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THE F. SCOTT
FITZGERALD
SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dublin and Waterford: The 13 th International Fitzgerald Society Conference by Dustin Anderson	1
Rockville, MD: The Fitzgerald Literary Festival, 2014-2015 by Jackson R. Bryer	6
Fitzgerald's Roots in Ireland by Anton McCabe	8
Fitzgerald in Morningside Heights by Bret Maney	12
Gatsby in Australia by Peter Llewellyn.....	16
News and Notes by Peter L. Hays.....	17
Dublin and Waterford Photos.....	22

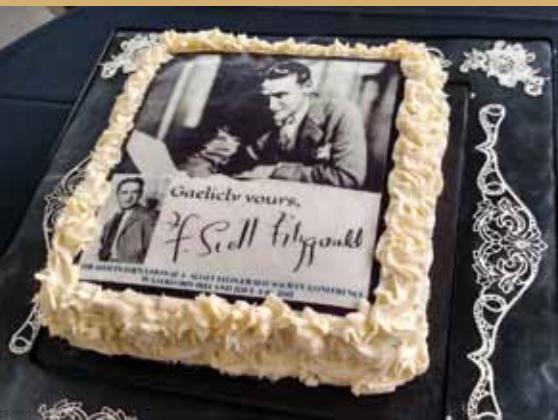


One big Fitzgerald family: attendees gather along the Christ Church wall in Dublin

CUIREANN ÉIRE FÁILTE ROIMH FITZGERALD BHÁILE: IRELAND WELCOMES FITZGERALD HOME AT THE 13TH INTERNATIONAL FITZGERALD SOCIETY CONFERENCE, JULY 2015

The cities of Dublin and Waterford, Ireland welcomed the 13th International F. Scott Fitzgerald Society Conference, Gaelicly 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 Fitzgeralds 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



Ladder," "Babylon Revisited," and "What a Handsome Pair." Other presentations ranged from examinations of the Irish and Irish-American tropes in both his short fiction and his novels to Fitzgerald's influence on Irish and Irish-American authors (such as Ross MacDonald, John O'Hara, or Joseph O'Neill) to his direct interaction with Irish authors and publishers he worked with while drafting *The Romantic Egotist* and later *The Beautiful and Damned*. I was lucky enough to chair a session on Fitzgerald's Irish mentor Shane Leslie, "the Writer, the Priest, and the Lover," that might have had the most lively post-presentation Q&A I've seen.

One of the most exciting elements of the conference was the new investigations in the legacy, influence, and parallels between the Fitzgeralds and the Joyces—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 Fitzgerald and Joyce



Jonathan Fegley, Rabon Pennington (Kuehl Fellowship winner), and David W. Ullrich at the Irish-American Hall of Fame.

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 Burghölzli psychiatric hospital in Zürich 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 Calypso, Lotus Eaters, Hades, and Lestrygonians chapters of *Ulysses* (as well as some other major Dublin sites). I was extremely happy to host

WELCOME TO THE NEW F. SCOTT FITZGERALD SOCIETY NEWSLETTER!

It's hard to believe, but it's been nearly twenty-five years since we have published this annual newsletter. We thought we would kick-off our celebration to the Society's upcoming quarter-century celebration in 2017 with a new look. As Jay Gatsby well-knew, you can never change clothes too often, so we decided our makeover should jazz things up as we look to the future. Our thanks go to Robert Beuka, who remains our editor; to Peter L. Hays, who continues to collect and collate our news and notes; and to our wonderful new designer, Julene Ewert, who has put the *whoa!* into art nouveau. Best wishes for 2016! ☺



Dustin Anderson, Jackson Bryer, Scott Donaldson, Sarah Churchwell, Horst Kruse, Walter Raubichek, James L. W. West III at the John F. Kennedy Center in Wexford.

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 busses 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 *blaas*—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 Gébler.

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 Rinne* (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 ruins of St. Declan's cathedral, Oratory, and Well. On our return from Ardmore, the *Comhairle Cathrach & 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-



Group at St. Declan's in Ardmore.

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.



Walter O'Leary (Waterford Institute of Technology), Kirk Curnutt, Mayor of Waterford John Cummins, Jackson Bryer at the Waterford Medieval Museum.

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 renowned 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 Fitzgerald'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. ☺

Dustin Anderson

AMERICAN LITERATURE ASSOCIATION, MAY 2015

The Fitzgerald Society sponsored two sessions at the American Literature Association's 26th Annual Conference on American Literature at the Westin Copley Place, Boston, Massachusetts, May 21-24, 2015.

"The Postman Always Zings Twice: A Roundtable on F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Vegetable*, or From Postman to President," the Fitzgerald Society's first sponsored session, was chaired by Gail Sinclair (Rollins College) and featured Jackson R. Bryer (University of Maryland), Kirk Curnutt (Troy University), and Heidi M. Kunz (Randolph College).

The second of the Society's two sponsored sessions was a robust panel moderated by Maggie Gordon Froehlich (Pennsylvania State University, Hazleton) and included: "The Visual Art of Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald: A Critical Reputation Examined," Roberta Shahda Mandrekas (Hood College); "Captive wives: Scott and Zelda, mental illness and power relationships in relation to *Save Me the Waltz*," Kerri Slatin (Arizona State University); "Fitzgerald's Crisis of Masculinity in *The Great Gatsby*," Nancy Romig (Howard Payne University); and "Reading Between the Lies: 'Absolution,' *The Great Gatsby*, and the Meaning of Mendacity," Marc Dudley (North Carolina State University).

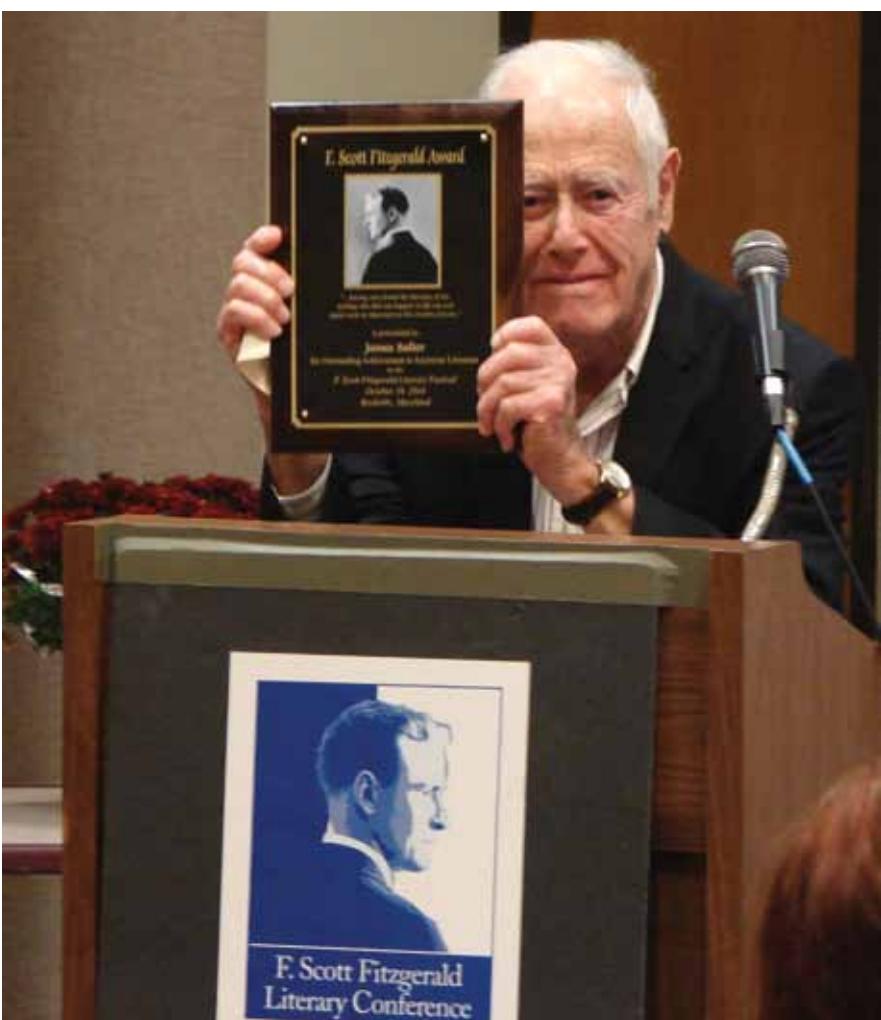
The F. Scott Fitzgerald Society sponsors two sessions at the annual American Literature Association conference. This year, the conference returns to its practice of alternating between east and west coasts, so ALA 2016 is scheduled for May 26-29, 2016, in San Francisco, California (and will return to Boston, Massachusetts in 2017). There are many ways for established and emerging scholars to be involved in the Society's sessions. If you are interested in organizing a session on behalf of the Society, presenting original research, or serving as a moderator at a future conference, please contact F. Scott Fitzgerald Society ALA Liaison Maggie Gordon Froehlich at mgf10_at_psu.edu for information. ☺

Maggie Gordon Froehlich

**FITZGERALD FESTIVAL IN
ROCKVILLE, MD HONORS
JAMES SALTER AND RICHARD
FORD IN 2014 AND 2015**

Beginning 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 Gilstrap 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 Kayla 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 Chapter" by Tim Denevi; "What is Flash Fiction and How Can It Improve Short Stories and Novels?" by Katey Schultz; and "Classic



James Salter, recipient of the 2014 Fitzgerald Award, with plaque

War Poetry for the Non-Veteran" by Frederick Foote. The morning concluded with James Salter offering a Master Class in which he offered his advice on writing fiction and answered questions about his craft.

After a lunch break, during which Eileen McGuckian conducted her annual bus tour of "Fitzgerald's Haunts" in and around Rockville, the afternoon began with "And So We Read On: Writers Share Their Favorite Fitzgerald Passages," featuring Timothy Denevi, 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 *Faulkner and Hemingway: Biography of a Literary Rivalry* (2012).

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 winner of the Short Story Contest, Juliana Converse of Ashburn, VA, read an excerpt from her story, "Accumulator," the full text of which was printed in the Festival program. The runners-up were Stephanie Harshman Diaz of Rockville, MD, for "The Night Cleaner" and Sally Toner of Reston,



Jackson Bryer, President of the F. Scott Fitzgerald Literary Festival, presenting the 2015 Fitzgerald Award to Richard Ford

VA, for "The Guardian." Fitzgerald Award winner James Salter was introduced by Roger Rosenblatt; and after speaking briefly about his admiration of Fitzgerald, he read from *All That Is* (2013), his most recent novel.

The 2015 Fitzgerald Festival honored Richard Ford as the 18th recipient of the Fitzgerald Award (no Award was given at the 2012 Festival). As a tribute to Ford's series of novels and stories about Frank Bascombe, the Literary Luncheon on October 8 featured nationally recognized sportswriter and author of 27 books, John Feinstein. On Friday evening, October 9, at The Writer's Center, acclaimed contemporary writers Robert Olen Butler, Jeffrey Eugenides, Howard Norman, and Susan Richard Shreve read selections from their work in "Readings in Tribute to Richard Ford."

Events on Saturday, October 10, were held at the Best Western Plus Hotel in Rockville and began

with an illustrated talk by Roberta S. Mandrekas, "Reframing Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald: Her Life as a Visual Artist," and with two Writing Workshops, "Out of Character: Populating Your Writing" by novelist Mary Kay Zuravleff and "Long-Form Journalism" by *New Yorker* staff writer Margaret Talbot. These were followed by Richard Ford's Master Class, in which he spoke eloquently about his experiences as a fiction writer.

Eileen McGuckian's tour of "Fitzgerald's Haunts" began the afternoon activities, along with lunch. Stewart O'Nan, author of

the 2015 novel *West of Sunset*, recreating Fitzgerald's final years, in 1939 and 1940, in Hollywood, then gave the Festival's keynote address, "Killing Fitzgerald: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Write the Death Scene." Afternoon Writing Workshops were "The What, Why and How of 'Literary' Fiction" by Robert Olen Butler and "Finding Your Voice in the Middle of History's Living Room" by memoirist and poet E. Ethelbert Miller, which ran concurrently with a showing of "Three Comrades," the 1938 movie which was the only film for which Fitzgerald received screen credit. After the showing, a panel discussion about the film was moderated by Michael Dirda and included Murray Horwitz, Jane Horwitz, and Stewart O'Nan.

Prizes to the winner and the runners-up in the annual F. Scott Fitzgerald Short Story Contest were presented in the late afternoon by contest judge Richard Peabody. The winner, Betty Joyce Nash of Charlottesville, VA, read from "Summer Enrichment," the text of which was published in the Festival program. The runners-up were Robin Duncan of Kensington, MD, for "The Kedge" and Caroline Bock of Potomac, MD, for "He Doesn't Have to Say Anything." Robert Olen Butler introduced Richard Ford, who spoke with great enthusiasm and very articulately about Fitzgerald and read from his work. ☺

Jackson R. Bryer

THE 2016 F. SCOTT FITZGERALD FESTIVAL WILL BE HELD
ON OCTOBER 29 (WITH ANCILLARY PROGRAMS ON
OCTOBER 27 AND 28) AT THE BEST WESTERN PLUS HOTEL
IN ROCKVILLE, MD. THE RECIPIENT OF THE FITZGERALD
AWARD WILL BE GARRISON KEILLOR. FOR INFORMATION,
PLEASE CONSULT THE FESTIVAL WEBSITE,
FSCOTTFESTIVAL.ORG, OR CALL 301-309-9461.



FITZGERALD'S ROOTS IN IRELAND

Ruins of Neeson Homestead

By Anton McCabe

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 found every listing for the name McQuillan in Fermanagh, and in neighboring areas. After a few calls, I spoke to Fergus McQuillan, a

retired councillor, publican, and teacher, in Newtownbutler, County 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 Drumgallon (also spelt Drumgallan), in Galloon Parish. Fergus also told me that several of the McQuillan family were still living in St. Paul. He gave me e-mail and telephone information for Pat McQuillan, whose father was a cousin of the writer.

The world Philip McQuillan came from is very different from the world that his grandson won fame writing about. Drumgallon is approximately eighty miles west of Belfast, and ninety miles north-west of Dublin. It is on the boundary of hill country to the east of Lough Erne, the fourth biggest

lake system in Ireland. (The Bob Dylan song "The Maid of Belle Isle" is set in that area.) Drumgallon is five miles north of the small town of Newtownbutler, five south of the small town of Lisnaskea. Drumgallon is a townland, a uniquely Irish administrative division of land. The name comes from the Irish language *Droim Galláin*. *Droim* means a ridge or back; *Gallán* 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, Cullen, Collins, McCullen, Caulfield, and Holly.

Fitzgerald's great-grandmother was Mary (or Mollie) McQuillan (née Neeson), anglicized from the Gaelic *Mac Niadh*. 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 cross the 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



Neeson headstone

Derry, on Ireland's north coast. She believed that the departure took place in 1843; certainly it was between 1840 and 1843. All biographical writings about Fitzgerald which give a date for the McQuillans' arrival in the U.S. give Phillip's arrival as 1843.

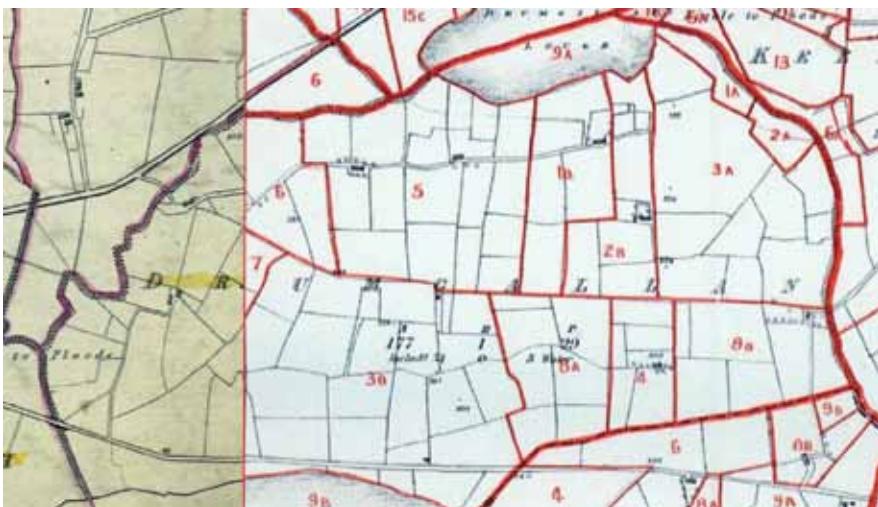
There is a family tradition that the McQuillans landed in Canada. Many emigrants disembarked in Halifax, St. John (New Brunswick), or in Quebec City, and then crossed into the U.S. After arrival, the McQuillans headed for Galena, Illinois, and were definitely there in July 1844 when John, Patrick, and 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 McQuillain (sic) Sr. was buried in St. Michael's Catholic cemetery, East Galena, in 1854. (See <http://jodaviess.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. Its lead mines were highly productive, turning out eighty percent of the U.S. supply of the mineral in the mid-1840s.

Philip F. McQuillan moved on from Galena to the booming city of St. Paul in his early twenties. Many of Philip F. McQuillan's



Map of Drumgallon



Fergus McQuillan at the Neeson Headstone in Old Donagh cemetery

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.

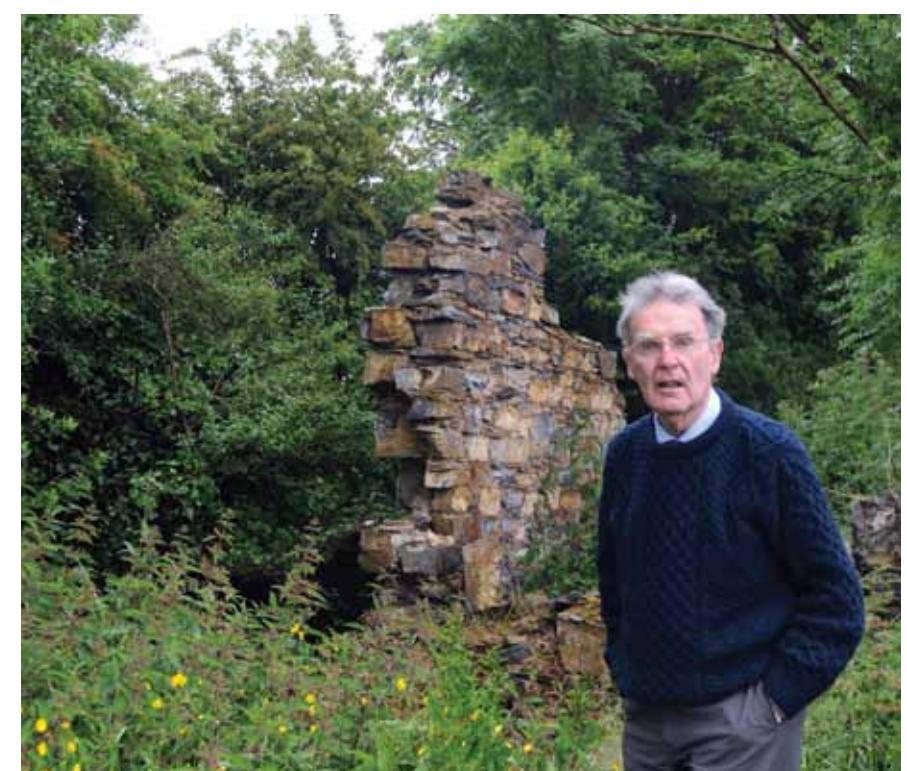
Then in 1978, Pat McQuillan, Jr., and his wife, Billie, became the first McQuillans to return to Fermanagh. They stayed in Newtownbutler with Fergus McQuillan, who is a cousin of Fr. McQuillan. "They were very excited," Fergus remembers. "I had seen some articles written in the late sixties, that this 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. Scots 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 Irish peasantry. Shan F. Bullock was from Galloon Parish; his unjustly forgotten novels deal with Irish peasant life in the nineteenth century. The novelists Patrick and Eugene McCabe are from Clones, eight miles from Drumgallon: Patrick McCabe's masterwork is *The Butcher Boy*, made into a successful film, while Eugene McCabe has written *Death and Nightingales* and several plays and short stories. (Note: these



Fergus McQuillan at the remains of the Neeson homestead

McCabes are not related to each other, or to this writer.) The roots of the 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. ☺



“TAPS AT REVEILLE”: FITZGERALD’S SOJOURN IN MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS



*The Daniel Butterfield
monument in Sakura Park*

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

*“I was haunted always
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.”*

the only part of it he felt he had not been compelled to alter. The following year F. Scott Fitzgerald, freshly discharged from the United States Army, moved to a “high, horrible apartment house” two blocks away.

Fitzgerald’s first residence in New York City was at 200 Claremont Avenue, a stone’s throw, I found out, from the site of my anxious pacing in Sakura Park, and an even shorter distance from my Columbia University-issued housing on Riverside Drive. The chance fact of our nearness, when I first learned of it in Matthew J. Bruccoli’s biography, felt like a heaven-sent sign that all would turn out well with my Fitzgerald chapter and, later on, my dissertation. Fitzgerald recorded the address

“200 Claremont” in his *Ledger* entry for the month of March 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 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



200 Claremont Avenue

1919—a heavy enough dose of rejection to paper a much larger flat and demoralize any but the most committed artist. After Zelda called off their engagement in June, Scott quit his job and went back to St. Paul to write his novel.

Fitzgerald's remembrance of his unhappy sojourn in Morningside Heights left its mark on his writing. As I wrote my chapter on *The Beautiful and Damned* and daily passed the apartment-house where he had once lived, I kept an eye out for references in the literature to that tumultuous stage of his life. It was, after all, while residing on Claremont Avenue that Fitzgerald claimed to have "passed the four most impressionable months of my life."

In "My Lost City," the essay about New York where he made this remark, the rented room on Claremont Avenue stands as the antithesis of the successful writer's life he had dreamt for himself while at Princeton. In 1917, Fitzgerald had caught a glimpse of such a life when he visited the recently graduated Edmund Wilson in his

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 Claremont 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 West-Side address to signify 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 a moneyed man, he finds his former fiancée still available, but when he kisses her, he realizes the luster 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 in both 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 début and his marriage, and while still being feted as the king of the

"you mustn't talk like a lady slum-worker even if you are visiting the lower middle classes."

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-something character rues the "fading radiance of existence," inadequately replaced by "little absorptions"—the sports column, motoring, the radio serial?—"that were creeping avidly into his life, like rats into a ruined house." "Taps at Reveille"—the cacophony of an aubade sung at the same time as an elegy.

Fitzgerald must have walked by Butterfield's statue many times while worrying about Zelda, rejection letters, and his unfulfilling work downtown. In fact, I like to think that he had a fondness for pacing in Sakura Park while dwelling on his problems. It's unknown whether he knew Butterfield as the "Taps" composer, or if the Parks Department had signage citing this accomplishment in 1919, as it does today, but if so, it 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" via the Butterfield monument at the very start of Fitzgerald's own career as a writer when, a few months later and back in the Midwest, "Reveille" would sound with the receipt of an acceptance letter from Scribner's, and Fitzgerald would dash out into the street, "stopping automobiles to tell friends and acquaintances about it—my novel." ☺

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A selection from the September 11, 1918
New York Times apartment listings;
Fitzgerald's building, then known as *The Garfield*, appears third from bottom

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 with 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, performing numbers from the 1920s such as "If You Knew Susie" and "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 and near full houses subsequently.

The season ran from September 3 to September 12. The Independent Theatre Group's website at www.independenttheatre.org.au has more information, including a "trailer" of highlights from *Gatsby*. ☺

SEVERN AND NOTES

Compiled by
Peter L. Hays

NEWS AND NOTES

FRANCES KROLL RING

In the December 27, 2015 *New York Times Magazine* annual feature "The Lives They Lived," J. R. Moehringer offered this remembrance of our friend Frances Ring:

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, Sheilah 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 had 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 the 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—consoling 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, wanton betrayer of his own talent. Ring, attending academic conferences, working closely with biographers, bolstered the counternarrative, 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 Brothers 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

(pinked cheeks, waxen features) and laments the terrible waste. At last, before leaving her boss, she allows herself one long look, and one final word: Goodbye.

PLH comments: She was a sweet and lovely woman. It was easy to see why Fitzgerald felt comfortable with her. She will be missed.

SCOTT, ZELDA, AND JOZAN

Mary Ann Grossmann reported in the *Pioneer Press* of St. Paul (May 3, 2015) that notable Fitzgerald scholar and biographer Scott Donaldson would give the first Richard P. McDermott Fitzgerald Lecture, on the subject of Zelda Fitzgerald's relationship with Edouard Jozan, on May 10, 2015. Grossman noted that Donaldson's talk would be based on a chapter of his new book, *The Impossible Craft: Literary Biography* (Penn State University Press, 2015). Her interview with Donaldson, portions of which follow, provided background for the event:

In the summer of 1924 Scott Fitzgerald and his wife, Zelda, were living on the French Riviera, where they'd moved to repair their fraying marriage. They were short of money, and Scott was desperate to begin work on a new novel. What happened when Zelda met a French aviator beside the blue Mediterranean would have a lasting impact on her relationship with her husband and on his writing, says Scott Donaldson.

Things were not going well for this celebrity couple, Donaldson said in a phone conversation from his home in Arizona: "Scott and Zelda had been living in and around New York for two to three years and pretty much letting things evaporate in drinking and partying. Fitzgerald was very conscious of that. In early 1924, he wrote to Maxwell Perkins (his editor) that he had to get away and try to devote

himself to finishing what would become *The Great Gatsby*.

"They find this villa near Saint-Raphael, and he begins to live in the book, which occupies all his time. There is an English nanny for Scottie, and Zelda is bored silly. She goes down to the beach and befriends three young French naval officers and pairs off with one of them, Edouard Jozan."

Donaldson believes Zelda had a physical relationship with the 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 and talked about it."

Fitzgerald, who at first was happy Jozan was keeping his wife company, finally realized they were spending all their time together. He supposedly insisted on a confrontation, boasting he could beat up the man who was 10 years younger and in better physical shape.

"That never happened. Jozan 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 for 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 her psychiatrists that it was his material

and she wasn't supposed to write about it," Donaldson said. "Taking over her romance, making it something he had to write about, think about, talk about, diminished her. Strange psychological things were going on. Theirs 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 ubermasculinity, Fitzgerald recognized his. "Both men had strong perceptions of what it meant to be gay, and set ideas of how to interact with their gay friends—most notably Gerald Murphy, Gertrude Stein, and Cole Porter. Fitzgerald saw homosexuality as a weakness—less a sexual predilection than something one undergoes in times of emotional distress. Hemingway used fiction 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 posts parodies of 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-snouted man named Ernest Hemingway whom Gatsby lived to throw bricks at, a character that correspondent Hemingway was displeased by, and whom Fitzgerald claimed was purely fictional. *Clickhole* claims "all of our content panders to and misleads 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 Kimbrel

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 thesis 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 one 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, 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 galley proofs from the big guns, including Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner, Mailer, Salinger, Steinbeck, and Updike."

GATSBY, ON THE RIGHT TO BE FORGOTTEN

Maureen Dowd, in her *New York Times* column reprinted in the *Sacramento Bee* (May 22, 2014), comments on a growing movement centered on the right of individuals to have greater control over their digital identity through the ability to erase past history on the internet. Dowd notes that this has been controversial among those wanting a complete digital record, especially about politicians, and for historians and, though she doesn't mention it, perhaps sociologists. She quotes privacy advocate Jaron Lanier, who says, "We have to give each other some space and trust and room and faith and privacy.... There should be a right to self-definition, self-invention and how you present yourself." Otherwise, concludes Dowd, "we're digitally doomed to be like Gatsby, 'borne back ceaselessly into the past.'

TRIGGER WARNINGS

The latest salvo in public sensitivity is to attach warnings to books before students read them, giving their parents an opportunity to request alternate readings, or at least prepare the student 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 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 dustjacket, \$650.
- *Borrowed Time* (London: Grey Walls Press), a collection of Fitzgerald's short stories selected by Alan and Jennifer Ross from the office file copy of Harold Ober, Fitzgerald's agent. There are pencil notations on the table of contents and the stamp of the Harold Ober Agency on the front free endpaper. \$450.
- *Flappers and Philosophers* (New York: Scribners, 1920), Fitzgerald's first collection of short stories. First edition, first printing, from the file of Fitzgerald's Hollywood agent Harold N. Swanson, with his signature on the front free endpaper and extensive pencil scoring and notes throughout the text. No dustjacket, \$2250.
- *Lettres à Zelda et Autres Correspondances* (Paris, Gallimard, 1985), first French edition of Fitzgerald's letters to his wife Zelda, a paperbound book, the file copy from Harold Ober and Associates. (Ober himself died in 1951). \$45.
- *Lettres de F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Paris, Gallimard, 1965), first French edition, paperbound, with Andrew Turnbull's preface translated into French, again from the files of Harold Ober and Associates, \$45.

- *Lettres de F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Paris, Gallimard, 1994), later edition of the previous book, from the Ober Agency's files, \$45.
- Black and white photo of Fitzgerald standing with his 14 fellow board members of the Princeton *Tiger*, the college's humor magazine (1915-16), Fitzgerald third from the left. The men are identified by last name only on the verso of the photograph, which is framed and glazed. Photo is 9 3/4 x 13; frame is 15 x 18 1/4. \$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, 1960). 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 Reveille* (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.
- *Taps at Reveille* (New York: Scribners, 1935), first edition, first issue, from the files of Harold Swanson. Sans dustcover, \$1650.
- *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 his friend, Scott Fitzgerald. M.G.M 1937." Paramore's bookplate is on the front pastedown. With first issue dustjacket, \$70,000.
- *The Beautiful and Damned* (New York: Scribners, 1922), first edition, first issue, facsimile dustjacket, \$1500.
- *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, \$650.
- *The Beautiful and Damned* (New York: Scribners, 1922), first 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.'" Soiled dustjacket, \$375.
- *The Crack-Up*, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: New Directions, 1945), another copy of this book, this a first edition, in the Ober Agency files, pencil notes on the table of contents. Sans dustcover, \$500.
- *The Crack-Up*, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: New Directions, 1945), a first edition, first issue, with dustjacket, \$650.
- *The Great Gatsby* (New York: First Editions Library, 1989), a facsimile copy of the first edition with a full-page, handwritten and signed inscription by Karen Black, who played Myrtle Wilson in the 1974 film with Robert Redford and Mia Farrow. "In this great book, when the character that I play dies, her spirit is described by Fitzgerald as being so huge it rips her mouth when it escapes in death. I went to the director, Jack Clayton, and asked that my mouth be made-up to include the tears. He agreed. I won the Golden Globe for this film. Karen Black." With facsimile dustjacket and cloth slipcase, \$650.
- *The Last Tycoon* (New York: Scribners, 1941), second printing, facsimile dustjacket, \$185.
- *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.
- *The Vegetable* (New York: Scribners, 1923), first edition, facsimile dustjacket, \$225.
- *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, \$1500.
- *Three Comrades* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1978), first edition. The shooting script for the 1938 MGM film on which Fitzgerald got his only screen credit. \$55.
- 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 bloated film, updated post-WWII, with Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson was released in 1954. \$15,000.
- 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.
- Black and white 8 x 10 photo of Alan Ladd as Gatsby, standing next to a giant mockup of *The Great Gatsby* book, designed by Alvin Lustig and published by New Directions, publicizing the 1949 film, \$295.
- *Tender Is the Night* shooting script by Ivan Moffat for the 1962 film starring Jason Robards, Jennifer Jones, and Joan Fontaine, directed by Henry King. 171 mimeographed pages, \$1500.
- *Tender Is the Night* shooting script by Ivan Moffat for the 1962 film, another copy in original studio printed wrappers, \$1250.
- *The Collection of Jonathan Goodwin*. (New York: Sotheby Parke-Bernet, 1977-78). Three volume catalog of a massive auction sale of 20th-century first editions and letters, "the greatest sale of such material ever held." Goodwin's collection included a first edition, first issue *The Great Gatsby* with a signed presentation to Zelda's sister, the broadside "The True Story of Appomattox," a first edition of *Tender Is the Night* inscribed to Malcolm Cowley, as well as manuscripts, letters and books by Hemingway, Faulkner, Joyce, Pound, Stein, Steinbeck, Sinclair Lewis, Robert Frost, Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, etc. Letters and inscriptions are reproduced. 226 pages, paperbound. \$65.

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."

Robert Stone died January 10, 2015.



Gay and Joe Haldeman with Wendi Swidler



Sadaf Fahim-Hashemi and Sarah Churchwell



Tom Bevilacqua, Gail Sinclair, Park Bucker, Dustin Anderson, and Farrah Senn



Rick Morrison and William Blazek Maria Mastandrea



Maggie Gordon Forelich, Jennifer Nolan, and Beverly Curnutt



Charlotte Diop, Elisabeth Bouzonviller, Rick Morrison, Marie-Agnès Gay, Catherine Nancy, Sara Antonelli, and Beverly Curnutt

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: Scribners, 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 glamourous heirs and dandies gadding about the South of France and lighten your wardrobe with pastel tones from Burberry and Calvin Klein." Pictured are a Burberry London cashmere coat, £1665; a Maison Margiela Blazer, £717; Daks linen trousers, £195; and an Aspinall of London leather card case, £50. I don't believe Dick Diver had need of a Dunhill 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) Fitzgerald's "The Mystery of the Raymond Mortgage," from *Ellery Queen's 15 Annual Mystery* (New York: Random House, 1960). First edition. A reprint in hardcover of Fitzgerald's first published work in St Paul's Academy's *Now and Then*, when he was 12; the *Ellery Queen* compilation also has the work of 16 other, more mature, short story writers. With dust jacket, \$75. *The Romantic Egoists*, (New York: Scarecrow, 1974), the pictorial autobiography of Scott and Zelda, edited by Matthew Brucoli,



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 Scribners' printing of 20,870. \$9500.

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 in their matching white touring outfits. Each magazine has pictorial wrappers designed by Howard Chandler Christy, and the set is housed in a custom cloth slipcase; \$6000.

Submitted by Jackson Bryer

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

THE F. SCOTT FITZGERALD SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Please send news and notes to Professor Peter Hays, English Department, University of California at Davis, Davis, CA 95616.
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Please submit articles to Email: robert.beuka@bcc.cuny.edu

Society dues are \$30 (\$25 for students and retirees). Please send inquiries about membership and dues to Prof. Kirk Curnutt, English Department, Troy University, Montgomery Campus, Montgomery AL 36103-4419.
Email: kcurnutt@troy.edu

For more about the Society, please visit the F. Scott Fitzgerald Society Website:
www.fscottfitzgeraldsociety.org

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