

*I do not write my books that they may be
read, but that they may be written*



Holland is a small country, and it is difficult to step out in it without treading on somebody's toes. I therefore wish to declare, once for all, and most emphatically, that my books contain no allusions, covert or overt, to any real persons, living or dead. I am aware that great masters of fiction have thought fit to work from models; that method must therefore possess its advantages: it is not mine. In this latest book, for instance, I have purposely avoided correct description of the various Court Charges, lest anyone should seek for some feeble coincidence. Such search, after this statement, would be deliberately malicious. I describe manners and morals, not individual men.

I furthermore desire to say – although, surely, this should be superfluous – that the morals I seek to describe are those of the entire human race.

It is only by the merest accident that my scene is laid in Holland, a country whose inhabitants, I suppose, are no better, nor worse, than their neighbours. My common sense tells me they cannot be, though my widely-travelled heart insists, with sweet unreason, that the land of my birth is the best and happiest spot on the globe.

Voorwoord van Maarten Maartens bij zijn roman *The Greater Glory* (1894)

Preface by Maarten Maartens to his novel *The Greater Glory* (1894)

PREFACE

125 years ago, Joost van der Poorten Schwartz settled with his young family on the Utrecht Hill Ridge, where up to his death in 1915 he enjoyed the tranquillity and beauty still offered by this part of the province of Utrecht today. His time there was regularly interrupted by long trips abroad, which detracted from the visibility and reputation of this modest gentleman of standing, although his generosity made him a valued resident of the region nevertheless.

The *alter ego* of the lawyer Van der Poorten Schwartz, better known as Maarten Maartens, remained concealed for a long while. Although Maartens had gained fame in England, America and Germany as a writer of novels and short stories, his compatriots' knowledge and appreciation of Maartens' literary reputation lagged far behind.

Last year, some of the writer's descendants successfully persuaded the board of the Maarten Maartens Foundation to attempt to bring a wider public into contact with the life and work of their ancestor, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his death.

For over a year and a half, an enthusiastic committee worked on the preparations for this special day. This programme booklet shows the outcome of the plans forged by the committee. There can be no doubt that every participant in the day's events will find something to their liking that will contribute to a greater familiarity with the name of the writer Maarten Maartens.

On behalf of the Maarten Maartens Foundation and the preparatory committee, I wish you an inspiring day at De Zonheuvel.

Bouwe Postmus
Chairman of the Maarten Maartens Foundation

There are two ways of existing for ever, as a living creature or as a mummy. Now in these days of literary activity the continuation of a large number of literary mummies is certain. They will be preserved in their hundreds by biographies, dictionaries, etc. We shall know their names, but how many writers of the Victorian era will remain alive throughout the ages? Half a dozen?

Maarten Maartens, 1889

ABOUT THE SPEAKERS

Dr. Bouwe Postmus was a university lecturer in English literature at the English Seminary of the University of Amsterdam for 40 years. He obtained his doctorate with *An Exile's Cunning*, a study of the life and work of the English novelist George Gissing (1857-1903).

Gissing and Maartens were more or less exact contemporaries, and the writers met in June 1896 in Marlow on the Thames, at a dinner at the Omar Khayyam Club, of which they were both members.

Since 1996, Bouwe Postmus has been associated with the Maarten Maartens Foundation, first as literary advisor and from 2004 as chairman of the board.

Arjan Peters is a literary critic and editor of *de Volkskrant*. His publications include the essay collections *De ongeneeslijke lezer* (2003), *Eindelijk sneeuw* (2011) and *Kreten uit een urn* (2013). He has been a guest critic with Radboud University, Nijmegen, for several years. This year, he is the guest curator of the treasury of the Meulenhoff publishing house. He wrote the epilogue to the anniversary edition of Jan Siebelink's *Knielen op een bed violen*. *Peters is a regular interviewer at literary events.*

Anne van Delft tells stories at small theatres, big conferences and special events. She also teaches storytelling; a subject she developed on the basis of her Dutch and Theatre studies. For this Maarten Maartens commemoration day, she will select some of his stories to tell. She feels it is very special to be able to tell the stories at Zonheuvel, the house where he lived and wrote.

Dr. Anna-Christina Giovanopoulos is a 'Privatdozentin' in English Literature and Culture at the Technische Universität Dresden. Her main sphere of interest is 19th-century popular literature. In her talk about Maartens, she takes his story *Her Last Word* as an example for discussing Maartens' relevance for today's reader.

Dr. Hendrik Breuls has worked as a language teacher (English, French, German and Dutch) and now teaches at the language centre of the Technische Universität Dresden. He wrote his Master's thesis on Maarten Maartens, *Author in Double Exile. The Literary Appreciation of Maarten Maartens* (Universiteit Regensburg, 1985), and obtained his doctorate from the Technische Universität Dresden on Maartens, with the thesis *A Comparative Evaluation of Selected Prose by Maarten Maartens*, in December 2004. Hendrik Breuls' contribution links up with the presentation by Anna-Christina Giovanopoulos, with a discussion of a broader selection of Maarten Maartens' writings. He will focus on the role of the women in Maartens' oeuvre.

Eymert van Manen is a historian and cultural entrepreneur. Since 1993, along with Pieter Teepe, he has been an initiator and board member of the foundation The Crowned Falcon, which administrates and curates the heritage of Van Vollenhoven's Brewery and Vinegar Factory, The Crowned Falcon. In this capacity, he has been bringing the famous Van Vollenhoven & Co's Extra Stout to market every November since 2006. This autumn, they are opening the new Van Vollenhoven's pub and brewery in Amsterdam.

Designer **André van Zwieten**, born and raised in Wijk bij Duurstede, combines his daily work with writing, music and theatre. Since being appointed Town Poet in January 2014, he provides his community with original, critical and sometimes alienating poems.

Michiel Kranendonk works as an autonomous visual artist and exhibits regularly all over the Netherlands. He is a distant relative of Maarten Maartens. In 2011, he was commissioned by the SBI to make a large painting of the Maarten Maartenshuis (oil on canvas, 2.5 x 4.5m).

De Zonheuvel is painted as it may have looked around 1903, when the hills of Doorn were barer and you could see the Dom Tower from the house. The panoramic landscape symbolises both the broad views of the cosmopolitan Maartens and the SBI's aim to send people home with broader views after their training.

We torture each other as much as possible in the pursuit of justice, and ourselves in the pursuit of pleasure.

By a cynic, so far as I can make out, is meant a man who laughs a moment longer than other people before he weeps more bitterly than they.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

Start of the commemoration, with an appearance by André van Zwieten

On Saturday 15 August 2015, the 157th anniversary of Maartens' birthday, a meeting took place in Langbroek to mark the start of the commemorative activities lasting until the end of September. Following an introduction by the chairman of the Maarten Maartens Foundation, Bouwe Postmus, and a short explanation of the commemorative programme by a distant relative, Henriette van Zwet (on behalf of the working group 'Maarten Maartens 2015'), there was a contribution from the town poet of Wijk bij Duurstede, André van Zwieten. The meeting was closed by a walk to Maartens' family grave and then past the village pump donated by Maartens to the Langbroek Council in 1893 to Lunenburg Castle, where Maartens lived from 1890 to 1892.

For this occasion, André van Zwieten wrote the following poem:

POSTUUM DEBUUT

Er ruisen populieren langs de waterkant
Gemaaid gras op de smalle kavels ligt gekeerd
Een beeld zo mooi in jouw verhalen gestileerd
Ook die Langbroekenaren, in zichzelf gekeerd spelen een hoofdrol of zijn soms een figurant

En blad na blad herlezend zie ik hoe frappant je weerslag van het leven langs de
wetering als wolken in het water - de weerspiegeling van die oerhollandse
plafondbeschildering
Je schetst een ander oord, maar duidelijk verwant

Hoe moeizaam ben jij te ontdekken in dit land De sporen die je naliet zijn
gefragmenteerd
Een pomp hiernaast, een grafsteen honderd jaar verweerd Je woonhuis, als
congresgebouw geëxploiteerd
maar waar voel ik je geest, je warme schrijvershand?

Your grave, with Ivy Hedera once overgrown, As covered by oblivion, most of us
may

Be unaware of famous writers passed away

Your name is not your name, as some descendants say To whom your wit and pun
and spirit has been shown

Jouw werk, zo hoog geprezen aan de overkant Waar kan het uit de boekenkast
worden gehaald Wie wil het lezen, onverdund en onvertaald zonder in dat
archaisch taalgebruik verdwaald en blijkt jouw schrift tegen veroudering bestand?

Interpreteren lezers hier in Nederland

filmische plotwendingen - slaan die jumpcuts aan Een Heeresma avant la lettre
opgestaan

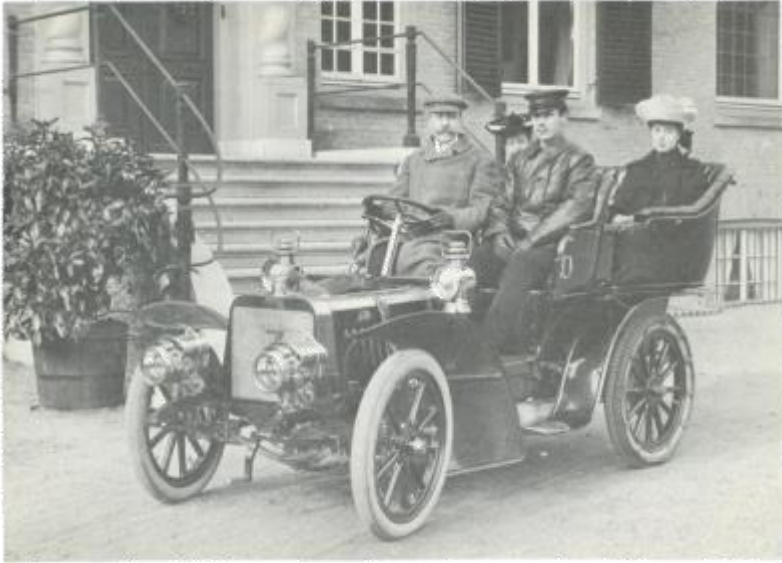
Die romantiek en ruwheid waar komt dat vandaan Wie wordt nieuwsgierig naar
jou, late debutant?

Will this day prove to be - at last! - your perfect day That from your grave in which
you have been put to rest Your spirit rises through the white bones of your chest
And frees itself in answer to some God's request
To resurrect, as poets and religious say

Langbroek heeft Gerrit Achterberg voortgebracht

Joost Van der Poorten Schwartz, jij die hier hebt gewoond Jou wordt als
schrijver Maarten Maartens eer betoond, een uit zijn stof herrezen schrijftalent
beloond

Maar nu het boek: 'Gods Gek' - wanneer wordt dat verwacht?



Maarten Maartens at the wheel of his English car,
a Humber, with his daughter Ada (r), 1908

*A man with the manners of yesterday
and the morals of tomorrow.*
(Ada van der Poorten Schwartz over haar vader)

De Zonheuvel
Doorn 9-II. '8

My dear Mrs Gosse,

The motor car has come. I think it is as good as they can be made – which isn't saying much. I say they have been $\frac{1}{2}$ invented. The cost is of course always quite scandalous. Wonderful how they keep the price up for those bits of tin and rubber. We all regret the Adonis-chauffeur, but now it's such an elaborate possession, we *do* want it cleaned.

BOOK SALE

(from 12.00 to 17.30 in the Pavilion)

At Home and Abroad, Stories of Love

A new collection of short stories by Maarten Maartens

At the symposium on 26 September, the chairman of the Maarten Maartens Foundation, Bouwe Postmus, will present his compilation of a new collection of short stories by Maarten Maartens. Maartens wrote about a hundred short stories, most of which were published in four collections in the years 1901-1909. This fifth collection, *At Home and Abroad*, includes 31 stories that appeared in English and American journals but were never published in book form. By publishing the collection, the Maarten Maartens Foundation is paying a posthumous tribute to a writer who is once again in the limelight 100 years after his death. Maartens' short stories are counted among the best works of his literary legacy. This genre does full justice to his great stylistic and psychological craftsmanship.

Price: € 18.50

Reissue of De dwaas Gods

God's Fool was first published in 1892 and secured the definitive breakthrough of Maarten Maartens. It was reprinted many times in many different languages. After 83 years, in 1975, the Meulenhoff publishing house published a modern Dutch translation (by Jean A. Schalekamp) of the novel, entitled *De dwaas Gods*. On the occasion of the 100th anniversary of his death, Meulenhoff has reissued Maartens' best-known novel.

Price: € 20

The book is also available from **The Readshop in Doorn**: 0343 421044 / doorn@readshop.nl

Maarten Maartens en het Maarten

Maartenshuis by Th. M. Gorissen

General information about Maartens' life and work and about the Maarten Maartenshuis.

Published by the Maarten Maartens Foundation, Doorn 1992.

Price: € 5

MAARTEN MAARTENS

Amsterdam, 15 August 1858 - Doorn, 3 August 1915

Maarten Maartens is the pseudonym of Jozua Marius Willem Schwartz (from 1889 Van der Poorten Schwartz), a Dutch writer of prose and poetry, who wrote in English.

His father Solomon Schwartz (born in the Prussian-Polish town of Meseritz in 1817) was originally predestined to become a rabbi. However, he converted to Christianity and was rebaptised as Carl August Ferdinand Schwartz. He became a minister in Amsterdam, with the special task of carrying out missionary work among the Jews. There, he married Cornelia van Vollenhoven (1822-1902), a descendant of a prominent Amsterdam family, and their third child, Jozua (Joost), was born in 1858. In 1864, the Schwartz family moved to London, where Carl Schwartz continued his work as a minister.

Joost lived in London for six years and English became his mother tongue. Following his father's death in 1870, Joost Schwartz went to grammar school first in Amsterdam and from 1873 in Bonn, where he obtained his school certificate. In 1877, he started studying law in Utrecht, where he obtained his doctorate in 1882. Shortly afterwards, he took over the lectures of his master, Prof. J. A. Fruin, for a while. When Fruin's successor was appointed, however, Schwartz was passed over on political and religious grounds.

In 1883, he married his cousin Anna van Vollenhoven, but the happiness of his marriage was overshadowed by Anna's poor health, which deteriorated further after the birth of their daughter Ada. They sought a cure everywhere in the Netherlands and abroad, but neither doctor's help nor visits to sanatoria in Switzerland or on the Riviera brought relief. They usually spent their summers in the Netherlands, first in Lunenburg Castle in Neêrlangbroek, then Zuytlestein Castle in Leersum and Huize De Bunt in Driebergen, until 1903 when Maartens had a house built to his own design (known today as the Maarten Maartens House) on the country estate De Zonheuvel, halfway between Maarn and Doorn, which he had bought in 1894.

In 1889, Maartens added the name 'Van der Poorten' to his own name. It was the maiden name of his great-grandmother Elisabeth van Vollenhoven-van der Poorten, adopted by an uncle who had appointed his wife and himself heirs. Maartens made his debut in 1885 under his own name with an anthology of conventional poems written in English, *The Morning of a Love and Other Poems*, which was followed by two poetic dramas.

He had more success with his novel *The Sin of Joost Avelingh* (1889), which was written in English but situated in the Netherlands, and his reputation was firmly established with his fourth novel, *God's Fool*, published in 1892. In the years between 1885 and 1914, he wrote fourteen novels, numerous short stories and a few plays and anthologies of poems. One year before his death, his only book of poetry originally written in Dutch, *Gedichten* (1914), was published under the pseudonym Joan van den Heuvel.

As Maartens had all his work published by English publishers and kept well away from any literary circles in the Netherlands, his work never gained the recognition it deserved in his own country. In the preface to his first anthology of poems, he writes about his decision to write in the English language as follows: "I have dared to write in the language I love best". This was not appreciated in the Netherlands. Renowned in England, America and Germany, in particular, he remained misunderstood in his own country. The name Maarten Maartens was chosen, as he said, "merely because it was an alias with a Dutch look that English readers might possibly be able to pronounce". In 1905, he was awarded an honorary doctorate from the University of Aberdeen and two years later he received one from the University of Western Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh, where he was invited to attend the opening of The Carnegie Institute by Andrew Carnegie. In New York, he was one of the guest speakers at a peace conference, and he was received at the White House by President Roosevelt.

By then, a somber, melancholy undertone was increasingly pervading Maartens' life. In 1899, the Boer War he so detested had already alienated him from his beloved England, and then the forebodings and the outbreak of World War I threw him into a depression. He followed the events of the war with a heavy heart.

On 3 August 1915, he died at the age of almost 57.

AUTHOR IN DOUBLE EXILE

His decision to write in English and the international success that Maartens enjoyed were not appreciated in the Netherlands. In foreign reviews, he was esteemed as a writer of psychological novels about Dutch customs and traditions, but in Dutch literary circles, he was regarded with suspicion. Among the fellow countrymen who had heard of him but never read his books, the rumour went round that they were *romans à clef*, in which he ridiculed the Netherlands. Under the influence of this gossip, people read his books mainly to see who would be made fun of this time. In a certain sense, these reproaches were actually compliments about Maartens' craftsmanship. But the preface to his novel *The Greater Glory* from 1894 (see page 1) shows that he was upset by these rumours.

Cruelly, this meant he did not belong anywhere. He was an outsider in the Dutch literary world and a stranger in his own country. He was also finding it increasingly difficult to get a publisher for his work in England and America, where his books had been on the bestseller list of his day for about twenty years. The Boer War, which had alienated him from his beloved second fatherland, England, and the developments leading up to World War I made him increasingly isolated. Maartens can thus be regarded as an 'author in double exile'

*: misunderstood in his own country, but also falling into oblivion more or less straight after his death in the countries where his name had risen to great heights.

* Author in Double Exile. The Literary Appreciation of Maarten Maartens, *MA thesis from 1985 by Hendrik Breuls.*

There could be no greater change for one man than this trip across the North Sea brings to me. On the other side half killed with kindness, on this back again in all the old atmosphere of hate. Fêted, hated. Perhaps it's salutary, but I'm not sure. In my own immediate surroundings, where 'M.M.' is unknown, of course I don't notice anything; still one feels the malevolence in the air. One of my "intimes" here came to welcome me home, and somehow something I said brought him to speak of my books, a subject we all, even my own relations, most carefully avoid: the flood-gates being opened, he poured down on me the great wrong I had done them all with my libels. How deeply hurt they all were, even my best friends and relations, by these cruel, useless continuous slanders.

From a letter to the English art critic M.H. Spielmann, 19 July 1896



Maarten Maartens at Home

Caricature by Max Beerbohm (1872-1956), from 1912, which clearly alludes to the contrast between Maartens' theme of the Dutch countryside and his cosmopolitan and dandified airs.

RECOLLECTIONS, QUOTES AND ANECDOTES

M.A. Schwartz's recollections of his uncle Maarten Maartens

Although I have few memories of Zuylestein, they are only good ones. In the six years when I was aged 10 to 16, it often housed reunions of the Schwartz family at Christmas or New Year. We went there by train from Doetinchem to Maarsbergen, where we were picked up by two carriages that took us to Zuylestein in 1½ to 2 hours. Of course, we children thought that staying in a castle was tremendously interesting. I slept in a bed in which Stadtholder William III had slept long ago. In one of the rooms stood an armchair with a cord stretched over the arms. Legend had it that whoever sat in it would die within the year. Once, an English guest said that she didn't believe the superstition and asked to sit in it, upon which my uncle said, "Don't. I'll be very sad if you die next year, and if not, you spoil the legend".

We hardly ever saw my Aunt Anna. She lived in a room upstairs. Sometimes, if she'd had a good day, she would come downstairs in the evening and join us for dessert. But she was usually too weak for that and we were allowed to pay a short visit upstairs, where she lay on a couch. She never said a word about herself and was only interested in what we were doing. She knew exactly who we were, what we did and who was staying in her house [...]

In the long run, the cold, draughty castle of Zuylestein proved unsuitable accommodation for my aunt and uncle in their poor state of health. My uncle bought fifty hectares of woods and heathland between Doorn and Maarn, and had a castle built there to his own design in the style of the late seventeenth century. [...] It was finished in 1903, and we stayed there for ten days in the summer of that year.

A day at Zonheuvel:

I'm sleeping in one of the turret rooms. At eight o'clock, Gerrit comes in with my polished shoes and – if I left it outside my room last night – my brushed suit. "Good morning sir – Good morning Gerrit – Did you sleep well? – Yes thank you Gerrit". He draws back the curtains, shuts my window and reports on the weather. Breakfast is at half past eight sharp; my uncle is very punctual. [...] After breakfast, my uncle retreats to his study, consults Willem, the butler, on household matters, and gives his daughter a lesson. The guests are in the smoking room – smoking is forbidden in the other rooms – or outdoors. If I can find a partner among the guests, I'll play tennis. Next to the tennis court, there's a white bench on which is painted "Practice makes tennis". Occasionally, my uncle goes out riding, sometimes accompanied by Gerrit. But usually, he goes for an hour's walk at half past eleven with two or three dogs

and whoever else wants to tag along. My aunts Lizzy and Mary – who are often present – venture out for quarter of an hour, if it isn't too windy, decked out in cloaks, hats and veils. After lunch, everyone takes a rest or goes to the smoking room, or we go out for a drive. Tea is served in the drawing room at half past four. The bell rings at six o'clock – the signal for dressing – and we appear in dinner jackets at half past six, with Willem serving at table. Afterwards, we retreat to the drawing room for music, where I play the piano or accompany Ada, who has a charming voice. After ten o'clock, everyone gradually makes their way to bed. Just occasionally, if I'm the only male guest, my uncle takes me to the library, if his head isn't aching and he's not too tired. Willem brings us whisky and we sit chatting by the fire till midnight. An unforgettable evening. My uncle is an interesting conversationalist. We talk about my studies and about literature, but never a word about his own books. [...]

Maarten Maartens was a gifted and amusing orator. At dinner once, talking about Switzerland and the Netherlands, he said, "The Swiss hero is William Tell, the Dutch hero is William don't tell". On another occasion, he was asked to make a speech. He said, "Gentlemen, give me a subject". Someone called out, "Your little queen". And he answered, "But the queen is no subject". [...]

In September 1914, my wife and I were guests at Zonheuvel for a few days. My uncle looked old and in a very bad way. Because of World War I, he had lost all contact with his friends abroad. He followed the terrible events of that war with a heavy heart and lived in a state of mental tension that also affected him physically. Less than a year later, on 3 August 1915, he died at the age of almost 57.

From: "*Van de hak op de tak*", *recollections of M.A. Schwartz, 1970-1972*

Maximiliaan August Schwartz (1884-1973) was a son of Maartens' half brother Carl Gottlieb Philipp Schwartz. He was a classics teacher, and from 1926 to 1949 he was headmaster at the grammar school in Nijmegen. He was greatly esteemed for his translations of Greek and Latin authors. He also translated work by Maarten Maartens, and wrote a Greek grammar book and numerous other didactic books and works.

To an Autograph Hunter

Chateau de Sully, La Tour near Vevey, 28. II. '94.

Dear Madam,

You will find my autograph overleaf. Your request is one I never refuse, altho' I cannot say I quite comprehend its meaning.

Faithfully yours,

MAARTEN MAARTENS

[Overleaf]

God's name in your heart and across your life, surely that is the only autograph worth caring for.

A photograph of a handwritten signature in cursive script, which reads "Maarten Maartens". Below the signature is a thick, dark horizontal line, likely a scan artifact or a mark on the original document.

Two Dutch writers/contemporaries about Maartens

Although Maartens was regarded with suspicion in Dutch literary circles, two leading figures of Dutch literary history spoke very highly of his work:

For me, your English poetry (in view of the state of our Dutch poetry and the path it is taking) is invigorating and encouraging (letter from Nicolaas Beets to Maartens, 1885).

According to the author/essayist Lodewijk van Deyssel, the female characters in Maartens' collection of short stories *Some Women I Have Known* (1901) are "so pure and lifelike that an identification between the author's mind and his creations must have taken place, the like of which are few and far between in literature". (De Groene Amsterdammer, 9 May 1925)

ZONHEUVEL AND THE MAARTEN MAARTENS HOUSE

Jozua van der Poorten Schwartz bought the Zonheuvel country estate in 1894, but it would be another six years before realising his plans to build a country house of his own design on the estate.

He was assisted in the building by architect Willem Adriaan Fukkink, from Drieberg, and contractor Antonius Johannes Harzing. Probable sources of inspiration for the design, due to their striking resemblance to the Zonheuvel house, were Zuylestein Castle (where Maartens had lived from 1894 to 1900), and illustrations of De Snaafsburg Castle, near Maarssen (which was demolished in 1790). From 1903 up to Maartens' death in 1915, the Zonheuvel house was home to the Van der Poorten Schwartz family. Mother and daughter lived there up to Anna's death in 1924, after which it was turned into a centre for international youth work on the initiative of daughter Ada. The ground floor was set up as a museum. During World War I, the house was used as an emergency hospital for refugees from Belgium, and during World War II it housed a Red Cross first-aid post.

Since the sale of the Slotemaker de Bruïne Institute in 1974, the Zonheuvel country estate and the Maarten Maartens House have been used as a conference centre and business training centre. The house was designated as a listed building in 1998. Despite the variety of functions the house has served over the years, hardly any changes have been made to it and it has been maintained in more or less its original state.



On the whole, as regards the books, I may be satisfied. I had no cause to write them. They have brought me little profit, but I never expected them, at first, to bring any. Nor were they of the kind that could ever expect a popular sale. Nor do I seriously want a modern lot of money, though, like most people,

I unreasonably want a little more than I have got. Nor do I want more praise, for that has been allotted quite sufficiently in England, and, even at this present moment, is being poured out in far broader streams abroad. Here, more than in anything, the duality plays its salutary part. Whatever praise or popularity there may be passes quite outside: only during a couple of weeks in the course of all these long years has M.M. in any successful sense been I. Here at home all my friends tacitly ignore the fact, for they know that is a disgraceful one.

I live in a sheltering cloud, through which only occasionally, quite suddenly, pierces a flash of the general hatred outside. The Dutch hate me for 'the light and love which – according to the Germans – I have poured out over their world.'

Brief aan Sir William Robertson Nicoll, 25 januari 1912