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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

NOEL RILEY FITCH, who has published several critical articles on American writers in Paris in the Twenties and Thirties, is writing a history of the Shakespeare and Company bookshop (Paris, 1919-1941). She is Professor of Literature at Point Loma College in San Diego.

NATHANIEL BURT '36 is a novelist, poet, composer, and historian who makes his home in Princeton. His most recent books are First Families: The Making of an American Aristocracy and Palaces for the People: A Social History of the American Art Museum.

ROBERT VISCUSI is Assistant Professor of English at Brooklyn College and has completed a doctoral dissertation on the fiction of Max Beerbohm.

DWIGHT THOMAS recently completed his doctoral dissertation, "Poe in Philadelphia, 1838-1844," at the University of Pennsylvania. He is now living in Savannah, Georgia.
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Voyage to Ithaca:
William Carlos Williams in Paris*

BY NOEL RILEY FITCH

The siren song of Paris and her presiding goddesses Gertrude Stein and Sylvia Beach proved irresistible to wandering American writers on their literary odysseys during the twenties. For some the attraction was fatal; for others restorative. They came to visit Gertrude Stein in the rue de Fleurus; to talk to Ezra Pound and Ford Madox Ford, who might help them place their work in a little review; and to glimpse James Joyce at his publishers, the Shakespeare and Company bookshop at 12 rue de l’Odéon. Paris was the center of creative ferment in letters, painting, and music. Almost all, with few notable exceptions such as Wallace Stevens, at some time booked passage to Paris and its literary influence and freedom. Stein arrived in 1903 and remained; Hemingway stayed for six years and Pound for four; Sherwood Anderson, E. E. Cummings, and William Carlos Williams made visits of only a few weeks.

Williams’s name appears in all the indexes of the literary histories and memoirs of Paris between the wars. But these references are chiefly to his publications by the little magazines and presses, well documented in Hugh Ford’s Published in Paris and Emily Wallace’s Bibliography of William Carlos Williams. Almost no interest has been taken in Williams’s response to, and reception in, Paris. Williams wrote in Rutherford, New Jersey, but Rutherford was not listening. He published and was distributed in Paris. As Hugh Kenner suggests, “in Rutherford he might as well have lived in Paris.” But he deliberately chose his hometown, a choice

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* Previously unpublished material by William Carlos Williams, including letters, copyright © 1979 by The Estate of Florence H. Williams. Published by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation.

which reflected both personal experiences and his literary theory. He made only two literary trips to Paris. For many decades, however, he was a loyal friend of many Americans there, particularly of Sylvia Beach, who operated the Shakespeare and Company bookshop. Williams's career as a doctor—he was the leading pediatrician of Rutherford—prevented sustained or frequent trips to Europe. But his second career, as author, impelled him to take two leaves of absence—his only leaves from medical practice—and to go abroad in 1924 and 1927. His ambivalent response to Paris during these two trips, manifested in subsequent works, is a study in miniature of the fascination of American writers with Paris.

These voyages were not Williams's first trips to the city of light. As an adolescent he had studied French in Paris where he had relatives. And in 1910 he visited Paris again after studying medicine in Leipzig. Ezra Pound, whom he had met at the University of Pennsylvania when they were both students there, had set sail for England only six months earlier. He had written to Williams urging him to "come across and broaden your mind."2 They met for a week in London in March of 1910.

Pound also encouraged Williams's next trip, his first literary pilgrimage. Williams was practicing medicine in Rutherford and working with Robert McAlmon in New York on the publishing of Contact, their literary journal. Pound urged him to take a year off, or at least six months, and not be afraid to leave Rutherford. "I think you are suffering from nerve," he taunted. Although busy completing his historical study, In the American Grain, and committed to the "essential contact" between words and the roots of one's American experience—the credo he and McAlmon preached—Williams followed Pound's advice. He sailed on January 9, 1924 for Europe, toward "a strange New World."

When Robert McAlmon took him to the Shakespeare and Company bookshop, the center of Anglo-American literary activities in the twenties, Williams was no stranger to Sylvia Beach, a fellow New Jerseyite. She had written him as early as 1919, when she got his name from the Egoist Press as a possible subscriber to her edition of Ulysses. He had purchased no. 441 of the first printing of Joyce's work in May of 1922.

Williams spent six weeks of his first European literary trip in Paris. During that first visit to Shakespeare and Company he looked in the window for his books. He was not disappointed. In 1922 he had sent Sylvia Beach several copies each of Sour Grapes, Kora in Hell, and Al Que Quieres! According to bookshop records in the Sylvia Beach Collection at Princeton University, his books always sold well and the lending library gave them a wide circulation. From the bookshop, Williams visited Pound again. And he met and became an admirer of Adrienne Monnier, a close friend of Sylvia and the proprietor of La Maison des Amis des Livres, the French bookshop across the street. Sylvia and Adrienne arranged a dinner for Williams with Valéry Larbaud, a French critic and admirer of American literature. They talked of Bolivar and Cotton Mather. And Williams remembered this meeting as the best moment of his six-week trip. Adrienne, with Sylvia's advice, published an all-American issue (March 1926) of her Le Navire d'Argent. In her introductory piece entitled "Letter to Larbaud," she identified Williams as "the best man of letters in the United States at present." The issue carried a portion of Williams's The Great American Novel, his first appearance in French. (Auguste Morel—who had been translating Joyce's Ulysses—was the translator.) Williams also met Ernest Hemingway, the bookshop's best customer, who was working on the transatlantic review while its publisher, Ford Madox Ford, was out of town. Williams and Hemingway played tennis together, attended prizefights, and had dinner at the Hemingways' apartment. There were a number of other writers Williams could have met during this time. According to bookshop records, they include fellow Americans Archibald MacLeish, Lincoln Steffens, Janet Flanner, John Dos Passos and, at the center of the shop's activity, James Joyce, whose Ulysses had been published by Sylvia Beach in 1922. But Williams wished to, and felt he must, return home. He wrote to Kenneth Burke


"If he goes to France, it is not to learn a do re mi fa sol. He goes to see a strange New World." In the American Grain. (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1926), p. 213. All quotations from In the American Grain, Selected Essays, Selected Letters, The Autobiography, and A Voyage to Papenym reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation.

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from Austria: "I have heavy bones, I am afraid—there's little here for me... only America remains[,] where at least I was born."

Following this first trip to Paris he wrote "Père Sebastian Rasles," an essay published in *In the American Grain*, which opens with a tribute to all the personalities of Paris, from Picasso to Adrienne Monnier, and to Paris itself. He had gone to France, he writes, to shed his "nerves" after the "brutalizing battle of twenty years to hear myself above the boilermakers in and about New York." His "antennae" were "fully extended." Yet he found no succor.

Nothing came of it save an awakened realization within myself of that resistant core of nature upon which I had so long been driven for support. I felt myself with arders not released but beaten back, in this center of old-world culture where everyone was tearing his own meat, warily conscious of a newcomer, but wholly without inquisitiveness—No wish to know; they were served.

In frustration he wants to "shout out in the midst of it," to loosen what is holding him back from embracing the vitality of the old-world culture, which he calls "this turning, shouting, rustling, colored thing." But he cannot do it. These opening paragraphs express an ambivalence toward Paris—an ambivalence which was to grow with time.

Three years later he returned to Paris and, of course, to Shakespeare and Company, which he claimed "must always be a calling place for right Americans when they are in Paris." He continues, in a letter written 18 August 1926 (more than six months before sailing for Europe), that he is writing "a kind of novel... a straight account of a man of forty seeing something of Americans in Europe." Although begun before his second trip, *A Voyage to Pagany* reflects the growing conflict in his attitudes toward Paris and toward Americans in Paris.

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7 In the American Grain, p. 105. Later, in *A Voyage to Pagany* (New York: New Directions, 1970), he uses one of these images again when he states that a trip to Europe is an "opportunity to shed the nerves" (p. 14).
8 Letter to Ezra Pound, *Selected Letters*, p. 69. During the spring before this second voyage Williams flirted with the idea of opening a small bookshop in New York City.
9 This and the unpublished letters following are in the Sylvia Beach Collection, Princeton University Library.
On this trip the Williamses brought their sons, who were to have a year's study abroad as their father and uncle had had. The boys fell in love with Sylvia and her dog Teddy. In a Citroën which she and Adrienne had recently purchased, Sylvia took the family—who thought her a "demon driver"—to Versailles for a day's outing. Williams also attended several literary dinners, with a group that usually included Sylvia, Adrienne, Bryher (Winifred Ellerman), McAlmon, and H. D. (Hilda Doolittle). He went to a concert by the New Jersey composer, George Antheil; dined again on Adrienne's famous roast chicken; and continued to meet fellow artists. An important French writer he met at this time was Philippe Soupault, the Dadaist, whose *Last Nights of Paris* appeared the following year. With his mother, who spoke French well, Williams translated Soupault's book soon after it was published.

In Paris, Williams also read Joyce's *Work in Progress*, which was appearing in *transition*. He praised it in an essay that was undoubtedly a response to a private criticism by Pound, who labeled *Work in Progress* "backwash." When Sylvia later asked Williams if she could publish his piece in her collection of essays, *Our Examinations Round His Facification for Incamation of Work in Progress*, he agreed immediately: "Use my bit about Joyce's work and welcome" (4 November 1928). Six months later, in a June 8 letter to Sylvia, he praises their efforts to defend Joyce's *Work in Progress*:

... I am tremendously stimulated by this new book [Our Examinations] about Joyce. I see it as another stroke against the bulwark of literary intolerance and veritable stupidity which is holding back an unsuspected ocean. God how I do see it and how powerless and prone I feel myself. But not always. I'd rather be engaged in this momentous undertaking (it hasn't even a name) than to have all there is else in the world.

Williams is paradigmatic among the visitors to Shakespeare and Company because he exemplifies the divergent views concerning what has been called "expatriation." Initially he violently debunked America, a stance epitomized by Harold Stern's *Civiliza-

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tion of the United States. Bryher, the English novelist and by then the ex-wife of his good friend Bob McAlmon, remembers that Williams "denounced the States in stronger terms than his fellows." She remembers that he was outspoken in his "hatred of his native land" and made "inquiries about what he would have to do before" practicing medicine in Europe.11 Some of this hostility appears in the early portion of his novel, A Voyage to Pagany, when "Dev" Evans, the hero of the novel, refers to the "washed-out soul of his own country." Williams says, "A fury always made Evans' head swell with blood when he thought of the U.S." Evans prefers "syphilitic" Vienna on the one hand to the "caponized athlete [America] on the other."12 Earlier, Williams had made a similar contrast between America—the "virginal young woman"—and Paris. In "Sample Prose Piece: The Three Letters," a sketch published in Contact, his impressionable young artist (Evans Dionysius Evans) sees a bold and experienced but syphilitic woman as representative of Europe: the "reek" of her body separated "her forever from the clean muslin souls of Yankëedom... there she lived with three dogs... and a barrier of filth and refuse against the spoiling grey bath of Methodist-Episcopal sunlight."13

This hostility toward America stemmed both from his hatred of American Puritanism and his love of France. Williams's love began in his youth; his mother had studied French painting in Paris and often spoke of France as her lost Eden. He was one of the few American visitors who could speak French. He loved the language and the food and the flowers. Although Williams denied any French literary influences—asserting he had not read one modern French poem—he acknowledged being "influenced by French painting and the French spirit, which, through my mother, is partly my own."14 This spirit he admired was the openness of the French—their recognition of artistic talent and their sexual freedom. He expresses this admiration in his essay entitled "A Matisse." He comments on Matisse's painting of a nude woman "lying on the French grass" (The Blue Nude, 1907), on display

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12 Voyage to Pagany, pp. 157, 158, 159. Williams was writing A Voyage to Pagany while he was translating Souppault's Last Nights of Paris, which represents a similar view of decadent Paris.
13 4 (Summer 1921), 11.
in a Fifth Avenue gallery: "So she came to America. No man in my country has seen a woman naked and painted her as if he knew anything except that she was naked. No woman in my country is naked except at night."15

The hostility Williams directed against America while in Paris was later muted, and by 1928, when *A Voyage to Pagny* was published, he had turned his critical arrows toward Europe. Several events changed his mind. The first, certainly, was his failure to feel at home in Europe. Although he was both a professional man of Rutherford and a literary figure in Greenwich Village, he felt awkward in the Parisian literary atmosphere which both energized and intimidated him. He was also an older man in a rather young crowd. Forty-four during his second visit, he was 17 years older than George Antheil and 13 years older than Bob McAlmon. Although the age difference was less with Sylvia, who was only four years younger, she looked like a schoolgirl. He was a medical doctor who dressed conservatively, acted older, was considered provincial and middle-class by some of his younger fellow writers.16 Bryher claims that "he was not particularly popular but we tried to help him, this was our code."17 In his *Autobiography*, Williams confirms that he felt "out of place, self-conscious and alone. . . . My clothes were dull, my manners worse. . . . Among the whole crowd of talents about me not a face was open, not even among my own group."18 He quarreled with his closest friend among the crowd, McAlmon. A line from a draft of Sylvia Beach's memoirs indicates that she alone among these Americans may have respected his maturity: Williams "had the rather unusual view that a poet should be self-supporting and [that] society owes him nothing." She also respected his ability to speak French. But unlike Hemingway and Pound and McAlmon, he was a short-term visitor and felt estranged, especially after the literary dinner given him by McAlmon, a party he recalls in both novel and autobiography. The dinner was at the Trianon, Joyce's favorite, an intimate and elegant restaurant at the corner of the boulevard du Montparnasse and the rue de Rennes. With all the literary crowd there—including Joyce, Sylvia Beach, and Ford Madox Ford—they nearly filled the left side of the restaurant. McAlmon gave a speech and sang some songs and everyone drank a great deal. Williams felt "humiliation after [the] stupid speech" he gave in response to McAlmon's welcome. He said he was filled with "contempt for my drunkenness," but he also adds "I saw a France that day which had wholly escaped me before."19

In Paris he was more attendant lord than leading player. And by the time he had returned to Rutherford he was expressing a renewed love of his native land. He speaks of America as "my country that I strive so wildly to possess."20 Despite the Puritans, "his furies," he renewed his call for a native literature. He scorned those who, like Eliot, fled their native country and adopted the European literary tradition. This fear of the influence of European forms was to be used increasingly to attack expatriation.

On the last day of Williams's final trip to Europe, where he was to leave his wife and sons for a year, they had lunch with Adrienne, Sylvia and her mother, and the William Birds. He drove to Cherbourg with Sylvia, who was taking her sister Holly to the S. S. Pennland. They talked of the recent divorce of their mutual friends, Bryher and Robert McAlmon, and of a recent criticism of Williams's Poe section of *In the American Grain*.21 Before bidding him goodbye, Sylvia gave him several books to read on board ship—including Joyce's *Dubliners* and Gogol's *Dead Souls*. During the eight-day voyage to New York, turbulent despite the auspicious name of the ship, Williams read, wrote long and loving letters to his wife Flossie, and spent time with Holly Beach.22 He also began several love poems which were to be part of a new volume of poetry he planned to call *Sacred and Profane*. When they parted in New York he gave Holly a medical certificate for the four Siamese cats she had on board and a poem:

15 *Selected Essays of William Carlos Williams* (New York: Random House, 1954), pp. 50-51. Originally in *Contact*, January 1921. I am indebted to Emily M. Wallace who has established the presence of the painting at the M. de Zayas Gallery, 549 Fifth Avenue, New York City, December 6-25, 1920, immediately before Williams wrote the essay.
16 Conversation with Boski Antheil, 11 February 1978.
17 *The Heart to Arctemis*, p. 218.
21 Laura Riding in "Jamais Plus" (transition 7) argues against Williams's view of Poe as a struggling, heroic figure. He responded to Riding in a letter to the editor in *transition* 10 (January 1928).
22 A full report of this voyage is recorded in his letters to Flossie, *Selected Letters*, pp. 71-79.
There are no perfect lessons—
your writings are the best a sce-
line of misdeeds and
faulty sentences; cause, troubled.
A writer distant from the land
 touched by the things
a nearly silent being that never
seemed to beat yet it bears one
obliquely—to a shore, without
you.

This is the sadness of the sea,
waves like words, are broken
a summer day, lifting and falling
as, I can watch the details
of little atoms, the delicate
perfect forms, the gathered
one piece like another—maybe
there is no hope.
“Portrait of my Friend.” The poem, dated Sept. 30, 1927, S. S. Pennland, was later published with some revisions as the first portion of “Descent of Winter.” “Portrait of my Friend,” in the Sylvia Beach Collection at Princeton, contains minor punctuation differences from the final, published version, which Williams cut for economy. But the most prominent changes were later deletions of more personal lines, probably addressed to Holly. Lines 8-10—
Yet it bears me / Seriously—to a shore but without / you / were suppressed in the published poem. And “for you” of line 18 is crossed out in the 1927 version of the poem. The poem—the first section of which appears here—was first published by Pound in The Exile (1928) and then in Williams’s Complete Collected Poems (1958).

The Descent of Winter

9/30

There are no perfect waves—
Your writings are a sea
full of misspellings and
faulty sentences. Level. Troubled

A center distant from the land
touched by the wings
of nearly silent birds
that never seem to rest—

This is the sadness of the sea
waves like words, all broken—
a sameness of lifting and falling mood.

I lean watching the detail
of brittle crest, the delicate
imperfect foam, yellow weed
one piece like another—

There is no hope—if not a coral
island slowly forming
to wait for birds to drop
the seeds will make it inhabitable

During this stormy Atlantic crossing Williams continued to work on his novel, A Voyage to Pagany, a thinly disguised account of his trips to Paris. The narrative line follows his 1924 trip, yet the attitudes toward Paris and America derive from the 1927 trip as well. Although he had warned Sylvia in a letter not to “fall into the usual confusion” of “imagining that the hero is myself,” he admits that “it is a kind of shallow dream in which I sometimes act a part.” The ambivalent attitude toward Paris of the protagonist clearly reveals Williams’s own and was to reecho in the Autobiography. When studied with his letters and the Autobiography, the novel provides an excellent record of Williams’s views of the artist-in-exile.

Dedicated to “the first of us all,” Ezra Pound, A Voyage to Pagany dramatizes an American’s encounter with Europe and that tension between America and Pagany (an old Roman term for Europe). The responses to Europe of “Dev” Evans, the doctor–writer protagonist, must certainly duplicate those of many travelers in the twenties. Full of romantic self-indulgence, his responses move from enthusiasm (“à Paris, à Paris, à Paris!”) to fear and escape. Williams uses images of flight in portraying Evans’s movements from Carcassonne to Rome and Switzerland.

Evans’s opening responses to Paris are full of exhilaration. Using images of penetration, Williams sends Evans’s train flying into Paris, a city described as a woman waiting for her lover. The lover “must come of machines, he must break through.” Evans is that lover in the heart of the machine. (In May of 1927 Lindbergh had arrived in a flying machine and captured the heart of Paris.) Paris is “the beloved of men,” charming, serious; it “kept secrets and it offered its understanding.” Yet he hates the “frivolity” created by the Americans.24

Certainly some of Evans’s ambivalence toward Paris arises from his own fear of inadequacy. At a literary dinner (a fictional version of the ill-fated Trianon party) Evans fears that he cannot handle himself and watches Jack Murray (Robert McAlmon) watching him. Evans, the physician and author, is afraid he will get drunk, which he does, and be rejected; he makes a “stupid” speech and suffers embarrassment; he denigrates his writing, considering himself not worthy.25

23 Voyage to Pagany, p. 9. The line could be a parody of the end of Berlioz’s opera The Trojans or of Zola’s novel Nana.

24 Ibid., pp. 13-14, 235. He loved an earlier Paris, his mother’s “lost Eden.”

Evans concludes that he is “not of this club,” for Europe threatens the loss of his American identity. Thus the novel, which begins with the rejection of America—with its infuriating puritanism and “washed-out soul”—ends with a rejection of Europe. He leaves Bess, the sister who represents the incestuous tug or lure of Paris. Hoping that “art is a country by itself,” he returns to America: “Europe is poison to us Americans—delicious—distressing.”

This conclusion is a restatement of Williams’s belief, expressed several years earlier in *The Great American Novel*, that Europe is “our enemy.” He assumed, perhaps mistakenly, that living in Paris cut off the influence from one’s own society:

We must acknowledge to ourselves that the origin of the new is society, that each society not only originates but fertilizes its whole life, of a piece. . . . If man in his fatuous dreams cuts himself off from that supplying female [society], he dries up his sources—as Pound did in the end heading straight for literary sterility.  

Williams’s antipathy for Paris, which was to culminate in the *Autobiography*, came largely from a sense of literary betrayal by Eliot, and to a lesser extent by Pound, whom he called in the preface to the 1920 edition of *Kora in Hell*, “the best enemy United States verse has.” In his well-known response to *The Waste Land*, he asserts that it set American poets back twenty years and that “our brave sallies into the unknown were turned to dust.” *The Waste Land* was, in his words, “the great catastrophe to our letters” for it “gave the poem back to the academics.”

Williams reconfirms his attraction to Paris two decades later. But he warns that its influence is misleading:

Not that I am not and we are not envious of Paris. Of you in Paris. But what we should learn there would have to go through a convulsion before we could utilize it—what we should enjoy there needs no schooling in the arts. It is all a one sided transaction when an American would deal with the French.  

In spite of the published hostility toward the lure of Europe, Williams was clearly influenced by the Paris scene. Hugh Kenner asserts that the influence was mutual: “Williams was the best theorist the Paris decade had.”  

Williams’s letters to Sylvia Beach tell how Paris quickened his creativity. Upon his return from the second trip abroad, he expresses gratitude for his reception, adding: “When I am there I scarcely know what to think of myself so many generous words are spent on me. I come away so stimulated that I write and write . . . it opens me up as does nothing else I can imagine” (6 October 1927). Other letters to Sylvia, only one of which has been published, document his persistent involvement in the Paris scene. He writes about Robert McAlmon:

I like Bob as you know and find an excellent quality in his work which it is my pleasure to fight for. But naturally if he will not conserve his gift it is going to be wasted. (6 October 1927)

of George Antheil:

I was glad to send the check for George. . . . Such rare spirits as he should never lack for at best the bare necessities of existence. (24 June 1928)

and of James Joyce:

That’s bad news about Joyce’s eyes. If there were anything to say, medically speaking, God knows I should have said it long since. Without question he is getting the best advice available in Paris. (4 November 1928)

Am I presuming in asking you to use your influence with Joyce to have him join us in the forthcoming Imagist Anthology? (25 June 1929)

Williams was interested both in the bookshop activities and in his own standing among the Paris literati. In one letter he sent a snapshot of himself to replace on Sylvia’s wall the Man Ray photograph he had so disliked. And he asked her advice on several of his manuscripts:

Under separate cover I am sending you a fifty page novelette which I did in January, during the epidemic, to quiet me late

24 Ibid., p. 240; p. 157; pp. 231, 249.


27 6 May 1949.

28 The *Pound Era*, p. 387.

at night so that I could go to sleep. . . . Will you read it please and if you think it worth while please give it to Eugene Jolas or Robert Sage for Transition? (10 April 1929)

She arranged for "A Novelette" to be published in transition and tried to get the Black Sun Press to publish it in book form. She sold his books, circulated his manuscripts, and found him publishers. Their infrequent letters after 1930 contain lingering devotion, for Sylvia remained his principal, perhaps only, contact with Paris. In an April 1937 letter he speaks fondly of Paris, of Adrienne's chicken dinners, and of French wines: "At times I am convinced that I shall never know such experiences again."

When Williams's Autobiography appeared in 1950, the reaction of his friends from the Paris days ranged from private disappointment to public hostility. He describes a party at Natalie Barney's salon, where women were "sneaking off together into a side room while casting surreptitious glances about them," and he tells of a man shaking "his tool" at lesbians dancing gaily past. He also tells a story about Adrienne Monnier biting Bob McAlmon's lip. Sylvia, H. D., Bryher, and others were offended by his vulgarity as well as by his account of the marriage and divorce of Bryher and Robert McAlmon. They exchanged letters concerning his autobiography and the possibility of a lawsuit. Bryher, on the advice of her lawyers, abandoned plans for legal action but later regretted taking their advice. Even McAlmon, the hero of Williams's Autobiography, granted the falsifications. Sylvia is described as "manishly dressed" and "violently drawn" to the earthy Adrienne Monnier. Sylvia, who had served unofficially as his Paris agent, was hurt, and in an early version of her memoirs states that she does not like his "pregnant mother stories nor [the] autobiographical sneers and bile of later years." Bryher was angry at the "inaccurate and derogatory statements of myself and my friends"—particularly Adrienne Monnier: "I can forgive many things but not the person who turns on the people from whom he has both asked and accepted help." There were no letters between Williams and Sylvia Beach after 1949. Both were busy during the next decade with their "official" literary activities. Sylvia—on 6 October 1962—preceded Williams in death by only five months.

Although she was not one of the "determined women" whom Williams said "governed my fate," Sylvia helped him publish his books and sold them in Europe. His portrait of her in the Autobiography contrasts with the warmth of his letters. Certainly his harsh words about the Americans in Paris, if harsh they be, were uttered in the context of his recurring criticism of the artist-in-exile and with his typical salty frankness. His hostility was less toward Paris or France than toward the Americans who fled there. He had not been accepted by them. Paris did not need him, as America did. And most importantly, Paris, representing the artistic pull of Europe, threatened the development of fresh American forms. France was the "rival" of poetic invention. Yet Williams loved the French respect for artistic talent and the Gallic spirit, which he called his own.

In his ambivalence toward Paris, Williams did not take the course that Hemingway chose. The latter went to Paris to gain perspective on America, studied with Pound and Stein, and learned from the works of Turgeniev and Cézanne; yet he retained, even developed his distinctively American idiom and subject matter. Williams—disappointed in Pound's and Eliot's absorption in the European literary tradition—saw Europe and exile as a threat to the new American literature. He studied Pound and Stein and the French painters—as his essays attest—but he did so in the United States, in his own land. For "the local," he declares in "French Painting" (1928), "in a full sense the freeing agency to all thought." The persistence and integrity of Williams's commitment to an American idiom and tradition was not provincial chauvinism, he insists, but his means of maintaining his own individuality as a writer and developing fresh poetic idioms and forms.

29 The opening line of his biographical tribute to his mother, Yes, Mrs. Williams (New York: McDowell, Obolensky, 1950).
Recent literary history has romanticized the artist-in-exile. Yet recent American poetry—which will continue to feel the pull of contraries between the influences of Williams and Eliot, between American idiom and the European tradition—has affirmed Williams's position. A writer must know and write about his own land. Seldom does Williams say it more clearly than in a letter to his old friend and adversary.

Dear Ezra, Fer the luv of God snap out of it! I'm no more sentimental about "murika" than Li Po was about China or Shakespeare about Ymglan or any damned Frog about Paris. I know as well as you do that there's nothing sacred about any land. But I also know (as you do also) that there's no taboo effective against any land, and where I live is no more a "province" than I make it. To hell with youse. I ain't tryin' to be an international figure. All I care about is to write.\(^{39, 35}\) March 1933, Selected Letters, pp. 159-140.

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The Princeton Novel: 1920-1978

BY NATHANIEL BURT

In 1967 there was an instructive and entertaining exhibition in the Princeton University Library which canvassed the whole field of Princeton's literary entanglement, town and gown.\(^1\) Fiction, poetry, and drama written in Princeton from Benjamin Prime's poetry in the mid-18th century to the novels of Fletcher Knebel in the mid-1960s demonstrated an almost bizarre narrative diversity that ranged from Upton Sinclair's The Jungle, Hermann Broch's Death of Virgil and T. S. Eliot's The Cocktail Party to the fictions of Tarkington, Fitzgerald, and O'Hara.

The wide focus of that effort has been narrowed here not only to the novel but to those novels published from 1910 onward which use Princeton, town and/or gown, as background. Sometimes Princeton provides the principal setting. Sometimes just a short Princeton scene intrudes. Some of the books are still recognized as "Princeton novels" in one way or another, some have only a slight connection with the place. Many of the novels are by former students at the University, but many are not. Nearly all of them, however, are by people who live or have lived in Princeton; most of them at least indicate the presence of a college in the background; but not all of them are primarily concerned with collegiate life. I would not dare to pretend to have completely covered even this limited field, but my selections I hope are representative.

In general, one can distinguish three different sorts of set-in-Princeton tales: the Undergraduate Novel, the Faculty Novel, and the Town Novel. There even seems to be a rough chronological division. The Undergraduate Novel flourished, if that is the proper word, from the twenties through the fifties, the Faculty Novel in the sixties, and the Town Novel in the seventies, with inevitable exceptions. The specimens are so comparatively few that it would be dangerous to generalize, but perhaps the rise of the

I owe a particular debt to the late Halsey Thomas whose notes furnished me with invaluable material and to John D. Davies '41 who led me to the work of John O. Lyons and gave me innumerable leads and suggestions.

Town Novel at the expense of the Undergraduate Novel may be equated with the increase in the size of the town at the expense of the University.

David H. Blair '40 in the Princeton Alumni Weekly wrote of the Princeton man as fictional protagonist. This casts a wider net than I do, but the subject is a close relative of my first category, the Undergraduate Novel. In most of this group of novels the biography of the hero-as-Princetonian justifies some account of his undergraduate years. The experience of his freshman to senior years—of sports, clubs, organizations, sexual escapades—is presented as crucial to the hero's later development. The glamour and conformist pressures of an earlier undergraduate Princeton dominate the story. The faculty remains a footnote. The town barely exists except as an excuse for occasional expeditions.

It is unfortunate for my purposes that even in this tiny area, the depiction of undergraduate life, the most vivid sources are not the novels. Two autobiographical works of native son Thomas S. Matthews, Class of 1922, the memoirs of Charles Godfrey Leland, Class of 1845, or numerous manuscript undergraduate diaries provide more realistic detail than do the novels. Even in the fictional genre, short stories are chronologically earlier on the scene with Jesse Lynch Williams '92 and his series of sketches of a vanished world of elaborate rituals and oppressed freshmen. The tradition carries on in the stories of Edgar Day '25 and his In Princeton Town (1929).

However, the two earliest Princeton undergraduate novels antedate Williams, or indeed almost anybody. The first is Father Bombo's Pilgrimage to Mecca written jointly by Philip Freneau and Hugh Henry Brackenridge of the distinguished Class of 1771 while they were undergraduates living in Nassau Hall. This effort lays a fairly sturdy claim to being America's very first novel. Though one can hardly say it is "set against a Princeton background," it can be properly interpreted only in reference to the world of the 18th-century College of New Jersey. The bitter paper wars between the Whig and Cliosophic literary and political so-

cieties inspired the novel, and the "antique and famous castle" from which the ruffian Bombo sets forth on his wanderings is to be understood as the first fictional mention of Princeton, however obscure and brief.

The mention in James Fenimore Cooper's Satanstoe is hardly more full. His hero, Cornelius Littlepage, is, however, a Princeton graduate, and the author gives scanty reference to his college years. More amusing than the descriptions of college life are the boy's father's reasons for sending him to New Jersey. There were two possible choices for a resident of the New York area in the mid-18th century where the novel is laid. Harvard was out of the question as being too far away. Yale (Cooper's own alma mater) was seriously considered, but dismissed. The religious atmosphere was oppressive, and the Connecticut accent was barbarous ("ruf" for "roof"). New Jersey's accent was evidently preferable; and the trip to Newark was convenient, despite the dangerous ferry ride across the New York harbor. "I have no intention of taking the reader with me through college," says our hero; and he in fact does little more than sketch the curriculum: the New Testament in Greek, Cicero, "every line of Horace," some other Latin authors, a smattering of geography, mathematics, and the use of a telescope to sight the moons of Jupiter. However, his "college years were very happy ones," and he graduates in 1755, just before the removal of the college to the town of Princeton.

Much later comes the little meringue called Cherry by that archconfectioner, Booth Tarkington '93. The book is dedicated to his Princeton class, and has a brief vignette of undergraduate life. Both protagonists, the pedantic narrator and the gamesome hero, are students at Nassau Hall in 1767. The narrator writes disapprovingly of college life: "On late afternoons, when . . . the idler spirits might have been observed playing at toss behind the imposing pile of Nassau, the more dissolute were risking the tutor's detection at pitch-the-penny in their chambers." But there is little else that reflects undergraduate life in general.

There are other early novels with Princeton connections: Master William Mitten, or a Youth of Brilliant Talents who was Ruined by Bad Luck (1818), the production of a Yale alumnus, Augustus B. Longstreet, and Once (1868) by S. William Hage-

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man. Princetonian (1896) by James Barnes '91 is taken more seriously by those who know it. I have, however, concentrated on the 20th century.

For my purposes the Princeton novel begins and climaxes with This Side of Paradise by F. Scott Fitzgerald '17. There can be little question of this being the Princeton novel; or indeed probably the college novel. No other American writer has been so umbilically bound to an alma mater as Fitzgerald, and this is the work that binds him. All subsequent Princeton undergraduate novels show traces of his passing. It would be difficult to assess the influence of Fitzgerald the person and Fitzgerald the writer on Princeton. Both undergraduate attitudes and outside critical estimates have been heavily biased by both. This Side of Paradise made him famous, established the Jazz Age, crystallized a whole Princeton mythology even though it is certainly not Fitzgerald's best novel, or indeed a very good novel. Fitzgerald would not have survived because of it. Yet it is the only one of all the Princeton novels that shows real signs of such survival. It certainly is the only one—the first and the last—that can be called "famous." It is also the only one of Fitzgerald's novels with obvious Princeton connections.

A large section of the book, 100 pages out of little more than 250, is devoted to the hero's college career. It is certainly at once the most real and the most romanticized part of the book. The later papier mâché romances with examples of emergent flapperism may have been thrilling to the youth in 1920, and shocking to their elders, but it is the college section that now seems brilliant in flashes and of interest to a historian of Princeton University.

Unlike Satanstoe, Paradise describes everything in college life except the curriculum. This is in general a characteristic of all these Princeton novels—a concentration not on the studies, which are the supposed reason for the hero's presence, but on other activities. The key concept in the whole attitude of Fitzgerald and his hero Amory Blaine is "glamour." It is from the very beginning the romance of being a "Princeton man" that charms Amory and that brings him to the place. "I want to go to Princeton," says he. "I don't know why, but I think of all Harvard men as sissies, like I used to be, and all Yale men as wearing big blue sweaters and smoking pipes." On the other hand "I think of Princeton as being lazy and good-looking and aristocratic...you know, like a spring day." The insidious effect of such opinions upon the upperclass youth of the nation would be worth sociological investigation.

Throughout This Side of Paradise, and indeed throughout all the other undergraduate novels, this entwinement of the aristocratic ideal with the physical beauty of the campus, especially in spring, exerts its hypnotic effect. Even the surrounding town and countryside add to the allure. "Amory took to writing poetry on spring afternoons, in the gardens of the big estates near Princeton, while swans made effective atmosphere in the artificial pools, and slow clouds sailed harmoniously above the willows." This evocation of the old Pyne place is one of the few descriptions of a town as opposed to a college landscape in this literature. The campus, with dormitories indicated by name and seen in all seasons, is omnipresent in Fitzgerald. But this is all mere background for the concept of gilded youth, of Princeton princelings involved in sports, of the intense social pressure of the club system with its effects of conformity and cleavage, and of extracurricular activities like the Princetonian, the Lit, the Tiger, and the Triangle Club. The physical beauty of the place, however, saturates the atmosphere. In his valedictory to the campus, Fitzgerald pulls out all the stops. "Good-by Aaron Burr," Amory called toward deserted Nassau Hall. And then, "The last light fades and drifts across the land—the low, long land, the sunny land of spires; the ghosts of evening tune again their lyres and wander singing in a plaintive band down the long corridors of trees."

College life is presented in full in Paradise. Later Princeton novels used only aspects of the panorama. Five novels in particular concentrate on Fitzgeraldian aspects of Princeton. They are in chronological order of publication, Debut (1952) by Livingston L. Biddle, Jr., '40, A Pride of Lions (1954) by John Brooks '42, Tolbecken (1956) by Samuel Shellabarger '09, When the Bough Breaks (1957) by Otis Carney '43 and From the Terrace (1958) by John O'Hara. In four of them the hero's undergraduate years have a determining influence on his later life. In three, an important girl involved as a guest at spring houseparties reacts to seasonal undergraduate exuberance in a variety of ways. In at least

8 F. Scott Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920), p. 27.
9 Paradise, pp. 59, 167, 168.
three the Glamour Boy plays a significant role. In *Tolbecken* he is the villain. In *When the Bough Breaks* he is the hero’s best friend. In *From the Terrace* he is both best friend and opener of the doors of upperclass New York where the hero is to play his part.

The Shellabarger novel concerns undergraduate life well before the First World War. The hero graduates in 1909 and experiences the college at its most traditional—freshman hazing, a full panoply of quaint customs, the total security of the club system. Woodrow Wilson plays a significant role as a challenger of the power of the club. The heroine, a French girl, does not fit into the mores of houseparties. Much is made of graduation and its nostalgic overtones. “In the June darkness, cigarette tips glowed, a match flared occasionally; the paleness of white shirts or flannels outlined the otherwise scarcely visible mass of singers.” Singers on the steps of Nassau Hall sing the familiar “Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors.”10 This particular leitmotif flowers again in Fitzgerald (“Evening after evening the senior singing had drifted over the campus in melancholy beauty”)11 and Brooks (“The nightly senior singing could be heard through Tom’s casement window”).12 In Fitzgerald, not the presence of President Wilson but the influence of the postwar world breaks the pressures of conformity. In Brooks and Carney it is a postwar world, but another war. *Plus ça change*. The hero battles with a post-dominated world of convention, of which the Princeton club system is a part, and escapes to a freer atmosphere; but not without nostalgic backward glances. The five books give a nice picture of change and persistence in a fictional world of circa 1909, 1917, and the early 1940s; all are seen from the perspective of the 1950s. All in various ways reflect the earlier view of Fitzgerald’s *Paradise*.

John O’Hara’s hero, Alfred Eaton, goes to Princeton in 1915 and doesn’t graduate because of his involvement in World War I. He is therefore an exact contemporary of Fitzgerald’s Amory Blaine. The college Eaton goes to, however, sounds more like Shellabarger’s in some ways. For instance, Eaton is cruelly victimized by an incident of sophomore hazing. Otherwise the book shares with all the others an emphasis on clubs, sports, friendships. The contrast, however, between the Princeton of Amory Blaine and Alfred Eaton is startling. The former is awash with poetry and idealisms and disillusion. In the world of Alfred Eaton nobody ever cracks a book (there is one brief mention of Rupert Brooke). Discussion centers on facts: sex, money, class. The motives are always personal, never philosophical. The glamour of being a Princeton man is translated into hard cash.

The hero of *A Pride of Lions*, Tom Osborne, is peculiar in that he is a native of nearby Trenton (East Bank) and the novel (perhaps the only successful novel about Trenton) concerns the city’s decaying aristocracy. The hero goes with his father to reunions, horribly embarrassed by the old man’s antics, and spends an idyllic but chaste spring night with a girl in a boat on Lake Carnegie. In *Livingston Biddle’s Debüt*, the second of his Philadelphia novels, a long chapter describes how the heroine, Alicia, going through the conventional rituals of houseparty weekend—dances at the club, crew races, drinks at the Princeton Inn—comes to realize that her fiancé, a senior named Dick, is not the man for her. Biddle can be profitably compared with Shellabarger and Brooks, particularly in his realistic details.

In *When the Bough Breaks* the friendship and conflict between staid and conformist Bud Floyd and dashing but unstable Alec Deering, torchbearer of the Fitzgerald tradition in the 1940s, is the crux of the book—an attack on the conformity of the 1950s that soon became passé in the 1960s. In all these novels, conformity and rebellion, the dominance of the clubs, and the importance of college friendships are at the core of the plot. The faculty and the life of the town are sometimes touched on, but only briefly. In all the hero is conscious of being from the “provinces” and is exposed for the first time to the sophistications of the urban East Coast, and back of that, Europe. Minnesota urban (Fitzgerald) or rural (Carney), small cities in Pennsylvania (O’Hara), Delaware (Shellabarger), and New Jersey (Brooks) provide this contrast to the freedoms and corruptions of a greater world, and have determining effects on the education of all five heroes.

Other Princeton novels about this period are less specifically undergraduate and Fitzgeraldian. *The Detactable Mountains* by Struthers Burt ’04 foreshadows to some extent later genres. *Town* rather than *gown* is represented by the heroine, who is a local Princeton girl, daughter of a poor family. She is warned by her groundskeeper father to stay away from undergraduates. “You’re a town girl, Merc, . . . and them there . . . young fellers are stood-

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11 *Paradise*, p. 59.
ents. Don’t you never let me catch you mixing with ‘em.” Her fictional high school is a drab place, but the girl realizes a “larger and pleasant life beyond her own experience. After all she saw old grey buildings, and elms in spring, and a great deal of vernal greenness.” As well as “having been brought up where she had been,” she grows up knowing “what money was.” She had spent her childhood “in a place where there was a curious mixture of materialism and idealism; where what money could do for you was obvious on every hand and yet where money, at least on the surface, had come to worship at the feet of a deliberate crusading sort of poverty. Where intellect and the spirit still seemed to have an ascendency, and where class . . . was not altogether concealed by the usual national timidity in the face of facts.”13 This is the Princeton of Woodrow Wilson. The hero’s experience in college also differs. He meets and makes a best friend of a young instructor who has to leave the teaching profession because he refuses to get a doctorate.

A work of fiction that was once the most famous, or notorious, of all such connected with Princeton is the farce She Loves Me Not (1933) by Edward Hope (Coffey) ’20. It became a smash hit on Broadway, in a dramatization by Howard Lindsay, and then a movie. As a novel it is a caricature of the 1920s. Bootleggers, gangsters, flappers, society dames are set against the antique college parietal rules which prohibited, on pain of expulsion, the presence of a girl in a student’s room without a chaperone. The mad doings concern a runaway chorus girl concealed in such a room, and build up into an extravaganza of mistaken identities, car crashes, newspaper headlines, and “true love.” Hardly Fitzgerald, if certainly Jazz Age, and neither romantic nor realistic.

Another sport is The Gang’s All Here (1941) by Harvey Smith ’17. It can’t truly be called a novel, but it is certainly fiction. And certainly Princetonian. It is a spoof of a 25th reunion class book, purporting to print the real truth about members of the class of 1917. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this romp is that it was published by the Princeton University Press, not usually given to this sort of enterprise. It is amusing in a by now old-fashioned way, full of references to clubs and reunions, and presents all sorts of stock-figure Princetonians. It avoids any possible depths to play about in the shallows of easy satire, setting up as glamour boy and ideal the raffish world-rover and adventurer Bert Hormone of Tahiti and points south.

The Big Wheel (1949), an earlier book by John Brooks, has no undergraduate scenes. Instead, it looks forward to the faculty novel. It contains a vivid portrait of a faculty member at tea and in action—very much the sort of acid vignette that dominates the mood of some later faculty novels. The hero goes back to ask advice of a teacher, once idolized, and receives a dusty answer. The portrait is funny but cruel, the identity obvious.

Another early novel also escapes easy classification. A Long Day’s Dying (1950) by Frederick Buechner ’47 cannot be called either an undergraduate or a faculty novel. One of its extended scenes, however, is set in Princeton—again the Princeton of spring romanticism—and concerns both sex and undergraduate glamour. In this case the sex is at the faculty level, and the Princeton prince plays the role of pawn in a devious game of adult revenge. The story has no kinship to the autobiographical mode of many of the other novels mentioned, but the Princeton atmosphere is thoroughly Fitzgeraldian: beautiful youth, dreaming spires, gaiety on weekends, “vernal greenness.”

Two other novels of the late 1950s—this decade seems to be the high tide of the production of Princeton novels—move towards the faculty novel of the 1960s. These are Make My Bed (1957) by Nathaniel Burt ’56 and A Friend in Power (1958) by faculty member Carlos Baker. The first is really more of a town novel, but seen through the eyes of a faculty member. The second is a faculty novel par excellence. Neither novel mentions Princeton, but there can be little question of where the fictionalized college is. In Make My Bed the chief characters, involved in a love triangle, are undergraduates; that is, the glamour boy (villain) and the hero are Princetonians, and the heroine, not at that time eligible for Princeton, is from an unspecified woman’s college. But there is nothing of undergraduate life per se. A cocktail party, dominated by a faculty personage resembling the late Richard Blackmur, takes place at the Project (so-called temporary wartime housing); a concert of modern music is set at Procter Hall in the Graduate College; crew races occur on Lake Carnegie. They are all sufficiently identifiable despite the fact that Princeton is not named.

In A Friend in Power the name of Princeton is not only camouflaged (the fictional college is called Enfield) but even details are deliberately altered. The chapel is Georgian, the president’s house

is a neoclassic pillared edifice nicknamed the Parthenon. The plot of the novel is concerned with the choice of a new occupant for the Parthenon, paralleling the nomination of Robert F. Goheen as president of Princeton. The details and routine of faculty life, classes, committees, conferences, are faithfully and genially presented, but there are no villains and hence a certain tension is missing. And there is no foreshadowing of the disasters of the next decade that made the job of college president such a difficult one. Only the general atmospherics of Princeton, the climate, the faculty meetings and faculty characters, the quality of the then all-male student body, come through.

Faculty novels of the 1960s are something else again. Two novels in particular represent the species. The Party at Cranton (1960) by John W. Aldridge and One Fat Englishman (1963) by Kingsley Amis were written by visiting scholars. Aldridge, a distinguished critic, and Amis, a famous English novelist, here bite the hand that fed them. Both novels are farcically satirical. In the Aldridge book, Princeton as Cranton, though wildly, almost surreally caricatured, is certainly quite recognizable. The book is basically a personal attack on the then enormously influential literary figure, Richard Blackmur, and the scene is basically a faculty party, with flashbacks. No one is spared and though the collection of gargoyles may well be founded on fact, no one would pretend that the sketches, unlike those of Baker, are faithful or genial. The novel suffers from a stylistic difficulty: it contains no dialogue whatsoever. As a result the witty soliloquy becomes oppressive. Such local backgrounds as do occur apart from the party itself are fantastically apochryphal (a dirty nearby river lined with slums in which the characters wade by night). Only the chief Blackmuresque figure really emerges with vigor, a baleful portrait comparable to the one in John Brooks’s Big Wheel of a scholarly Pooh-Bah in full cry. Undergraduates and town folk play no role, but there is an amusing if adventitious précis of Commuter Cranton that certainly has some relevance to the locale if not to the story. “The typical Cranton male ... was a four-martini, two-car man, father of three and a fraction... At home he liked to wear very faded tan gabardines and very scuffed white bucks... He was married to a blonde woman who had once been remarkably pretty but who now looked... like an actress of twenty made up for a middle-aged part... As for automobiles, it could be flatly stated that the only Cadillacs ever seen on the streets of Cranton were ones that were passing through on their way to Tankville [Trenton].”

Unfortunately this digression leads nowhere, and such characters never get to the party at Cranton.

Cranton is mythical enough, but Budweiser, as the college in the Amis book is called, is totally unrecognizable as a Princeton anyone has actually known. It is only identifiable as such because Princeton is where Amis spent his time, and it is at Budweiser where the chief character has come to lecture. The few references to fake Gothic architecture and dark panelled “fraternity” houses might be said to have some slight reference to the real; but otherwise the locale and characters could only be assumed to be derived from some fairly obscure private coeducational college in the Midwest. Since the characters, however, are always going to New York by train from a junction, it must be assumed that Princeton is intended. The horrid “Amurricanism” of the place, as emphasized by inarticulate speech, boisterous bonhomie, spoiled brats, stark new houses, hideous “moderne” interiors and flowerless backyards (“who would bother to plant and tend a rose-bed when he could have a Cadillac delivered in an hour?”), is used to offset the even more horrid Englishness of the protagonist. One Fat Englishman is outrageous fun, but one has to discount it as in any way an honest Princeton novel, much less a faculty novel.

A late example of the faculty novel is Saul Bellow’s Humboldt’s Gift (1975). It has almost no real descriptions of Princeton as a setting, and not much incident, but as the novel from which the author was catapulted to the Nobel Prize it can scarcely be ignored. It is laced with condescending references to the University and contains two explicit portraits, one of Richard Blackmur as Professor Sewel and one of Carlos Baker as Professor Ricketts. They are involved in the protagonist Humboldt’s devious schemes to get himself a chair of poetry at Princeton. Humboldt, of course, is created from the career of Delmore Schwartz, the American poet who, along with Bellow, conducted the creative-writing program during the academic year 1952-53 while Blackmur was a Fulbright lecturer in the Middle East. The obligatory faculty orgy does take place, but offstage. There is no portrayal of it, though at the end of it the host offers to swap wives with the hero,

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all in the tradition of Aldridge and Amis. As for Princeton: “Between noisy Newark and squalid Trenton it was a sanctuary, a zoo, a spa, with its own choochoo and elms and lovely green cages... Maybe what Princeton was not counted for more. It was not the factory or the department store...; it was not the routine job-world.”16 The very end of the novel, too, the “gift” of the mad poet Humboldt, involves references to Princeton. Obviously if a visiting lecturer can’t condescend, he isn’t worthy of his hire.

Whereas the themes of glamour and conformism, romance and tradition loom over the Princeton of most of the Undergraduate Novels like Gothic towers, the Faculty Novel will have none of that. People rather than setting, and the usually acerbic relations between them, including sexual ones, predominate. The town itself does not come any more to the forefront than it does in the undergraduate novels. Undergraduates themselves are missing from Aldridge, but they figure prominently in Amis. In fact Amis is kinder to that species than to any other, which is not very kind. His students, male and female, do not have any peculiarly Princetonian markings.

The Town Novel, in turn or in revenge (most of the authors do not seem to be Princeton graduates), concerns faculty and college very marginally. Three novels could stand as representative of the species. Trespass (1969) by Fletcher Knebel, Garden State (1973) by Julian Moynihan, and Love Feast (1974) by Frederick Buechner ’48 are all a long way from Fitzgerald. Two of them, Trespass and Love Feast, are specifically Princeton. Garden State is camouflaged. Though Princeton may be named in them, neither Trespass nor Love Feast can be called realistic portrayals of town or gown life. They are in their very different ways wild fantasies using Princeton merely as a springboard. Trespass concerns the taking over of a Princeton mansion (definitely located on the Great Road where the actual establishment of Our Lady of Princeton stands) by a group of revolutionary blacks. Soon we are deep into a vast national conspiracy, the efforts of a liberal U.S. president to deal with it, and a cast of thousands, many of them soldiers. In the process the town of Princeton is relegated to the background, but at the beginning the picture of the rich commuting lawyer, his liberal wife, and their expensive establishment is certainly sufficiently close to probability. There


is much actual geographical detail and a snapshot of rebellious students of the 1960s supporting the black revolutionaries with slogans.

Love Feast is even more of a fantasy. Buechner had already deployed his rotund and ungrammatical Christ figure, the extravagant evangelist, Leo Bebb, in two previous novels, so Love Feast is the end of a trilogy, using characters from the previous books. Bebb comes to roost in the house of a solvent but dotty theosophist Princeton matron, and soon Alexander Hall is rocking to orgastic “love feasts” put on by Bebb and followers, and it is all delightfully outrageous and curiously spiritual. Here again there is much real geography—the patroness lives off Bayard Lane, the celebrants of the feasts are a typical cross section of Princetonians—but one can hardly consider it a depiction of real life in town.

The hero of Trespass is a handsome young middle-aged commuter who lives in a handsome house with a handsome wife. If not a four-martini man (he seems to subsist on gin and tonic), he definitely does not drive a Cadillac. He is father not of three and a fraction children but of only two. Under such circumstances naturally life is empty, empty. He has a temporary affair with a black girl, but that doesn’t fill the emptiness. He and his wife are not getting on. The explosions of the plot fill the emptiness all right, and reunite him with his wife. Everyone from the president on down has his say before the tense denouement.

The hero of Garden State is a handsome young middle-aged commuter who lives in a handsome house with a handsome wife. He drinks whisky and has only one child, a pregnant teenager. He does not drive a Cadillac. Under such circumstances naturally life is empty, empty. He has a temporary affair with a black girl, but that doesn’t fill the emptiness. He leaves house and commuting to start a nursery business, but finds that his land is coveted by an octopus, the unscrupulous drug firm that is trying to locate in the area. In real life the drama of the removal of Squibb headquarters to Lawrenceville (not Princeton) had many curious in and outs; but one is not convinced that they bear much relationship to the doings in Garden State. Here the wicked octopus is foiled. In real life, Squibb built a grandiose if not very regionally characteristic ultramodern plant, surrounded by acres of lawn, pond, and woods; ecology would seem to have been well served. In fiction, the villains retire muttering and the explosions of the plot fill the hero’s emptiness and reunite him with his wife. A
jaundiced view of the Princeton (Taylor) reunions and P-Rade (Jo-Rade) is about all one sees of Princeton proper. The rest is largely Lawrenceville (Arborway) and its not so quaint native politicians.

With *Losing People* (1974) by Thomas Baird '45 we are back again with a novel that, like *Make My Bed*, concerns the town seen through faculty spectacles. It is a very private novel, however, concentrating on the dissolution of the Kerenyi family during an ill-fated Christmas holiday. Most of the drama is played inside the Kerenyi house, though a skating scene on Lake Carnegie is significant. A faculty ambience, dominated by the dynamic if not tactful Professor Kerenyi (Germanic Literature) certainly rings true. Sensitive realism and quiet bitterness rather than flamboyant satire are a contrast to most of the other Princeton Faculty and Town Novels.

Another book by Fletcher Knebel, *Vanished*, has short Princeton scenes. Here, along among this score of novels, Princeton is presented as a scientific center. The character who lives in Princeton is a professor of physics, a Hungarian (like Baird's Kerenyi), a Nobel Prize winner, and one of the fathers of the atomic bomb. He lives, again specifically, on Battle Road. A black government secret agent comes to question the physicist's wife. "Battle Road at once consoled and vexed him, for this was the kind of neighborhood that existed only in dreams when he was a kid in Newark... Here were grace and ease... the immense oaks, the foliage of the sycamores along the curb... the homes all withdrawn from the road as if aloof from the combat... the street implied." Later on, having dinner in the "stag room" of the Nassau Inn he is again submerged in Princetoniana, this time collegiate. "The walls reeked of Princeton, framed photographs of championship teams... There was a picture of Hobey Baker... The male conversation under the low-beamed ceiling had a hearty sound, a ring of confidence, of Princeton, of status, of certainty. Several of the older voices had the curious inflection of the 'old tigers,' a blend of pseudo-British and Boston Brahmin, a kind of nasal speech which clung to the roof of the mouth as if fearful of venturing far from the cloister."

It is a comment on the other novels, certainly, that this is the only one that hints at Princeton's scientific preeminence. All the others concern the faculty's humanistic, and, one would gather, more vulnerable side.

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Princeton, the campus of dreaming spires and sex in spring, seems to be a rather different place from Princeton, the home of faculty drinking parties where sex is far from seasonal and academic reputations are assassinated. Even further off is Princeton, the town where commuters, weary of it all, involve themselves with black girls and are embroiled in spectacular events. It is not sense of place that binds these novels together; if there is any bond it is perhaps the interlocking themes of glamour and conformity. In *Cherry* the hero represents the princeling, as of 1767, and conformism is the Presbyterian pedantries of the narrator. In *This Side of Paradise* the heady essence of glamour and the heavy hand of conformism of the club system are here first vividly spelled out. In *The Delectable Mountains* conformism is represented by the wellborn hero's Philadelphia family; escape is Wyoming. *She Loves Me Not* is too busy with farce for themes, but *The Gang's All Here* confronts the free life as led by Bert Hormone in favorable contrast to the conformist respectability of his classmates.

A third theme, faculty pomposity, is attacked obliquely in *Cherry* (the pedantic teacher's pet narrator) and directly in *This Side of Paradise* (the poem to a faculty drone that begins "Good-morning, Fool"). The faculty that refuses to let Vizatelle, the brilliant instructor in *The Delectable Mountains*, teach because he doesn't have a doctorate is inferentially criticized.

To these three early themes, glamour, conformism, and faculty stuffiness can be added those of sex in springtime, faculty infighting (behind the pomposity) and commuter world-weariness. *The Big Wheel* has its devastating faculty portrait. *The Pride of Lions* has its theme of conformism versus liberation set not in Philadelphia and Wyoming but in Trenton and New York. The conformist families of the two books are curiously parallel. *Lions* also exploits springtime as a background for sex and amuses itself with the follies of reunion. *A Long Day's Dying* makes much of sex in springtime, the glamour of the setting, and of "princelings," with a touch of faculty infighting. *Tolbecken* in its straightforward way touches on most of these themes, the conformism of both the hero's native town and of college, the glamour of sex and springtime. In *When the Bough Breaks* conformism is the expensive midwestern commuting suburb of Crystal Rock (life there is also empty) as illuminated by the glamorous intrusion of the failed Princeton princeling. *Make My Bed* only touches on these themes, faculty pomposities at the Project cocktail party, the princeling.
as villain. The social forces of clubs and the rankings of private schools are not neglected in *From the Terrace*, nor is the glamour of the hero's best friend, a character much like that of Carney's princeling. *A Friend in Power*, gentle as it is, pokes considerable fun at faculty foibles and infighting, but of course nothing like *The Party at Cranion* or *One Fat Englishman*. The faculty is treated kindly in *Vanished*. The empty commuters of *Trespass* and *Garden State* are implied criticisms of a conformist alumni way of life, though the way of liberation is not made very clear. *Love Feast* uses town and gown as take-off pads for hilarious but charismatic confusion. Conformism is the whole social order, liberation a wide open Christianity. The reunion provides a somewhat sinister and grotesque medium for skull-duggery in *Garden State*; in *Love Feast* it is the background for Bebb's final epiphany and ascension. *Losing People* uses the world of the faculty merely as a framework for personal involvements, though Professor Kerenyi certainly represents a combination of postgraduate glamour and faculty pomposity.

A very late entry onto this scene, *An Armful of Warm Girl* (1978) by William M. Spackman '27, contains the brief mention of a fistfight by the canal in college days, after a wedding at Trinity Church. The Princeton references later on in the book are legion, however, and it does round things off to mention a novel published so recently.

In general one can feel that the undergraduate Princeton of 1900-1950 has been fairly well fixed, posed, and pictured in these novels, as in an old photograph. Between the poetry of Fitzgerald and the prose of O'Hara the dominant characteristics of collegiate life do emerge, something that could not truly be said of either gown or town. *A Friend in Power* does give the daily grind of faculty life, *The Party at Cranion* an impression of faculty infighting at its worst; but there is room, it would seem, for something in between. As for the town by itself, it is only glimpsed in the novels mentioned, without being truly anatomized.

The variety here is of course tremendous. Speaking only of the books after 1920 the novels range from the creaky slapstick of *She Loves Me Not* to the vast accumulation of data in *From the Terrace*, from the subtleties of *A Long Day's Dying* and *Losing People* to the melodrama of *Trespass*. For sheer reading pleasure it would be hard to beat *Love Feast*, particularly if one knows Alexander Hall. *A Pride of Lions* still holds firm as a study in small-city upperclass mores with vivid looks at the nearby university. As for earlier books, *Satansoe* and *Cherry* both remain flavorful, the former a healthy antidote to the gloom of boredom spread over Cooper by schoolday forced feeding, the latter a delightful rococo pastiche in American terms. It is remarkable that if none of the novels is a classic, none in its genre is unreadable. Perhaps the impression of discreet competence that the series makes as a whole is rather Princetonian. After all, half the writers went to Princeton, so that some stylistic influences ought to prevail. This may or may not be so. One thing can certainly be guaranteed: a straight chronological reading of this score of novels is a fascinating experience. It illuminates not only Princeton but, in the later works, the whole 20th century as it affects the lives of those with some Princetonian connections, town and gown.

It would be useful and pleasant to try to consider these Princeton novels in some larger framework. What other colleges and college towns have been so written about? How does Princeton in the novel differ from other settings? I would and could not dare to attempt this in a serious way here. At least one book exists that can give an inkling of comparisons. *The College Novel in America* (1962) by John O. Lyons not only cites and describes all sorts of college novels but appends a bibliography of some 215 of them. It is rather upsetting then to note that of the 13 novels I list here dating from 1920 to 1960, only two, *This Side of Paradise* and *A Friend in Power* are discussed in the text, and only one other, *The Party at Cranion*, is listed in the bibliography.16 This makes one doubt the thoroughness and incisiveness of the list, and suspect some bias in selection. There are only 16 books mentioned that were published before 1900, beginning with Hawthorne's *Fanschawe* of 1828. There are 14 more listed that appeared from 1900 to 1919. Of these only *Philosophy Four* (1909) by Owen Wister of Harvard and *Stover at Yale* (1917) by Owen Johnson of Lawrenceville would now ring even a faint bell in the memory of a modern reader. The precociousness and preeminence of Fitzgerald becomes obvious. After 1920 the floodgates open. All sorts of prominent names grace the bibliography, but only a few prominent books. Robert Nathan, Stephen Vincent Benét, Carl Van

16 Of earlier books only James Barnes's *Princetonian* and Edgar Day's *In Princeton Town* are given. It is understandable that novels which merely touch upon the University without specific mention, like *The Delectable Mountains*, would be overlooked, but surely *A Pride of Lions*, *Tolbecken*, and *From the Terrace* are valid college novels.
Doren, John Erskine, Irving Stone, Bernard De Voto, Vardis Fisher, George Stewart, Wallace Stegner, James T. Farrell, Shirley Jackson, Theodore Morrison, Randall Jarrell, Bernard Malamud are some of the names. There are far fewer well-known books. Willa Cather's *The Professor's House* and Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith*, both of 1919, the novels of Thomas Wolfe dealing autobiography with his own college experiences at North Carolina, Harvard, and New York University, *Look Homeward Angel* (1929) and *Of Time and the River* (1935); The Last Puritan (1936) by George Santayana; Mary McCarthy's bitter *Groves of Academe* (1957) and May Sarton's *Faithful are the Wounds* (1955); Vladimir Nabokov's *Pnin* (1954) and Philip Roth's *Letting Go* (1962) are among the happy few. None of these is a Princeton book.

In fact this particular bibliography is so heavily weighted toward Harvard, particularly in its earlier section, that one suspects its having originated as a thesis on 19th-century books dealing with Harvard. *The Belle of Boston; or the Rival Students of Cambridge* (1844) and *Fair Harvard: A Story of American College Life* (1869) are typical. Nine of the first group before 1900 are obviously Harvard stories, as are 7 of the next 14. Charles Flandrau's *Harvard Episodes* (1897) is included, although it is a collection of short stories, but the similar books by Jesse Lynch Williams are not. There are 11 about Chicago, seven about Yale, and six about California. On this basis, Princeton with only five would seem to be far from popular. But if all the obscure Princeton fictional outbursts of the 19th century were included as well as the valid entries on my list before 1965 (if Wolfe is listable, why not O'Hara?) the picture would be vastly different. One suspects the same thing would be true of Yale. Since there obviously doesn't seem to be any very exact way of estimating sheer quantity, it might be proper to assume that in fact Princeton comes fairly close to Harvard as a subject for novelists. As for quality, Fitzgerald, O'Hara, Bellow, and others would be prominent names and their particular books prominent specimens on any college novel list. Certainly my own experience in reading through my list was surprisingly gratifying. The college novel in general and the Princeton novel in particular may not be characterized by towering masterpieces, but from *Satanstoe* to *An Armful of Warm Girl* the Princeton variety provides many pleasant experiences.

To generalize further would be frivolous. Since Fitzgerald, the college novel seems to be generally critical. Novelists don't seem to have liked college very much at any level, undergraduate or faculty. This antipathy may simply be in the nature of the beast. The constant harping on conformity in the Princeton novels is an obvious case in point. If novels were written by successful bankers one might get an entirely different picture. One might want to go further and question whether any creative artist would feel at home in any institution, but that would be going beyond the evidence of these books. As far as Princeton is concerned, the glamours of springtime are balanced by the weight of clubs at the undergraduate level, and the intellectual prestige of scholarship is menaced by politics and personalities at the faculty level. As for the town, a true photograph has yet to be taken.

**SOME IMPORTANT PRINCETON NOVELS**

1770 Hugh Henry Brackenridge and Philip Freneau, Class of
1771, *Father Bombo's Pilgrimage to Mecca*.
1845 James Fenimore Cooper, *Satanstoe*.
1903 Booth Tarkington '93, *Cherry*.
1920 F. Scott Fitzgerald '17, *This Side of Paradise*.
1927 Struthers Burt '04, *The Delectable Mountains*.
1933 Edward Hope (Coffey) '20, *She Loves Me Not*.
1941 Harvey Smith '17, *The Gang's All Here*.
1949 John Brooks '42, *The Big Wheel*.
1952 Livingston L. Biddle, Jr. '40, *Debut*.
1956 Samuel Shellabarger '09, *Tolbecken*.
1957 (John) Otis Carney '43, *When the Bough Breaks*.
1958 John O'Hara, *From the Terrace*.
1963 Kingsley Amis, *One Fat Englishman*.
1968 Fletcher Knebel, *Vanished*.
1969 Fletcher Knebel, *Trespass*.
1974 Frederick Buechner '47, *Love Feast*.
A double issue of the 1977 Chronicle celebrated the career of Robert H. Taylor as a collector of books and manuscripts. One of Mr. Taylor’s triumphs deserves more attention than it could have received in that conspectus. His patience and commitment enabled him to acquire both of the manuscripts of Max Beerbohm’s one novel, some say his masterpiece, *Zuleika Dobson*, *Or an Oxford Love Story*. William Heinemann published the novel in 1911; since that time, it has become a minor classic, and not only do the manuscripts of it have value as documents, but they have as well an eloquence of their own. Beerbohm knew this, as he made clear in a letter (also acquired by Mr. Taylor) that he wrote to a bookseller who had a client interested in buying them. The letter makes a good introduction to the manuscripts because it describes them well and conveys something of Beerbohm’s feelings about them:

My dear Mr. Samuel,

First of all, let me say how delightfully you express yourself. I think you ought to be writing books, instead of selling them. But perhaps you do write books? In which case, I should like to read one, please.

Next, let me say that I think 3000 dollars (600 pounds) is a very fair offer. But, as I think I told you, I insist on being dazzled—almost blinded. And the “reserve price” that I had in mind was 3500 dollars (700 pounds). If your client will rise to this difference (which makes just all the difference to my eyesight) the ms. shall be his.

The ms. is of course complete from first to last. It is on foolscap pages of cream-coloured unglazed paper—a paper called “Wessex Antique”; not hand-made, but pleasant (so pleasant that until a few years ago, when it ceased to be manufactured, I never wrote on any other, and did most of my drawings on it or on a larger size of it). The hand-writing (in Chinese ink) varies in size, but on some pages is very small: one of the pages contains more than 1700 words—all quite legible. The erasures were all obscured by a paint-brush dipped in Chinese ink.

The point brings me to another. For an extra fifty pounds (250 dollars) I would include another and different ms.—wherein all my first thoughts and hesitations are discernible. It is my rough copy of Chapters IX-XIII and XV-XXIV (last chapter of book). I rather think one or two of the earlier chapters were written straight off, without any rough copy. I certainly made rough copies in pencil for the others. But these I destroyed as I went along. Only the rough copies of the later chapters, written in Italy, did I preserve. All but the last page of Chapter xiv has disappeared and must, I think, have perished. One page of Chapter xviii is also missing. The ms. is rather a “shabby” one. Some of the pages (“Wessex Antique” of course) are slightly torn, three or four have little yellow damp-betokening spots, some of them are rubbed and rather blurred; all of them have been folded triply, and folded hard. I wrote in pencil throughout, in very small script, and almost always on both sides of the page and very often to the very margin of the pages. As a (or an?) ms., the thing is technically reprehensible. But it has, for anybody who is interested in the art of writing (and nobody else, I think, would care very much about Zuleika!) this value: that it shows the sentences in the act of growing, and of being pruned and tended. Also it has interpersed in it here and there scribbled caricatures (heads mostly) done to refresh the fatigued scribe: random scribbles of worthies—Disraeli, F. E. Smith, Zuleika, the Duke, Owen Seaman, Hugh Lane, Augusta John, Henry James, Maurice Baring, Loulou Harcourt, etc.

It is only fair that I should let your client know of the existence of this partial ms. If he doesn’t want it, I will write to him an assurance that I shall not give, sell, or bequeath it to anybody who would put it on the market. If your client would like to have it for the aforesaid sum of 250 dollars, then he please write me a line giving me a similar
assurance? I should like the pencil affair to be kept as a sort of annex to the pen affair.

This, dear Mr. Samuel, is a very long dull niggling letter—a dismal return for your brief and brilliant one. Pardon me,

Yours faithfully.

Mr. Samuel’s client did not rise to the occasion, but Beerbohm finally had the pleasure of seeing that his two manuscripts would be kept together. Some time after he wrote this letter, Beerbohm gave the pen manuscript to his wife Florence. When she died in 1949, it passed to her brother Ike Kahn, who sold it, through Scribner’s, to Mr. Taylor. Not long afterwards, Mr. Taylor heard, again through Scribner’s, that Beerbohm was in need of funds and would like to dispose of the pencil draft. Whether his need was real or not, Beerbohm clearly wanted the two drafts to have a common home. Why did they matter so much to him?

It is natural for a writer to value his manuscripts, especially if these are works of visual art: in his letter, Beerbohm describes the manuscripts almost as caricatures, distinguishing sketch and finished product. But these manuscripts had a further value for Beerbohm: they recorded the definitive act of his career. *Zuleika Dobson* gave a satisfying literary shape to this dandy’s image of himself. The manuscripts, composed in the visual and literary idiom of dandyism, form a subtle and elegant diary of Beerbohm’s great enterprise.

The history of its composition shows that Beerbohm expected

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2 Revised draft of a letter to Mr. Samuel, January 8, 1925, Robert H. Taylor Collection, Princeton University Library.
3 Sam Kahn wrote to Scribner’s on February 1, 1955, offering them the manuscript on behalf of his brother Ike Kahn. The letter, now in the Taylor Collection, conflicts in several details with David Randall’s account: in *Dukedom Large Enough* (New York: Random House, 1956), pp. 76-77. Nancy N. Coffin, Curator of the Taylor Collection, writes this account of the acquisition of the manuscripts: “David Randall of Scribner’s was having dinner with Mr. Taylor in Chicago and between courses casually informed him that he was now the owner of *Zuleika*! The second *Zuleika* manuscript was obtained through the services of John Carter who had heard Max was in some financial difficulties, and knowing that Mr. Taylor had the first manuscript, thought it only fitting and proper that the two should remain together in the same hands.” Letter to the author, March 5, 1978. Beerbohm on another occasion had offered the *Zuleika* manuscript to an unidentified purchaser who wished to obtain the manuscript of *The Happy Hypocrite*. Beerbohm wrote that: “The *Happy Hypocrite* manuscript had been disposed of by a friend to whom he had given it some years earlier but that he possessed the *Zuleika* manuscript and might be willing to part with it if he were offered ‘a really great bribe.’” Letter addressed “Gentlemen,” May 31, 1943, Beinecke Library, Yale University.

4 Zuleika Dobson to establish him as the kind of writer he had set out to be. In May of 1909, Max Beerbohm, dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, was addressing his readers on the subject of Arnold Bennett’s *The Old Wives’ Tale*, a novel that had “deeply impressed” him. He admired it not only for its own virtues but also because of its difference from the long string of potboilers that Bennett had produced before it. “They were unscrupulous work,” Beerbohm said, “and I marvelled that a man who had been for many years demeaning himself in so competent a fashion had it left in him, at length, to produce a solid masterpiece.” The critic, as so often happens, was writing about himself.

Eleven years earlier, Max Beerbohm had been well on his way to the kind of reputation he desired: he had made a name as a dandy, a wit, an essayist, a parodist, a caricaturist, a literary man of high abilities and higher standards. When, in 1898, Shaw chose Beerbohm to succeed him at the *Saturday Review*, Beerbohm did not want to accept, but he needed the money and so yielded with a poor grace, calling his inaugural essay “Why I Ought Not To Have Become a Dramatic Critic,” and telling his readers, “The editor of this paper has come to me as Romeo came to the apothecary, and what he wants I give him for the apothecary’s reason.” He found little challenge in the subject: the theatre was the family business, very successfully pursued by Herbert Beerbohm Tree, a half-brother nineteen years Beerbohm’s senior. And Beerbohm did not want to be a journalist. Pater and Meredith, not Shaw and Harris, were his models. In private, he made his feelings clear: “So I have to go on the streets of journalism this week—an intellectual prostitute.”

But he was not ready to abandon the more desirable reputation he had already begun to win. Less than a month after he began writing reviews, we hear for the first time of Beerbohm’s most ambitious project: he has been assigned to review *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and we find him telling a friend, “I am going to write Zu-
leika Dobson and cut Maeterlinck out." Since he refers to his novel by name and with no other explanation, we may assume he had already begun to write it; we may assume further that he had not written more than the first chapter, because in Chapter II we meet Zuleika's maid Mélisande (only at the end of the novel do we hear of her fiancé Pelléas). Beerbohm seems to have pursued the novel for a while, but a year later we find Will Rothenstein asking what has become of it. Beerbohm had indeed become a journalist, and Zuleika was making little progress. But he was slow to give it up altogether, and he had a clear notion of what he intended it to be. In 1904, he sent the completed portions of the novel to his publisher John Lane, along with this letter:

Here are 60 pages—typewritten—to show the sort of thing. I began a 'skeleton' of the rest; but found that, to give the right idea this skeleton would have to be such a huge one—or rather a full-fleshed figure—that I had to abandon the attempt—

The denouement is that the Duke and all the undergraduates commit suicide for love of Zuleika; whereafter Zuleika, satisfied, but feeling at a loss in Oxford, goes on to Cambridge—

I can't describe the gradations without spoiling them: the whole thing depends so much on the details of treatment—

I hope you will like as much as there is here to read: of course it must be read from this standpoint: that it is not a 'novel,' but frankly the work of a leisurely essayist amusing himself with a narrative idea—

Lane refused the book. This was a bad decision, but perhaps the letter deceived him. For, though the "leisurely essayist amusing himself with a narrative idea" is a vital element of the book, Zuleika Dobson is certainly a novel.

But Beerbohm could not think of himself as "novelist" any more than "journalist." "Leisurely essayist" struck the right note, being this particular dandy's literary equivalent of the proper, the most precisely self-expressive clothes. A year after he had published his very well-received tale The Happy Hypocrite, Beerbohm had written to an inquirer denying that he was a writer of fiction. Not modesty but a sense of how he wanted to appear. Beerbohm insisted that it be produced to look like a book of essays, not like "a beastly novel." But "leisurely essayist" is just what Beerbohm was not during his dozen years at the Saturday Review. In tacit acceptance of this reality, and perhaps discouraged by Lane's lack of interest, Beerbohm put Zuleika aside for several years.

It is a coincidence worth noting that Beerbohm only made progress with Zuleika Dobson when marriage was either prospect or reality in his life. He had three engagements. The first, which was never formally announced, ran from 1895 through 1903, the period when he began Zuleika. His second engagement, to the actress Constance Collier, ended abruptly early in 1904. Later that year, and soon after sending Lane the typescript of Zuleika, Beerbohm met the woman he would later marry, the American actress Florence Kahn. But he was to be four and a half years in coming to the point of proposal, and during all this time, in all coming to the point of proposal, and during all this time, in all the many letters he wrote to her, he never mentioned his novel. He proposed and she accepted in early December of 1908. At Christmas, a few weeks later, we find him writing to her, "I have been reading what there is of 'Zuleika Dobson,' and of the notes for the rest of it, and am rather fired to finish it." Behind the coincidence is an important fact: both marriage and his novel were for Beerbohm ways to establish an identity separate from his family's. So long as he lived with his mother, his sister Agnes, and his half-sister Constance, Beerbohm would remain a theatrical journalist and a dependent man. Constance Beerbohm regularly wrote: behind him of laziness and improvidence. She was herself a writer, specializing in hack journalism and letters of a complaining nature. Mrs. Beerbohm, it would appear, gave freely to her son.

11 Beerbohm developed, early in his career, the notion that the dandy's clothes were a precise index of his soul; see "Dandies and Dandies," The Works of Max Beerbohm (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1896), pp. 3-9.
12 Letter to an unidentified recipient, October 1, 1897, Beinecke Library, Yale University.
13 Letter to William Rothenstein, August 28, 1911, Max and Will, p. 87.
14 Letter to John Lane, April 15, 1904, John Lane Archive, Westfield College Library, University of London. Published by kind permission of the Allen Lane Foundation.

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and Constance took every chance to remind him of what he owed in return. Max Beerbohm had compromised with journalism just enough to feel that he could face down Constance's disapproval, and he looked to marriage as the road to freedom.

Had he never met Florence Kahn, Beerbohm told her after their marriage, he might never have left his mother's house, might never have stopped writing reviews, and would never have finished writing Zuleika Dobson. In short, he would never have been able to shed the identity he detested and to establish the one he had wanted from the first. When they married in 1910, he and Florence made their escape to Italy. Beerbohm was by now earning a good deal from sales of his writings and especially of his caricatures, but such income was not dependable. Florence, however, had an annuity of $100 a month for life, and this put a firm basis under her husband's earnings. Florence wanted him to be the kind of writer he himself wanted to be: leisurely, patient, fastidious, "literary"—anything but a journalist. With their combined resources, the couple could live in Rapallo on a scale of modest affluence, with a few servants in a small rented house overlooking the Ligurian sea. In the first year of his marriage, Beerbohm completed Zuleika Dobson. The novel succeeded in its aim, it was reviewed as a masterpiece, and it initiated a series of books that were to contain most of Beerbohm's best work. He was now not only "leisurely essayist"; on his marriage license, Beerbohm proudly called himself "Literary Writer."19

18 MCT provides numerous examples of Constance Beerbohm's prose and much evidence for these assertions. The flavor of the relationship survives well in a letter Beerbohm wrote to his wife in April 1911, fully eleven years after his marriage: "I have just come back from a meal at Con's... Con had so insinuated on my coming that I couldn't say no. I hope she won't say that I am always coming and asking for dinner!"

19 November 10, 1919, we find him writing to Florence, "I am immensely pleased and touched, darling, by what you say of my stories. They would never have been written but for you. I should probably still be doing dramatic criticisms." MCT. Greene Press, 1974), p. 88.

18 May 27, 1921, after a particularly successful exhibition of caricatures, Beerbohm writes his wife, "It's odd that I should be having such a commercial success just went on doing my best—and not doing much of that; and I think the curmudgeoned people. And I have had the rare good fortune of having a wife who never could do best, in my own way, at my own intervals." MCT.

The manuscripts of Zuleika show us Beerbohm in the process of shaping his image of himself, using the literary and visual language of middle-class dandyism. Beerbohm used this language well because he was the last and the most consistently middle-class of the great nineteenth-century English dandies. Beginning with Brummell, these were men trying to rise in society. Their vehicle was close adherence to a rigid code that prescribed as the palette of male attire the monotone range from white to black. They aimed to dress more correctly than their social betters. Brummell unfortunately outdid as well their carelessness about money and manners. Disraeli actually succeeded in joining their ranks. Wilde impaled himself on his hypocrisy. But Beerbohm simply established himself as a dandy, like any ambitious youth acquiring a name in trade, and lived on the proceeds. He had made a small reputation at Oxford as a dandy and writer. He nurtured this as he waited for independence through his long youth. And he employed the expedient care of the aspiring bourgeois, investing a part of his small salary in bespoke shoes and hats, sometimes designing the clothes himself, protecting his capital by acting as his own valet. To be that paradox, an established dandy, was his aim. The manuscripts show how he used the art of letters to achieve it.

Even at first sight, the pen manuscript has a dandified appearance. The black ink on the cream-laid foolscap looks like a dandy's writing. The first pages, written in the late nineties, are in Beerbohm's most fanciful hand, completely legible but rich in needless airs and flourishes. The entire pen manuscript is decorated with eccentric black abstractions; these merely cover cancelled passages, but Beerbohm gave them a visual identity of their own. They please the eye, and they suggest, in about equal measure, Miró and Beardsley: Miró for the idiosyncratic whimsy of the black patches, which can float on the pages like clouds or seem to move through them like fish, Beardsley for their dandified blackness and sense of self-containment. Dandies use black partly because it conceals elegantly, but partly too because it can reveal discreetly, for, as Beerbohm explains, the tutored eye finds these monotones expressive.20 When we look closely at the pen manuscript, holding a strong light behind the pages, we often can read what the writer seems to conceal. When, for instance, the Duke of Dorset, the hero, sees that Zuleika's pearls have changed color, he knows

20 See note 11.
this for a sign that she returns his love. "He thrilled to his heart's core," says the final version. Under the Chinese ink, we find this: "His heart throbbed like the screw of a great vessel." The cancelled image was apt for Max Beerbohm, as love and ocean voyages were closely linked in his mind: he was first engaged on his one trip to America, and Florence Kahn inspired his proposal only after leaving London for her native shores three times. But the image did not suit the Duke. Even in similes, Beerbohm's literary attire had to observe strict decorum.

And to get the clothes right was the main difficulty Beerbohm found in writing Zuleika Dobson. The literary dandy had to be both "literary" and "leisurely," in Beerbohm's sense of these words. The appearance of leisure required that he make it look easy to achieve what was in fact difficult: decorum, economy, precision, symmetry, and elegance. The dandy must seem at ease even though it takes him all morning to dress himself and even though he is, beneath his coat, rigged up like a suspension bridge. The literary dandy must achieve the same dissimulation.

The dandy's every gesture must be elegant. Whistler, with his "Butterfly" signature, understood that elegance in the smallest details told most. Whistler also knew that the dandy's best literary gesture is the epigram because it, too, is tiny and because it can be made perfect. Beerbohm had studied the prose of Whistler and Wilde, and he achieved much in the gnomic manner he learned there. In the pencil manuscript, we find Beerbohm working to define the crowd psychology that led all the undergraduates in Oxford to imitate the Duke and resolve to kill themselves for love of Zuleika. First he writes:

No word was spoken. But men are sheep, and by that strange magnetism which makes a crowd one and indivisible, cancelling the differences of the units and filling them with a common emotion, these undergraduates agreed to perish.  

This is good, but Beerbohm found the sentence too spacious and its sentiment too indulgent to give his idea of the moment. He revised several times, arriving at this:

You cannot make a man by standing a sheep on its hind legs.

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21 Zuleika Dobson. (London: William Heinemann, 1911), p. 45; pen manuscript, Robert H. Taylor Collection, p. 54. Printed with the permission of Mrs. Eva Reich Hart-Davis, owner of the copyright of all versions of Zuleika Dobson, and of Sir Rupert Hart-Davis.
But by standing a crowd of sheep in that position you can make a crowd of men.\textsuperscript{23}

A particularly fine turn is the phrase “in that position”; in the penultimate version, he had written “on their hind legs.”

The established dandy must be more than elegant, he must be respectable. In Beerbohm’s work, the respectability comes from the air of casual academic brilliance, the Senior Common Room tone, that suffuses his *Oxford Love Story*. To achieve this tone, he must be precise in an offhand manner. The best example is the reply that Clio, Muse of History, makes when Athena asks her what she thinks of Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: ἐτοίμα τὸ ἔρχεται λέοντα ἐγείρει ἐν ἄρεα ἤδει ἐν ἔρων τῶ. Beerbohm renders this, “For people who like that kind of thing, that is the kind of thing they like.” The translation hits just the right note of breezy accuracy. There was nothing breezy in the way he achieved it. For in the pencil draft, we find the same English, but this in Greek: ὅτι μελεῖ τάδε πάρε μελεῖ.\textsuperscript{24} Either Beerbohm’s memory or his lexicon had led him into what he afterwards decided was an imprecision. For μελεῖ (not μελεῖ, as Beerbohm gives it) means care for in the sense of be interested in but not in the sense of like or enjoy. The revised Greek sentence is a better equivalent of the English, not only in the meaning of the words but in the rhythm of the epigram as well.

All of the established and academic dandy’s virtues come from his deep sense of decorum. Thus it is most fitting that every dandy in the novel perishes except one, the most academic and established and decorous of all—the Warden of Judas. The contrast between his appearance and that of the doomed undergraduates is the subject of the novel’s first paragraphs; the manuscript shows Beerbohm trying to make the contrast clear solely in terms of clothing, and it shows him making one false step, for the passage in brackets here needed to be excised:

That old bell, presage of a train, had just sounded through Oxford station; and the undergraduates who were waiting there, gay figures in tweed or flannel, moved to the margin of the platform and gazed idly up the line. Young and careless, in the glow of the afternoon sunshine, they struck a sharp note of incongruity with the worn boards they stood on, with the fading signals and grey eternal walls of that antique station, which, familiar to them and insignificant, does yet whisper to the tourist the last enchantments of the Middle Age.

[Incongruous were these youths, but not really inharmonious with their setting. The real discord was struck by certain little men with billicocks on their protuberant heads and spectacles on their sharp noses—types of the modern don. On them the walls frowned darkly indeed, and the sun, I fancy, would fain have withheld from them his beams. But there was in that scene one figure which seemed absolutely right.] At the door of the first-class waiting-room, aloof and venerable, stood the Warden of Judas. An ebon pillar of tradition seemed he, in his garb of old-fashioned cleric. Aloft, between the wide brim of his silk hat and the white extent of his shirt-front, appeared those eyes which hawks, that nose which eagles, had often envied. He supported his years on an ebon stick.

He alone was worthy of the background.\textsuperscript{25}

Why did Beerbohm remove the lines about the modern dons in their billicock hats? Like the station walls, he frowned on them and their attempt to be up-to-date. They had no sense of what was fitting and proper. But Beerbohm had his own decorum to observe, and the dandy’s code leaves no room for philippics. The dandy reproaches by example. When he writes a novel, the characters provide the examples. It is no insult to call *Zuleika Dobson* a sartorial epic, where the characters index their destinies in what they wear. The undergraduates, “gay figures in tweed or flannel,” are the insubstantial slaves of Fashion; led by the Duke, they all perish when he succumbs to the Zeitgeist, in the person of Zuleika. The Warden, “an ebon pillar of tradition,” is a symbol of Oxford’s permanence and will survive when the undergraduates have died. The contrast between their transience and his permanence is basic to the novel. In the opening passage, as Beerbohm revised it, his opinion of the dons has disappeared and the effective contrast stands out as it should. The Warden appears almost as a feature of the pseudo-monumental architecture, coming very neatly into the ironic description of its tourist-Gothic. He is the pillar of decorum, and his appearance, like that of the railway station, is a fiction, but a useful fiction.

Equally dandified and academic, equally literary and leisurely

\textsuperscript{23} *Zuleika Dobson*, pp. 150-151.
\textsuperscript{24} *Zuleika Dobson*, p. 180; pencil manuscript, p. 25.
\textsuperscript{25} Pen manuscript, pp. 1-2.
is that aspect of *Zuleika Dobson* that cost Beerbohm the greatest labor, what he described to Arnold Bennett as "the whole little compact form of the book." 20 *Zuleika Dobson* is an admirably constructed work. The manuscripts show with especial clarity how Beerbohm worked on two elements of its architecture: the plot and the mock-epic pattern. The plot is slight enough; its charm is the charm of dandyism and is found, as Beerbohm told Lane, in the detailing. Beerbohm took endless trouble, to cite the most notable among many examples, over the pearls that continually changed color. He was forever changing his mind about what to call them—"studs," "ear-rings," and about where to put them. He was equally at pains, as he composed the later chapters, to pencil into the earlier ones foreshadowings of what was to come. In Chapter xviii, the Duke is suddenly inspired to put on his Garter robes before he goes to the river and drowns himself. The inspiration must have come equally late to Beerbohm for in Chapter iv, when he describes the Duke's lodgings, we find added in a long marginal balloon a passage describing the shiny boxes that hold those same robes. 21 If the plot has the charm of dandyism, the mock-epic pattern displays the academic manner in its most appealing guise: the narrator's casual allusiveness fills the narrow streets of Oxford with shadows from Olympus and the pastures of Sicily. A key element in the mock-epic pattern is the arrangement of *Zuleika Dobson*’s chapters into the canonic number of twenty-four. This number came late in the career of the Homeric poems, chosen by the Alexandrian librarians who edited the texts. The manuscripts show us Beerbohm was a long time deciding upon his final chapter divisions. The pen manuscript, for example, has no division between Chapters iv and v, and it shows that the last two chapters became two only at the stroke of a pencil, some time after he had completed the final draft. 22 The earlier chapters tend to be longer than the later ones, and the whole process of rearrangement suggests that Beerbohm had the Homeric number in mind from the start.

Form in *Zuleika Dobson* belongs more to the academic dandy than to the "leisurely essayist." And this fact presented a series of difficulties to Beerbohm as he wrote. The book needed that leisurely figure: his digressions and reflections and his way of letting slip vital secrets (as, for example, when Zuleika tells the Duke that she learned her style of talk from a Mr. Beerbohm, who once took her in to dinner) give the book much of its interest. 23 But these digressions could obscure the sense of a "whole little compact form." Nothing shows Beerbohm more securely the writer he wanted to be than his tact in managing his own presence in this novel. It was touchy work: digressions there must be, but only in the interest of the whole shape of the book. We have already seen how Beerbohm removed a small digression from the very first page of the novel; there were other such excisions, sometimes extensive ones, and they are not without an interest of their own. Among the more tantalizing is an attempt Beerbohm made to give Zuleika's metachromatic pearls a history. At this point in the narrative, these ornaments have changed color for the third time in accordance with Zuleika's fluid feelings, and the heroine discusses the phenomenon (I include here some of Beerbohm's changes in this later-cancelled passage):

"And the pearl had again made itself my interpreter. In the bed of what faery-sea forlorn," Zuleika apostrophized the pearl, trying vainly to see it from the corner of her eyes, "and in the shell of what unusual oyster did this treasure pearl you come into being. But the pearl made no answer, and the question has never, as far as I know, been cleared up. "What diver," she resumed, brought you to the surface. She rather thought the ear-rings had been a present from Mr. Edelweiss; but was not sure. As my readers will remember may be aware, this just and good man magnate succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy last year in the Assyrian Lounge of the Waldorf Astoria; so that there is the less hope that I shall be able to trace the pedigree of Zuleika's ear-rings and to throw find an explanation of their peculiar powers. My readers must take them on trust."

20 Letter to Arnold Bennett, January 10, 1911 (a slip of the pen, almost certainly written in 1910), Fales Collection, New York University Library.
21 Pen manuscript, p. 27.
22 At the break between Chapters iii and iv, pen manuscript, p. 25. Beerbohm had originally written a note: "To the Printers—Leave a space of one line here. M.B." This he inked out and wrote below it "iv" and next to that penciled note: "To typesetter/Beg anew page M.B." On p. 44 of the pen manuscript, where the break between Chapters iv and v should occur, there is no paratextual indication of a pause at all. Beerbohm's original intent was clearly to keep the whole long scene between the Duke and Zuleika as one chapter. The final chapters draws a dividing line in pencil, making two chapters of what had been Chapter xxiii, and writes a note "To Printer/New Chapter here = xxiv. M.B."
24 Pencil manuscript, p. 4.
While one is sorry to have lost the Assyrian Lounge of the Waldorf, it is easy to imagine why Beerbohm left this out: the novel as it stands has more baiting of Americans, magnates, and Rhodes scholars in particular, than it needs or, more likely, than Florence Kahn of Memphis cared to see. Even more decisive, the passage leads nowhere, and better no history of the pearls at all than one which tells nothing of interest about them.

In Zuleika Dobson, the digressions succeed in their aim. To a novel that in every aspect—in form, in style, in characterization, in plot, in structure—reflects its author's image, the digressions introduce Beerbohm himself. In the character of "leisured essayist amusing himself with a narrative idea," he becomes the central figure in the work.


But this very success made the image of Beerbohm more public, less personal. As the vehicle of his intention, Beerbohm's manuscripts for Zuleika Dobson have a special value, for they, much more than any printed book can do, point our attention back towards their maker. Beerbohm surely knew this and had it in mind when he gave thought to how they should be preserved. On the back of one of his pencil pages, Beerbohm scribbled in Greek, the Socratic saw, "The unexamined life is not worth living." He may have thought to use it in connection with Socrates, who figures in the Duke of Dorset's mental universe, but certainly it points to the importance of Zuleika Dobson in Beerbohm's mind: he used the book as a way of looking at himself carefully. With the manuscripts, we can see much of what he saw. After we study them for a time, these manuscripts become more than the drafts of a novel; they take on an intimate character, as if we were reading a dandy's diary, between the lines and in the margins of a novel which is itself a self-portrait. This is not a journal but a diary in palimpsest. Beerbohm is revealed in the way he has set it down: in the handwriting, in the casual drawings that decorate the pages, and even in the pages themselves.

The successive changes in Beerbohm's handwriting show us the flamboyant young dandy growing into the determined professional writer. He wrote the early chapters in a hand filled with subtle art-nouveau extravagances. The first great change comes on page 60 of the pen manuscript, at the beginning of what is Chapter v in the manuscript and Chapter vi in the novel. The new hand is noticeably brisker. All our information suggests that this is where Beerbohm took up in 1908 after his four-and-a-half year hiatus. Journalism had taught him to linger less over his words: where his earlier writing grows a little florid—in the loops of long letters, y's, g's, l's, f's—the new hand tends to single strokes of the pen. The second notable shift comes with the chapters Beerbohm copied out when he arrived in Italy. He was now making his fair copy with great deliberation, taking a boyish delight in writing very neatly and economically: the last page of the manuscript copied in London contains 265 words, the first page copied in Italy 565, and these numbers are typical of the change. As he settled into his new life, Beerbohm enjoyed the leisurely work of producing such tiny writing; and it grew tinier, so that one page, as he told Mr. Samuel, contained "1700 words, all quite legible." Because of the time this required, such patient miniaurization resembled the whimsical spirit he had felt when he began the novel a dozen years earlier. But after two chapters of this hand, the professional in him began to grow impatient of an ending. The latter half of the pen manuscript is elegant and legible, but it has few needless gestures: the writer was thinking of the printer.

In the pencil manuscript, we find him thinking more of himself: this was the first draft, and Beerbohm filled the margins or even whole pages with caricatures. Drawings came more easily to him than words and were always the surest conduit to his imagination. Once he had found a "formula" to convey the salient points in a man's appearance, Beerbohm could amuse himself by shifting his subject around until he had a telling result. The pencil manuscript shows him finding a way to put Henry James at the keyhole of a hotel bedroom, and this sketch was the basis of a very famous caricature. Then, too, there are pages that give a rich profusion of faces, and these are a visual equivalent of Beerbohm's highly allusive prose: this artist found his own voice and image in the words and faces of others. At the center of one of these pages, we find one of Beerbohm's favorite symbols for himself—a particularly ferocious Punch. Whatever face he draws, Beerbohm always has

31 Pencil manuscript, p. 5, verso.
32 Pen manuscript, pp. 115, 116.
33 See Max Beerbohm, letter to E. F. Spence, May 31, 1903, Max and Will, p. 8.
34 Pencil manuscript, p. 52, verso.
35 Pencil manuscript, p. 51, recto and verso.
his own somewhere in mind. In this respect, the most revealing caricatures in this manuscript are those that show the Duke of Dorset. Much more clearly than the text itself, these drawings specify why the Duke found himself susceptible to Zuleika's flashy charms; for the novel presents the Duke as the paragon of refinement he thought himself to be, but the caricatures show a man who is vain even for a peacock. This Duke, for all his attainments and perquisites, is just a little flashy. The Duke grew out of an extravagance in Beerbohm's own dandyism, a cocksureness we see clearly in his early self-caricatures. By the time he sat down at his desk in Rapallo for the first time, Beerbohm had put off this arrogance like a coat of armor no longer needed. The pencil draft has three self-caricatures, each in a different way eloquent of the changes in him. The first, early in the draft, shows Beerbohm in his new guise of gentiluomo inglese: in a broad black hat, he stands sedately among the Lombardy poplars. He is a dandy, to be sure, but he does not glitter any more. The second shows him rather middle-aged, alongside Arnold Bennett, the symbol of Beerbohm's resurrected hopes of completing a great work. It uses what later became a favorite theme in Beerbohm's caricatures: one of life's sharpest ironies is that we generally satisfy the desires of youth only when we have begun to be old. The third self-caricature in the draft reveals most. Beerbohm stands alone in the middle of the page, a balding man, his hands extended on either side: in the right hand, he holds a sheet of paper marked "à prendre;" in the left a sheet marked "à laisser." It is a portrait of the humbling process of fulfilling a great ambition. It gives us Beerbohm in a private moment, enough at his ease to make no grand claims; he has begun to be a little intimate with us.

The very pages Beerbohm wrote on have secrets to tell. The paper he used touched his most earnest ambitions even as he dipped his pen for the first time into the Chinese ink. "Wessex Antique" is the watermark; Dorset is the hero; Judas is his college. These names recall, of course, Thomas Hardy, whose novel Jude the Obscure had appeared in 1895, three years before Beerbohm began work on Zuleika Dobson. Hardy's novel, like Beerbohm's manuscript, p. 87, verso.

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Henry James caricatures on page 52 of the pencil manuscript of Zuleika Dobson. The Robert H. Taylor Collection.
Drawing of Zuleika on page one of the pencil manuscript of Zuleika Dobson.
The Robert H. Taylor Collection.

Sketches of the Duke of Dorset, pencil manuscript of Zuleika Dobson.
The Robert H. Taylor Collection.
bohm's, was about Oxford, hopeless love, and suicide. Did the watermark of the paper give shape to an idea in Beerbohm's mind? Or did he, with a magician's instinct, originally choose the paper planning to "cut out" Hardy as he intended to "cut out" Maeterlinck? We cannot choose between these possibilities, but we know that Beerbohm conceived *Zuleika Dobson* with Hardy very much in mind.\(^1\) We know, too, that Beerbohm thought the watermark important enough to specify it forty years later in his letter to Mr. Samuel. Some essence of the book's life was in those foolscap pages.

And it remained in those pages, as we see by contrast when we turn the leaves of another work, the "*Zuleika Dobson Diary*," now in the Berg Collection.\(^2\) *Zuleika Dobson* had so great a place in Beerbohm's life that he found it hard to let go. When the bindery sent him a sample that looked just like the first edition of *Zuleika* but had blank pages, Beerbohm tried to make it into a diary. For years, he had always had the novel's manuscript at hand, and it was natural to want to make the binder's artifact into a similar companion, a diary. But he did not succeed. This early entry was prophetic: "December 31, 1911. Old Year's Day."\(^3\) This is not the prospective enthusiasm which fills books; rather, it looks back to the year when the novel had finally appeared. During the next twenty years, Beerbohm would occasionally pick up the diary, at one point to record his progress in painting a *Zuleika* mural in the Villino, on other days to note in a spirit of meticulous whimsy that autumn had arrived and he had once more begun to use the electric stove. Now and then he would use the book to work on caricatures, very lightly, in pencil. But little more: the volume was to remain what the binder had made it, a mere shell. The real "*Zuleika Dobson Diary*," now happily resting in a corner of the Taylor Collection, is the one Beerbohm wrote into the hundreds of sheets of Wessex Antique that he worked at so long.

Here the novel remains very much alive. In the printed book, *Zuleika* indignantly says to the Duke, "If I found myself in the shoes of twenty Duchesses simultaneously, I should know quite

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\(^2\) Max Beerbohm, "*Zuleika Dobson Diary*," Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

\(^3\) "*Zuleika Dobson Diary*," n.p.
well how to behave." In the manuscript, she drives the point home: "But I don't happen to covet that galaxy of shoes."2 Zuleika Dobson is a vital character, and it is fitting that we should find, as we turn the pages of these manuscripts, that she is still talking. And there she is, looking triumphantly about her at Oxford, on the first page of the pencil draft. And everywhere, too, in these pages, still talking, and gazing about in mild surprise at his great ambition realized, is Mr. Beerbohm, who once sat next to her at dinner.

2 Zuleika Dobson, p. 72; pen manuscript, p. 56.

Poe, English, and The Doom of the Drinker: A Mystery Resolved

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, who was born in Philadelphia in 1819, was a most versatile American, being a physician, a politician, a lawyer, an editor, a playwright, a poet, a novelist, and a temperance advocate. During his life he was best known as the author of "Ben Bolt," a sentimental ballad which won instant acclaim when it appeared in the New York Mirror on September 2, 1843, and which acquired renewed popularity some fifty years later when George du Maurier introduced it into his novel Trilby (1894). English died in 1902; he has been remembered as the bitter enemy of a far better poet—Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849). In his "Reminiscences" English claimed that he first met Poe in Philadelphia in 1839, that his intimacy with him "increased as months wore on," and that he "became a frequent visitor to his family." This pleasant relationship was of short duration. In 1846, when both men were living in New York, Poe included a sarcastic sketch of English in his series on "The Literati of New York City." English was not one to ignore an affront. To the June 23, 1846, issue of the New York Evening Mirror, he contributed a lengthy "Reply to Mr. Poe," in which he characterized his former friend as a drunkard who was "thoroughly unprincipled, base and depraved." English further asserted that Poe had obtained money under false pretenses and that he had been guilty of forgery. Poe condemned these two statements as libelous falsehoods, and he sued the publishers of the Evening Mirror for printing them. Although he obtained damages from the Mirror in 1847, this acrimonious and sensational lawsuit had an adverse effect on his career.3

Poe's biographers have often recounted his public hostilities with English in New York in 1846 and 1847, but they have said

little about his private relationship with English when the two men were resident in Philadelphia. George E. Woodberry, one of the more reliable biographers, concluded that “English’s observation of Poe in Philadelphia seems to have been no more than occasional”; Arthur Hobson Quinn, generally regarded as the most thorough biographer, reported that their relations were “of much greater importance during the later period in New York.”

To the November 1943 issue of the Princeton University Library Chronicle (Vol. 5, pp. 30-31), Willard Thorp contributed a query entitled “A Minor Poe Mystery,” which involved “a bibliographical point of some significance in the biography of Poe.” Thorp had discovered a malicious caricature of Poe as a drunken literary critic in Walter Woolfe; or, The Doom of the Drinker, a temperance novel by Thomas Dunn English which was published in book form in 1847; he had also encountered references to English’s novel in several biographical dictionaries which seemed to indicate that it was originally published in 1842 or 1844, but he had been unable to locate the first edition. Thorp wished to know if any reader of the Chronicle had seen an 1842 or an 1844 edition of Walter Woolfe containing the caricature of Poe: the existence of this earlier edition would establish that English’s animosity to his greater contemporary had been fully developed when both men were living in Philadelphia—long before their well-publicized warfare in 1846 and 1847. The April 1944 issue of the Chronicle (Vol. 5, pp. 106-114) contained “Two Replies to ‘A Minor Poe Mystery.’” The first reply was written by Thomas Ollive Mabbott, who was for many years the most dedicated Poe scholar. Mabbott did not doubt that the relevant passage in Walter Woolfe was an attack on Poe, but he found it “terribly bitter for English to have written it before the celebrated quarrel of the Literati in 1846; especially the phrase [referring to Poe as] ‘the very incarnation of treachery and falsehood.’” The second was written by William Henry Gravely, Jr., who was preparing a biography of English. Gravely demonstrated that English wrote this hostile


3 Professor Mabbott died on May 15, 1968. The Harvard University Press has issued his various editions of Poe’s Poems (1969) and Tales and Sketches (2 vols., 1978).

4 Gravely’s “Early Political and Literary Career of Thomas Dunn English,” Diss.

sketch of Poe as early as October 1843. He had discovered a report in the December 29, 1843, issue of the Philadelphia Public Ledger which revealed that The Doom of the Drinker—as Walter Woolfe was initially titled—was then being serialized in the Cold Water Magazine. The October 1843 number of the Cold Water Magazine, an obscure Philadelphia temperance journal, contained “the same thinly veiled portrait of Poe that Mr. Thorp discovered in the 1847 edition.”

The replies which Mabbott and Gravely contributed to the Chronicle, while informative, did not constitute a conclusive answer to Willard Thorp’s query. An authoritative explanation of the circumstances surrounding the original publication of The Doom of the Drinker can now be given. Although the novel had its first appearance in the Cold Water Magazine, it was commissioned for another Philadelphia journal—the Saturday Museum, a weekly newspaper which commenced publication on December 10, 1842. English described the novel’s genesis in an article on Felix O. C. Darley, a rising engraver, which he contributed to Sartain’s Magazine in 1850. He recalled that he had made Darley’s acquaintance in Philadelphia in 1842: “At my request, he [Darley] showed me a number of his sketches. Among these were illustrations of... The Drunkard’s Progress... and many others, mostly in outline.” English was soon asked to produce a work of fiction to accompany Darley’s sketches of “The Drunkard’s Progress.” “The series of designs portraying the career of a drunkard, were shown to Mr. T. C. Clarke, the proprietor of a new paper, the ‘Saturday Museum,’ now merged in ‘Neal’s Saturday Gazette.’ He was struck with their merit, and applied to me to write a novel for his paper, using the pictures as a groundwork. I agreed, but found it impracticable; and instead of the first designed, wrote another work of the character desired, to which Darley furnished the illustrations.” English’s “work of the character desired” was The Doom of the Drinker. Felix O. C. Darley (1822-1888) needs little introduction to students of nineteenth-century America: he became a leading magazine illustrator. Thomas Cottrell Clarke (1801-1874), a longtime Philadelphia publisher, had previously edited two other weekly newspapers in this city, the Saturday Evening
Post and the Saturday Courier; he was the sole editor of the Saturday Museum from its commencement until January 11, 1844, when he sold his interest in the paper. At about the time Clarke commissioned English's temperance novel—in late 1842 or early 1843—he reached an agreement with Edgar Allan Poe to issue the Stylus, a monthly literary journal. Clarke was to provide funds for the proposed magazine; Poe was to have complete editorial control. On January 31, 1843, Clarke and Poe signed a contract with Darley, who agreed to furnish illustrations for the Stylus. The March 4, 1843, issue of the Saturday Museum contained a laudatory biographical sketch of Poe, a detailed Prospectus for the Stylus (written by Poe), and Clarke's announcement that Poe had been engaged as the weekly's "assistant Editor." Notwithstanding this announcement, Poe never officially joined the Museum; and except for the Prospectus of the Stylus, his contributions to it were limited to brief reviews and fillers. By the beginning of June 1843 Clarke had withdrawn his support from the Stylus; and Poe had ceased to write for the Museum.⁸

Thomas Dunn English was a more prolific contributor to the Saturday Museum. His poem "The Fantomes" appeared in the March 18, 1843, issue, p. 1, col. 5; and his forthcoming novel The Doom of the Drinker seems to have been announced in one or more issues between April 8 and June 3, 1843. No copies are known for this period. In the June 10, 1843 issue of the Museum, p. 2, col. 1, Thomas C. Clarke informed the paper's readers that the serialization of English's novel had been postponed:

The Drunkard's Doom, it would have afforded us great pleasure to have commenced with this No., but the sickness of Mr. R. S. Gilbert, who is to furnish the engravings from Mr. Darley's admirable designs, has prevented our opening the work in season.

The novel's title was changed to The Doom of the Drinker before the Museum finally began to publish it five and a half months later in the November 25, 1843 issue. Clarke's notice indicates that he originally intended to commence the serialization in the June 10 issue and that he postponed it because the accompanying engravings were not ready. Presumably, the novel itself—with its malicious caricature of Poe—had been completed prior to June 10.

Six weeks after Clarke announced the postponement of The Doom of the Drinker, he briefly discussed the novel's status. In the July 22 issue of the Saturday Museum, p. 4, col. 2, he stated that the weekly would publish "a series of stories of great interest" before "the commencement of the great Temperance Novel which the artists, Messrs. Darley & Gilbert, are now engaged in illustrating in a manner surpassing any thing of the kind that has ever yet graced the columns of a newspaper in the United States." In the October 28 issue, p. 2, col. 1, Clarke explained the paper's long delay in publishing the novel: "The extensive narrative which we promised our readers some time since, under the title of 'The Drunkard's Doom, or Revel and Retribution,' is in a state of such forwardness as to enable us to commence it with the commencement of our next volume. The extent of the work, and the number of the engravings, which will altogether create an expense of about $300, [have] rendered it inexpedient to introduce it at an earlier period, as we are desirous that, when once undertaken, there shall be no interruption in the regular progress of this deeply interesting story." By the time this explanation appeared in the Saturday Museum, The Doom of the Drinker had begun to appear in the Cold Water Magazine. English's novel occupied three entire numbers of this Philadelphia temperance organ—October, November, and December 1843 (Vol. 3, pp. 101-184). The first page of each number carried the following title: "The Doom of the Drinkers [sic]; or, Revel and Retribution. / By Thomas Dunn English. / Illustrated by engravings on wood, after original designs, by Felix O. C. Darley."⁷

It is unlikely that the Cold Water Magazine had to pay for the right to publish The Doom of the Drinker. The extant issues of the Saturday Museum provide ample evidence that Thomas C. Clarke was an ardent advocate of temperance. In the August 5, 1843 issue, p. 2, col. 1, he had especial praise for the Cold Water Magazine, apparently unique, is held by the New York Public Library.

³ The Museum was a typical "mammoth weekly" of the 1840s: oversize, printed on cheap paper, and difficult to preserve. No complete file is known. The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill holds the March 4, March 18, April 1, June 10, 1843 issues. The Wisconsin State Historical Society has a file from March 4 through January 20, 1844. The American Antiquarian Society holds a file for 1844, as well as a photostat of the March 4, 1843 issue. Thomas Ollive Mabbott reprinted several Poe contributions to the Museum in "A Review of Notes and Queries, 178 (June 23, 1840), 457-458, and in "Poe's 'Original Conundrums,'" Notes and Queries, 184 (June 5, 1943), 318-319.

⁴ The Museum was a typical "mammoth weekly" of the 1840s: oversize, printed on cheap paper, and difficult to preserve. No complete file is known. The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill holds the March 4, March 18, April 1, June 10, 1843 issues. The Wisconsin State Historical Society has a file from March 4 through January 20, 1844. The American Antiquarian Society holds a file for 1844, as well as a photostat of the March 4, 1843 issue. Thomas Ollive Mabbott reprinted several Poe contributions to the Museum in "A Review of Notes and Queries, 178 (June 23, 1840), 457-458, and in "Poe's 'Original Conundrums,'" Notes and Queries, 184 (June 5, 1943), 318-319.
Water Magazine as an “efficient aid in the great and good Temperance Cause.” The office of the Museum at 101 Chestnut Street was only a few feet away from that of the Cold Water Magazine at 43 Chestnut. Clarke was probably on friendly terms with the publishers of the temperance journal. In any event, this specialized monthly with a limited circulation was not in competition with the Museum, a weekly which circulated tens of thousands of copies.

While the serialization of The Doom of the Drinker in the Cold Water Magazine began without fanfare, the novel’s imminent appearance in the Saturday Museum was well-publicized. The November 18 issue of the Museum, p. 2, cols. 1-2, contained an editorial under the heading “DOOM OF THE DRINKER—FRIENDLY HINTS,” in which Clarke informed his readers that the “great work which has been so long in preparation” would be commenced in the next number, and suggested that this event would mark “the right time . . . to commence . . . subscriptions.” Clarke also inserted an advertisement announcing English’s novel in several Philadelphia daily newspapers. On November 23 the advertising columns of the Public Ledger, p. 3, col. 1, carried his announcement:

THE DOOM OF THE DRINKER, or Revel and Retribution—An original Tale, of thrilling interest, with 15 splendid engravings, will be published in weekly numbers, in the PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM. The first number will be issued on the 25th inst. To be sold at 101 CHESTNUT STREET, and at the principal Literary Depots. Price, for the Paper, 6 cents, or $2 per annum, in advance. Agents supplied on liberal terms.

The same advertisement appeared in the November 23 issues of the North American, p. 2, col. 7, the Pennsylvania Inquirer, p. 2, col. 9, and the United States Gazette, p. 2, col. 6; it was repeated in subsequent issues of each of these four papers. On November 25 the Saturday Museum published the first of eleven installments of The Doom of the Drinker; the serialization proceeded without interruption, being concluded ten issues later on February 3, 1844. English’s novel was featured on the fourth page of the Museum, except for the last two installments (those of January 27 and February 3, 1844), which were transferred to the first page. The heading for each installment emphasized that the novel had been commissioned for the Museum: “ORIGINAL TALE, Written expressly for the ‘Philadel- / phia Saturday Museum.’ [rule] THE / DOOM OF THE DRINKER; / OR, / Revel and Retribution. / [rule] ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, / AFTER ORIGINAL DESIGNS, BY FELIX O. C. / DARLEY.”

The third installment of The Doom of the Drinker, which appeared in the December 9 issue of the Saturday Museum, contained English’s malicious caricature of Poe. In the novel’s sixth chapter, entitled “The Revellers,” the protagonist Walter Wolfe attends a drinking party at the home of his father’s friend John Purdon. Wolfe briefly describes this “merry party”: “The song and the repartee circled around in company with the wine, and without suffering check or diminution, the current of jollity ran freely.” He then characterizes John Purdon and his fellow drinkers:

At the head of the table sat the master of the mansion. John Purdon was a rosy, burly man, apparently the very personification of good health. . . . The wine bottle never rested a moment in his hands, and he urged the tardy drinkers by voice and example.

Next to him sat a pale, gentlemanly looking personage, with a quick, piercing, restless eye, and a very broad and peculiarly shaped forehead. He would occasionally, under the excitement of the wine, utter some brilliant jests, which fell all unheeded on the ears of the majority of the drinkers, for they could appreciate no witticisms that were not coarse and open. This man seemed hardly in his element, and no doubt wished himself away at least a dozen times during the evening. He was an extraordinary being, one of the few who arise among us with a power to steal judiciously. He was a writer of tact, which is of a higher order than ordinary genius. But he was better known as a critic than as any thing else. His fine analytical powers, together with his bitter and apparently candid style, made him the terror of dunces and the evil spirit of wealthy blockheads, who create books without possessing brains. He made no ceremony though, in appropriating the ideas of others when it suited his turn, and, as a man, was the very incarnation of treachery and falsehood.

At the right of the critic, leaned back in his chair an odd, misshapen figure, who looked lovingly at his glass of wine (p. 4, col. 4).
characteristic of his head, which you noticed at once, and which I have never forgotten.” James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) saw Poe only on a single occasion in 1845. Thirty-four years later, on May 12, 1879, this New England author described Poe's physiognomy: “I have a clear recollection of my first sight of him... The shape of his head was peculiar, broad at the temples, & the forehead sloping backward almost sharply. I cannot describe it better than by giving the impression which I took then & which has remained ever since—that there was something snakelike about it. I do not intend to convey any moral but only a physical suggestion.”

The caricature of Poe was not the only portrait “drawn from life” in English's temperance novel. The fourth installment, which appeared in the Saturday Museum on December 16, contained English's judicious self-portrait and his flippant caricature of his friend Henry B. Hirst (1817-1874), an eccentric Philadelphia poet who was also a frequent companion of Poe. In the December 23 issue of the Museum, p. 2, cols. 1-2, Thomas C. Clarke praised The Doom of the Drinker for its verisimilitude and expressed his admiration for its author:

This Tale, now in the course of publication on our Fourth Page, increases in interest as it progresses. The chapters given this week show great power in the author, whose name we do not feel at liberty to blazon to the world. The unpertaining modesty, retiring diffidence, and quiet manners—all indications of merit—of this unobtrusive author, cannot always be concealed. Of a truth we may say of him, that he is one of the most remarkable men in the country, destined, at no distant period, to create a sensation.

He effect of this narrative would be materially enhanced were we permitted to designate the different characters, and point out the particular scenes which are drawn from life. Among the daring adventures and exciting passages, there are


more real, actual occurrences than we dare specify—far more, in fact, of painful, instructive reality, than is [are] to be found in the host of ordinary novels of the day.

The fact that Clarke declared his ability to identify "the different characters . . . drawn from life" provides strong evidence that he knew The Doom of the Drinker contained a caricature of Poe, his former partner on the Stylus, under the influence of alcohol. In all probability, he permitted the publication of this caricature as a means of expressing his dismay with Poe's excessive drinking.

The Museum never identified the author of The Doom of the Drinker, whose name other newspapers were soon "to blazon to the world."

The New York correspondent of the Washington Daily National Intelligencer alluded to The Doom of the Drinker in a dispatch which appeared in the December 22, 1843 issue of this paper, p. 3, col. 1: "I see that Thomas Dunn English is publishing a Temperance novel of great power of description in the successive numbers of the Cold Water Magazine, issued in Philadelphia. It is illustrated with cuts by Darley." The Intelligencer was possibly the most influential daily newspaper in the country; two Philadelphia dailies discussed its notice of English's novel. On December 25 the Pennsylvania Inquirer, p. 2, col. 1, identified the Washington paper's correspondent: "Mr. N. P. Willis, in a letter to the National Intelligencer, speaks of a story by Thomas Dunn English, now in [the] course of publication in the Saturday Museum and the Cold Water Magazine of this city, as a novel of great power of description." Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806-1867) was a popular author whose critical verdict would have carried weight with many readers. In his letter Willis had stated that English's novel was appearing in the Cold Water Magazine; but Robert Morris (ca. 1809-1874), the editor of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, knew that the novel's principal publication was occurring in the Saturday Museum, and he thus cited both journals. On December 29 the Public Ledger, p. 2, col. 2, reported Willis's approval of English's novel:

THE "DOOM OF THE DRINKER," a story by Thos. Dunn English, of this city, is described by Willis (a pretty good judge in such matters) as a "powerfully descriptive novel." It is published in the Cold Water Magazine, a temperance publication. Mr. English has also written, recently, some very good pieces for The Dollar Newspaper, which have been widely copied.

Like Robert Morris of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, the editors of the Public Ledger knew that the principal publication of The Doom of the Drinker was occurring in Thomas C. Clarke's Saturday Museum. The Ledger had been one of the Philadelphia papers which carried Clarke's November 23, 1843 advertisement announcing the novel's serialization in the Museum; but the Ledger was issued by A. H. Simmons & Co., the same firm which issued the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper, a weekly which was in direct competition with Clarke's weekly. Although the editorial columns of the Ledger continually sang the praises of the Dollar Newspaper, they never mentioned the Saturday Museum. Clarke was soon to publish an angry denunciation of the Ledger, because he felt that this paper had acted maliciously by calling attention to the appearance of English's novel in the Cold Water Magazine while neglecting to mention that the work had been commissioned for his weekly.21

In the December 30 issue of the Saturday Museum, p. 2, col. 1, Clarke informed his readers of Nathaniel P. Willis's verdict on The Doom of the Drinker:

By a notice of the gentlemanly editor of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, we learn that the New York correspondent of the Washington National Intelligencer—(N. P. Willis, capital authority, by the way)—has introduced the story, which we are now publishing, to the readers of that journal. He very justly speaks of it as a "powerfully descriptive Temperance novel." As to Mr. Willis's surmise about the author, he is of course at liberty to think what he pleases. We beg leave to suggest, however, that notwithstanding the mysterious hints which we perceive thrown out in various quarters, the name is, of course, known to us, and we shall take care that it shall be announced to our readers in due time. Until that time does arrive, however, we choose to let all queries, suggestions and hints, on this subject, pass for precisely what they are.

21 The deceptive notice in the Public Ledger led Gravely and other scholars to believe that English wrote his novel for the Cold Water Magazine. In the Saturday Museum, January 6, 1844, p. 2, col. 2, Clarke described this notice as a "vicious exhibition" intended to be "injurious to the Museum." He explained that the exhibition was intended to convey a different impression.
worth. . . . We are pleased to find that the work is producing no little excitement, and that in its bold outline, masterly delineations, and absorbing interest, it promises to be a most powerful and efficient auxiliary in the great cause of Temperance.

Clarke's promised revelation of the novelist's name was not forthcoming; few Philadelphians would have needed this disclosure, because English had been identified as the author in three successive numbers of the Cold Water Magazine, in the influential Washington Daily National Intelligencer, and in at least two local newspapers.

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**Library Notes**

THE GENTLEMAN'S RECREATION: SPORTING BOOKS IN THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

On February 2, 1979, the Library's winter exhibition opened at an evening reception for the Friends of the Library and other guests. On display in the Gould Gallery were books, paintings, manuscripts, prints, and other objects selected largely from the Library's four major collections of sporting books: the Hunting Library of Laurence R. Carton '07; the Isabelle A. Rockey Memorial Collection on Angling, given by Kenneth H. Rockey '16; the Sporting Books of Eugene V. Connett III '12; and the Carl Otto v. Kienbusch '06 Angling Collection.

The exhibition was arranged topically, with one to several cases devoted to the following subjects: angling literature in English including a special display of the three earliest printed books in English on angling; Izaak Walton; Thomas Gosden; the Derrydale Press; American sporting authors; Princeton authors on angling; major donors of sporting books to the Library; fox hunting; the Stony Brook Hunt; the double elephant folio of John James Audubon; artificial flies; and comic sporting prints of Thomas Rowlandson, Henry Bunbury, and others.

As a genre, writing on field sports has a long and illustrious tradition—the first angling book in English, Dame Juliana Berner's *A Treatyse on FYshanye Wyth an Angle* was first published in 1496 by Wynkyn de Worde, assistant to England's first printer, William Caxton, and successor in Caxton's business at his death. The Library's copy of the *Treatyse* has a distinguished provenance, being the Thoresby-White Knights-Ashburnham-Gilbey-Lynn-Kienbusch copy.

Outstanding among the Library's angling books and on display together with Dame Juliana Berner's *Treatyse* was the unique

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copy of the second oldest printed book in English on angling, which was discovered in the summer of 1954 in a London book shop by Carl Otto v. Kienbusch. Entitled The Arte of Angling, it was printed by Henry Middleton in London in 1577. Published anonymously, it was probably a source used by Izaak Walton in writing his Compleat Angler. The Library published a facsimile of the Arte in 1956, together with notes and commentary by Professor Gerald E. Bentley and Henry L. Savage, archivist in the University Library.

Since two of the four major sporting book collections at Princeton are on angling, the selection of English and American angling books was particularly rich, including books on angling by many great writers: Leonard Mascall, Thomas Barker, Richard and Charles Bowker, George Pulman, W. C. Stewart, Alfred Ronalds, Frederic M. Halford, G.E.M. Skues, Theodore Gordon, George M. L. LaBranche, Ray Bergman, A. J. McClane, and others. Izaak Walton was given special treatment since the Rockey Collection allowed many of the important editions of his Compleat Angler to be shown, such as the first American edition edited by James Russell Lowell.

Coveted by many sporting book collectors today are the publications of the Derrydale Press, 1927-41, established and operated by Eugene V. Connett in ‘12. In 1951, Mr. Connett gave the Library the business papers of the Press, together with a complete set of its publications, including many deluxe issues of editions, as well as a set of all books edited by him during his years as sporting editor with Van Nostrand & Co. From these materials were shown many books, artwork, proofs printed by Connett on his own press, scrapbooks, and bindings. The Derrydale Press also issued numerous prints but none of these could be shown since, alas, the Library does not own any.

Princeton’s long connection with sporting authors was further emphasized by the display of selected works of angler-alumni, reaching back to 1873, when William Cowper Prime, Class of 1843, published his I Go A-Fishing. One Princeton author, Ernest Schwiebert GS’66, lent color drawings, proofs, and sections of the manuscript of his recently published Trout. Covering in 1,745 pages all aspects of the subject of angling for trout with artificial flies, his book is the most comprehensive publication of its kind currently available.

To augment the display on fox hunting, Mrs. Ferdinand R.

White loaned photograph albums, minute books, and other papers of the Stony Brook Hunt. Organized in 1928, the Hunt grew from a group of 17 ladies and gentlemen to more than 70 members during its early years. The Hunt kept many couples of hounds under the care of a huntsman at its clubhouse on Rosedale Road. Hunt events included drag hunts, horse shows, Hunt Balls, and breakfasts after an early morning meet as well as standard fox hunts. The Hunt disbanded in 1939.

Also on display were examples of pictorial art found in various special collections in the Library. From the Thomas Rowlandson collection, presented to the Library by Dickson Q. Brown, Class of 1895, were such prints as “An Irish Fishing Lodge,” the billiards scene from the panorama “Tom O’Squat,” and prints by Henry Bunbury on fox hunting. Other fox hunting prints on display were those of Henry Alken for his portfolio Hunting Discoveries and Robert Surtees’s The Analysis of the Hunting Field. Several paintings from the Kienbusch Collection were also on display, including Junius Brutus Stearn’s “Elliott and his Friends” (ca. 1858) showing the portrait painter Charles Loring Elliott with two other sportsmen at Trenton High Falls in the foothills of the Adirondacks where there was a hotel popular with sportsmen and artists. Rounding out the pictorial art was the double elephant folio of Audubon, opened to the plate of a popular American game bird of latter days, the giant wild turkey.

—S.F.
Fire Insurance in England

A gift from Mrs. John Guinness of Hopewell, New Jersey is a fascinating collection of eight broadsides and pamphlets published by the first English fire insurance companies, established in London as a result of the famous catastrophic fire of 1666. By no means a complete collection of the numerous proposals, advertisements, policies, and pamphlets issued by the early companies, they give us, nevertheless, an idea of the cost and means of fire protection at the time as well as the variety of firms, their competitiveness among each other, and their employment of firemen to protect insured buildings. Like today, the firms’ numbers seemed legion, with each one offering different terms and advantages. Included are publications from the following companies: London Assurance (proposals for 1724); Transylvania Friendly Society (proposals of 1666); The Amicable Contribution, also known by their emblem as Hand in Hand (prospectus issued ca. 1696-1698); The Friendly Society (proposals issued ca. 1682, ca. 1701-1708, and a pamphlet possibly issued by them and written by a former employee advising on the relative merits of the various insuring friendly societies); the Insurance Department of the Corporation of London (1682 pamphlet supporting establishment of government insurance); and the Gentlemen of the Insurance Office in the Backside of the Royal Exchange (a pamphlet attacking the Corporation of London proposal issued about 1681). Some of the pieces are not listed in Wing.

A Thomas Hollis Book

In 1962, Professor James Holly Hanford last reported to readers of the Chronicle about the Library’s holdings of Thomas Hollis books. At that time, two additions had brought the Princeton holdings of Hollis books to seven. In recent months, an eighth volume has been added, having been located in the stock of a New England bookseller.

The book is what Thomas Hollis called “Molesworth’s Pieces,” meaning the collection of pamphlets relating to Robert Molesworth’s 1694 account of Denmark which were reprinted in 1738. At the end of the seventeenth century, a civil rebellion against the king occurred in Denmark and such fervent promoters of Whig ideas as Hollis were particularly eager to recollect such episodes of democratic triumph. Large numbers of these antimonarchical books were sent to America by Hollis between about 1758 and his death in 1774. For example, Harvard received several hundred Hollis books, especially after the disastrous fire which destroyed the college library in 1764. Princeton received several, a few of which survived the library fires here before 1802.

Our recent purchase contains several hallmarks of a Hollis book. On the verso of the free endpaper in Hollis’s hand are his favorite lines from Akenside beginning “O fair Britannia hail.” There are several other inscriptions written by Hollis in the book as well. Indeed, Molesworth was one of Hollis’s ideological heroes and in 1764, Hollis wrote to a friend: “I have, I believe, given away, in my lifetime, twenty copies of Molesworth’s works, in a principal degree, for the account of Denmark and its preface.”

The Princeton copy of “Molesworth’s Pieces” is signed “S. Howard’s” on the upper right-hand corner of the title page. The owner was Simeon Howard, the liberal minister of West Church, Boston and member of the Harvard Class of 1758. Several circumstances suggest that this Molesworth may have come into Howard’s hands from the library of Jonathan Mayhew, who, in turn, received it as a gift from Hollis, perhaps in 1758. In that year Thomas Hollis and Jonathan Mayhew began a friendship through correspondence initiated by Mayhew thanking Hollis for a box of books which had come to him from London under the care of a Captain Mauduit. The box Hollis sent probably contained a gathering of the “canonical,” democratic books Hollis was sending to libraries and individuals throughout Europe. Together with Milton, Algernon Sidney, and others, Molesworth was among the canon.

Mayhew died in 1766 and it is likely that his library was dispersed at his death. In 1768, Simeon Howard signed his name to a book from Mayhew’s library, a copy of Dr. Victorinus Bythner’s commentary on the Psalms (London, 1664; Wing B6421) which is now in the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mayhew and Howard had coinciding political and religious views, even to the point of Howard naming one of his sons after the hero of the
commonwealth, Algernon Sidney, and another son after Jonathan Mayhew. Given these similarities of interest and the passage of books among the Boston clergy, it is possible Howard owned other Mayhew books, this Hollis-Molesworth among them.

Robert Rudd Whiting '01

Robert Rudd Whiting '01 wrote in his last letter to his classmates at Princeton: "I've always had the good fortune to fall in with plenty of Princeton men along the way. Better than having 'everything that money can buy,' I've been blessed with my full share of the things that it can't." Clearly, Whiting was a man of good humor and, as his obituaries show, was a man warmly regarded by his peers. During the years after his graduation from Princeton until his death from the influenza epidemic of 1918, Whiting was a New York journalist and magazine editor as well as author of many short stories and books of humor. In the final year of his life he served in Washington with the Committee on Public Information, where he was responsible for conducting foreign editors on tours of military bases and weapons factories in America.

This past November the Library received books and papers from R. R. Whiting's own library, including scrapbooks of news stories he wrote during his years with the New York Sun (1899-1904); copies of his own publications, Baseball Stories, A Ball of Yarn, The Judgement of Jane, and Four Hundred Good Stories; books inscribed to him by their authors, including Booth Tarkington; correspondence; photographs; drawings; and the typescript of a story, "The Golden Idiot." The materials are the gift of his step-granddaughter, Mrs. William Lynch.

Modern American and English Literature

In recent months, two gifts and two purchases have added several interesting books to the Library's collections of modern literature.

By purchase we have obtained Arthur Symons's copy of Gabriele D'Annunzio's Laudi del Cielo del Mare della Terra e degli Eroi published in Milan in 1904. The two volumes carry extensive critical notes in Symons's handwriting on the front flyleaves. Considering that Symons translated D'Annunzio, such notes would be of interest to scholars of his work and his role in the English symbolist movement.

From a Philadelphia bookseller have come two books by Ford Madox Ford which appear to be unexplained events in the history of his publications down through the years. One book is an edition of The Fifth Queen Crowned published in 1933 by the Falcon Press, 6 and 7 Crown Passage, London, S.W.1. It is bound in yellow wrappers. The second is the setting copy for the Falcon Press edition of The Fifth Queen. It is a disbound copy of the first edition of The Fifth Queen (London: Alston Rivers, 1906) prepared as copy-text, evidently for a page-for-page reprinting, and is complete with half title, title page, and contents in manuscript ready for the printer. We do not know if Falcon successfully published its projected edition of The Fifth Queen.

From Mr. Harry Kahn of New York has come an intriguing presentation copy of Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise (New York, 1920). It is inscribed on the front flyleaf "For Elizabeth King—With entire confidence that anyone who can be so gib and charming with the English language does not wear rubber when it looks like rain. F. Scott Fitzgerald May 4th 1920." At present, little is known about Elizabeth King. Professor Alan Margolies, however, has drawn to our attention this note pasted onto page 23 of Scrapbook I of the Fitzgerald scrapbooks:

for Elizabeth King—
An autograph is requested by a timorous young lady of the variety that wears rubbers when it looks like rain.

As a mild form of justification she mentions the fact that the 5:15 train to the meadows of Connecticut was often missed because of detours via the Murray Hill or the Allerton.

In other words, the delivery girl craves the honor of an autograph.


—S.F.
Princeton University Library Publications

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD’S
ST. PAUL PLAYS, 1911-1914
Four plays written for the
Elizabethan Club of St. Paul, Minnesota
Edited with an introduction by Alan Margolies
166 pp. 8 plates. 1978. $12.00

HARPSICHORD MUSIC OF HANDEL
Opera Overtures: Amadigi, Scipione, and Admeto
Oratorio Overtures: Samson and Athalia
Two Fugues: G minor and A minor
Performed by Edward Parmentier
Explanatory notes by J. Merrill Knapp
Stereo LP 1976. $7.50

FATHER BOMBO’S PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA
ed. Michael Davitt Bell
The first American novel, written in
Nassau Hall in 1770 by Philip Freneau ’71
and Hugh Henry Brackenridge ’71
130 pp. 4 plates. 1975. $10.00

THOMAS MANN, 1875-1955
Stanley Corngold, Victor Lange, and
Theodore Ziolkowski
62 pp. 9 plates. 1975. $3.00

DR. PANOFSKY & MR. TARKINGTON:
AN EXCHANGE OF LETTERS, 1938-1946
ed. Richard M. Ludwig
151 pp. 8 plates. 1974. $10.00

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK: A REVALUATION
ed. Robert L. Patten
258 pp. 44 plates. 1974. $10.00

Princeton University Library Publications

ESSAYS ON THE ROSSETTIANS
ed. Robert S. Fraser
117 pp. 11 illus. 1972. $10.00

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A CATALOGUE OF COLLECTIONS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF RARE BOOKS
Alexander D. Wainwright
142 pp. 8 plates. 1971. $12.50

AN OTOMI CATECHISM AT PRINCETON
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