we're biting off nothing less than a hemisphere this issue, probing for vacation ideas in the land mass that stretches from Canada to the summer isle of Nassau. We've been abetted by Semin Köni, a young Turkish lady who traveled coast to coast by bus, a feat worthy of an article if not a medal; Keith Munro, Canadian, reporter, onetime business manager of the *Dionne Quintuplets*, magazine free-lancer, in that chronological order; Donald Demarest, teacher at the Mexican Writing Center and author of the 1954 novel "Fabulous Ancestor"; and Lawrence Langner, theatrical producer, author, patent attorney, and a founder of the Theatre Guild. The home talent commemorates an anniversary at Hyde Park, and the portfolio was edited by W. D. Patterson and Horace Sutton.

Canada

Continued from page 39

actress Nazimova after her first trip through them: "I thought the Alps were wonderful. They are. But the Rockies—I've never seen anything like them," she said.

We stopped over at Banff, and took in Lake Louise, which I never can quite believe is real. Yet people say that Emerald Lake is more spectacular. By now you are completely surrounded by mountains and their numbers and majesty grow as the train fights its way through them. There's Cascade, Stoney Squaw, Sulphur, Rundle, Eisenhower, and hundreds of others that hold their heads 10,000 feet up in the sky as though they were trying to keep those snow crowns from melting. Two-thirds of the way up they're green. At the tree line there begins a wide band of stark red or blue or gray rock and then comes the white hat.

Everywhere there were wild flowers growing. Most common was a purple flower that reached right up to the snow line. At the Great Divide we could have washed our hands in snow if the train had stopped.

SCARCELY a mile passes that you don't wonder how man ever managed to build a road there. Near Field are the famous spiral tunnels where, under the shadow of Mount Vanguard and Mount Cathedral, the train burrows its way down through tunnels that are stacked one above the other, to get down to Kicking Horse River. When that joins the Columbia River you follow a truly awesome mountain torrent, fed by the melting ice caps of myriad mountains. We saw moose, deer, elk, and an occasional bear.

In between mountain ranges farms began to appear, orchards, and fishing camps. Kamloops is a cowtown with huge ranchhouses and corrals. Always we seemed to be following river courses, sometimes through canyons where the spray covered the windows. On the morning of the third day we wound our way along the bank of a river that led us to the Pacific, to the city of Vancouver. The sun was just peaking over the snowy tips of the three mountains that hem the city in against the Pacific. This was the end of steel and the end of one of the most fascinating trips we've ever taken.

The trip back was just as wonderful. Doris's only criticism was: "It wasn't long enough."

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Shakespeare, Sex . . . and Dr. Bowdler

Continued from page 8

the cheek of modest innocence"—a cheek which colors or fails to color in accordance with the changing mores of the passing day, while the truth of Shakespeare's characters remains steady and unchanging.

"Shakespeare is never filthy," says Eric Partridge, "he is broad, ribald, healthily coarse, unsqueamishly natural, and unaffectedly humorous. . . ." And: "Shakespeare never exclaims 'Oh, shocking!,' never sniggers: he fails—very naturally—to see that there is any occasion to be shocked: and to him the subject calls for a hearty laugh, not a prurient snigger."

ERIC PARTRIDGE might be called the modern anti-Bowdler, the farthest extreme in the opposite direction in which Bowdler traveled. In "Shakespeare's Bawdy" (Dutton, \$7.50) he has made a careful and sober study of what he calls "a neglected, yet very important, aspect of Shakespeare's character and art"—sexuality and bawdiness in the plays and poems. Where Bowdler scoured Shakespeare word by word to cleanse him of every last smudge of impropriety, Partridge scrutinizes the plays with equal diligence for the diametrically opposed reason: to uncover and clarify every sexual reference, explain it, and illumine it in the context of the poet's work. It is Partridge's point that what Bowdler so laboriously abolished is a major element in Shakespeare's art, without which it is not only not improved, as Bowdler believed, but outrageously maimed. The eroticism is not something smeared on to truckle to the baser appetites of the audience, but a vitalizing and fermenting ingredient which contributes to making Shakespeare Shakespeare.

"In him, erotic wit often becomes so penetrating, so profound, so brilliant," Partridge writes, "that it would make us forget the eroticism, were it not that the eroticism itself is penetrating and profound; and certainly the degree of wit renders the eroticism aseptic and—except to prudes and prurients—innocuous."

Accordingly, Partridge, a University lecturer and former Fellow of Oxford, applies the same scholarly techniques that produced his "Usage and Abusage" and "The World of Words" to his exploration and analysis of the sex theme in Shakespeare. More than half of the book is devoted to a glossary clarifying the Bard's bawdy use of such seemingly innocent words as *traffic, treasury, trick, flower, flax, tumble, turrets, sunburnt, glib,*

glow, and hundreds of others. He counts up the number of synonyms Shakespeare uses for the male sex organ (forty-five) and for the female (sixty-eight). He classifies the plays according to the varying degree of their erotic content: "Twelfth Night," "the cleanest comedy except 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'"; "Measure for Measure" and "Othello," "Shakespeare's most sexual, most bawdy plays"; "Pericles": "the brothel scene (IV, ii) is perhaps the lowest scene in Shakespeare": "Macbeth," "the 'purest' of the tragedies," and so on.

Bowdler, for all his dogged insistence on suppression, was nowhere near the scholar that Partridge is in his work of illumination. When Shakespeare has the Nurse in Act II, Scene V, say to Juliet—

. . . I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by which your
love
Must climb a bird's nest when it
is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your
delight . . .

—Bowdler was sharp enough to catch the naughty allusion and Bowdlerize the passage to read:

. . . I must another way,
I must go fetch a ladder for your
love.
I am the drudge, and toil in your
delight.

But the following speech from "King Henry IV," Part I, and dozens like it, he unwittingly let stand—

Come, come, you paraquito,
answer me
Directly unto this question that
I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little
finger, Harry.
And if thou wilt not tell me all
things true.

Bowdler was too innocent, or too dull-witted, to realize that Lady Percy is here using very unladylike language indeed; but Partridge knows, and he has no fear that his frank glossary note explaining the indelicate reference will seriously undermine the morality of his readers.

This attitude received sweeping confirmation one Sunday afternoon not many months ago when Orson Welles, as King Lear, bellowed—

Let copulation thrive . . .

—and the rest of that bitter passage, unbawdlerized, into several million



television homes without noticeably lowering the moral tone of the American public or corrupting any appreciable number of those virtuous females Bowdler was forever wringing his hands over. What Shakespeare judged could safely be absorbed by mixed company in sixteenth-century London can evidently be taken in stride by succeeding generations also, despite the prognosis of Dr. Bowdler.

"An examination of every passage of Shakespeare's sexual imagery," runs Eric Partridge's argument, "would show, once and for all, how picturesque and arresting were his imagination and fancy; how concise and pregnant and vivid the manner in which he expressed those mental faculties; how apt the use of the sexual metaphor in any given context . . . how large and yet how exact his vocabulary; how rich his mind; his emotions how varied; how wide-spread his esthetic purpose, expressing itself in purest poetry or the most pedestrian prose and ranging from ethereal delicacy to the most cynical and brutal coarseness, with subtlety and wit applied sometimes to the most unlikely subjects."

But when *The British Critic* insisted on having Shakespeare "placed before our eyes as he really was," Bowdler responded, in caps, with the eternal bleat of the censor:

IF ANY WORD OR EXPRESSION IS OF SUCH A NATURE THAT THE FIRST IMPRESSION IT EXCITES IS AN IMPRESSION OF OBSCENITY, THAT WORD OUGHT NOT TO BE SPOKEN NOR WRITTEN OR PRINTED; AND, IF PRINTED, IT OUGHT TO BE ERASED.

The climate of literature continually fluctuates between these extremes of Bowdler at one pole and Partridge at the other, from the "Family Shakespeare" to "Shakespeare's Bawdy" and all variations between. Bowdler, his successors, heirs, and assigns are always with us, bold when the atmosphere is right for their flourishing, running for cover when the wind blows the other way. The comfort is that Shakespeare, just as he is and without alteration, is certain to survive all weathers for all time.

Weekend Fun

Continued from page 21

tally, is part of a series put out by Putnam on the major-league teams. The latest is "The Baltimore Orioles" (\$3.50) by the veteran baseball observer Fred Lieb. Thanks to the unfortunate St. Louis Browns, whose fifty-two-year history included one pennant and a thousand headaches, the Orioles bounced back to the major leagues last year. Lieb includes a brief (but merciful) rundown on the Browns' frustrations, but the accent is on those early Orioles, who were the best and most colorful ball club of their time, and who spawned such immortals as John McGraw, Wee Willie Keeler, Hugh Jennings, and Joe McGinnity. The Orioles will undoubtedly be struggling in the lower reaches of the second division again this year, but it might give Baltimore fans courage and hope for the future to read this authoritative book and warm themselves in the past glories of the Orioles.

FOR anyone who plans a feverish summer of baseball viewing, and to heck with everything else, "The 1955 Mutual Baseball Almanac" (Doubleday, \$2.50) is to be recommended. Written by Roger Kahn and Harry Wismer, and edited by Paul Lapolla, the book is full of statistics, schedules, and information on present and past ballplayers.

And if this feverish fan has a son or a daughter he would do well to pick up "Yankee Batboy," by Joe Carrieri, as told to Zander Hollander (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95). Any boy growing up in America and interested in baseball who never dreamed of one day becoming a batboy for a major-league team must have been abnormal. It was a dream we all had, and this book tells how one boy fulfilled it—with the most successful professional ball club in America. As in the previous ghost-written books mentioned, this one is full of all the right grammar and syntax.

Which brings me straight down to Dizzy Dean (I do not have Lee Allen's iron fortitude) who dramatizes more than anyone else why ghost-writing will continue to be a busy—if unsung—profession as long as baseball exists. Ol' Diz was once accused by some schoolteachers in Missouri of corrupting the schoolchildren by his abuse of grammar and syntax in his broadcasts of the St. Louis ball games.

"Sin-tax?" Dean guffawed. "Are them jokers in Washington puttin' a tax on that, too?"

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NON-ABSTRACT AUTHORITIES

IT IS such a relief nowadays," a museum director said recently, "to find a new artist working with authority in a non-abstract style." The remark is meaningful in that the man who made it is by no means reactionary in taste, but has been a consistent defender of many of the most advanced trends in the art of our century. The remark was made while a group of us were looking at some pictures by the British painter Francis Bacon. It would have been as appropriate, I think, if the works on view had been done by two young Americans: the painter Grace (George) Hartigan and the sculptor Elbert Weinberg. Both artists seem to me extremely gifted in their separate media and directions. My guess is that larger fame will soon be theirs.

Born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1922 and first trained as an artist by Isaac Lane Muse, Miss Hartigan was herself once an abstract painter. And then quite suddenly she felt impelled to paint figures in recognizable, if still far from conventional terms, and to rediscover in the process qualities of moment and human aura which she thought abstractions tended to omit or disguise. Her revelation, if one may call it that, occurred only a few years ago. It was accompanied by a thorough reappraisal of virtues in the art of the past that could help her in her new resolve. Matisse had long meant a great deal to her. But now she studied

intently the old masters, especially those of scintillating flourish, as when in 1952 she made studies after Velasquez's "Infanta Margarita" and Tiepolo's "The Building of the Trojan Horse." She wanted, she said, to try to penetrate the mystery of painting. In so doing she naturally broke with some of her former colleagues in abstraction, whose scholasticism and restraint no longer appealed to her. One might say in brief that she began to evolve a more overtly emotional kind of art, though one must keep in mind her deep mistrust of expressionism's introversion, whether tormented or musical. Her natural language was color. She learned to speak it with vivid spontaneity and a remarkable subtlety of emphasis and change.

Hartigan could not, however, be satisfied for long with color for its own sake, even if brilliantly orchestrated, as in the early works of Kandinsky and Delaunay. During the past two years her instinct to create an imagery whose juxtapositions would be wry rather than fantastic has made itself felt more and more clearly. Thus far the preoccupation has reached its climax in her picture of a shop window on New York's Grand Street, where wedding gowns for the budgeted bride are on display in a strange rivalry of ugliness and hope (see illustration). The picture's virtuosity is so entrancing that one peers at it intently, inch by inch. Afterwards one becomes

aware of the work's monumentality and cohesion: live beings have donned the mannequins' clothes; a quiet, tenacious drama unfolds. It is no accident that Hartigan greatly admires Picasso's "Les Femmes d'Alger" of 1907. For her, presumably, the picture is important not because it announces the beginning of cubism's esthetic, but because it proposes a bold choreography involving disparate figures, their action united by swift fusions of color and line. At any rate, Hartigan has made open reference to the "Femmes d'Alger" in a few of her recent paintings. Her rereading of its meaning is one more indication that masterpieces are often freshened in impact by the predilections of succeeding generations of artists.

In general aim Hartigan is allied to other younger American painters, among them Larry Rivers, Elaine de Kooning, and Robert De Niro, with Willem de Kooning a respected predecessor both in technique and because his "Woman" of 1952 was a powerful stimulus for the newer artists in their effort to move away from abstraction. The group (and the term applies only in its loosest sense) has found an eloquent champion in Frank O'Hara, whose article "Nature and New Painting," published in *Folder* in 1954, is a valuable document on the new movement. And at the time of Hartigan's solo exhibition at Vassar College last year, an undergraduate, Emily Dennis, wrote a perceptive thesis on the artist; I can't for the life of me understand why it hasn't been reprinted in one of the art magazines. Well, at least Hartigan's pictures can now be seen for themselves in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, the



—Walter Silver.



—Felbemeyer.

"Grand Street Bride," by Grace Hartigan, and "Ritual Figure," by Elbert Weinberg—"extremely gifted in their media."