

10-2007

Scottie Fitzgerald: The Stewardship of Literary Memory

University Libraries--University of South Carolina)

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarcommons.sc.edu/rbsc_pubs



Part of the [Library and Information Science Commons](#)

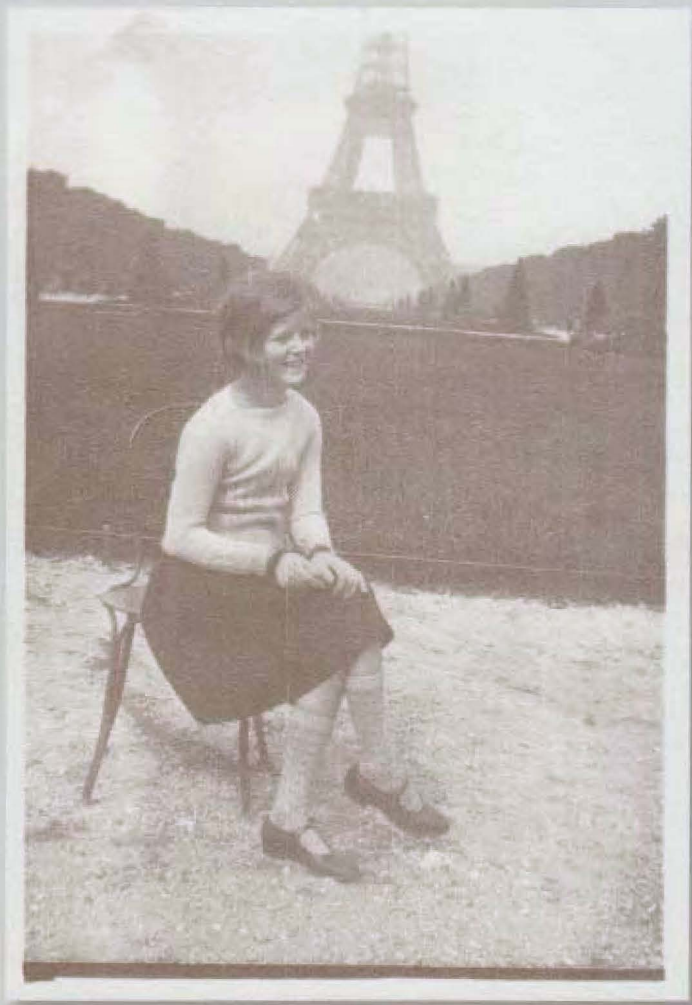
Recommended Citation

University of South Carolina, "University of South Carolina Libraries - Scottie Fitzgerald: The Stewardship of Literary Memory, October-December, 2007". http://scholarcommons.sc.edu/rbsc_pubs/17/

This Catalog is brought to you by the Irvin Department of Rare Books & Special Collections at Scholar Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Rare Books & Special Collections Publications by an authorized administrator of Scholar Commons. For more information, please contact digres@mailbox.sc.edu.

Scottie Fitzgerald

The Stewardship of Literary Memory



An Exhibition from
The Matthew J. & Arlyn Bruccoli
Collection of F. Scott Fitzgerald

Thomas Cooper Library
University of South Carolina, 2007



Scottie at 6 Pleasant Avenue, Montgomery, Alabama, ca. 1977. It was the Sayre residence when F. Scott Fitzgerald courted Zelda Sayre in 1917. Scottie considered purchasing this house and restoring it.

Scottie Fitzgerald:
The Stewardship of Literary Memory



An exhibition from the
Matthew J. & Arlyn Bruccoli
Collection of F. Scott Fitzgerald

Thomas Cooper Library,
University of South Carolina

October–December 2007



Catalogue by Matthew J. Bruccoli
Curated by Jeffrey Makala

Columbia, S.C. 2007

Catalogue produced by
University Publications and designed by Kimberley Massey.
CD produced by Edwin C. Breland.



Compiler's Note

Frances Scott Fitzgerald was utterly unexpected. It would be meaningless to claim that "She was like nobody else." She was a great lady and the most generous friend I ever had. My recollections and assessments of her are not objective. An impersonal outsider could not get her right. Scottie was loved and admired for reasons that had nothing to do with the fame of her parents. As her father wrote of Dick Diver, she inspired "carnivals of affection."

Scottie had a full, busy life—in which being the daughter of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald occupied a small part of her time. An instructive exhibition for her journalism and political activities, excluding her daughter-of role, could be mounted. I worked with Scottie on "Daddy projects" for seventeen years. Accordingly, the emphasis of this exhibition and its catalogue is on Scottie as executrix of her parents' literary properties and as reluctant literary historian. She was not the keeper of the Fitzgerald flame: it burned steadily without her encouragement. But she prevented the pyromaniacs from taking over the firehouse.

Scottie attracted uninformed gossip circulated by people who didn't know her. These are some truths about her:

She gave money to the deserving and undeserving—mainly the latter because they needed it more—but she didn't like to spend money on herself. Her cars might have brought \$300 from a kind-hearted used-car dealer. She carried soggy tea bags in her purse for re-use in restaurants.

She was never bitter about betrayals of her trust and generosity.

She probably believed that the Democratic Party was more important than American literature.

She had the ability to make strangers or new acquaintances feel interesting and even important—recognizing their perceptions of themselves.

M. J. B.

21 August 2007



Graduation at Ethel Walker School, 1938

The only child of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald was born 26 October 1921 in St. Paul, Minnesota. Her father made a note on her mother's post-delivery comment, which he subsequently gave to Daisy in *The Great Gatsby*: "Isn't she smart—she has the hiccups. I hope its beautiful and a fool—a beautiful little fool." Fitzgerald wired Zelda's parents: "LILLIAN GISH IS IN MOURNING CONSTANCE TALMADGE IS A BACK NUMBER AND A SECOND MARY PICKFORD HAS ARRIVED." The Fitzgeralds had hoped for a son and had not settled on a girl's name. The baby's birth certificate identifies her as "Scotty," and she was christened Frances Scott Fitzgerald at the Convent of the Visitation. For several years Zelda referred to her as Patricia. She was never known as Frances.

When rude strangers asked Scottie about what they assumed was her unhappy childhood, she politely explained that she had been insulated from her parents' problems by carefully selected nannies and governesses. She spent most of her early childhood from 1924 to 1931 in France.

Scottie attended the Cours Dieterlin in Paris and then the Calvert and Bryn Mawr schools in Baltimore. When Fitzgerald became her sole parent in Baltimore after her mother was hospitalized, the relationship between father and teenage daughter, complicated by his

worries and alcoholism, became difficult: "I dimly perceived even then, that my father was not only a genius, but a great man in his way, despite his partly self-inflicted torments and his gigantic sins. I knew that he was kind, generous, honorable and loyal, and I admired and loved him" ("Introduction," *Letters to His Daughter*). In 1936 she entered the Ethel Walker School, Simsbury, Connecticut. Her mother was hospitalized in Asheville, North Carolina, from 1936, and her father resided in the Asheville area until he went to Hollywood in summer 1937. During this time and later, Anne and Harold Ober—the latter Fitzgerald's literary agent—served as Scottie's surrogate parents. Their home in Scarsdale, New York, became her home when she was not at boarding school or Vassar, where she matriculated in 1938.

Fitzgerald did not attempt to train Scottie to be a writer; and he did not encourage her to consider a literary career—probably because he knew about the long odds and disappointments. There were no father-daughter collaborations, but she grew up in an environment where writing was a natural activity, and she was a natural writer.

Determined to prevent Scottie from repeating his own academic failures, Fitzgerald attempted to supervise her education by mail; he dispatched stern letters and telegrams urging her to take difficult courses and reprimanded her for lack of seriousness. He tried to steer her toward the sciences and math—subjects for which she had as little enthusiasm or aptitude as he had manifested at Princeton. Scottie's interests, like her father's, were literary, dramatic, and social. Her Vassar career resembled his at Princeton, but she was not as irresponsible: she graduated in 1942. At college she organized OMGIM (Oh My God, It's Monday!), a club to produce musical revues she wrote and directed. Fitzgerald expected her to be a brilliant student with perfect manners and high standards of conduct; but he had to settle for two out of three. Though not a scholar, she was well-educated; she was also bright, witty, and funny.

As a Vassar senior in 1942, Scottie wrote "Princeton and F. Scott Fitzgerald" for the 100th anniversary number of the *Nassau Lit*. Her essay concluded: "I hope Princeton is as proud of him as he was of Princeton. Both of them stand for something so American, something that could have been, should have been, maybe will be, America's best." These sentences express Scottie's concern with the values of American life—values she was certain had nothing to do with money.

Literary history is riddled with cases of literary estates mismanaged by irresponsible widows or greedy children. Not Scottie. Her duties as executrix began while her father was alive: she saved his letters. "I'm proud of myself for saving them; I knew they were great letters, and my motives were certainly not acquisitive, because Daddy was an impecunious and obscure author then. . . . I saved them the way you save *War and Peace* to read, or Florence to spend some time in later" (*Letters to His Daughter*).



After Fitzgerald died leaving a small estate, Scottie was under pressure to sell his books and papers. The Princeton University Librarian, Julian Boyd, reluctantly offered \$750, purportedly remarking that “Princeton was not a charitable institution, nor was its library established to support indigent widows of, and I quote, ‘second-rate Midwest hacks’ just because they happened to have been lucky enough to have attended Princeton—unfortunately for Princeton” (David Randall, *Dukedom Large Enough* [New York: Random House, 1969]). Randall’s report is probably overstated, but it provides a sense of what Scottie was up against as well as a gauge of the strength of Fitzgerald’s comeback—for which she deserves partial credit. Scottie blocked the sale—to the dismay of her advisors, who regarded the figure as a windfall (\$10 million would be a bargain now)—because she did not want the archive to be scattered. It required determination for Scottie to resist her elders, who expected her to emulate the little match girl, but she had a better sense than they of the importance of keeping her father’s archive together. Then in 1950, after a \$2,500 purchase agreement had been reached with Princeton, Scottie gave the university most of the F. Scott Fitzgerald papers (Brucoli, “Where They Belong: The Acquisition of the F. Scott Fitzgerald Papers,” *Princeton University Library Chronicle*, 50 [1988–1989]: 30–37). He was not regarded as a major literary figure in 1950, but Fitzgerald’s position as one of the greatest writers who ever lived was secure by the end of the decade—due in part to the scholars and editors who made use of the archive at Princeton.

Scottie’s benefactions included layers of manuscripts, typescripts, and revised proofs for the stories and novels (including *The Great Gatsby*, *Tender Is the Night*, and *The Love of the Last Tycoon*), Fitzgerald’s correspondence (outgoing and incoming) with literary figures, papers documenting his career as a professional author, and Hollywood material—as well as Zelda Fitzgerald’s papers. Alexander Clark, emeritus Curator of Manuscripts at Princeton, identified three levels of importance for the Fitzgerald Papers: 1) They were the first personal archive of an author to come to the library; 2) They served as “a magnet to attract other collections”—not just related Fitzgerald material; 3) They put the Princeton University Library “on the map” as an institution actively collecting modern literary papers and archival groups.

Scottie might have been amused by this summary of the long-range consequences of her 1950 generosity. She dismissed her activities as benefactor and executrix with the remark that being F. Scott Fitzgerald’s daughter was “the best-paying job in the world.” But Scottie did her duty. She answered letters from students and researchers; she gave sensible advice to Fitzgerald biographers and editors.

When Scottie read the draft of Arthur Mizener’s *The Far Side of Paradise* (1951), she detected a “thread of hostility running all through your writing” that was not entirely purged from the biography and colored the image of Fitzgerald during the Fifties. She objected that Mizener had “missed the charm, and the goodness, and the . . . heroic side of the man. . . .”



She advised him against reprinting “The Intimate Strangers,” “Image on the Heart,” and “Last Kiss.” (We included them in *The Price Was High* in 1979.) Scottie’s judgment on her father’s writing was better than Mizener’s. When he foolishly cited “bright tan prayer rug of a beach” in the second paragraph of *Tender Is the Night* as flashy, she disagreed.

While Malcolm Cowley was making selections for his 1951 collection of twenty-eight Fitzgerald stories, Scottie advised him that “Bernice Bobs Her Hair” was a better story than “The Cut-Glass Bowl” and that “The Sensible Thing” was much better than “The Adjuster.” Although he acceded to her advice to omit “The Night Before Chancellorsville” and “Majesty,” he rejected her selection of “The Jelly-Bean.” At twenty-nine, Scottie’s editorial judgment on Fitzgerald’s stories was better than that of one of the most influential American men of letters of that time. Although Scottie did not attempt to control or censor what biographers wrote about her father, she felt that her mother required protection. Following Nancy Milford’s *Zelda* (1970), which distressed her, Scottie discouraged speculative biographical work on her mother until she allowed Zelda Fitzgerald’s letters to be published in *Correspondence of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (1980) and in *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur* (1981). Scottie planned *Bits of Paradise* to rescue her mother’s stories, and she unsuccessfully endeavored to find a publisher for a book of Zelda Fitzgerald’s paintings.

She patiently talked to the pilgrims who called on her—invited and uninvited. She was kind to the deranged. She remarked that she had the feeling the same girl was cornering her at all the Fitzgerald-related events we attended, but Scottie insisted it was necessary to be attentive to her because Daddy was probably the only glamorous thing in her life. Scottie declined all propositions to cash in on her role as “daughter of” and to vulgarize her parents’ work or legend. She refused to trademark the name Gatsby; when the ballyhoo for the 1974 movie inspired Gatsby shoes, Gatsby clothing, and even a line of Gatsby cooking utensils, Scottie derived no income from these ventures—although outsiders were certain that she had a stake in them.

There would have been a Fitzgerald revival without Scottie’s sound decisions. But it would have been different and probably trashy if the Fitzgerald papers had been scattered, or if she had accepted the get-rich-quick deals from the movies and magazines, or if she had sold her parents’ names for advertising endorsements. She rarely and reluctantly attempted to interpose with Charles Scribner’s Sons—where she was treated rudely. They ignored her requests to see—not pick; just see—the cover art for their Fitzgerald reprints. After Charles Scribner, Jr., peremptorily declined to publish *Bits of Paradise*, she had the satisfaction of seeing the London Bodley Head edition reprinted by Scribners. At the end of her life Scottie was involved in planning a Fitzgerald “definitive edition”—which Mr. Scribner refused to discuss with her.

Out of loyalty to Maxwell Perkins and the House of Scribner, Scottie declined proposals from other publishers who wanted to do a better job for Fitzgerald. After Harold



Ober's death she left the Fitzgerald properties in the hands of an employee at the Ober agency despite urgings to secure better representation: "I know he isn't much good, but how would he make a living without Daddy?"

Commencing in 1942 Scottie published seventeen items about F. Scott Fitzgerald—apart from interviews. She initially did so with reluctance, for she was always concerned about being perceived as the professional "daughter of." Her second Daddy publication, a review of *Afternoon of an Author*, appeared in 1958. Scottie didn't need or want secondhand celebrity. She had a crowded life as the mother of four children, as a journalist, and as organizer of Washington social-political activities. Moreover, she had complex feelings about her father: "Daddy was outrageous, horrible, but somehow wonderful" (Undated letter to Brucoli).

In the Sixties and Seventies, Scottie went public because there were compelling requests for her to write about her parents and because it became necessary for her to correct some of the distorted anecdotes about the Fitzgeralds. She came to feel that she had an obligation to the Estate: "If I'm going to accept all this lovely money, I ought to do something to earn it." Beginning in 1960 she provided introductions to four volumes of Fitzgerald stories and letters; she accepted title-page credit on *Bits of Paradise* and coedited *Romantic Egoists*; and she wrote forewords and introductions for eight Fitzgerald-related volumes and catalogues.

Although she had no pretensions as a critic or scholar—indeed, she was entirely unpretentious—some of the most sensible observations on F. Scott Fitzgerald were written by Scottie:

On why the Fitzgerald revival or rediscovery occurred when it occurred:

I suspect the whole thing stems from a gigantic, collective national guilt that has been growing on us ever since we lost our chance to stay idealistic after World War II. Secretly, we know that somewhere we've gone astray, that what began as the most exciting experiment in history has lost some of its momentum and its brightest dreams.

My father was on the scene when we started to lose our way, during Gatsby's time, and he recorded it all—the generosity, the greed, the innocence and the cynicism, the magnificence and the waste that was America between the two world wars—with sensitivity and with love, but also with a growing sense of disillusionment and alarm. In his way he was a prophet. And the rebellion of his generation, which he helped create, was the herald of the larger, deeper one taking place today. People read him now for clues and guidelines, as if by understanding him and his beautiful and damned period, they could see more clearly what's wrong. But, you see, if I were to give *that* answer when I'm asked the question, I



might lose some friends, for that's not the way people like to think of F. Scott Fitzgerald at all (*Family Circle*, May 1974).

On the demands of authorship:

Good writers are essentially muckrakers, exposing the scandalous condition of the human soul. It is their job to strip veneers from situations and personalities. The rest of us accept our fellow beings at face value, and swallow what we can't accept. Writers can't: they have to prod, poke, question, test, doubt, and challenge, which requires a constant flow of fresh victims and fresh experience (*Letters to His Daughter*).

On her father's letters of guidance and instruction:

"I was an imaginary daughter, as fictional as one of his early heroines"
(*Letters to His Daughter*).

On her father's connection with the Jazz Age:

Even more puzzling to me—and I assume to all readers who were born too late to remember the Jazz Age—is how my father came to be a symbol of it at all (except much later, in retrospect, when his life seemed to parallel it so closely that he became woven into the legend of the era). After you've read the stories, perhaps you'll ask yourself, as I did, "Well, it's absorbing writing, but what's jazzy about it?" The people seem so innocent, somehow, so earnest and well-meaning, that it's hard to detect the abandoned strains of "Charleston" in the background—only the faint strumming of a latter-day "Shine On, Shine On, Harvest Moon," or "By the Sea, By the Sea, By the Beautiful Sea" (*Six Tales of the Jazz Age*).

Her writing had intelligence, style, and wit. She did not attempt to imitate Fitzgerald's prose, but she could write sentences and phrases that bear his mark. Thus her comment on *A Moveable Feast*: "Mr. Hemingway with his piercing jabs at that prone body."

The articles she worked hardest on were the painstakingly researched genealogical essays "The Colonial Ancestors of Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald," published as an appendix to *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur*, and "The Maryland Ancestors of Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald," in the *Maryland Historical Magazine*. Scottie forgave my indifference to genealogy, although she chided me by providing my pedigree:

Archibald Shuttleworth's *Studies of Ancient Bandit Families* states in a footnote that Matthew de Brookleigh married into the Spinacchio family, not out of it. It was his illegitimate son Legumo who led the revolution



which caused, ultimately, the bastardization of the name Brookleigh, or Bookleigh, as it was called in ancient times, meaning a person who sells books by a “lea,” or so to speak in a vacuum (undated letter to Bruccoli).



In 1943 Scottie married naval officer Samuel J. Lanahan, who became a lawyer. They had four children: Timothy (1946–1973), Eleanor (b. 1948), Samuel Jr. (b. 1950), and Cecilia (b. 1951). The Lanahans moved from New York City to Washington, D.C., in 1950. Scottie was an ardent Democrat, and politics became her chief interest; she served on committees and organized fund-raising events; and she gave an anti-inauguration ball when Dwight Eisenhower became president in 1952. She also wrote and directed annual musical revues for Multiple Sclerosis benefits.

Scottie was an able journalist. At Vassar she had a paying job as a reporter for the college news bureau. She worked for *Time*, *The Democratic Digest* (as reporter and editor), *The Northern Virginia Sun*, *The Washington Post*, and *The New York Times*. Scottie enjoyed recalling that after Harold Ross hired her at *The New Yorker*, she heard him remark, “Jesus Christ! I’ll hire anybody.” Nonetheless, she was good enough to contribute “Tables for Two” columns, casuals, book reviews, and “Talk of the Town” material. The responsibilities of family, political and social activities, and journalism prevented her from concentrating on literary work. She did not put writing ahead of these claims on her attention and time. Ultimately she was not a professional author: she didn’t have to write for money. Her novels remained unwritten or unfinished. Scottie’s chief ambition was to write plays, but the anticipated Broadway production of “Onward and Upward with the Arts,” her musical about the Kennedy White House, was terminated by the president’s murder. The comedy *The Cat’s Whiskers* (aka *Love, Among Other Things*) was produced at Auburn University (Montgomery) in 1988, two years after her death. Her only non-Daddy book was *Don’t Quote Me: Washington Newswomen and the Power Society* (New York: Dutton, 1970), written in collaboration with Winzola McLendon.

Scottie’s serious writing was impeded by her concern about other people’s happiness: she remarked that she had expended one-twelfth of her life on Christmases. She worried about acquaintances who needed help—whether or not they had any claim on her bounty. When a wealthy friend failed to provide for an elderly chauffeur, Scottie put him on salary—although she was afraid to ride with him.

I can’t provide an accurate count for the books Scottie and I collaborated on. She took title-page credit for two volumes—*Bits of Paradise* and *The Romantic Egoists*—but she was involved in all of my Daddy books as editor, vettor, advisor, consultant, or first reader. Our editorial connection began in 1970 with *As Ever, Scott Fitz*—, the most overedited collection of letters ever published. Although Scottie knew how difficult I had made it for

readers and warned me, she let me botch it my way.

In her foreword to *Bits of Paradise*, Scottie wrote:

Though it was Professor Bruccoli who conceived, delivered, and nursed this volume—he loves “his” authors so much I do believe if he found all their grocery bills he’d put them out in an annotated edition—it is I who claim the credit for the title. It’s a bit corny, but then so are some of the things in these stories, which have some mighty unbelievable heroes and heroines. The only way you’ll get through them all, I think, is to imagine my father and mother as two bright meteors streaking across a starry sky back in the days when wars and moons seemed equally far away, and then these stories as a sort of fall-out. For they all have one thing in common: a sense of breathlessness, as if even their authors still were gasping at the wonders glimpsed as they flew past Heaven.

Her remark about grocery lists elicited letters from humorless dopes who didn’t understand her joke.

The Romantic Egoists was our best collaboration: it really was a collaboration and involved Scottie’s Vassar roommate Joan P. Kerr. While flying from California to Atlanta in 1972 we were discussing our projected coffee-table volume of Zelda Fitzgerald’s art that no publisher would touch. That led to the idea of a different volume that would include the paintings, and that triggered the idea of a pictorial biography or maybe an illustrated biography drawing on the Fitzgeralds’ scrapbooks and photo albums—as well as Zelda Fitzgerald’s paintings. The note pad we used in the plan shows that the working titles were “Romantic Egotists,” “High-Bouncing Lovers,” “World’s Fair,” “Babylon Lost,” and “Gatsby Revisited.” Miraculously, Scribners went for it, and the book was published as *The Romantic Egoists*; it was the most enjoyable publishing experience I’ve ever had. Scottie believed that good times were supposed to follow work times. There was always a restaurant that she had heard about to try. She was indifferent to food and rarely finished a meal, but she would “mish up” the plate to spare the chef’s feelings. She enjoyed the ambiance of serious restaurants—especially restaurants where her French won the respectful attention of headwaiters.

The best job Scottie did for me was her editing of *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur*. I was concerned about her reactions to my treatment of her parents—especially her mother—and the father-daughter crises during the Thirties. There were no problems. Scottie was one of the two best line-editors I have worked with. She never ordered me to cut anything. She annotated most of the 984-page typescript. She provided alternate wordings for my approval, which were improvements because she was a better writer than I. When I wrote that “the people who had to handle a drunken Fitzgerald usually forgave his misconduct,” Scottie supplied the next sentence: “Talent and charm, perhaps unfortunately for him, usually pulled him out of the social morasses he created for himself.”

Scottie was sharp about catching my violations of objectivity. Thus when I commented on the crisis over the publication of *Save Me the Waltz* that Fitzgerald “should have been prepared for her [Zelda’s] wish to keep her novel her own,” Scottie sternly noted: “Here you are passing a value judgment + you have been so good about not doing this that it does not sit very well.” When I observed that Fitzgerald’s claim he had “blocked out” the novel that became *The Love of the Last Tycoon* “probably meant only that he had a plot for it,” she replaced my “probably” with “may have” and provided a reprimand: “I am countering the antagonism one sees or hears so often lately to biographers who interpret for the reader rather than allowing him/her to come to a conclusion. You have been good about this so I have jumped at it when you aren’t—.” She gently chided me for including boring academic material, such as my explications of point-of-view: “Professorial!” and “We’re back in the classroom” and “Again this incredible mish of footnotes.”

Scottie vetted—but did not line-edit—*The Correspondence of F. Scott Fitzgerald* and *The Notebooks*, allowing me to retain “unattractive” material that troubled her. She read, but did not edit, *Scott & Ernest*, which she found painful because of Hemingway’s nastiness. (When Scottie and I dined with Mary Hemingway, they politely had little to say to each other.)

Scottie approved the selections for *The Price Was High* and advised me that one “Count of Darkness” story was enough. She also urged me to write a headnote for each of the fifty stories because she was concerned about assisting “young people” readers. I did not involve Scottie in these books to flatter her. She improved all my work that she touched.

The Lanahans’ twenty-four-year marriage ended in divorce, as did Scottie’s twelve-year marriage to C. Grove Smith. She moved from Washington to Montgomery, Alabama, in 1973 to look after her mother’s aged sister Rosalind Smith. In 1974 Scottie organized an exhibition of Zelda Fitzgerald’s paintings at the Montgomery Museum of Art.

Scottie kept her terminal cancer from her friends’ knowledge as long as possible. She spent her last days arranging benefactions. Scottie Fitzgerald is buried with her parents at St. Mary’s Church, Rockville, Maryland.



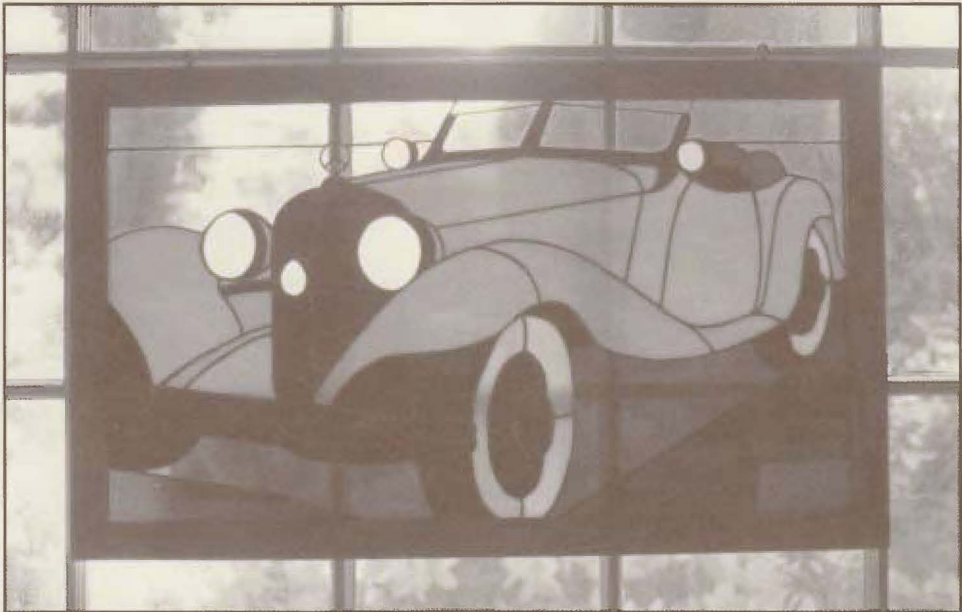
Scottie was the principal benefactor of the Matthew J. and Arlyn Bruccoli Collection of F. Scott Fitzgerald in the Thomas Cooper Library. She died before the Fitzgerald Room was opened, but she was aware that I was assembling a major research collection to be preserved in a library. Dean George Terry arranged for the University of South Carolina acquisition of the Bruccoli collection in 1994.

When Scottie lived in Georgetown, I formed the custom of changing planes in Washington during my New York-Columbia trips, often bringing my latest Fitzgerald purchases to show her. She would pretend to be dismayed by my extravagance, but she understood the purpose of my collecting. She didn’t carry grudges, but she was pleased that

I was doing what Princeton had failed to do. Inscribed Fitzgerald books and documents that she had retained began arriving on my birthdays and for Christmas. When she cleaned out the attic in her first Georgetown house, I mined the trash barrels.

Soon after Scottie died I received two boxes of books with a letter from one of her Montgomery friends explaining that Scottie had selected the books and arranged for them to be sent to me because she didn't want me to be "too unhappy" about her death. That concern defines Scottie Fitzgerald.

Scottie also had shipped to me a stained-glass portrait of a Mercedes-Benz that she bought during her last outing. This artifact ended our running gag about Gatsby's gorgeous car. Scottie regarded my car mania as eccentric; all cars were the same to her. But she kept showing me photos of candidates for the Gatsbymobile—one of which was a boat-tailed Auburn—and would pretend to be dismayed when I cruelly pointed out the impossibility of her selection. The matter is now permanently settled: in 1922 Jay Gatsby was driving a pre-production 1936 Mercedes. Scottie was right all along.



Scottie's final candidate for Gatsby's car.



Childhood & Education

1. Joint passport: F. Scott, Zelda, and Scottie Fitzgerald; issued 29 April 1924 in Washington, D.C. Scottie's passport; issued 23 October 1924 by the American Embassy in Paris; signed "Zelda Fitzgerald for Frances Scott Fitzgerald."

The Fitzgeralds went to France in May 1924, where Fitzgerald completed *The Great Gatsby* at Valescure, St. Raphaël.

2. Postcard to Scottie from Quebec, 24 January 1928—with Zelda Fitzgerald drawing. Scottie remained at "Ellerslie," Edgemore, Delaware, while her parents visited Canada.
3. Correspondence relating to the Baltimore tea dance Fitzgerald gave for Scottie, at which he was inebriated. TLSS, F. Scott Fitzgerald to Annie Laurie Woodward, 12 and 23 November 1936; ALS, n.d.; and telegram from the manager of the Belvedere Hotel, Baltimore, 27 December 1936.
4. "Frances Scott Fitzgerald '38: A Remembrance," *Walker's: The Bulletin of the Ethel Walker School Alumnae Association*, Fall 1986, pp. 2–3.
5. ALS, C. Mildred Thompson to Scottie, 6 August 1967. The Vassar dean's recollection of Fitzgerald's visit to express concern about Scottie's academic record.
6. "A Short Retort by Frances Scott Fitzgerald, Daughter of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Whose Novels of the Jazz Age Are Definitive Records of an Era," *Mademoiselle* (July 1939), p. 41.

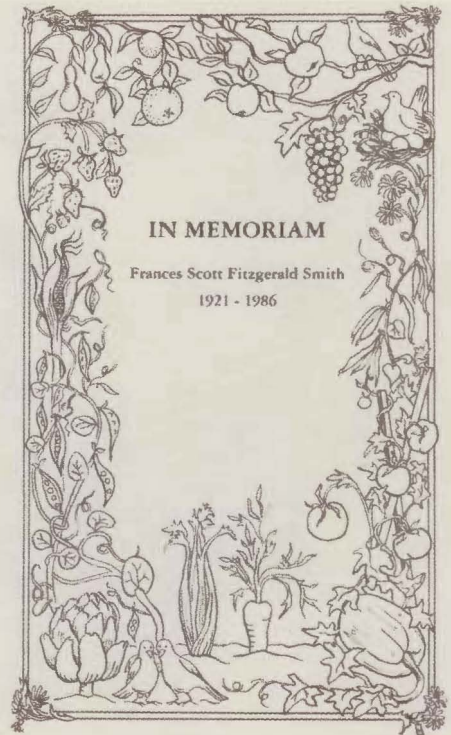
This article does not mention her father—except for the title, which was supplied by the magazine—but Fitzgerald felt that she was cashing in on his fame and sent her an angry letter: "... in future please call yourself by any name that doesn't sound like mine in your writings" (*Letters to His Daughter*, p. 96).

7. Telegram: F. Scott Fitzgerald to Scottie, 21 September 1939.
At this time Fitzgerald was no longer on salary in Hollywood and had difficulty raising the tuition money for Scottie's sophomore year.
8. *OMGIM* song book (1942). Scottie organized the Vassar *OMGIM* (Oh My God, It's Monday!) club to produce musical reviews, for which she wrote songs. "The Right Person Won't Write" enjoyed Ivy League popularity.
9. *Vassarion* (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Vassar College, 1942). Scottie's senior-year class book.
10. *In Memoriam Frances Scott Fitzgerald Smith 1921-1986* (Privately printed, 1986). This booklet was prepared by six of Scottie's Vassar classmates.



FRANCES SCOTT FITZGERALD

9. Scottie's senior-year class book photo, Vassar, 1942.



10. Booklet prepared by Scottie's Vassar classmates.



11-3114-

CANCELLED
INVALID

GOOD ONLY FOR THE MONTH FROM DATE AND NOT TO BE RENEWED.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AT

PARIS, FRANCE

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING:

I, the undersigned, **CHARGE D'AFFAIRES AD INTERIM**
of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit a citizen of the United States, safely and freely to pass and, in case of need to give her all lawful aid and protection.

This passport is valid for use only in the following countries and for objects specified, unless amended.

FRANCE
ITALY

EN ROUTE
TRAVEL

The bearer is accompanied by



Given under my hand and the seal of the Embassy of the United States at PARIS, FRANCE this 23rd day of October in the year 1924 and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and forty - ninth.

Walter Whitehouse

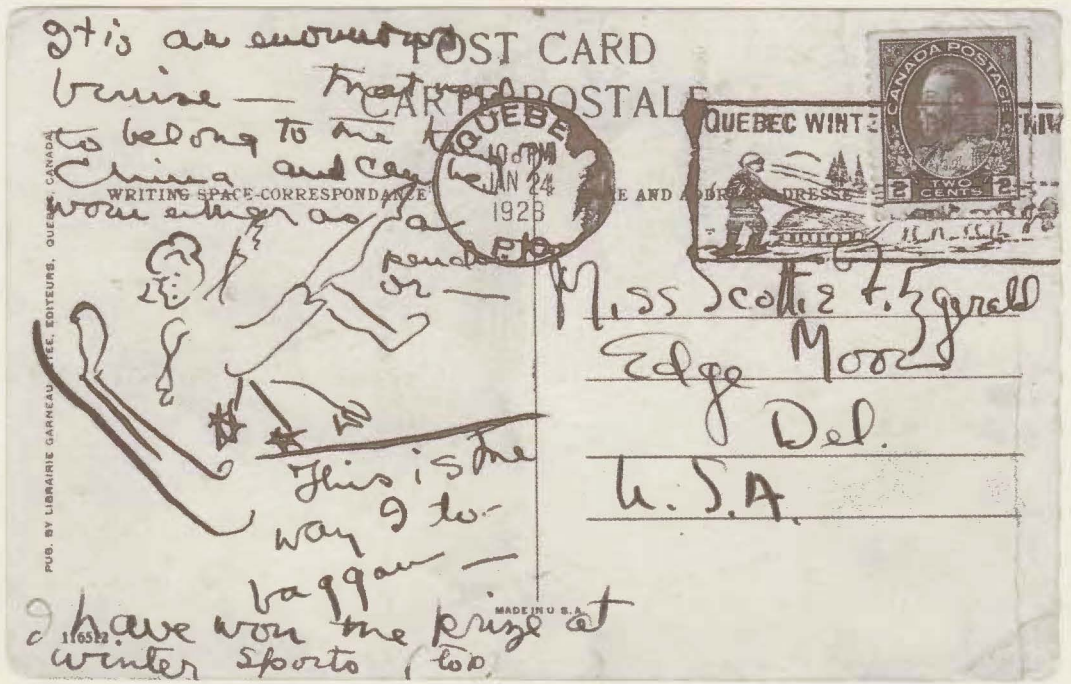
PERSONAL DESCRIPTION

Age	2 years	Mouth	small
Height	2 ft 6 in	Chin	round
Forehead	high	Hair	blonde
Eyes	blue	Complexion	fair
Nose	small	Face	round
Distinguishing marks			
Place of birth	St. Hill, Miss.		
Date of birth	October 26, 1921.		
Occupation			

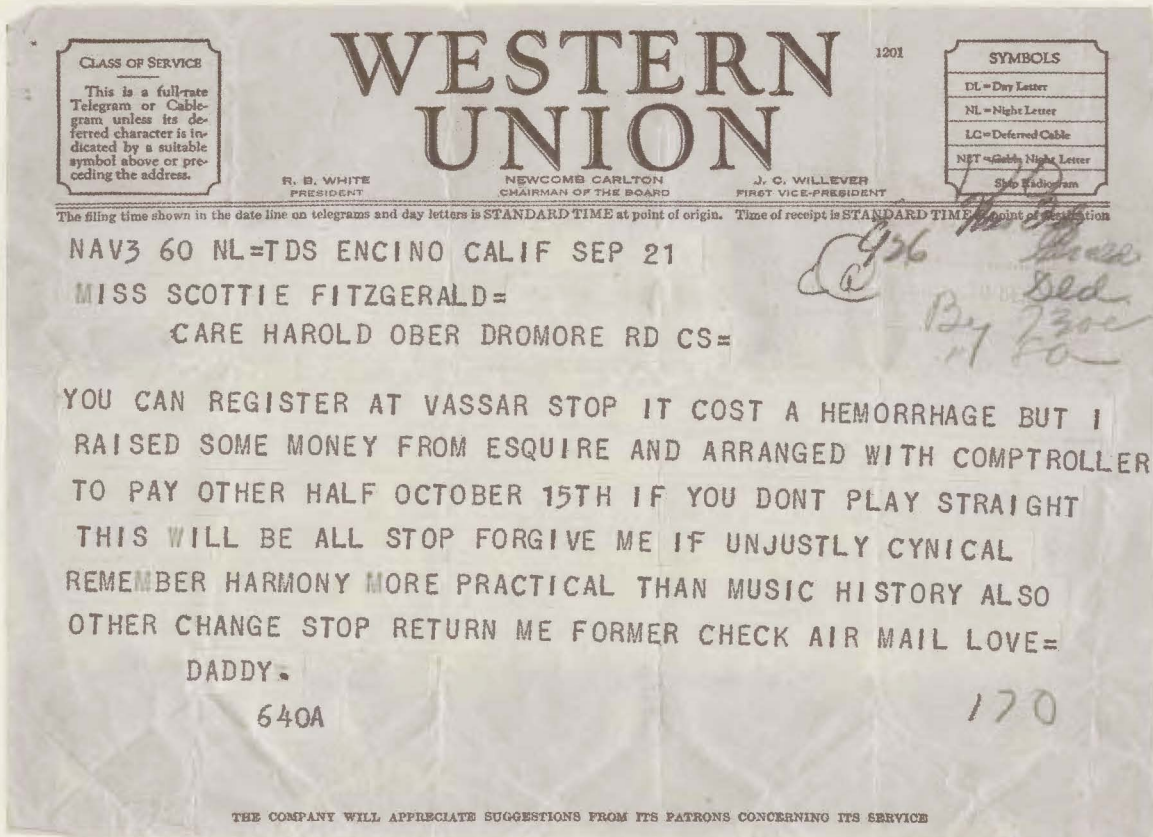


SIGNATURE OF BEARER

I. Scottie's passport.



2. Postcard to Scottie from Quebec, 24 January 1928—with Zelda Fitzgerald drawing.



7. Telegram from F. Scott Fitzgerald to Scottie, 21 September 1939.





THE
OMGIM CLUB
of Vassar College

PRESENTS:

THE MUSICAL SCORE OF SELECTED NUMBERS FROM

"Remember the Daze"

"Guess Who's Here"

"Mecca Night of it"

"As We Like it"

"Your Numbers Up"

1. The Right Person Won't Write

2. I'm a Sensible Girl

3. Mecca Night of it.

4. I Like or Not to Fall in Love

5. Don't Like it Today

6. I Won't Be a Wife

8. Melancholy Melody

9. Life has just begun

PRICE ..\$1.00



8. OMGIM song book.



"The Right Person Wont Write"

From "Remember the Day", class of '42 Soph Party

by Frances Fitzgerald
Arranged by A. Buckingham

1. I watch the waileing women - And I
 2. I dont want postcards from Harvard in Yale and
 3. (like ist)

wish on a stable wite - But it doesnt do any good because the
 I dont want wail from any old wale - All I want in the world is for the

1st ending 2nd
 night person wont write - write, why wont he drop a line instead of
 night person to

The musical score is handwritten and consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with chords and bass lines. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score features several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and first/second ending brackets. The lyrics are written in a cursive, handwritten style.

8. Song for OMGIM.



stingin' a line - He's got nothin' to lose, I'd put the stamp of ap. prusa!

on the ne-woval - of my loail time Blues

write. - (spoken): Well all right, he wost write !!

8.



Scottie & F. Scott Fitzgerald

1. Fourteen portrait cards of "Ancient Kings," "Queens," and "Noble Personages" of France—annotated by Fitzgerald for Scottie (Paris: Lévy et Neurdein Réunis, ca. 1930). A history buff, Fitzgerald invented games to teach Scottie history.
2. F. Scott Fitzgerald, eight postcards to Scottie, from Quebec, Montreal, New York, and Baltimore, 1928–1932. "The man with the three noses" was a favorite Fitzgerald joke at that time; but Scottie was later unable to explicate it.
3. Scottie's postcard to F. Scott Fitzgerald, 1930. Sent from La Baule-les-Pins to Paris (altered to Geneva). Fitzgerald spent much of 1930–1931 in Switzerland during his wife's hospitalization while Scottie remained in Paris with a governess.
4. Scottie Fitzgerald, "The Paroxide Blonde: A Poetic Narrative." TS, 5 pp. 1935. With photo of Fitzgerald and Scottie at that time. Scottie wrote the 52-line poem in Baltimore. After Fitzgerald unsuccessfully tried to place it in *Esquire*, the TS was sold—probably by Arnold Gingrich—to Chicago book dealer Ben Abramson, who required that both Fitzgerald and Scottie confirm her authorship on the typescript. A not-for-sale limited-edition facsimile has been privately printed to mark the opening of this exhibition.
5. F. Scott Fitzgerald, map of France drawn for Scottie when he gave her a trip to Europe during the summer of 1938 (*Letters to His Daughter*, p. 55).
6. Scottie Fitzgerald, "Daddy's Ideas About Organizing Novel Into Episodes and Scenes," TS, 3 pp. Based on discussion of Scottie's projected novel in 1939. Lessons from the Master.

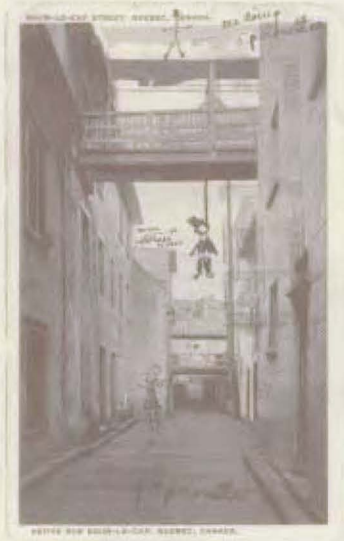


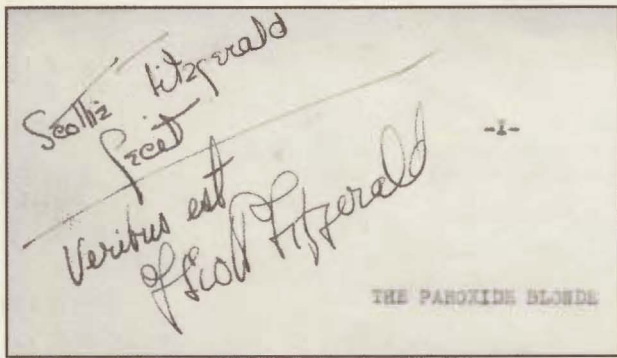
1. Fourteen portrait cards of "Ancient Kings," "Queens," and "Noble Personages" of France—annotated by Fitzgerald for Scottie.



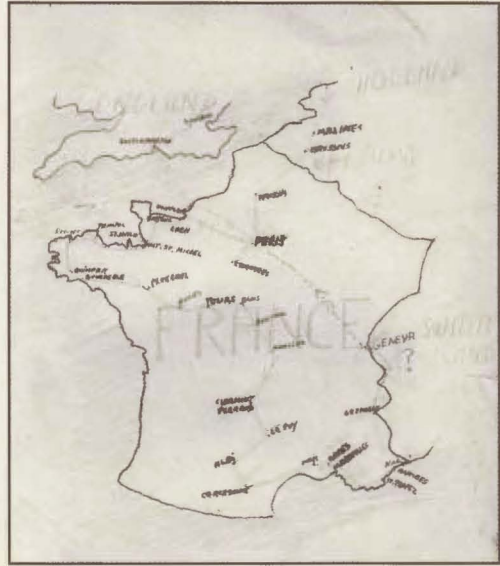


2. F. Scott Fitzgerald, postcards to Scottie, from Quebec, Montreal, New York, and Baltimore, 1928-1932.





4. Scottie Fitzgerald, "The Paroxide Blonde: A Poetic Narrative." TS, 5 pp., 1935, signed by Scottie and Fitzgerald. With photo of Fitzgerald and Scottie at that time.



5. F. Scott Fitzgerald's map of France drawn for Scottie.





Scottie as Literary Executrix

1. After Fitzgerald's death Scottie declined to break up her father's papers or sell all of his MSS and correspondence to the Princeton University Library for a pittance. In 1950 she donated the great research archive to Princeton because Daddy would have wanted it to be there.
2. Frances Scott Lanahan, "Fitzgerald as He Really Was: A Daughter Breaks Her Silence," *Washington Post* (27 April 1958). Review of *Afternoon of an Author*, a volume of previously uncollected autobiographical essays and stories. In 1958 Scottie reluctantly began to write for publication about her parents.
3. Scottie Fitzgerald Smith, TLS to Matthew J. Bruccoli, 2 pp. (postmarked 20 April 1972). Remembrance of F. Scott Fitzgerald that accompanied her draft introduction to *Bits of Paradise*.
4. Scottie Fitzgerald, TLS to Matthew J. Bruccoli, 2 pp., n.d. Discussion of his role as her literary advisor. Scottie's will appointed him as one of the three executors of the F. Scott Fitzgerald literary trust.
5. Scottie's Trust document.



1. Scottie and Princeton librarian Julian Boyd (9 February 1951).





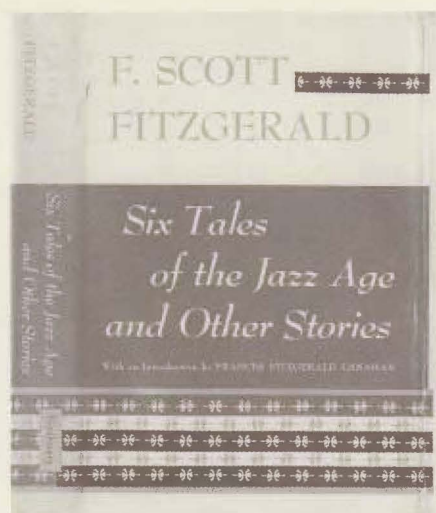
Scottie's Writings on F. Scott Fitzgerald

See checklist on p. 40.

1. "Princeton and F. Scott Fitzgerald," *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, 100 (1942): 45–48. Scottie's first publication about her father—written for the journal in which he served his literary apprenticeship.
2. Scottie Fitzgerald, introduction to *Six Tales of the Jazz Age and Other Stories* (New York: Scribners, 1960): "He was like a surgeon performing an operation on himself, hurting terribly but watching the process with a fascinated detachment" (p. 7).
3. "My Father's Letters: Advice Without Consent," *Esquire*, 54 (October 1965): 95–97. Reprinted as the introduction to *Letters to His Daughter* (1965): "Listen carefully to my father now. Because what he offers is good advice, and I'm sure if he hadn't been my own father that I loved and 'hated' simultaneously, I would have profited by it and be the best educated, most attractive, most faultless woman on earth today" (pp. xv–xvi).
4. Foreword to *As Ever, Scott Fitz—: Letters Between F. Scott Fitzgerald and His Literary Agent, Harold Ober 1919–1940*, edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli (New York: Lippincott, 1972). TS annotated by Scottie, with a copy of the book inscribed by her.
5. "Ou Sont les Soleils d'Antan? Par Françoise Fijeralde," *F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest M. Hemingway in Paris* (Bloomfield Hills, Mich.: Bruccoli Clark, 1972). Catalogue of exhibition at the Bibliotheque Benjamin Franklin accompanying the meeting of veteran expatriates sponsored by the *Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual*.
6. "Notes About My Now-Famous Father," *Family Circle*, 84 (May 1974): 118–120: "As for the plots on which he hung the poetry—just ask anyone who's tried to make them into plays or movies!"

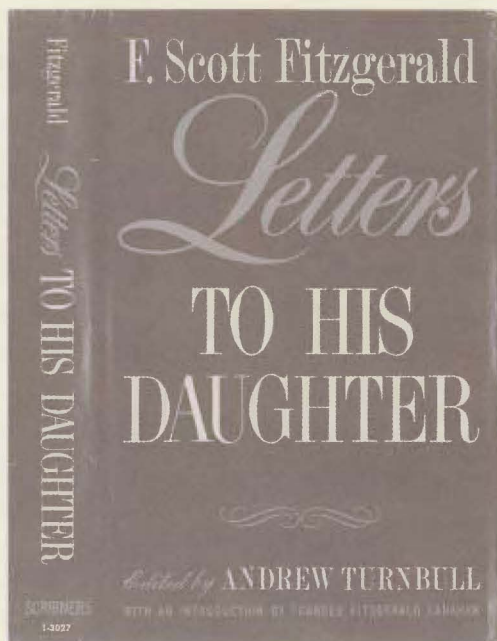


1. Cover for the Princeton journal with Scottie's first publication about her father.

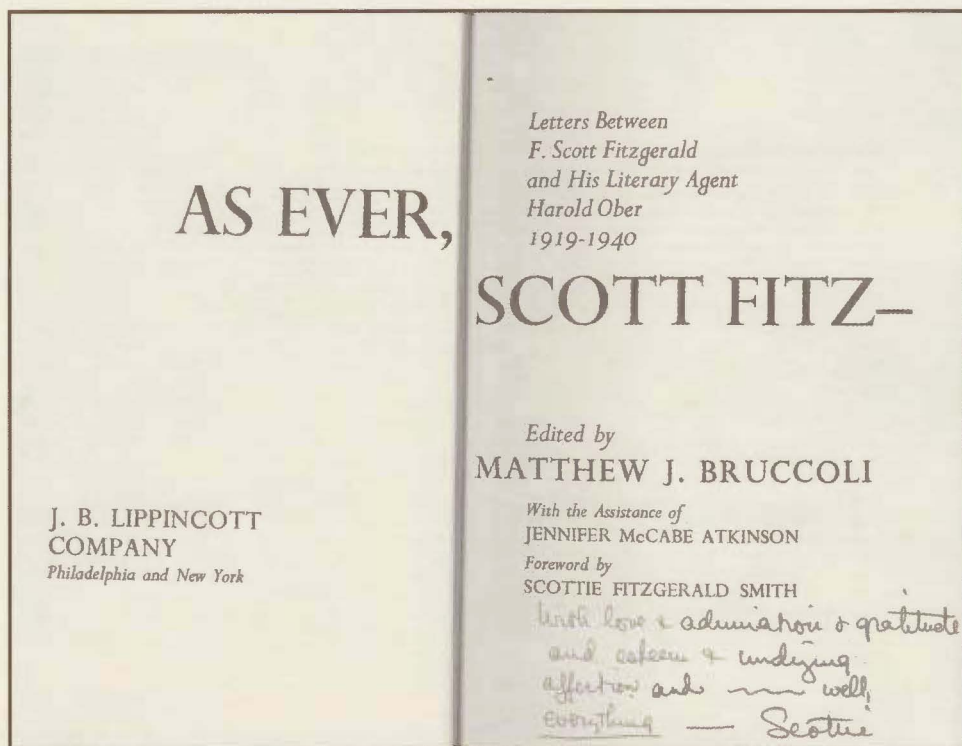


2. Dust jacket of the first Fitzgerald volume for which Scottie wrote an introduction.





3. Dust jacket for the 1965 edition of Daddy's letters.



4. Title spread for the first book on which Scottie and Bruccoli worked.





5. The Fitzgeralds at Salies de Béarn, 1926. This photo was published in *F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest M. Hemingway in Paris*.

Où Sont Les Soleils d'Antan?

Françoise "Fijeralde"

Everybody likes to think of himself as in some way unique, and here is my distinction: I am surely the only person on earth who, when asked where I'm from, can honestly answer, "St. Paul, Minnesota; Montgomery, Alabama; Baltimore, Maryland . . . and Paris, France." It is furthermore not likely that anyone else's home towns have been so vividly described, so thoroughly dissected, so eulogized, memorialized, and analyzed in print as mine have been by my father and mother. I sometimes wonder, when I revisit those happy *mis-en-scène* of my youth, whether I am seeing them through my own eyes or through the special glasses bequeathed to me by my parents.

For just as my mother is indelibly (to me) fixed in a swing hung from the roof of a front porch covered with wisteria, sipping lemonade and dreaming up new escapes from the insistent heat (she even called herself "Alabama" in her novel), and my father is forever on a train going west across the snowy prairies, headed for the power struggle of the Christmas dances (the charms of at least six FSF heroines are enhanced by a frosty breath emerging from a fur collar), together they are forever in France, bathed in that honeyed sunshine . . . or is that just because it was fashionable in those days to print photographs in sepia? They are on a balcony overlooking a somnolent flower garden which in

turn overlooks the Mediterranean. Do I remember the garden, or have I only absorbed it in the pages of *Tender is the Night* and *Save Me the Waltz*? It is a bit of both, and it is only from the time I started school in Paris that I have real recollections of my own, quite distinct from stories and articles and the pictures which my father so laboriously pasted in his surprisingly tidy and complete albums.

All three of us adored Paris, though it seems to me that our apartments were always rather dark and unprepossessing, with their only redeeming feature the views over the rooftops which so fascinated my mother. The elevators were always "en panne" and I can feel the heavy chains, suspended from the ceiling, that caused such uproarious commotion in all our toilets. I was present at a fearsome quarrel when my father wanted to move out of one apartment because he had discovered a nasal legacy from a previous tenant among the roses on the wallpaper; my mother adamantly refused to pack and unpack again. Paris, she explained, was not a place where anybody stayed at home in any case, so what difference did hygiene make? We stayed, and to this day a brass bed makes me think of creaking floorboards and my gallant but losing struggle against my chief road blocks to happiness, the hated endive and rhubarb deemed essential daily fare by my *institutrice*. Since my mother was totally

5.





Collaboration with Matthew J. Bruccoli

1. ALS to Bruccoli, 17 September [1973], requesting revision of "troubles" to "worlds" in *Bits of Paradise* introduction. Every word matters to a careful writer.
2. *Bits of Paradise: 21 Uncollected Stories by F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald*, edited by Scottie Fitzgerald Smith and Matthew J. Bruccoli (London: The Bodley Head, 1973). Inscribed.
3. Introduction to *The Romantic Egoists: A Pictorial Autobiography from the Scrapbooks and Albums of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald*, edited by Scottie Fitzgerald Smith, Matthew J. Bruccoli, and Joan P. Kerr (New York: Scribners, 1974). With pad of notes for titles, the corrected TS, and Scottie's corrections used in the 2003 University of South Carolina Press reprint. And with Scottie's corrections on Bruccoli's MS afterward.
4. Matthew J. Bruccoli, *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur: The Life of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (New York & London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1981). Working TS extensively annotated and edited by Scottie.
5. *The Price Was High: The Last Uncollected Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli (New York & London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Bruccoli Clark, 1979). Bound proof copy and dj. Scottie helped to select the stories, and she vetted the headnotes, but she declined title-page credit.

Bits of Paradise

21 UNCOLLECTED STORIES BY

F. SCOTT AND ZELDA
FITZGERALD

Selected by—

~~Scottie Fitzgerald Smith and~~

Matthew J. Bruccoli
with a foreword by
Scottie Fitzgerald Smith

Math, I don't like getting
more credit than I deserve!



Scottie

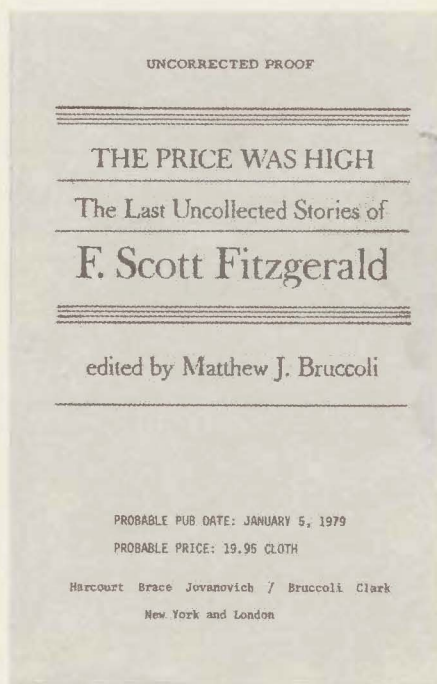
Jan 8 '74

at
Paradise
Southeast



THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON SYDNEY
TORONTO

2. Inscribed title page.



5. Proof copy and dust jacket for the 1979 volume of previously uncollected stories.



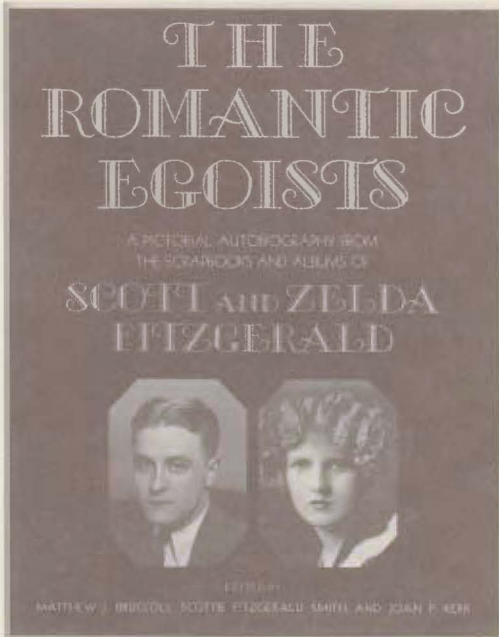
Romantic Egoists
 High-Banquet Faces
 World's Fair
 Babylon best [Christ Babylon?]
 Gatsby Revisited
 Possible Titles

3. Notes for titles.

One of the questions most frequently asked in Seattle Fitzgerald Smith is as if it were possible to answer -- Fitzgerald ~~brucoli~~ ~~asked~~ is how ~~brucoli~~ ~~asked~~ would have ^{felt about} responded to his restoration to ^(literary royalty) the throne, he would have loved it. As the foregoing pages show, he loved fame and success. Indeed, if there is any justice in the ~~point~~ ~~on~~ the other side of paradise F. Scott Fitzgerald is at the great Ritz Bar in the sky enjoying his vindication.

M. J. B.

3. Scottie's revisions on Brucoli's afterword.



3. Dust jacket.

The Romantic Egotists
 21 Feb 1974
 597 Fifth Ave
 2575 11/13 QPK

3. Tentative title agreement, initialed by editors.

Martin

People have often asked me--sometimes almost reproachfully--why I haven't written more about my parents. The answer is very simple: I'd be a big disappointment if I did. The highs and lows of their short, dramatic lives have been examined under so many microscopes (including some pretty inaccurate ones) that I can't distinguish any longer between memories and what I read somewhere. I was much too young to do more than curtsy to Hemingway, Wolfe, Gertrude Stein, and other literary greats my parents came to know in Paris but seldom saw in later years; and, as is ^{altogether} abundantly demonstrated on these pages, my childhood was that of a most pampered and petted doll. I remember being punished only once, for what misdemeanor I don't ^{know}, and being sent to my room for the day without books or toys, a most ^{cataclysmic} ~~serious~~ deprivation. After a few hours my father tiptoed in to see how I was and caught me reading under the covers: a very popular French children's book called Jean Qui Grogne Et Jean Qui Rit. Instead of delivering the ^{threatened} ~~deserved~~ spanking, he got so intrigued with the book ^{illustrations} that I had to spend the rest of the afternoon reading it aloud to him in English. So much for the sort of reminiscences I would be able to contribute to literary scholarship.

The contents of my head must have come to resemble a doll's, too, for when the serious troubles came later, I was so enmeshed in the warm and hospitable cocoon that was pre-World War II Baltimore, a veritable paradise for teenagers, that I'm embarrassed to admit I was largely unaware of them. By the time I finally grew up enough to think of life as something other than a chain of Hot Fudge ^{sundaes} Daddy was in Hollywood and our communication was largely epistolary; ^{we} ^{have} included samples of what I regarded then to be unnecessary parental bombardment. And so for me, collaborating on this book has been a

And that's
the end
of the
book

3. First page of revised typescript for Scottie's introduction.

Sheilah received the equivalent of a college education in the areas Fitz-
~~Fitzgerald's~~ ^{His} ~~inattentive years at Princeton had left~~
 gerald chose to survey. [^] ~~There were~~ gaps in Fitzgerald's own education, based

~~on inattentive years at Princeton,~~ and ^{in the fields of} ~~his~~ music and art he was as much

co-pupil as teacher. Nevertheless, the program worked because he was an

enthusiastic tutor with a student who was eager to learn. The "College of

One" consumed a good deal of Fitzgerald's time, but he enjoyed it. All

of his life he had tried to improve proteges. With Scottie out of reach

at Vassar, Sheilah provided the perfect outlet for his Pygmalion compulsion.

~~But~~ Scottie did not entirely escape her father's pedagogy, ^{and he} ~~he~~ sent her

reading lists and quizzes. With his curious bookkeeping system he gave

her an allowance of \$13.85 a week; ^{she extracted the checks and}
^{put the rest in a bureau drawer marked, "Daddy's Letters", determined}
^{to live her own life without her father looking over her shoulder.}
^{so through college} Since Fitzgerald's ^{college} ~~Princeton~~ years had been among the most stimulating

of his life, he wanted to participate in ^{hers} ~~Scottie's Vassar~~ life. Surprisingly,

She respected his judgment and admired his writing style, but in the abstract only. "In the particular, he gave me claustrophobia," she says in retrospect. "Always picking, analyzing, probing... children need to make their own mistakes, not the ones selected for them".

4. Working TS pages for *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur*, improved by Scottie.



Swanson placed him on the list of unavailable writers. During ^{his} ~~this~~ period of recuperation he was considered for Alfred Hitchcock's Rebecca. In May 1939 he informed Ober that he had "blocked out" a 50,000-word novel he could write in three ~~or~~ ^{may have *} four months, which ~~probably~~ meant only that he had a plot for it. He asked Ober to report on the ^{current} short story market, particularly at the Saturday Evening Post. His first work of fiction in 1939 was the rewriting of "Thumbs Up" ^{the Cine War story (?)} that he had owed Collier's since 1937. After rejecting at least two revisions, Kenneth Littauer accepted the version called "The End of Hate" in June 1939 and paid the \$1,000 balance due. During the spring and summer of 1939 Fitzgerald wrote "Design in Plaster," ~~Mike Van Dyke's Christmas Wish~~ (which became "Pat Hobby's Christmas Wish"), "Three Hours Between Planes," and possibly "Last Kiss" and "Director's Special"--all of which were declined by Collier's, where Fitzgerald was

[Matt, did he really submit a Pat Hobby story to anyone but Esquire?]

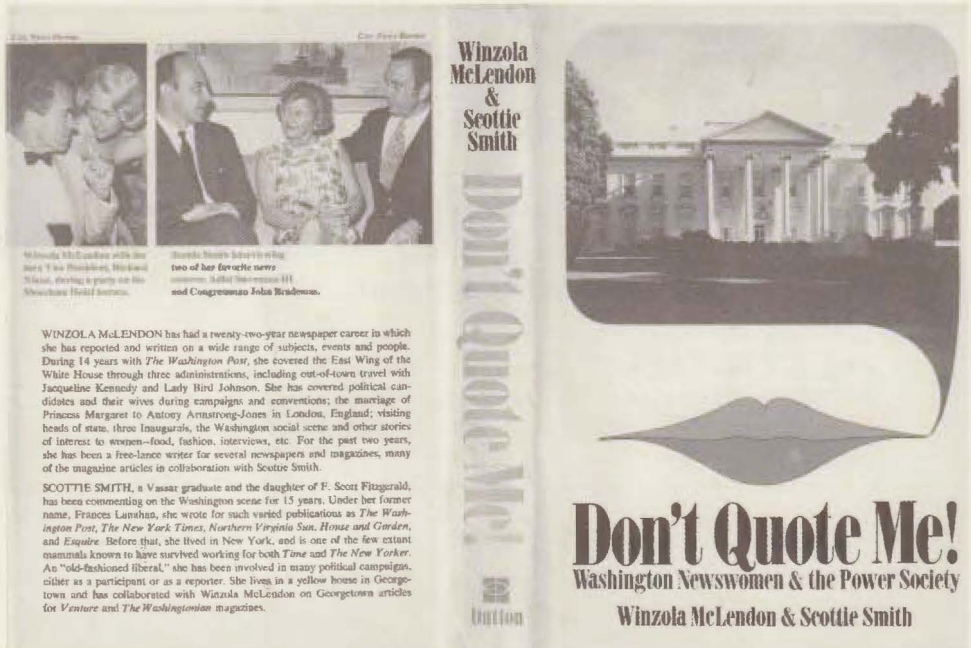
* Again --- Matt -- I am countering the antagonism one sees or hears so often lately to biographers who interpose for the reader rather than allowing him/her to come to a conclusion. You have been good about this so I have jumped at it when you aren't --





Scottie's Other Writings

1. Frances Lanahan, "The Political Woman: Two Phase; The Homesteaders," *Esquire*, 58 (July 1962): 90, 117-119.
2. Frances Lanahan, "Another Kennedy Book, Another Party," *The New York Times* (18 November 1965): 60.
3. "Scott, Ernest, Arnold and Whoever," *Esquire*, 67 (March 1967): 159. Humorous letter to the editor correcting Arnold Gingrich's description of her as "supremely normal."
4. Winzola McLendon and Scottie Smith, *Don't Quote Me: Washington Newswomen and the Power Society* (New York: Dutton, 1970). The only book that resulted from Scottie's long-term involvement with Washington politics and journalism.
5. Scottie Fitzgerald Smith, *The Cat's Whiskers* ["Love, Among Other Things"]. Xeroxed TS for the play first performed at the American College Theater Festival 21, Carolyn Blunt Theatre, Shakespeare Festival, Auburn University, Montgomery, Alabama (30 October 1988). With playbill.



4. Dust jacket for Scottie's 1970 collaboration.





THEATRE AUM
presents
The World Premiere of
Frances Scott Fitzgerald Smith's
THE CAT'S WHISKERS
(LOVE, AMONG OTHER THINGS)

Opening Night
October 20, 1988 - 7:00 p.m.
Theatre AUM

Initial Run
October 21-22 & 27-29, 1988 - 8:00 p.m.
October 30, 1988 - 2:00 p.m.
Theatre AUM

Competition Performance
American College Theater Festival XXI
November 3, 1988 - 10:00 a.m.
Carolyn Blount Theatre
Alabama Shakespeare Festival

5. Program cover and TS page.

LOVE, AMONG OTHER THINGS

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

A fresh, airy living-room, centered around a big window framed with plants, looking over at the lights in the apartment building across the street. The furniture is covered in a bright daisy print, and the general effect is one of informal gaiety.

As the curtain rises, a bridge game is in process; the table is placed at an angle to the stage, and the players are so seated that the two women more or less face the audience. They are VICTORIA HARRIS, the hostess, in sleek yellow pants and dangling earrings -- she looks gold all over -- and PAMELA FORRESTER, in something black to set off the hollow cheeks, glossy hair, and svelte figure of the young New York glamor girl, *Vogue* style.

As to the men, whom we can't really see at first, they are: in their thirties, conservatively dressed, prosperous-looking and bespectacled, the sort of men you'd pick out in any crowd as being "attractive". WESLEY HARRIS, the host, has got his jacket off and his tie loosened; EVERETT BARNES is more formal. When the play begins, the four are intently studying their cards.

VICTORIA: Two diamonds.

PAM: Pass. That's all I ever do -- pass.

EVERETT: Well, stop passing. I don't make peases at you.

PAM: That's not funny, Everett. I haven't had a decent card all night.

EVERETT: That's because you're lucky in love, dear.

PAM (flirtatiously): Lucky in love! This is the first time I've ever even had a date with him, Mrs. Harris.

VICTORIA: Armies of women have been satisfied with less than that, haven't they, Everett?

WESLEY: Two no trump.

PAM (to Victoria): Do you think Everett's spoiled, Mrs. Harris?

VICTORIA (patting him affectionately): Of course. It's surprising he's as tolerable as he is.



Scottie and the Matthew J. & Arlyn Bruccoli Collection of F. Scott Fitzgerald

Thomas Cooper Library,
University of South Carolina

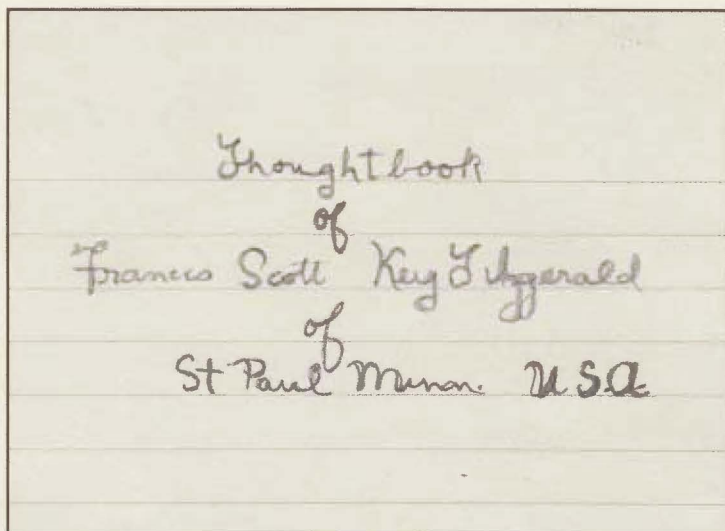
These are some of the books and manuscripts Scottie presented to the Bruccolis for their collection.

1. "Thoughtbook of Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald of St. Paul Minn. USA." Twelve disbound notebook leaves. Autobiographical observations made by Fitzgerald ca. 1906. With published facsimile (Princeton: Princeton University Library, 1965).
2. Fitzgerald's Newman School medals: "FIELD DAY JUNIOR 1912"; "ELOCUTION PRIZE SENIOR 1913."
3. Fitzgerald, Ledger, divided into five sections. With published facsimile (Washington, D. C.: Bruccoli Clark/NCR, 1972).
4. James Joyce, *Ulysses* (Paris: Shakespeare and Company, 1922). First edition, rebound; number 890 of 1,000 copies. With Joyce's 1928 letter pasted on free front endpaper. Joyce's reference to himself as "pusillanimous" probably refers to his distress when Fitzgerald offered to jump out of the window as a gesture of admiration during a dinner for Joyce.
With *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (London: Cape, 1926). Fifth impression (1926), signed and dated by Joyce. This is the copy noted in Joyce's letter to Fitzgerald.
5. H.L. Mencken, *Prejudices, Second Series* (New York: Knopf, 1920). Inscribed by HLM for Fitzgerald. With Scottie's card accompanying *Prejudices, Fourth Series* from Fitzgerald's library.
6. T.S. Eliot, *Ash-Wednesday* (London: Faber & Faber, 1930). First printing in dust jacket. Inscribed for Fitzgerald when Eliot lectured at Johns Hopkins in 1933.
7. Fitzgerald's Hollywood notebook, probably started in 1938. Notes for *The Love of the Last Tycoon*.
8. Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (New York: Scribners, 1940). First printing in dust jacket. Inscribed. Fitzgerald responded with a warm congratulatory letter, but he wrote in his notebook that "it is a thoroughly superficial book which has all the profundity of Rebecca" (#2066).

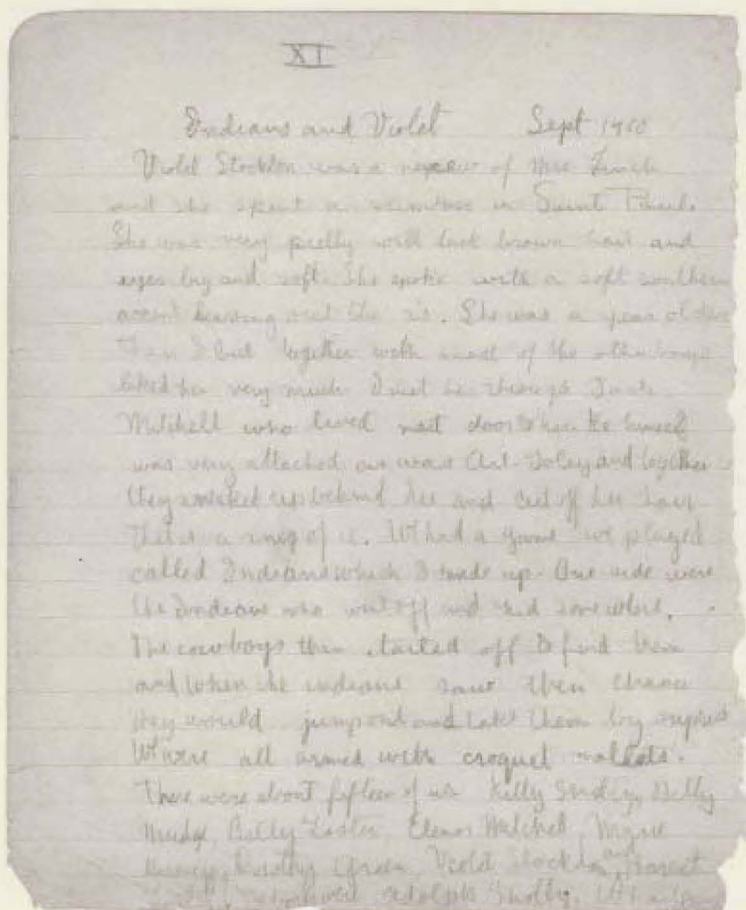


2. Fitzgerald's Newman School medals (back and front).





1. Front cover and leaf for Fitzgerald's "Thoughtbook."



year of Zelda's
nervous and ne-
arly depression.
etc, longings +
murmurs

Twenty-eight years old

179

- Sept. Yvonne leaves. Hard work sets in. Zelda reads Frederick Hudson decides on Rome. Another welcome departure of a friend! Swimming over. On the Plage at night.
- Oct Working at high pressure to finish. Colder. Man at King's Bank. Champagne with Jean. Max & Hotel. Last sight of former. Tearing Club de France.
- Nov Wood of Ashland. Revis. Crossing the border. San Remo, The Mountains, Genoa, Pisa, Carrizo, Orvieto, Rome. Uless Gibson, Hungry, the English lady, Opera, Egyptian, house hunting, The Best Horse and the movies, Maudie's kindergarten, Kathleen Key, St. Pauling with Zelda, Perkins wire, Reynolds, The Beg built, Collatzo
- Dec Hotel des Palmes, dark glasses, throwing water, Osborne, Colette, Coconni, Depression, Paon arrivals (later) Movie party, Hungary, Row in Cafe, Zelda's doll, fire, Kuuus row, Kellys, Reconciliation, Water Wagon. New Grand dance. My nose. The nigger

3. Fitzgerald's Ledger entries for 1924-1925 noting completion of *The Great Gatsby* (November 1924) and first meeting with Hemingway (May 1925).

- and the King.
- Apr. Zelda painting, meditating, Mary Roberts Rinehart, *Quia capri*, Brett Young and the fairy. The Captain too and Mrs. de Kuzie, The boat question, nervous collapse, Sorrento - to Naples, Naples to Marzulli est.
- May. We abandon trip with broken car in Lyon, Zelda's hair dresser, Paris - The Florida, B. Kaufman, Hearnaway, Stanley, Irving and a million Americans. Lyon with Ernest B. King, Stephen. Mad. Boyd. Appointments. Gen. Kleber. Gertrude Stein.
- June. Murphy, Ethel, Teddy Chandler, Funtly, Famous Ritz Party, Bob Standly, Noel, The Wynans, Mary Kay, 1000 parties and no work. Edith Wharton. Parkington



	1
<u>Contents</u>	
Record of Published Fiction; Novels, Plays, Stories (Not including unpaid-for juveniles)	Page 2
Record of Other Published Work, Paid for	101
Earnings by years	51
Genealogical Table Tol & Co	two 143
Autobiographical Chart	151

3. Page from Fitzgerald's Ledger.

To Scott Fitzgerald
James Joyce
Paris
11.7.28

4. James Joyce's inscription in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

2, SQUARE ROBIAC
108, RUE DE GRENELLE

Dear Mr Fitzgerald - Here with is
the book you gave me to read and
I am writing a portrait of the artist
as a once young man with the
thanks of your much obliged but
not particularly good friend.
11.7.28
James Joyce

4. James Joyce's note pasted in Fitzgerald's copy of *Ulysses*.

FOR MJB:
SANTA CLAUS
WHISPERED THAT
YOU MIGHT LIKE
THIS ~~~~~

5. H.L. Mencken, *Prejudices, Second Series*, inscribed for Fitzgerald. With Scottie's card accompanying *Prejudices, Fourth Series* from Fitzgerald's library.

To F. Scott Fitzgerald

with the archiepiscopal
blessings of the
humble brother
in God



1920

+ Himelchen

ASH-WEDNESDAY

BY

T. S. ELIOT

*inscribed to
Scott Fitzgerald
with the author's homage
T.S. Eliot
3. ii. 33*

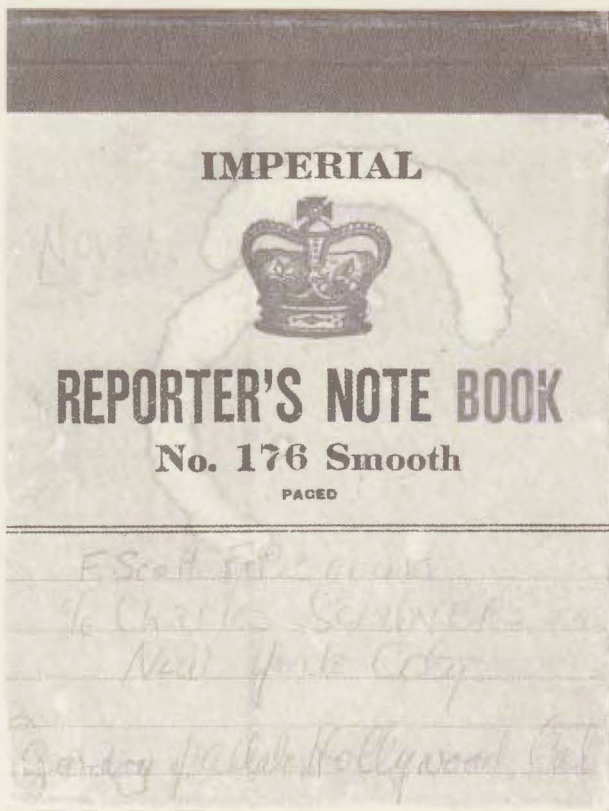
LONDON
FABER & FABER LTD.

1930

6. Inscribed title page.

*To Scott with
affection and esteem
Ernest*

8. Inscription from Ernest Hemingway in Fitzgerald's copy of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.



7. Fitzgerald's Hollywood notebook.



Scottie Fitzgerald's Writings on her Parents*

"Princeton and F. Scott Fitzgerald," *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, 100 (1942), 45. Reprinted as "Princeton and My Father."

"Princeton and My Father," *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, 56 (9 March 1956), 8–9. See "Princeton and F. Scott Fitzgerald."

"Fitzgerald as he Really Was," *Washington Post & Times-Herald* (27 April 1958), E7. Review of *Afternoon of an Author*.

"Introduction," pp. 5–11, *Six Tales of the Jazz Age and Other Stories* (New York: Scribners, 1960).

"A Literary Duologue: The Saint and the Sinner," by Scottie Fitzgerald Smith and Lester Cohen, *Esquire*, 54 (December 1960), 104–108. Scottie contributed to this tribute to Harold Ober, in which she commented on Ober and FSF.

"My Father's Letters: Advice Without Consent," *Esquire*, 64 (October 1965), 95–97. Reprinted as introduction to *Letters to his Daughter*.

"Introduction," ix–xvi, *Scott Fitzgerald: Letters to his Daughter*, ed. Andrew Turnbull (New York: Scribners, 1965). Reprint of *Esquire* article.

"Scott, Ernest, Arnold and Whoever," *Esquire*, 67 (March 1967), 159. Not about FSF.

"Ou Sont les Soleils d' Antan? Par Françoise Fijeralde," *F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest M. Hemingway in Paris* (Bloomfield Hills, Mich.: Bruccoli Clark, 1972).

"Foreword," pp xi–xvi. *As Ever, Scott Fitzgerald*, ed. Matthew J. Bruccoli (Philadelphia & New York: Lippincott, 1972).

"Foreword," pp. 1–7. *Bit of Paradise: 21 Uncollected Stories by F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald*, ed. Scottie Fitzgerald Smith and Matthew J. Bruccoli (London: Bodley Head, 1973; New York: Scribners 1973).

"Christmas As Big As The Ritz," 7–8. *Washington Post/Potomac* (23 December 1973).

"Notes About my Now-Famous Father," *Family Circle*, 84 (May 1974), 118, 120.

"Foreword," *Zelda: Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald Retrospective*, ed. Scottie Fitzgerald Smith and Edward Patillo (Montgomery: Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts, 1974). Reprinted as foreword to *Zelda Fitzgerald: The Collected Writings* (1991).

"Introduction," ix–x, *The Romantic Egoists: A Pictorial Autobiography from the Scrapbooks and Albums of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald*, ed. Scottie Fitzgerald Smith, Matthew J. Bruccoli, and Joan P. Kerr (New York: Scribners, 1974).

"Mia Is the Daisy Father Had in Mind," *People*, 1 (4 March 1974), 34.

"The Maryland Ancestors of Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 78 (Fall 1978), 217–228.

"The Colonial Ancestors of Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 76 (December 1981), 363–375; reprinted as appendix in *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur: The Life of F. Scott Fitzgerald* by Matthew J. Bruccoli.

Untitled note, p. vi and dust jacket, *Against the Current: As I Remember F. Scott Fitzgerald*, by Frances Kroll Ring (San Francisco: Creative Arts, 1985).

"Foreword," pp. v–vii; *Zelda Fitzgerald: The Collected Writings*, ed. Matthew J. Bruccoli (New York: Scribners, 1991).



UNIVERSITY OF
SOUTH CAROLINA