

THE F. SCOTT FITZGERALD SOCIETY NEWSLETTER



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The Twelfth International Fitzgerald Society Conference, Montgomery, November 2013

The Fitzgerald Society is delighted to announce that the Twelfth International F. Scott Fitzgerald Conference will be held in Montgomery, Alabama – the birthplace of Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald – from Wednesday, November 6 to Sunday, November 10, 2013.

Society vice-president Kirk Curnutt of Troy University will serve as site coordinator, with fellow Troy faculty professor Sara Kosiba as program director. Scholars interested in presenting should email Prof. Kosiba a 250-500-word proposal noting any audio/visual requests along with a brief C.V. or biographical statement by March 1, 2013, at skosiba@troy.edu. Registration will begin April 1, 2013, with an August 1 deadline both for the conference and for accommodations.

Fitzgerald fans know that Montgomery, Alabama is central to the Fitzgerald story, even if only a handful of his stories are set in it. Zelda Sayre was born here on July 24, 1900, and eighteen years later, during a characteristically humid summer, she met a handsome first lieutenant from St. Paul, Minnesota, at a country-club dance outside the city's historic Cloverdale district. Fitzgerald was

newly stationed with the 67th Infantry at nearby Camp Sheridan, and the two embarked on a romance that would become a core storyline in his fiction. Much later, Fitzgerald would draw on his experience at the camp for the comparatively neglected 1936 story "I Didn't Get Over."

A decade after their marriage in 1920, the couple briefly returned to Montgomery hoping to find a respite from the whirlwind of fame, dissolution, and mental breakdown. Zelda wrote portions of her only novel, *Save Me the Waltz* (1932), at the Cloverdale home they rented at what is now 919 Felder Avenue. The stay was brief but did inspire one of the more neglected (and idiosyncratic) stories in the Fitzgerald canon, "Family in the Wind," which he regarded strongly enough to include in his final story collection, *Taps at Reveille* (1935). After Scott's premature death in 1940, Zelda would return to Montgomery, alternating between it and the Asheville hospital where she felt safest during periods of instability.

F. Scott Fitzgerald was both charmed and amused by Montgomery, which was then a very provincial city despite being a bustling

state capital. Two of his most delightful flapper stories are set in a fictionalized version of it he called Tarleton (and set in Georgia, for some reason), "The Ice Palace" and "The Jelly-Bean" (both 1920). In 1929, a third story, the utterly beautiful "The Last of the Belles," provided an opportunity to reflect on his early Montgomery years as a period of lost innocence and youthful promise.

The Fitzgeralds are a treasured thread of Montgomery history, but they are by no means its only one – or its most important. The city was the site where the Confederate States of America formed, on February 2, 1861, after seceding from the United States. On February 9 Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as the Confederate president at the same state capitol building whose banisters Zelda and girlhood friend Tallulah Bankhead would later slide down. A century later, on December 1, 1955, Rosa Parks would refuse to give up her seat on a bus boarded at the current site of Troy University's Montgomery campus. That event ignited the Montgomery Bus Boycott, a pivotal catalyst of the Civil Rights Movement and the pulpit from which Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., led the nonviolent fight for equality. Freedom Riders were beaten in Montgomery in 1961, and after the "Bloody Sunday" attack on demonstrators by state troopers at the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma on March 7, 1965, thousands of marchers flooded the city to participate in the five-day Selma-to-Montgomery march, which culminated in Dr. King's euphoric "How Long? Not Long" speech on March 25. Many Southern cities are proud to have been battlegrounds in the Civil Rights Movement, but on any list of them Montgomery must come near the top in influence and importance.

To a certain degree, Montgomery still struggles with its paradoxical identity as both "the Cradle of the Confederacy" and "the Birthplace of the Civil Rights Movement." The flu-

id borderlines of race and Southern identity manifest themselves in the city's landscape and history. For example, one of Montgomery's most popular tourist stops is the grave of Hank Williams, but meanwhile, the storied street singer who taught Hank guitar and blues phrasing, Rufus "Tee-Tot" Payne, languished in a cemetery whose absentee owner allowed it to decay into a state of disrepair. And while one cannot talk about Montgomery without mentioning the career of George Wallace, it's a lesser known fact that Nat King Cole was born here as well, his birth home recently saved from demolition by the city's Historically Black College, Alabama State University.

For all its tortured, conflicted history, Montgomery is a vibrant, exciting city. There are many aspects of the Fitzgerald biography that have not been exhausted – for example, Sara Mayfield, generally considered the Fitzgeralds' worst biographer, grew up here, as did Sarah Haardt, who as Mrs. H. L. Mencken made the Sage of Baltimore reconsider his condemnation of the South as the Sahara of the Bozart. Our little postage stamp of native soil is primed to introduce both longtime Society members and new fans to the place where the Fitzgerald romance began.

Academic sessions for the conference will take place at Troy University's Montgomery campus, located at 231 Montgomery Street in the historic downtown district. Panels will be held in Whitley Hall, which has technologically updated classrooms perfect for presentations. The quad and plaza to the immediate right of this setting offers a pleasant, relaxing atmosphere for breaks. The Society would like to thank Troy University for providing facilities at no cost.

For many years, the Society resisted holding a domestic conference in Montgomery for a very simple reason: We did not feel adequate

accommodations were available to host 100-200+ scholars. That has changed. Since 2008 Montgomery has enjoyed a new Marriot hotel and conference center in the downtown district, the Renaissance Montgomery Hotel and Spa.

The hotel complex, located two safe, walkable blocks from the conference site, contains a variety of dining and bar options. Across the street to the left are several eateries and entertainment facilities collectively known as “The Alley.” This is a fun, safe place to walk at night and will not require transportation. Menu options include deli sandwiches, Italian, Mexican, upscale nouveau cuisine, and, being the South, barbecue! We believe conference attendees can dine here all four days and not feel confined by a lack of choices. That said, downtown has countless other dining areas outside this block as well.

We have reserved a block of 45 rooms at \$130 per night. More rooms will be available if we need them, but we need to make sure that we fill these 45, so we are not recommending the nearby hotels. Parking at the Renaissance is \$12 per night. For folks who want to, we can park cars as well at Troy University (two blocks away) for free. Just be aware that the parking garage is closed between 11 p.m. and 7 a.m.! Kirk will provide more information as November approaches.

The Montgomery Regional Airport services a variety of daily flights from three major hubs: Atlanta (Delta Airlines), Charlotte (US Air), and Dallas-Ft. Worth (American Eagle). For those who prefer Southwest Air, Birmingham is a convenient seventy miles to the north. Atlanta is also an easy drive for those who might prefer different options—it’s only 150 miles away, and travelers don’t even have to



A view of The Alley, Montgomery

exit Interstate 85. For those flying into Montgomery, rental cars are available. We will also work with the local travel bureau to ensure taxis and buses to the hotels are on-hand. We want to stress that attendees will not need a vehicle to participate in the conference. For events that are not within walking distance, we will provide bus service, and we also expect to have limited trolley service, from the Chamber of Commerce, for those who may need transportation.

In all honesty, many of the landmarks from the 1920s and 1930s are long gone. For example, the country club where Scott and Zelda met is now a Sonic Drive-In. We won't be going there. The Sayre house formerly at 6 Pleasant Avenue is now part of Interstate 85, and the house at 3222 Sayre

Street (aka "Rabbit Run") where Zelda spent her last years with her mother is a bald patch of dirt. That said, there are enough significant places to give conferees an introduction to the city and the couple's life here.

Most importantly, Montgomery is home to the Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald Museum at 919 Felder Avenue. This is where Scott and Zelda lived in 1931-32 after the latter's discharge from Prangins. Portions of both *Tender Is the Night* and *Save Me the Waltz* were written here. Our opening reception on November 6 will be held here, hosted by long-time Society members Julian and Leslie McPhillips.

Another significant site we expect to tour will be Oakwood Cemetery, which Zelda



The Scott & Zelda Fitzgerald Museum

mentions in at least one important love letter and which is the setting for a portion of "The Ice Palace." Indeed, one arresting stop in the massive cemetery is the "wavy valley of [Confederate] graves" where Sally Carrol Happer eulogizes the past.

You can compare the photo of Oakwood below to the illustration that accompanied "The Ice Palace" in the *Saturday Evening Post*

of May 22, 1920 to appreciate how the artist—who had never been to Montgomery—pictured the scene from Fitzgerald's descriptive passages.

Zelda's parents and brother are also buried in Oakwood, and the tree mentioned in *Save Me the Waltz* in the Judge's burial scene still stands. (No stop at Oakwood is complete without a visit to Hank Williams, either.)



Confederate graves at Oakwood Cemetery



Illustration accompanying "The Ice Palace," from the *Saturday Evening Post*, May, 1920

Another, less somber site between the hotel and campus is the statue of Hebe (goddess of youth, of course) in the Court Square Fountain. Legends abound that Zelda was fond of leaping into the water (although the story may be confused with the Plaza Hotel



Montgomery's Court Square Fountain

fountain swim). A Fitzgerald pub crawl through downtown Montgomery supposedly ended with Scott, Zelda, and local acquaintances tossing their lingerie onto Hebe.

We are also considering a picnic at historic Oak Park, Montgomery's first public park, which Zelda frequented in her day. Though its once-popular, stately pavilion no longer stands, the park is home to the city's planetarium (operated by Troy University), and we may develop a special event here – perhaps a keynote – depending on space and timing. Finally, for a closing banquet, we are considering a ride on the Harriett II, Montgomery's riverboat, which departs within easy walking distance of the Renaissance Hotel (about 100 yards, in fact). We must emphasize that this trip will not attempt to replicate the incomparable Annecy ride in Lyon in 2011. This will be a far less formal, far more down-home adventure, reminiscent (for those who remember) of the BBQ at the Hemingway/Fitzgerald Conference of 1994 in Paris. In short, we believe Montgomery, Alabama – while not quite Paris, Nice, London, Long Island or St. Paul – will provide a relaxing, affordable site for the Society's Twelfth International Conference.

Because this will be a comparatively inexpensive gathering – emphasis on comparatively – we encourage graduate student participation. Students are invited to apply for the Society's John Kuehl Travel Fellowships upon acceptance. The Society also runs a mentoring program by which students can workshop their papers with established scholars before presenting – a great opportunity for new Society members!

We hope to see you in November!

Kirk Curnutt (kcurnutt@troy.edu)
Sara Kosiba (skosiba@troy.edu)

American Literature Association, May 2012

The Fitzgerald Society sponsored two sessions at the American Literature Association's 23rd Annual Conference on American Literature at the Hyatt Regency San Francisco in Embarcadero Center, May 24-27, 2012. In addition to offering an open-topic panel featuring research that brought new insight to Fitzgerald's life and work, this year, the Fitzgerald Society collaborated with the William Faulkner Society to organize a panel bringing the work of these two great Modern American writers into conversation with one another. These newly conceived collaborative panels at the ALA Conference foster innovative ways of thinking about canonical authors and create fruitful dialogue among scholars.

The first of the two panels, chaired by Peter Alan Froehlich, Assistant Professor of English, Pennsylvania State University, Hazleton, included the following presentations: "Age Groups Identities and the Performativity of the Aging Body in *The Beautiful and Damned*," by Robert Steltenpool, University of Amsterdam; "The Social Body and the Ideology of Modernism in 'Winter Dreams,'" Tim Randell, University of San Diego; and "Lesbians in Fitzgerald's Life and Writing," Maggie Gordon Froehlich, Pennsylvania State University, Hazleton.

Organized by the F. Scott Fitzgerald Society and the William Faulkner Society, the panel "Comparative Approaches to Faulkner and Fitzgerald" was chaired by William Faulkner Society President and Howry Professor of Faulkner Studies and English at the University of Mississippi, Jay Watson. The panel included the following presentations: "Gothic Temporalities and Spectral Identities in *The Great Gatsby* and *Absalom*,

Absalom!" Tarnyn Norman, University of Tennessee, Knoxville; "'A man can think better on salary': the Commodification of the Human in the Hollywood Short Stories of Faulkner and Fitzgerald," Ben Robbins, Free University of Berlin; and "The Republication of Letters: *The Great Gatsby* and *Absalom, Absalom!* at Mid-Century," Laura Goldblatt, University of Virginia.

For several years, ALA has alternated between east and west coast locations, regularly meeting in Boston and San Francisco; that may change, however, at least for the next few conferences. Shortly before the 2012 conference, attendees became aware of an ongoing labor dispute with the Hyatt Regency San Francisco in Embarcadero Center; at the business meeting, representatives of the member societies agreed unanimously that the organization would not meet in any hotel involved in a union boycott. Given the current situation, and because of the need to plan the conference two years in advance, ALA requested that its existing contract for 2014 be deferred until 2018, with the assumption that the issue can be resolved satisfactorily by that time. As a result, the dates and locations for the 2014 and 2016 meetings are yet to be determined. The 2013 and 2015 conferences will be held, as planned, in Boston, Massachusetts. More information and updates about the situation are available on the ALA website: www.calstatela.edu/academic/english/ala2/.

The F. Scott Fitzgerald Society will sponsor sessions at the ALA's 24th annual conference in Boston, May 23-26, 2013. We encourage all to attend, and if you would like to organize a session for a future conference, we'd love to hear from you! Please contact F. Scott Fitzgerald Society ALA Liaison Maggie Gordon Froehlich at mgf10@psu.edu.

Maggie Gordon Froehlich

When the Credits Roll: The Making of *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context*

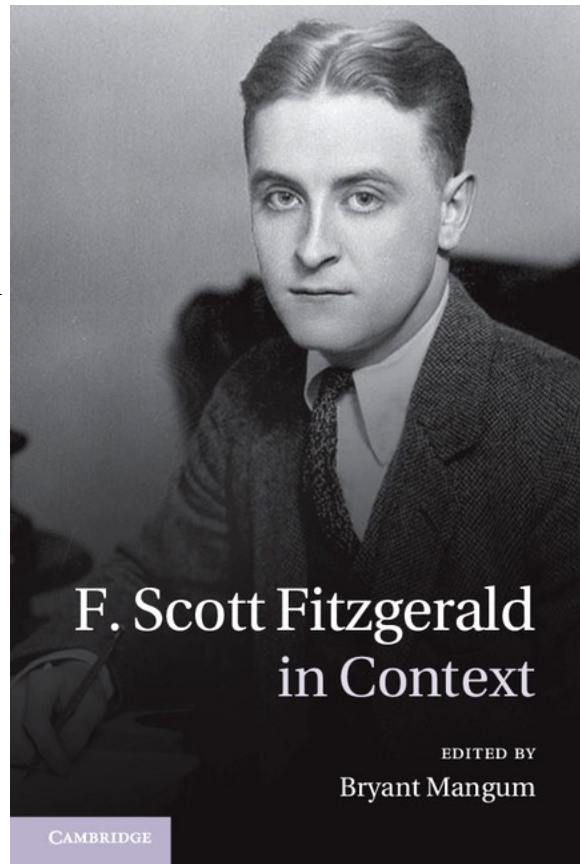
Bryant Mangum

There are easier ways, no doubt, to develop an enduring and unshakeable appreciation of one's friends and professional colleagues than editing a 160,000-word, collaborative volume containing original essays written by forty scholars from around the world. In my decades in academia, however, I have never come across a better or more foolproof way to do this – and, in the process, to learn about many nooks and crannies of book publication from beginning to end that I had likely never considered before – than the taking on and bringing to completion of such a project as the one described above. The specific foolproof project for me has been the editing of a volume entitled *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context*, a 450-page book containing forty chapters, to be published in March 2013 by the Cambridge University Press, a volume to which many of the readers of the *F. Scott Fitzgerald Society Newsletter* have contributed. As I suspect would be true of many of us, I came into the job of planning, proposing, and editing *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context* as an innocent with regard to the potential rewards and daunting challenges of editing so large a collaborative volume of essays as this. In the past I had been fortunate to contribute essays to collaborative collections edited by others, among them, Jackson Bryer's *New Essays on F. Scott Fitzgerald's Neglected Stories* and Ruth Prigozy's *The Cambridge Companion to F. Scott Fitzgerald*; and always with these collections, after a number of months had passed since I had submitted my essay, a sparkling new collection of essays with unbroken spine and shiny dust jacket would appear magically in my mailbox, my own essay in it invariably feeling crisper and more polished than I remembered it as having been when I submitted it. My imagination? A light editorial tweaking? Magic? Perhaps a combination of the three? In any event and by almost any measure, to book lovers there is a sense of magic that accompanies the arrival of a fresh, collaborative collection of essays, whether or not it contains one's own essay; and on some level there must also be an awareness that hard work and cooperation have been involved in every collaborative volume as well. But like most, I suspect, I had been at best dimly aware of the complex energies that had been a part of the production of any collaborative collection of essays. Were it not for my work on *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context* for the last two and a half years I would likely never have become so profoundly aware of the blend of cooperation, hard work, and magic that converge in a collaborative volume such as this and prepare it to take its place on the shelf of virtually every major library in the English-speaking world.

In the year leading up to Cambridge's issuing of the contract for the *Fitzgerald in Context* volume – the year of my preparation of the proposal – there was heavy foreshadowing of each element of the blend. The magic – or, perhaps more accurately in this case, the serendipity – came first in Boston in May 2009 during the 20th Annual Conference of the American Literature Association, a year during which there were two Fitzgerald panels. At the session led by Kirk Curnutt on Thursday, Ruth Prigozy, Jim Meredith, and I presented papers around the topic of Fitzgerald and the Popular Imagination. On Friday Gail Sinclair led the panel on Fitzgerald and Popular Culture, with Kirk, Kate Drowne, and Deborah

Schlacks making presentations. (All seven panel members, as it turned out, contributed chapters to the Cambridge volume.) It was after the second panel that I wandered into a café off the lobby of the Westin Copley Place convention hotel and joined Kirk for a sandwich. He had most recently published his *Cambridge Introduction to F. Scott Fitzgerald*, and shortly before this had edited his own collaborative collection, the *Oxford Historical Guide to F. Scott Fitzgerald*. On the heels of these two volumes and already in the midst of another project, he had received an invitation from Ray Ryan, senior acquisitions editor at the Cambridge University Press, to submit a proposal for a Fitzgerald volume for Cambridge's "In Context" series. Since Kirk would be unable to take on this project, he wondered if I might be interested; and though I was not fully aware of it at that moment, my serendipitous meeting with Kirk was to become the starting point for *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context*.

Within a week of my return to Richmond from Boston and my conversation with Kirk, I received an email from Ray Ryan asking if I were interested in submitting a proposal for the *Fitzgerald in Context* volume. If I were, I should review the sample proposal he had attached for a *Beckett in Context* volume (now scheduled for publication in 2013) and the *Jane Austen in Context* volume published by Cambridge in 2005, a book that Ray noted would "be in your library." My next step, if I remained interested, would be to submit a "skeletal table of contents" to see if we were "both on the same page" before I was to write a full proposal. I responded immediately, assuring Ray that I would review both the Beckett and Austen materials and send a detailed response shortly, all of which I did within the week. Reading back over that first "detailed response" today, more than two years after I wrote it, makes me cringe: I did indeed review the Beckett and Austen materials immediately and wrote a thousand-word response detailing how different I imagined the Fitzgerald volume would be from either of the two volumes that I had consulted, and I included many vague reasons why this would be true. To this letter I attached a general outline with Roman numerals preceding every broad category of "context" that I could come up with off of the top of my head and accompanied by lists of subcontexts, similarly general. Soon after I sent this email and attachment, I received back from Ray the response that follows: "This doesn't work for me, I need the ch by ch outline: what chs you actually propose to include in the book. A max of 40. Thanks, R." And here the tiptoeing around the edge of what would become *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context* ended and planning in earnest began, planning accompanied in short order by generous helpings of cooperation from more friendly sources than I would ever have dared to wish for—as well as, by the end, occasional touches of magic.



What Ray Ryan's request for specific chapters of course led me to do, as I suspect he knew full well it would do, was to cause me to begin thinking about the volume in specific terms that honored the spirit of the series — that spirit being to bring into high relief various social, historical, and cultural contexts of the 1920s and 1930s and to consider Fitzgerald, in this case, in relation to them. This, of course, presented a challenge to me as one who has for much of his career as a scholar and teacher focused on texts rather than contexts. Meeting the challenge of organizing *Fitzgerald in Context* as a volume that emphasized various Jazz Age and Depression-era contexts even as it honored Fitzgerald's texts and the traditional biographical, bibliographical, textual, and critical scholarship that has attended those texts, therefore, became the central guiding principle of the volume as I conceived it and discussed it in emails with Ray Ryan. Mercifully Ray remained silent through much of our conversation on this subject, and I took this as a sign that we were perhaps still "both on the same page." I presented him with an outline reflecting the organizing principle, and we agreed that I would present to him a full proposal by 15 February 2010. It was at this point that I began drawing on the expertise of many generous colleagues whose work in cultural studies I regard highly, among them Kate Drowne, whose *The 1920s: American Popular Culture Through History* (with Patrick Huber) is a rich source of information about the Jazz Age, and who offered valuable suggestions about the organization of chapters in *Fitzgerald in Context*. By early January I had constructed for the book an organizational plan that would change very little from that point on. The volume consisted of six sections which have remained the six divisions in the published book. There were forty chapters, each representing a single context, and the subjects of those have remained largely unchanged except for alterations in the ordering of some of the chapters and the addition, subtraction, and merging of several contexts, changes made after receiving observations and suggestions from various readers as the project moved forward. By 15 February I had immersed myself in background information on the volume's forty contexts, written skeletal descriptions of 200-500 words for each of the forty contexts, and mailed to Cambridge the "finished" 79-page, 20,000-word proposal, complete with preface and table of contents.

This full proposal, then, went out to three anonymous readers chosen by Cambridge, and their reports were returned in mid-April. The reports were detailed, substantive, constructive and positive, all three endorsing acceptance of the proposal as well as offering thoughtful suggestions for changes I might consider. Ray Ryan mailed me the reports of Readers A, B, and C on 16 April with a note asking me for "a formal response to the reports, outlining what you will do to incorporate" the suggestions from the readers. He added, "Now is the time to substitute or augment what we have." In response of course, I, as would any other person similarly afflicted with OCD, quickly set about constructing elaborate tables with a separate column containing comments from each reader and a second column with my detailed responses to each comment. These tables I emailed to Ray, and his reply came back immediately telling me that what I had sent him was "a bit too cute" and asking me to send something more "discursive." I worked late into the night and early morning of 3 and 4 April and emailed by 3 a.m. a lengthy translation of the charts I had refashioned in the form of a more "discursive" letter. I received Ray's immediate response from the U.K. at 10 a.m. London time: "This may be the earliest email I've ever had from the U.S.," he wrote without further comment. The next step from this point was to wait for the Cambridge University Press Syndicate (colloquially the "Syndics") to

approve (or not) the proposal, and on 17 May I received a long-hoped-for email from Ray Ryan that contained these words: "I'm delighted to say that the Press Syndicate has now approved the offer of a contract to you for *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context*. ... Can I warmly welcome you as a Cambridge author. I'm looking forward very much to working with you on this book, which I know will make a significant contribution to the Cambridge list." When I sent word of the acceptance to Laura Rattray at the University of Hull, my steady and trusted confidante through this entire process from beginning to end and one who knew about it firsthand from her work on *Edith Wharton in Context* (published in October 2012), her reply was, "There's no turning back now! . . . Edith sends her regards."

If the thought of turning back had ever occurred to me (and I suspect there were times, now repressed, when it had), I can honestly say that from the moment of Cambridge's acceptance of the proposal, the thought never crossed my mind. What did cross it rather quickly was that I had never recruited forty people to do anything in this world, and I had no blueprint for how to begin. What I remembered, though, was that in my early ruminations about the project in its earliest stages, I had developed strong ideas about what I thought the roster of contributors to *Fitzgerald in Context* should look like. I resurrected that early description and began with it as a blueprint. I believed that the volume should have strong representation from the group of Fitzgerald scholars who have been working in the field for many years, but that the work of these scholars should be balanced as evenly as possible by ideas from emerging scholars, from those who have brought fresh and exciting new perspectives to Fitzgerald Studies. There was also no question but that the



Editing in progress: Original typescripts of the 40 chapters (circa 30 June 2011)
(Photo credits: J. M. Duke)

the volume should have a blend of North American and European contributors. The published book does indeed reflect that balance in both respects. As I began to put together a list of potential contributors I turned first to old friends in Fitzgerald Studies whose work I have known for many years. Jim West, Kirk Curnutt, Jack Bryer, and Ruth Prigozy were the first individuals to whom I issued invitations, and all of them agreed not only to contribute chapters but also to suggest other possible contributors from among those scholars who had most recently been doing work in the field, those who would bring new perspectives to the discourse. Each of the four suggested one or more potential contributors, and each of those who were recommended wound up, in fact, writing one of the chapters for the book.

I also relied for suggestions on newer friends, Heidi Kunz and Michael Nowlin, whose work and scholarly integrity I had come over the past several years to know well and respect. Both were generous in brainstorming with me about possible contributors; but also, as Heidi, Michael, and I discussed the various contexts, they offered new ideas about modifying the contexts themselves, in the process positively influencing the organization of the volume. There were from the beginning, as well, two scholars, Ronald Berman and Linda Wagner-Martin, whom I very much hoped would agree to contribute chapters. I could not imagine a major volume of Fitzgerald essays that did not contain their work, and both graciously agreed to write chapters. Also, having known Cathy Barks for years from her work on the Fitzgerald Society Board and most recently for her work with Jack Bryer on the Scott and Zelda letters collection, I hoped very much to have a contribution from her in the volume. And finally, no volume on contexts would be complete without the thoughts of my friend Jim Meredith on the context of war. As for many of our European contributors who wound up writing chapters for the volume, Laura Rattray was an invaluable recruiter, not only in suggesting names, many of them names of scholars whose work I knew – among them Bill Blazek's – but finally also in providing them with details about the project (and, perhaps as importantly, with likely too-generous words about its editor). In early June I issued invitations to contributors, and by mid-June authors for thirty of the forty chapters were assigned; by 4 July, after some trading of chapters among our contributors and slight alterations of several of the chapter headings, a lineup for the entire forty chapters was virtually complete. At the end of this recruitment stage I stood back, looked at the stunning roster of those who had signed on, and was astonished at the spirit of cooperation that had brought together this community of scholars.

By 8 September Cambridge had mailed out contracts to each contributor, and I emailed everyone that the deadline for submission of the individual chapters was 31 May. One of the first notes I received in response to my deadline email was from Jack Bryer, who, after offering his congratulations that the project had reached this stage and reiterating his support, added the following comment: "I don't envy you the task of herding 40 academic cats." I smiled at this, remembering that less than a year before I had been one of the "academic cats" that Jack had herded in relation to an article I contributed to the 33rd volume of *Resources for American Literary Study*, an article that involved significant editorial back-and-forth between Jack and me, not to mention more than one nudge on his part regarding the submission deadline. As for *Fitzgerald in Context*, I had taken on the writing of one of the chapters (two as it eventually turned out), at least partly so that I could feel

genuinely a member of the lineup of contributors rather than simply the volume's editor, but also so that I could face firsthand some of the potential mechanical questions that other contributors would likely face—questions related for the most part to Cambridge's "unique" style preferences. When the clock began to tick on the nine-month, 31 May deadline, therefore, I heard it daily in the back of my mind. In the front of my mind were other concerns related to standardization of editorial conventions. Cambridge had sent their "Style Notes for Humanities and Social-Sciences Books (US Style)" to me early on, and I had passed this style sheet along to contributors. As many came to realize, however, the Cambridge rules regarding style do not always resemble those of the *MLA Handbook* or *The Chicago Manual of Style*. Therefore, as we all worked on writing our chapters I became engaged in ongoing communication with Maartje Scheltens in the U.K. editorial office at Cambridge over various issues of style that appeared not to be resolved in the Cambridge style sheet. Clearly there were no rules, as there are in *The Chicago Manual* for example, to cover virtually every conceivable decision regarding such things as endnote form and in-text documentation. I wound up conferring with Suzanne del Gizzo, who was encountering similar questions as she worked on the *Hemingway in Context* volume (published December 2012) and who was extremely helpful to me in dealing with issues related to style that we were both facing. Laura Rattray and I, more than once, compared detailed notes on editorial issues related to the Cambridge "style." In the end I constructed a style sheet specifically tailored to the Fitzgerald volume and passed it along to contributors.



Hard copy of final edited typescript (foreground) mailed to Cambridge on 2 April 2012

The global issue that remained unresolved until late in the editorial process was that of the specific Fitzgerald texts that contributors would use for reference. At a point sometime in March I decided that the proper thing was to key all references to Fitzgerald's work to the Cambridge editions. All but *Tender Is the Night* and *Taps at Reveille* were available in March (with *Tender* scheduled for publication in April), and using the Cambridge editions would make it possible to establish standard abbreviations for all references to Fitzgerald's works, thus allowing use of standardized in-text documentation for all Fitzgerald quotations. All but two of the Cambridge volumes have been edited by Jim West, and he generously mailed to me copies of the ones I was missing. The editorial problem that this raised, of course, was that not everyone had access to these editions, and by March many contributors were well along with their chapters. However, I sent out to all contributors lists of the standardized abbreviations to be used for the Cambridge texts and a gentle request that those who had access to these texts try to use them. I decided that in cases where this was not possible, I would convert the references to Fitzgerald's work to the Cambridge editions when I edited the individual essays. As the clock ticked down toward the 31 May deadline I received occasional early submissions, Peter Hays, as I remember it, being the first to cross the finish line with his chapter; and then on 30 and 31 May my inbox filled up with some twenty-five more of the chapters. Along with the submissions were a good number of delightful progress reports. My favorite was one from Robert Sklar, who wrote on 1 June, "I hope that I am not the only scofflaw, but I'm working away, and expect to have a draft to you by the middle of June." I wrote a note back to him assuring him that he was not by a longshot the only scofflaw; and, knowing well my own tendencies to push my submissions beyond the due date, I marveled at the embarrassment of riches already in my inbox on 1 June ready for my editorial attention.

With the daunting amount of editing and proofing ahead of me I was graced with the extraordinarily good fortune of having both a colleague and a research assistant come behind me during the initial editing and proofing phase of the project. Early in the process of planning the volume, I had invited my colleague, Gretchen Comba, winner of the F. Scott Fitzgerald Award for Short Fiction, a William Maxwell scholar, and, as it turned out, a former copy-editor for a New York publishing firm, to construct the book's chronology, which leads off the volume. In our discussions of *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context* she told me of a speech given by Maxwell late in his life in which he had revealed that one thing he most regretted not having done was that he had not written *The Great Gatsby*. Partly to honor Maxwell, then, she was willing to come behind me on the editing of the essays in our volume, calling out changes that I might consider making and errors that I had overlooked. At this same time, I was also fortunate to be working with a graduate research assistant, Joel Kabot, whose recent experience as an intern after leaving William and Mary and before entering our graduate program had been to serve as proofreader of a Congressional journal. I quickly franchised us as a team and established a pattern for the editing and proofing of the volume that involved teamwork among the three of us; and, of course, I constructed elaborate tables to ensure the pattern was followed consistently. I did the initial editing of each essay, checked it off, and passed it to Gretchen, who came behind with her editorial suggestions for me to record on a master copy and check off. Then I sent the chapter along to Joel for his proofing. He returned his lists of errors to me, and I recorded them. This procedure was repeated by the three of us once again before the

manuscript was ready to be sent to Cambridge in New York. The initial editing of the individual chapters involved mainly mechanical matters: arranging information in the end-notes to fit the Cambridge style, checking to insure titles of volumes in the essays were precise and exact, verifying that page numbers referenced were correct, replacing page numbers referencing Fitzgerald's quotations from non-Cambridge volumes with appropriate Cambridge-edition numbers, and the like. Light editing involved such things as occasional moving of sentences to foreground major points, polishing phrases when there was a question of clarity, and standardizing diction to follow the conventions of the volume, as in the elimination of contractions, among other things. When substantive changes seemed necessary or when answers to questions appeared less than obvious, these matters were referred to the author. In the case of proofing, I never ceased to be amazed at how many minor errors had escaped my attention during editing, only to have them caught by Joel in the proofing. The one that comes first to mind is a reference in one of the chapters to a Fitzgerald story that the author had referred to as "The Last of the Bellies." We removed the "i," thanked our lucky stars, and became ever more vigilant as we moved to the next chapter. Careful proofing through multiple re-readings clearly and verifiably eliminated hundreds of such "errors," though none located (thus far) were as blatant as "The Last of the Bellies." However, as editor, I continue to have bad dreams about the errors that have no doubt gotten away.

As the editing and proofing was in progress I was also in the process of negotiating permissions for photographs and illustrations that I wanted to use in the volume, a task more



Corrected page proofs: Final hard copy with remaining corrections tabbed (foreground) and mailed to Chennai, India, 4 October 2012

complicated and expensive than I had imagined it would be. Ray Ryan had given me permission late in the process to include ten of these with the understanding that they would be printed in black and white – and that I would take responsibility for both the expense and the negotiation of both print and digital rights. Fortunately several of the ones that I wished to include were in the public domain, and it was necessary only that I locate high-quality digital files for these illustrations and photographs, or in several instances have them re-photographed from hard copies. For those photographs owned by universities, historical societies, and private collections, permission agreements and fees were often involved. In the case, however, of one photograph of Fitzgerald and Sheilah Graham that I wanted to use, Graham's daughter and son, as administrators of Graham's estate, generously allowed me to use the photograph without a fee. Also, in the case of two photographs, one of Irving Thalberg and another of Thalberg and Norma Shearer, Mark Viera, Thalberg's biographer, provided me with beautiful, high-quality digital images to use. In the end, the ten images for which I was finally able to secure permissions and include in the volume beautifully represent those contexts whose chapters they accompany; and with permissions in place by early March, all that remained was compiling the biographical blurbs for contributors and lists for further reading that would accompany each of the chapters. Our team of forty rose to the occasion of my urgent request for this information, and it was in my hands, edited, and proofed by Cambridge's deadline for submission of the full manuscript of 31 March. In keeping with my phobic resistance to due dates, however, I rationalized that no one would be in the Cambridge office on Saturday the 31st, and I certainly resisted the idea of emailing it on April Fool's Day, the first Sunday of the cruellest month. Early, then, on the morning of Monday, 2 April I sent the full edited and proofed manuscript of *Fitzgerald in Context* to Cambridge in New York, proud of each of its 161,939 words, just barely over the 160,000-word limit that Ray and I had agreed upon when the press accepted my proposal.

2 April, then, is the dramatic high point of "The Making of *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context*." In a longer, uncut version there is a dénouement with its own share of intrigue, in which there are all of the following, and more: a wonderful plenary panel in Lyon, France, devoted solely to the discussion of the book; debate between New York and Richmond over a dust jacket photograph; electronic transfer of files to Chennai, India; conversion of the original typescript to "normalized" files suitable for indexing; the indexing itself (by the editor and his assistant); typesetting for galley proofs; careful copyediting by an independent firm back in the U.S.; proofing by the volume's editor of the galleys with vigorous negotiations about various conventions of style; the editing of page proofs; and finally, after six months of attention and the exchange of scores of emails between Chennai and Richmond, the binding and printing of the volume in New York. There will also be an epilogue, in which our volume makes it into most of our libraries, many homes, and some bookstores – not to mention on every bookstore website. And there will also, of course, be reviews, perhaps one even in the *F. Scott Fitzgerald Society Newsletter*. The important story of "The Making of *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Context*," however, is in the segment leading up to and including the dramatic high point – those two years during which a community of scholars came together, worked hard in good faith, cooperated with each other, and were rewarded with the magic of a volume that is meant to stand as a tribute to the writer that many of us believe to be "one of the greatest writers who ever lived."

Mickey, Goofy, and the Diamond Mountain

James L. W. West III

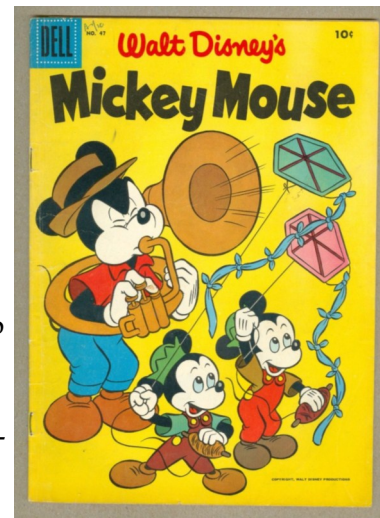
Tell me, who's goin' to save you
When you're a slave to
A Diamond as Big as the Ritz?

—Jimmy Buffett
“A Diamond as Big as the Ritz”

Committed Fitzgerald collectors should probably acquire, as quickly as possible, a curious bit of ephemera that I had never seen mentioned anywhere until recently. The item is Dell Comic no. 47, *Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse*, published in April-May 1956. The lead story in this comic book (graphic text?) is a tale called “The Mystery of Diamond Mountain.” The story is based on Fitzgerald’s “The Diamond as Big as the Ritz,” first published in the June 1922 *Smart Set* and collected later that year in *Tales of the Jazz Age*.

While clicking around on the Internet a few months ago, I ran into a reference to this comic in the Wikipedia entry on “The Diamond as Big as the Ritz.” I learned there that the story-line for the Disney comic was the work of William F. Nolan and Charles Beaumont, and that the images were drawn by Paul Murry. In 1956, Nolan (b. 1928) and Beaumont (1929-1967) were establishing themselves as popular writers. Both men went on to produce a great many science fiction, horror, and fantasy narratives for comic books, paperback publishers, television shows, and movies.

Nolan, who is still writing, is best known for his co-authorship with George Clayton Johnson of the dystopian sci-fi novel *Logan's Run* (1967), which became an MGM movie in 1976 and a CBS television series in 1977-78. Beaumont, who died relatively early, wrote several of the better-known *Twilight Zone* episodes, including “The Howling Man” and “Printer's Devil.” Murry (1911-1989) worked for most of his career drawing Disney characters, first at the Walt Disney Studios and later at Western Publishing. He was also for several years the primary artist for Woody Woodpecker comics.



In an interview posted online in 2009, Nolan recalled his adaptation of Fitzgerald’s narrative for the Disney comic. “I wrote several stories, including one which was a total steal from F. Scott Fitzgerald’s story ‘The Diamond as Big as the Ritz,’” he remembered. “And just to let everybody know that I wasn’t stealing blatantly, I named the villain Gerald Fitz. But the editors there had never heard of Fitzgerald ... so I just got bolder all the time.”¹

¹See <http://www.comicbookresources.com/?page=article&id=21450>.

Copyright must have been more relaxed in 1956 than it is now. One cannot imagine a comic-book writer pulling a stunt like this today.

Curious to see this *homage* to Fitzgerald, I purchased a copy of Dell Comic no. 47 online, for \$8.99 plus shipping. (I found several more copies for sale at other prices, higher and lower.) It turns out that Nolan and Beaumont produced quite an amusing mash-up of materials from Fitzgerald's story. Here follows a summary.

Mickey and Goofy are on vacation, heading out in Mickey's little green convertible, equipped with a rumble seat, for two weeks of fishing and loafing. As they drive through a stretch of desert country, they are forced off the road by a large blue luxury limo. The car zooms away, and Mickey and Goofy are left with a crumpled front fender. They give chase, but the road ends abruptly at the bottom of a cliff. Suddenly their car begins to rise, higher and higher, on a hidden elevator. "Something's funny about this," says the observant Mickey. "This is thuh first time I ever got airsick on a fishin' trip," adds a witty Goofy. The elevator stops, and Mickey drives his car forward onto a broad mesa. The elevator promptly descends, leaving our heroes stranded. Almost immediately they spot what looks like a "Glass Mountain." Nearby is parked the luxury limousine that ran them off the road. Upon closer inspection, it turns out to have hubcaps encrusted with diamonds.

Enter Gerald Fitz, a bad guy with a pistol in his right hand. (He looks as if he began the day by parting his hair down the middle, in the Scott Fitzgerald style, and then encountered a windstorm.) In his left hand Gerald holds a leash affixed to a diamond-studded collar. The collar is buckled around the neck of a black shepanther named Mitzi, who clearly has bad intentions toward Mickey and Goofy. Mickey, a spunky fellow, steps forward and demands forty dollars from Gerald to have his fender fixed. (Rates at the body shop were lower in the 50s.) Gerald guffaws and tosses Mickey a diamond the size of a baseball. "That ought to cover the damage," he says.

Mickey and Goofy turn to leave but are dissuaded by Mitzi. ("Meowwr! Spit! Fzzzle!") Gerald now insists on showing his shining mountain to the unwilling Mickey and Goofy.



Are they dreamin'? Mickey and Goofy discover the diamond mountain

“Unbelievable but true!” exclaims Gerald. “The entire mountain is one large perfect diamond!” While unlocking a steel door, the host explains that he has other visitors who have become his permanent “guests.” After Mickey and Goofy are ushered into their quarters, the door is locked and bolted. On the following day they are to begin work in the diamond mines.

Their room, like John T. Unger’s in the Fitzgerald story, is luxurious – with diamond-encrusted chairs, lamps, and beds, but also with steel bars on the windows. Through one window our protagonists see an airplane circling overhead. Gerald Fitz snares it in a mechanical net and locks up the pilot and crew in another cell. “Why doesn’t he want anybody to know about it?” wonders Goofy. “If folks find out there’s a diamond mountain, diamonds won’t be worth a nickel!” explains Mickey. “This way, he can become the richest man in the world!”

Dinner appears for our guys, complete with eating utensils fashioned from diamond. “Diamond is the hardest substance in the world!” muses Mickey, contemplative. “It’ll cut anything ... even steel!” (Pardon the frequent exclamation points. I am simply transcribing.) Mickey uses the diamond knife to cut through the steel bars on the window, and he and Goofy escape. They sneak over to Gerald Fitz’s house where they see, through an open window, a set of keys to the prison doors. They swipe the keys and make a run for it.

Here occurs a bit of business involving Goofy, Mitzi, and a pocketful of sardines that Goofy has brought along for fish-bait. Goofy distracts Mitzi with the treats and, with the keys, releases the prisoners. Gerald Fitz, observing the jailbreak, reaches for an oversized electrical switch on the wall of his living room. “If I can’t have Diamond Mountain all to myself, no one else shall have it!” he declares. (Gerald talks like that.) Down goes the switch, and KA-BLOOM! goes the mountain. Gerald tries to make his getaway in one of the airplanes, but Mickey hooks him by the collar – with a perfect cast of his fishing rod. Gerald is tied up and tucked into the rumble seat of Mickey’s convertible. Our boys drive off toward the police station; they mean to turn Gerald over to Police Chief O’Hara, who will lock him up in the “calaboose.” “Shucks, we never did get tuh do any fishin’,” says a disappointed Goofy. “You’re wrong,” quips Mickey. “We caught the biggest fish of all!”

“The Mystery of Diamond Mountain” is pretty clever, and pretty innocent. The undertones of cold-blooded amorality from Fitzgerald’s story are missing. Kismine and Jasmine have disappeared – also the slaves at pre-war prices and the rhinestones. Gerald Fitz is motivated only by greed; he does not hire a Hollywood set-designer to make his dreams incarnate, nor does he attempt to bargain with God. Still, the skeleton of the narrative remains, and to their credit Nolan and Beaumont get it right. The mountain is not “full of diamonds”; it’s one single diamond. Mickey and Goofy escape, and good triumphs in the end.

I began with an epigraph from another knock-off from the FSF story: Jimmy Buffett’s reggae song “Diamond as Big as the Ritz,” written and recorded in 1995, after Fitzgerald’s story had entered the public domain.² The website with the lyrics tells me that I can have a snatch of this song, in Jimmy’s pleasant tenor, as the ringtone on my cell phone – for a small monthly charge, of course.

²<http://www.buffettnews.com/resources/discography/?album=27>.

Review: *Zelda at the Oasis*

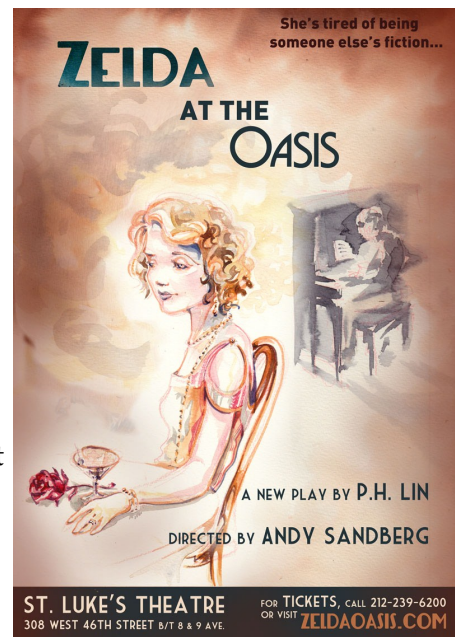
Anne Margaret Daniel

P. H. Lin's play *Zelda at the Oasis* had its New York premiere on December 4, 2012 at St. Luke's Theater. The play is set in a little bar of that felicitous name sometime in 1934. The Fitzgeralds are in New York, and Zelda has left a party on her own to find a bar in which to drink. In this unlikely premise, she stumbles into the Club Oasis, empty save for its barman, a jazz pianist thrown out of conservatory because he cannot read music, and struggling to make ends meet and his music known. The barman also doubles, at various times, as Scott, Ernest Hemingway, Edouard Jozan, a doctor – the men of Zelda's life, in Lin's construction. In a very funny and well-played role, he also gets to be Zelda's mother, Minnie.

Zelda is played by Gardner Reed in a long satin evening dress, with nearly black hair, Dusty-Springfield eyes and a host of rictus-grin smiles and eye-rollings meant to be either southern-belleism or tics meant to show mental instability – or perhaps both. Her loud harsh accent is more Scarlett O'Hara run amok than old-timey Montgomery, but Reed herself is a graceful actress, and sometimes moving as Zelda.

Lin has her incessantly calling the young barman "Jelly-Bean," a clue that this will be yet another version of the Fitzgeralds in which Zelda is the thwarted artist and Scott the bullying parasite who draws upon her talent. Alas, the clue's no red herring. Most of the time, Edwin Cahill, who plays the barman and all the other roles, is on stage as Scott. Lin's Scott is a gee-whizzing, lamely spoken goof, alternately lecherous because of his wife's beauty and angry when she wants something (a career, another man) for herself. He eagerly snaps up all her better words and phrases for his own work. His ill-turned metaphors when he's speaking are doubtless meant to indicate Scott Fitzgerald really didn't have a way with words, and that his memorable moments were swiped from Zelda's conversations and writings. George Jean Nathan, in 1958, wrote a remembrance of Scott for *Esquire*, in which he told of Scott's use of Zelda's diary in some stories, including "The Jelly-Bean," and Scott's refusal of Nathan's request to publish her diaries because of this use. *Zelda at the Oasis* takes this story to town, as well as the general proposition that Zelda was the stifled artist and Scott the spoiled, semi-talented frat boy. Staggeringly, Lin has Zelda glad to be "inside," as she terms her hospitalizations, because her art is her own there, and her work is safe – Scott can't get at it to read it and use it.

Edouard Jozan, in the play, is the love of Zelda's life; he understands her artistic soul and her needs as a woman, and she desperately tries to divorce Scott to be with him. (Scott refuses because he's Catholic; threatens Zelda with the permanent loss of Scottie; and then tells her how much he loves her.)



The subplot of *Zelda* encouraging the barman to publish his own tunes and get credit for them – instead of letting a predatory older club owner, who sounds rather like Tex Guinan, make them her own – is meant to parallel Zelda's failed attempts to be recognized for her writing stolen by Scott. The story, or stories, told in the 80 minutes of this play are all of this dimension, as flimsy as the paper roses Zelda drunkenly crafts and tears up at the bar. The barman is left alone at the end, holding a real red rose she's caused to materialize, or into which she's dematerialized, echoing the red rose stitched on her evening wrap. Symbolic roses and the sound of a tinny piano (well played, though, by Cahill) give us the fade-out. As Zelda, the real Zelda, once wrote, far more eloquently, here's yet another generation aspiring to the Coca-Cola ads, to the poetry of a popular song.

According to the program, *Zelda at the Oasis* "began life as a commission from the F. Scott Fitzgerald Centennial Committee ... to be part of their F. Scott Fitzgerald 100th Birthday Celebration." Scott wouldn't find this much of a birthday present. The tagline of the show is that Zelda is "tired of being someone else's fiction." I'm tired of it, too. I hope never to see another dramatic representation – or indeed any fictional one – in which "Scott" masquerades as a shallow, sad, patriarchal creep, by turns arrogant and pathetic, ill-spoken and depending on his wife for his words, and "Zelda" is the bullied, broken genius of the place. Is it really too much to ask for a fictional characterization of the Fitzgeralds that at least makes their characters two-dimensional: including Scott's talent, love and care for Zelda; and her increasing incapability and concurrent gratitude to him and to her mother, as well as both parents' immense love for their daughter Scottie, manifested so differently by each? Fictions about the Fitzgeralds are fictions, not biography, but they market themselves on these two real people, and sell themselves as being "about" Scott and Zelda. I'm probably asking too much, and should just expect the reductive scenario of bad Scott/good Zelda. Would someone please disappoint me in it, though, and make me glad?



Edwin Cahill and Gardner Reed in P. H. Lin's *Zelda at the Oasis*

News and Notes

Lost Fitzgerald Story

In 1936, after publishing the Crack-Up pieces in *Esquire*, Fitzgerald submitted a brief story to *The New Yorker* about a forty-year-old traveling sales lady of girdles and corsets, needing cigarettes and not having one during her day of selling. *The New Yorker* rejected it then, but published it in its August 6, 2012 issue at the urging of Fitzgerald's grandchildren. Mrs. Hanson, the sales woman, finally has a break before her last call and steps into a Catholic church to get a smoke, believing it will just merge with the incense. Finding no matches in her purse, she hopes to light her cigarette from one of the votive candles, but finds a caretaker extinguishing them, so they may be lit the next day. Not a Catholic, she sits down in the church, and, feeling awkward, she prays anyway, for her employer and her clients. She then drifts off to sleep for a few minutes—it's been a long day—under a statue of the Madonna, only to be awakened shortly by a familiar smell. Her cigarette has been lit. The story concludes with her thanking the Virgin Mary, twice, "for the light."

Commenting in Britain's *The Guardian* (August 10, 2012) on the story's publication, Sarah Churchwell sees not just humor, but also a revival of Fitzgerald's Catholicism and a return to hope: "The symbolically (and magically) returning light at story's end is too trite for a writer of Fitzgerald's calibre, to be sure, but the story has one small, tired flourish: Mrs. Hanson thinks that her cigarette is 'an important punctuation mark in the long sentence of a day on the road.' The pun is not accidental—language, for Fitzgerald, was always a release from imprisonment.

"'Thank You for the Light' suggests that Fitzgerald's faith—in life, in art, even in Catholi-

cism—may have lapsed, but it never expired. A year or so later, he would begin work on his last, unfinished novel, *The Last Tycoon*. Mrs. Hanson's lit cigarette is not a green light at the end of a dock, but it's an image of renewed faith, and signals the beginning of Fitzgerald's struggle to regain his capacity for hope—his greatest theme of all."

Zelda at the Oasis

Zelda at the Oasis, a new play by P. H. Lin, began previews Nov. 16 at St. Luke's Theatre, Off-Broadway at 308 West 46th Street. Directed by Andy Sandberg, the production, starring Edwin Cahill and Gardner Reed, officially opened Dec. 4 at 7 PM.

According to Andrew Gans, in Playbill.com (Nov. 1, 2012):

"Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald, wife of legendary American novelist, F. Scott Fitzgerald, wants nothing more than to be recognized as an artist in her own right," according to press notes. "Two things stand in her way: a growing mental instability and the overbearing shadow of her husband. On this magical night in the 1930's, Zelda discovers The Club Oasis, a New York City bar where she has escaped to drink alone...until a unique and unexpected friendship is forged with an aspiring musician who plays piano and tends bar at the Oasis. Vivid and haunting memories are triggered as Zelda transforms the Bar Man into those from her past who have shaped her own self-image. Through this after-hours encounter, they share their dreams, missteps, and insights with one another, hoping to unlock the courage to move forward with their lives."

For more on this "after-hours encounter," see Anne Margaret Daniel's review on page 20.

Submitted by James L. W. West III

The Great Gatsby Curve

Nobel-Prize economist Paul Krugman blogged about his Princeton colleague Alan Krueger's Great Gatsby Curve in the *New York Times* (January 15, 2012). Krueger posited a graph, the Gatsby curve, where the horizontal axis shows inequality, and the vertical axis shows intergenerational elasticity (how much one's income exceeds that of one's father). The graph shows America as very unequal, behind all the Scandinavian countries, Germany, New Zealand, France, Japan, and the U.K. We are also behind all the other countries in social mobility; we were slightly ahead of the U.K., but have now fallen behind.

Also responding to Krueger's Gatsby Curve was *Forbes* magazine's Wall Street columnist Robert Lenzner. In the March 26, 2012 *Forbes*, Lenzner suggests, "Today, there would be less likelihood of bootlegger Jay Gatsby (born

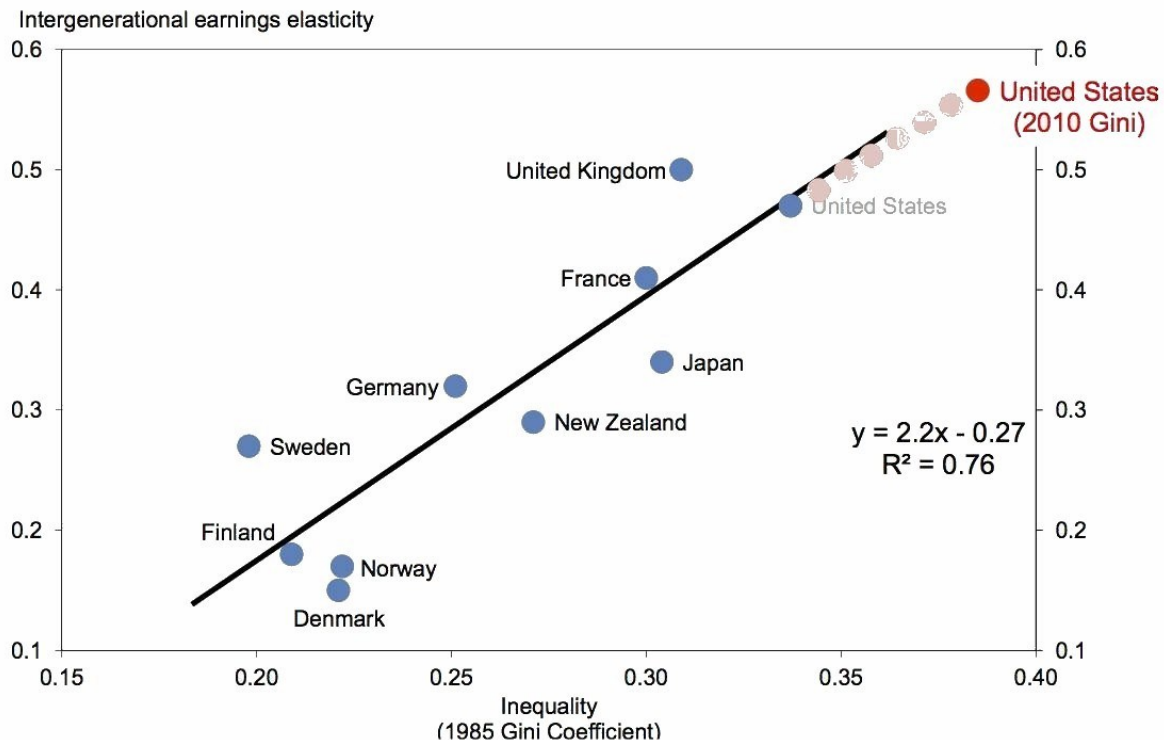
Gatz) making it to the north shore of Long Island social set. At least, that's the implication. I don't know; I have to say there are plenty of self-made, self-invented arrivistes making their way into finance, fashion and making a splash, some short, some long." Still, Lenzner concludes that this is a "very frightening curve that requires policy attention."

In his *Times* article, Krugman concludes: "America is both especially unequal and has especially low mobility. But [Krueger] also argues that because we are even more unequal now than we were a generation ago, we should expect even less social mobility going forward."

"Very illuminating—and disturbing." It is a lesson Gatsby learned the hard way.

Submitted by Bob Beuka

THE GREAT GATSBY CURVE



Scott and Hem in the Garden of Allah

Scott and Hem in the Garden of Allah, a new play written and directed by Mark St. Germain, is having its world premiere at the Sydelles and Lee Blatt Performing Arts Center in Barrington, MA from mid-August to late September, 2013. (Reviews would be welcome.) Although Scott had spoken to Hemingway in New York in June of 1937, there is no record of their conversing in July when Hemingway came to Hollywood to promote the film *The Spanish Earth* and to raise money for the Republican cause in the Spanish Civil War. Scott was living at the intriguingly named Garden of Allah hotel. The press release for the play describes it thus:

"F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, famous authors and frenemies, meet in Hollywood—the City of Dreams—to confront their own. *Scott and Hem in the Garden of Allah* is a drama about the cost of love, friendship and the price of being a writer."

Submitted by Elizabeth D. Lloyd-Kimbrel

VA Hospital Chief Plays in *Gatz*

The *Washington Post* (May 23, 2012), from the column The Reliable Source, by Roxanne Roberts and Amy Argetsinger, reported that Washington, D.C. Veterans Affairs Medical Center cardiologist Dr. Ross Fletcher takes off several days a week for a "moonlighting gig." He takes the D.C. 3:00 p.m. train to New York where he arrives in time for his role at the conclusion of the Public Theater's production of *Gatz*, the staged reading of the entire *The Great Gatsby*. Dr. Fletcher plays Mr. Gatz, Gatsby's farmer father. His qualification for the role, his first acting performance, was that he looked like Gatsby, performed by his son, Jim Fletcher. But he's always back in Washington for the morning's hospital meeting, using time on the train for work, including an article to be published in the medical journal *Circulation*.

Dr. Fletcher likened his long career lecturing to

medical students to his new role as an actor. "When you are a teacher, you do your best to maintain your audience and keep them interested in what you are saying." Both actors and teachers, he said, must cast the same spell over their audiences: "They have to believe in what you're saying."

Submitted by M. Thomas Inge

Gatsby T-Shirts

Litographs is printing and selling posters and T-shirts with the texts of novels on them, along with an appropriate design. Here's the *Great Gatsby* T-shirt (www.kickstarter.com/projects/772573430/litographs-entire-books-on-posters-and-t-shirts):



Submitted by Tom Adams

Zelda and Two Other Sad, Dancing Flappers

Lesley McDowell, commenting in the U.K.'s *The Independent* on Cambridge University Press's April release of their edition of Fitzgerald's *Tales of the Jazz Age*, points out the similarities between Zelda and two other literary muses, Vivienne Eliot, wife of T. S., and Lucia Joyce, daughter of James.

"Vivienne Eliot, the young wife of T. S. Eliot, was also a flapper, or 'char-flapper' as he liked to call her when they met in 1915. And across the Channel, Lucia Joyce, dancing exuberantly

through the 1920s, was another. The daughter of James Joyce, she was his femme inspiratrice, according to Carl Jung; Vivienne Eliot was, according to Virginia Woolf, 'the true inspiration' of her husband. These three young women, the female embodiments of the new partying age, would each end their lives in mental hospitals."

Vivienne and Zelda both wrote, but all three women, seeking artistic expression of their own, separate from the males in their lives, took up ballet dancing – each, unfortunately, too late to become superior in that demanding art, although Lucia Joyce was younger than Vivienne and Zelda. Both Lucia and Zelda were offered roles with professional dance companies, which both turned down.

"Lucia and Zelda would spend time in the same sanatorium, Les Rives de Prangins, under the care of Dr. Oscar Fogel, and were diagnosed schizophrenic, the illness believed to have been brought on by their obsession with dance. (In this, both Fitzgerald and Joyce agreed with the doctor's attribution of blame.) But it might be argued that dance had been their most serious creative outlet; their only way out of the passivity of the muse role. ...

"Vivienne died in Northumberland House, a private mental hospital, in 1947; Zelda at Highland Hospital in 1948. Lucia spent the last 30 years of her life at St Andrew's Hospital in Northampton, where she died in 1982."

Submitted by Bob Beuka

Rosy Rosenthal in the *New York Times*

In the Monday, July 16, 2012 *New York Times*, reporter Sam Roberts wrote of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, a gambling den owner in New York whose establishment is now a

bank branch. Roberts notes that Rosenthal's murder is mentioned in *The Great Gatsby*. In Roberts's story, Rosenthal, an Estonian immigrant actually nicknamed Beansy, not Rosy, was gunned down because after being raided by police, he threatened to reveal that the money and muscle behind his gambling operation was a policeman, Lt. Charles Becker, and that Becker actually held the mortgage to the gambling establishment. After two trials, Becker was found guilty, and executed in the electric chair in 1915. The story revealed that Lt. Becker was a large man, a "towering former beer hall bouncer," and that it took nine minutes to complete the execution. Several recent books have stated that Becker was framed for the murder.

The reference occurs in the passage where *Gatsby* takes Nick Carraway to lunch, and introduces him to Meyer Wolfshiem:

"This is a nice restaurant here," said Mr. Wolfshiem, looking at the Presbyterian nymphs on the ceiling. "But I like across the street better!"

"Yes, highballs," agreed Gatsby, and then to Mr. Wolfshiem: "It's too hot over there."

"Hot and small – yes," said Mr. Wolfshiem, "but full of memories."

"What place is that?" I asked.

"The old Metropole."

"The old Metropole," brooded Mr. Wolfshiem gloomily. "Filled with faces dead and gone. Filled with friends gone now forever. I can't forget so long as I live the night they shot Rosy Rosenthal there. It was six of us at the table, and Rosy had eat and drunk a lot all evening. When it was almost morning the waiter came up to him with a funny look

and says somebody wants to speak to him outside. 'all right,' says Rosy, and begins to get up, and I pulled him down in his chair.

"Let the bastards come in here if they want you, Rosy, but don't you, so help me, move outside this room."

"It was four o'clock in the morning then, and if we'd of raised the blinds we'd of seen daylight."

"Did he go?" I asked innocently.

"Sure he went." Mr. Wolfshiem's nose flashed at me indignantly. "He turned around in the door and says: 'Don't let that waiter take away my coffee!' Then he went out on the sidewalk, and they shot him three times in his full belly and drove away."

"Four of them were electrocuted," I said, remembering.

"Five, with Becker." His nostrils turned to me in an interested way. "I understand you're looking for a business connegtion."

Submitted by Bill Black

PLH comments: Becker also harassed journalist Stephen Crane when Crane was a witness against Becker, who had arrested Dora Clark as a prostitute while she was in Crane's company. Theodore Roosevelt, then New York's Police Commissioner, cautioned Crane against testifying in the 1896 trial, but Crane did so anyway, eliciting Becker's hatred and damage to his reputation as a frequenter of brothels. Becker was exonerated at the trial.

Six Fitzgerald Items Sold at Auction

Sotheby's in New York held an auction on June 15, 2012, in which six Fitzgerald items

were sold. Neither the buyers nor the final sale prices for the individual items are known.

A manuscript of an unpublished short story, "The I.O.U." (1920), both autograph (42 pages) and typescript (25 pages), along with a summary by Harold Ober, Fitzgerald's agent. The story concerns a publisher who has published a book by a psychic in touch with his nephew killed in WWI. The nephew, who had been in a war prison camp, shows up to denounce his uncle, as does his fiancée. The publisher tries to bribe both to keep quiet, but a townsman, who owes the nephew \$3.85 for a poker debt, recognizes the nephew, blowing the story wide open. The publisher decides henceforth to publish only love stories and mysteries. Expected range of sale: \$60,000-90,000.

Typescript of an original story, "Nightmare" (1932, 54 pages original, clean copy 35 pages). The heroine of the story works as a nurse in a mental institution owned by her father. Three rich brothers have been committed, and they will their fortune to the hospital. A fourth brother has a breakdown and arrives at the hospital, but the heroine keeps him from being admitted so that the institution can keep all of the willed money. The story was rejected by *College Humor*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Red Book*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*, but like *Tender*, shows Fitzgerald's involvement with care of mental patients in the 30s. \$30,000-50,000.

Original typescript of "My Lost City" (late 1935-1936, 14 pages), the essay printed in *The Crack-Up* (1945). \$4,000-6,000.

A screen treatment of *Tender*, co-written with Charles Marquis Warren (later screenwriter and director for many movie westerns, as well as creator of the TV series *Gunsmoke* and *Rawhide*), along with musical

compositions by Warren (April/May 1934, 29 pages). The treatment includes casting suggestions for Nicole Diver, including Katherine Hepburn, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich, and Dolores Del Rio! \$20,000-30,000.

Fitzgerald's unused preface to *This Side of Paradise* (mid-August 1919, 2 pages typescript), describing his writing of the novel and early attempts to find a publisher, written before Maxwell Perkins and Scribners accepted the novel. This preface was published in a limited edition in Iowa City in 1975 and in *The Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual* 1971. \$3,000-\$5,000.

A first edition, presentation copy of *Tender Is the Night* (New York: Scribners, 1934), inscribed to Mary "Nell" Brooks from Fitzgerald, Greta, and Marlene: \$30,000-50,000.

Submitted by James West and Jackson Bryer

From the Catalogs

Between the Covers (Gloucester City, NJ), in its January 2012 catalog (number 174), offers two unusual items: a copy of the *Princeton University Library Chronicle*, summer 1951, largely devoted to Fitzgerald and containing the first publication of "That Kind of Party," a Basil and Josephine story that the *Saturday Evening Post* rejected because it did not believe that ten- and eleven-year olds had kissing parties, \$350; and the uncorrected proofs of Andrew Turnbull's *Scott Fitzgerald: A Life*, a tall octavo volume spiral bound, \$500.

From their May catalog (number 176), Between the Covers lists a first edition, first issue of *All the Sad Young Men* (New York: Scribners, 1926), with dustwrapper, \$6,500; and also a first edition *Tender Is the Night* (New York: Scribners, 1934), with first issue dustjacket, \$37,500.

From their catalog number 181, Between the

Covers has for sale a first edition, first printing of *The Great Gatsby* (New York: Scribners, 1925), with the first edition's "sick in tired" and other uncorrected markers; the first printing dustjacket has a lower case "jay Gatsby" on the back, housed in an attractive morocco clamshell case, for a mere \$200,000. Also listed is the first edition of *The Great Gatsby* in Hindi (Delphi: Ragpal and Sons, 1969), \$450.

Quill and Brush (Dickerson, MD), in their July Catalog of "New Arrivals," offers the first Modern Library edition of *The Great Gatsby* (New York: Modern Library, 1934), with a dustjacket listing the price of the book then as 95 cents, \$400.

From Thomas A. Goldwasser Rare Books (San Francisco), Catalog 25, two rare books are for sale: a first edition of *This Side of Paradise* (New York: Scribners, 1920), one of the first printing of 3000, inscribed to a member of the Princeton class of 1920: "For Jerry English — (Remember now it's a solemn promise about June) F. Scott Fitzgerald — April Fools day 1920," \$40,000. Fitzgerald had returned to Princeton for the publication of his first novel, six days before April 1st; on April 3rd, Scott and Zelda married. Also for sale is a first edition of *All the Sad Young Men* (New York: Scribners, 1926), with dustjacket, \$7,500.

Ralph Sipper (Santa Barbara, CA), in his December 2012 catalog, offers a first edition, second state *The Beautiful and Damned* (New York: Scribners, 1922), with dustjacket, \$25,000.

Submitted by Jackson Bryer

**News and Notes is compiled by
Peter L. Hays**

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<http://www.fscottfitzgeraldsociety.org>

News and Notes:

Please send items that you believe will be of interest to our members to Professor Peter Hays, English Department, University of California at Davis, Davis, CA 95616. Email: plhays@ucdavis.edu. You may also send items to Professor Robert Beuka, English Department, Bronx Community College, Bronx, NY 10453. email: robert.beuka@bcc.cuny.edu

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