About these and many other matters, Chalfant invites consideration of all kinds of evidence, in the process shaping the figure of Adams as a man who stands so largely apart from his time, nation, and family that he must emerge as unique. That version of Henry Adams remains unfinished at the close of *Better in Darkness*, but it may be expected to emerge from the next volume of this serial biography. Meanwhile, the case for greatness must rest on the achievement of the *History* and on the unusual psychology of the man who wrote it:

He . . . was free to obey whatever feeling he felt as a historian. Any appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, his feeling was not a descendant’s feeling.

Henry differed from other living Americans, his father and brothers included, in the psychology of his relation to the founders and makers of the United States. Accidents of aptitude and experience had made him feel himself entirely at one with—wholly corporate and cooperative with—the founders and makers. He belonged with Franklin, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, J. Q. Adams, and the rest except in one slight particular: he had not died. (338; Chalfant’s italics)

In this massive collection of materials, Chalfant provides full evidence of the peculiar “psychology” that he finds to characterize the writer of the *History* and that made that book at once historical and autobiographical. A comparable story of the *Education* remains to be told in Chalfant’s third volume.

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Over many years of scholarly work devoted to F. Scott Fitzgerald, Matthew J. Bruccoli acquired a spectacular collection of memorabilia related to that author. Under a gift-purchase arrangement in 1994, the University of South Carolina, where Bruccoli is professor of English, acquired the collection as a research
archive. Fittingly, in the 1996 centenary of Fitzgerald's birth, the university organized from this collection an exhibition that emphasized Bruccoli's longtime scholarly concern with the American writer's professional literary activities. In conjunction with the centenary exhibition, the University of South Carolina Press has published an exhibition catalog and two Bruccoli-edited books that relate to the exhibition's theme.

Directly or indirectly, each of these books takes up the view that F. Scott Fitzgerald's income derived from writing, writing inevitably influenced by the market's demands upon it. Bruccoli has never viewed this dynamic as uncomplimentary. Reminding his readers of Dr. Johnson's dictum, "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," Bruccoli disdains any notion that remunerative concerns curtailed Fitzgerald's accomplishments as a literary artist.

The images in the *F. Scott Fitzgerald Centenary Exhibition* certainly testify to both Fitzgerald's capacities as a writing professional and his stature as a man of letters. A reader will be repeatedly struck by how rapidly those capacities developed. A typescript page shows the unused author's preface for *This Side of Paradise*: "Two years ago when I was a very young man indeed, I had [the] urge, unmistakable urge to write a book," it begins (14)—inelegantly enough, one thinks, until fully appreciating that very, for the soon-to-be best-selling author was twenty-three years old at the time. The many book jackets; magazine cover promotions; letters to and from H. L. Mencken, Ernest Hemingway, T. S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, and others visually convey a meteoric rise, of which four-thousand-dollar checks for *Saturday Evening Post* stories would soon be a part. But the fall in professional fortune was equally dramatic, and the most telling image in the catalog is probably the dust jacket from the 1934 Modern Library reprint of *The Great Gatsby*: the words "discontinued title" are stamped across the author's name. The lack of evident wear in this 95-cent hardcover book offers silent testimony to the apathy that met Fitzgerald's almost desperate efforts to keep his literary name alive in the later years of his career.

Editorially, the exhibition catalog has been divided into seven thematic sections, each of them introduced with a historic background written by members of one of Bruccoli's classes. These overviews are soundly written and recount facts familiar to Fitzgerald scholars. Unfortunately for student researchers, the overviews lack documentation of any sort.

Bruccoli's editorial strength is exhibited in the facsimile publication of the 1914 acting script and musical score of *Fie! Fie! Fi-Fi!* The young Fitzgerald had a passion for the stage, and he wrote both book and lyrics for a musical comedy presented by the Princeton University Triangle Club during his sophomore year. Since the acting script was printed and the published musical score sold for $1.00 at performances, Bruccoli notes the bibliographical significance of this republication of "Fitzgerald's first two books." Although the editor's restrained introduction cautions that the fluffy undergraduate musical, set in Monte Carlo, cannot truthfully be claimed to adumbrate themes or materials of Fitzgerald's mature work, the charm of this material is undeniable. With plot mechanics superficially resembling those of Fitzgerald's early *Post* story "The Offshore Pirate," *Fie! Fie! Fi-Fi!* targets the foibles of a leisure class only recently come into its own. Thus the
widow of a hod-carrier, having risen to a higher station through the cosmetic of ready cash, counsels her daughter to be a “lady,” so that her daughter’s daughter may one day rule society: “That’s the spirit that makes America” (act 1, sc. 7). Indeed, this spirit, with more respect for the main chance than for bloodlines or tradition, encourages some striking adjustments in personal identity. Especially notable among the disguised personae is Monte Carlo’s new prime minister, who has recreated himself from humble Midwestern origins. Title character Fi-Fi Gormilley, herself once less elegantly styled Sady Hanks, is skeptical about the transformation from Bill Tracy into His Excellency Juan Castille: “Quite a jump between a saloon in Chicago and the executive mansion of Monaco, ain’t it?” (act 1, sc. 15). Indeed it is—and rather like the leap one Jimmy Gatz would eventually make. Even more obviously, Fitzgerald launches in the undergraduate play his sequence of heroines who will resist romantic attachments to lovers temporarily out of monetary fortune’s favor. “Celeste” (the ingénue Fitzgerald desperately wished to play in the all-male Triangle Club performance) resists the “vulgar” prospect of eloping with the man she loves: “Just think of the presents I’d lose” (act 1, sc. 13).

Taken on its own terms, *Fie! Fie! Fi-Fi!* rewards with those revelations that one finds in precocious talent. As Bruccoli notes, some of the self-consciously witty dialogue too obviously derives from Oscar Wilde. Examining the qualifications of Archie Cholmondeley for her daughter’s hand, the social-climbing Mrs. Bovine expresses relief that he drinks: “Good,” she says, “I distrust idleness in anyone” (act 1, sc. 9). Her query later in the same conversation (“Now as to preferences—would you rather be a bigger fool than you look, or a bigger fool than you are?”) may stem from similar Wildean inspiration; however, one notes that the line would sound perfect from the mouth of Groucho Marx. In fact, whole scenes filled with nonsequiturs and sly puns could be imagined in the American stage comedy tradition of *Cocoanuts* and *Room Service*—and surely Groucho or Chico would have relished deflating the character described as both *upright* and *grand* with the comeback: “Upright and grand,—sounds like a piano” (act 2, sc. 1).

The point is, as *Fie! Fie! Fi-Fi!* suggests, Fitzgerald’s potential in the field of popular stage comedy was quite real. Acknowledging this in his introduction, Bruccoli ponders why Fitzgerald chose serious literature over musical comedy, which the author once described as “more ‘fun’ than anything else a literary person can put their talents to.” Bruccoli finds the answer in a 1939 letter Fitzgerald sent his daughter Scottie: “I guess I am too much a moralist at heart and want to preach at people in some acceptable form rather than to entertain them” (xii). But considering the conspicuously “moral” tone of most American musical comedy as it has evolved, this remark provides less resolution than Bruccoli extracts from it. Indeed, the mystery here may suggest one key shortcoming in the other work Bruccoli has recently edited.

Much of the content of *F. Scott Fitzgerald on Authorship* duplicates matter in a prior collection of Fitzgerald writings, *F. Scott Fitzgerald in His Own Time* (1971), a volume coedited by Bruccoli and Jackson R. Bryer. The older collection had a broader range of materials than the new book; *On Authorship* focuses on Fitzger-
ald’s writing about the literary art and the literary profession. In some cases, it repeats word-for-word the editorial apparatus of the earlier work. The repetition is unsettling when, for instance, a paragraph introducing “An Interview with F. Scott Fitzgerald” describes the piece as having been “filed away for nearly forty years” and “[r]ecently” resurrected for publication in the Saturday Review (33). If, in this context, the term recently made sense in 1971 (the Saturday Review reproduced Fitzgerald’s self-interview in 1960), it did not fit by 1996. Oddly, Bruccoli and Baughman do alter some editorial material in another passage for the worse: they date Fitzgerald’s “Statement on Huck Finn” to a 1930 banquet marking the one-hundredth anniversary of Mark Twain’s birthday; F. Scott Fitzgerald in His Own Time had this centenary, and the corresponding Fitzgerald document, correctly dated 1935. Such problems aside, readers will appreciate that the new collection contains far more explanatory notes than the earlier volume, and also a much-needed index.

F. Scott Fitzgerald on Authorship begins with a surprisingly defensive foreword, “The Man of Letters as a Professional.” “Civilians hold these notions about writers and writing to be self-evident: that it is easy; that there is a trick to it; that writers earn fortunes but that they don’t write for money,” Bruccoli declares. “These assumptions have impeded the proper assessment of F. Scott Fitzgerald as a professional author and distorted his reputation as a man of letters. The professors and the Fitzgerald groupies have collaborated to create an irresponsible writer who sold out to The Saturday Evening Post” (11). The aspersion against “professors” and “Fitzgerald groupies” is an incidental peculiarity because, as his academic status and his incomparable collection testify, Bruccoli could be considered in the forefront of both categories. And one might well wonder, when it comes right to it, how impoverished Fitzgerald’s literary reputation might be today had there not been the pioneering work of such “professors” and scholars as Alfred Kazin, Lionel Trilling, Arthur Mizener, and Milton Stern, who crucially revived appreciation for an author who was almost forgotten before he died in 1940. The greatest curiosity of Bruccoli’s introductory remarks involves his opening word: Civilians is admittedly a fuzzy usage here. In context it seems to challenge the awareness of “nonwriters.” And if that is so, we come to the crux of Bruccoli’s error. The disparagement of Fitzgerald’s professionalism did not arise among professors and Fitzgerald groupies. In fact, historical evidence most strongly indicts two writers—both quite familiar to Bruccoli. One of them is Ernest Hemingway. The other is F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Bruccoli has written extensively about Hemingway’s intense rivalry with Fitzgerald in Scott and Ernest: The Authority of Failure and the Authority of Success (1978). Hemingway, driven by some inner necessity to “beat” other writers and with the advantage of outliving Fitzgerald by over two decades, did his best to level the literary reputation of his fellow Scribners author. Hemingway’s posthumously published memoir A Moveable Feast (1964) offered the quintessential dissection of Fitzgerald as one for whom writing was an “effortless” activity, one whose “butterfly” talent faltered due to its own fragility. On Authorship offers plentiful evidence, however, that this caricature was not the original creation of a jealous Ernest
Hemingway. As early as March 1922 (long before the author had either professors or groupies interested in him), Thomas A. Boyd struggled to counter “literary libels” that had arisen about Fitzgerald. Boyd noted that the serious young author whom he interviewed seemed far removed from “lurid” tales of carousal in “a New York apartment with $10,000 sunk in liquor” (62). Such “cheerfully thrown handful of mud” were clearly in the air about the brash young author, who promoted himself in a 1920 publicity piece for having conceived This Side of Paradise in three minutes’ time and for writing this first novel over three months as “sort of a substitute form of dissipation” (33). Playing the enfant terrible may have seemed a good way of achieving notoriety and selling books during the opening riffs of the Jazz Age, but, as the articles and excerpts in On Authorship testify, Fitzgerald retained the impulse to play the part long after it served any simple commercial purpose.

In the end no one contributed more to what Bruccoli calls the “popular notion that he squandered his genius on lavishly paid hackwork” (11) than did Fitzgerald himself. Even while describing his novel in progress (The Great Gatsby) as a consciously artistic achievement in a 1924 letter to Scribners editor Maxwell Perkins, the author dismissed the “trashy imaginings” of his short fiction (93). A year later, as Gatsby came out, Fitzgerald told Perkins he was “sick of the book” and needed to write some “cheap” fiction for quick cash. Characteristically thereafter, the author of “Absolution,” “Winter Dreams,” and “The Diamond as Big as the Ritz” characterized his frequently outstanding short-story work as moneymaking trash, using the term freely with Perkins, literary agent Harold Ober, and the influential H. L. Mencken—people of great consequence in his professional career. To his credit, Bruccoli does not spare the painful depths of Fitzgerald’s self-deprecation. The introduction includes a quotation from the notorious 1929 letter to Hemingway in which Fitzgerald complained of his own dissipation and general inability to finish serious work anymore: “Here’s a last flicker of the old cheap pride—the Post now pays the old whore $4000 a screw. . . . But now it[‘]s because she’s mastered the 40 positions—in her youth one was enough” (17). Even here Bruccoli notes a professional concern about technique—yet it fails to disguise the reckless self-abasement.

In one of the private notebook entries included in On Authorship, Fitzgerald admits feeling “bad” after criticizing fellow writer Thomas Wolfe in literary conversations with men like Hemingway: he regrets “putting sharp weapons in the hands of [Wolfe’s] inferiors” (180). With such acute sensitivities on another’s behalf, why did Fitzgerald continue to distribute so many daggers pointed against himself? What were the roots of this almost perverse self-disregard? Fitzgerald’s fiction provides the interesting testimony of a series of protagonists from Amory Blaine onward who are drawn irresistibly to destruction of their own making. Dick Diver of Tender Is the Night may be the clearest self-sacrificial victim, but even Jay Gatsby on his swimming pool raft seems to have surrendered himself as an offering in what Nick Carraway describes as a “holocaust.” Were these figures—Fitzgerald’s fictional brethren—some reification of Freudian thanatos? The expressions of some relict Catholicism, of confession or of Calvary? Or what sort of heart-cry?
Firmly embedded in its editor’s conviction that collaborating professors and enthusiasts have diminished the author’s literary reputation, *F. Scott Fitzgerald on Authorship* does not offer answers to these questions. What it does offer is convincing evidence that, for all of Fitzgerald’s reckless rhetoric from the throes of self-doubt, disease, and cynicism, F. Scott Fitzgerald’s literary talent will always offer the writer’s best defense. Indeed, appreciating here once again the bold image that concludes the movingly autobiographical “Afternoon of an Author,” or the stylistic brilliance of literary essays such as “Ring” or “Early Success,” one wonders why Fitzgerald continues to be so narrowly represented in the college anthologies that academically enshrine our authors’ reputations. Few of these anthologies venture beyond the narrow “standards”—“Winter Dreams,” “The Rich Boy” or “Babylon Revisited”—and often reprint just one of these stories. Yet, as even the most casual pieces presented in *F. Scott Fitzgerald on Authorship* reveal, signs of a literary master are everywhere evident in his work. For all the mysteries enfolded his too-brief career, Fitzgerald bravely recorded one central truth in a 1934 letter to Mencken: “It is simply that having once found the intensity of art, nothing else that can ever happen in life can ever again seem as important as the creative process” (138).

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In 1989, the Thomas Wolfe Society chose to publish for its members this series of eleven episodes concerning Eugene Gant’s friend Francis Starwick (in real life Kenneth Raisbeck) at Harvard and in Europe, episodes that Maxwell E. Perkins, Wolfe’s first editor, chose to omit from the published text of *Of Time and the River* (1935). In 1931, Raisbeck was found dead in a cemetery in Connecticut. Many believe that his man, a homosexual, was murdered; others believe that he suffered a seizure and died naturally. In either case, his friendship with Wolfe had ended by this time. David Herbert Donald, Wolfe’s most recent biographer, says that, in Paris, Wolfe’s “relations with Raisbeck deteriorated” and that Wolfe “was . . . troubled by Raisbeck’s increasingly overt homosexual activities” (*Look Homeward*).

The 1989 edition of the episodes bore no jacket. Louisiana State University Press has provided a handsome one from Harvard, showing Wolfe and his friend seated, with Wolfe’s left hand around Raisbeck’s shoulder. The jacket bears a quotation from a review of the earlier edition by Wolfe scholar John L. Idol, Jr., of Clemson University, saying, “The publication of these episodes makes Wolfe’s...