

Eldest Remembers

"Affectionately F.D.R.: A Son's Story of a Lonely Man," by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shallett (Harcourt, Brace, 394 pp. \$5.75), adds bright new facets to the literature on the late President. Dore Schary, playwright, producer, and director, is the author of the F.D.R. biographical play, "Sunrise at Campobello." He is also the author and director of "The Highest Tree," due on Broadway November 4.

By Dore Schary

IT IS difficult to tell where Jimmy Roosevelt leaves off and where Sidney Shallett begins, but no matter, because their new book, "Affectionately F.D.R.," moves the heart as it recreates in intimate terms the relationship of Franklin D. Roosevelt to his children.

According to James Roosevelt, his father was a lonely man. His position of great power, plus his infirmity, plus the packhorse load of work he had to carry for so long, prevented him from being as close to his sons as he would have wished; and in his last and most lonely moment not one of his beloved family was there to bid him farewell. The sacrifices that a man must make to high office are dramatized by this oldest son, who worked so long with his father; and all through the memoir one is aware of the tensions and trouble that beset this famous family—but aware, too, of the family pride and loyalty.

However, laced also through Mr. Roosevelt's book are the spirit and fun of a hardy, active, and loving family.

To future researchers it will be of value because it has the sound of truth; sometimes the ring, sometimes a harsh clang. It deals candidly with the lives of the Roosevelt children, all of whom provided choice headlines. The author

admits his own shortcomings in the past and makes no defense for some of the behavior of his brothers, but he defends himself capably against lies and distortions that were leveled against him and his family. Each of the four boys went through the war years in uniform and none of them in cushy spots: James as a Marine, Franklin, Jr., and John in the Navy, and Elliott in the Air Corps.

The book offers a cornucopia of anecdotes about F.D.R., his mother, his children, and his remarkable wife, Eleanor Roosevelt. Through the pages of the volume walk names long familiar to all of us who lived through the days of the New Deal: William Woodin, Henry Morgenthau, Robert Sherwood, Harry Hopkins, and a host of others.

There is a detailed account of Roosevelt's visit with President Hoover on March 3, 1933, the day before F.D.R.'s first inauguration. In this report Hoover comes off rather badly. On the other hand, another of President Roosevelt's opponents, Wendell Willkie, is treated with great respect and fondness. James Roosevelt seems convinced that, had he lived, Willkie would have joined F.D.R.'s Cabinet.

There is also a juicy account of a reckless decision by Elliott and James to horsehip the family's most acid and constant critic, Westbrook Pegler. Fortunately, F.D.R. talked them out of such violent rebuttal, though he seems to have approved of the basic idea. F.D.R.'s reply to another of his tormentors, H. L. Mencken, is a choice view of the four-times President at his sardonic best.

"Affectionately F.D.R." is good reading and, indeed, required reading for those interested in the life and times of a great President. It is not a brilliant or scholarly book, but it makes no such claims. Instead, it is honest and forthright and while it delights us with its candid humor, it also stirs us with poignant reflections.

James Roosevelt adored his father and his respect shines on each page. A title just as appropriate would have been "Affectionately, James."

Exile and Extinction

"The Prophet Unarmed. Trotsky: 1921-1929," by Isaac Deutscher (Oxford, 490 pp. \$9.50), the second volume of a trilogy, covers the Soviet architect's fall from Stalinist grace and the first years of his exile. David J. Dallin has written books on the USSR, including "The Changing World of Soviet Russia."

By David J. Dallin

ONE WOULD look in vain for the name of Leon Trotsky among those of Stalin's victims who were rehabilitated under Khrushchev in the last few years. Operation Rehabilitation seems to have been completed; yet most of the best-known leaders of the November revolution and of the first Soviet era remain condemned to anonymity, and Soviet publications, including textbooks and handbooks, pass over in silence the names of the chief architects of the first Soviet state. At the most, "Trotskyism" is mentioned simply as a hostile trend.

This fact alone would make Isaac Deutscher's trilogy on Trotsky, of which the first two volumes have appeared, an important contribution to Soviet history; this second volume covers Trotsky's biography from 1921 to 1929. Soviet archives dealing with the pertinent developments remain closed, but Mr. Deutscher was in a position to draw from the rich Trotsky archives in the libraries of Harvard University, as well as from interviews with a number of Trotsky's friends and collaborators, including his widow, Natalia. The author's previous studies on the Soviet Union have obviously served him as a scholarly foundation; but more important is the fact that the author himself had belonged to the Polish Communist Party until he was expelled, apparently as a Trotskyite, in 1932.

Having attained high stature in world affairs during the revolution of 1917, Trotsky stayed at the summit as one of the architects of the Soviet state for only five years; his star began to set in 1922 and the subsequent eighteen years of his life were full of disappointment, bitterness, and political and personal tragedy. Antagonism toward Trotsky cemented the alliance of the "triumvirate," among whom was Stalin. The "triumvirate" removed Trotsky and his friends from the War Ministry, from the Politburo, and finally from the Central Committee. Trotsky tried to engineer a counter-alliance against Stalin, but was easily defeated. In Janu-

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—From the book.

James Roosevelt (rear) with grandmother Mrs. Delano, F.D.R., and sister Anna.

In the Wake of His Life Flowed His Art

In 1923 in The Dial, T. S. Eliot wrote of James Joyce's "Ulysses": "I hold this book to be the most important expression which the present age has found; it is a book to which we are all indebted and from which none of us can escape." Now, Joyce scholar Richard Ellmann has written "James Joyce" (Oxford University Press. 842 pp. \$12.50), a comprehensive study of the writer's life and his works. One of the great Joyce authorities is Stuart Gilbert, who knew Joyce in his Paris years. He is the author of the significant explication "James Joyce's Ulysses" and the editor of the Joyce letters.

By STUART GILBERT

IF THERE ARE such things as Red Letter years, 1959 will rank as one for all good Joyceans. It has brought them two outstanding books, the tale of "Shakespeare and Company" by Miss Sylvia Beach, first publisher of "Ulysses," and Professor Ellmann's "James Joyce," a biography that we are justified on every count in regarding as definitive. This is not to disparage in any way the volume published by Herbert Gorman in 1939, subtitled "a definitive biography." But Gorman was greatly handicapped by the fact that the subject of his book was alive and exercised what amounted almost to a censorship of its contents. Thus his description of the writer was at best what Henry James would have called a "partial portrait," and its leitmotiv—that Joyce's career was one long battle with a hostile world—was overstressed. For Joyce clung to the romantic notion of the persecuted artist, and refused to recognize the fact that, as I once told him at Salzburg, where we were spending a summer vacation together, he had had on the whole an enviable career and was in fact a lucky man, "with money, fame, a family," and a host of devoted admirers. In the entertaining "Memoirs of a Booklegger" by the late Jack Kahane (Michael

Joseph, 1939), there is a passage describing how when in 1930 he published a de luxe edition of a fragment of "Finnegans Wake," it looked at first as if he was going to be landed in heavy financial loss; then at the eleventh hour half the edition was taken over by an enterprising New York publisher, with the result that he made "a handsome profit" on it and "began to believe that Joyce was a *scriptor fas*."

Much the same thing happened with "Ulysses"; when prospects of its publication were at their blackest, Miss Sylvia Beach gallantly stepped into the breach and published the book on very generous terms. And later, when the losses from piracy were becoming serious, Justice Woolsey's epoch-making decision that "Ulysses" could be admitted into the United States, and its publication by Random House (1934) brought the book's long Odyssey to a triumphant close.

This is well brought out by Mr. Ellmann in his bulky biographical volume—a masterpiece of scholarly objectivity and exact research, in which the facts are marshaled and set forth with fine lucidity, and the imposing mass of detail never clogs the analysis. Of particular interest is the account of Joyce's early years, the theme of the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." It has long been known

that the "Portrait" is not strictly speaking autobiographical, but a stylized, foreshortened version of the facts. Many of the lacunae were filled up by Joyce's younger brother Stanislaus in that singular book "My Brother's Keeper" (The Viking Press, 1958). But this memoir had only been brought up to Joyce's twenty-second year when, in 1955, its author died. Fortunately, Mr. Ellmann has been able to consult Stanislaus's diary and the many letters from Joyce to his brother in the period before the First World War. Stanislaus tended to be "punctilious and overbearing" (as Mr. Ellmann points out) and was thoroughly shocked by his brother's occasional drinking bouts and general extravagance. The estrangement between the brothers which followed Joyce's move to Paris was not merely due, I think, to Stanislaus's "persistent criticism of Joyce's later work," but also to the fact that, with his rise to fame, Joyce displayed an increased self-assurance and no longer needed the assistance of his "whetstone" (as he once described his brother).

Much has been said about his "arrogance," yet those who knew him in his Paris years were constantly struck by his sensitivity, kindness, and generosity. While more than ever he regarded the "artist" as a privileged person with a claim on others' help and loyalty, he was always ready to render services to his friends, with an endearing delicacy and tact. Resentful of bad manners in others, he behaved with studied courtesy, though in his dealings with importunate visitors he often indulged in prolonged silences which had an embarrassing effect. When several people were present he preferred listening to conversations to joining in them. The exception was the mellow after-dinner hour when, in the company of two or three friends at Les Trianons or Fouquet's (he had no use for the "Bohemian" restaurants of Montparnasse), he discoursed freely of his tastes and projects, often reciting passages from his favorite nineteenth-century authors, Cardinal Newman (Joyce had none of his brother's bigoted anti-



—From "James Joyce."

(l. to r.) Ford Madox Ford, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, and John Quinn, November, 1923.