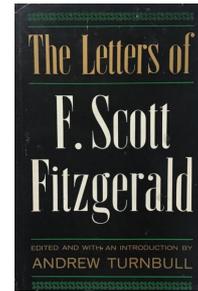


Scott Fitzgerald
Letter to Edmund Wilson, May 1921*



Hotel Cecil
London, England
[May, 1921]

Dear Bunny:

Of course I'm wild with jealousy! Do you think you can indecently parade this obscene success ¹ before my envious disposition, with *equanimity*? You are mistaken.

God damn the continent of Europe. It is of merely antiquarian interest. Rome is only a few years behind Tyre and Babylon. The negroid streak creeps northward to defile the Nordic race. Already the Italians have the souls of blackamoors. Raise the bars of immigration and permit only Scandinavians, Teutons, Anglo-Saxons and Celts to enter. France made me sick. Its silly pose as the thing the world has to save. I think it's a shame that England and America didn't let Germany conquer Europe. It's the only thing that would have saved the fleet of tottering old wrecks. My reactions were all philistine, antisocialistic, provincial and racially snobbish. I believe at last in the white man's burden. We are as far above the modern Frenchman as he is above the Negro. Even in art! Italy has no one. When Anatole France dies French literature will be a silly jealous rehashing of technical quarrels. They're thru and done. You may have spoken in jest about New York as the capital of culture but in 25 years -it will be just as London is now. Culture follows money and all the refinements of aestheticism can't stave off its change of seat (Christ! what a metaphor). We will be the Romans in the next generations as the English are now.

Alec sent me your article. I read it half a dozen times and think it is magnificent. I can't tell you how I hate you. I don't hate Don Stewart half as much (tho I find that I am suddenly and curiously irritated by him) because I don't really dread him. But *you!* Keep out my sight. I want no more of your articles!

* in Andrew Turnbull (ed.), [The Letters of Scott Fitzgerald](#), 1963.

¹ Wilson had published an essay on Mencken in *The New Republic*, and Mencken had praised it in a letter to Wilson.

Enclosed is 2 francs with which you will please find a French slave to make me a typed copy of your letter from Mencken. Send here at once, if it please you. I will destroy it on reading it. Please! I'd do as much for you. I haven't gotten hold of a *Bookman*.

Paradise is out here. Of 20 reviews about half are mildly favorable, a quarter of them imply that I've read "*Sinister Street* once too often" and the other five (including *The Times*) damn it summarily as artificial. I doubt if it sells 1500 copies.

Mencken's first series of *Prejudices* is attracting attention here. Wonderful review in *The Times*.

I'm delighted to hear about *The Undertaker*.² ... Edna has no doubt told you how we scoured Paris for you. Idiot! The American Express mail department has my address. Why didn't you register? We came back to Paris especially to see you. Needless to say our idea of a year in Italy was well shattered and we sail for America on the 9th and thence to the "Sahara of Bozart" (Montgomery) for life.

With envious curses and hopes of an immediate response,

F. Scott Fitzgerald-author of *Flappers and Philosophers* (juvenile)

² *The Undertaker's Garland*, prose and verse by Wilson and John Peale Bishop.