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Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo, 1898.
Arthur Stedman and Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo

Miriam J. Benkovitz

The life story of Frederick Rolfe, the English writer who called himself Baron Corvo among a number of other pseudonyms, could be told in terms of unexpected encounters and disrupted relationships. Two hitherto unknown letters from Rolfe in the Edmund Clarence Stedman Collection of the Columbia University Libraries help support that statement. Rolfe wrote these letters to Arthur Griffin Stedman, one from London on 17 December 1899 and the other from Oxford on 4 June 1901.

Stedman and Rolfe met in London through Henry Harland, American expatriate, novelist, associate of the publisher John Lane, and editor of *The Yellow Book*. The two Americans, Harland and Stedman, had a long-standing connection. Their fathers, Thomas Harland, lawyer and one-time Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and Edmund C. Stedman, a prominent man of letters in his own day—the "banker-poet"—had been boyhood friends and Yale classmates. As young men, they had been together at Unitary Home, a New York City commune on East Fourteenth Street and the last remnant of Fourierism in America. There Edmund’s second son Arthur Griffin Stedman was born in 1859, and there Thomas Harland found his wife. To the Harlands’ second son
Henry, born in 1861, Edmund Stedman was named godfather. He took his obligation seriously, giving help and encouragement to Henry Harland when he began his literary career under the pen-name Sidney Luska with his realistic novels about immigrant Jews living in New York’s lower East Side. In a year or two, Harland had worked this vein out, and he took himself and his wife Aline Merriam Harland first to Paris and then, in 1889, to London. He arrived with a letter of introduction to Henry James from Edmund Stedman. What was more natural than to find Arthur Stedman, himself a writer, an editor and literary agent, Harland’s guest during a visit to London in 1899?

Harland enjoyed playing host at his flat in Cromwell Road. He had touted himself as a Jamesian stylist (“a sort of lemonade Henry James,” Vincent O’Sullivan, another American, called him) and, by association and inclination, an aesthete of the “greenery-yallery” kind, especially after he and Aubrey Beardsley with John Lane had created The Yellow Book in 1894. Thereafter Harland’s flat in Cromwell Road became a gathering place for the contributors to The Yellow Book, male and female, and for others who liked meeting them and each other; and they kept coming to Cromwell Road after The Yellow Book was discontinued in 1897. Harland’s merit as a host was in the eye of the beholder. To some, Harland was a man of small accomplishments and large pretenses with his endless talk, so “amazingly witty, pleasant, ephemeral, . . . insincere” and, after too much port, plainly ribald. He was rarely silent and never still. He “talked on-a-trot” and he “skipped and hovered and sat on his hind leg everywhere.” When seated, he constantly crossed and recrossed his legs and twisted nervously in his chair. To others, such as Ella d’Arcy, an “intellectual, mouse-mannered piece of sex” who had been a sub-editor of The Yellow Book, Harland was brilliant, amusing, and “the sweetest-tempered of companions.” Long afterward, she remembered him “standing on the hearth-rug, or sitting on the floor, waving his eye-glasses
on the end of their cord or refixing them on his short-sighted eyes, while assuring some ‘dear beautiful lady’ or other” how much he admired her work—writing or painting—, her dress, her eyes (which reminded him of “the moon rising over the jungle”) or her hair. And thus he put each on “delightfully cordial terms with herself . . . and with him.” In any case his spacious drawing room with its piano, large couch, and easy chairs glowing in the soft light of candles and oil lamps was usually full, with guests for tea and guests who came to dinner or who dropped in for coffee and cigarettes and stayed to hear Aline Harland sing a French song.
with the “voice of a nightingale” and to crowd into the kitchen where they scrambled eggs. There were the flower-like Olive Custance, later Lady Alfred Douglas, with her painful passion for Harland; Kenneth Grahame and “gorgeous” Max Beerbohm; Evelyn Sharpe, Netta Syrett, Percy Dearmer and his “dazzling soft red-haired wife,” Mabel; Ethel Reed, whose work in *art nouveau* was brilliant and whose affair with Richard Le Gallienne was at its height; Richard Le Gallienne, Hubert Crackanthorpe, Arthur Symons, the novelist Victoria Cross with her white face, thick lips, and tightly curled blond hair. There were James Hannay, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and his wife Margaret; and at times George Moore, Henry James, and even Edmund Gosse.

In 1899, Frederick Rolfe was there, too. Ella d’Arey told of seeing him at Harland’s afternoon receptions which, according to her, were “to the evenings” what “the Luxembourg is to the Louvre.” She referred to him as Baron Corvo and characterized him as a “disquieting creature” who was “proud as the devil and as ungrateful, with a heart full of hatred and a fine head curiously like the portraits of Charles I.”

Frederick Rolfe had reached Harland’s drawing room—and Ella d’Arey’s uncharitable estimate—by a devious, painful route. A former schoolmaster, a failed priest, an unsuccessful photographer and inventor of underwater photography, an unsuccessful artist, once and briefly secretary to the socialist H. H. Champion, an editor of two journals both of which had died, Rolfe had come to London to make his fortune by writing although it was a “profession” which he found wholly distasteful. Born in Cheapside, London, Rolfe had spent much of his adult life elsewhere; and his most recent stay had been in the workhouse of Holywell, a Welsh village. For three years, he had tried to support himself by devotion to Saint Winefride, whose well gave the town its name, and by painting religious banners for Father Charles de Vere Beau-
clerk, priest of the parish. But by Christmas 1898, Rolfe had been penniless and in debt. His quarrels with nearly everyone in Holywell but especially with Beauclerk were so long and so loud that Rolfe thought himself excommunicated as a result. He was “stranded, naked, exhausted.” Convinced that he must show to what a miserable condition his enemies had brought him, Rolfe entered the Holywell workhouse on 9 January 1899. On February 3, he was released by his own request and set out, ill-clothed, ill-shod, and dirty, to walk some 150 miles to Oxford. In Oxford lived his friend E. G. Hardy, in 1899 Tutor at Jesus College but previously a headmaster of Grantham Grammar School, where Rolfe had held his last teaching position. Rolfe got from Hardy a calm acceptance of his circumstances, dry boots, used but clean clothing, and railway fare to London.

Rolfe’s first move in London was to visit John Lane at his office in Vigo Street. Commencing with the October 1895 issue of *The Yellow Book*, Rolfe had contributed to it six stories with the general title “Stories Toto Told Me.” Lane had published the six as a book and was even then considering a second series of these stories for book publication. On 27 February 1899, a Monday, Rolfe went to get a decision on the book and to secure other literary work of any kind which would pay. Although he managed to bring Lane to terms the next day, that Monday morning Rolfe came away with nothing except a sovereign which Lane gave him to put in his pocket and promptly regretted. Rolfe was so frustrated and enraged that his first impulse as he came on the street was to fling the coin into the gutter. But he remembered that he had been paid less than he was promised for a story in *The Yellow Book*, and he pocketed the sovereign.

Furthermore, he followed Lane’s advice and went at once “bus-wise” to call on Henry Harland. In this first meeting, Rolfe was sharply aware of the contrast between Harland’s elegant appearance and his own in his old brown-check mackintosh, with his thin
unkempt beard and hair and the shabby canvas haversack in which he kept everything he owned. But he talked in the carefully modulated tones of which he was so proud and he accepted Harland’s eggs and bacon for lunch and he listened to Harland’s prediction that the new set of Toto tales must make him rich and he came away with confidence and self-approbation and another sovereign.

Thereafter Rolfe was invited to the Harlands’ and to their friends’ homes—Ethel Reed’s flat, where she lived with her mother, the Hannays’, others’. One invitation from Harland to “come to T” mentioned a visitor from New York. That was Arthur Stedman. The party was much the same as most parties in the Cromwell Road drawing room until Harland asked about a new Toto tale, one eventually called “About What is Due to Contribution.” Rolfe produced a copy of it from his haversack and Harland read it aloud “most beautifully and sympathetically.” When it was done, the hearers were impressed into silence. Rolfe, too, was impressed, and he congratulated himself on his own powers. He was especially pleased with the description of a thunderstorm with which the tale opens. When Arthur Stedman asked to take a copy back to New York because he was sure he could place it, Rolfe readily agreed.

Exactly when this party took place is uncertain. In late April, Harland was in Paris, where he and his wife dined with Oscar Wilde. Despite illness in March, Rolfe was at work throughout the spring and summer and well into early autumn revising the stories already written and composing a new series of seven for the second collection of Toto tales. By June 19, he had completed three of the new tales of which “About What is Due to Contribution” was one and had sold the entire group of seven on the basis of the three already written to The Butterfly, a periodical recently taken over by the publisher Grant Richards. Rolfe’s sale of his work to Richards occurred after the meeting with Stedman. Thus conjecture can place the party at which Stedman and Rolfe met
Title-page of *The Butterfly*, the periodical in which Corvo's Toto story, "About What is Due to Contrition," was published in the August 1899 issue.
within the period commencing in May and ending before mid-
June 1899.

Meanwhile Stedman returned to New York, where for months
he was faced with the serious illness of his father and the family
problems it entailed. Only in November was he enough at ease to
take up the matter of Rolfe's story and write to inquire about it.
Rolfe's first extant letter to Stedman is in reply to his query. The
letter, written on the paper of the Hogarth Club but giving Rolfe's
address as c/o Grant Richards Ltd at 9 Henrietta Street and marked "Private and Confidential," reads,

Dec xvii. 1899

Dear Mr Stedman:

I thank you kindly for your letter dated Nov 29th; and I hasten to
inform you that the Story, which you were good enough to take away
with you, has already been sold, and published, in the August Number
of an English magazine, called "The Butterfly," which paid an as-
toundingly good price for it. On this account, it will perhaps be inad-
visable to try to sell it in America.

At the present moment I am under contract to Grant Richards to
produce a somewhat important work of historical research within the
next six months. This task occupies most of the time; and prevents me
from devoting many energies to other branches of literature: but I
have a few things in hand, which, perhaps, might find a foothold in
some magazine of the better class—I take the liberty of sending you
the first that comes to hand;—and, should you be able to place similar
things continuously, I should be vastly pleased.

I may add that, though I am not rich, I will never consent to do little
peddling jobs in journals, or in magazines. My powers and my ambi-
tion deserve, and shall have, a higher scope. And, with this preliminary,
I go on to say that I have a very large and very brilliant literary scheme
to propose to any one who wishes to become a Maecenas of literature,
—an entirely novel scheme, which is commended by, but which ap-
ppears to frighten, the few financiers whom I meet on this side. This is
only to be taken as a mention of an existing opportunity. Should you
care to go into the matter confidentially, as my agent, I will send you a frank and definite statement which may help you to an understanding. Please note that I do not press the subject, I am fully occupied with other things; and I can quite well afford to wait, until the course of events shall bring to me the means to do the thing I want to do.

Permit me to offer sympathy in regard to your recent anxieties, and to hope that our acquaintance and connection may improve.

With kind regards, I am

Yours while

Corvo

What Rolfe sent to Stedman is unknown; it was probably a piece written before he came to London in 1899. When he wrote the letter to Stedman, Rolfe was hard at work on *Chronicles of the House of Borgia*. On September 23, he had moved into lodgings in Mrs. Isabelle Griffiths's attic room at 69 Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead. He described this room, where he lived (often under threat of eviction) until 1904, in his best known book *Hadrian the Seventh*. He had completed his collection of Toto stories there by 29 September 1899, and by December he was spending his days and most of his nights at work in the little attic room or at the British Museum. On 10 November 1899, he had signed an agreement with Grant Richards to produce that “somewhat important work of historical research,” the Borgia book. For this work, Rolfe received £1 a week with £10 due on delivery of the manuscript. He had welcomed the commission, but he soon found that he “could die but not live” on the weekly payment, and in late 1899 he had no other source of income. He had some kind of arrangement with a former student, Edward Savage, a solicitor now living at 69 Broadhurst Gardens, whereby Savage provided a small remittance against Rolfe’s earnings. The “astoundingly good price” paid him by *The Butterfly* for “What is Due to Contrition,” the story Stedman had heard read at Harland’s and had inquired about,
Miriam J. Benkovitz

amounted to £3.3.0. He had earned nothing more since August; *The Butterfly*, which had agreed to publish six more tales, had expired.

Nevertheless, Rolfe was still sanguine. Lane had the new Toto stories which would appear in due course and help make his name if not his fortune since he had sold all rights for £20. Rolfe was sending out various short pieces, hoping for publication. And he had a grandiose scheme, as he would have to the end of his days: if some one would have the wisdom to finance him on a more lavish scale than Savage, then both Rolfe and his partner must reap a reward from Rolfe’s books.

By the time his second letter went to Stedman, Rolfe’s situation had changed far more than the contents of the letter indicate. The letter, written from Jesus College, Oxford, reads:

iiii June, 1901

Dear Mr Stedman:

Very many thanks for your communication.

H. Harland proclaimed my book in M.S. to be *παύδεράκτιχος* minated the closing of his door to me, and my name on the newspaper Black List, unless I altered it. I refused to alter even a comma. I have not seen H. Harland during eighteen months: nor has he been urbane enough to render an action of graces for the copy of the said book which was sent to him on publication.

Touching the matter of my future work, Mr Stanhope Sprigg of 110 St Martin’s Lane, W. C., has been good enough to undertake the management of the same.

I am up here, helping the Senior Publick Examiner with the papers in Honour Greats, for the second time—an immense compliment.

The weather is fine: but the wind is gelid and eastern.

I hope that you are well, prosperous, and happy.

Very truly yours

Frederick Baron Corvo
Arthur Stedman and Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo

Rolfe’s presence at Oxford was owing to E. G. Hardy. Suffering from glaucoma, he was unable to read his students’ examination papers. Early in 1900, he enlisted Rolfe’s help and thereafter until 1907, Rolfe went to Oxford several times each year to read Hardy’s papers. He was there in February and again in July 1900 when, for the first time, he read papers in “Honour Greats.” If the “immense compliment” of reading them a second time flattered him—as well as feeding him—and if he lived up to his own adage that a man is a fool who is not happy in Oxford “when the weather is weather,” there was little else in Rolfe’s affairs to give him much satisfaction.

The quarrel with Harland recorded here is only one of several in which Rolfe had been involved or was on the verge of being involved since his letter of 1899 to Stedman. Owing to “peridicu-
lous mismanagement,” Rolfe had ended his agreement with Edward Slaughter by early March 1901, thus ending at the same time the small remittance Slaughter paid him. Rolfe’s relations with Grant Richards were also strained. Richards’s readers had not approved the manuscript of *Chronicles of the House of Borgia* when Rolfe submitted it in July 1900, only a little later than agreed. He was indignant. He protested clamourously, but he made every revision and allowed every omission which Richards wanted; and then Rolfe “precluded” the book from being issued with his name, an admonition which Richards failed to follow when he published it in October 1901.

With his other publisher, John Lane, Rolfe was not yet openly hostile, but he distrusted Lane. In March 1900, thanks to a suggestion from an employee at Lane’s Bodley Head, Temple Scott, supported by Kenneth Grahame and Henry Harland, Lane had contracted with Rolfe to make a prose translation of The Rubáiyát of ‘Umar Khaiyám from the French of J. B. Nicolas. Despite his commitment to Richards for the Borgia book, Rolfe had been seduced by the fee of £25 and a statement which Lane made in an unguarded moment that he intended to make Rolfe “not only an artistic success, but a commercial success as well.” Rolfe’s days, already filled with work which he disliked, grew longer and more drudging. He managed, however, to keep the “Borgiada” going and to complete the translation by the end of May so that it could be published in July. But nothing happened. The Rubáiyát, intended for publication before *In His Own Image*, the second series of Toto stories, did not appear until 1903 and then only after Rolfe had turned to the Society of Authors. Lane held *In His Own Image* almost eighteen months before bringing it out on 5 March 1901 under a title to which Rolfe assented but for which he had no enthusiasm.

*In His Own Image* was the cause of the quarrel with Harland reported in the second letter to Arthur Stedman. The book is made
up of the six tales which appeared in *The Yellow Book* and then in *Stories Toto Told Me* plus twenty-four others written especially for the new book. They derived from the summer of 1890, which Rolfe spent outside Rome. When he was removed bodily from the Scots College, Rome, where he was a candidate in 1890 for the priesthood, he found refuge with the English-born Duchess of Sforza-Cesarini first at her palazzo on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, at the Piazza Sforza, and then at her palazzo high on a hill in Genzano, where she went to escape the summer heat of Rome. Rolfe was shocked and grieved at the Scots College’s denial of his vocation so that he went to Genzano “all sad with the half-shut eyes of a dreaming prisoner.” But he soon awoke to other possibilities such as the Sforza-Cesarini archives and his own writing and painting and photography. For these last two he had available as models the “long rose-brown sinuosities of youth” which he found in a group of seven boys, all native to Genzano. These boys accepted Rolfe and were eager to serve him; indeed, their simple devotion helped assuage the mockery of his ambitions. With the seven, Rolfe began to wander in the Alban Mountains going a half-day’s journey, a day’s, two at the most when he went as far as Velletri or into the Sabine Mountains. Rolfe bathed in mountain streams and lakes and he slept on wooded slopes or in a hammock slung between the oaks. He spent whole days lazing in the dappled sunlight and he came back to the Palazzo with strawberries from Nemi, memories of the monasteries at Subiaco, of Guido Reni’s paintings in the Church of the Santissima Trinita at Marino, of mass in Bernini’s Church of San Tommaso da Villanova at Castel Gondolfo. He also came back with the matter, still “unworded,” of *Stories Toto Told Me*. Despite the wealthy Romans’ age-long invasion of these mountains, owing to their natural beauty and their coolness in the hot months, the inhabitants preserved their isolation and cultural integrity. Christianity was an ancient heritage, but its orthodox ways and beliefs developed
slowly among the people. Even the most faithful in 1890 retained peculiar customs more pagan than Christian, symbolic approaches to the mysteries of luxuriant growth and sudden destruction by earthquake. They localized their religion. As their ancestors had walked and talked with gods when the world was young, so these peasants were familiar with apostles, disciples, saints. With total reverence for Mary, the Holy Father, and their Son, they envisioned his followers as natives of the Alban Mountains and heaven as a wondrous, enlarged village inhabited by translated villagers. This version of Christian mythology, vital with the breath of Christ and the homely localism of Christianity in these Alban Mountains, provided the matter of Stories Toto Told Me and of In His Own Image. The seven boys with whom he wandered through the mountains provided Rolfe with frames for his stories and a part of their ambiance. The entire group with their “serene reserved nobility of port, their bright gravity of regard and the antick breeding of their mien” represented “singular perfection” to Rolfe; their leader, Toto Ephoros, seemed extraordinarily beautiful. And Rolfe, as he said about a fictitious priest, was one of the “brave souls” unafraid to “honour their Creator by frank admiration of His noblest works.” Rolfe thought Toto as “divinely smart” in blue livery as he was desirable lying on his back in the woods while “his arms framed the density of his hair” and his “head and throat fell back and upward to the sky.” Toto became Rolfe’s narrator for the tales which began to take shape at least by the summer of 1892.

Rolfe’s depiction of Toto gave In His Own Image an objectionable “flavour,” according to Henry Harland. He bluntly named it, pederasty, and suggested that it be eliminated. Rolfe, as he told Stedman, refused to change so much as a comma, whereupon Harland called Rolfe a fool, declared him unwelcome at Cromwell Road and at the homes of Harland’s friends, and even threatened him with the “Newspaper Black List,” as the letter to Stedman
Arthur Stedman and Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo

saying. Rolfe states there that the incident occurred while *In His Own Image* was in manuscript; elsewhere, he placed it later, at a time when he was reading proof on the book. The statement in the letter is very likely accurate. In either event, Rolfe immediately withdrew the dedication of *In His Own Image* to the Harlands and the James Hannays “in acknowledgement of hospitality.” And thus ended Rolfe’s relations with Hannay, the Harlands, and their friends. Rolfe accepted the closed doors with meager regret and told Lane about the threat of the blacklist. From time to time when Harland or Rolfe published a book, the other sent a letter in praise of it, but they never met again.

That Rolfe wrote bitterly about Harland to Stedman was foolhardy. Doubtless Rolfe thought it one way to strike back at Harland. Besides, Rolfe was so convinced of his rectitude even when it was non-existent that he fully expected everyone, whatever allegiances already prevailed, to join in making his enemies responsible for what he suffered. In this case, Harland was correct in his estimate of Rolfe’s depiction of Toto and of himself. Harland’s intolerance is regrettable, but given his times, his ambitions, and his pretensions, Henry Harland could act no differently. But neither could Rolfe. He was honest in his admiration of Toto and faithful to himself and his convictions. And neither could Arthur Stedman. He was preparing to take up residence in London, where for two years he acted as “Book-expert” and cataloguer of the Booklovers’ Library. Association with Rolfe could only make difficulties. More important was the fact that Stedman could not deny his family and his family’s friends. He made no reply to Rolfe, and Rolfe sent no more letters to Stedman.
Giacopo Castelvetro in Scandinavia

ELEANOR ROSENBERG

In 1975 the Columbia Libraries acquired an interesting and valuable late sixteenth-century manuscript formerly in the library of the late Doris Hellman and given in her memory by her husband, Mr. Morton Pepper. A professor of history at Queens College, Doris Hellman was widely known for her contributions to the history of science and especially for her fine book, The Comet of 1577: Its Place in the History of Astronomy. It is not surprising, therefore, to discover that the manuscript now catalogued as Western 32 contains, among its twenty-two items, an exchange of letters between the great Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, and his friend Caspar Peucer, the celebrated German mathematician and physician. Tycho’s work on the comet of 1577 was published in 1588; his letter to Peucer is dated on September 13th of the same year. Although both Tycho’s letter and Peucer’s response have been published, Miss Hellman’s possession of handwritten copies made no later than 1595 must have given her great pleasure. Now it is our pleasure to count this manuscript among Columbia’s treasures and to do honor to her memory.

Upon examination, the manuscript turns out to be a varied collection of documents—letters, discourses, reports, the whole range of materials that the Italians called relazioni—which throw light upon aspects of history in the latter part of the sixteenth century.* Only the two letters exchanged by Tycho and Peucer are of scientific interest. A sizable volume containing some 260 written leaves, Western 32 is bound in a parchment cover made from a piece of Latin manuscript of the late twelfth or early thirteenth century. Its title-page, however, is neatly lettered in the unmis-

* I wish to thank my friends Ruth J. Dean and Paola Ottolenghi Velli for their valuable assistance in the preparation of this article.
takeable “fine Italian hand” of the late sixteenth century, and almost all the texts are written in the pleasantly legible script of that period though by several different hands. The language, too, is preponderantly Italian, only nine of the items being in Latin.

The title-page provides no clue to the nature of the contents but merely announces a collection: selva di varie nobili scritture. It provides the compiler’s name as Giacopo Castelvetri, and informs us that the book was prepared in Copenhagen in 1595 (“In Hafnia nell’anno MD.VC.”). A Virgilian tag, “Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuuabit” (Aeneid, I, 203), precedes place and date, apparently to suggest that the compiler has performed his pious task of preservation in order to bring pleasure to future readers. But this bland suggestion is belied by the provocatively anti-Catholic nature of a number of items in the collection, which was obviously made with a Protestant reading public in mind. And, indeed, the whole appearance of the volume indicates that it has been prepared for printing: the neatly designed title-page, the table of contents, the headings and colophons that accompany many of the texts, and the corrections entered by an editor’s hand all have a professional look.

The availability of this manuscript should open up a new chapter in the career of a remarkable man, Giacopo Castelvetro, its compiler and editor, especially if it is studied in relation to a number of similar compilations from his hand that are in the possession of the Newberry Library. Hitherto this Castelvetro, nephew of the great “Aristotelian” commentator and teacher Ludovico Castelvetro, has been known chiefly for his activities in furthering the Italianate taste of aristocratic Englishmen in Elizabethan and Jacobean England. His wanderings, however, took him to many other parts of Europe, and his services as compiler, editor, and publisher of texts in Latin and Italian betray interests that go beyond innocent cultural intentions. He was an intelligence agent as well as a language master, a propagandist as well as a disseminator
Eleanor Rosenberg

of Renaissance literature. Although his fame has been overshadowed by that of his more famous uncle, we do in fact know a good deal about him.*

A brief sketch of Castelvetro’s earlier career may help to set his

First page of Tycho Brahe’s letter to Caspar Peucer, September 13, 1588, transcribed in Giacopo Castelvetro’s compilation, “Selva di Varie Nobili Scritture.” (Pepper gift)

* For detailed information concerning Giacopo (alias Giacomo) Castelvetro, see especially K. T. Butler, “Giacomo Castelvetro, 1546–1616,” Italian Studies, V (1950), 1–42; see also the earlier studies cited in that article. To these can now be
Giacopo Castelvetro in Scandinavia

Scandinavian experiences in context. He was born in Modena in 1546. In 1564, apparently infected by the “new opinions” in religion, he went to Geneva to join his learned uncle Ludovico who had been forced into exile as a heretic some three years before. He completed his education under Ludovico’s guidance and shared his wanderings; after his uncle’s death he went to Basle to learn the publishing business and later to Baden to perfect his German. In 1574 he visited London for the first time and found himself in a city that was rapidly becoming a sanctuary for Protestant refugees from all parts of Europe and that provided a warm and sympathetic welcome to gifted expatriates from Italy. Endowed with a winning personality and trained as a language master, Castelvetro apparently found no difficulty in earning a living or in acquiring distinguished patrons. A familiarity with the Italian tongue and some knowledge of “Tuscan” literature had become almost a necessity for men of fashion. And for the sons of the rich the Grand Tour was beginning to take shape, culminating in a long sojourn in Italy. In 1575 Sir Roger North engaged Castelvetro as tutor and travelling companion for his eldest son, John, and the two set out together on a tour to Italy.

By 1580 Castelvetro was again in England; within the next few years he established a connection with John Wolfe, a London printer who catered to the taste of his time by producing books that sedulously imitated the appearance of books imported from Italy even to the point of bearing a forged Italian imprint on their title-pages. At least eight of the works printed by Wolfe between 1584 and 1592 can be traced to Castelvetro’s editorship including the first editions printed in England of Guarini’s Pastor Fido and Tasso’s Aminta. Castelvetro supplied the Italian originals for some of Wolfe’s productions and in several instances paid the printing

costs himself. A number of Castelvetro's dedications betray the incipient propagandist; in addressing an incomplete Latin epic on Columbus to Ralegh, for example, he took occasion to advertise Sir Walter as prime mover in the English effort to establish colonies in the New World. To Sir Roger North he presented a copy of an Italian translation of Mendoza's *History of China* with an inscription in his own hand that reveals his part in the publication. (This copy is now in the possession of the Columbia Libraries.)

During these years, also, he made a number of trips abroad, and in 1586 he first surfaces as an intelligence agent, carrying letters from Burghley and Walsingham for delivery in Frankfurt to Horatio Palavicino, an Italian exile who had for some years served the Elizabethan government as an international expert in finance. In 1592 we find Castelvetro in Scotland, employed as language master by King James VI and his queen, Anne of Denmark. He brought with him a gift, his own Italian translation of Charles V's *Advice to His Son*, and in its dedication he remarks that after the deaths of his three great friends, Sidney, Walsingham, and Hatton, he had no reason to remain in London. The explanation is suspect, for we know that he had other patrons in London. It is more likely that he went with the blessing of the Cecils who would have found it convenient to keep an intelligence agent near the person of James, upon whom the succession to the English throne would probably fall. As we shall see, Castelvetro was to play a similar role in Sweden. He was still in Edinburgh in August 1594, apparently having displayed his customary affability and his wonted skill as a language master with considerable success. Many years later King James was to speak affectionately of his Italian teacher.

Our narrative now takes us at last to 1595, the year marked by Castelvetro's labors of compiling and editing the papers in the Columbia manuscript, in the nine related volumes at the Newberry, and in one or two other volumes known to have been part of the collection. We are certain that early in that year he was in
Giacopo Castelvetro in Scandinavia

Copenhagen; we can suspect that he arrived armed with a letter of introduction from Anne of Denmark addressed to a personage in the royal court, or from King James himself. In the winter and spring of 1590, James had spent several months in Copenhagen celebrating his union with the Danish princess. And in March of that year he had enjoyed a memorable day visiting Tycho Brahe at Uraniborg, the heavenly city on an island near Copenhagen which Frederick II, Anne's father, had equipped for the renowned astronomer. James must have admired the elegant arrangements of Tycho's house, which had running water pumped to various rooms, and surely he marvelled at the laboratories and observatories which Tycho had designed for instruments of his own construction, reputed the best in the world. We can scarcely doubt that Castelvetro in 1595 also visited Tycho, or that he acquired his copies of the Tycho-Peucer letters because of his own interest in Tycho's achievement.

Castelvetro must have been drawn to the Danish capital by its fame for intellectual brilliance, encouraged by his royal Scottish patrons to believe that he would feel secure and find employment there. We have, however, no ready explanation for his major occupation during this period, the collecting and editing of a dozen volumes of papers and documents. The project demanded a large expenditure of time and energy; notes in the Columbia volume, for example, indicate that he was at work on the papers in January, February, August, and October of 1595 and that he was still editing them in Sweden in 1596. Moreover, the borrowing of the originals and the hiring of copyists and correctors must have been costly, not to mention the expense of paper and binding. We know of no source of income that would have enabled Castelvetro to lay out large sums unless he was already in receipt of a handsome sustaining pension from Sir Robert Cecil, who had taken over the organization of the international spy system formerly supervised by Sir Francis Walsingham. We do know that Castelvetro was in
Tycho Brahe shown taking measurements of the stars with the giant mural quadrant that he had installed in his famous castle observatory in Denmark.
Cecil’s employ early in 1596 and it is not unlikely that Sir Robert had been the real motivator of his trip to Copenhagen in 1595. Denmark in these years was ruled by an interregnum government, more stable than Sweden’s but still one that would bear watching; moreover, Copenhagen would have furnished a good base for the collecting of information concerning Sweden, to which Castelvetro would soon migrate.

On the other hand, to judge from the contents of the Columbia manuscript, the papers themselves cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered “intelligences” prepared for transmission to Cecil. There was, for example, no longer anything novel for English readers about the attempt of the Archduke Matthias to take over the government of the Low Countries in 1578 or the similar endeavor of the Duke of Alençon in 1582, nor anything alarming in the discourses urging Pope Gregory XIII, who had died in 1585, to head a movement for invading England and Ireland. Such reports were no longer “news” though they certainly had continuing value as propaganda, reminding readers of the perennial dangers of Roman Catholic plots and plans and alerting them to the insidious methods employed by the papists. Besides, as has been mentioned, the physical appearance of the volumes strongly suggests that Castelvetro intended them for publication, not for secret transmission.

By spring of the following year, Castelvetro was in Stockholm and in the service simultaneously of both Duke Charles, the Protestant leader who was later to reign as Charles IX, and Sir Robert Cecil. Writing to Cecil from Stockholm on May 3, 1596, Castelvetro mentions that this is his third communication since his arrival in Scandinavia and adds that he is now engaged in transacting business for Duke Charles. That he continued to act as Cecil’s informant is confirmed by an entry in the list of Sir Robert’s intelligencers drawn up at the end of 1597: “In Swedlande Castelvetro who is well known here in Enginande a longe dweller and now in
howse with D. Charles.” Castelvetro was, indeed, to remain in the Duke’s service until May 1598 and in Cecil’s indefinitely.

During these years of unrest in Sweden, Charles had as his main task the manipulation of public opinion. Acting as regent during the absence of the legal heir to the throne—his nephew Sigismund, King of Poland—Charles represented the Lutheran majority in opposition to the Roman Catholic adherents of Sigismund and to the council of nobles who, in principle, shared his rule. A forceful and reckless demagogue, he had discovered that by appealing to the peasants—by stirring up their animosities against their betters and by arousing their panic fear of a Catholic restoration—he could win their support when the Estates convened and thus extend his personal rule while discomfiting his opponents. He went personally before the people to tell them of popish plots to overthrow his government and to warn them that a return of Romanism would bring with it heavy new taxes to pay for rebuilding the monasteries and buying holy relics. He justified his use of force as action necessary to prevent subversion of the state, and he pointed to the fearful conditions in France and the Netherlands as evidence that the pope deliberately provokes internal dissension when he is about to impose his religion on a land.

In these arguments it may just be possible to discern Castelvetro’s hand. (One of Charles’s royalist critics described them as “Machiavellian doctrine.”) But we have no evidence so far of the Italian’s interest in Swedish affairs except for a single document and the incomplete text of a second one crammed in as afterthoughts at the end of the Columbia manuscript. Certainly Charles could have found materials for his propaganda in our manuscript and it would have been odd if he had not consulted this gifted man in his household for advice and ideas. Yet there is nothing to support the notion that Castelvetro served Charles as an unofficial minister of propaganda. Nor, though it was greatly to England’s advantage to keep Sweden within the Protestant fold, have we any
reason to believe that Cecil had instructed his intelligencer to participate directly in Swedish politics.

The evidence we do have of Castelvetro’s activities in the Duke’s household is of a lighter, almost frivolous nature. In 1614, back in England after many adventures including imprisonment by the Inquisition, Castelvetro composed a treatise urging the English to include more fresh fruits and vegetables in their diet. His mind dwelling happily in the past, he recalled an experiment he had performed while in Scandinavia. One day in Copenhagen he took slips from a tree that bore very delicious pears; he preserved them in honey so successfully that in the spring, six months later, he and Duke Charles were able to graft them on a tree in Sweden. The incident takes us quite out of the atmosphere of the Duke’s political troubles.

It would be pleasant to be able to report that Castelvetro taught Italian to the ladies and children of the Duke’s household including the infant Gustavus Adolphus, later renowned for his excellent education and his mastery of languages, who was to redeem Sweden after his father’s rule. If we have no support for this speculation, we do have evidence that by May 1598, when Castelvetro left Sweden, his royal employers and their circle had been thoroughly Italianized. He took with him a list on sixteen closely written pages of things they had commissioned him to buy for them—food delicacies, musical instruments, jewels, finery, and many other things besides. Their book requisition of over sixty items includes works by Ariosto and Guarini though belles-lettres are heavily outweighed by historical, political, and scientific titles. In general, their shopping list reveals a great yearning for commodities not available in Sweden and particularly for Italian specialties. And we can be sure that Castelvetro did his best to please them.
"I Am Used To Being Dunned":

F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Modern Library

ANDREW B. MYERS

THE twenties were over. The curtain had come down on the short, glamorous first act in the lives of F. Scott Fitzgerald and his adored, and equally doomed Zelda. It was the '30's and, whether they liked it or not, these sometime Jazz Age headliners were into the slow, sad second act.

The Depression had deepened after these world-weary expatriates had drifted home finally in 1931. For the gifted but erratic Scott it became, gradually, a time of often ignominious stumbling toward a future he could only guess at. His wife, after a European breakdown, and helpful psychiatric treatment, was living in the shadow of lurking schizophrenia. His writing, the one thing that pulled his troubled life together best, had during 1932 and 1933 become a compulsive effort to complete, with his right hand, a mature novel again—his last, The Great Gatsby, published in 1925, was years behind him—while with his left he turned out, almost mechanically, tales for popular magazines, which paid for slickness as much as anything else. One wonders, for example, how many Saturday Evening Post fans then realized that on occasion their commuter reading offered, in a Fitzgerald short story, what would in time be seriously regarded as contemporary literature.

In the midst of life in this real valley of ashes, Fitzgerald, in the late spring of 1934 became involved in an exchange of correspondence with Random House, which resulted, in early fall of that year, in the reappearance of The Great Gatsby in their quite successful Modern Library series. The archives of the parent firm, now in the Columbia Libraries, provide the script for a brief tragi-comedy of editorial pressure, hasty writing, unsatisfactory galleys,
and nagging second thoughts by the writer, with the climax the publication, on September 13th, and in a neat, professional package of book-making, of Modern Library volume #117, *Gatsby*, with "A NEW INTRODUCTION" by the author.

On the title page were included, below the familiar epigraph, the names of Bennett A. Cerf and Donald S. Klopfer, the energetic young publishers of Modern Library books, of which there were now, including the "Giant" series, over two hundred titles. In partnership with Donald Klopfer, Bennett Cerf, a Columbia alumnus,
Andrenjo B. Myers

had acquired the Modern Library series in 1925, and then in 1927 the two founded Random House, which absorbed it. The Fitzgerald correspondence reported on here is a three-way exchange, between one or another of these proprietors, in New York, and the novelist, then holed up in Baltimore. Essentially, it consists of twelve items from Fitzgerald: one letter and one telegram to Klopfer, and nine letters and another wire to Cerf. These Fitzgerald manuscripts are as yet unpublished, though already known to scholars. Attached in each case, from company files, is the carbon of whatever reply (or replies) followed receipt. It seems clear from context that one or two mailings passed back and forth that have not survived, at least in Columbia’s holding, but the basic outline can be clearly reconstructed of “Gatsby Redivivus.”

The first Fitzgerald piece to the puzzle is his Western Union telegram from Baltimore, June 22, 1934, to Klopfer,

THE SOONEST I CAN PROMISE YOU INTRODUCTION
IS A MONTH FROM NOW BUT IT WILL SURELY BE
FORTHCOMING BEFORE THAT TIME REGARDS.

This somewhat illogical message had obviously been preceded by business correspondence, and that is represented by a Klopfer carbon of June 18, requesting a target date for an introduction, one already “checked” with Maxwell Perkins, Scott’s longtime editor at another famous New York house. So Random House did speak to Scribner’s!

Next item of interest is a Klopfer carbon, of June 25, anticipating a preface written “within the next month,” with the remark it was already listed in the catalogue just put “to bed.” Fitzgerald was at this point living at 1307 Park Avenue in Baltimore itself, an inelegant row house, and struggling to see a lively daughter “Scottie” (Frances) through late grammar school years. Zelda, alas, had since May been consigned to the care of the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital, out in Towson, Maryland, close, ironi-
cally, to the rambling old suburban home, "La Paix," the Fitz-
gerals had rented during several previous years. Of his own
reaction to the two years at this asylum that, with outpatient
visits, followed for Zelda, he would write, in autobiographical
notes, "I left my capacity for hoping on the little roads that led to
Zelda's sanitorium." The Modern Library-\textit{Gatsby} correspondence
crossed lines with the beginning of this time in purgatory for the
hypersensitive Scott, himself already the victim of alcoholism.

When July came and went without copy in hand at 20 E. 57 St.,
Klopfer got in touch on August 1, pressing for the expected pre-
face and concluding, understandably, "I am sorry to have to dun
you for it, but publication dates are inexorable." Fitzgerald re-
sponded the next day with a letter, typed as all these missives were,
to give August 9 as the outside date for submission, and noting,
"Far from resenting your dunning me I am glad you did for I am
used to being dunned and was looking for a reminder to start me
in motion." For insurance he added, "It won't take long as I do
such little critical writing that I am always bursting with opin-
ions . . ." He must have hewed to the line, despite his dreary cir-
cumstances, for a Klopfer carbon of August 17 [\textit{sic}] indicates that
Fitzgerald's "uncorrected front material for \textit{the great gatsby}" accom-
panies this letter. And will the author make any changes
desired and return at once, please.

Up to now it was Fitzgerald-Klopfer in center stage, since
Bennett Cerf was on a European trip. By mid-summer he had re-
turned however, and correspondence shifted to him more directly.
On August 17, also, Fitzgerald writes, spelling in his usual chancy
manner, to "Dear Bennett," returning the introduction corrected,
now "immeasurably superior to the original." At the same time he
laments the resulting "messy proof" and encloses a "message to
the type-setters and proof-readers to do an \textit{absolutely} accurate job
of it." One wonders where that admonitory message is, and if the
shop ever actually saw it. In any case it was in character for Fitz-
gerald, who personally needed all the editorial help he could get with initial versions, to be careful about the printed page that ultimately would stand for him in public.

This must have been a trying day for the author because, unless he was just careless about dating, on the same August 17 he addressed another letter to Cerf, asking for galley proof back fast since he was “not satisfied” with the latest version. Fitzgerald then shifted to asking that a copy of Thomas Wolfe’s *Look Homeward, Angel,* shortly to be put out in ML, be sent to “Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, at Old Westbury, Long Island.” This request brought together in effect a contemporary novelist whom Fitzgerald admired (though Wolfe disliked the older man’s unpredictably sophomoric behavior when drinking) and a noted socialite polo-player who had recently been Scott’s New York companion-after-dark. He closed by asking for “ten or fifteen” copies of the upcoming *Gatsby.*

Apparently up to now no letters turned on money matters. His very tangled finances were being cautiously managed by his loyal agent, Harold Ober—who does not appear in this correspondence. *Tender Is the Night,* Fitzgerald’s new novel, had been published in hardback by Scribner’s in April last, getting a disappointingly mixed reception, but it had gotten him advances. Magazine income was continuing, as from *Esquire* and *Redbook.* However his back debts and current expenses were, as always, oppressive. Fitzgerald was not living a threadbare existence. But the high life was gone, and he felt emotionally bankrupt.

On August 20 Klopfer would in businesslike manner acknowledge return of that corrected proof, and promise in turn a “good proof-reading” job. Cerf’s letter next day picked up the light conversation with assurance “Tommy” would get his Wolfe, after September 25th pub-date. Scott would himself be entitled to six copies of *Gatsby,* and was offered “five or six other titles” in the Modern Library series. Cerf concluded with the encouraging,
“I Am Used To Being Dunned”

“I like the introduction that you wrote very much. It should cause a great deal of talk.” Spoken like a good publisher.

There is no space here to pause on all the subsequent details, in an exchange that stretched out, somewhat thinly, until Yuletide. But interesting moments can at least be identified, for biographical data and/or literary insights—as when on August 30 Fitzgerald, rehearsing a visit by Cerf to Baltimore, regretted too much talk then about himself by himself. We can guess that for the insecure author it was all a therapy. And Scott listed on a separate sheet ten Modern Library titles to be sent, free as offered,

- Golden Ass 88
- Beaudelaire 70
- Jungle Peace 30
- Don Quixote 174
- Borgias 192
- Tom Jones 185
- W. S. Gilbert 113
- Suetonius 188
- Gibbon G 6
- Restoration Plays G 7 (Fitzgerald’s ink bracket)

His varied reading interests reflect a restless mind, an unfinished education, and a persistent urge to teach, this last visible later in college letters to Scottie, and documented in Sheilah Graham’s *College Of One*.

The ebullient Cerf responded on September 5, in a rambling chit-chat letter, looking ahead to a Manhattan meeting, but on the 11th wrote, more formally and briefly, “I am pleased to enclose our check for $50.00 in full payment for your new introduction for the Modern Library edition of THE GREAT GATSBY.” Whether this was all the recompense Fitzgerald received is unclear, for the author, who kept a surprisingly careful *Ledger* itemizing current income, etc., included in his 1934 listings both “Preface to Gatsby”
for $50 and "Gatsby Modern Library" for $250. Columbia's holdings do not explain the second entry, but it proves to have been for reprint rights.

The Modern Library *Gatsby* was published on September 13, 1934, eleven days before the author's thirty-eight birthday. Some 5,000 copies were run off, with the advertised sale price of 95 cents each. Bibliographer Matthew J. Bruccoli identifies bindings in "blue, green, brown, or red goldstamped" and adds that a number of surviving dust jackets "are stamped in ink 'DISCONTINUED TITLE'." Only Fitzgerald's preface was new. The text itself had never been altered since the second Scribner's printing in 1925. The Introduction composed now was, in approximately 1,300 words, an intense but disjointed apologia, a brisk, talkative self-defense that spent almost as much time on Fitzgerald-versus-reviewers as on the novel it led into. Two points made, by an author passionately concerned about his life in art, deserve quick notice. For one thing he hymns H. L. Mencken as a Jovian critic from whose ways lesser mortals should learn. There is an irony here, for in these very days, and nights, Scott was making a nuisance of himself as a frequently unravelling caller at Mencken's apartment in Baltimore. Secondly, Fitzgerald's true commitment to good fiction stands out as he underlines his determined efforts to give his creative best to *The Great Gatsby*. This "intro" if not polished is genuinely interesting, and has become a standard anthology piece.

Almost at once, on September 15, Fitzgerald sent back to Cerf at the "Modern Library Building, New York City," the most intriguing of these letters, one pleading, not too effectively, for a chance to change his brand new preface in any later edition—even at his own expense.

I do not like the preface. Reading it over it seems to have both flipness and incoherence [sic], two qualities which the story that succeeds it manages to avoid.
“I Am Used To Being Dunned” 35

His agitated plea includes the teasing information that revision would “comprise merely the excision of a paragraph and the [sic] change of a couple of key sentences.” But these details are not spelled out further. If Random House asked for more, or got more, the present file does not show it. I suspect the matter was discreetly dropped. Be that as it may, at the bottom of this missive is typed,

F. Scott Fitzgerald
Per Scottie Fitzgerald, typing

To this Scott put an arrow, in ink, and “note this.” His schoolgirl daughter, resilient despite family disasters, was being helpful, and
he was proud of her. There weren’t too many happy moments to share.

Cerf sent a September 17 reply, deftly labelling the annoying preface “thoroughly O. K.”, and wrote again on the 20th enclosing a review from the New York Times, “the first I have seen of your new introduction.” Appearing on Thursday, September 20, in the “Books Of The Times” column, was a grabbag review by John Chamberlain that had as one special item a paragraph treating almost sympathetically Fitzgerald’s strictures on ill-equipped reviewers, but defending his journalistic cohorts nevertheless. This Timesman was more understanding than resentful. Fitzgerald had been worse handled in the press.

Continuing light-hearted morale building, Cerf wrote on the 28th, (I skip Scott’s smalltalk note of the 26th) that “Gatsby is off to a mighty good start in the Modern Library. And why the hell shouldn’t it be? It is a swell book.” And on October 2 he mailed down a small ad he had placed in the New Yorker for Gatsby (it had appeared on September 1st, p. 78) closing with “I hope you think we are doing right by your little Nell.”

Such efforts notwithstanding, Fitzgerald would not come out of this 30’s encounter with critical opinion and public taste much better than he had in the 20’s. This Prohibition Age brainchild remained more or less a literary waif. Its parent felt this keenly, and continued to importune for a reworked introduction, obviously to bolster the appeal of the novel itself. On October 10 (I skip another mere note of the 5th) Fitzgerald was still insisting, “The preface is incoherent. I am not even going to revise it, but simply do it over again.” The chance never came. There would be no second Modern Library printing. His troublesome preface remains as his first rush at words left it.

The Random House gathering in Butler Library includes three more Fitzgerald epistles, none of which involves The Great Gatsby, but which as “Fitzgeraldiana”—it is his word in the letter
of August 30—fill out the picture of his relationship with this rising American publisher. In a November 20th letter Scott, in an echo of his frustrating Hollywood periods in 1927 and 1931, asks Cerf, since “Goldwin [sic] is considering “Tender is the Night” with Miriam Hopkins in the role of Nicole,” to interest the star in it too. “... she was one of the three (the others were Hepburn and Harding) that I could see in the role, which requires intelligent handling, but of all of them she was my favorite.” He is answered on the 23rd that Bennett found their mutual friend rushing for the Coast, but “extremely anxious to do it.” However anything more would have to wait until Miriam had finished “Becky Sharpe [sic]” for another studio. Goldwyn never made Tender then, nor did any other film producer before Scott’s sudden death in Hollywood in 1940.

On December 26 Fitzgerald thanked Cerf for the gift of Random House’s new The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze by William Saroyan. “It’s a fine get-up with the bizarre typography of the jacket.” Scott does not mention Zelda who had been allowed a Christmas visit with husband and child. Throughout this six month’s correspondence, admittedly one with gaps, and one primarily on business matters, there is not a whisper about the tormented Mrs. Fitzgerald. This silence, on his side, can be interpreted kindly or unkindly as conscience demands. In any event there were others closer to him, and to her, to whom he wrote more candidly about the family tragedy. Perhaps what is left unsaid here speaks loudest of all.

Columbia’s Nancy Milford has written in Zelda, A Biography, “She was the American girl living the American dream, and she became mad within it.” There were times, and these weeks and months when for Modern Library he returned to The Great Gatsby one of them, when Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald drifted agonizingly close to the same awful condition too. One has only to read between the lines to see.
The last Fitzgerald 'manuscript' in the Random House folders jumps to May 16, 1936, with Scott, having survived meantime the terrible "Crack-Up" of the year before, and Zelda, worse then ever, already sent to the North Carolina sanatorium which would be home for much of the time until the dreadful end. It is a wire, again via Baltimore’s Western Union, asking Cerf to consider Tender for Modern Library. It continues,

IF I MAKE CERTAIN CHANGES TOWARD THE END WHICH I SEE NOW ARE ESSENTIAL COMMA IT WOULD MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE SPLIT UP OF THE TWO PRINCIPLE [sic] CHARACTERS STOP OR DO YOU THINK THAT ONCE PUBLISHED A BOOK IS FOREVER CRYSTALIZED
The answer? Three Random House carbons accompany this but each is tentative only. Despite this appeal, which is one more example of Fitzgerald’s constant grieving over a flawed work he had slaved over for long years, Tender did not follow Gatsby into the Modern Library fold. So this story-with-a-story really ends with a telegram, as it began with one.
The Candide Collaboration:

A Pair of Gifts

KENNETH A. LOHF

The course of printing history can be traced through a succession of landmark books, each of which was the result of a successful blending of the individual talents of printer, illustrator and publisher. One need cite only a few instances during the modern era to uphold the conviction: the combined geniuses of William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones produced the sumptuous Kelmscott Chaucer; T. J. Cobden-Sanderson and Emery Walker, the magnificent Doves Press Bible; and the Grabhorn brothers and Valenti Angelo, the monumental Grabhorn Press Whitman. The artist and illustrator Rockwell Kent, Elmer Adler and the Pynson Printers, and the fledgling New York publishers, Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer, likewise combined their respective talents in the late nineteen-twenties to produce one of the most attractive volumes in the history of American printing—Voltaire’s Candide.

On January 29, 1927, Publisher’s Weekly announced a new publishing firm formed by Cerf, a 1920 graduate from Columbia College, and Klopfer, a New York businessman, to be called Random House, a name which came from a determination to “publish anything they like—at random.” Along with Adler, founder in 1923 of the Pynson Printers and supervisor of the manufacture of books at the new publishing house, they planned at the outset to devote their combined energies to the creation and distribution of books of typographical excellence. Candide, the novel written by a philosopher to satirize the creed of optimism, was chosen as their first collaboration, and as the first book to bear the Random House imprint. Adler was to be responsible for the com-
Rockwell Kent’s watercolor drawing in Elmer Adler’s copy of *Candide*. (Crawford gift)
position and the press work; and Kent, who had studied at Columbia in 1904 and was considered one of the country’s notable book illustrators, was selected to design and illustrate the volume. The resulting book, published in the spring of 1928, is a memorable testimonial to the spirit of cooperation and the exquisite taste which existed between the publishers, the printer and the artist. Adler, on a European trip shortly after publication, wrote to Klopfer from London on May 20, 1928, “Stanley Morison was kind enough to say that he considered Candide the most important illustrated book to have been made in America.” This was high praise, indeed, from one of England’s reknowned historians of printing and typography.

For this first book Kent also designed the firm’s symbol, which subsequently appeared on the title-page of every Random House book down to the present day. Candide was printed in a limited number edition of 1,470 copies; and an additional 95 copies were issued, covered in a fabric binding decorated with the Random House symbol, in which the illustrations, chapter heads and initial letters were hand-colored in Kent’s studio. There were also several colored copies reserved for presentation among those responsible for the printing and publication of the volume. Through exceptional good fortune the Libraries have recently received as gifts two of the most distinguished copies of the presentation issue—Elmer Adler’s and Bennett Cerf’s copies, each containing on the front endpaper five inscriptions written by the other members of the Candide collaboration.

Adler’s copy, numbered P1 on the colophon page, is embellished with an original watercolor drawing by Kent of an oak tree linking the five inscriptions within its sturdy branches. Cerf’s inscription to Adler, expressing a publisher’s gratitude to his printer, reads, “For Elmer Adler—Who has produced a book that we shall be proud of always.” This copy has come to the Libraries as the gift of Mr. John M. Crawford, Jr., who had received it from
Watercolor drawing by Kent in Bennett Cerf's copy of *Candide*. (Cerf Foundation gift)
Adler in San Juan in 1957. Adler’s own handwritten note in the copy described *Candide* as “the most important book made by the Pynson Printers.”

The copy of *Candide* owned by Cerf, numbered P₄, was presented by the Phyllis and Bennett Cerf Foundation, through the generosity of Mrs. Phyllis Cerf Wagner. It also contains a charming watercolor by Kent depicting the Random House symbol at the bottom of the page, and the clouds above enfold ing the five inscriptions. “Without ‘Bean’ there would be no Random House—Kent—Voltaire—Pynson CANDIDE,” is Adler’s inscribed tribute to the publisher, whose nickname was always used affectionately by all his closest friends.

These two inscriptions, as well as the others in these two copies, illustrate the confluence of talents, revising and stimulating one another, that was at the core of the *Candide* masterpiece. Four years later, in 1932, Cerf and Adler produced another important work, the folio edition of *Beowulf*, also illustrated by Kent. While imaginative and expressionistic, the work lacked the subtlety and freshness of their earliest joint effort. After *Beowulf* and several less impressive books, Adler and Cerf traveled their separate ways, Adler to continue for nearly another decade his distinguished fine printing under the Pynson Printers imprint, and Cerf, in his partnership with Klopfer, to become the successful trade book publisher of Robinson Jeffers, Eugene O’Neill, Gertrude Stein, William Faulkner, John O’Hara, Sinclair Lewis, and numerous other celebrated twentieth century authors. It is fortunate, indeed, that the gifts of Mrs. Wagner and Mr. Crawford have brought together at Columbia the two unique copies of *Candide* once owned by Adler and Cerf. They record and confirm this remarkable collaboration in memorable ways, and remind us that publishers, printers and illustrators rely as much on one another as on their own imaginations to achieve their successes.
Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Bonnell gift. In 1962 Miss Alice H. Bonnell (B.S., 1940) established a collection of the papers of the American theatre producer, Ira A. Hards, and his wife, the actress Ina Hammer Hards. Miss Bonnell has recently added to the collection nearly three hundred items comprising the following: four scrapbooks of reviews, programs and clippings pertaining to productions at the Empire Theatre in New York and the Westchester Theatre in Mt. Vernon, the latter built by Hards for his stock company; an account book for the 1914-1915 season at the Westchester Theatre; Hards's appointment books covering the period, 1900-1932; and programs, contracts and papers relating to plays in which Mrs. Hards performed, including J. M. Barrie's *Quality Street*, Clyde Fitch's *The Truth*, G. B. Shaw's *Arms and the Man* and James Lane Allen's *The Choir Invisible*.

Briggs gift. Mrs. Berta N. Briggs, widow of the late William Harlowe Briggs, who was editor of the trade book department of Harper & Brothers, has presented a fine pen drawing by George Du Maurier, entitled "A Damper," which her husband had received as a gift from Hoyer Millar, Du Maurier's son-in-law and literary executor, in appreciation of the manner in which Briggs had handled the copyright for the dramatization of *Peter Ibbetson* in 1930. The drawing, published in *Punch* in the September 2, 1876 issue, satirizes the aesthetic movement which at that time was flourishing in England. Mrs. Briggs has made the gift of this splendid and fascinating drawing in memory of her late husband.

Cerf Foundation gift. The Phyllis and Bennett Cerf Foundation, through the thoughtful generosity of Mrs. Phyllis Cerf Wagner, has presented a selection of 161 titles from the library of the late
Bennett Cerf (A.B., 1919; Litt.B., 1920), distinguished for their inscriptions, fine printing, or association with Random House. The inscribed volumes, which were displayed in the exhibition, “Bennett Cerf and Random House,” include works by Eugene Pen drawing by George Du Maurier, entitled “A Damper,” published in the September 2, 1876, issue of Punch. The caption beneath the drawing reads:

Boniface Brasenose, an amiable but aesthetic youth, exhibiting his Art-treasures: “That's—a—a—Mother and Child, a—a—fifteenth century—-.”
Fashionable Lady: “I should have thought it earlier!”
Boniface Brasenose: “a—may I ask why?”
Fashionable Lady: “Oh, I should have thought they would paint better than that, so late as the fifteenth century!”

O’Neill, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Sinclair Lewis, William Faulkner, Robinson Jeffers, George Gershwin, Robert Penn Warren, William Saroyan and numerous other twentieth century American authors. Of particular importance are the following: William Faulkner, Go Down, Moses, and Other Stories, 1942,
number 1 of one hundred copies signed by the author; James Joyce, *Ulysses*, 1934, inscribed by Joyce to Cerf, “congratulating him on his courage and enterprise”; George Gershwin, *Porgy and Bess: An Opera in Three Acts*, 1935, inscribed to Cerf with “sincere admiration for his high standards in publishing”; Robinson Jeffers, *Two Consolations*, San Mateo, 1940, inscribed to Cerf and signed by both Una and Robinson Jeffers; and *The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin Delano Roosevelt*, 1938, inscribed to Cerf and signed by President Roosevelt. Mrs. Wagner has also presented a fine oil portrait of her late husband painted, ca. 1939, by Nikol Schattenstein.

**Clifford gift.** Professor James L. Clifford (A.M., 1932; Ph.D., 1941) continues to enrich and strengthen our eighteenth century literary holdings of both rare printed works and manuscripts. His recent gift has added three manuscripts by Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi: a fair copy in her hand of her poem, “On a Weeping Willow Set Over Against a Sun Dial at Brynbella,” written at her home in Wales in 1802; a notebook containing a collection of prayers and her notes on the pleasure of praying, written at Streatham Park, ca. 1770; and the four-page manuscript in her hand of an Italian novella, “Tutto per il meglio,” ca. 1785-87. The two other manuscripts in Professor Clifford’s gift are a nine-line verse about Jonathan Swift in an unknown hand, and a copy of Samuel Johnson’s letter to Frances Reynolds, dated June 28, 1781. The copy of the Johnson Letter, found by Professor Clifford in 1935 among Mrs. Piozzi’s papers, was attached at that time to an anonymously published essay entitled *An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Taste, and of the Origin of Our Ideas of Beauty, &c.*, printed by Baker and Galabin in London in 1785. Professor Clifford identified the author as Frances Reynolds, the sister of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and published his findings in 1951 in a facsimile edition issued by the Augustan Reprint Society. He has now presented, as
the stellar item in his recent gift, this copy of the pamphlet, uncut and in the original wrappers.

Cohn gift. For addition to the John Berryman Collection Mrs. Louis Henry Cohn has donated the poet's copy of *The Dramatick Works of John Dryden*, London, Jacob Tonson, 1735. The first volume of the six-volume set is signed by John Berryman (A.B., 1936) on the front endpaper and dated "Cambridge, 13 Jan. 1937," at the time when he was studying at Clare College in Cambridge University.

Finelli gift. Miss Florence Finelli has presented a collection of nearly 150 noteworthy editions in the fields of children's books and English and American literature, including the following: William Cullen Bryant, *The Fountain and Other Poems*, New York, 1842, first edition in the original binding; Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Vital Message*, London, 1919, inscribed by the author; T. S. Eliot, *John Dryden: The Poet, the Dramatist, the Critic*, New York, 1932, one of 110 copies signed by the author; and a group of ninety publications of the American Sunday Union, issued in Philadelphia from 1827 to 1840, and comprising stories and tracts edited primarily by Frederick Adolphus Packard.

Keppel Family gift. Mr. Charles T. Keppel (A.B., 1930) and other members of the Keppel family have presented a large and important collection of the papers of their father, the late Frederick Paul Keppel (A.B., 1898; Litt.D., 1929), who served as Dean of Columbia College, 1910-1918, Assistant Secretary of War, 1918, and director of foreign operations of the American Red Cross, 1919-1920. The papers cover the period from 1900, when he was secretary of the College, to his death in 1943. The nearly twenty-nine thousands pieces include the manuscripts of Dean Keppel's speeches and writings, as well as his extensive family and professional correspondence, among which are letters from Alex-
Lamont gift. On the 112th anniversary of George Santayana's birth, December 16, 1975, Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932) presented his personal collection of the philosopher's letters and manuscripts in a private ceremony held in President William J. McGill's office. In making the gift, Dr. Lamont stated his belief that Santayana, who ranks as one of the most significant American philosophers of the twentieth century, wrote philosophy more beautifully than anyone since Plato. Dr. Lamont's gift, which amply illustrates this belief, includes: eight holograph letters written to him by Santayana from 1935 to 1951, as well as several let-
Commentary written to Horace M. Kallen, Sterling P. Lamprecht, Herbert W. Schneider and Dagobert Runes; Dr. Lamont’s notes for, and transcriptions of, five interviews with the philosopher, two of which were extensive conversations held in Rome in 1950; a series of forty-eight photographs of Santayana taken near the end of his life in his quarters at the Convent of the Blue Nuns in Rome; the holograph manuscripts of the poems written by Santayana on the subjects of Harvard University’s Delphic Club and Signet Society, dated Christmas 1890 and March 22, 1902, respectively; and the philosopher’s copy of Francis Bacon’s essays, presented to him on December 16, 1891, by his Delphic Club associates.

Lemaitre gift. Mr. Victor Lemaitre (A.B., 1925; A.M., 1926) has donated a copy of a pamphlet, Umbrellas and Their History, issued in 1864 by the New York retailers of umbrellas, Clyde and Black, which at that time was located at 683 Broadway. This amusing social history, written by William Sangster but published anonymously, is illustrated with charming and fanciful illustrations by the English engraver and artist, Charles Henry Bennett.

Liebmann gift. Mr. William B. Liebmann has donated a collection of more than seventy books, pamphlets and ephemera relating to fine printing, among which are the following noteworthy items: three letters written by C. H. St. John Hornby, founder of the Ashendene Press, as well as a leaflet, List of Books Printed at the Ashendene Press, 1895–1913, with bibliographical notes at the end in Hornby’s hand; an original colored drawing by Frederic Goudy of an initial letter “S” done for the Village Press, dated 1919; a scrapbook with approximately seventy mounted bookplates of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including examples of the work of W. A. Dwiggins, E. D. French, Rockwell Kent and Bruce Rogers; the Limited Editions Club edition of The Book of Job, 1946, signed by the illustrator, Arthur Szyk; and McKinlay Kan-
Our Growing Collections

tor, Andersonville, Cleveland, 1955, one of one thousand copies signed by the author.

Nickerson gift. Mrs. Jane Soames Nickerson has presented, in memory of her late husband, the distinguished military historian,


Major Hoffman Nickerson, A.U.S., a collection of twenty-four volumes of seventeenth and eighteenth century publications primarily on English history, the Inquisition, the Church of England, and art and architecture. Among the most important editions in

Pepper gift. To his earlier gifts Mr. Morton Pepper has now added a large and comprehensive collection of portraits and memorabilia of Abraham Lincoln, including nearly 150 lithographs, engravings, photographs, watercolors, drawings and etchings depicting the President, his family and political associates, and events with which he was associated. Among the lithographs, dating mostly from the period, 1860–1865, are fourteen fine examples by Currier
Kenneth A. Lohf

and Ives. The original art works include an impressive signed charcoal drawing of the President by Gutzon Borglum, measuring 19 by 15 inches. Also part of the gift collection are numerous items of memorabilia, such as souvenir ribbons, bookends, a dinner plate, figurines, plaques and mementoes, all of which bear the likeness of the Civil War President.

Ray gift. Dr. Gordon N. Ray (L.L.D., 1969) has presented a copy of the Eragny Press edition of Émile Moselly, *La Charrue d'Érable*, printed in Paris in 1912 for *Le Livre Contemporain*. The volume, one of an edition of 116 copies, contains twelve illustrations by Camille Pissarro engraved by Lucien Pissarro on wood and printed in chiaroscuro. This, the last major work printed by the Eragny Press, is one of its most handsome and desirable productions.

Schrader gift. For inclusion in the collection of the papers of the Women’s National Book Association, Miss Donna Schrader has sent the files of the Status of Women Committee. The files, numbering more than five hundred letters and memoranda, relate to the efforts of the Committee to secure equal rights for women in the publishing industry.

Scott gift. Mr. Barry Scott has donated an uncut copy of the first edition of a pamphlet by William Morris, *Under an Elm-Tree; or, Thoughts in the Countryside*, printed by James Leathan in Aberdeen in 1891.

Trautman gift. The gift by Professor Ray Trautman (B.S., 1940) of a copy of the Kelmscott Press edition of William Morris’s *Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair* assists the Libraries in bringing its Kelmscott Collection closer to completion. Published in Hammersmith in 1895, the edition of *Child Christopher* was limited to six hundred copies. The particularly fine copy donated by Professor Trautman is bound in half morocco, richly gilt and with green morocco onlay on the spines.
Professor Trautman's recent gift also includes 125 additional literary, historical and finely-printed editions, among which are: a copy of the folio edition of Samuel Prout's *Sketches in France, Switzerland and Italy*, published in London in 1839, and containing twenty-five tinted plates; and a set in the original calf of the American issue of the third edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, printed by Thomas Dobson in Philadelphia. Serial publication of the latter was begun by Dobson in 1790, and the monumental work, entitled *Encyclopaedia; or, a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature*, was completed seven years later in eighteen volumes, the title-page dated 1798.
Activities of the Friends

*Random House Exhibition.* The exhibition, "Random House & Bennett Cerf," celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the publishing house, opened with a reception in Low Library on Tuesday afternoon, January 27, sponsored by the Friends and the University Librarian, and attended by more than five hundred invited guests. Mrs. Phyllis Cerf Wagner, the publisher's widow, was the guest of honor. The exhibition of inscribed first editions, letters and manuscripts relating to Random House authors and their books will remain on view through February 20.

*Bancroft Awards Dinner.* The Bancroft Awards Dinner has been scheduled for Tuesday evening, April 1.

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**EXHIBITION IN BUTLER LIBRARY**

March 3–May 13

*Two Gifts from Morton Pepper:*

The John Steinbeck Collection

and

The C. Doris Hellman Collection of Astronomy Books

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THE FRIENDS OF THE COLUMBIA LIBRARIES

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