



The Beautiful and Damned

The Great Gatsby

The Last Tycoon

Tender Is the Night

This Side of Paradise

The Complete Short Stories, Essays,
and a Play, Volume 1

The Complete Short Stories
and Essays, Volume 2



SCRIBNER

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TO GERALD AND SARA
MANY FÊTES

Introduction

F. Scott Fitzgerald remains one of the most enduring American novelists of this century. His name still conjures up the magic of the Jazz Age and his immortality rests secure upon his literary masterpiece, *The Great Gatsby*, which with almost miraculous economy and flawless craftsmanship captures in so short a volume both an era of the American experience and the romance of the American Dream. But for the author's *soul* we must look elsewhere—in his own favorite among his novels, the one that cost him almost a decade of literary labor and private pain: *Tender Is the Night*. For its final title Fitzgerald chose a phrase from Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale":

*Away! Away! for I will fly to thee...
on the viewless wings of Poesy
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night...*

The title evokes the transient, bittersweet, and ultimately tragic nature of Fitzgerald's "Romance" (as he had originally subtitled the book). By the time the novel was finally published in 1934 Fitzgerald had lost his own personal battle to save his wife Zelda from her mental illness and their marriage from the inevitable consequences. The novel is as much a product of the author's own experience of struggle and heartbreak as it is his credo of fidelity, perseverance, and romantic love. It will always be one of his most beloved works because it rings absolutely true, because it *is* true.

But the novel was initially conceived in a very different spirit, back in 1925, when Scott and Zelda were still basking in the Riviera sun, and the future was colored in Mediterranean hues. Then, following the publication of *The Great Gatsby*, in the idyllic company of Sara and Gerald Murphy (whom the book was eventually dedicated), Fitzgerald planned a far more ambitious novel, "something really *new* in form, idea, structure—the model for the age that Joyce and Stein are searching for, the Conrad didn't find." In the meantime, disappointed by the sale of *Gatsby*, he turned out a spate of short stories to support himself in the luxurious expatriate manner to which he had irrevocably grown accustomed. Those days at La Garoupe beach and evenings at the Murphys' Villa America were perhaps the closest Scott and Zelda ever came to paradise, and the ambience is captured in the opening chapters of *Tender Is the Night*, in which Nicole and Dick Diver are endowed with the social magnetism and unique charm of Sara and Gerald Murphy presiding over a season of memorable *fêtes*.

One of the earliest references to the new novel in progress is an amusing afterthought in a letter of July 1925 to Maxwell Perkins, Fitzgerald's editor at Scribners: "The novel has begun. I'd rather tell you nothing about it quite yet. No news. We had a great time in Antibes and got very brown and healthy. In case you don't place it it's the peninsula between Cannes and Nice on the Riviera where Napoleon landed on his return from Elba." Then, in October, Perkins received one of many prophetic

reflecting the author's less-than-guarded optimism: "The novel is going to be great." Later, in December, in cold Paris: "I write to you from the depths of one of my unholy depressions. The book is wonderful—I honestly think that when it's published I shall be the best American novelist (which isn't saying a lot) but the end seems far away. When it's finished I'm coming home for awhile anyhow though the thought revolts me as much as the thought of remaining in France.... My work is the one thing that makes me happy—except to be a little tight—and for those two indulgences I pay a big price in mental and physical hangovers.... My novel should be finished next fall."

The following February, an unusual request was made of Perkins: "In regard to my novel. Will you ask somebody what is done if one American murders another in France. Would an American marshal come over for him? From his state of residence? Who would hold him meanwhile—the American consul or the French police? Why isn't that so if one Italian kills another Italian in America? It is important that I find this out and I can't seem to. In a certain sense my plot is not unlike Dreiser's in the *American Tragedy*. At first this worried me but now it doesn't for our minds are so different." Perkins consulted the celebrated lawyer (and Scribners author) Arthur Train, who replied that the American would be treated like any Frenchman apprehended by the French police, and tried in the French courts. "I hope this fact won't upset some plan you had for the novel," added Perkins, who was duly thanked for the legal advice.

"My book is wonderful," Fitzgerald wrote in May 1926. "I don't expect to be interrupted again until I expect to reach New York about December 10th with the manuscript under my arm...." But as early as a month later: "The novel, in abeyance during Zelda's operation, now goes on apace. This publisher, confidential but *Liberty*, with certain conditions, has offered me \$35,000 sight unseen. I hope to have it done in January." But it was only toward the end of 1928 that Perkins had at last read two chapters and commented: "About the first we fully agree. It is excellent. The second I think contains some of the best writing you have ever done—some lovely scenes, and impressions briefly and beautifully conveyed.... I think this is a wonderfully promising start-off. Send on others as soon as you can."

By June of the following year, in Cannes, Fitzgerald was "working day and night" on the novel "from a new angle that I think will solve previous difficulties." But, meanwhile, Zelda's condition was deteriorating so rapidly that she had to be hospitalized in a sanitarium on Lake Geneva. Fitzgerald wrote Max Perkins in September 1930: "This illness has cost me a fortune.... The biggest man in Switzerland gave all his time to her—and saved her reason by a split second."

The emotional cost would yield Book Two, the multifaceted character of Dr. Richard Diver, and the Swiss backdrop for the psychiatric drama of Diver's ill-starred romance with his patient/wife Nicole. Fitzgerald eventually went so far as to graph on a sheet of paper the parallel psychiatric "histories" of Nicole and Zelda, ending with two poignant question marks pointing to the future.

But the immediate future seemed bright enough. Zelda had been pronounced "cured" and in the fall of 1931 the Fitzgeralds returned on the *Aquitania*, settling in Montgomery, Alabama. Work on the novel was soon interrupted by Fitzgerald's trip to Hollywood to work for MGM.

In January 1932, a month before moving to Baltimore, Fitzgerald wrote to Perkins that "at last for the first time in two years and a half I am going to spend five consecutive months on my novel. Don't tell Ernest or anyone—let them think what they want—you're the only one who's ever consistently felt faith in me anyhow." By August it was "plotted and planned, never more to be permanently interrupted." A month *and a year* later. "the novel has gone ahead faster than

thought....” The draft was soon completed. “I will appear in person carrying the manuscript and wearing a spiked helmet...*Please do not have a band as I do not care for music.*”

Andrew Turnbull, Fitzgerald’s young friend and eventual biographer, describes that autumn at La Paix in Maryland, where Scott now labored fruitfully while Zelda, having suffered a serious relapse, was losing her battle.

Back of La Paix was a stretch of road where Fitzgerald used to pace hour by hour, refining the last draft of *Tender Is the Night*. There he meditated on the Murphys—their organized sensuousness, their fine gradations of charm—and there he dreamed of the Iles de Lérin, those blessed isles off Antibes where you went in the excursion boats. Returning to his study, he penciled it all down in his rounded, decorous hand on yellow legal-sized paper. Interrupting him at work, I remember the illumination of his eye, the sensitive pull around the mouth, the wistful liquor-ridden thing about him, the haunting grace of motion and gesture, the looking at you, through you, and beyond you—understandingly sweet—with smoke exhaling.

Having finished at last, Fitzgerald then admonished the ever-patient Max:

Be careful in saying it’s my first book in seven years *not to imply that it contains seven years work*. People would expect too much in bulk and scope. This novel, my fourth, completes my story of the boom years. It might be wise to accentuate the fact that it does *not* deal with the Depression. *Don’t* accentuate that it deals with Americans abroad—there’s been too much trash under that banner. No exclamation ‘At last, the long awaited etc.’ That merely creates the ‘Oh yeah’ mood in people.

The novel was first to be serialized in four installments in *Scribner’s Magazine*, originally announced under its penultimate title, *Richard Diver, a Romance*. Fitzgerald himself undertook the cuts required for the serialization, but with considerable apprehension that its structure, already fragile, would be weakened by those cuts and that reviewers would fault it without later reading the published book. He had equal concerns about how the novel was to be presented to the public: “Don’t forget my suggestion that the jacket flap should carry an implication that though the book starts in a lyrical way, heavy drama will presently develop.” Apropos of advertising, he added: “Please do not use the phrase ‘Riviera’ or ‘gay resorts.’ Not only does it sound like the triviality of which I am so often accused, but also the Riviera has been thoroughly exploited by E. Phillips Oppenheim and an entire generation of writers and its very mention invokes a feeling of unreality and unsubstantiality.”

Among the early comments, one of the most favorable was by his fellow Scribners novelist Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who found it

disturbing, bitter, and beautiful. I am totally unable to analyze the almost overpowering effect that some of his passages create—some of them about quite trivial people and dealing with trivial situations. There is something terrifying about it when it happens, and the closest I can come to understanding it is to think that he does, successfully at such times,

what I want to do—that is, visualizes people not in their immediate setting, from the human point of view—but in time and space—almost, you might say, with the divine detachment.

Fitzgerald, still working on the proofs, was grateful for the praise, but irked by “her calling my people trivial.” She meant no slur, but the word hit a sensitive nerve.

The novel was published on April 12, 1934, to mixed reviews. But even the hostile critics acknowledged the magical power of Fitzgerald’s prose. And the approving ones truly *understood*. From John Peale Bishop: “You have shown us what we have waited so long and impatiently to see that you are a true, a beautiful, and a tragic novelist.” From Lady Florence Willert, who had met Scott and Zelda on the Riviera: “It is a *living* thing—it is a miracle. It is writing and painting in one—an instantaneous photography too, transmuted into the highest art.... It is a colossal work—you must have sweated blood to write this—*Gatsby* was good enough—a classic now. But this is superlative. And you might be a hundred years old in your wisdom and knowledge of the hearts of men and women.”

The left-wing reviewers hated, of course, the self-indulgence of the expatriate characters. The Depression had intensified their antagonism to Fitzgerald. The reviewer for the Communist *Daily Worker* scolded the author: “Dear Mr. Fitzgerald, you can’t hide from a hurricane under a beach umbrella.” But these barbs were to be expected. The one that really hurt was that of Hemingway, who charged his fellow writer with self-pity (“Forget your personal tragedy...”) and with creating false composite characters in merging Sara and Gerald Murphy with Zelda and Scott, instead of inventing Nicole and Dick Diver from the imagination alone. The latter criticism elicited an impassioned apologia by Fitzgerald, an admirable literary defense that would have pleased his old Princeton professors:

Following this out a little farther, when does the proper and logical combination of extents, cause and effect, etc., end and the field of imagination begin?...Think of the case of the Renaissance artists, and of the Elizabethan dramatists, the first having to superimpose a medieval conception of science and archeology, etc., upon the Bible story; and, in the second, of Shakespeare’s trying to interpret the results of his own observation of the life around him on the basis of Plutarch’s *Lives* and Holinshed’s *Chronicles*. There you must admit that the feat of building a monument out of three kinds of marble was brought off. You can accuse me justly of not having the power to bring it off, but a theory that it can’t be done is highly questionable. I make this point with such persistence because such a conception, if you stick to it, might limit your own choice of materials. The idea can be reduced simply to: you can’t say *accurately* that composite characterization hurt my book, but that it only hurt it for you.

A year later, in sober hindsight, Fitzgerald did confess a basic flaw to Perkins: “If a mind slowed up ever so little it lives in the individual part of a book rather than in a book as a whole. My memory is dulled. I would give anything if I hadn’t had to write Part III of *Tender Is the Night* entirely on stimulant. If I had one more crack at it cold sober I believe it might have made a great difference. But without the constant setbacks, the prolonged labor and pain, the bouts of “stimulant,” it would never have emerged as the novel it is—the imperfect but authentic masterpiece that has deeply moved thousands of readers for half a century.

The best appraisal of the essential value of the novel, the most illuminating “review” of all, found in Fitzgerald’s own inscription in a friend’s copy of *Tender Is the Night*: “If you liked *The Great Gatsby*, for God’s sake read this. *Gatsby* was a tour de force but this is a confession of faith.”

CHARLES SCRIBNER III

Book One

I

On the pleasant shore of the French Riviera, about half way between Marseilles and the Italian border stands a large, proud, rose-colored hotel. Deferential palms cool its flushed façade, and before it stretches a short dazzling beach. Lately it has become a summer resort of notable and fashionable people; a decade ago it was almost deserted after its English clientele went north in April. Now, many bungalows cluster near it, but when this story begins only the cupolas of a dozen old villas rotted like

water lilies among the massed pines between Gausse's Hôtel des Etrangers and Cannes, five miles away.

The hotel and its bright tan prayer rug of a beach were one. In the early morning the distant image of Cannes, the pink and cream of old fortifications, the purple Alp that bounded Italy, were carried across the water and lay quavering in the ripples and rings sent up by sea-plants through the clear shallows. Before eight a man came down to the beach in a blue bathrobe and with much preliminary application to his person of the chilly water, and much grunting and loud breathing, floundered a minute in the sea. When he had gone, beach and bay were quiet for an hour. Merchantmen crawled westward on the horizon; bus boys shouted in the hotel court; the dew dried upon the pines. In another hour the horns of motors began to blow down from the winding road along the low range of the Maures, which separates the littoral from true Provençal France.

A mile from the sea, where pines give way to dusty poplars, is an isolated railroad stop, where one June morning in 1925 a victoria brought a woman and her daughter down to Gausse's Hôtel. The mother's face was of a fading prettiness that would soon be patted with broken veins; her expression was both tranquil and aware in a pleasant way. However, one's eye moved on quickly to her daughter who had magic in her pink palms and her cheeks lit to a lovely flame, like the thrilling flush of children after their cold baths in the evening. Her fine forehead sloped gently up to where her hair bordering it like an armorial shield, burst into lovelocks and waves and curlicues of ash blonde and gold. Her eyes were bright, big, clear, wet, and shining, the color of her cheeks was real, breaking close to the surface from the strong young pump of her heart. Her body hovered delicately on the last edge of childhood—she was almost eighteen, nearly complete, but the dew was still on her.

As sea and sky appeared below them in a thin, hot line the mother said:

"Something tells me we're not going to like this place."

"I want to go home anyhow," the girl answered.

They both spoke cheerfully but were obviously without direction and bored by the fact—moreover, just any direction would not do. They wanted high excitement, not from the necessity of stimulating jaded nerves but with the avidity of prize-winning schoolchildren who deserved the vacations.

"We'll stay three days and then go home. I'll wire right away for steamer tickets."

At the hotel the girl made the reservation in idiomatic but rather flat French, like something remembered. When they were installed on the ground floor she walked into the glare of the French windows and out a few steps onto the stone veranda that ran the length of the hotel. When she walked she carried herself like a ballet-dancer, not slumped down on her hips but held up in the small of her back. Out there the hot light clipped close her shadow and she retreated—it was too bright to see. Fifteen yards away the Mediterranean yielded up its pigments, moment by moment, to the brutal sunshine below the balustrade a faded Buick cooked on the hotel drive.

Indeed, of all the region only the beach stirred with activity. Three British nannies sat knitting the slow pattern of Victorian England, the pattern of the forties, the sixties, and the eighties, in sweaters and socks, to the tune of gossip as formalized as incantation; closer to the sea a dozen

persons kept nose under striped umbrellas, while their dozen children pursued unintimidated through the shallows or lay naked and glistening with coconut oil out in the sun.

As Rosemary came onto the beach a boy of twelve ran past her and dashed into the sea with exultant cries. Feeling the impactive scrutiny of strange faces, she took off her bathrobe and floated face down for a few yards and finding it shallow staggered to her feet and plodded forward, dragging slim legs like weights against the resistance of the water. When it was about breast high, she glanced back toward shore: a bald man in a monocle and a pair of tights, his tufted chest thrown out, his brash navel sucked in, was regarding her attentively. As Rosemary returned the gaze the man dislodged the monocle, which went into hiding amid the facetious whiskers of his chest, and poured himself a glass of something from a bottle in his hand.

Rosemary laid her face on the water and swam a choppy little four-beat crawl out to the raft. The water reached up for her, pulled her down tenderly out of the heat, seeped in her hair and ran into the corners of her body. She turned round and round in it, embracing it, wallowing in it. Reaching the raft she was out of breath, but a tanned woman with very white teeth looked down at her, and Rosemary suddenly conscious of the raw whiteness of her own body, turned on her back and drifted toward shore. The hairy man holding the bottle spoke to her as she came out.

“I say—they have sharks out behind the raft.” He was of indeterminate nationality, but spoke English with a slow Oxford drawl. “Yesterday they devoured two British sailors from the flotte Golfe Juan.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed Rosemary.

“They come in for the refuse from the flotte.”

Glazing his eyes to indicate that he had only spoken in order to warn her, he minced off two steps and poured himself another drink.

Not unpleasantly self-conscious, since there had been a slight sway of attention toward her during this conversation, Rosemary looked for a place to sit. Obviously each family possessed the strip of sand immediately in front of its umbrella; besides there was much visiting and talking back and forth—the atmosphere of a community upon which it would be presumptuous to intrude. Farther up, where the beach was strewn with pebbles and dead sea-weed, sat a group with flesh as white as her own. They lay under small hand-parasols instead of beach umbrellas and were obviously less indigenous to the place. Between the dark people and the light, Rosemary found room and spread out her peignoir on the sand.

Lying so, she first heard their voices and felt their feet skirt her body and their shapes pass between the sun and herself. The breath of an inquisitive dog blew warm and nervous on her neck; she could feel her skin broiling a little in the heat and hear the small exhausted *wa-waa* of the expiring waves. Presently her ear distinguished individual voices and she became aware that some one referred to scornfully as “that North guy” had kidnapped a waiter from a café in Cannes last night in order to see him in two. The sponsor of the story was a white-haired woman in full evening dress, obviously a relic of the previous evening, for a tiara still clung to her head and a discouraged orchid expired from her shoulder. Rosemary, forming a vague antipathy to her and her companions, turned away.

Nearest her, on the other side, a young woman lay under a roof of umbrellas making out a list of things from a book open on the sand. Her bathing suit was pulled off her shoulders and her back, ruddy, orange brown, set off by a string of creamy pearls, shone in the sun. Her face was hard and lovely and pitiful. Her eyes met Rosemary's but did not see her. Beyond her was a fine man in a jockey cap and red-striped tights; then the woman Rosemary had seen on the raft, and who looked back at her, seeing her; then a man with a long face and a golden, leonine head, with blue tights and a hat, talking very seriously to an unmistakably Latin young man in black tights, both of them picking up little pieces of sea-weed in the sand. She thought they were mostly Americans, but something made them unlike the Americans she had known of late.

After a while she realized that the man in the jockey cap was giving a quiet little performance for this group; he moved gravely about with a rake, ostensibly removing gravel and meanwhile developing some esoteric burlesque held in suspension by his grave face. Its faintest ramification had become hilarious, until whatever he said released a burst of laughter. Even those who, like herself, were too far away to hear, sent out antennæ of attention until the only person on the beach not caught up in it was the young woman with the string of pearls. Perhaps from modesty of possession she responded to each salvo of amusement by bending closer over her list.

The man of the monocle and bottle spoke suddenly out of the sky above Rosemary.

"You are a ripping swimmer."

She demurred.

"Jolly good. My name is Champion. Here is a lady who says she saw you in Sorrento last week and knows who you are and would so like to meet you."

Glancing around with concealed annoyance Rosemary saw the untanned people were waiting. Reluctantly she got up and went over to them.

"Mrs. Abrams—Mrs. McKisco—Mr. McKisco—Mr. Dumphry—"

"We know who you are," spoke up the woman in evening dress. "You're Rosemary Hoyt and we recognized you in Sorrento and asked the hotel clerk and we all think you're perfectly marvellous and we want to know why you're not back in America making another marvellous moving picture."

They made a superfluous gesture of moving over for her. The woman who had recognized her was not a Jewess, despite her name. She was one of those elderly "good sports" preserved by an imperviousness to experience and a good digestion into another generation.

"We wanted to warn you about getting burned the first day," she continued cheerily, "because your skin is important, but there seems to be so darn much formality on this beach that we didn't know whether you'd mind."

II

"We thought maybe you were in the plot" said Mrs. McKisco. She was a shabby-eyed, pretty young

“We thought maybe you were in the plot,” said Mrs. McKisco. She was a shabby-eyed, pretty young woman with a disheartening intensity. “We don’t know who’s in the plot and who isn’t. One man my husband had been particularly nice to turned out to be a chief character—practically the assistant hero.”

“The plot?” inquired Rosemary, half understanding. “Is there a plot?”

“My dear, we don’t *know*,” said Mrs. Abrams, with a convulsive, stout woman’s chuckle. “We’re not in it. We’re the gallery.”

Mr. Dumphry, a tow-headed effeminate young man, remarked: “Mama Abrams is a plot in herself,” and Campion shook his monocle at him, saying: “Now, Royal, don’t be too ghastly for words.” Rosemary looked at them all uncomfortably, wishing her mother had come down here with her. She did not like these people, especially in her immediate comparison of them with those who had interested her at the other end of the beach. Her mother’s modest but compact social gift got them out of unwelcome situations swiftly and firmly. But Rosemary had been a celebrity for only six months and sometimes the French manners of her early adolescence and the democratic manners of America these latter superimposed, made a certain confusion and let her in for just such things.

Mr. McKisco, a scrawny, freckle-and-red man of thirty, did not find the topic of the “plot” amusing. He had been staring at the sea—now after a swift glance at his wife he turned to Rosemary and demanded aggressively:

“Been here long?”

“Only a day.”

“Oh.”

Evidently feeling that the subject had been thoroughly changed, he looked in turn at the others.

“Going to stay all summer?” asked Mrs. McKisco, innocently. “If you do you can watch the plot unfold.”

“For God’s sake, Violet, drop the subject!” exploded her husband. “Get a new joke, for God’s sake!”

Mrs. McKisco swayed toward Mrs. Abrams and breathed audibly:

“He’s nervous.”

“I’m not nervous,” disagreed McKisco. “It just happens I’m not nervous at all.”

He was burning visibly—a grayish flush had spread over his face, dissolving all his expressions into a vast ineffectuality. Suddenly remotely conscious of his condition he got up to go in the water followed by his wife, and seizing the opportunity Rosemary followed.

Mr. McKisco drew a long breath, flung himself into the shallows and began a stiff-armed battin of the Mediterranean, obviously intended to suggest a crawl—his breath exhausted he arose and looked around with an expression of surprise that he was still in sight of shore.

“I haven’t learned to breathe yet. I never quite understood how they breathed.” He looked Rosemary inquiringly.

“I think you breathe out under water,” she explained. “And every fourth beat you roll your head over for air.”

“The breathing’s the hardest part for me. Shall we go to the raft?”

The man with the leonine head lay stretched out upon the raft, which tipped back and forth with the motion of the water. As Mrs. McKisco reached for it a sudden tilt struck her arm up roughly, whereupon the man started up and pulled her on board.

“I was afraid it hit you.” His voice was slow and shy; he had one of the saddest faces Rosemary had ever seen, the high cheekbones of an Indian, a long upper lip, and enormous deep-set dark golden eyes. He had spoken out of the side of his mouth, as if he hoped his words would reach Mrs. McKisco by a circuitous and unobtrusive route; in a minute he had shoved off into the water and his long body lay motionless toward shore.

Rosemary and Mrs. McKisco watched him. When he had exhausted his momentum he abruptly bent double, his thin thighs rose above the surface, and he disappeared totally, leaving scarcely a fleck of foam behind.

“He’s a good swimmer,” Rosemary said.

Mrs. McKisco’s answer came with surprising violence.

“Well, he’s a rotten musician.” She turned to her husband, who after two unsuccessful attempts had managed to climb on the raft, and having attained his balance was trying to make some kind of compensatory flourish, achieving only an extra stagger. “I was just saying that Abe North may be a good swimmer but he’s a rotten musician.”

“Yes,” agreed McKisco, grudgingly. Obviously he had created his wife’s world, and allowed her a few liberties in it.

“Antheil’s my man.” Mrs. McKisco turned challengingly to Rosemary, “Antheil and Joyce. I don’t suppose you ever hear much about those sort of people in Hollywood, but my husband wrote the first criticism of Ulysses that ever appeared in America.”

“I wish I had a cigarette,” said McKisco calmly. “That’s more important to me just now.”

“He’s got insides—don’t you think so, Albert?”

Her voice faded off suddenly. The woman of the pearls had joined her two children in the water and now Abe North came up under one of them like a volcanic island, raising him on his shoulder. The child yelled with fear and delight and the woman watched with a lovely peace, without a smile.

“Is that his wife?” Rosemary asked.

“No, that’s Mrs. Diver. They’re not at the hotel.” Her eyes, photographic, did not move from the woman’s face. After a moment she turned vehemently to Rosemary.

"Have you been abroad before?"

"Yes—I went to school in Paris."

"Oh! Well then you probably know that if you want to enjoy yourself here the thing is to get to know some real French families. What do these people get out of it?" She pointed her left shoulder toward shore. "They just stick around with each other in little cliques. Of course, we had letters of introduction and met all the best French artists and writers in Paris. That made it very nice."

"I should think so."

"My husband is finishing his first novel, you see."

Rosemary said: "Oh, he is?" She was not thinking anything special, except wondering whether her mother had got to sleep in this heat.

"It's on the idea of Ulysses," continued Mrs. McKisco. "Only instead of taking twenty-four hours my husband takes a hundred years. He takes a decayed old French aristocrat and puts him in contrast with the mechanical age—"

"Oh, for God's sake, Violet, don't go telling everybody the idea," protested McKisco. "I don't want it to get all around before the book's published."

Rosemary swam back to the shore, where she threw her peignoir over her already sore shoulder and lay down again in the sun. The man with the jockey cap was now going from umbrella to umbrella carrying a bottle and little glasses in his hands; presently he and his friends grew livelier and closed together and now they were all under a single assemblage of umbrellas—she gathered that some one was leaving and that this was a last drink on the beach. Even the children knew that excitement was generating under that umbrella and turned toward it—and it seemed to Rosemary that it all came from the man in the jockey cap.

Noon dominated sea and sky—even the white line of Cannes, five miles off, had faded to a mirage of what was fresh and cool; a robin-breasted sailing boat pulled in behind it a strand from the outer, darker sea. It seemed that there was no life anywhere in all this expanse of coast except under the filtered sunlight of those umbrellas, where something went on amid the color and the murmur.

Campion walked near her, stood a few feet away and Rosemary closed her eyes, pretending to be asleep; then she half-opened them and watched two dim, blurred pillars that were legs. The man tried to edge his way into a sand-colored cloud, but the cloud floated off into the vast hot sky. Rosemary fell really asleep.

She awoke drenched with sweat to find the beach deserted save for the man in the jockey cap who was folding a last umbrella. As Rosemary lay blinking, he walked nearer and said:

"I was going to wake you before I left. It's not good to get too burned right away."

"Thank you." Rosemary looked down at her crimson legs.

“Heavens!”

She laughed cheerfully, inviting him to talk, but Dick Diver was already carrying a tent and beach umbrella up to a waiting car, so she went into the water to wash off the sweat. He came back and gathering up a rake, a shovel, and a sieve, stowed them in a crevice of a rock. He glanced up and down the beach to see if he had left anything.

“Do you know what time it is?” Rosemary asked.

“It’s about half-past one.”

They faced the seascape together momentarily.

“It’s not a bad time,” said Dick Diver. “It’s not one of worst times of the day.”

He looked at her and for a moment she lived in the bright blue worlds of his eyes, eagerly and confidently. Then he shouldered his last piece of junk and went up to his car, and Rosemary came out of the water, shook out her peignoir and walked up to the hotel.

III

It was almost two when they went into the dining-room. Back and forth over the deserted tables a heavy pattern of beams and shadows swayed with the motion of the pines outside. Two waiters, piling plates and talking loud Italian, fell silent when they came in and brought them a tired version of the table d’hôte luncheon.

“I fell in love on the beach,” said Rosemary.

“Who with?”

“First with a whole lot of people who looked nice. Then with one man.”

“Did you talk to him?”

“Just a little. Very handsome. With reddish hair.” She was eating, ravenously. “He’s married though—it’s usually the way.”

Her mother was her best friend and had put every last possibility into the guiding of her, not so rare a thing in the theatrical profession, but rather special in that Mrs. Elsie Speers was not recompensing herself for a defeat of her own. She had no personal bitterness or resentments about life—twice satisfactorily married and twice widowed, her cheerful stoicism had each time deepened. One of her husbands had been a cavalry officer and one an army doctor, and they both left something to her that she tried to present intact to Rosemary. By not sparing Rosemary she had made her hard—by not sparing her own labor and devotion she had cultivated an idealism in Rosemary, which at present was directed toward herself and saw the world through her eyes. So that while Rosemary was a “simple child she was protected by a double sheath of her mother’s armor and her own—she had a matu

distrust of the trivial, the facile and the vulgar. However, with Rosemary's sudden success in picture Mrs. Speers felt that it was time she were spiritually weaned; it would please rather than pain her this somewhat bouncing, breathless and exigent idealism would focus on something except herself.

"Then you like it here?" she asked.

"It might be fun if we knew those people. There were some other people, but they weren't nice. They recognized me—no matter where we go everybody's seen 'Daddy's Girl.'"

Mrs. Speers waited for the glow of egotism to subside; then she said in a matter-of-fact way "That reminds me, when are you going to see Earl Brady?"

"I thought we might go this afternoon—if you're rested."

"You go—I'm not going."

"We'll wait till to-morrow then."

"I want you to go alone. It's only a short way—it isn't as if you didn't speak French."

"Mother—aren't there some things I don't have to do?"

"Oh, well then go later—but some day before we leave."

"All right, Mother."

After lunch they were both overwhelmed by the sudden flatness that comes over American travellers in quiet foreign places. No stimuli worked upon them, no voices called them from without, no fragments of their own thoughts came suddenly from the minds of others, and missing the clamor of Empire they felt that life was not continuing here.

"Let's only stay three days, Mother," Rosemary said when they were back in their rooms. Outside a light wind blew the heat around, straining it through the trees and sending little hot gusts through the shutters.

"How about the man you fell in love with on the beach?"

"I don't love anybody but you, Mother, darling."

Rosemary stopped in the lobby and spoke to Gousse père about trains. The concierge, lounging in light-brown khaki by the desk, stared at her rigidly, then suddenly remembered the manners of his métier. She took the bus and rode with a pair of obsequious waiters to the station, embarrassed by their deferential silence, wanting to urge them: "Go on, talk, enjoy yourselves. It doesn't bother me."

The first-class compartment was stifling; the vivid advertising cards of the railroad companies—The Pont du Gard at Arles, the Amphitheatre at Orange, winter sports at Chamonix—were fresher than the long motionless sea outside. Unlike American trains that were absorbed in an intense destiny of their own, and scornful of people on another world less swift and breathless, this train was part of the country through which it passed. Its breath stirred the dust from the palm leaves, the cinders mingled

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