The cities of Dublin and Waterford, Ireland welcomed the 13th International F. Scott Fitzgerald Society Conference, Gaelically yours, Scott Fitzgerald, which took place the week of July 4-10, 2015. Fitzgerald’s connection to Ireland, much like Raymond Chandler’s, is a natural and deep one. Fitzgerald is, of course, from Irish-American lineage (what he tells O’Hara in a letter is “half black Irish,” although his Fitz吉拉lds hail from near Enniskillen in Ulster), but his connections to Irish expatriates, like James Joyce, and a kind of intangibly nostalgic vanished Irish culture offer a diverse and rich bond to Ireland itself.

We were incredibly pleased to see participants from across the globe—coming in from Georgia to Japan—to make this a truly international experience. The conference was lucky enough to receive proposals on virtually all aspects of Fitzgerald’s life and work that focus on the Irish influences on or aspects of his writing and career. Our herculean program directors, Professors William Blazek and Philip McGowan, did an amazing job of bringing together topics that created dynamic and engaging sessions. Those wide-ranging topics focused on the named Irish elements or characters from stories like “Benediction,” “Head and Shoulders,” “The Jelly Bean,” “The Diamond as Big as the Ritz,” “Absolution,” “In the Darkest Hour,” “Bernice Bobs Her Hair,” “Dice, Brassknuckles & Guitar,” “Jacob’s
One of the most exciting elements of the conference was the new investigations in the legacy, influence, and parallels between the Fitzgeralds and the Joyceys—that is, Scott Fitzgerald and James Joyce; and Zelda Fitzgerald and Lucia Joyce. Although Fitzgerald and Joyce clearly mark their trajectories in very different directions, they occupy an interesting connection as Modernist expatriates in Paris. As Hemingway explains in _A Moveable Feast_, no one in Paris at the time was free of Joyce’s influence. The comparison between _Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man_ and _This Side of Paradise_ had been made before, but our scholars more fully uncovered the roots of those comparisons. Beyond just Scott and James, the Fitzgeralds and Joyceys women share some unfortunate things in common as well. While Zelda and Lucia (both dancers and performers) were patients of the same physician-psychologists, Bleuler and Forel, at the Burgholzli psychiatric hospital in Zurich at virtually the same time, these women both went on to create types of autobiographies focusing on their cognitive shifts. The nascent ties between these four authors have been significantly enhanced through the studies displayed at this conference.

While the conference advertised that we would be in Dublin and Waterford, we were actually able to transport our delegates to sites across the south-east of Ireland. Preceding our arrival at our host university, Waterford Institute of Technology (WIT), our group was able to explore Dublin and Kilkenny, take an excursion to Ardmore and Blarney mid-week, join together for our closing banquet in New Ross, and travel with our post-conference tour of Cork.

Our conference got off to both an academic and prestigious start. The Lord Mayor of Dublin invited us to begin our conference in the Council Chamber of City Hall with a presentation on the cultural and literary legacy of Joyce’s _Ulysses_ by Professor Michael Howlett. After Dr. Howlett’s talk, the group (already 60 strong) joined us for a tour of _Ulysses_’ Dublin. Our tour—later affectionately referred to as the “How to Cross Dublin Without Passing a Pub (crawl)”—began at Dublin Castle, and introduced sites from the Calypon, Lotus Eaters, Hades, and Lestrygonians chapters of _Ulysses_ (as well as some other major Dublin sites). I was extremely happy to host this “poor-man’s” tour of one of my favorite cities in the world. Our group moved north from Dublin Castle to one of the oldest Viking dig sites at Christchurch Cathedral. After a short stint at Christchurch, the group began their 4-mile tour with their second stop at the country’s oldest pub, _the Brazen Head_. Thoroughly refreshed, the group stopped at the steps of the Four Courts for a sight of Joyce’s Chapelizod, and a sweep of Dublin’s historic bridges along the Liffey, before moving on to a brief historical talk at the Dublin General Post Office, _the Millennium Spire_, and the Earl Street Joyce Statue. From there, the group was able to take in the panorama of O’Connell Street on the way to our final stop at Davy Byrne’s Pub on Grafton Street. Sunday introduced our delegates to some authentic Irish weather as we were properly drenched reaching the buses to take us on to Kilkenny and then Waterford. By the time we reached Kilkenny, the weather cleared and treated us to some of the 400-year-old city’s famous historic sites such as St. Canice’s and St. Mary’s Cathedrals, the Rothe Elizabethan House, the Kilkenny Design Centre, and a tour of the Kilkenny Castle and Estate. On the tour, our group was able to get a first-hand look at the castle that has been an icon of Ireland’s tumultuous history, having played roles in military movements from Cromwell’s occupation to the Irish Civil War. On Sunday evening, we ended our 100-mile journey south of Dublin, in Waterford City. The home of Waterford Crystal gave our delegates access to castles, houses, gardens, and prehistoric sites. Waterford, a walled city of Viking origins, retains much of its medieval character together with the graceful buildings from its 18th-century expansion. Located in Munster province, Waterford is Ireland’s oldest and 5th most populous locale at nearly 47,000 residents, and is the main city of the South-Eastern Region. Although not a huge city, Waterford has a number of intellectual and cultural venues, such as the three Museums of the Viking Triangle, including Reginald’s Tower (the oldest urban civic building in Ireland); Christchurch Cathedral; Greyfriars Municipal Art Gallery; the historic Catholic seminary, St. John’s College; the Theatre Royal and Garter Lane Arts Centre; and, most famously, Waterford Crystal.

Monday saw the conference proper off to a great start. After our morning sessions—and exquisite session breaks featuring fresh-baked local goods like scones, tarts, sandwich rolls, and blaa—we
were pleased to award the Kuehl Fellowships before a talk by our first plenary speaker, Kendall Taylor, on Edouard Jozan and his influence on Zelda and Scott. After our afternoon sessions we were treated to a welcome by the university’s president, Professor Willie Donnelly, and an interactive Irish Coffee-making masterclass hosted by Ray Cullen. Monday night proved to be as exciting as the day had begun, with a masterful keynote reading by acclaimed author Carlo Gebler. After a full day of presentations on Tuesday, our group was able to stretch their legs on our full-day excursion to Admore, Blarney Castle, and Blarney Woolen Mills. Leaving from Waterford on Wednesday morning, we traveled first to Blarney Castle. Built by (the other) Cormac MacCarthy, Blarney has been one of the most iconic images of Ireland’s Munster province for the last 600 years. After lunch in Blarney, the group moved on to the fishing village of Ardmore, far off the tourist path. This wild and beautiful peninsula is also home to Coláiste na Ríme (Ring College), which is the Irish-language institution on the Ring Peninsula, and the only continuously Irish-speaking region in the Eastern half of Ireland. One of Ireland’s true hidden treasures, the Cliff Walk at Ardmore not only provided a breath-taking view of the Irish coast, but houses one of Europe’s oldest ecclesiastical sites. The group was treated to a brief tour, by Walter O’Leary of WIT, of the relief-style stone carvings in runes of St. Declan’s cathedral, Oratory, and Well. On our return from Ardmore, the Comhaire Cathach & Contae Phort Láirge (Waterford City & County Council) hosted a mayoral reception (or Fáilte) at the Waterford Medieval Museum adjacent to City Hall, and a welcome banquet from Mayor John Cummins. The museum is Ireland’s only purpose-built medieval museum and the only building on the island to incorporate two medieval chambers, the 13th-century Choristers’ Hall and the 15th-century Mayor’s Wine Vault. Thursday and Friday returned us to presentations by our delegates and our keynote speakers. On Thursday, keynote speakers James L. W. West III and Scott Donaldson brought us updates, examinations, and investigations into The Cambridge Fitzgerald Edition and the Fitzgerald-Parker relationship, respectively. After our morning sessions, keynote speakers Sarah Churchwell & Horst Kruse gave a tandem plenary session on their insights into Gatsby. On Friday evening we wrapped up the conference with a visit to the nearby John F. Kennedy Trust at the Irish America Hall of Fame for our closing banquet. In addition to our meal and closing remarks, our delegates were able to explore the Irish Emigration Experience Museum and its full-scale re-creation of the Dunbrody ship famous for transporting the Irish escaping the famine to America.

Although the conference itself ended on Friday evening, nearly half of our delegates were able to join us for a tour of Cork. While in Ireland’s “second city,” our delegates toured stunningly beautiful St. Finbarr’s Cathedral and the world-renowned 18th-century English Market. While making our way back to Waterford, we also stopped for a tour of the Jameson Distillery in Middleton. Strangely, no evidence has presented itself from our time in Middleton. A large part of the conference’s success is thanks to our partners at Waterford Institute of Technology for hosting our conference, particularly Head of School Richard Hayes, who graciously supported our breaks and campus presentation sites. Although he shied away from the spotlight, WIT Law Lecturer Walter O’Leary offered us continual advice, guidance, and local support. In a report to the local paper, he said it was an honor for WIT to have been chosen to host the international conference: “We were delighted to welcome the F. Scott Fitzgerald Society to our Institute. The caliber of the plenary speakers, experts, critics and literary reviewers was exemplary. The conference certainly put Waterford on the map of the international literary landscape and we hope to work with more groups and societies in the future in welcoming them to Waterford and WIT.”

Waterford as a site was a real success. In this genuinely Irish city, not only were delegates introduced to a host of prominent literary specialists and speakers, they were in a place where they were able to take the time to explore the culture and heritage of an eleven-hundred-year-old city. It was an exceptional opportunity for our scholars to explore one of Ireland’s key influences in a brand new way, and we are very excited about the research that will come out of this event. It was truly an honor to direct this conference. The Fitzgerald Society is the ideal that every academic group should strive for. Not only did this conference demonstrate the rigor and dedication of our research and scholarship, it again was a model for scholarly collaboration and fellowship. This is a group that truly celebrates the success of all of its members, and there was no better place to see that in action than a country that embodies the same spirit. Dustyn Anderson

Maggie Gordon Froehlich
Begining with the 2014 event, the annual F. Scott Fitzgerald Literary Festival in Rockville, Maryland expanded to three days of events and partnered with the Friends of the Library, Montgomery County, MD, and The Writer’s Center in Bethesda, MD. The 2014 Festival, in honor of Fitzgerald Award recipient James Salter, an Air Force veteran of more than 100 combat missions over Korea whose service experiences were the basis of his first two novels, *The Hunted* (1957) and *The Arm of Flesh* (1961), focused on the theme of “Literature and War.” The Friends of the Library sponsored a Literary Luncheon on Thursday, October 16, featuring John Gistrap and Grady Smith, both veterans who have published books about their time in the military. On Friday evening, October 17, The Writer’s Center, in collaboration with the Veteran’s Writing Project, sponsored “Writing the War Experience,” readings and discussion by five writers, four of whom were veterans and all of whom have written about war experiences—Ron Capps, Katey Schultz, James T. Mathews, Dario DiBattista, and Kadya Williams.

Events on Saturday, October 18, were held at the Executive Office Building in downtown Rockville and began with “Finding the Light,” a one-hour solo performance by Lisa Hayes featuring the photographs of women and war by Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer Marissa Roth. Running concurrently with “Finding the Light” were three Writing Workshops: “Memoirs—First Experiences” with Ron Capps, Katey Schultz, James T. Mathews, Dario DiBattista, and Kadya Williams.

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The day’s events culminated in the presentation by judge Richard Peabody of the winners of the annual F. Scott Fitzgerald Short Story Contest (open to residents of Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia) and the presentation of the F. Scott Fitzgerald Award for Achievement in American Literature to James Salter. The afternoon began with “And So We Read On: Writers Share Their Favorite Fitzgerald Passages,” featuring Timothy Denies, Jim Lehrer, Alice McDermott, and Roger Rosenblatt. This was followed by the same three Writing Workshops as were offered in the morning and a talk, “Then Came the War: World War I in Fitzgerald’s Fiction and Letters,” by Dr. Joseph Fruscione, author of *Faithful and Frivollous: Biography of a Literary Rivalry* (2012).

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I'm a freelance journalist, and journalistic inquisitiveness brought me to investigate F. Scott Fitzgerald's Irish roots. Years ago I read that the writer's maternal grandfather was from Fermanagh, a county in the southwest of Ulster, the most northerly of Ireland's four provinces, and that this grandfather was called Philip McQuillan. These bits of knowledge rested for years until, in the early summer of 2013, work went quiet. I made a list of leads to investigate.

Following up the Fermanagh stories was fairly easy. I live in Omagh, in County Tyrone, a county that borders Fermanagh. To investigate, I started with the telephone directories and emails and telephone information of the Neeson family. Fitzgerald was a relative of his. Fermanagh—who confirmed that Fitzgerald was a relative of his. When I went to see Fergus on June 15, 2013, he told me that Philip J. McQuillan had been born in 1829. The McQuillans were sufficiently prosperous farmers. Indications are that the Neeson family, Fitzgerald was related to burial records, there was at least one other McQuillan family group from Fermanagh there. They were obviously related, however, because all Fermanagh McQuillans were of the same lineage. A Patrick McQuillan (sic) was buried in St. Michael’s Catholic cemetery, East Galena, in 1854. (See http://jodavies.illinoisgenweb.org/cemeteries/STMichael.htm.) Galena was on the frontier then, meaning that land was cheap. Being located on the Mississippi River meant that the town had good transport links. It lead mines were highly productive, turning out eighty percent of the U.S. supply of lead. Its lead mines were of the Confederate States of America. The Americon Civil War. The Antagon Bresavine McQuillan, ambassador to the United States and France, was the McQuillan headstone. His grandson won fame writing about. Drumgallon was a townland, a unique Irish administrative division of land. The name comes from the Irish language Drom Galláin. Drom means a ridge or back, Galláin means a standing stone. The townland lies along a ridge; the standing stone has long since disappeared.

A family tree drawn up in the 1970s by Pat McQuillan, Sr. (son of the writer’s cousin) and Mary McQuillan, both of St. Paul, has identified Fitzgerald’s great-grandfather as James McQuillan. The McQuillan surname was originally the south-west Ulster Gaelic surname Mac Cuilinn. As English replaced Irish through the centuries, the name was anglicized variously as McQuillan, Collins, Cullen, McCullen, McCullin, Caulfield, and Holly.

Fitzgerald’s great-grandmother was Mary (or Mollie) McQuillan (née Neeson), anglicized from the Gaelic Maic Nisiadh. Through the Neeson family, Fitzgerald was related to another major American figure—Bishop Patrick Neeson Lynch (1817–1882), Catholic bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, and ambassador plenipotentiary of the Confederate States to Europe during the American Civil War. The bishop had been born near Magheraveely, a village about three miles from the McQuillan home. That McQuillan home stood near where farm buildings now stand, on the north side of Drumgallon. The ruins of the Neeson family home are nearby. Local historian Mickey McPhillips, speaking to me on June 28, 2013, described Drumgallon as “not the worst land and not the best land in the parish. It’s hilly, and the back of it is wet enough.” Indications are that the McQuillans were relatively prosperous farmers. However, depression hit Irish agriculture after the Napoleonic Wars ended in 1815, and emigration from south-west Ulster to the United States and Canada quickened. The first waves of emigrants were overwhelmingly Protestant; then Catholics too began to leave—including the McQuillans.

The McQuillans were sufficiently well off to travel to Atlantic in relative comfort. The average cost of a voyage was £4 per head, approximately $510 in today’s terms. We do not know how large their holding was; however, with 130 people living on Drumgallon’s 177 acres in 1841, even prosperous holdings were small by today’s standards. Under the “Ulster Custom,” the McQuillans were able to sell the rest of the term of their lease and would have done so before departing.

Mary McQuillan, her five sons, her daughter, and her brother John McQuillan, sailed from Galena, Illinois, and were definitely there in July 1844 when John, Patrick, and Bernard McQuillan applied for naturalization. They claimed to have been in the U.S. for five years at that time.

A colony of Fermanagh people had developed in Galena. The majority were Catholic. According to burial records, there was at least one other McQuillan family group from Fermanagh there. They were obviously related, however, because all Fermanagh McQuillans were of the same lineage. A Patrick McQuillan (sic) was buried in St. Michael’s Catholic cemetery, East Galena, in 1854. (See http://jodavies.illinoisgenweb.org/cemeteries/STMichael.htm.) Galena was on the frontier then, meaning that land was cheap. Being located on the Mississippi River meant that the town had good transport links. It lead mines were highly productive, turning out eighty percent of the U.S. supply of the mineral in the mid-1840s.

Philp F. McQuillan moved on from Galena to the booming city of St. Paul in his early twenties. Many of Philip F. McQuillan’s
descendants still live in St. Paul. They maintained an awareness of their background, though without any contact with Fermanagh. Pat McQuillan, Jr., is a great-great-grandson. “Our family has been proud of its Fermanagh roots as far back as I can remember,” he told the writer in an e-mail on July 2, 2013. “As a family, we have often marched under the Fermanagh County emblems at St. Patrick’s Day parades and Hibernian events. Fermanagh roots go deep and it has been a joy to strengthen that tie through the last several generations.”

Then, in the 1970s, contact was re-established between the two branches of the family. It was by a coincidence that could have come from a novel, though more likely a Dickens novel than one by Scott Fitzgerald. A photograph of Fr. Ignatius McQuillan was published in a local Irish newspaper. An acquaintance forwarded the paper to Pat McQuillan, Sr., in St. Paul. He contacted Fr. McQuillan, leading to Fr. McQuillan’s visiting the St. Paul McQuillans shortly thereafter. Fr. McQuillan, too, was a native of Galloon Parish. He had noticed a resemblance in some family members to photographs of the writer. The two sets of McQuillans decided that they were probably related.

Then in 1978, Pat McQuillan, Jr., and his wife, Billie, became the first McQuillans to return to Fermanagh. They stayed in Newtownbutler with Fergus McQuillan, who is a cousin of Fr. McQuillan. “They were very excited,” Fergus remembers. “I had seen some articles written in the late sixties, that this man, a prominent writer, had connections with Newtownbutler. There were a couple of family members that looked very similar to Scott Fitzgerald. We would notice more than a passing resemblance over the years, even before the Americans arrived and set up the connection.

Then the Americans got in touch, through my cousin, a priest. When they arrived it was the first time in one hundred and thirty-five years that any of them were back.” Since then, McQuillans from St. Paul have made several visits to Fermanagh.

More recently, Pat McQuillan, Sr., commissioned a DNA test with Fergus McQuillan. This proved beyond question that the families were related.

The McQuillans’ native region of South Ulster, extending into North Connacht, has a very rich literary tradition. It is an area where different cultures became intermixed, giving rise to a vibrant literature. The indigenous Irish (or Gaelic) culture was already in place; English language and culture were spreading up from Dublin, the center of British administration for all Ireland until 1920. Scott culture was coming down from the north coast, particularly after the Plantation of Ulster in the early seventeenth century, when colonists from Scotland (principally) and England were settled on half a million acres confiscated from Gaelic chiefs.

Many Irish writers come from the region, or were educated there. They include the poets W.B. Yeats and Patrick Kavanagh, and the prose writers John McGahern (one of the greatest novelists of the last half-century) and William Carleton, who was the only significant fiction writer to come from the early nineteenth century. The roots of contemporary American writer Richard Ford, and the classic novelist Henry James, are also in the region.

It should be remembered that Philip F. McQuillan emigrated from an Ireland which Britain ruled in its entirety. The island was partitioned in 1920-22. Northern Ireland was established as a separate state and remained part of the United Kingdom; the Irish Free State (later the Irish Republic) gained independence. Drumgallon is just ten miles inside Northern Ireland.

The McQuillans were fortunate to have emigrated when they did. Galloon Parish was badly hit by the Great Famine of 1845-52, when the potato crops failed, one million Irish died, and another million emigrated. In the ten years from 1841 to 1851, the population of Drumgallon fell from 130 to 69. Many of the McQuillans’ former neighbors were buried in famine pits or emigrated in a state of destitution.

There is, of course, more yet to be established: about James McQuillan, for example; and about the voyage to the New World. To quote Donald Rumsfeld, there are a number of ‘known unknowns.’ What is most important has been established, though, thanks to the DNA test: Fitzgerald’s origins are indeed in the Fermanagh countryside, and his relatives still live there.

This piece could not have been written without the help of the McQuillan family of St Paul, Fergus and Anne McQuillan of Newtownbutler; Mickey McPhillips of Newtownbutler; the staff of the Mellon Centre for Migration Studies at the Ulster American Folk Park, Omagh; Brian MacDonald of Rockcorry, County Monaghan; and many others, all of whom have contributed ideas or acted as sounding boards.
By Bret Maney

In 2012, when I was writing the first chapter of my dissertation on F. Scott Fitzgerald, I used to take a turn, or many turns, to be exact, in Sakura Park, a modest quadrangle not far from Columbia University. Bordered on its west side by Riverside Drive and Grant’s Tomb, on the south by Riverside Church, on the north by the International House, and on the east by Claremont Avenue, the park was named, in 1912, for a large gift of cherry trees from Imperial Japan to the United States. (‘Sakura,’ in Japanese, means cherry blossom.) When stymied by writing, which happened more often than I like to recall, I used to pace this park’s oval path like a hot-walked thoroughbred, under autumn mists and in bright winter weather, in shifting moods of creative frenzy and black despair. With each turn on the asphalt track, I would pass a bronze statue of Daniel Butterfield, business executive, Civil War general, venal assistant treasurer in the Grant administration towards whose tomb his statue sternly looks, but best remembered today for being the composer of the solemn bugle tune played at military funerals, “Taps.”

The statue depicts Butterfield as a soldier in a bicorne hat, arms crossed, standing on a slab of natural rock meant to recall his service at the Battle of Little Round Top. Made as a bequest in his widow’s will, it was cast by Gutzon Borglum, who would later become famous as the sculptor of the presidential heads on Mount Rushmore. For Borglum, the commission proved nothing but trouble. The will’s executor, on foreign travel while the statue was being cast, decried it upon his return for not being “colossal” and for failing to capture the “strength always discernible” in the late general’s face. As reported on in the New York Times, the whole matter ended up before the courts for breach of contract and non-payment. Finally, in 1918, five years after Butterfield’s widow’s death, the statue of the composer of “Taps” was unveiled on the southeastern edge of Sakura Park. A miffed Borglum signed the work on the top of its head because it was

“Taps at Reveille”: Fitzgerald’s Sojourn in Morningside Heights

By Bret Maney

by my other life—my drab room in the Bronx, my square foot of the subway, my fixation upon the day’s letter from Alabama—would it come and what would it say?—my shabby suits, my poverty, and love.”

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Fitzgerald came north to “THE LAND OF AMBITION AND SUCCESS,” as he put it upon arrival in a telegram to Zelda, with the intention of making enough money for them to get married. The reality of life in New York City, however, quickly shattered his optimism. The story of Fitzgerald’s drudgery at the downtown ad agency Barron Collier and of his up-and-down monthly visits to Montgomery, leading, in June, to the breaking off of Scott and Zelda’s engagement, is deftly told by Bruccoli and the other major biographers. In the spring of 1919, Fitzgerald—the soldier who didn’t get overseas and the student who didn’t get his degree—went to work, got drunk with Princetonians, most of whom seemed, in his eyes at least, to be better off, composed daily letters to Zelda, wrote reams of unsuccessful fiction, travelled three times to Montgomery, and rode the pulsating, shaking subway home to his Claremont Avenue rented room. According to a well-known story, Fitzgerald decorated the room with the rejection slips he received in droves from the magazines. By Bruccoli’s count, the twenty-two-year-old aspiring author amassed 122 rejections for the 19 stories and other texts he penned during the spring of 1919. It refers to a six-story brick and stone apartment building erected in 1905, one year after the IRT subway line connected the neighborhood to lower Manhattan. Designed by the architect John Hauser, the building still stands at the corner of Claremont Avenue and Tiemann Place (then known as 127th Street). It was to this quiet spot of Manhattan that Fitzgerald made his way after departing Camp Sheridan in Alabama.

Fitzgerald’s first residence in New York City was at 200 Claremont Avenue, a stone’s throw from the United States Army, moved to a “high, horrible apartment house” two blocks away. Fitzgerald—the soldier who didn’t get overseas and the student who didn’t get his degree—went to work, got drunk with Princetonians, most of whom seemed, in his eyes at least, to be better off, composed daily letters to Zelda, wrote reams of unsuccessful fiction, travelled three times to Montgomery, and rode the pulsating, shaking subway home to his Claremont Avenue rented room. According to a well-known story, Fitzgerald decorated the room with the rejection slips he received in droves from the magazines. By Bruccoli’s count, the twenty-two-year-old aspiring author amassed 122 rejections for the 19 stories and other texts he penned during the spring of 1919. It refers to a six-story brick and stone apartment building erected in 1905, one year after the IRT subway line connected the neighborhood to lower Manhattan. Designed by the architect John Hauser, the building still stands at the corner of Claremont Avenue and Tiemann Place (then known as 127th Street). It was to this quiet spot of Manhattan that Fitzgerald made his way after departing Camp Sheridan in Alabama.

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measured his distance from the social world of smart young men and women to which he wished to belong.

Fitzgerald’s disdain for “200 Claremont” did not diminish when translated into his fiction. The short 11-block stretch of the uptown avenue pops up in The Beautiful and Damned (1922) when the erstwhile “trust-fund kid” Anthony Patch judges his move to a building at the corner of 68th Street and 127th Street, “two blocks from the Hudson in the dim hundreds,” as proof of his and Gloria’s fall into obscurity and poverty. “I need no charity calls,” he lectures his friend Muriel who has trekked uptown to visit the couple, “you mustn’t talk like a lady slum-worker even if you are visiting the lower middle classes.”

Two years later the story “The Sensible Thing” re-uses an uptown Writer’s building address to signal economic pessimism and lost chances. “If success is a matter of atmosphere,” the story declares at the outset, then being forced to call home “one room in a high, horrible apartment-house in the middle of nowhere” is a sure sign of failure. The insurance clerk George O’Kelly, a stand-in for Fitzgerald, is the tenant of this room. He is in love with a Southern girl who is “nervous” about their engagement because he hasn’t proven himself a breadwinner. In an effort to keep their relationship intact, he races between his uptown flat, his downtown office, the telegram bureau, and her small town in Tennessee. When, tired of waiting, the girl calls off their engagement, George quits his job and decamps for South America, where he makes his fortune. Returning to Tennessee, he finds his former fiancée still available, but when he kisses her, Fitzgerald’s heroine “is gone from their romance. They had done ‘the sensible thing’ in delaying marriage until he proved himself an earner but at the cost of the ‘freshness of his love’ (and hers, too).

The story’s bittersweet ending recalls Oscar Wilde’s dictum that there are two essential tragedies in life: not getting what you want, and getting it. The discovery of unhappiness through deprivation and fulfillment is, as I argue in my dissertation, one of Fitzgerald’s most important themes. Thus “My Lost City,” which charts the privations of the Claremont Avenue place, also records the pain of success: after his book’s sparkling debut and his marriage, and while still being fitted as the king of the Jazz Age, Fitzgerald recalls looking up at the sky from a taxi while riding through a makeshift canyon of city streets created by the surrounding skyscrapers. “I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted,” he writes, “and knew I would never be so happy again.”

At the time, he was twenty-three, and understood the best times were over.

Which brings me back to Sakura Park and General Butterfield—Fitzgerald must have walked his apartment building, then known as The Beautiful and Damned, and daily passed the apartment-house where he had once lived, I kept an eye on that tumultuous stage of his life. When he had once lived, I kept an eye on that tumultuous stage of his life.

It was, after all, while residing on Claremont Avenue that Fitzgerald claimed to have “passed the four corners of the Bronx” for him and Zelda. While “My Lost City” curiously places the girl calls off their engagement, O’Kelly, a stand-in for Fitzgerald, would offer an enchanting piece of material evidence for the early-career origin of the title of his last published book and for his compressed view of human life: the ominous appearance of “Taps”—the “fading radiance of something character rues the ‘fading radiance of existence,’ inadequately replaced by ‘little absorptions’”—the sports column, motoring, the radio serial—that “there were two essential tragedies in life: not getting what you want, and getting it. The story’s bittersweet ending recalls Oscar Wilde’s dictum that there are two essential tragedies in life: not getting what you want, and getting it. The discovery of unhappiness through deprivation and fulfillment is, as I argue in my dissertation, one of Fitzgerald’s most important themes. Thus “My Lost City,” which charts the privations of the Claremont Avenue place, also records the pain of success: after his book’s sparkling debut and his marriage, and while still being fitted as the king of the Jazz Age, Fitzgerald recalls looking up at the sky from a taxi while riding through a makeshift canyon of city streets created by the surrounding skyscrapers. “I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted,” he writes, “and knew I would never be so happy again.”

At the time, he was twenty-three, and understood the best times were over.

Which brings me back to Sakura Park and General Butterfield—I’ve always thought the title of Fitzgerald’s last short-story collection, Taps at Reveille, was a good one. By suggesting the simultaneous performance of the bugle calls played at military funerals and break of day, it captures Fitzgerald’s abbreviated view of the human lifespan, with the end impinging upon the beginning. From his fiction, essays, and correspondence, one can piece together a strand of the Fitzgerald hero who peaks in adolescence, reaches an early middle age at 30, and is senescent at 40. “It is in the twenties that the actual momentum of life begins to slacken,” warns the narrator of The Beautiful and Damned. Later on in the same novel, a twenty-six-year-old character rues the “fading radiance of existence,” inadequately replaced by “little absorptions”—the sports column, motoring, the radio serial—that “there were two essential tragedies in life: not getting what you want, and getting it. The story’s bittersweet ending recalls Oscar Wilde’s dictum that there are two essential tragedies in life: not getting what you want, and getting it. The discovery of unhappiness through deprivation and fulfillment is, as I argue in my dissertation, one of Fitzgerald’s most important themes. Thus “My Lost City,” which charts the privations of the Claremont Avenue place, also records the pain of success: after his book’s sparkling debut and his marriage, and while still being fitted as the king of the

“You mustn’t talk like a lady slum-worker even if you are visiting the lower middle classes.”
**Gatsby Down Under**

By Peter Llewellyn

Pleasurable anticipation was mingled with nervousness when we turned up on a recent winter’s evening for a performance of *The Great Gatsby* by the Independent Theatre Group, staged in The Space at Adelaide Festival Centre in South Australia. Pleasurable anticipation, because anything to do with Gatsby is interesting, and nervousness because it was a young cast and we weren’t sure they could pull it off.

We needn’t have worried. The cast had settled in by the fourth performance which we attended, and were word perfect with their lines.

A little imagination was needed with only one set, but it was used to advantage, serving as the façade of Gatsby’s mansion, as well as the backdrop for Myrtle’s love nest, Wilson’s garage, and so on, varied with appropriate lighting changes. Not surprisingly we had to imagine the yellow Rolls-Royce just somewhere off stage, and Gatsby’s swimming pool was created on the stage floor by blue light.

The adaptation was cleverly done with Nick Carraway as the focal point. At times the actors would freeze and the spotlight would fall on Carraway, who would address the audience with some explanatory dialogue, so he was both inside and outside the action. This device succeeded in establishing Carraway as both participant and detached observer, true to Fitzgerald’s characterization.

The script was pretty much straight from the book, and it was interesting how little it has dated and how Fitzgerald’s writing retains its poetic qualities when spoken aloud, even by a young Australian cast grappling with the American accent. One interesting touch was staging the party scenes with a singer in a white suit, “Black Bottom” to a pre-recorded soundtrack.

All things considered it was a most worthwhile attempt, and pleasing to see the performance playing to a full house on the first few nights.

One day Frances Kroll Ring read to him from his beloved Keats. He was lying in bed, ill, frail, probably hung over, and the words hit him with special force. He had tears in his eyes, so she stopped, left the room and let him rest.

F. Scott Fitzgerald surely knew that Keats, on his deathbed, was read to by his young friend Joseph Severn. Did he have a sense that he was re-enacting that famous scene? That his young friend, Ring, might be his Severn? Did she?

Their relationship began in April 1939 with another bedside scene. By chance, Rusty’s Employment Agency in Hollywood sent her to Fitzgerald’s house in Encino to interview for a job as his secretary. Nervously, she walked into the house and into the bedroom and discovered the author of America’s Great Novel propped limply against the pillows.

“He was a very handsome man,” she told me in 1996, when I interviewed her for the *Los Angeles Times*. “He looked very pale, and he had sort of faded blond hair and blue-green eyes. He sat me down, and it was a lovely room. It was a country farmhouse, and the sun was coming in, and he had me open a drawer—and it was filled with empty gin bottles.”

She was 22, wholly innocent. He was 42, anything but. Deeply in debt, artistically discouraged, physically compromised by years of drink and by tuberculosis, the disease that killed Keats.

And yet they were well matched. Maybe it was because each was trying to make a fresh start on a new coast. Ring had recently come to California from the Bronx, where she grew up; Fitzgerald had come from North Carolina, where his estranged wife, Zelda, was confined to a sanitarium. In fact, he told Ring he had just returned from an unhappy tryst with Zelda in Cuba, the last time they would ever see each other. One of Ring’s first tasks was to type a letter of conciliation and apology.

Her main task, however, was the new novel. For $35 a week, she typed up the oversize sheets he covered with his knife-blunted pencils. If he had no new pages for her, she might restock his supply of cigarettes and sodas, warm up his favorite turtle soup, pick up his groceries, run interference with his daughter, Scottie, a Vassar student, and his girlfriend, Shelia Graham, a Hollywood gossip columnist.

Sometimes, she simply listened. Fitzgerald talked to Ring about everything—politics, religion, family, Hemingway, his publisher—his career. He shared with her his sorrow at no longer being read, his determination to be good again.

In her 1985 memoir, *Against the Current: As I Remember F. Scott Fitzgerald*, Ring described how stirring it was to see him shake off his demons and give himself to the work—like “an athlete who let himself go to fat decide that he was going to make a comeback.”

Over 20 intense months, their relationship evolved. Fitzgerald cast Ring in many roles, and vice versa. Father and daughter, tutor and pupil, boon companions. At times it got confusing. He made a pass at her, which she deftly blocked.

Throughout, she remained a wide-eyed observer, the empathetic witness to his doomed desire.

Finally, on Dec. 21, 1940, Ring got a cryptic message from Graham: Come quick. She hurried to Graham’s apartment and found Fitzgerald (tan slacks, plaid jacket) sprawled on the floor. Heart attack.

In the following days and weeks, it all fell to her. Pay his bills. Pack his things. Gather his unfinished novel and meet with his editor, Maxwell Perkins.

But she never really stopped. She spent the next seven decades wrapping up—consulting Zelda, befriending Scottie, meeting with journalists and scholars and fans. As Severn did with Keats, she told the world again and again how it was at the end.

She also played a vital role in the campaign to restore Fitzgerald’s reputation. Many dismissed him as a frivolous, wanont betroayer of his own talent. Ring, attending academic conferences, working closely with biographers, bolstered the counter-narrative, testifying to the man’s seriousness. And when Edmund Wilson edited a posthumous version of “The Last Tycoon,” Ring wrote the esteemed critic that he’d missed the point.

The book wasn’t about Hollywood; it was about the tycoon, a man who believed in “infinite loyalty.”

Though she accomplished much in her own right—editor, writer, wife, mother—Ring never escaped the shadow of Fitzgerald, a fact she neither resisted nor resented. There was love and pride in her voice when she told me that it was she and she alone who chose the gray coffin and dark Brooks Suits suit in which Fitzgerald was buried.

In the most moving passage of her memoir, she describes their final moments—strangely reminiscent of their first. Fitzgerald lies in the tiny back room of a Los Angeles funeral parlor, and Ring stares down. She notes the mortician’s touchups

In the summer of 1924 Scott Fitzgerald and his wife, Zelda, were living on the French Riviera, where they’d moved to repair their fractious marriage. They were short of money, and Scott was desperate to begin work on a new novel. What happened when Zelda met a young Frenchman, although some biographers think it was only a flirtation.

“If it wasn’t physical, it was still psychologically crucial to Zelda and Scott,” he says. “It impacted their relationship. They both wrote about it.”

Fitzgerald, who at first was happy to avoid the growing world fame in Paris, thought he could beat up the man who was 10 years younger and in better physical shape. “That never happened. Joan got out of town,” Donaldson says. “But that (threat) was important because it influences major scenes in Fitzgerald’s fiction. In Gatsby, Tom and Jay (Gatsby) are fighting over Daisy. In Tender Is the Night, Tommy (Barban) establishes that he is going to take care of Nicole, and her husband, Dick, more or less accepts that. Someone says all of Fitzgerald should be regarded as a series of losses—loss of the love of one’s life, loss of the Golden Girl.”

The Fitzgeralds’ marriage survived, but Donaldson says, “I don’t know if it was ever quite the same.” For one thing, Fitzgerald took over Zelda’s life, using what happened to her in his fiction. “He famously said in confrontations with his psychiatrists that it was his material and he wasn’t supposed to write about it,” Donaldson said. “Taking over her romance, making something he had to write about, think about, talk about, diminished her Strange psychological things were going on. There was certainly a complicated relationship. Zelda’s mental illness and Scott’s alcoholism were crucial to making a very difficult marriage.”

Fitzgerald’s Homosexuality

Cody C. Delistraty, in The Paris Review blog for April 24, 2015, claims that while Hemingway hid his homosexual feelings behind a pose of uppermasculinity, Fitzgerald recognized his. “Both men had strong perceptions of what it meant to be gay, and set ideas of how to broadcast his virility after a sexually confusing childhood. Both were more sexually fluid than their contemporary reputations suggest.” Quoting Angus P. Collins, Delistraty says that Fitzgerald “was so often the self-confessed ‘woman’ of his marriage,” and that he “appears to have suspected that he himself was the true homosexual in his choice of vocation.” Collins goes on to show that Fitzgerald accepted the possibility of his own homosexuality but viewed it more as a basis for moral collapse (“emotional bankruptcy”) than as a sexual attraction to men.

Fake Correspondence between Fitzgerald and Hemingway

Clickhole, a satirical website from The Onion that parodies other “news” sources, posted (May 12, 2015, but claiming to be posted June 12, 2014) a presumed exchange of letters between Scott and Ernest from June through November of 1922, as Fitzgerald sent Hemingway subsequent drafts of his new novel The Great Gatsby. The evolving novel featured an increasing role for a jackal-smug man named Ernest Hemingway whom Gatsby lived to throw bricks at, a character that correspondent Hemingway was displaced by, and whom Fitzgerald claimed was purely fictional. Clickhole claims “all of our content panders to our readers.” A close perusal of the letters indicates that they were typed or (simulated to look typed) on the same typewriter, and signed “Ernest,” a name Hemingway disliked and rarely used alone, only in formal signatures with his last name as well.

Submitted by Elizabeth Lloyd Kimball

First Edition Exhibition at the Morgan Library

Architects & Artisans, in its May 22, 2014 blog, posted an exhibition “At the Morgan Library, Gatsby to Garp.”

“For book collectors, the 1980s were known as the Burden Decade because New York’s Carter Burden was on a tear—acquiring a collection of 80,000 works of 20th-century American literature—one that he’d eventually whittle down to 12,000 first editions and related material.

Burden was a descendant of Cornelius Vanderbilt and a former New York City councilman and publisher of the Village Voice. He was also a Harvard grad whose English class in 1963 had covered Henry Miller’s Tropic of Cancer. When he graduated, he returned to New York and began collecting the work of abstract expressionists. Fast-forward to 1973, as Burden flips through a Sotheby’s catalog and finds a first edition of Tropic of Cancer. He places an absentee bid on it, wins it and bingo! – a new collection is launched.

“He said he purchased one lousy book by an unreadable author, but it set off his mania for collecting fiction,” says Carolyn Vega, assistant curator of literary and historical manuscripts at the Morgan Library and Museum in New York. “He was a lifelong, voracious reader, and 20th-century American literature was what his readings led him to—Henry James, William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway were the cornerstones of his collection and he built around them.”

“Burden died suddenly of a heart attack in 1996, with no provision in his will for the collection. His family decided to donate it in installments beginning in 1998 to the Morgan Library and Museum in New York, where he’d served as trustee. Thirty of the very best works arrived that first year.

“Now the library has organized an exhibition called Gatsby to Garp: Modern Masterpieces from the Carter Burden Collection. It brings together nearly 100 outstanding works from the collection, including first editions, manuscripts, letters, and revised gallery proofs from the big guns, including Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner,Mailer, Salinger, Steinbeck, and Updike.”

Trigger Warnings

The latest salvo in public sensitivity is to attack warnings to books before students read them, giving their parents an opportunity to request alternate readings, or at least prepare them for what the book might contain. Urban Dictionary defines the term Trigger Warning: “Used to alert people when an internet post, book, article, picture, video, audio clip, or some other media could potentially cause extremely negative reactions (such as post-traumatic stress, flashbacks or self-harm) due to its content. Sometimes abbreviated as ‘TW.’” New Republic reported that a Rutgers University sophomore suggested that an alert for F. Scott Fitzgerald’s The Great Gatsby say, ‘TW suicide, domestic abuse and graphic violence.’

Fitzgerald Bonanza from James Pepper Rare Books

James Pepper Rare Books (Santa Barbara, CA) lists 33 Fitzgerald-related items on its website. Most of the items seem to come from the office files of Fitzgerald’s agents: Harold Ober, his literary agent, and Harold Swanson, his film agent in Hollywood.

- All the Sad Young Men (New York: Scribners, 1926), a first edition with facsimile dust jacket, $650.
- Black and white photo of Fitzgerald standing with his 14 fellow board members of the Princeton Tiger, the college’s humor magazine (1915-1916). Fitzgerald third for the left. The men are identified by last name only on the verso of the photograph, which is framed and glazed. Photo is 9 ½ x 13; frame is 15 x 18 ½. $12,500.
- Two-page typed contract between Fitzgerald and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the purchase of his story “Fidelity” (March 24, 1938), price not listed: $10,000.
- Typed one-page letter (December 26, 1938) to Isabel Horton, sister of actor Edward Everett Horton, from whom he was renting a cottage in Encino, asking for a reduction in his rent to $150 a month. “Things look a little brighter. My health is better and I really think I am going to work at the studios within a week. All this illness has, however, put me in debt and it may be some months before I am straightened out….” Signed in blue ink, “Ever yours, sincerely and gratefully Scott Fitzgerald.” Very best to Eddie [her brother] if you’re with him.” $9500.
- Six Tales of the Jazz Age and Other Stories (New York: Scribners, 1920), a compilation of six stories from 1922’s Tales of the Jazz Age and three from All the Sad Young Men (1925), with an introduction by Fitzgerald’s daughter Scottie. The book is from the files of H. N. Swanson, his Hollywood agent, with the agency’s stamp on the front free endpaper $350.
- Taps at Revellio (New York: Scribners, 1935), first edition, first issue, from the office files of Harold Ober, to whom the book was dedicated. Ober’s bookplate is affixed to the front free endpaper and his office’s stamp is on the front pastedown. With dustjacket, $15,000.
- Tender is the Night (New York: Scribners, 1934), first edition, first printing. Signed presentation copy inscribed to Ted Paramore, Jr., Fitzgerald’s co-writer on the MGM film Three Comrades. The inscription reads, “For Ted Paramore. In memory of those days when we used to forage in the drunken infantry under your orders. From your friend, Scott Fitzgerald. M.G.M 1933.” Paramore’s bookplate is on the front pastedown. With first issue dustjacket, $70,000.
- The Beautiful and Damned (New York, Scribners, 1922), first edition, second state, two bookplates, no dustcover, $125.
- The Beautiful and Damned (New York: Scribners, 1922), second printing, from the files of the Ober Agency, no dustjacket, $450.
- The Beautiful and Damned (New York: Scribners, 1922), second edition, second state, in green morocco leather with Fitzgerald’s facsimile signature stamped on the front board, $750.
- The Crack-Up, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: New Directions, 1945), second printing, from the files of the Ober Agency, with their label pasted on the front endpaper, and Harold Ober’s name written in ink by one of the firm’s staff. Pencil notes in the table of contents and a note: “I gave NBC permission to run on the radio today Friday Sept 4 the verse on p. 159 of The Crack-Up. ‘Thousand and First Ship.’” Sealed dustjacket, $375.
- Two-page typed carbon contract selling screen rights to ‘Babylon Revisited’ to producer Lester Cowan, February 22, 1940, amount not listed in the catalog description. Fitzgerald did write a film treatment of his story that was never used. Instead a blasted film, updated post-WWII, with Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson was released in 1954. $15,000.
- The Last Tycoon (New York: Scribners, 1941), first edition, owner’s signature on front pastedown, facsimile dustjacket, $500.
- The Last Tycoon (New York: Scribners, 1941), first edition, with dustjacket, $3,500.
- This Side of Paradise (New York: Scribners, 1920), later printing of the novel (Sept. 1920), from the file of Fitzgerald’s Hollywood agent Harold Swanson, whose signature appears on the front free endpaper, and whose extensive pencil notes and scoring appear throughout the volume. No dustjacket but a clamshell box, $1850.
- Black and white 8 x 10 photo of Alan Ladd as Gatsby, with fellow cast members of the 1949 film, Betty Field (Daisy), Macdonald Carey (Nick), Ruth Hussey (Myrtle), Barry Sullivan (Tom) and Howard Da Silva (George Wilson). $295.

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Robert Stone on Gatsby

“It was a rereading of The Great Gatsby that made me think about writing a novel.” Paris Review; 98: Winter 1985.

In a longer statement, published in AARP Magazine (February/March 2014), Stone says that he first read Gatsby when he was fifteen, and “during the 10 years following, I read the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel four times. I thought it was a great story…. I passed from a condition of failing to understand, on first reading, what the book was about to realizing that of all American novels it had the clearest insight into who we are and who we desperately hope to become. No American novel ever described or defined the American condition with such precision and eloquence.”

Further, Stone states that “Gatsby is a man at the center of a mystery. The mystery is his unquenchable desire to take possession of America itself. No other novel has ever treated American obsessiveness so fully engaged, with heedless love at full tilt, with such wild asymmetry of passion. When the day came that Gatsby opened its mysteries to me, I felt I’d been awarded a national treasure—what may be the subtlest and most insightful work of literature that ever took this nation as its subject.”


From the Catalogs

From Ken Lopez’s catalog 164 (March 2015) comes the offer of a first edition, first printing (one of 7600) of Tender Is the Night (New York: Scribner, 1934). One of 19 copies signed by Fitzgerald at his home in Baltimore for the book buyer at the Hochschild, Kohn department store. Lacking dust jacket, $25,000.

From a British clothing catalog, submitted by Sybil Kretzmer: The cover of Tender Is the Night, and a caption: “Make like Fitzgerald’s American prowess as a novelist beneath a pastel tones from Burberry and Calvin Klein.” Pictured are a Burberry London cashmere coat, £1665; a Maison Margiella Blazer, £1167; Daks linen trousers, £195; and an Aspinall of London leather iPhone case (powder blue, £125), nor do I think he would have worn a Linea T-shirt (£10).

From Mordida Books in Houston, TX, Catalog 87 (June 2015) offers a set by Scribners of eight first editions, first printings, published 1920-1935: This Side of Paradise, The Beautiful and Damned, Taps at Reveille, and Tender Is the Night. Although mentioned in the description of Fitzgerald’s prowess as a novelist beneath a picture of the set, The Beautiful and Damned, with an inappropriate “the” preceding “Damned,” seems actually missing from the eight volumes pictured. All are bound in the description of Fitzgerald’s number of his readers rather than to increase them.” Chatto and Windus only printed 1500-3000 copies, in contrast to Scribner’s printing of 20,870. $9500.

Raptis Rare Books (Brattleboro, VT) in its catalog 20, offers two rare Fitzgerald items. The first is a set by Scribners of eight first editions, first printings, published 1920-1935: This Side of Paradise, Happers and Philosophers, The Vegetable, Tales of the Jazz Age, The Great Gatsby, All the Sad Young Men, Taps at Reveille, and Tender Is the Night. Missing the dustjacket but in a half-morocco clamshell box; $3750.

The second item offered are three copies of Motor: The National Magazine of Motoring (New York, February-April, 1924), the magazine that published Fitzgerald’s essay “The Rolling Junk” in those three issues, an account of a trip to Zelda’s home in Montgomery in their trouble-prone Marmon auto, complete with photographs of Scott and Zelda housed in a custom cloth slipcase; $6000.

Submitted by Jackson Bryer

The uncorrected errors “chatter” on p. 60, “sick in tired” on p. 205, and “Union Street station” on p. 211. Missing the dustjacket but in a half-morocco clamshell box, $3750.

Between the Covers (Gloucester City, NJ) offers two rare items in its Catalog 196 (October 2014). The first is the British edition first edition of The Great Gatsby (London: Chatto and Windus, 1926). Fitzgerald’s first English publisher, William Collins, declined to publish The Great Gatsby, saying that to do so “would be to reduce the number of his readers rather than to increase them.” Chatto and Windus only printed 1500-3000 copies, in contrast to Scribner’s printing of 20,870. $9500.
GREAT GATSBY COCKTAIL

The Zinfandel Grille, a popular Sacramento eatery, features a Great Gatsby cocktail. It’s described as being made from Ketel One Vodka, St. Germain, fresh-squeezed grapefruit, and a splash of sparkling wine.

Fitzgerald drank copious amounts of gin, as Frances Kroll Ring tells us, but no mention of vodka, less well known or popular in the 20s and 30s. St. Germain liqueur was not sold until 2007, nor do I think he ever lived on that boulevard, although he was nearby at rue Mézières in 1929. Grapefruit juice is an ingredient in Hemingway’s famous daiquiris, the Papa doble; it doesn’t seem to hold a large place in either Fitzgerald’s or Gatsby’s biographies. Sparkling wine, however, one can imagine was popular with Scott, Zelda, and Gatsby’s guests.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

The 14th International Fitzgerald Society Conference, “Fitzgerald in St. Paul,” will be held in St. Paul MN from June 25 to July 1 2017. A call for papers will be issued on June 1, 2016.