HEMINGWAY, FITZGERALD, AND THE AMERICAN NIGHT

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ABSTRACT

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The division between day and night provides for a variety of literary archetypes. This archetypal dialectic has been strongly prevalent in American literature from its early Puritan beginnings. The Puritans considered themselves to be the "children of light" sent into what Cotton Mather termed the "Devil's Territories". They judged "darkness" in Biblical terms: as evil and demonic; the natural home for the ever-present Devil in America was the dark forest. This equation between the Devil and night and darkness has led to the thematic continuity of night visions of damnation and evil in American literature. At the same time there exists the constant sense that perception at night differs from that during daylight. An explanation for this may be found in Hawthorne's description of the atmosphere of the Romance which he develops in "The Custom House" sketch. At night the Actual and Imaginary meet to form a "neutral territory" where reality may be transformed to accord with the mind of the perceiver. Night, therefore, allows not just for the expression of an ultimate demonic reality but also a dream reality.

The early American perception was in terms of the external world; the Puritans saw evil and damnation all around them, but not within themselves. This process of evasion

develops into the symbolic form of the American Romance. It is in the "realistic" writings of Hemingway and Fitzgerald that the night experience becomes a genuine acceptance of internal darkness and despair. The fact that Fitzgerald admired Hemingway's work (much in the way that Melville admired Hawthorne's) and the relationship between The Sun Also Rises and Tender Is The Night as ex-patriate novels, making thematic use of the division between day and night, justifies the comparative treatment here taken. In the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald, the full panoply of nighttime experiences are displayed. Fitzgerald's early novels show an awareness of the demonic implications of the night, while The Great Gatsby depicts Gatsby's American Dream world and Tender Is The Night, Dick Diver's fall into inner darkness. This thematic approach provides for a new and illuminating interpretation of Fitzgerald's four completed novels.

FOR JERRY AND J. RICHARD

Awake, arise, behold thou hast
Thy Life a Leaf, thy Breath a Blast;
At Night lye down prepar'd to have
Thy sleep, thy death, thy bed, thy grave.

The New England Primer

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CHAPTER I

THE BLACK MAN IN THE FOREST: THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE AMERICAN NIGHT

> "Our Land is darkned indeed; since the Powers of Darkness are turned in upon us: 'tis a dark time, yea a black night indeed. . . .
>
> Cotton Mather
> The Wonders of the Invisible World

The awareness of the division between light and dark, day and night, has been reflected in both Western and Eastern literature. In the East, the dialectical state of existence finds its earliest (and best) expression in the symbology of Yang-Yin, found in the writings of Lao Tzu. Yang is the masculine principle and is the light half; Yin is the passive or feminine principle and is the dark half. Each half contains a small circle of its opposite. Western culture finds its most basic concern with the division of night and day at the very outset of the Bible, in the first few verses of Genesis:

> In the beginning God
> created the heaven and
> the earth.
> And the earth was without form,
> and void; and the darkness was upon the
> face of the deep. And the
> Spirit of God moved upon the face
> of the waters.
> And God said, Let there be light:
> and there was light.
> And God saw the light, that it was
> good: and God divided the
> light from the darkness.
> And God called the light Day, and
> the darkness he called Night.

> And the evening and the morning were the first day.[1]

This awareness of the division between night and day is obviously universal in world mythologies and therefore archetypal. It is especially prevalent in the Bible; for example, St. Paul, in his "First Epistle of Paul The Apostle To The Thessalonians," makes a judgment in terms of night and day, light and darkness:

> Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness.[2]

In Genesis, it is the creation of light that is good; light is, in essence, born out of the darkness of chaos. St. John attributes the following to Christ:

> I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.[3]

In the book of Revelation, we are twice informed that there will be no night in New Jerusalem.[4] A clear preference for the light of day over the darkness of night is stated. This is, undoubtedly, due to the quality of associations made with night:

> Night is related to the passive principle, the feminine and the unconscious. Hesiod gave it the name of 'mother of the gods', for the Greeks believed that night and darkness preceded the creation of all things. . .Within the tradition of symbology it has the same significance as death and the colour black.[5]

Day is fairly universally equated with the masculine principle, night with the feminine. In the light of Robert Graves' The White Goddess (1961) and his introduction to The Greek Myths: 1,[6] the Hebrew preference of daylight over night can possibly be seen as a negation of the old matriarchal religion by a patriarchal doctrine. Leslie Fiedler, in Love and Death in the American Novel, has pointed to the negation of the female and the lack of heterosexual love in American literature. Graves, in The Greek Myths: 1, states that the Mother Goddess of the matriarchy was worshipped in three incarnations: that of a maiden, a nymph, and a crone, these three incarnations being the Goddess of Birth (Selene), the Goddess as Lover (Venus) and the Death Goddess (Hecate).[7] In American literature and experience there have been few positive women figures. The American spirit has been generated under the influence of a dark moon. The darkly feminine has been continually tied to a stake: yet that darkness pervades the atmosphere in the works of America's most significant writers. The enemy in America has been the darkness. Harry Levin, in defining his concept of the "power of blackness," indicates its origins in the Bible and shows how it developed in the strict Puritan consciousness:

> This takes us back to the very beginning of things, the primal darkness, the void that God shaped by creating light and dividing night from day. That division underlies the imagery of the

> Bible from Genesis to the Apocalypse, and from the word of life to the shadow of death. It is what differentiates the children of light from the children of darkness in the Dead Sea Scrolls. The Puritans were fond of invoking it to distinguish themselves from the other sects; and it reverberates with an added poignance in the lines of their blind Laureate, Milton.[8]

In the concept of the children of light and the children of darkness, which originates with St. Paul, we see the external distinction being used to describe an internal condition, that of being saved or damned. Herman Melville, in defining the "power of blackness" displayed by Hawthorne's Mosses From An Old Manse, equates the external world with the internal landscape:

> For spite of all the Indian-summer sunlight on the hither side of Hawthorne's soul, the other side--like the dark half of the physical sphere --is shrouded in a blackness, ten times black. But this darkness but gives more effect to the evermoving dawn, that forever advances through it, and circumnavigates his world. Whether Hawthorne has simply availed himself of the mystical blackness as a means to the wondrous effects he makes it to produce in his lights and shades; or whether there really lurks in him, perhaps unknown to himself, a touch of Puritanic gloom,--this, I cannot altogether tell. Certain it is, however, that this great power of blackness in him derives its force from its appeals to that Calvinistic sense of Innate Depravity and Original Sin, from whose visitations, in some shape or other, no deeply thinking mind is always and wholly free. For, in certain moods, no man can weigh this world without throwing in something, somehow like Original Sin, to strike the uneven balance.[9]

As Levin notes, the Puritans liked seeing themselves as

the children of light; the Puritans who crossed the waters to settle the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies continually spoke and thought of themselves in Biblical terms. They were striking out for a new Promised Land; like the Jews in the finality of their Exodus, the land meant for them already had its own inhabitants and its own spirit of place. That all had to be changed. Cotton Mather, in The Wonders of the Invisible World, saw the American wilderness as the "Devil's Territories".[10] Bunyan, in A Pilgrim's Progress, had expressed the common Christian notion of the way to heaven as a journey. The Puritans saw their natural journey on its metaphorical level. Jonathan Edwards, though not attributing the wilderness to the Devil's ownership, did see it as the physical embodiment of the long up-hill climb to salvation:

> Long journeys are attended with toil and fatigue; especially if through a wilderness. Persons, in such a case, expect no other than to suffer hardships and weariness. So we should travel in this way of holiness, improving our time and strength, to surmount the difficulties and obstacles that are in the way. The land we have to travel through, is a wilderness; there are many mountains, rocks, and rough places that we must go over, and, therefore, there is a necessity that we should lay out our strength.[11]

Mather's assertion that the wilderness was the "Devil's Territories" points out the potential inharmonious relationship of the Puritan community with the wilderness. Bounded by water on one side, on the other side the unstable colony

found itself looking into the dark forest which, for them, represented damnation. The inner workings of their minds dictated that the wilderness would be "'the seat of them that shall think an evil thought'; the savages were men lost in the devil's woods, miserable in their abandonment and more especially damned."[12] Williams sees an incredible degree of fear in the relationship that the Puritan founders had with the wilderness: "It is necessary in appraising our history to realize that the nation was the offspring of the desire to huddle, to protect--of terror--superadded to a new world of great beauty and ripest blossom that well-nigh no man of distinction saw save Boone."[13] What Williams finds in the "purity" of the Puritans is an index of their fear and emptiness:

> They must have closed all the world out. It was the enormity of their task that enforced it. Having in themselves nothing of curiosity, no wonder, for the New World--that is nothing official--they knew only to keep their eyes blinded, their tongues in orderly manner between their teeth, their ears stopped by the monotony of their hymns and their flesh covered in straight habits. Is there another place than America (which inherits this tradition) where a husband, after twenty years, knows of his wife's body not more than neck and ankles, and four children to attest to his fidelity; where books are written and read counselling women that upon marriage, should they allow themselves for one moment to <u>enjoy</u> their state, they lower themselves to the level of the whore? Such is the persistence of this abortion of the mind, this purity. These were the modes of a people, small in number, beset by dangers and in terror. They dared not think. If frightened by Indians or the supernatural, they shook and committed horrid atrocities in the name of their creed, the cost

> of emptiness. All that they saw they lived by but denied. And this is overlooked.[14]

The link that I have suggested previously between the dark wilderness and the dark female (an all-devouring Earth Mother, totally demonic in the eyes of the Puritans) is also suggested by Williams. In his chapter on De'Soto, Williams gives the wilderness a feminine voice.[15] It is as if the early struggle between the matriarchy and the patriarchy that Graves envisions had to be reenacted in the New World. It is a battle between the children of light and the darker forces of wild chaos.

> Think of the dance that the Pilgrims found when they entered the forests of the New World. It must have been terrifying. They were tight unto themselves; each man pulled into a knot, and the knots fashioned in an unbroken circular rope. They knew nothing of the land, because they had never known a place where they could touch it. They knew only simple skills, things that they could do with their hands to hide themselves. They were very frail, tiny, and so scared that it is only their descendents who can damn them by saying they weren't. They built their little houses, all clustered together, and worked and worked until they were so exhausted that they would not have to lie sleepless on their beds at night with the great throbbing heart of the world they had stumbled onto beating horror into their souls.[16]

The Puritan recognized himself as a member of the community; he was also incredibly aware that, on the Day of Judgment, it was not the community that would be judged but each individual. Because of the religious fervor of the Puritans, this recog-

nition led to extensive introspection and self-examination:

> This stress of the spirit against the flesh has produced a race incapable of flower. Upon that part of the earth they occupied true spirit dies because of the Puritans, except through vigorous zeal, mistaken for a thrust up toward the sun, was a stroke in, in, in--not toward germination but the confinements of a tomb.[17]

Williams is not the only one who has seen this as a result of Puritanism; Edward Dahlberg, in Can These Bones Live, also expresses the relative isolation of the individual Puritan.

> Puritanism sundered men from one another. Henry James, the old maid of Puritan irregularities, of comme il faut pecadilloes, said that "introspection, thanks to the want of other entertainment, played almost the part of a social resource." When our pilgrims met in town house or for devotionals, each was celled, or pew-ed, theologically or politically, in the atom of his godhead. The white hygienical church, no less than the sabbatical cerements, the Sunday suit, was an altar and a garb for stern Jehovah and not for feeble and bemoisted man.[18]

So very self-conscious and so very aware of the prospects of damnation, the isolated Puritan finds no joy in having to face the wilderness at night. We see the implications of this in a passage from John Winthrop's journal.

> The governor, being at his farm house in Mistick, walked out after supper, and took a piece in his hand supposing he might see a wolf, (for they came daily about the house, and killed swine and calves, etc.;) and, being about half a mile off, it grew suddenly dark, so as, in coming home, he mistook his path, and went till he came to a little house of Sagamore John, which stood empty. There he stayed, and having a piece of match in his pocket, (for he always carried about him match and a compass, and in summer time snake-weed) he made a

> good fire near the house, and lay down upon some old mats, which he found there, and so spent the night, sometimes walking by the fire, sometimes singing psalms, and sometimes getting wood, but could not sleep. It was (through God's mercy) a warm night; but a little before day it began to rain, and, having no cloak, he made shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning, there came hither an Indian squaw, but perceiving her before she had opened the door, he barred her out; yet she stayed there a great while essaying to get in, and at last she went away, and he returned safe home, his servants having been much perplexed for him, and having walked about, and shot off pieces, and hallooed in the night, but he heard them not.[19]

Lost in the dark forest at night the Puritan occupies his time and saves himself by psalm singing. There is no sense of terror delivered in the description; the terror is not in the style of the discourse but in the actions of the governor. This incident is a broader and more fully realized example of the nightly fears the Puritans were faced with; it is no mistake that the prayer "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep" found its way into the New England Primer:

> Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
> If I should die before I wake
> I pray the Lord my soul to take.[20]

This children's prayer, which inwardly reflects a fear of the dark, applies itself so well to the Puritan condition. During the daylight hours, at least the territories of the Devil could be seen; at night the community was totally defenseless against the Devil and his accomplices, the wolves and Indians. The

Puritans proclaimed themselves as the children of light, and, as the community progressed in its growth by daylight and its daytime activities, it would appear that God's great work was being done. But at night they faced an all-encompassing darkness that they had no control whatsoever over; in that they were like scared children in a darkened room.

Nowhere is the Puritan sense of mission and the struggle against the dark forces expressed at greater length and with more conviction than in the writings of Cotton Mather, particularly those concerning themselves with the Salem witch trials. Mather, in the community, saw the fears of his ancestor, Richard Mather, realized; the original religious rigour and strength had been replaced by a more practical relationship with the world by Cotton Mather's time. In his writings, and in his role in the persecution of the Salem witches, he worked towards reviving the old Puritan spirit through the best way possible: through fear. Mather undertook massive explications on the struggle between the forces of light and darkness that he saw to be taking place on the North American continent; the Puritan cause is, naturally, determined and controlled by the Higher Powers.

> 'Tis possible, That our Lord Jesus Christ carried some Thousands of Reformers into the Retirements of an American Desart, on purpose, that, with an opportunity granted unto many of his Faithful Servants, to enjoy the precious Liberty of their Ministry, tho' in the midst of many Temptations

> all their days, He might there, To them first, and then By them, give a Specimen of many Good Things, which He would have His Churches elsewhere aspire and arise unto: And This being done, He knows whether the Plantation may not, soon after this, Come to Nothing. Upon that Expression in the Sacred Scripture, Cast the unprofitable Servant into Outer Darkness, it hath been imagined by some, That the Regiones Exterae of America, are the Tenebrae Exteriores, which the Unprofitable are there condemned unto. No doubt, the Authors of those Ecclesiastical Impositions and Severities, which drove the English Christians into the Dark Regions of America, esteemed those Christians to be a very unprofitable sort of Creatures. But behold, ye European Churches, There are Golden Candlesticks (more than twice Seven times Seven!) in the midst of this Outer Darkness; Unto the upright Children of Abraham, here hath arisen Light in Darkness. And let us humbly speak it, it shall be Profitable for you to consider the Light, which from the midst of this Outer Darkness, is now to be Darted over unto the other side of the Atlantick Ocean. But we must therewithal ask your Prayers, that these Golden Candlesticks may not quickly be Removed out of their place![21]

In the Magnalia Mather notes the divine purpose in the Puritans journeying out into the "Dark Regions of America"; it is the will of God, he suggests. He points out in The Wonders of the Invisible World that the Devil is not willing to give up his claim to the continent without a fight; Mather sees this resistance to the children of light on the part of the Devil to be the originating point of the Salem bewitchments.

> The New Englanders are a People of God settled in those, which were once the Devil's Territories; and it may easily be supposed that the Devil was exceedingly disturbed, when he perceived such a People here accomplishing the Promise of old made unto our Blessed Jesus, That He should have the

Utomost parts of the earth for his Possession. There was not a greater uproar among the Ephesians, when the Gospel was first brought among them, than there was among, The Powers of the Air (after whom the Ephesians walked) when first the Silver Trumpets of the Gospel here made the Joyful Sound. The Devil thus Irritated, immediately try'd all sorts of Methods to overturn this poor Plantation: and so much of the Church, as was Fled into this Wilderness, immediately found, The Serpent cast out of his Mouth a Flood for the carrying of it away. I believe, that never were more Satanical Devices used for the Unsetling of any People under the Sun, than what have been Employ'd for the Extirpation of the Vine which God has here Planted, Casting out the Heathen, and preparing a Room before it, and causing it to take deep root, and fill the Land, so that it sent its Bougns unto the Atlantic Sea Eastward, and its Branches unto the Connecticut River Westward, and the Hills were covered with the shadow thereof. But, All those Attempts of Hell, have hitherto been Abortive, many an Ebenezer has been Erected unto the Praise of God, by his Poor People here; and, Having obtained Help from God, we continue to this Day. Wherefore the Devil is now making one Attempt more upon us; an Attempt more Difficult, more Surprizing, more snarl'd with unintelligible Circumstances than any that we have Encountered; an Attempt so Critical, that if we get well through, we shall soon Enjoy Halcyon Days with all the Vultures of Hell Trodden under our Feet. He has wanted his Incarnate Legions to Persecute us, as the People of God have in the other Hemisphere been persecuted: he has therefore drawn forth his more Spiritual ones to make an attacque upon us. We have been advised by some Credible Christians yet alive, that a malefactor, accused of Witchcraft as well as Murder, and Executed in this place more than Forty Years ago, did then give Notice of, An Horrible PLOT against the Country by WITCHCRAFT, and a Foundation of WITCHCRAFT then laid, which if it were not seasonably discovered, would probably Blow Up, and pull down all the Churches of the Country. And we have now with Horror seen the Discovery of such a Witchcraft! An Army of Devils is horribly

> broke in upon the place which is the Center, and after a sort, the First-born of our English Settlements: and the Houses of the Good People there are fill'd with the doleful Shrieks of their Children and Servants, Tormented by Invisible Hands, with Tortures altogether preternatural.[22]

The early fears of the wilderness have come to a head in Mather's vision. The land of the Devil has become outwardly aggressive. Mather sees the Devil all around him. Caught between the wilderness and the ocean, Mather must have seen the Puritan community to be existing in the shadow of death. Totally surrounded by dark feminine forces it was an incredible effort for the patriarchal Puritans to hold everything together; Mather saw the dark condition that they existed in.

> Our Land is darkned indeed; since the Powers of Darkness are turned in upon us: 'tis a dark time, yea a black night indeed. . .[23]

To make the situation even more fearful, he points out that, besides being the objects of the Devil's designs, the Puritans, at the time of the appearance of the witches, do not stand in such good stead with God either:

> There is a little room for hope, that the great wrath of the Devil, will not prove the present ruin of our poor New England in particular. I believe, there never was a poor Plantation, more pursued by the wrath of the Devil, than our poor New-England; and that which makes our condition very much the more deplorable is, that the wrath of the great God Himself, at the same time also presses hard upon us. . .
> . . .Alas, I may sigh over this Wilderness, as Moses did over his, in Psal. 90. 7, 9. We are consumed by thine Anger, and by thy Wrath we are

> troubled: All our days are passed away in thy Wrath. And I may add this unto it, The Wrath of the Devil too has been troubling and spending of us, all our days.[24]

What could be more terrifying than to be abhorrent in the eyes of both God and the Devil? Mather's declaration functions in true jeremiad form; what he is attempting to do, besides justify the witch persecutions, is bring the Puritan community back to the way of God. It was a standard Puritan belief that all ills that they suffered were due to the communities not performing the acts that God wished them to. The Puritans of Mather's day had begun to step away from their ancestral rigidity; they became more and more concerned with the material world. Mather is, in many ways, attempting a religious revival. It will be observed that both Mather's approach and the approach of Jonathan Edwards, in "Sinners in the Hands of of an Angry God," are aimed towards instilling fear. If the Puritan is to return to the right path he must be faced with the prospect of damnation. Mather and Edwards are not creating fantasy; they are simply replacing the emphasis on concerns that had started to be forgotten.

In describing the events of the sudden possession of the community by witches, Mather, in Magnalia Christi Americana, gives a detailed description of the tormenting devils, as well as a description of the Devil himself:

> The Devils which had been so play'd withal, and,

> it may be, by some few Criminals more Explicitely engaged and imployed, now broke in upon the Country, after as astonishing a manner as was ever heard of. Some Scores of People, first about Salem, the Centre and the First-Born of all Towns in the Colony, and afterwards in several other places, were Arrested with many Preternatural Vexations upon their Bodies, and a variety of cruel Torments, which were evidently inflicted from the Daemons, of the Invisible World. The People that were Infected and Infested with such Daemons, in a few Days time arrived unto such a Refining Alteration upon their Eyes, that they could see their Tormentors; they saw a Devil of a Little Stature, and of a Tawny Colour, attended still with Spectres that appeared in more Humane Circumstances.
>
> These Tormentors tendred unto the afflicted a Book, requiring them to Sign it, or to Touch it at least, in token of their consenting to be Lifted to the Service of the Devil; which they refusing to do, the Spectres under the Command of that Blackman, as they called him, would apply themselves to Torture them with prodigious Molestations.[25]

In The Wonders of the Invisible World, Mather described the Devil as "Exhibiting himself ordinarily as a small Black man . . ."[26] This image of the black man finds its continuance in Hawthorne, particularly in "Young Goodman Brown" and The Scarlet Letter, which will be discussed later, and in Washington Irving's "The Devil and Tom Walker". It is "late in the dusk of evening"[27] when Tom Walker encounters the black man in the forest:

> Tom lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man seated directly opposite him, on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor seen anyone approach; and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger

> was neither negro nor Indian. It is true that he was dressed in a rude half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body; but his face was neither black nor copper-color, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimmed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an axe on his shoulder.
>
> (pp. 207-208).

Asked by Walker who he is, the black man gives an interesting reply:

> ". . .I go by various names. I am the wild huntsman in some countries; the black miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the black woodsman. I am he to whom the red men consecrated this spot, and in honor of whom they now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave-dealers, and the grand-master of the Salem witches."
>
> (p. 208)

William Carlos Williams, in excerpting Mather's "Curiousities" from The Wonders of the Invisible World, was quick to include Mather's observation that "'Tis very Remarkable to see what an Impious and Impudent imitation of Divine Things, is Apishly affected by the Devil."[28] Williams, like Irving, sees the Puritans as serving the Devil in their actions performed in the name of God, whether the action be the hanging of Quakers or the hanging of witches. At any rate, the black man in the forest was a reality for the Puritans, as was the gathering of witches out in the fields of the forest that Hawthorne

exhibits in "Young Goodman Brown" and The Scarlet Letter. During the trial of Bridget Bishop, Deliverance Hobbs, a former witch, having confessed herself, testified

> that this Bishop was at a General Meeting of the Witches, in a Field at Salem-Village, and there partook of a Diabolical Sacrament in Bread and Wine then administered.[29]

Among the testimonies of what acts of witchcraft certain women were said to have performed, there are a series of appearances or deeds performed in the dead of night. Many of them are short descriptions of the appearances of the women, alleged to be witches, to sleeping men in their bedrooms.

> Richard Corvan testifi'd, That Eight Years ago, he lay awake in his Bed, with a Light burning in the Room, he was annoy'd with the Apparition of this Bishop, and of two more that were Strangers to him, who came and oppressed him so, that he could neither stir himself, nor wake anyone else, and that he was the Night after, molested again in the like manner; the said Bishop, taking him by the Throat, and pulling him almost out of the Bed.[30]

> Bernard Peache testifi'd, That being in Bed, on the Lordsday Night, he heard a scrabbling at the Window, whereat he saw Susanna Martin come in, and jump down upon the Floor. . .
> At another time this Deponent was desired by the Prisoner, to come unto an Husking of Corn, at her House, and she said, If he did not come, it were better that he did! He went not, but the Night following, Susanna Martin, as he judged, and another came towards him. One of them said, Here he is! but he having a Quarterstaff, made a Blow at them. The Roof of the Barn, broke his Blow; but following them to the Window, he made another Blow at them, and struck them down; yet they got up, and got out, and he saw no more of them.[31]

> Robert Downer testified, That this Prisoner being some Years ago prosecuted at Court for a Witch, he then said unto her, He believed she was a Witch. Whereat she being dissatisfied, said, That some She Devil would shortly fetch him away! which words were heard by others as well as himself. The Night following, as he lay in his Bed, there came in at the Window, the likeness of a Cat, which flew upon him, and fast hold of his Throat, lay on him a considerable while, and almost killed him. At length he remembered what Susanna Martin had threatened the Day before; and with much striving he cried out, Avoid, thou She-Devil! In the Name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Avoid! Whereupon it left him, leap't on the Floor, and flew out at the Window.[32]

> Jervis Ring testify'd, That about seven years ago, he was oftentimes and grievously oppressed in the Night, but saw not who troubled him; until at last he Lying perfectly Awake, plainly saw Susanna Martin approach him. She came to him, and forceably bit him by the Finger; so that the Print of the bite is now, long after, to be seen upon him.[33]

If one does not accept or believe in witchcraft, and does not judge these accused women to have been witches, then the testimony of the gentlemen cited must somehow be accounted for. The night has long been equated with the unconscious; Freud accounts for dreaming as a release of subconscious desires and fears. These nighttime apparitions might then be the products of disturbed psyches. The fears that are so well controlled and sublimated during the daytime come out in full force with the going down of the sun. These men, children of light, are distressed by dark female forces in what would seem to be a combination of suppressed sexual

fantasy and a fear of women. This fits quite nearly into the mainstream activity that Leslie Fiedler has perceived in the American novel. The male American mind can only recognize two kinds of women: the incredibly pure and innocent and the dark sensuous female beast. It is no mystery that the Puritan men would be frightened of the dark women appearing to them at the time when they are in their element. The Dark Destroyer brings with her the Book of the Devil and a world of sensuality which can only lead to damnation, that damnation being either in this world, the next, or in both. It is the feminine principle which American Puritans have found so terrifying.

Besides being bewitched in their bedroom chambers, victims also found their bewitchments out in the fields at night.

> John Pressy testify'd, That being one Evening very unaccountably Bewildered, near a Field of Martins, and several times, as one under an Enchantment, returning to the place he had left, at length he saw a marvellous Light, about the bigness of an Half-bushel, near two Rod, out of the way. He went, and struck it with a Stick, and laid it on with all his might. He gave it near forty blows, and felt it a palpable substance. But going from it, his Heels were struck up, and he was laid with his Back on the Ground, sliding, as he thought, into a Pit; from whence he recover'd by taking hold on the Bush; altho' afterwards he could find no such Pit in the place. Having, after his Recovery, gone five or six Rod, he saw Susanna Martin standing on his Left-hand, as the Light had done before; but they changed no words with one another. He could scarce find his House in his Return, but at length he got home extremely affrighted.[34]

The dark night and the dark forest both cause "affright" in

the Puritan heart and mind; the witch trials were prompted by it. The Puritans themselves, in their actions, became the dark forces, the agents of the Devil:

> In fear and without guidance, really lost in the world, it is they alone who would later, at Salem, have strayed so far--morbidly seeking the flame, --that terrifying unknown image to which, like savages, they too offered sacrifices of human flesh. It is just such emptiness, revulsion, terror in all ages, which in fire--a projection still of the truth--finds that which lost and desperate men have worshipped. And it is still today the Puritan who keeps his frightened grip upon the throat of the world lest it should prove him--empty.[35]

The Puritans projected onto the witches they executed all of the evil things that they feared. In the executions they were being effective, taking action against the dark forces, against the demons that tormented them at night, when they were trying to find some repose from the darkness that they saw all around them.

If Mather made his fellow Puritans conscious of the work of the Devil, it is Jonathan Edwards who best expressed the threat of damnation provided by God in his sermon on "Sinners In the Hands of an Angry God." Edwards preached furiously of the impending doom and damnation that awaited all unsaved members of the Enfield congregation. What he preached was not new: "His subject, eternal torment for sinners, had been preached in every pulpit in America since the beginning."[36]

Had the preacher confronted his congregation

> with a new doctrine, such terror could not have been induced. It was the familiar certainty that had won.[37]

The familiarity was not only in the message of destruction that Edwards preached but in the condition under which the said destruction would take place. When Edwards talked of walking in "slippery places,"[38] the Congregation recognized those "slippery places" as their own homeland. In their colony at the opening in the forest they surely felt that they, too, "were always exposed to sudden unexpected destruction" (p. 151). Mather and other ministers had pointed out that the Puritans had entered the "Devil's Territories" as light bringers; Edwards suggested that God's support is limited and that "Their foot shall slide in due time" (p. 150).

> . . .the reason why they are not fallen already, and do not fall now, is only that God's appointed time is not come. For it is said, that when that due time, or appointed time comes, their foot shall slide. Then they shall be left to fall, as they are inclined by their own weight. God will not hold them up in these slippery places any longer, but will let them go; and then, at that very instant, they shall fall into destruction; as he that stands on such slippery declining ground, on the edge of a pit, he cannot stand alone, when he is let go he immediately falls and is lost.
>
> (p. 151)

The message in Edwards' statement is that, without God's guidance and tender loving care, the Puritan community will fall into destruction. Edwards maintains that the devil is waiting for the unsaved: "The old serpent is gaping for them;

hell opens its mouth wide to receive them; and if God should permit it, they would be hastily swallowed up and lost" (p. 153). The hell that Edwards is preaching of is, for the Puritans, both of this world and the next. Without the guidance of the Lord they are plunged into a "howling Wilderness":[39]

> The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked: his wrath towards you burns like fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes, than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment.
>
> (p. 159)

It is in his image of man's relationship to God that Edwards expresses, to the greatest degree, his own perception of the "power of blackness" and of man's "Innate Depravity". He is quick to add:

> It is to be ascribed to nothing else, that you did not go to hell last night; that you was suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep.
>
> (p. 159)

Edwards reaffirms the need for prayers like "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep" for adults as much as children; his statement brings to mind another rhyme contained in The New England Primer.

> Awake, arise, behold thou hast
> Thy Life a Leaf, thy Breath a Blast;

At Night lye down prepar'd to have
Thy sleep, thy death, thy bed, thy grave.[40]

Retiring to bed alone at night requires the introspective and isolated Puritan to recognize that death may be awaiting him as soon as he drops off to sleep. Each individual is forced to face the truth of his own soul, whether he is in a state of grace or whether he is in a sinful state and ready to be damned. It is because of this that the night can be seen to exist as a moment of truth. The individual must drop all pretense and view reality. Besides facing his sins, he faces the prospect of damnation, death and, in dreams, the darker forces of the unconscious. It is for these reasons that the darkness is so terrifying for the Puritan; as a child of light he is able to control the rational forces through enforced rigour, but the night and darkness, and the dark wilderness, represent everything that he has no control or sway over.

William Carlos Williams, in appraising Benjamin Franklin, sees him as the great American wall maker, using his wits to keep out the threat of the wilderness. What Franklin turned into a testament was the doing of the "little concrete thing"[41] which fixed one's attention on a fine point so that the still massive continent did not have to be directly faced and confronted. It was, after all, the work ethic and Franklin's sayings from Poor Richard's Almanac that led the country on its way to wealth; with it came the extirpation of the Devil's

wilderness. What Williams finds so detestable about the Puritans was their inability to deal with the wilderness, their inability to see the beauty of the land and the way of life of the Indian. Franklin is truly an American light bringer; his influence eventually culminated in the post-Civil War age of energy which literally did away with all of the dark valleys of America. The expending of all that energy shed a great light across the whole continent, proved that the Devil was no longer, at least outwardly, in our midst. As a boy, Franklin had sat in Cotton Mather's congregation.[42] What Franklin undoubtedly learned from Mather was a lesson in the "Calvinist tradition of scrupulous self-examination"[43] which D. H. Lawrence, in Studies in Classical American Literature, finds so detestable. Franklin, shaking off the cloak of Puritanism, suggested that one take part in an evening examination of oneself; he did not concern himself with the prospects of damnation; rather, his evening question was "What good have I done today?"[44] which, in essence, meant how many vices he had abated and how much profit he had cleared. Franklin's incredible practicality functioned as a way of getting around the problem of God and the Devil.

> He was the dike keeper, keeping out the wilderness with his wits. Fear drove his curiosity. Do something, anything, to keep the fingers busy --not to realize--the lightning. Be industrious, let money and comfort increase; money is like a bell that keeps the dance from terrifying, as it

> would if it were silent and we could hear the grunt,--thud--swish. It is small, hard; it keeps the attention fixed so that the eyes shall not see. And such is humor: pennies--that see gold come of copper by adding together, shrewd guesses hidden under the armament of a humble jest.[45]

Poor Richard's Almanac sold many copies; it is a question whether Franklin taught America to want wealth; the fact that many early Puritans, in taking part in their religious performance of the work ethic, made considerable fortunes would seem to indicate that the country was simply ready for the word. Concerned with the practicalities of life above those of religion, darkness and night undoubtedly became rather mundane, not having their former implications, for most people. At the very least, the concern over money and the possession of it kept them from hearing the dark forest dance. Though there was a decline in religion, and no place for the problem of night in Franklin's secular creed, other than going to bed early in order to rise early, night and darkness were thematically potent in America's highly symbolic literature.

As Leslie Fiedler points out, in Love and Death in the American Novel, there is a gothic tradition in American literature in which darkness and night seem to have great reign: "The gothic fable. . .is committed to portraying the power of darkness."[46] Nighttime settings abound in American gothic works. Philip Freneau's "House of Night," which describes the death of Death, takes place at midnight. The poem, Freneau

suggests, is based upon the scriptural assertion that "the last enemy that shall be conquered is Death."[47] The major claim of the poem is asserted in the third verse.

> Let others draw from smiling skies their theme,
> And tell of climes that boast unfading light,
> I draw a darker scene, replete with gloom,
> I sing the horrors of the House of Night.[48]

The horrors are pretty thoroughly catalogued; we are given a description of a worn and haggard death--"Sad was his countenance, if we can call/That countenance, where only bones were seen/And eyes sunk in their sockets, dark and low,/And teeth, that only show'd themselves to grin."[49]--physicians are called, Death writes his Epitaph and then "dies at last in the utmost agonies of despair".[50] Freneau informs us at the outset of the poem that he is setting down a dream he has had.

> Trembling I write my dream, and recollect
> A fearful vision at the midnight hour;
> So late, Death o'er me spread his sable wings,
> Painted with fancies of malignant power![51]

This statement puts the poem in a psychological perspective. A significant number of American gothic works find their origin in the terror that exists within the psyche of a single individual.

In Edgar Huntly: or Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker, written by the first significantly American Gothicist, Brockden Brown, we are presented with a significant description of

terror caused by the darkness of night.

> Famine, and blindness, and death, and savage enemies, never fail to be conjured up by the silence and darkness of the night. I cannot dissipate them by any efforts of reason. My cowardice requires the perpetual consolation of light. My heart droops when I mark the decline of the sun, and I never sleep but with a candle burning at my pillow. If, by any chance, I should awake and find myself immersed in darkness, I know not what act of desperation I might be suddenly impelled to commit.[52]

Brown's narrator's feelings and observations are forerunners to those encountered in Hemingway, which I will discuss, at length, later on. On the whole, Brown's gothicism is related to the Puritan perception of the wilderness, in that the Indians and Nature, for him, become the embodiments of evil.

> Brown's New American Gothic represents not merely an adaption to native circumstances but a shift in the understanding of the provenience of evil, which finds its source not in civilization but in Nature, and, by substituting the Cave for the Dungeon Keep, the Savage Warrior for the corrupt Inquisitor or depraved Nobleman, turns the traditional meanings of the Gothic mode upside down.[53]

A similar condition is also found in John Neal's Logan, a novel which "moves swiftly into a no-man's-land of hallucinatory horror only conventionally or allegorically identified with the realities of the American wilderness."[54]

In Washington Irving's pseudo-Gothic tale, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," we are informed of Ichabod Crane's fear of the dark, which finds some similarity with the Puritan experience of the forest.

> What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! --With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!--How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!--How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!--and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!
>
> All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils. . .[55]

Irving's statement that the terrors of the night dissipate with the coming of daylight is the first in a continuing series of such assertions in American literature made by such writers as Melville, Twain, and Hemingway. This all goes along with the Puritan perception of the dark and demonic forces, though it may change in temperament in its progression. For Ichabod Crane, night conjures up a state of fear; Ishmael, in "The Try-Works" chapter of Moby-Dick, has, at nighttime, a demonic vision of mankind; Twain, at night, fears a lack of grace in God's eyes; Hemingway's characters exist in varying states of internalized night. The nighttime condition gradually moves towards internalization. Ichabod Crane is afraid of spooks and the Galloping Hessian; one hundred and

forty years later, T. Lawrence Shannon, in Tennessee Williams' The Night of the Iguana, is afraid of the spook that he finds in bed with him when he attempts to go to sleep. Irving's tale provides distance; the ghosts are external or projected out onto the external world. In later works an internal process of haunting is taking place, where the decaying castles are the individual's own psyche.

In Poe we find a readymade for suggesting a process of deterioration indicated by a world of darkness. Such stories as "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Tell-Tale Heart" describe the effects of over indulgence in the American pastime of introspection; what was so central to the Puritan, in Poe, leads to a split or division between mind and body. These stories, which take place at night, express an attempt on the part of the mind to separate itself from the body or heart. Terror results when the body emerges from the crypt to take its twin with it into death, or when the heart of the slaughtered body refuses to stop beating. If one accepts these stories as an expression of one individual warring with himself then the night is a likely time. Poe, in his grotesques and in some poems, lives in a world of night; his characters receive nightly visitations from ravens, lie down by their Annabel Lees throughout the duration of "all the night-tide," undergo death after death.

Harry Levin, in The Power of Blackness, follows T. S. Eliot in pointing out Poe's adolescent tendencies:

> There is doubtless something immature in Poe's exaggerated sensibility, his childlike readiness to be terrified by the dark or to view unfamiliar things in a sinister light. But the characteristic point of view in American fiction may well be that of a boy, an adolescent initiated to manhood by the impact of his adventures, such as the heroes of Melville and Twain, of Stephen Crane's Red Badge of Courage, William Faulkner's "Bear", and the stories of Ernest Hemingway.[56]

What we can see in Poe is an incredibly introspective and lonely adolescent. The fear of night and the dark can be seen as an extension of childhood fears, yet the Puritan realities must not be forgotten. Poe, Levin maintains, continually explored the darkened landscape: "The dread of loneliness, the terrors of the night, the anguish of being isolated with one's demon--or raven--the prospect at which other men blench, Poe made it his business to contemplate."[57] In Poe, though the internal workings of the psyche are shown, they are depicted in a tortured symbolism of the unconscious, rather than in conscious expressions of despair. Though an aura of despair may exist in Poe, it does not receive a direct and realistic translation.

It is in Hawthorne that we find the first American theoretician of the night experience. Melville sensed a "power of blackness" in Hawthorne, a tinge of Puritan gloom. The Puritan sense of things certainly exists in Hawthorne, the

concern with the black man in the forest as well as the sense of sin which brings Mr. Hooper to don his black veil. Night is as much a setting of atmosphere in Hawthorne as it is in Poe; for Hawthorne, however, there is a definite reason for the placement of his stories in night scenes, which has to do with the concept of Romance that he expresses in "The Custom House" sketch which precedes the text of The Scarlet Letter. It is in his "deserted parlor, lighted only by the glimmering coal fire and the moon"[58] that Hawthorne undertakes the process of picturing forth "imaginary scenes" (p. 44).

> Moonlight, in a familiar room, falling so white upon the carpet, and showing all its figures so distinctly--making every object so minutely visible, yet so unlike a morning or a noontide visibility--is a medium the most suitable for a romance writer to get acquainted with his illusive guests. There is the little domestic scenery of the well-known apartment; the chairs, with each its separate individuality; the centre-table, sustaining a workbasket, a volume or two, and an extinguished lamp; the sofa; the bookcase: the picture on the wall--all these details, so completely seen, are so spiritualized by the unusual light, that they seem to lose their actual substance, and become things of intellect. Nothing is too small or too trifling to undergo this change, and acquire dignity thereby. A child's shoe; the doll, seated in her little wicker carriage; the hobby-horse--whatever, in a word, has been used or played with during the day is now invested with a quality of strangeness and remoteness, though still almost as vividly present as by daylight. Thus, therefore, the floor of our familiar room has become a neutral territory, somewhere between the real world and fairyland, where the Actual and the Imaginary may meet, and each imbue itself with the nature of the other. Ghosts may enter here without affrighting us. It would be too much in keeping

> with the scene to excite surprise, were we to look about us and discover a form, beloved, but gone hence, now sitting quietly in a streak of this magic moonshine, with an aspect that would make us doubt whether it had returned from afar, or had never once stirred from our fireside.
> (pp. 44-45)

In terms of Romance, as distinct from the horror of actual experience, Hawthorne's assertion that "Ghosts might enter here without affrighting us" is correct. The night exists as the time when "the Actual and the Imaginary" meet and "each imbue itself with the nature of the other." If what resides in one's imagination is a dream, such as Jay Gatsby's, the Actual becomes imbued and saturated with the qualities of that dream; if, however, one's mind is working along the lines of an Ichabod Crane or a frightened Puritan, reality takes on fearful and deathly implications; all bushes become ghosts and the world becomes a landscape of damnation. The real world does not exist at night; the interplay between the real world and the imagination forms a totally different world. In Hawthorne's "Night Sketches" the narrator talks of his reactions to the night:

> . . .it being nightfall, a gloomy sense of unreality depresses my spirits, and impels me to venture out before the clock shall strike bedtime, to satisfy myself that the world is not entirely made up of such shadowy materials as have busied me throughout the day. A dreamer may dwell so long among fantasies that the things without him will seem as unreal as those within.[59]

The condition of the night is seemingly one of "unreality,"

yet this condition has its own distinctive qualities.

> I look upward and discern no sky, not even an unfathomable void, but only a black, impenetrable nothingness, as though heaven and all its lights were blotted out from the system of the universe. It is as if nature were dead, and the world had put on black, and the clouds were weeping for her. I turn my eyes earthward, but find little consolation here below. A lamp is burning dimly at the distant corner, and throws just enough light along the street to show, and exaggerate by so faintly showing, the perils and difficulties which beset my path.
>
> (p. 259)

The night vision, though fairly subdued, is a troubled one. The night sky exists as "a black, impenetrable nothingness" and below, on earth, there is "little consolation". Hawthorne, at the end of the sketch, hypothesizes about what it takes to face, without fear, the "unknown gloom" (p. 262).

> . . .let me gaze at this solitary figure, who comes hitherward with a tin lantern which throws the circular pattern of its punched holes on the ground about him. He passes fearlessly into the unknown gloom, whither I will not follow him.
> This figure shall supply me with a moral, wherewith, for lack of a more appropriate one, I may wind up my sketch. He fears not to tread the dreary path before him, because his lantern, which was kindled at the fireside of his home, will light him back to that same fireside again. And thus we, night wanderers through a stormy and dismal world, if we bear the lamp of Faith, enkindled at a celestial fire, it will surely lead us home to that heaven whence its radiance was borrowed.
>
> (p. 262)

What is needed to face the darkness is Faith, and the assurance that it will "lead us home to that heaven whence its radiance was borrowed." Raised on fire and brimstone, the Puri-

tans had little security; in Hawthorne's Puritan-centered stories, few characters face the night with assurance. If anyone is at home in the night it is the witch Mistress Hibbins.

Hawthorne notes, in "Night Sketches," that "A dreamer may dwell so long among fantasies that the things without him will seem as unreal as those within" (p. 259). The Imagination imbues the Actual with qualities of itself. The determining factor, then, in how reality will be perceived resides in the mind of the dreamer; Leslie Fiedler and Arthur Zeiger point out, in O Brave New World, that the "American sleeper" often "has bad dreams".[60] Hawthorne's "neutral territory" is quite capable of producing conditions of oppression and fear if one does not carry with him his lamp of Faith.

> In the depths of every heart there is a tomb and a dungeon, though the lights, the music, and revelry above may cause us to forget their existence, and the buried ones or prisoners whom they hide. But sometimes, and oftenest at midnight, those dark receptacles are flung wide open. In an hour like this, when the mind has a passive sensibility, but no active strength; when the imagination is a mirror, imparting vividness to all ideas, without the power of selecting or controlling them; then pray that your griefs may slumber, and the brotherhood of remorse not break their chain. It is too late! A funeral train comes gliding by your bed, in which Passion and Feeling assume bodily shape, and things of the mind become dim specters to the eye. There is your earliest Sorrow, a pale young mourner, wearing a sister's likeness to first love, sadly beautiful, with a hallowed sweetness in her melancholy features, and grace in the flow of her sable robe. Next appears a shade of ruined loveliness, with dust among her golden hair, and bright garments all faded and defaced, stealing from your

> glance with drooping head, as fearful of reproach; she was your fondest Hope, but a delusive one; so call her Disappointment now. A sterner form succeeds, with a brow of wrinkles, a look and gesture of iron authority; there is no name for him unless it be Fatality, an emblem of the evil influence that rules your fortunes; a demon to whom you subjected yourself by some error at the outset of life, and were bound his slave forever by once obeying him. See! those fiendish lineaments graven on the darkness, the writhed lip of scorn, the mockery of that living eye, the pointed finger, touching the sore place in your heart! Do you remember any act of enormous folly at which you would blush even in the remotest cavern of the earth? Then recognize your Shame.
>
> Pass, wretched band! Well for the wakeful one if, riotously miserable, a fiercer tribe do not surround him, the devils of a guilty heart that holds its hell within itself. What if Remorse should assume the features of an injured friend? What if the fiend should come in woman's garments, with a pale beauty amid sin and desolation, and lie down by your side? What if he should stand at your bed's foot in the likeness of a corpse, with a bloody stain upon the shroud? Sufficient without such guilt is this nightmare of the soul; this heavy, heavy sinking of the spirits; this wintry gloom about the heart; this indistinct horror of the mind, blending itself with the darkness of the chamber.[61]

It is at midnight that the mind has no "active strength" with which to control the flow of thoughts from the "dark receptacles". The defenses that work so efficiently in the daytime become inoperative. Hawthorne is essentially expressing the breaking of the confines and controls of consciousness by the sub-conscious. Because of the vast discrepancy between appearance and reality in America, the revealing of truth and fear is a terrifying experience for the partaker in the rite.

Hawthorne recognizes this night experience as the projecting of the fears, griefs, and guilt of an isolated individual onto the external world. The appearance of the Devil and of a woman, possibly a sensuous witch, is not a physical actuality: "By a desperate effort you start upright, breaking from a sort of conscious sleep, and gazing wildly round the bed, as if the fiends were anywhere but in your haunted mind" (p. 183). The horror is all self-contained; there is no dynamic evil force at work except one's own mind. Yet, at this time, this darkness is still projected out onto the world; though Puritan introspection is at work, its revelation is in external images and spectres. Darkness is not totally realized as an internal condition.

The Puritan sense of the dark forest finds its continued expression in Hawthorne, particularly in "Young Goodman Brown" and The Scarlet Letter. The bulk of "Young Goodman Brown" takes place in the dark forest at night. This central action is framed by Brown's leaving Salem village at sunset and returning to it at dawn. Hawthorne gives full credence to the existence of the darker forces, although he does leave room for the reader to question whether all that has occurred has taken place in Goodman Brown's mind. Walking in the darkened forest to keep his covenant with a second traveler, Brown wonders why he is there at all: "There may be a devilish

Indian behind every tree," said Goodman Brown to himself; and he glanced fearfully behind him as he asked, "What if the devil himself should be at my very elbow!"[62] As Goody Cloyse recognizes, the man that Goodman Brown travels with, who looks like his father, is, in fact, the Devil. Goodman Brown's protestations against traveling with the gentleman to the impending dark deed are on the grounds that no member of his family has ever before kept "Such company" (p. 89); the Devil, in reply, fires off some sublime comments on the Puritans.

> "I have been as well acquainted with your family as with ever a one among the Puritans; and that's no trifle to say. I helped your grandfather, the constable, when he lashed the Quaker woman so smartly through the streets of Salem; and it was I that brought your father a pitchpine knot, kindled at my own hearth, to set fire to an Indian village, in King Philip's war. They were my good friends both; and many a pleasant walk have we had along this path, and returned merrily after midnight. I would fain be friends with you for their sake."
>
> (p. 89)

It is a communion of sin into which Brown is being led. Given the fact that the story takes place a short time after his marriage to Faith, Brown's intended indoctrination would seem to be into the experience centered world of sexuality. Brown would use his Faith, like the solitary man in "Night Sketches," to be able to endure and to safely deal with the experience. That Faith removed by the falling from the sky of her pink ribbon, Brown plunges on into the woods after saying: "There's

no good on earth; and sin is but a name. Come, devil; for to thee is this world given." (p. 94).

Brown's experience in the dark forest points out the common sin that all members of mankind share: carnality and, ultimately, incest, which lies as the legacy of the race, in that it must have occurred in man's beginnings. The light of night (fire and moonlight) reflects a different level of reality; in the dark forest Brown comes to a realization about his pious community, that it is bonded in sin. What he never comes to is self-knowledge, the recognition that, he too, shares in that sin and that darkness. If Brown encounters a community of fiends in the forest, he also shares in that fiendishness as he races through the woods.

> In truth, all through the haunted forest there could be nothing more frightful than the figure of Goodman Brown. On he flew among the black pines, brandishing his staff with frenzied gestures, now giving vent to an inspiration of horrid blasphemy, and now shouting forth such laughter as set all the echoes of the forest laughing like demons around him. The fiend in his own shape is less hideous than when he rages in the breast of man. Thus sped the demoniac on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of midnight.
> (p. 95)

The black rite in the forest is gathered together to welcome Goodman Brown and his wife Faith to the "communion of (their) race" (p. 97). Hawthorne is explicitly pointing

out the fallacy of the Puritans thinking that in their rigour they excluded themselves from sin.

> The sensual Puritan was wiser and also cannier than the artist. He slew witches, denounced devils, adultery and fornication, but commonly had five or more wives; the naive Pilgrim artist accepted Jehovah, Calvin and America, and denied fleshly man.[63]

Though the Puritans could denounce fornication it was still an essential part of the reality of life. Despite the fact that they may have claimed to "use venery but for health and offspring, never to dullness,"[64] the Puritans did partake in carnal knowledge. Goodman [redacted]'s "sin" is in his separating himself from the rest of h[redacted]ce. He cannot accept the truth of the rite that he encounters; rather, he must recoil from it, cutting himself off from the chain of humanity. The night forest is the perfect place for the revelation of the common sin of humanity, given Hawthorne's vision of the forest and the common enough association of night with sexuality. Brown's recoiling from the community and from his wife is a condition of false salvation. Brown is as much a demon and a partaker in sin as the rest of the community. Though provided with a night vision of truth, he is unable to apply it to himself, to bring it down to personal terms. Instead, he conceives of himself as righteous and isolates himself from the rest of mankind.

In The Scarlet Letter there is an insistent awareness of

the black man in the forest; in seeing the Puritan community we are continually aware of the wild forest that surrounds it. There is a dynamic tension existing between the community and the forest, symbolically expressed by the contrast between the prison and its "unsightly vegetation"[65] and the wild rose-bush; the Puritan influence brings out the more sinister qualities of nature. References are continually made to the black man and his book, but, for Hawthorne, if there is a real originating point for evil, it is not the black man in the forest who prompts it, but rather the bitter sicknesses of the human heart. People, at different times, are equated with the black man. During a night interview with her husband, Roger Chillingworth, after she has stood upon the town scaffold to bear witness to her shame, Hester promises not to reveal his identity; she senses, however, his possible evil intentions.

> "Why dost thou smile so at me?" inquired Hester, troubled at the expression of his eyes. "Art thou like the Black Man that haunts the forest round about us? Hast thou enticed me into a bond that will prove the ruin of my soul?"
> (p. 81)

What Chillingworth is attempting is the ruin of Dimmesdale's soul, and, in that, he becomes a demonic figure through the corruption of his heart. In sinning against man he becomes the black man.

Out on a forest walk with her mother, Pearl asks Hester to tell her a story about the black man. Pearl asks to be

told of

> "How he haunts this forest, and carries a book with him--a big, heavy book, with iron clasps; and how this ugly Black Man offers his book and an iron pen to everybody that meets him here among the trees; and they are to write their names in their own blood. And then he sets his mark on their bosoms! Didst thou every meet the Black Man, Mother?"
>
> "And who told you this story, Pearl?" asked her mother, recognizing a common superstition of the period.
>
> "It was the old dame in the chimney-corner, at the house where you watched last night," said the child. "But she fancied me asleep while she was talking of it. She said that a thousand and a thousand people met him here, and had written in his book, and have his mark on them. And that ugly-tempered lady, old Mistress Hibbins, was one. And, Mother, the old dame said that this scarlet letter was the Black Man's mark on thee, and that it glows like a red flame when thou meetest him at midnight, here in the dark wood. Is it true, Mother? And dost thou go to meet him in the night-time?"
>
> "Didst thou ever awake, and find thy mother gone?" asked Hester.
>
> "Not that I remember," said the child. "If thou fearest to leave me in our cottage, thou mightest take me along with thee. I would gladly go! But, Mother, tell me now! Is there such a Black Man? And didst thou ever meet him? And is this his mark?". . .
>
> "Once in my life I met the Black Man!" said her mother. "This scarlet letter is his mark!"
>
> (p. 177)

Hester's comment that she had once met the black man would seem to indicate that that time was her commission of sin, for which she has the scarlet letter. Certainly the situation is made ambiguous by the appearance of Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale in the forest, the reputed stomping grounds of the black man.

Pearl is sensitive to his coming; she asks Hester:

> "Is this the Black Man?. . ."
> "Wilt thou go and play, child?" repeated her mother. "But do not stray far into the wood. And take heed that thou come at my first call."
> "Yes, Mother," answered Pearl. "But if it be the Black Man, wilt thou not let me stay a moment, and look at him, with his big book under his arm?"
> "Go, silly child!" said her mother, impatiently. "It is no Black Man! Thou canst see him now, through the trees. It is the minister!"
> "And so it is!" said the child. "And, Mother, he has his hand over his heart! Is it because, when the minister wrote his name in the book, the Black Man set his mark in that place? But why does he not wear it outside his bosom, as thou dost, Mother?"
>
> (p. 179)

Dimmesdale, in his unwillingness to accept the burden of his "sin", has become, as much as Chillingworth, a black man. His secret sin has effectively cut him off from the rest of mankind. Because of his sin Dimmesdale takes part in bouts of nightly introspection.

> He kept vigils, likewise, night after night, sometimes in utter darkness; sometimes with a glimmering lamp; and sometimes, viewing his own face in a looking glass, by the most powerful light which he could throw upon it. He thus typified the constant introspection wherewith he tortured, but could not purify, himself. In these lengthened vigils, his brain often reeled and visions seemed to flit before him; perhaps seen doubtfully, and by a faint light of their own, in the remote dimness of the chamber, or more vividly, and close beside him, within the looking glass. Now it was a herd of diabolic shapes that grinned and mocked at the pale minister, and beckoned him away with them; now a group of shining angels, who flew upward heavily, as sorrow-laden, but grew more ethereal as they rose. Now came the dead friends of

> his youth, and his white-bearded father, with a saintlike frown, and his mother, turning her face away as she passed by. Ghost of a mother--thinnest fantasy of a mother--methinks she might yet have been thrown a pitying glance towards her son! And now, through the chamber which these spectral thoughts had made so ghastly, glided Hester Prynne, leading along little Pearl in her scarlet garb, and pointing her forefinger, first at the scarlet letter on her bosom and then at the clergyman's own breast.
>
> None of these visions ever quite deluded him. At any moment, by an effort of his will, he could discern substances through their misty lack of substance, and convince himself that they were not solid in their nature, like yonder table of carved oak, or that big, square, leathern-bound and brazen-clasped volume of divinity. But, for all that, they were, in one sense, the truest and most substantial things which the poor minister now dealt with.
>
> (pp. 141-142)

Dimmesdale is in possession of a "haunted mind"; at night the full impact of his sin becomes apparent to him and his state of agitation is further heightened by his diseased imagination which gives birth to herds of "diabolic shapes" which move out of his mind to fill the room. What Dimmesdale is perceiving is his own inner darkness, but as usual in Hawthorne, the internal darkness is extended to external symbolism and apparitions. This does not indicate, however, that Dimmesdale is unaware of the internal darkness prompted by his secret sin; he expresses this darkness to Hester.

> "Canst thou deem it, Hester, a consolation, that I must stand up in my pulpit and meet so many eyes turned upward to my face, as if the light of heaven were beaming from it!--must see my flock hungry for truth, and listening to my words as if a tongue

> of Pentecost were speaking!--and then look inward, and discern the black reality of what they idolize? I have laughed, in bitterness and agony of heart, at the contrast between what I seem and what I am! And Satan laughs at it!"
> (p. 182)

Dimmesdale perceives the vast difference in the way that he appears to the community and the way that he really exists. He can only find his release in his final public confession.

Though his confession does not come until the very end of the novel, Dimmesdale has felt the need for it and the inclination towards it prior to that time, which leads to the incidents of the twelfth chapter of the novel, halfway through the book, and is the most elaborate and important occurrence that takes place at nighttime.

> On one of those ugly nights, which we have faintly hinted at but forborne to picture forth, the minister started from his chair. A new thought had struck him. There might be a moment's peace in it. Attiring himself with as much care as if it had been for public worship, and precisely in the same manner, he stole softly down the staircase, undid the door, and issued forth.
> (p. 142)

Dimmesdale is pushing himself towards the truth; his action is to go out into the night and stand upon the scaffold where Hester had stood, holding her infant, Pearl, as a display of her shame. Dimmesdale stands there in "agony of heaven-defying guilt and vain repentance" (p. 144).

> And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr. Dimmesdale was over-

> come with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that spot, in very truth, there was, and there had long been, the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will or power to restrain himself, he shrieked aloud; an outcry that went pealing through the night, and was beaten back from one house to another, and reverberated from the hills in the background as if a company of devils, detecting so much misery and terror in it, had made a plaything of the sound, and were bandying it to and fro.
> (p. 144)

Dimmesdale thinks that the scream will attract the attention of the sleeping town, but it does not; only Governor Bellingham and Mistress Hibbins come to their respective windows, and then soon retire. Soon after Hester and Pearl come from having been watching at the dying John Winthrop's deathbed and mount the scaffold to stand with Dimmesdale. Pearl asks Dimmesdale if he will stand there the next day with her and her mother; Dimmesdale declines the offer. It is at this time that the most symbolic of all night occurrences, save Jay Gatsby's looking out at the green light at the end of Daisy's dock, takes place, that occurrence being the appearance of a meteoric phenomenon in the sky shaped like the letter A. This appearance can be seen as an early revelation of the scarlet letter.

> There was a singular circumstance that characterized Mr. Dimmesdale's psychological state at this moment. All the time that he gazed upward to the zenith, he was, nevertheless, perfectly aware that little Pearl was pointing her finger towards old

> Roger Chillingworth, who stood at no great distance from the scaffold. The minister appeared to see him with the same glance that discerned the miraculous letter. To his features, as to all other objects, the meteoric light imparted a new expression; or it might well be that the physician was not careful then, as at all other times, to hide the malevolence with which he looked upon his victim. Certainly, if the meteor kindled up the sky and disclosed the earth with an awfulness that admonished Hester Prynne and the clergyman of the day of judgment, then might Roger Chillingworth have passed with them for the archfiend, standing there with a smile and scowl, to claim his own. So vivid was the expression, or so intense that the minister's perception of it, that it seemed still to remain painted on the darkness after the meteor had vanished, with an effect as if the street and all things else were at once annihilated.
>
> (p. 151)

What the A in the sky represents is an apocalypse, i.e. a revelation, which leads to the condition that "all things else were at once annihilated". In terms of the intrigue of the novel, it is the revealing of the relationship between Hester and Dimmesdale, as well as the fiend-like nature of Chillingworth. For the moment Hester, Pearl, and Dimmesdale stand as they will at the day of judgment, and Chillingworth finds his doom among the fiends. In this supernatural incident Hawthorne has framed the novel's symbolic core.

It is Melville who coined the phrase "the power of blackness" which has become a central recognition of the substance and atmosphere of much of American literature. It naturally follows that Melville would utilize the night for dramatic ef-

fect in depicting the "power of blackness". In the pseudo-Shakespearian chapters of Moby-Dick, in which members of the Pequod crew discuss certain serious matters, the time of the chapters is set at evening or midnight. In these chapters the night functions much in the way that it does in the Gothic setting: as pure atmosphere. In The Confidence-Man, the forty-five chapters of the book are divided into 22 chapters which take place in daylight, 22 which take place at night, and a bridge chapter between them that takes place at twilight. In Melville's exploration of the possibility of God being Satan the degree of seriousness changes with the coming of night. It is with nightfall that the confidence-man assumes the stable guise of the Cosmopolitan as he leads the Mississippi steamer Fidele, which may easily be seen as an embodiment of the world, on to a final Apocalypse. The night, in both The Scarlet Letter and The Confidence-Man, serves as the time for the coming of the Apocalypse.

It is in "The Try-works" chapter of Moby-Dick that we are supplied with a hellish night vision, companionable to that Hawthorne presents in "Young Goodman Brown". It is after midnight when the try-works are fully ablaze that Ishmael sees his fellow crew members in a different light.

> Here lounged the watch, when not otherwise employed, looking into the red heat of the fire, till their eyes felt scorched in their heads. Their tawny features, now all begrimed with

> smoke and sweat, their matted beards, and the contrasting barbaric brilliancy of their teeth, all these were strangely revealed in the capricious emblazonings of the works. As they narrated to each other their unholy adventures, their tales of terror told in words of mirth; as their uncivilized laughter forked upwards out of them, like the flames from the furnace; as to and fro, in their front, the harpooneers wildly gesticulated with their huge pronged forks and dippers; as the wind howled on, and the sea leaped, and the ship groaned and dived, and yet steadfastly shot her red hell further and further into the blackness of the sea and the night, and scornfully champed the white bone in her mouth, and viciously spat round her on all sides; then the rushing Pequod, freighted with savages, and laden with fire, and burning a corpse, and plunging into that blackness of darkness, seemed the material counterpart of her monomaniac commander's soul.
>
> So it seemed to me, as I stood at her helm, and for long hours silently guided the way of the fire-ship on the sea. Wrapped, for that interval, in darkness myself, I but the better saw the redness, the madness, the ghastliness of others. The continual sight of the fiend shapes before me, capering half in smoke and half in fire, these at last begat kindred visions in my soul, so soon as I began to yield to that unaccountable drowsiness which ever would come over me at the midnight helm.[66]

The Pequod, at this time, becomes rather demonic in nature, with all the savages and fire. What happens to Ishmael, from staring into the fire, is that he is mesmerized into a brief sleep and turns himself around while manning the tiller. Thanks to the buffetings of the hitching tiller he is able to turn himself back around in just enough time to avoid disaster. "How glad and how grateful the relief from this unnatural hallucination of the night, and the fatal contingency of being brought by the lee!" (p. 404) This incident provides

Ishmael with a moral:

> Look not too long in the face of the fire, O man! Never dream with thy hand on the helm! Turn not thy back to the compass; accept the first hint of the hitching tiller; believe not the artificial fire, when its redness makes all things look ghastly. To-morrow, in the natural sun, the skies will be bright; those who glared like devils in the forking flames, the morn will show in far other, at least gentler, relief; the glorious, golden, glad sun, the only true lamp--all others but liars!
> (pp. 404-405)

Ishmael maintains that the only true vision is that of the light of day; the lights that illuminate the night prompt hallucinations, which do not reflect the true nature of things. The night presents a different way of looking at things, but what one sees then is not what exists in actuality; Melville sees the night vision, in this case, as a simple case of suggestive illusion.

Harry Levin, in The Power of Blackness, sees a change occurring in the fiction of the post-Civil War period.

> With the development of industrialism and the concurrent growth of American cities, the mental climate was changing from romantic to realistic. Things were in the saddle, as Emerson--not always sanguine--lamented; for things were no longer emblems of ideas. They were things-in-themselves, and they rode mankind into the twentieth century at a constantly accelerating pace.[67]

Although considered a realist, Mark Twain more often walks the line between romance and realism, much in the way that F. Scott Fitzgerald does in his novels, particularly in The Great Gatsby. Jay Gatsby's looking out at the green light

at the end of Daisy's dock is the ultimate image of the aspiring American dream; but if there is an image of the American dream realized, it is that of Huck and Jim on their raft floating down the Mississippi under the stars, on their way to Cairo and freedom. The fact that Huck and Jim can't sail on the river during the daylight hours necessitates their movement by night, but their night journey is really the enactment of the dream. Of course the river has its nightmares, such as when they discover criminals aboard a crippled river boat, or when they run by Cairo in the fog. The most nightmarish episode is that which welcomes them to the south; at that time the raft is rammed by a Mississippi riverboat.

> We could hear her pounding along, but we didn't see her good till she was close. She aimed right for us. Often they do that and try to see how close they can come without touching; sometimes the wheel bites off a sweep, and then the pilot sticks his head out and laughs, and thinks he's mighty smart. Well, here she comes, and we said she was going to try and save us; but she didn't seem to be sheering off a bit. She was a big one, and she was coming in a hurry, too, looking like a black cloud with rows of glowworms around it; but all of a sudden she bulged out, big and scary, with a long row of wide-open furnace-doors shining like red-hot teeth, and her monstrous bows and guards hanging right over us. There was a yell at us, and a jingling of bells to stop the engines, a pow-wow of cussing, and a whistling of steam--and as Jim went overboard on one side and I on the other, she come smashing straight through the raft.[68]

The riverboat is an incarnation of the demonic female and she ushers Huck and Jim out of the heavenly freedom of their life

aboard the raft into the hell centered world of experience that the south represents. Viewed in this light, the river-boat does tend to take on a greater level of reality than just simple facts would suggest.

A personal fear of night and insomnia might be hypothesized for Melville. Hawthorne, in his Notebook, discusses an evening visit that Melville made to his house, during the course of which he notes:

> I asked Mrs. Peters to make some tea for Herman Melville; and so she did, and he drank a cup, but was afraid to drink much, because it would keep him awake.[69]

This might suggest that Melville was, in some way, himself troubled by the night and incomnia. In the case of Twain, however, the argument rests on much more solid ground; Twain discusses his fear of night in a section of his Autobiography. The problem arises in Twain's discussion of the tragedies he had witnessed in childhood.

> It is quite true, I took all the tragedies to myself, and tallied them off in turn as they happened, saying to myself in each case, with a sigh, "Another one gone--and on my account; this ought to bring me to repentance; the patience of God will not always endure." And yet privately I believed it would. That is, I believed it in the daytime; but not in the night. With the going down of the sun my faith failed and the clammy fears gathered about my heart. It was then I repented. Those were awful nights, nights of despair, nights charged with the bitterness of death. After each tragedy I recognized the warning and repented; repented and begged; begged like a coward, begged like a dog; and not in the interest of those poor people who had been

> extinguished for my sake, but only in my own interest. It seems selfish, when I look back on it now.
>
> My repentances were very real, very earnest; and after each tragedy they happened every night for a long time. But as a rule they could not stand the daylight. They faded out and shredded away and disappeared in the glad splendor of the sun. They were the creatures of fear and darkness, and they could not live out of their own place. The day gave me cheer and peace, and at night I repented again. In all my boyhood life I am not sure that I ever tried to lead a better life in the daytime--or wanted to. In my age I should never think of wishing to do such a thing. But in my age, as in my youth, night brings me many a deep remorse. I realize that from the cradle up I have been like the rest of my race--never quite sane in the night. When "Injun Joe" died. . .But never mind. Somewhere I have already described what a raging hell of repentance I passed through then. I believe that for months I was as pure as the driven snow. After dark.[70]

Twain's night experience can be seen to be, in some ways, similar to that of Ishmael in "The Try-works" chapter of Moby-Dick. In the natural light of the sun, all feelings of despair and fear dissipate. The circularity of Twain's experience is suggestive of Hemingway's later day The Sun Also Rises, in which Jake Barnes finds that he must wait for the sun to come up before he can go to sleep, needing the natural light of the sun in order to feel secure from despair and death.

Of the American Realists, Harry Levin has the following to say:

> Fiction, in its consequent effort to keep up with fact, aided and abetted by science and commerce, depended more and more upon documentation, cross-section, journalism.[71]

The preoccupation of Realism with facts as well as a concern with the emanations of the age of energy led to a lack of concern with the semi-hallucinatory qualities of American night experiences. When the theme or problem is picked up again by Hemingway and Fitzgerald the quality of the vision is changed, as I will attempt to demonstrate in the bulk of this thesis. What begins to be declared by Twain in his Autobiography is further established; the night experience becomes a declaration of a growing personal despair, which is not projected out onto the external surroundings but, rather, finds itself channeled down to an inspection of the individual's personal darkness which exists as much within the individual as in the darkness of night which surrounds him. What is discovered is a personal loss of control or impotence which the individual must face if he is to continue living.

The world of Djuna Barnes' Nightwood is one that is totally in the dark; all of the novel's major action takes place at night, and the general feeling that the novel presents is that it is always night, and that night is always the night of despair. A large part of the novel takes place in a darkened Europe, the setting for the despair of Hemingway's expatriate, Jake Barnes, and Fitzgerald's Dick Diver. Nightwood, too, has its uprooted Americans. The visionary of the novel, Dr. Matthew O'Connor, a Tiresias figure of questionable

age, hails from "the Barbary Coast [Pacific Street, San Francisco]"[72]; O'Connor is a man "whose interest in gynaecology had driven him half around the world" (p. 14). Nora Flood, the first of Robin Vote's female lovers, is also an American.

> She was known instantly as a Westerner. Looking at her, foreigners remembered stories they had heard of covered wagons; animals going down to drink; children's heads, just as far as the eyes, looking in fright out of small windows, where in the dark another race crouched in ambush; with heavy hems the women becoming large, flattening the fields where they walked; God so ponderous in their minds that they could stamp out the world with him in seven days.
>
> (pp. 50-51)

Though much of the novel's action takes place in Paris, America is always being retired to. When Robin Vote first lives with Nora Flood it is in America, and when Robin moves to return to Nora at the end of the novel, it is to the dark soil of America that she must go. It is there that Robin "votes" in favour of the dog rather than in favour of joining humanity.

The world of Nightwood, besides being a world of night, is, primarily a world of women (Dr. O'Connor is, himself, a transvestite). The central love relationship of the novel is the love of Nora Flood for Robin Vote who, in turn, chooses to wander the night, always finding new lovers; Dr. O'Connor sees Robin's nocturnal adventures as a treating "of her lovers to the great passionate indifference" (p. 139), which stems from the fact that Robin is possessed of the wildness of ani-

mals. She does not exist in the world of humanity. O'Connor sees her as a "citizen of the night" (p. 139); he sees Robin as having returned to Nora, after her nightly adventures, at dawn: "That's when she came back frightened. At that hour the citizen of the night balances on a thread that is running thin" (p. 139). It is her love for Robin and her disturbance at Robin's nightly adventures that prompt Nora to ask Dr. O'Connor the question first asked in Isaiah: "Watchman, what of the night?"[73] The answer that O'Connor gives is in line with the answer of the Biblical watchman: "The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come."[74] O'Connor proves to be an interesting American theoretician of the night, explicating an approach to the night at length.

When Nora goes to O'Connor's rooms at "three in the morning" (p. 78) to enquire about Robin and the night she finds an interesting condition existing: O'Connor's rooms in chaos and the Doctor dressed up in drag. Quickly recovering, after the Doctor has taken his wig off and drawn the sheets up over him, Nora tells him: "Doctor, I have come to ask you to tell me everything you know about the night" (p. 79), to which the Doctor replies:

> "Have you ever thought of the night?" the doctor inquired with a little irony; he was extremely put out, having expected someone else, though his favorite topic, and one which he talked on whenever

> he had a chance, was the night. . .
> "Have you," said the doctor, "ever thought of the peculiar polarity of times and times; and of sleep? Sleep the slain white bull? Well, I, Dr. Matthew-Mighty-grain-of-salt-Dante-O'Connor, will tell you how the day and the night are related by their division. The very constitution of twilight is a fabulous reconstruction of fear, fear bottom-out and wrong side up. Every day is thought upon and calculated, but the night is not premeditated. The Bible lies the one way, but the night-gown the other. The night, 'Beware of that dark door!'"
> "I used to think," Nora said, "that people just went to sleep, or if they did not go to sleep that they were themselves, but now. . .I see that the night does something to a person's identity, even when asleep."
> "Ah!" exclaimed the doctor. "Let a man lay himself down in the Great Bed and his 'identity' is no longer his own, his 'trust' is not with him, and his 'willingness' is turned over and is of another permission. His distress is wild and anonymous. He sleeps in a Town of Darkness, member of a secret brotherhood. He neither knows himself nor his outriders; he berserks a fearful dimension and dismounts, miraculously, in bed!"
> "His heart is tumbling in his chest, a dark place! Though some go into the night as a spoon breaks easy water, others go head foremost against a new connivance; their horns make a dry crying, like the wings of the locust, late come to their shedding."
> (pp. 80-81)

O'Connor is suggesting that the night is the time of shifting possibilities; the night affects "a person's identity" and is a "dark door".

> "Have you thought of the night, now, in other times, in foreign countries--in Paris? When the streets were gall high with things you wouldn't have done for a dare's sake, and the way it was then; with the pheasants' necks and the goslings' beaks dangling against the hocks of the gallants, and not a pavement in the place, and everything gutters for miles and miles, and a stench to it that plucked you by the nostrils and you were

twenty leagues out!' The criers telling the price of wine to such effect that the dawn saw good clerks full of piss and vinegar, and blood-letting in side streets where some wild princess in a night-shift of velvet howled under a leech; not to mention the palace of Nymphenburg echoing back to Vienna with the night trip of late kings letting water in plush cans and fine woodwork! No," he said, looking at her sharply, "I can see you have not! You should, for the night has been going on for a long time."

". . .now the nights of one period are not the nights of another. Neither are the nights of one city the nights of another. Let us take Paris, for instance, and France for a fact. . .French nights are those which all nations seek the world over--and have you noticed that? Ask Dr. Mighty O'Connor; the reason the doctor knows everything is because he's been everywhere at the wrong time and has now become anonymous. . ."

". . .The night and the day are two travels, and the French--gut-greedy and fist-tight though they often are--alone leave testimony of the two at dawn; we tear up the one for the sake of the other; not so the French.

"Ask why is that; because they think of the two as one continually and keep it before their mind as the monks who repeat, 'Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy upon me!' some twelve thousand or more times a twenty-four hours, so that it is finally in the head, good or bad, without saying a word. . .

"To think of the acorn it is necessary to become the tree. And the tree of night is the hardest tree to mount, the dourest tree to scale, the most difficult of branch, the most febrile to the touch, and sweats a resin and drips a pitch against the palm that computation has not gambled. Gurus, who, I trust you know, are Indian teachers, expect you to contemplate the acorn ten years at a stretch, and if, in that time, you are no wiser about the nut, you are not very bright, and that may be the only certainty with which you will come away, which is a post-graduate melancholy--for no man can find a greater truth than his kidney will allow. So I, Dr. Matthew Mighty O'Connor, ask you to think of the night the day long, and of the day the night through, or at some reprieve of the brain

> it will come upon you heavily--an engine stalling itself upon your chest, halting its wheels against your heart; unless you have made a roadway for it. (pp. 81-84)

Dr. O'Connor points out several things of importance; first of all, he insists that the nights of different periods and places are not the same. The French night, for instance, is not the same as the American night. O'Connor points out that the day and night are "two travels". The way the French deal with that distinction is to disregard it, by merging the night and day, whereas the American tears "up the one for the sake of the other" (p. 82). O'Connor continues to discuss the distinction between the French way of dealing with the night and the American way.

> "The French have made a detour of filthiness--Oh, the good dirt! Whereas you are of a clean race, of a too eagerly washing people, and this leaves no road for you. The brawl of the Beast leaves a path for the Beast. You wash your brawl with every thought, with every gesture, with every conceivable emollient and savon, and expect to find your way again. A Frenchman makes a navigable hour with a tuft of hair, a wrenched bretille, a rumpled bed. The tear of wine is still in his cup to catch back the quantity of its bereavement; his cantiques straddle two backs, night and day.". . .
> "The American, what then? He separates the two for fear of indignities, so that the mystery is cut in every cord; the design wildcats down the charter mortalis, and you get crime. The startled bell in the stomach begins to toil, the hair moves and drags upward, and you go far away backward by the crown, your conscience belly out and shaking." (pp. 84-85)

If there is anything that the American psyche has a hard time

dealing with, it is an exposed conscience. The rigour of Puritanism insisted upon the denial of the baser elements of human nature which always find their release in the unconscious. Even when the religious substance of Puritanism in America evaporates, the training still has its effect upon the mind of the American. The discovery of what exists within is sufficient cause for despair.

Dr. O'Connor has, in some way, explained the quality of the night but he has not yet presented a fully realized vision of it. Rather, he has been concerned with the division of night and day which reaches back to Genesis in the Bible. Having laid his foundation he begins to flesh out the description.

> "Our bones ache only while the flesh is on them. Stretch it as thin as the temple of flesh of an ailing woman and still it serves to ache the bone and to move the bone about; and in like manner the night is a skin pulled over the head of day that the day may be in a torment. We will find no comfort until the night melts away; until the fury of the night rots out its fire."
>
> ". . .Do things look in the ten and twelve of noon as they look in the dark? Is the hand, the face, the foot, the same face and hand and foot seen by the sun? For now the hand lies in a shadow; its beauties and its deformities are in a smoke--there is a sickle of doubt across the cheek bone thrown by the hat's brim, so there is half a face to be peered back into speculation. A leaf of darkness has fallen under the chin and lies deep upon the arches of the eyes; the eyes themselves have changed their colour. The very mother's head you swore by in the dock is a heavier head, crowned with ponderable hair."
>
> (p. 85)

The night causes a vast amount of shadow which the human mind

attempts to fathom, always finding itself looking at indistinct things, and so there is never any certainty about the world. Reality might easily be an illusion.

Dr. O'Connor sees, in the question of the night, the standard equations of the night with death and with the revealings of the unconscious.

> "The dead have committed some portion of the evil of the night; sleep and love, the other. For what is not the sleeper responsible? What converse does he hold, and with whom? He lies down with his Nelly and drops off into the arms of his Gretchen. Thousands unbidden come to his bed. Yet how can one tell truth when it's never in the company? Girls that the dreamer has not fashioned himself to want scatter their legs about him to the blows of Morpheus. So used is he to sleep that the dream that eats away its boundaries finds even what is dreamed an easier custom with the years, and at that banquet the voices blend and battle without pitch. The sleeper is the proprietor of an unknown land. He goes about another business in the dark--and we, his partners, who go to the opera, who listen to gossip of cafe friends, who walk along the boulevards, or sew a quiet seam, cannot afford an inch of it; because, though we would purchase it with blood, it has no counter and no till. She who stands looking down upon her who lies sleeping knows the horizontal fear, the fear unbearable. For man goes only perpendicularly against his fate. He was neither formed to know that other or compiled of its conspiracy."
>
> (pp. 86-87)

With sleep comes the end of controlled rigour; the forces of the unconscious become the mind's rulers. The appearance of thousands of women to the dreamer can surely be seen to apply to the Puritans; keeping such a strong conscious control on their actions during the daylight, they had to give themselves

over to the darkness and the unconscious with the coming of night. Dr. O'Connor has suggested how much of the darker side of humanity emerges at nighttime.

Harry Levin, in The Power of Blackness, suggests that the reason the "power of blackness," as a whole, began to disappear from American fiction was because "though the Critical Realists had the courage to say no, their work is altogether too negativistic because they lacked imaginative autonomy."[75] This lack of "imaginative autonomy" works to preclude a "symbolic dimension"[76] in their writings. The modern American novel has, for the most part, tended towards the stance of the "Critical Realist"; after the second world war we can see the genuine birth of American black comedy in such novels as Joseph Heller's Catch-22 and Thomas Pynchon's V., which were, perhaps, first prefigured by Poe, in "The Man Was Used Up," and Melville, in the chapter "The Operation" contained in White Jacket. Though both Heller and Pynchon depict significant night incidents (Yossarian's visit to "The Eternal City" and Benny Profane's conversations with SHOCK and SHROUD), the black comic nature of the novel sets up a distancing process, whereby the impact of the situation is given a different emphasis. If the early sense of the American night is continued anywhere, it is in the drama of Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams.

Of O'Neill, Levin says:

> Working in the theater, Eugene O'Neill could grope toward a symbolic dimension again, and could attain more tragic potency than our other dramatists because he too saw life as a Long Day's Journey Into Night.[77]

What continues in O'Neill's play is the chain of autobiographical equations with the night and darkness which is fully expressed by Twain, and also by Hemingway and Fitzgerald, as I shall be demonstrating. In the way these night experiences are presented, they are expressions of personal despair. The symbolic presentation of darkness has been honed down to the individual or individuals. Long Day's Journey Into Night moves into despair as it moves into darkness. In the progression of the day the illusions of the Tyrone family are stripped away; in the morning Jamie suspects his mother to be returning to her morphine addiction, but hopes that he is wrong; Mary Tyrone makes believe that her son Edmund only has a bad summer cold; Jamie, a hopeless alcoholic, does some work for his father. By the time the play reaches night most of the secrets of the Tyrone family have been spilled; but it is during the fourth act, which takes place at midnight, that the full nature of the family is exposed. Mary Tyrone, having taken shots of morphine throughout the day, haunts the house, carrying about with her her wedding dress, which is thirty-five years old, totally lost in her past. About her sit Edmund,

James Tyrone, and Jamie who are all drunk, lost in the despair of the situation and the general despair of their lives. All of the secrets have been laid upon the table: Edmund has found that he has consumption, Jamie has warned him of the destructive hate that he bears towards Edmund. All of the defense and pretenses of the family have been stripped away, and all of the members of the family are left to confront their mutual and individual despair and darkness.

If O'Neill groped towards a "symbolic dimension" in depicting the despair of his family in Long Day's Journey Into Night, Tennessee Williams created a play that totally exists in that dimension in The Night of the Iguana. Yet, though there is an extending of the symbolic elements out to all mankind, the night despair and struggle against it is presented in very individual terms. Reverend Shannon, a defrocked minister who acts as a guide for Blake Tours, finds himself cracking up again:

> SHANNON: . . .Last night--no, night before last, the bus burned out its brake linings in Chilpancingo. . . This town has a hotel. . . .this hotel has a piano, which hasn't been tuned since they shot Maximilian. This Texas songbird opens her mouth and out flies "I Love You Truly," and it flies straight at me, with gestures, all right at me, till her chaperone, this Diesel-driven vocal instructor of hers, slams the piano lid down and hauls her out of the mess hall. But as she's hauled out Miss Bird-Girl opens her mouth and out flies, "Larry, Larry, I love you, I love you truly!" That night, when I went to my room, I found that I had a roommate.

MAXINE: The musical prodigy had moved in with you?

SHANNON: The spook had moved in with me. In that hot room with one bed, the width of an ironing board and about as hard, the spook was up there on it, sweating, stinking, grinning up at me.

MAXINE: Aw, the spook. . .So you've got the spook with you again.

SHANNON: That's right, he's the only passenger that got off the bus with me, honey.

MAXINE: Is he here now?

SHANNON: Not far.

MAXINE: On the verandah?

SHANNON: He might be on the other side of the verandah. Oh, he's around somewhere, but he's like the Sioux Indians in the Wild West fiction, he doesn't attack before sundown, he's an after-dinner shadow. . . .

MAXINE:

I have a little shadow
That goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him
Is more than I can see.

He's very, very like me.
From his heels up to his head,
And he always hops before me
When I hop into my bed.[78]

Shannon's spook is an after-dinner shadow; the haunted mind has created a life-like projection which it carries around with it.

The bulk of the play's significant action takes place at night, that action being the discussion between Shannon and Hannah Jelkes, a New England spinster from Nantucket, while

Hannah's grandfather Jonathan Coffin, nicknamed Nonno, a 97 year old poet, composes his last poem. With nightfall, Shannon panics and decides "to swim out to China" (p. 96), whereupon he is captured by Mrs. Faulk's two houseboys and tied down to a hammock. He shares this fate with Captain Ahab, who was so delirious from being unlimbed by Moby Dick "that his mates were forced to lace him fast, even there, as he sailed, raving in his hammock."[79] Another possible parallel to Moby-Dick might be Nonno's last name, Coffin, which was the name of the innkeeper at the Spouter Inn. One recalls Ishmael's call for help when he first lays down with his "spook," Queequeg: "Coffin! Angels! save me!"[80] Hannah Jelkes can be seen to be very much of an angel; it is Hannah and Nonno who buoy Shannon up during his dark night.

In their discussion, Hannah Jelkes and Shannon come to talk of Shannon's problem.

HANNAH: Liquor isn't your problem, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON: What is my problem, Miss Jelkes?

HANNAH: The oldest one in the world--the need to believe in something or in someone--almost anyone--almost anything. . .something.

SHANNON: Your voice sounds hopeless about it.

HANNAH: No, I'm not hopeless about it. In fact, I've discovered something to believe in.

SHANNON: Something like. . .God?

HANNAH: No.

SHANNON: What?

HANNAH: Broken gates between people so they can reach each other, even if it's just for one night only.

SHANNON: One night stands, huh?

HANNAH: One night. . .communication between them on a verandah outside their. . .separate cubicles, Mr. Shannon.

SHANNON: You don't mean physically, do you?

HANNAH: No.

SHANNON: I didn't think so. Then what?

HANNAH: A little understanding exchanged between them, a wanting to help each other through nights like this.

. (pp. 106-107)

The situations of nighttime despair and fear, up until this point, have generally applied solely to the isolated individual. What we see forming here is a temporary bridge between individuals before they return to their own isolation and to their solitary despair. Hannah exists in more of an enlightened state than Shannon, in that she seems to have found something to believe in; she indicates to him how to deal with his spook.

SHANNON: Who was the someone you told the widow you'd helped long ago to get through a crack-up like this one I'm going through?

HANNAH: Oh. . .that. Myself.

SHANNON: You?

HANNAH: Yes. I can help you because I've been through what you are going through now. I had something like your spook--I just had a different name

for him. I called him the blue devil, and. . . oh. . .we had quite a battle, quite a contest between us.

SHANNON: Which you obviously won.

HANNAH: I couldn't afford to lose.

SHANNON: How'd you beat your blue devil?

HANNAH: I showed him that I could endure him and I made him respect my endurance.

SHANNON: How?

HANNAH: Just by, just by. . .enduring. Endurance is something that spooks and blue devils respect. And they respect all the tricks that panicky people use to outlast and outwit their panic.

SHANNON: Like poppyseed tea?

HANNAH: Poppyseed tea or rum-cocos or just a few deep breaths. Anything, everything, that we take to give them the slip, and so keep on going.

SHANNON: To where?

HANNAH: To somewhere like this, perhaps. This verandah over the rain forest and the still-water beach, after long, difficult travels. And I don't mean just travels about the world, the earth's surface. I mean . . .subterranean travels, the. . .the journeys that the spooked and bedeviled people are forced to take through the. . .the unlighted sides of their natures.

SHANNON: Don't tell me you have a dark side to your nature. . .

HANNAH: I'm sure I don't have to tell a man as experienced and knowledgeable as you, Mr. Shannon, that everything has its shadowy side? . . .Everything in the whole solar system has a shadowy side to it except the sun itself--the sun is the single exception.

(pp. 107-108)

Hannah, in effect, equates the outer darkness, which is the

condition attending the appearance of Shannon's spook, with the "unlighted side" of his nature. The outer darkness once again reflects the full depth of the inner darkness. Hannah Jelkes' answer for beating the spook is simply through enduring it. When Hannah talks of her near crack-up, she suggests a kind of occupational therapy which can help the individual to look outside of himself and not in.

> HANNAH: My work, this occupational therapy that I gave myself--painting and doing quick character sketches--made me look out of myself, not in, and gradually, at the far end of the tunnel that I was struggling out of I began to see this faint, very faint gray light--the light of the world outside me--and I kept climbing toward it. I had to.
>
> SHANNON: Did it stay a gray light?
>
> HANNAH: No, no, it turned white.
>
> SHANNON: Only white, never gold?
>
> HANNAH: No, it stayed only white, but white is a very good light to see at the end of a long black tunnel you thought would be never-ending, that only God and Death could put a stop to, especially when you. . .since I was. . .far from sure about God. (p. 109)

Hannah's cure, beyond endurance, is to end the Puritan preoccupation with and emphasis upon introspection; and beyond that, the performing of "A little act of grace" (p. 126), the cutting loose of "one of God's creatures at the end of the rope" (p. 125).

Nonno, in his last poem, observes in nature:

> How calmly does the orange branch

Observe the sky begin to blanch
Without a cry, without a prayer
With no betrayal of despair.
(p. 123)

The night experience in American literature exists as a very human "betrayal of despair". This despair can be seen in the condition of the isolated Puritan lost in the forest on down to the Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon. What occurs in America for a long time, however, is a projection of the individual's own darkness out onto his surroundings. The recognition of inner darkness, which begins to be suggested in Hawthorne's "The Haunted Mind" and Twain's Autobiography, finds its full recognition in the works of Hemingway and Fitzgerald.

CHAPTER II

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING: HEMINGWAY AND FITZGERALD

> "So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me.
> When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day."
> Job 7: 3-4

The end of the First World War brought about ten years of American prosperity which Scott Fitzgerald took great pains to depict in his stories and novels. The age of energy, which followed the end of the Civil War, paused with America's entrance into the First World War and, when the war was over, that evergy began to flow in a somewhat modified way. What arose in the Jazz Age was

> a new generation dedicated more than the last to the fear of poverty and the worship of success; grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken. . .[1]

Gertrude Stein called them "a lost generation," a name which has stayed with the writers of that post-war period.

The early nights of confrontation that I have discussed can all pretty much be seen in the context of the community or in the perception of external reality. The Salem witch trials were a community effort, a community apprehension of evil. In "Young Goodman Brown" and "The Try-works" chapter of Moby-Dick,

the perceptions of Brown and of Ishmael are in terms of their fellow men. For Arthur Dimmesdale, private sin is purged by a public confession before the good members of the community. It is, primarily, in Jonathan Edwards' sermon, "Sinners In The Hands of an Angry God," and in Twain's expression of fear during the night hours that a true sense of the individual's inner darkness is established; this is essentially due to the fact that, at the center of these writings, the belief in personal damnation (assessed in terms of the individual soul) is implicit. The "Innate Depravity" of the individual had always been present, but it had been continually projected out onto the world.

In considering the nighttime confrontations in the works of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, I wish to suggest that a change in perspective and concern has taken place in the night vision. On the whole, the early American concern with the perception of external evil is eclipsed. The night confrontation is much more personal. Melville's sense of the "power of blackness" becomes transformed into states of individual despair. The First World War shattered the security of the industrial age of energy and brought the American artist back to darker themes.

The war is at the center of the nighttime difficulties and perceptions of the young man in Hemingway's story "Now I

Lay Me". Night, and the act of going to sleep, prove extremely fearful to the man because of what has happened to him in battle.

> That night we lay on the floor in the room and I listened to the silk-worms eating. The silk-worms fed in racks of mulberry leaves and all night you could hear them eating and a dropping sound in the leaves. I myself did not want to sleep because I had been living for a long time with the knowledge that if I ever shut my eyes in the dark and let myself go, my soul would go out of my body. I had been blown up at night and felt it go out of me and go off and then come back. I tried never to think about it, but it had started to go since; in the nights, just at the moment of going off to sleep, and I could only stop it by a very great effort. So while now I am fairly sure that it would not really have gone out, yet then, that summer, I was unwilling to make the experiment.[2]

This fear of his soul leaving him is a very real fear of death. Only by carefully controlling himself does the young man feel that he can keep his soul, and life, inside of him. The natural balance of his mind has been destroyed.

The fear of losing his soul keeps the young man awake, and so he usually occupies himself by thinking of fishing.

> But some nights I could not fish, and on those nights I was cold-awake, and said my prayers over and over and tried to pray for all the people I had ever known. That took up a great amount of time, for if you try to remember all the people you have ever known, going back to the earliest thing you remember. . .you remembered a great many people. If you prayed for all of them, saying a Hail Mary and an Our Father for each one, it took a long time and finally it would be light, and then you could go to sleep, if you were in a place where you could sleep in the daylight.
> (p. 463)

This necessity for prayer reflects on the story's title and the childish prayer, which finds its American incarnation in The New England Primer, from which it originates:

> Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
> If I should die before I wake
> I pray the Lord my soul to take.[3]

The nighttime fear of death and damnation can be seen to be quite similar to the fear that Twain expressed in the section from his Autobiography:

> With the going down of the sun my faith failed and the clammy fears gathered about my heart. It was then that I repented. Those were awful nights, nights of despair, nights charged with the bitterness of death.[4]

It is a Christian fear of death and damnation and, particularly in Twain's case, almost a clear reflection of Jonathan Edwards' spider parable, slightly altered. Whereas Edwards presented God as ready to plunge man into the fires of hell at any moment, Twain saw imminent damnation to be existing only at night: "he believed in the endurance of God's patience with him in the daytime, but not at night."[5] This need for daytime and for light is also essential to the young man of Hemingway's story. In praying all night, he works his way to morning and then is able to sleep. A comfort to him at night is if he can have a light:

> If I could have a light I was not afraid to sleep, because I knew my soul would only go out of me if it were dark. So, of course, many nights I was

> where I could have a light and then I slept because I was nearly always tired often very sleepy. (p. 465)

The fact that the story title is based upon a childhood prayer emphasizes how similar to the childish fear of the dark the young man's condition is. The individual is not functioning on a total level of manhood, for he is giving in to his fears. The war has, to a sizeable degree, shattered his manhood. The sense of shattered manhood is more fully and totally expressed by Jake Barnes in The Sun Also Rises, whose sexual maleness has been shattered by the war.[6]

In another story, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place", Hemingway again concerns himself with and expresses a rather bleak attitude towards the night. The atmosphere of the story is a late night cafe where an old man, who is deaf, sits drinking after everyone else has left. Two waiters speak of him:

> "Last week he tried to commit suicide," one waiter said,
> "Why?"
> "He was in despair."
> "What about?"
> "Nothing."
> "How do you know it was nothing?"
> "He has plenty of money."[7]

The "nothing" that the old man is in despair about is really a turning word, as seen in the way it is expressed by the older waiter of the two later in the story. The two waiters talk about keeping the cafe open and then talk about their personal lives. It is the older waiter who lacks "Everything

but work" (p. 480), who shows the greatest sympathy for the old man; he argues for keeping the cafe open for another hour, while the younger waiter, who has a wife, wishes to go home. The older waiter claims to "have never had confidence" (p. 480):

> "I am of those who like to stay late at the cafe," the older waiter said. "With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."
> "I want to go home and into bed."
> "We are of two different kinds," the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be someone who needs the cafe."
> "Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long."
> "You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant cafe. It is well lighted. The light is very good and, also, now there are shadows of the leaves."
>
> (p. 480)

As in the story "Now I Lay Me", there is a need for a light for those who are in despair, among them being the older waiter. He feels he had led a wasted life, been a victim of nothing.

> Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It is the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not fear or dread: It was nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was a nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada. Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada

> as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee.
> (pp. 480-481)

The "nothing" that the old man is in despair about, which also affects the older waiter, is a total sense of nothingness, of an empty life. The light serves as a relief or escape from the nothingness which is best expressed by the darkness of night, and an inability to sleep, which is prompted by the dark hour when "nothing" is confronted.

> He disliked bars and bodegas. A clean, well-lighted cafe was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.
> (p. 481).

The clean, well-lighted cafe is a place to sit and endure the night, for, with the coming of daylight, sleep and rest can come. The younger waiter wishes to leave the cafe early so that he can go home to his wife; he has something to return home to: the company of his wife and the possibility of love-making. The old man and the older-waiter both confront their loneliness, the wasted possibilities of their lives, as well as confronting death. The alternatives seem to be marriage and sex on the one hand, and nothingness and death on the other. Those in despair are the unconnected individuals who have no real homes beyond themselves. Those who are not in-

volved in a dissolution of the self have reached, at best a stalemate. The waiter seems to have less than the old man, who has a niece to cut him down when he tries to hang himself.

The "insomnia" that Hemingway portrayed in "Now I Lay Me" and "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" was, to a large extent, fairly autobiographical:

> Ernest Hemingway. . .had literally been blown up on the Italian battlefront. His brother tells us that the shell inflicted so great a psychic shock that Ernest could not sleep without a light in his room.[8]

For F. Scott Fitzgerald, "insomnia" was also a part of his life. Fitzgerald had not seen action in the First World War; rather, his insomnia seems to have stemmed from the aftermath of the war: the endless celebration which led to his alcoholism. Fitzgerald, the Golden Boy of the Twenties, embodied post-war success; he grew with the Jazz Age. As America was celebrating its victory and prosperity, Fitzgerald, at the age of twenty-three, published his first novel, This Side Of Paradise, and won the Golden Girl of his dreams. He won the post-war American Dream. Fifteen years later were to find his wife Zelda going into her umpteenth nervous breakdown, and Fitzgerald considering his alcoholism, his insomnia, and what he termed his "crack-up". Clearly, in Fitzgerald's life, the Dream had visibly become the Nightmare.

In an essay entitled "Sleeping and Waking", included in The Crack-up collection, Fitzgerald candidly discusses his insomnia, somewhat in a similar fashion to Twain's explanation of his nighttimes of despair. Fitzgerald's insomnia did not come into existence until after his dream began to dissolve: "Now if insomnia is going to be one of your naturals, it begins to appear in the late thirties".9 This was not true for Hemingway, who had his problems with sleep in his twenties, returning from the war. Fitzgerald is indicating when insomnia began for him, and he credits the beginning of it to a mosquito who kept him awake one night and who he ended up battling for a considerable period of time before his final victory:

> At last, after another half hour that whipped the nerves into a frantic state of alertness came the Pyrrhic victory, and the small mangled spot of blood, my blood, on the headboard of the bed.
>
> As I said, I think of that night, two years ago, as the beginning of my sleeplessness--because it gave me the sense of how sleep can be spoiled by one infinitesimal, incalculable element. It made me, in the now archaic phraseology, "sleep-conscious." I worried whether or not it was going to be allowed me. I was drinking, intermittently but generously, and on the nights when I took no liquor the problem of whether or not sleep was specified began to haunt me long before bedtime. (p. 65)

As with the older waiter in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place," the problem of insomnia takes place in a state of solitariness, and the individual, who is alone, must find ways of

coping with it. One difference in Fitzgerald's insomnia from Hemingway's is that it is not necessarily the problem of initially going to sleep that bothers him. Instead, he finds his sleep sometimes divided into two stages:

> There is, if one is lucky, the "first sweet sleep of night" and the last deep sleep of morning, but between the two appears a sinister, ever widening interval.
>
> (p. 63)

Hemingway, and his characters, needed a light to be able to fall asleep. Denied a light, they would attempt to control their minds by diverting them away from the bad thoughts or thought which set off their despair, after which they would wait for the rising of the sun. Fitzgerald sets up an even more rigorous system for establishing a night of sleep.

> A typical night (and I wish I could say such nights were all in the past) comes after a particularly sedentary work-and-cigarette day. It ends, say without any relaxing interval, at the time for going to bed. All is prepared, the books, the glass of water, the extra pajamas lest I awake in rivulets of sweat, the luminol pills in the little round tube, the note book and pencil in case of a night thought worth recording. (Few have been--they generally seem thin in the morning, which does not diminish their force and energy at night.)
>
> I turn in, perhaps with a night-cap--I am doing comparatively scholarly reading for a coincident work so that I choose a lighter volume on the subject and read till drowsy on a last cigarette. At the yawning point I snap the book on a marker, the cigarette at the hearth, the button on the lamp. I turn first on the left side, for that, so I've heard, slows the heart, and then--coma.
>
> So far so good. From midnight until two-thirty

> peace in the room. Then suddenly I am awake, harassed by one of the ills or functions of the body, a too vivid dream, a change in the weather for warm or cold.
>
> The adjustment is made quickly, with the vain hope that the continuity of sleep can be preserved, but no--so with a sigh I flip on the light, take a minute pill of luminol and reopen my book. The real night, the darkest Hour, has begun. I am too tired to read unless I get myself a drink and hence feel bad the next day--so I get up and walk. I walk from my bedroom through the hall to my study, and then back again, and if it's summer out to my back porch. There is a mist over Baltimore; I cannot count a single steeple. Once more to the study, where my eye is caught by a pile of unfinished business: letters, proofs, notes, etc. I start toward it, but No! this would be fatal. Now the luminol is having some slight effect, so I try bed again, this time half circling the pillow on the edge about my neck.
>
> (pp. 65-66)

Fitzgerald is apt to point out the "thinness" of his night thoughts once they are looked at in the light of day; the sunlight seems to discount them. Yet, while the "real night" is on, they hit him with "their force and urgency". Fitzgerald's whole routine seems to be, like the young man's in "Now I Lay Me", somewhat of a process of evasion. In the actions of reading and walking, Fitzgerald is killing time and avoiding confrontation with what is troubling him for as long as it takes his luminol to take effect. Whereas Hemingway's young hero thinks of fishing, once he is back in bed, Fitzgerald also fabricates stories to occupy himself, stories of heroism and success.

"Once upon a time" (I tell myself) "they needed

> a quarterback at Princeton, and they had nobody and were in despair. The head coach noticed me kicking and passing on the side of the field, and he cried: 'Who is <u>that</u> man--why haven't we noticed <u>him</u> before?' The under coach answered, 'He hasn't been out,' and the response was: 'Bring him to me.'
>
> ". . .we go to the day of the Yale game. I weigh only one hundred and thirty-five, so they save me until the third quarter, with the score--"
>
> --But it's no use--I have used that dream of a defeated dream to induce sleep for almost twenty years, but it has worn thin at last. I can no longer count on it--though even now on easier nights it has a certain lull. . .
>
> The war dream then: the Japanese are everywhere victorious--my division is cut to rags and stands on the defensive in a part of Minnesota where I know every bit of the ground. The headquarters staff and the regimental battalion commanders who were in conference with them at the time have been killed by one shell. The command devolved upon Captain Fitzgerald. With superb presence. . .
>
> --but enough; this also is worn thin with years of usage. The character who bears my name has become blurred. In the dead of the night I am only one of the dark millions riding forward in black buses toward the unknown.
>
> (pp. 66-67)

Just as the nightmares seem to Fitzgerald "thin" by the light of day, his fabricated dreams can no longer provide any comfort or reassurance in the nighttime. What seems to be in contrast is the image of the self and how one really exists. In his early twenties Fitzgerald fulfilled the dream, was the Golden Boy who won the Golden Girl, but at this point in his life, everything is moving towards dissolution: his career,[10] his love for Zelda, his own self-composure, and his liver. In the dead of night, when he is alone and the "man-

ner" has no one to exercise itself upon, Fitzgerald sees himself as "only one of the dark millions riding forward in black buses toward the unknown" (p. 67). The atmosphere is one of impending death, and of despair.

His twenty-year "dreams" no longer effective, Fitzgerald comes to the point of confrontation.

> Back again now to the rear porch, and conditioned by intense fatigue of mind and perverse alertness of the nervous system--like a broken-stringed bow upon a throbbing fiddle--I see the real horror develop over the roof-tops, and in the strident horns of night-owl taxis and the shrill monody of revelers' arrival over the way. Horror and waste--
> --Waste and horror--what I might have been and done that is lost, spent, gone, dissipated, unrecapturable. I could have acted thus, refrained from this, been bold when I was timid, cautious when I was rash.
> I need not have hurt her like that.
> Nor said this to him.
> Nor broken myself trying to break what was unbreakable.
> The horror has come now like a storm--what if this night prefigured the night after death--what if all thereafter was an eternal quivering on the edge of an abyss, with everything base and vicious in oneself urging one forward and the baseness and viciousness of the world just ahead. No choice, no road, no hope--only the endless repetition of the sordid and the semi-tragic. Or to stand forever, perhaps on the threshold of life unable to pass it and return to it. I am a ghost now as the clock strikes four.
>
> (p. 67)

What Fitzgerald faces in this confrontation is his own dissipation; his mistakes haunt him like ghosts out of Hawthorne. Beyond the ruin of his life, he looks forward to face death. Yet, in his final acceptance or facing of that condition,

Fitzgerald finds some relief:

> On the side of the bed I put my head in my hands. Then silence, silence--and suddenly--or so it seems in retrospect--suddenly I am asleep. Sleep--real sleep, the dear, the cherished one, the lullaby. So deep and warm the bed and the pillow enfolding me, letting me sink into peace, nothingness--my dreams now, after the catharsis of the dark hours, are of young and lovely people doing young, lovely things, the girls I knew once, with big brown eyes, real yellow hair:
>
> > In the fall of '16 in the cool of the afternoon
> > I met Caroline under a white moon
> > There was an orchestra--Bingo-Bango
> > Playing for us to dance the tango
> > And the people all clapped as we arose
> > For her sweet face and my new clothes--
>
> Life was like that, after all; my spirit soars in the moment of its oblivion; then down, down deep into the pillow. . .
> ". . .Yes, Essie, yes.--Oh, My God, all right, I'll take the call myself."
> Irresistable, irridescent--here is Aurora--here is another day.
>
> (pp. 67-68)

The confrontation with despair does bring, for Fitzgerald, relief. Walker Percy, a Southern novelist, used, as the epigraph for his first novel, The Moviegoer, a quote from Kierkegaard which can be seen to be applicable: ". . .the specific character of despair is precisely this: it is unaware of being despair."[11] Percy, in his novel, shows that an acceptance of the fact that one is in a state of despair is the first step in resolving the problem of despair. For Fitzgerald, it is sleep and the final arrival of morning that brings relief. For him, as for Hemingway, "The sun also riseth, and the sun

goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose."[12] There is a sense of relief in the arrival of morning; yet it is a definite fact that night comes again and, as Fitzgerald indicates in the essay, that the nights of despair continue. This can be seen to be established by the fact that, in "The Crack-Up", written in 1936, two years after "Sleeping and Waking", Fitzgerald is still confronting the same problem. He finds himself

> --hating the night when I couldn't sleep and hating the day because it went toward night. I slept on the heart side now because I knew that the sooner I could tire that out, even a little, the sooner would come that blessed hour of nightmare which, like a catharsis, would enable me to better meet the new day.[13]

The circularity of the quote from Ecclesiastes is expressed in this quote from Fitzgerald. His life is now centered around the "hour of nightmare"; the days inevitably lead towards it. Two years after "Sleeping and Waking", Fitzgerald has fully realized that his hour of confrontation is an hour of catharsis. Once the nightmare has been met he can, for a time until it comes again, start things over, begin the next day possibly fresh.

"The Crack-Up" is a continuation of Fitzgerald's attempts to define his own deterioration, to understand the process of coming apart. This essay and "Sleeping and Waking" function as confession and purgation in Fitzgerald's attempt, like

Dick Diver, in Tender Is The Night, to understand what has happened to him. The opening paragraph of "The Crack-Up", in many ways, defines and makes concrete the personal bond between Fitzgerald and Diver.

> Of course all life is a process of breaking down, but the blows that do the dramatic side of the work--the big sudden blows that come, or seem to come, from outside--the ones you remember and blame things on and, in moments of weakness, tell your friends about, don't show their effect all at once. There is another sort of blow that comes from within--that you don't feel until it's too late to do anything about it, until you realize with finality that in some regard you will never be as good a man again. The first sort of breakage seems to happen quick--the second kind happens almost without your knowing it but it is realized suddenly indeed.
>
> (p. 69)

The breakage of what is within is the cracking of the morale that, as Dick Diver points out, crumbles long before the "manner" goes.[14] With Fitzgerald and with Diver, it is not so much the external events which assault them that are the devastating ones; it is the internal ruin, the cracking of the morale.

Fitzgerald's early view of life, the way to deal with it, is rather simplistic: "Life was something you dominated if you were any good" (p. 69). What the individual does is say the right things to the right people and control all situations. Yet, everything dissipates when the morale is cracked, and when the nervous reflexes give way (p. 71). Fitzgerald's "crack-up"

was not one like Zelda's flight into insanity. For Fitzgerald it was, rather, an insulation against people, and a time of making lists, in an attempt to reestablish control. The night plays a central part in the psychology of the crack-up.

> Now the standard cure for one who is sunk is to consider those in actual destitution or physical suffering--this is an all-weather beatitude for gloom in general and fairly salutory day-time advice for everyone. But at three o'clock in the morning, a forgotten package has the same tragic importance as a death sentence, and the cure doesn't work--and in a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day. At that hour the tendency is to refuse to face things as long as possible by retiring into an infantile dream--but one is continually startled out of this by various contacts with the world. One meets these occasions as quickly and carelessly as possible and retires once more back into the dream, hoping that things will adjust themselves by some great material or spiritual bonanza. But as the withdrawal persists there is less and less chance of the bonanza--one is not waiting for the fade-out of a single sorrow, but rather being an unwilling witness of an execution, the disintegration of one's own personality. . . (pp. 75-76)

The disintegration of the personality finds, at its center, the cracking of the morale. Later in the essay Fitzgerald calls it "a crack-up of all values" (p. 80). It is the "spiritual liabilities" which sit at the heart of the crack-up. When the night of despair, of the dark night of the soul, has established itself in the individual, it is always three o'clock in the morning.

In the Hemingway works dealt with so far, the nighttime

problems or confrontations of the characters have been fairly direct, with little more attempt at counterbalancing the effect than by going to sleep with a light on, or waiting for the light of day. In The Sun Also Rises, a full length novel, the structure is more complex. Off-setting the night situations there is a working world of day, and also a social world of night in which one is able to cushion himself from isolation and self-confrontation.

There is a sharp distinction made between the light of day and the world of nighttime, as I have suggested in Chapter I. The quality of daylight is that everything can be securely seen at that time of day. In the case of the two Hemingway short stories that I have discussed, the light of day brings with it an end to the feeling of "nada" and the fear of death. The clear light of day dispels the threat of all spectres. The American Puritan conceptualized an allegiance between witches and the Devil taking place out in the wilderness during the hours of night, but felt assured that these forces were dispelled by the light of day. In Hawthorne's "Young Goodman Brown", the knowledge that Goodman Brown gains at night in the forest seems to be directly contradicted by the world that he walks into in the morning, after he has come out of the forest. In "The Try-works" chapter of Moby-Dick, Ishmael advises the reader to judge mankind and his surroundings

by the true light of the sun. Ishmael is attempting to write off his nighttime perceptions, and there seems to be somewhat of a struggle presented in the attempt to discover which is the real hour of truth, the time of daylight or the time of night. All in all, particularly in the twentieth century, the hours of night seem to best embody the truth in their reflection of despair. There is also, in Hawthorne and Melville, a feeling that the nighttime vision they are presenting us with should be taken as more than just the wild imaginings of an over-active mind. One comes to believe in the common sin of humanity that Hawthorne presents to the psyche of Goodman Brown. As for Ishmael's denial of his perception, that cannot be taken at face value. Ishmael, in perceiving his hellish vision, can be seen to be stepping into the boundaries of Ahab's vision. Ishmael's perception cannot be discounted any more than you can discount Ahab's. Though it is Ishmael who "triumphs" at the end of Moby-Dick, it is Ahab, in his monomania, who may have hit upon the "truth" and dealt with what he sensed in an heroic struggle. The dark vision of night cannot be discounted; in many ways it seems to provide the clearest focus or view of the true reality.

In The Sun Also Rises, there is a world of day and a world of night, the balance between them being best expressed by one of the novel's two epigraphs:

> "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever. . . The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose. . .The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. . . All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."15

This circularity works towards a sense of balance, and the balance between day and night can also be seen as reflected in the novel's two locales: France and Spain. Most of the action in Paris takes place at night, in the cafes, in taxi rides, and in Jake Barnes' apartment. Despite the perpetual partying that takes place in Spain, the daylight is the natural light of these chapters, their central actions being morning fishing and afternoon bullfighting. The novel, in its progress, seems to move from a density of darkness to an emphasis upon light (see table). Many of the night episodes are examples of social night; during which all the ex-patriates take part in their European version of the Endless Party. The partying ranges from drinking in the cafes of Paris to fiestaing in Pamplona. This gathering together in groups, with different individuals, at times, playing bulls and steers, functions as a way of diverting one's attention and, for Jake Barnes, as a way of getting drunk enough so that he can pass out at night rather than suffer from his persistent "insomnia".

Most of the characters in The Sun Also Rises are wounded

THE SUN ALSO RISES

	Day	Social Night	Nights of Confrontation
BOOK I			
Chapter I		X	
Chapter II	X		
Chapter III		X	
Chapter IV		X	X
Chapter V	X		
Chapter VI		X	
Chapter VII		X	
BOOK II			
Chapter VIII		X	
Chapter IX	X	X	
Chapter X	X	X	
Chapter XI	X		
Chapter XII	X		
Chapter XIII	X	X	
Chapter XIV	X		X
Chapter XV	X	X	
Chapter XVI	X	X	
Chapter XVII	X	X	
Chapter XVIII	X	X	
BOOK III			
Chapter XIX	X		

people, Jake Barnes being, of course, the best example, in that his impotence is a physical fact. Barnes' wound and his insomnia can, perhaps, be seen to have their origin in his first name, Jacob.

> Hemingway makes special reference to his "biblical name," Jacob. This may suggest that like his namesake, Jake must wrestle until daybreak with an angel that is a demon; but, unlike his namesake, the "blessing" that will reward his powers to endure will merely ensure the prolongation of the struggle.[16]

The Biblical verses being discussed are the following:

> And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.
> And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.[17]

These verses suggest the struggle that Barnes endures at night; they also present the problem of sexual wounds which Jake most surely has.

At the center of The Sun Also Rises, but unseen, is the war, which has had its effect upon all those who have somehow been involved with it. Dining one evening Jake picks up a poule named Georgette. When she makes advances towards him he stops her, telling her that he's sick. Later in the conversation they come around to the same subject again:

> "You're not a bad type," she said. "It's a shame you're sick. We get on well. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

> "I got hurt in the war," I said.
> "Oh, that dirty war."
> (p. 17)

The war's effect on the people in the novel is not limited to Jake. After Robert Cohn has fallen in love with Brett, he pumps Jake for information about her.

> "When did she marry Ashley?"
> "During the war. Her own true love had just kicked off with the dysentery."
> (pp. 38-39)

Later in the novel we are given some information about Brett's marriage to Ashley by Mike:

> "Ashley, chap she got the title from, was a sailor, you know. Ninth baronet. When he came home he wouldn't sleep in a bed. Always made Brett sleep on the floor. Finally, when he got really bad, he used to tell her he'd kill her. Always slept with a loaded service revolver. Brett used to take the shells out when he'd gone to sleep."
> (p. 203)

Both Jake's manhood and Brett's seemingly first and sincere love affair have been destroyed by the war, making Jake impotent and Brett fairly emotionless when it comes to matters of love. Robert Cohn can't understand that his fling with Brett in San Sebastian didn't mean anything to her. It is only towards Jake that Brett seems to express any emotion or love, but that is a pointless situation, which may be why Brett chooses to love Jake. Cohn calls Jake a pimp, and he is right. At the center of his pimping is his love for Brett and her love for him. More than anything, her relationship with Jake

seems to be one of utilitarian design for Brett. She can ask Jake to do anything for her, which he will do. This rather perverse relationship also has its origins in the war. When Cohn asks Jake if he has known her for a long time, Jake replies in the affirmative, then says: "She was a V.A.D. in the hospital I was in during the war" (p. 38). Brett's alcoholic boyfriend, Mike, has seen action in the war (p. 134) and, though its effect upon him is not outwardly apparent, beyond the fact that he likes drinking, he, too, suffers, like most of the others, from a general lack of purpose. When Jake and Bill meet Harris when they are fishing, a genuine camaraderie is established, as is a genuine sense of joy. This is the one point in the novel when there is any real happiness and any real satisfaction. To a large extent, Jake's happiness comes from the fact that there is no contact with Brett and, therefore, no questioning of his manhood. He can lose himself in fishing just as the young man in "Now I Lay Me" does in his dreams. For the Englishman Harris, it is a real emotional experience coming upon Jake and Bill and fishing with them. He expresses his feelings in talking with them before they leave:

> "I say. You don't know how much it means. I've not had much fun since the war."
> (p. 129)

The Eternal Party of Paris and the fiesta in Pamplona are

sharply undercut by this sense of what the war has done to these people. It has made everyone incomplete or incapable of joy.

Fitzgerald, in Tender Is The Night, gives a further definition of what the war has been and what it has done to the "beautiful lovely safe world"[18] that had existed before the war. Visiting a French battlefield with Rosemary and Abe North, Dick Diver, in effect, lectures on the war:

> "See that little stream--we could walk to it in two minutes. It took the British a month to walk to it--a whole empire walking very slowly, dying in front and pushing forward behind. And another empire walked very slowly backward a few inches a day, leaving the dead like a million bloody rugs. No Europeans will ever do that again in this generation."
>
> "Why, they've only just quit over in Turkey," said Abe. "And in Morocco---"
>
> "That's different. This western-front business couldn't be done again, not for a long time. The young men think they could do it but they couldn't. They could fight the first Marne again but not this. This took religion and years of plenty and tremendous sureties and the exact relation that existed between the classes. The Russians and Italians weren't any good on this front. You had to have a whole-souled sentimental equipment going back further than you could remember. You had to remember Christmas, and postcards of the Crown Prince and his fiancee, and little cafes in Valence and beer gardens in Unter den Linden and weddings at the mairie, and going to the Derby, and your grandfather's whiskers."
>
> "General Grant invented this kind of battle at Petersburg in sixty-five."
>
> "No, he didn't--he just invented mass butchery. This kind of battle was invented by Lewis Carroll and Jules Verne and whoever wrote Undine, and country deacons bowling and marraines in Marseilles and girls seduced in the back lanes of Wurtenberg and

> Westphalia. Why, this was a love battle--there was a century of middle-class love spent here. This was the last love battle."
> "You want to hand over this battle to D. H. Lawrence," said Abe.
> "All my beautiful lovely safe world blew itself up here with a great gust of high explosive love," Dick mourned persistently.[19]

Diver sees the war as a love battle in which all love was spent. This can be seen to be true in the post-war realities of love in both The Sun Also Rises and Tender Is The Night. All love has been destroyed and, in the Lost Generation, is dead.[20] Beyond that, something else has also taken place, as Fitzgerald goes on to show in the visit to the trenches in Tender Is The Night.

> After that they got in their car and started back toward Amiens. A thin warm rain was falling on the new scrubby woods and underbrush and they passed great funeral pyres of sorted duds, shells, bombs, grenades, and equipment, helmets, bayonets, gun stocks and rotten leather, abandoned six years in the ground. And suddenly around a bend the white caps of a great sea of graves. Dick asked the chaffeur to stop.
> "There's that girl--and she still has her wreath."
> They watched as he got out and went over to the girl, who stood uncertainly by the gate with a wreath in her hand. Her taxi waited. She was a red-haired girl from Tennessee whom they had met on the train this morning, come from Knoxville to lay a memorial on her brother's grave. There were tears of vexation on her face.
> "The War Department must have given me the wrong number," she whimpered. "It had another name on it. I been lookin' for it since two o'clock, and there's so many graves."
> "Then if I were you I'd just lay it on any grave without looking at the name," Dick advised her.
> "You reckon that's what I ought to do?"
> "I think that's what he'd have wanted you to do."

> It was growing dark and the rain was coming down harder. She left the wreath on the first grave inside the gate, and accepted Dick's suggestion that she dismiss her taxicab and ride back to Amiens with them.[21]

Still in the prime of his control, Diver knows exactly what must be done. Yet, in what must be done, there is a sense of dehumanization. The girl may as well just put the wreath anywhere; the dead are numbered by the War Department. The gravity and respect that ordinarily accompanies the dead are punctured by the mass butchery of the battle, the massive death in which graves are laid from end to end across a field. That the girl cannot find her brother's grave points out the extent to which the war has crippled the capabilities of those who have survived it. Moral sensibility has been destroyed by mass butchery and countless wounds.

In The Sun Also Rises, we get our greatest insight into the effect that the war has had on Jake Barnes; the novel is written from Jake's viewpoint and so he is able to verbally state his grievances. It is an encounter with Brett at a dance that starts Jake's confrontation and confession really rolling. Leaving the dance, they ride in a taxi where they kiss, and then confront each other with the impossibility of culmination in their relationship. It is Brett who keeps on emphasizing the impossibility of things; Jake gives in to his emotions at times, asking her if they could live together or

go away together, but Brett keeps on presenting him with the reality of the situation. They then take the taxi to the Cafe Select, where Jake drops Brett off, in the company of several friends and Count Mippipopolous, then goes home and tries to go to bed.

> I lit the lamp beside the bed, turned off the gas, and opened the wide windows. The bed was far back from the windows, and I sat with the windows open and undressed by the bed. Outside a night train, running on the street-car tracks, went by carrying vegetables to the market. They were noisy at night when you could not sleep. Undressing, I looked at myself in the mirror of the big armoire beside the bed. That was a typically French way to furnish a room. Practical, too, I suppose. Of all the ways to be wounded. I suppose it was funny. I put on my pajamas and got into bed. I had the two bull-fight papers, and I took their wrappers off. One was orange. The other yellow. They would both have the same news, so whichever I read first would spoil the other. Le Toril was the better paper, so I started to read it. I read it all the way through, including the Petite Correspondence and the Corni-grams. I blew out the lamp. Perhaps I would be able to sleep.
>
> My head started to work. The old grievance. Well, it was a rotten way to be wounded and flying on a joke front like the Italian. In the Italian hospital we were going to form a society. It had a funny name in Italian. I wonder what became of the others. the Italians. That was in the Ospedale Maggiore in Milano, Padiglione Ponte. The next building was the Padiglione Zonda. There was a statue of Ponte, or maybe it was Zonda. That was where the liaison colonel came to visit me. That was funny. That was about the first funny thing. I was all bandaged up. But they had told him about it. Then he made that wonderful speech: "You, a foreigner, an Englishman" (any foreigner was an Englishman) "have given more than your life." What a speech! I would like to have it illuminated to hang in the office. He never laughed. He was putting himself in my place,

> I guess, "Che mala fortuna! Che mala fortuna!" I never used to realize it, I guess. I try and play it along and just not make trouble for people. Probably I never would have had any trouble if I hadn't run into Brett when they shipped me to England. I suppose she only wanted what she couldn't have. Well, people are that way. To hell with people. The Catholic Church had an awfully good way of handling all that. Good advice, anyway. Not to think about it. Oh, it was swell advice. Try and take it sometime. Try and take it.
> I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. Then I couldn't keep away from it, and I started to think about Brett and all the rest of it went away. I was thinking about Brett and my mind stopped jumping around and started to go in sort of smooth waves. Then all of a sudden I started to cry. Then after a while it was better and I lay in bed and listened to the heavy trams go by and way down the street, and then I went to sleep.
> (pp. 30-31)

Jake's confrontation takes place when he is alone and trying to go to sleep. Just as the young man in "Now I Lay Me" tries to control his mind and ease himself into sleep by thinking of fishing, or, when he is more fearful, by saying his prayers, so Jake tries to control his thoughts by keeping a kind of pinpoint awareness on things. He continually has an eye for small details, remembering, for instance, the wrapper colors of the bull-fight papers. He tries to control the flow of his thoughts, but they always wind back to his "problem" until he has finally cried himself out so that he can go to sleep.

Having made it to sleep, Jake is awakened by Brett's late night arrival, her rationale for the visit being, "Just wanted to see you" (p. 33). Just when Jake is at the point of suc-

cessfully licking his wounds he gets gored again and, after she leaves, must find his way back to sleep.

> Then I thought of her walking up the street and stepping into the car, as I had last seen her, and of course in a little while I felt like hell again. It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing.
>
> (p. 34)

Hemingway doesn't feel obliged to explain why it is easy to deal with things in the daylight hours, but not at nighttime, almost as if the reader would inherently understand what he is saying. Much of this can be explained by the fact that, when a person is trying to go to sleep at night, he is inactive. To sleep the mind must turn off, stop thinking. If this does not happen the head starts to work. There is little that one can do at nighttime. In a later chapter, faced with the same problem, Barnes tries to read himself to sleep. The daylight hours can be occupied by work, and, in working, the individual is usually with others. Night is generally approached as a time for going out on the town, which Jake and his friends seem to do every night, a time for sexual contact, which is an activity that Brett fills many of her nights with, and a time for sleep. Being in love with Brett, and lacking the physical contact with her, Jake finds himself continually facing the reason why he cannot be making love to Brett, that reason being his wound, his sexual impotency.

The daylight hours and the hours of social contact are much easier for Jake to deal with. A few paragraphs into the chapter following his "insomnia," it is daytime and Jake is on his way to work; he is quite happy about it: "All along people were going to work. It felt pleasant to be going to work" (p. 36). In going to work Jake is, once again, being part of the whole, for everyone is going to work. The hours will be filled and something will be accomplished. Dick Diver's comment about his own condition, "The manner remains intact for some time after the morale cracks,"[22] can be seen to also be true in the case of Jake Barnes. Jake is, in many ways, a devastated human being, a man destroyed by the war. Yet he makes that typically American effort to keep up appearances to himself and the rest of the world. All of his friends know the dark secret that Bill tells him he should cultivate as a mystery (p. 115); yet, except for Brett, everyone is careful not to bring it up. (When they are off fishing, Bill and Jake can joke about Jake's impotency because, in that atmosphere of men without women, it does not really matter. The activity of fishing heals all wounds, at least temporarily, and, in a camaraderie of men, it is not sexual potency that matters, but how nice a guy Jake is and how good a fisherman he is. There is a great understanding between Jake and Bill; in many ways, Bill seems to be a Jake without the war as an

excuse.) It is because the "morale" is destroyed, at the very least crippled, that Jake concerns himself with the outer forms, the small details and the "manner," in many ways being as much as he can of a Poor Richard.

> Do something, anything, to keep the fingers busy --not to realize--the lightning. Be industrious; let money and comfort increase, money is like a bell that keeps the dance from terrifying, as it would if it were silent and we could hear the grunt,--thud, swish. It is small, hard; it keeps the attention fixed so that the eyes shall not see. And such is humor: pennies--that see gold come of copper by adding together, shrewd guesses hidden under the armament of an humble jest.
> Poor Richard.
> Don't offend.[23]

William Carlos Williams' assessment of Ben Franklin can be seen to reflect light on Jake Barnes. Williams saw Franklin's money consciousness as a way of keeping the wilderness out of his mind. Jake is always concerning himself with money, how many francs he has spent, and by keeping up his concern with his mundane affairs, he is able to blot out his problem. There are countless examples of Jake's money consciousness. When he leaves the dance hall with Brett early in the novel, he leaves something for Georgette, if she bothers to ask for him: "I took a fifty franc note from my pocket, put it in an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to the patronne" (p. 23). "I gave the waiter a franc" (p. 24).

> There were two letters and some papers. I looked at them under the gas-light in the dining room. The letters were from the States. One was a bank

> statement. It showed a balance of $2432,60. I got out my check-book and deducted four checks drawn since the first of the month, and discovered I had a balance of $1832,60. I wrote this on the back of the statement.
>
> (p. 30)

His money consciousness continues throughout the novel. When his friend Harvey asks Jake for a loan Jake recalls figures: "I figured rapidly back in my mind. It was three days ago that Harvey had won two hundred francs from me shaking poker dice in the New York Bar" (p. 42). Later Jake pays a taxi driver: "I gave him twenty francs and he touched his cap and said: 'Good night, sir' and drove off" (p. 65). When Cohn, Bill and Jake are stopped over in Bayonne, waiting for Mike and Brett, Jake goes into a church.

> At the end of the street I saw the cathedral and walked up toward it. The first time I ever saw it I thought the facade was ugly but I liked it now. I went inside. It was dim and dark and the pillars went high up, and there were people praying, and it smelt of incense, and there were some wonderful big windows. I knelt and started to pray and prayed for everybody I thought of, Brett and Mike and Bill and Robert Cohn and myself, and all the bull-fighters, separately for the ones I liked, and lumping all the rest, then I prayed for myself again, and while I was praying for myself I found that I was getting sleepy, so I prayed that the bull-fights would be good, and that it would be a fine fiesta, and that we would get some fishing. I wondered if there was anything else I might pray for, and I thought I would like to have some money, so I prayed that I would make a lot of money, and then I started to think how I would make it, and thinking of making money reminded me of the count, and I started wondering about where he was, and regretting I hadn't seen him since that night in

> Montmartre, and about something funny Brett told me about him, and as all the time I was kneeling with my forehead on the wood in front of me, and was thinking of myself as praying, I was a little ashamed, and regretted that I was such a rotten Catholic, but realized there was nothing I could do about it, at least for a while, and maybe never, but that anyway it was a grand religion, and I only wished I felt religious and maybe I would the next time. . . .
>
> (pp. 96-97)

Jake's world revolves around his "friends" and his money, which both provide him with diversions; the friends keep him company and, more often than not, manage not to make him miserable, and the money functions as a comfort in that it can always enable him to buy some friends.

> The waiter seemed a little offended about the flowers of the Pyrenees, so I overtipped him. That made him happy. It felt comfortable to be in a country where it is so simple to make people happy. You can never tell whether a Spanish waiter will thank you. Everything is on such a clear financial basis in France. It is the simplest country to live in. No one makes things complicated by becoming your friend for any obscure reason. If you want people to like you you have only to spend a little money. I spent a little money and the waiter liked me. He appreciated my valuable qualities. He would be glad to see me back. I would dine there again some time. and he would be glad to see me, and would want me at his table. It would be a sincere liking because it would have a sound basis. I was back in France. Next morning I tipped every one a little too much at the hotel to make more friends, and left on the morning train for San Sebastian. At the station I did not tip the porter more than I should because I did not think I would ever see him again. I only wanted a few good French friends in Bayonne to make me welcome in case I should come back there again. I knew that if they remembered me their friendship would be loyal.
>
> (p. 233)

It can be seen that Jake is not the only person who is aware of money; France seems to be a country that is run on "a clear financial basis". The death of love is not the only change that has taken place due to the war; all values have been submerged to money.[24] Jake, like Franklin, has an acute sensitivity as to what makes the world go round.

It is in Pamplona, during the festival, that Jake presents us with his second night confrontation. Once again he is in the process of trying to go to sleep.

> I heard Brett and Robert Cohn come up the stairs. Cohn said goodnight outside the door and went on up to his room. I heard Brett go into the room next door. Mike was already in bed. He had come in with me an hour before. He woke as she came in, and they talked together. I heard them laugh. I turned off the light and tried to go to sleep. There is no reason why because it is dark you should look at things differently from when it is light. The hell there isn't!
>
> I figured that all out once, and for six months I never slept with the electric light off. That was another bright idea. To hell with women, anyway. To hell with you, Brett Ashley.
>
> Women made such swell friends. Awfully swell. In the first place, you had to be in love with a woman to have a basis for friendship. I had been having Brett for a friend. I had not been thinking about her side of it. I had been getting something for nothing. That only delayed the presentation of the bill. The bill always came. That was one of the swell things you could count on.
>
> I thought I had paid for everything. Not like the woman who pays and pays and pays. No idea of retribution or punishment. Just exchange of values. You gave up something and got something else. Or you worked for something. You paid some way for everything that was any good. I paid my way into enough things that I liked, so that I had a good time. Either you paid by learning about them, or by experi-

ence, or by taking chances, or by money. Enjoying living was learning to get your money's worth and knowing when you had it. You could get your money's worth. The world was a good place to buy in. It seemed like a fine philosophy. In five years, I thought, it will seem just as silly as all the other fine philosophies I've had.

Perhaps that wasn't true, though. Perhaps as you went along you did learn something. I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it. Maybe if you found out how to live in it you learned from that what it was all about.

I wished Mike would not behave so terribly to Cohn, though. Mike was a bad drunk. Brett was a good drunk. Bill was a good drunk. Cohn was never drunk. Mike was unpleasant after he passed a certain point. I liked to see him hurt Cohn. I wished he would not do it, though, because afterward it made me disgusted at myself. That was morality; things that made you disgusted afterwards. No, that must be immorality. That was a large statement. What a lot of bilge I could think up at night. What rot, I could hear Brett say it. What rot! When you were with English you got into the habit of using English expressions in your thinking. The English spoken language--the upperclasses, anyway--must have fewer words than the Eskimo. Maybe the Eskimo was a fine language. Say the Cherokee. I didn't know anything about the Cherokee, either. The English talked with inflected phrases. One phrase to mean everything. I liked them, though. I liked the way they talked. Take Harris. Still Harris was not the upper classes.

I turned on the light again and read. I read the Turgenieff. I knew that now, reading it in the oversensitized state of mind after much too much brandy, I would remember it somewhere, and afterward it would seem as though it had really happened to me. I would always have it. That was another good thing, you paid for and then had. Some time along toward daylight I went to sleep.

(p. 149)

The "rot" that Jake thinks up at night is salt-and-peppered with some components of his psychology and his present philos-

ophy. As in the first insomnia episode of the novel, Jake maintains that there is a difference of perception during the night hours than there is during the day. This statement fits into the long line of differentiations in perception that I have tried to represent in Chapter I. The devilish underside of existence here, in Hemingway, is replaced by feelings of despair. The presence of evil is no longer the question at hand. The American wilderness has been cleared away, and here is Jake Barnes back in the broken wasteland of a war-tinged Europe. What seems to exist for Barnes is the discrepancy between what life should be and what it is. It is a confrontation with the reality of the self that is taking place.

In this incident, as in the first, Barnes, in thinking of Brett Ashley, is forced to face his impotence, and to assess his "friendship" with her. The "bill" that always comes is that Brett asks Jake to play pimp for her, which he does. His whole philosophy of paying for things brings his attitude toward money into a clear focus. Money, or experience, or taking chances, serves as a lever with which you are able to affect whatever it is that you wish to affect. In Moby-Dick, Ahab eventually pays for his defiance, but he does not enter into his chase for the whale with the attitude that retribution awaits him. Barnes is more like Arthur Dimmesdale, a fellow American steer.

Jake feels guilty about enjoying the misery that Mike inflicts upon Cohn, after the pain is inflicted. While it is going on he enjoys it, just like a bullfight. Jake is no matador; his whole life is spent as a spectator. The most he can do, the most he can affect, is to play the pimp for Brett, seat her at a table with Romero, and then get up and leave. Despite the "manner" that he displays, the knowledge of bullfighting, his being an aficionado, he is really "Old Jake, the human punching bag" (p. 199).

Jake Barnes is able to get by as long as he concerns himself with his job and with his "manner"; central to his life is his money, which enables him to divert himself and, temporarily, forget about his impotence. It is at night, however, when he is alone and unable to sleep, that he recognizes his true self, the wounded self that he sees in the mirror as he is undressing for bed. At night, his fear and despair emerge from the places that he usually hides them, submerged beneath social graces and fifty franc notes.

CHAPTER III

THE UNQUIET DARKNESS: FROM THIS SIDE OF PARADISE TO THE GREAT GATSBY

> "With her his imagination ran riot and that is why they rode to the highest hill and watched an evil moon ride high, for they knew then that they could see the devil in each other."
> F. Scott Fitzgerald
> This Side of Paradise

Fitzgerald's novels display a thematic continuance of the night. As has been pointed out in the discussion of his essays, both the dream and the nightmare exist in Fitzgerald's night world. It is in his later life, and in Tender Is The Night, that the disintegration of the personality and the nights of despair take over total control. In the earlier novels there is, at the very least, a kind of balance between dream and nightmare, almost as if Fitzgerald, then living his dream of success, sensed the potentiality for his life to take a different turn.

At the center of Fitzgerald's four completed novels lies the dream of success, which is usually structured around the male protagonist's efforts to win the Golden Girl, and, in so doing, win the world. Fitzgerald was, in his first novel This Side of Paradise, displaying his own efforts to achieve the dream; in the following three novels he shows variations on his own "victory". In all four novels the Golden Girl (a term

used in Milton Stern's The Golden Moment) becomes, to a greater or lesser degree, the Dark Destroyer (a term used in Leslie Fiedler's Love and Death in the American Novel). The girl is always the embodiment of the pinnacle of success, and the male protagonist's fate always hinges upon his relationship with her. In This Side of Paradise, we are presented with Amory Blaine's efforts to attain the Perfect Woman, embodied in the novel by Rosalind. Dissatisfied with Amory's financial status, she dismisses their love on the grounds of impracticality. In The Beautiful and Damned, Antony Patch attains Gloria Gilbert's hand in marriage. What follows, in this case, as in the case of Fitzgerald and Zelda, is their mutual deterioration before they are granted old Adam Patch's millions. The Great Gatsby shows Jay Gatsby's attempts to recreate his pre-war love with Daisy Buchanan; because of Daisy's "bad driving" unjust vengeance is taken against Gatsby which results in his death. And in Tender Is The Night, Dr. Dick Diver is destroyed by two women, his wife Nicole and Rosemary Hoyt, and even more so by his own mad puritanism. Like Hawthorne and other Puritans, Fitzgerald and his protagonists prefer blondes, perhaps affirming their innate Puritan sensibilities.

In Fitzgerald's first novel, This Side of Paradise, there are several night confrontations. This Side of Paradise, a

novel which is fairly autobiographical, is the history of young Amory Blaine, an egotist who becomes a personage. Like Fitzgerald, Amory, reaching the age for college, goes to Princeton, where he spends his first year involving himself more with writing for the school literary magazine and newspaper and, above all, the Triangle Club: "a musical comedy organization that every year took a great Christmas trip,"[1] rather than with his schoolwork. Under the section titled "A Damp Symbolic Interlude" Amory's first confrontation or self-assessment takes place:

> The night mist fell. From the moon it rolled, clustered about the spires and towers, and then settled below them, so that the dreaming peaks were still in lofty aspiration toward the sky. Figures that dotted the day like ants now brushed along as shadowy ghosts, in and out of the foreground. The Gothic halls and cloisters were infinitely more mysterious as they loomed suddenly out of the darkness, outlined each by the myriad faint squares of yellow light. Indefinitely from somewhere a bell boomed the quarter-hour, and Amory, pausing by the sundial, stretched himself out full length on the damp grass. The cool bathed his eyes and slowed the flight of time--time that had crept so insidiously through the lazy April afternoons, seemed so intangible in the long spring twilights. Evening after evening the senior singing had drifted over the campus in melancholy beauty, and through the shell of his undergraduate consciousness had broken a deep and reverent devotion to the gray walls and Gothic peaks and all they symbolized as warehouses of dead ages.
>
> The tower that in view of his window sprang upward, grew into a spire, yearning higher until its uppermost tip was half invisible against the morning skies, gave him the first sense of transiency and unimportance of the campus figures except as holders of the apostolic succession. He liked knowing that

> Gothic architecture, with its upward trend, was peculiarly appropriate to universities, and the idea became personal to him. The silent stretches of green, the quiet halls with an occasional late-burning scholastic light held his imagination in a strong grasp, and the chastity of the spire became a symbol of this perception.
>
> "Damn it all," he whispered aloud, wetting his hands in the damp and running them through his hair. "Next year I work!" Yet he knew that where now the spirit of spires and towers made him dreamily acquiescent, it would then overawe him. Where he now realized only his own inconsequence, effort would make him aware of his own impotency and insufficiency.
>
> (pp. 53-54)

The Gothic spires, striving to reach the sky, prompt in Amory a desire to work towards his own ends of attainment. Yet, he concedes, once he does aspire towards something, it will still be dwarfed by the majestic effort of the Gothic architecture. The first part of Amory's perception, his aspirations, foreshadow Gatsby standing at night looking at the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. Gatsby's case is more clear-cut; there is no afterthought. Amory is coming to realize a view which Fitzgerald states in "The Crack-Up":

> the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function. One should, for example, be able to see that things are hopeless and yet be determined to make them otherwise.[2]

Amory's second night confrontation is a confrontation with death. Riding back from a party in New York to Princeton, the car Amory is riding in is stopped, and they are told there

has been an accident. Their acquaintance, Dick Humbird, has been killed.

> The doctor had arrived, and Amory went over to the couch, where someone handed him a sheet to put over the body. With a sudden hardness, he raised one of the hands and let it fall back inertly. The brow was cold but the face not expressionless. He looked at the shoe-laces--Dick had tied them that morning. He had tied them--and now he was this heavy white mass. All that remained of the charm and personality of Dick Humbird he had known--oh, it was all so horrible and unaristocratic and close to the earth. All tragedy has that strain of the grotesque and squalid--so useless, futile. . .the way animals die. . .Amory was reminded of a cat that had lain horribly mangled in some alley of his childhood.
> (pp. 86-87)

Dick Humbird's significance does not diminish with his death, as his face later reappears to Amory as the face of the Devil. Milton Stern gives a credible account of the function of Humbird in the novel, pointing out that he represents the world of "personality".[3] Monsignor Darcy, in a later conversation with Amory, explains the difference between personality and personage:

> "A personality is what you thought you were, what this Kerry and Sloane you tell me of evidently are. Personality is a physical matter almost entirely; it lowers the people it acts on--I've seen it vanish in a long sickness. But while a personality is active, it overrides 'the next thing'. Now a personage, on the other hand, gathers. He is never thought of apart from what he's done. He's a bar on which a thousand things have been hung--glittering things sometimes, as ours are, but he uses those things with a cold mentality back of them."
> (p. 104)

Monsignor Darcy might as well be talking about Dick Diver before and after his morale has cracked. The "cold mentality" Monsignor Darcy speaks of can be taken to be the "morale" upon which the foundation of the "manner" is built. The "personality" has only the manner, which Monsignor Darcy sees as quite a transitory thing. Amory, in hooking himself up with Humbird and Sloane, in emulating them, is leading himself down a dark path. What he must do is transcend their world of manners and aristocracy.

The appearance of the Devil functions as Amory's third nighttime experience; in many ways it is a throwback to Hawthorne and Melville. Fitzgerald, in the Devil, is pointing to a genuine figure and source of evil. Out for a night on the town with Sloane (a prominent personality) and two girls, Amory first sees the Devil as a middle-aged man who looks at him when they are at a night-spot. Leaving, they go to one of the girls' apartment, where Amory has his vision of the Devil.

> There was a minute while temptation crept over him like a warm wind, and his imagination turned to fire, and he took the glass from Phoebe's hand. That was all; for at the second that his decision came, he looked up and saw, ten yards from him, the man who had been in the cafe, and with his jump of astonishment the glass fell from his uplifted hand. There the man half sat, half leaned against a pile of pillows on the corner divan. His face was cast in the same yellow wax as in the cafe, neither the dull, pasty color of a dead man--rather a sort of virile pallor--nor unhealthy,

> you'd have called it; but like a strong man who'd worked in a mine or done night shifts in a damp climate. Amory looked him over carefully and later he could have drawn him after a fashion, down to the merest details. His mouth was the kind that is called frank, and he had steady gray eyes that moved slowly from one to the other of their group, with just the shade of a questioning expression. Amory noticed his hands; they weren't fine at all, but they had versatility and a tenuous strength. . . they were nervous hands that sat lightly along the cushions and moved constantly with little jerkey openings and closings. Then, suddenly, Amory perceived the feet, and with a rush of blood to his head he realized he was afraid. The feet were all wrong? . .with a sort of wrongness that he felt rather than knew. . .It was like weakness in a good woman, or blood on satin; one of those terrible incongruities that shake little things in the back of the brain. He wore no shoes, but, instead, a sort of half moccasin, pointed, though, like the shoes they wore in the fourteenth century, and with the little ends curling up. They were a darkish brown and his toes seemed to fill them to the end. . . .They were unutterably terrible. . . .
> (pp. 112-113)

The black man in the forest has moved to the big city and bought himself a business suit.

Frightened by the appearance of the Devil, Amory leaves the girls' apartment and runs out into the night:

> Down the long street came the moon, and Amory turned his back on it and walked. Ten, fifteen steps away sounded the footsteps. They were like a slow dripping, with just the slightest insistence in their fall. Amory's shadow lay, perhaps, ten feet ahead of him, and soft shoes was presumably that far behind. With the instinct of a child Amory edged in under the blue darkness of the white buildings, cleaving the moonlight for haggard seconds, once bursting into a slow run with clumsy stumblings. After that he stopped suddenly; he must keep hold, he thought. His lips were dry and he licked them.

> If he met any one good--were there any good people left in the world or did they all live in white apartment-houses now? Was everyone followed in the moonlight? But if he met some one good who'd know what he meant and hear this damned scuffle. . . then the scuffling grew suddenly nearer, and a black cloud settled over the moon. When again the pale sheen skimmed the cornices, it was almost beside him, and Amory thought he heard a quiet breathing. Suddenly he realized that the footsteps were not behind, had never been behind, they were ahead and he was not eluding but following. . .following. . .
>
> He put his face in his hands and covered eyes and ears as well he could. He had a sense of reality such as material things could never give him. His intellectual content seemed to submit passively to it, and it fitted like a glove everything that had ever preceded it in his life. It did not muddle him. It was like a problem whose answer he knew on paper, yet whose solution he was unable to grasp. He was far beyond horror. He had sunk through the thin surface of that, now moved in a region where the feet and the fear of white walls were real, living things, things he must accept. Only far inside his soul a little fire leaped and cried that something was pulling him down, trying to get him inside a door and slam it behind him. After that door was slammed there would be only footfalls and white buildings in the moonlight, and perhaps he would be one of the footfalls.
>
> Then something clanged like a low gong struck at a distance, and before his eyes a face flashed over the two feet, a face pale and distorted with a sort of infinite evil that twisted it like a flame in the wind; but he knew, for the half instant that the gong tanged and hummed, that it was the face of Dick Humbird.
>
> (pp. 114-116)

Amory comes to realize that he is following, not running from, the presence of evil, and that evil is embodied by Dick Humbird. The whose sense of entrapment that Amory fears, of being caught behind a door, or becoming a footfall would suggest the threat of becoming a personality, on the grander scale submitting to

evil. The devil's pact has become a promise of social grace.

Amory's night encounter with the Devil causes him to become afraid of the dark, a problem he discusses with his friend Burne Holiday:

> "I hate the dark," Amory objected. "I didn't use to--except when I was particularly imaginative, but now, I really do--I'm a regular fool about it." . . .
> "Any person with any imagination is bound to be afraid," said Burne earnestly. "And this very walking at night is one of the things I was afraid about. I'm going to tell you why I can walk anywhere now and not be afraid."
> "Go on," Amory urged eagerly. They were striding toward the woods, Burne's nervous, enthusiastic voice warming to his subject.
> "I used to come out here alone at night, oh, three months ago, and I always stopped at that cross-road we just passed. There were the woods looming up ahead, just as they do now, there were dogs howling and the shadows and no human sound. Of course, I peopled the woods with everything ghastly, just like you do; don't you?"
> "I do," Amory admitted.
> "Well, I began analyzing it--my imagination persisted in sticking horrors into the dark--so I stuck my imagination into the dark instead, and let it look out at me--I let it play stray dog or escaped convict or ghost, and then I saw myself coming along the road. That made it all right--as it always makes everything all right to project yourself completely into another's place. I knew that if I were the dog or the convict or the ghost I wouldn't be a menace to Burne Holiday any more than he was a menace to me. Then I thought of my watch. No; I decided, it's better on the whole that I should lose a watch than that I should turn back--and I did go into them--not only followed the road through them, but walked into them until I wasn't frightened any more--did it until one night I sat down and dozed off in there; then I knew I was through being afraid of the dark."
> (pp. 129-131)

Burne is running slightly ahead of Amory in developing into a personage. Necessary for development as a personage, and also in abating one's fear of the dark, is the ability to objectify experience, to attempt to see life in its true light.

The essence of Amory's education and of his becoming a personage comes in the final pages of the novel. He is back at Princeton walking around, after the interlude of the First World War (which functions rather romantically in the novel, like Fitzgerald's dream of heroism), and after his emotional affairs with Rosalind and Eleanor:

> Long after midnight the towers and spires of Princeton were visible, with here and there a late-burning light--and suddenly out of the clear darkness the sound of bells. As an endless dream it went on; the spirit of the past brooding over a new generation, the chosen youth from the muddled, unchastened world, still fed romantically on the mistakes and half-forgotten dreams of dead statesmen and poets. Here was a new generation, shouting the old cries, learning the old creeds, through a revery of long days and nights; destined finally to go out into that dirty gray turmoil to follow love and pride; a new generation dedicated more than the last to the fear of poverty and the worship of success; grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken. . .
>
> Amory, sorry for them, was still not sorry for himself--art, politics, religion, whatever his medium should be, he knew he was safe now, free from all hysteria--he could accept what was acceptable, roam, grow, rebel, sleep deep through many nights. . .
>
> He stretched out his arms to the crystalline, radiant sky.
>
> "I know myself," he cried, "but that is all."
>
> (p. 282)

Amory's recognition is of the hopelessness and pretension of

assuming mastery of all knowledge, yet, like the spires, he will continue to aspire for the sky. He has gained an acceptance of the components of life, and will struggle against the hopelessness of things. His confrontation with the world and with himself, is a triumphant one. He has mastered himself if not anything else. This Side of Paradise expresses a triumph over egotism and over the personality world of the Devil with Dick Humbird's face.

The Beautiful and Damned, Fitzgerald's second novel, which was quickly written in the wake of the success of This Side of Paradise, explores what happens when the Golden Boy gets the Golden Girl. Amory Blaine's search is continued, except that his heir, Antony Patch, never does make it to the personage stage. Patch, as are the other characters in the novel, is all personality; there is no morale that can crack because there is none to begin with. Fitzgerald juggles things a bit: Patch goes to Harvard instead of Princeton, is, of course, well to do, and is a graduated student who does little until he meets the Golden Girl, Gloria Gilbert. Following his marriage to her, he begins his journey down the path to alcoholism, has a breakdown of sorts during which his manner cracks, and inherits his grandfather's fortune of 30 million dollars.

A poorer novel than This Side of Paradise, The Beautiful and Damned is incredibly striking when viewed in the light of

Fitzgerald's life. The book, depicting the dissolution of two people, the fading of Gloria's beauty and Patch's alcoholism, is a prophecy of the dissolution that was to take place in Fitzgerald's marriage and in his and Zelda's personalities. Waking to discover himself to be an overnight success, and having won the girl of his dreams, Fitzgerald, in the marriage of Gloria and Antony, predicts the inevitable fall. The people of beauty and wealth are damned; as the novel's epigraph has it: "The victor belongs to the spoils." Antony expresses the idea further in the novel to Dot, his southern mistress whom he meets while waiting to be shipped overseas:

> "Things are sweeter when they're lost. I know--because once I wanted something and got it. It was the only thing I ever wanted badly, Dot. And when I got it it turned to dust in my hands."[4]

The beauty of the Golden Girl and, what Milton Stern terms, "The Golden Moment"[7] are temporary. Once the pinnacle of success is reached all future movement is down.

On the very night before his marriage to Gloria, Antony Patch, at his moment of triumph, also perceives the nightmare which follows or stems from the dream:

> Back in his apartment after the bridal dinner, Antony snapped out his lights and, feeling impersonal and fragile as a piece of china waiting on a serving table, got into bed. It was a warm night--a sheet was enough for comfort--and through his wide-open windows came sound, evanescent and summery, alive with remote anticipation. He was

thinking that the young years behind him, hollow and colorful, had been lived in facile and vacillating cynicism upon the recorded emotions of men long dust. And there was something beyond that; he knew now. There was the union of his soul with Gloria's, whose radiant fire and freshness was the living material of which the dead beauty of books was made.

From the night into his high-walled room there came persistently, that evanescent and dissolving sound--something the city was tossing up and calling back again, like a child playing with a ball. In Harlem, the Bronx, Gramercy Park, and along the water-fronts, in little parlors or on pebble-strewn, moon-flooded roofs, a thousand lovers were making this sound, crying little fragments of it into the air. All the city was playing with this sound out there in the blue summer dark, throwing it up and calling it back, promising that, in a little while, life would be beautiful as a story, promising happiness--and by that promise giving it. It gave love hope in its own survival. It could do no more.

It was then that a new note separated itself jarringly from the soft crying of the night. It was a noise from an areaway within a hundred feet from his rear window, the noise of a woman's laughter. It began low, incessant and whining--some servant-maid with her fellow, he thought--and then it grew in volume and became hysterical, until it reminded him of a girl he had seen overcome with nervous laughter at a vaudeville performance. Then it sank, receded, only to rise again and include words --a coarse joke, some bit of obscure horseplay he could not distinguish. It would break off for a moment and he would just catch the low rumble of a man's voice, then begin again--interminably; at first annoying, then strangely terrible. He shivered, and getting out of bed went to the window. It had reached a high point, tensed and stifled, almost the quality of a scream--then it ceased and left behind it a silence empty and menacing as the greater silence overhead. Antony stood by the window a moment longer before he returned to his bed. He found himself upset and shaken. Try as he might to strangle his reaction, some animal quality in that unrestrained laughter had grasped at his imagination, and for the first time in four months aroused his old aversion and horror toward all the business

> of life. The room had grown smothery. He wanted to be out in some cool and bitter breeze, miles above the cities, and to live serene and detached back in the corners of his mind. Life was that sound out there, that ghastly reiterated female sound.
> "Oh my God!" he cried, drawing in his breath sharply.
> Burying his face in the pillows he tried in vain to concentrate upon the details of the next day.
> (pp. 148-150)

For Antony, it is the "business of life" that is the nightmare. What is important, above all, is the aristocratic dream of life with the Golden Girl. He sees a "union of his soul with Gloria's" (p. 148) and the sounds of the city are filled with "promise" (p. 149). He dreams of the Golden Moment, that "life would be beautiful as a story." The world of physical reality scares him and he, in his pseudo-aristocratic sensibility, has no place for it: he imagines the talking and laughing to be "some servant maid with her fellow" (p. 149). What Antony fears most is the impending fall into reality. When Antony asks Gloria for the reasons that she is going to marry him, she says "Well, because you're so clean" (p. 131). What Antony senses in the laughing is the inevitable sordidness which will find its way into his life with Gloria.

In Hemingway there is the sense that a man's contact with a woman could ease the pain of the night, if not cure it altogether. In "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" the married waiter

has no problems; his life has substance. The young man in "Now I Lay Me" is advised to marry. Jake Barnes' insomnia centers around his impotence and his love for Brett. For Antony Patch, having his newly-wed wife at his side does not help to ease his fear. At a hotel on their honeymoon trip Antony hears a rattling at their window, panics, and calls the hotel desk. The conclusion that is reached by the night clerk after inspecting the situation is that it has only been the wind. Gloria has been awake the whole time but has pretended to be asleep. When she questions Antony on what has happened he deliberately lies to her.

> After many weeks it came gradually out into the light, to be laughed and joked at. They made a tradition to fight over it--whenever that overpowering terror of the night attacked Antony, she would put her arms about him and croon, soft as a song:
> "I'll protect my Antony. Oh, nobody's ever going to harm my Antony!"
> He would laugh as though it were a jest they played for their mutual amusement, but to Gloria it was never quite a jest. It was, at first, a keen disappointment; later, it was one of the times she controlled her temper.
> (pp. 160-161)

For Gloria, Antony's "terror" is a disappointment because it is, to some degree, a shattering of the dream. Her Golden Boy is, at least in this way, a little boy, scared of the dark, who needs a mother to protect and comfort him. In The Beautiful and Damned, both Gloria and Antony have a hard time dealing with the "business of life". Her whole being has

been centered around her beauty, and the enjoyments that she can cultivate from it. Antony is a leisurely purposeless Harvard graduate who feels that he doesn't have to do anything. They are both continually stumbling over the realities of life: the fact that Gloria's beauty fades, that money dissipates, that, eventually, everything goes. Antony's "terror" is a flaw in the dream design. Beyond his money and his good looks, he is totally defenseless and incapable of fulfilling the idealized masculine role.

Because of their affluence and Antony's general purposelessness, after their honeymoon, they begin involving themselves in the spoils of the day. They enter into participation in the Eternal Party.

The Devil, who had appeared to Amory Blaine in This Side of Paradise, appears in a slightly different guise to Gloria. Antony and Gloria are living in their little gray house in the country when they are visited by Maury Noble, a friend of Antony's, and Richard Caramel, Gloria's cousin and the author of The Demon Lover. They arrive "accompanied by a small, stocky man of thirty-five, whom they introduced as Mr. Joe Hull" (p. 237). Milton Stern suggests the possibility of Hull being a word play upon Hell.[5] Other little facts would suggest the possibility that Hull is the Devil: he has a red beard; Maury tells Antony that "He's a prince" (p. 237).

which might indicate the prince of darkness; also when Maury jokes Antony and tells him that he has known Hull all of his life, Antony replies "The devil you have!" (p. 237). Gloria develops an immediate aversion to him, noticing, like Amory Blaine, his feet:

> "He's got on white shoes that look like gloves. I can see his toes right through them. Uh! Who is he anyway?"
>
> (p. 238)

Amory Blaine had met with the Devil when off on a rather meaningless spree with Sloane. During the visit to the Patch's house what ensues is a drunken party. As the twilight yields to night Maury Noble begins singing

> two lines. . .sung to a popular air called Daisy Dear. The lines were:
>
> "The--pan-ic--has--come--over us,
> So ha-a-as--the moral decline!"
>
> (p. 238)

In these characters there has never really been any moral that could decline, but the thought is clear enough. We are back in the Dick Humbird world.

It is at this time that Gloria begins to discover herself to be in a kind of oppressive nightmare world. Hull tries to dance with her; after he refuses to let her go she slaps him and then retires upstairs where she lies on her bed.

> She was in a state half-way between sleeping and waking, with neither condition predominant. . . and she was harassed by a desire to rid herself of a weight pressing down upon her breast. She

> felt that if she could cry the weight would be lifted, and forcing the lids of her eyes together she tried to raise a lump in her throat. . .to no avail. . .
>
> . . .
>
> She became rigid. Some one had come to the door and was standing regarding her, very quiet except for a slight swaying motion. She could see the outline of his figure distinct against some indistinguishable light. There was no sound anywhere, only a great persuasive silence--. . .only this figure, swaying, swaying, in the doorway, an indiscernible and subtly menacing terror, a personality filthy under its varnish, like smallpox spots under a layer of powder. [italics mine] Yet her tired heart, beating until it shook her breasts, made her sure that there was still life in her, desperately shaken, threatened. . . .
>
> The minute or succession of minutes prolonged itself interminably, and a swimming blur began to form before her eyes, which tried with childish persistence to pierce the gloom in the direction of the door. In another instant it seemed that some unimaginable force would shatter her out of existence. . .and then the figure in the doorway--it was Hull, she saw, Hull--turned deliberately and, still slightly swaying, moved back and off, as if absorbed into that incomprehensible light that had given him dimension.
>
> (pp. 242-243)

Hull is the Demon Lover. Gloria's perception is the same as Amory Blaine's; it is a recognition of the world of personality, "a personality filthy under its varnish". This world, which is a world of manner and of outer beauty, is Gloria's world; it is the world she has always moved in and the world of "moral decline" that she inhabits with Antony. Like Amory, her reaction is to run from this world:

> Blood rushed back into her limbs, blood and life together. With a start of energy she sat upright, shifting her body until her feet touched the floor

> over the side of the bed. She knew what she must do--now, now, before it was too late. She must go out into this cool damp, out, away, to feel the wet swish of the grass around her feet and the fresh moisture of her forehead. Mechanically she struggled into her clothes, groping in the dark of the closet for a hat. She must go from this house where the thing hovered that pressed upon her bosom, or else made itself into stray, swaying figures in the gloom.
>
> In a panic she fumbled clumsily at her coat, found the sleeve just as she heard Antony's footsteps on the lower stair. She dared not wait; he might not let her go, and even Antony was part of this weight, part of this evil house and the sombre darkness that was growing up about it. . .
>
> (pp. 243-244)

Escaping as far as the town railroad station, with Antony following her, a change comes over Gloria. She has recognized the world of moral decline and personality and has run from it.

> The oppression was lifted now--the tree-tops below her were rocking the young starlight to a haunted doze. She stretched her arms with a gesture of freedom. This was what she had wanted, to stand alone where it was high and cool.
>
> "Gloria!"
>
> Like a startled child she scurried along the plank, hopping, skipping, jumping, with an ecstatic sense of her own physical lightness. Let him come now--she no longer feared that. . .She had thought she would never feel so young again, but this was her night, her world. Triumphantly she laughed as she left the plank, and reaching the wooden platform flung herself down happily beside an iron roof-post.
>
> (p. 247)

Gloria's laughter is the laughter of freedom and triumph. She has escaped, temporarily, from the oppressiveness of Antony's world and, in so doing, has regained her beauty and her world. This laughter and sense of freedom frightens and upsets Antony.

When Gloria tells him that she is going to the city he wants to go with her. Yet, though this laughter, to some extent, corresponds to the laughter of the serving-maid and her boy-friend, it is really Antony's own laughter, in the last few pages of the novel, which most closely corresponds to it:

> Strangely enough, he was almost sober. Without moving his head he looked up to where the moon was anchored in mid-sky, shedding light down into Claremont Avenue as into the bottom of a deep and uncharted abyss. There was no sign or sound of life save for the continuous buzzing in his own ears, but after a moment Antony himself broke the silence with a distinct and peculiar murmur. It was the sound that he had consistently attempted to make back there in the Boul' Mich', when he had been face to face with Bloeckman--the unmistakable sound of ironic laughter. And on his torn and bleeding lips it was like a pitiful retching of the soul.
>
> (p. 441)

Maury and Richard Caramel follow Gloria and Antony to the train station and, it is there, while Gloria is waiting for her train to the city, that Maury, much in the fashion of Amory Blaine at the end of <u>This Side of Paradise</u>, decides to unravel or "confront" the facts of his education. He begins by discussing his spiritual training:

> "Well," he began, "as an infant I prayed. I stored up prayers against future wickedness. One year I stored up nineteen hundred 'Now I lay me's.'"
>
> . . .
>
> "I was adept at fooling the deity. I prayed, immediately after all crimes until eventually prayer and crime became indistinguishable to me."
>
> (p. 252)

Maury moves gradually from his early spirituality to his later

pessimism, but it is Gloria who expresses the ultimate answer:

> "There's only one lesson to be learned from life, anyway," interrupted Gloria, not in contradiction but in a sort of melancholy agreement.
> "What's that?" demanded Maury sharply.
> "That there's no lesson to be learned from life."
> (p. 255)

This statement of Gloria's is the major discovery of the characters in the novel. It is as far as they can ever go. One can question how revelatory Gloria's statement is, but it is the great philosophical point that is made in the chapter.

Gloria's major confrontation is with Joe Hull, the novel's Devil figure, who is the representative of the varnished world of personality. Though she may momentarily escape from the world of personality, Gloria is as damned as the rest. In the night episode there are two hints of the characters' damnation:

> Maury in the darkness had pulled a time-table from his pocket.
> "Strike a match."
> A tiny flare leaped out of the opaque background illuminating the four faces, grotesque and unfamiliar here in the open night.
> (p. 250)

> In the distance a deep sound that had been audible for some moments identified itself by a plaintive mooing like that of a gigantic cow and by the pearly spot of a headlight apparent half a mile away. It was a steam-driven train this time, rumbling and groaning, and as it tumbled by with a monstrous complaint it sent a shower of sparks and cinders over the platform.
> (p. 256)

These seemingly unimportant details take on significance when one realizes that the four characters on the platform are the

four major characters in the novel, that they are the beautiful and damned, and that back at Patch's house is Joe Hull, the novel's embodiment of the Devil. This night scene, if nothing else, brings together the novel's four primary "damned" figures.

Fitzgerald, in "The Crack-Up" stated that

> the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function. One should, for example, be able to see that things are hopeless and yet be determined to make them otherwise.[6]

In reading Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby the demand of holding two opposed ideas in the mind is made upon the reader. Along with "Owl-eyes" we conclude of Gatsby "The poor son-of-a-bitch" (p. 176); at the same time we, like Nick at the end of the novel, are left with the image of Gatsby looking out at the green light at the end of Daisy's dock, the ultimate image of a man's attempt to capture his dream. The Great Gatsby is Fitzgerald's most romantic work. Unlike Antony Patch, Gatsby does not get what he wants and this makes him so much more of a figure of likeable stature. Gatsby is the modern tragic hero, who, like Mark Antony, dies all for love.

A surprising amount of the novel's action takes place at night, most of it imbued with a romantic aura. Gatsby's night is, on the whole, a tender one, at least in the earlier stages of the novel. The book begins with Nick Carraway's description

of a trio of social nights: his visit to Daisy and Tom's, his visit to Tom and Myrtle's apartment in the city, and his attendance at his first party at Gatsby's mansion. The first two nights are marked by, if not a certain sordidness, then a sharp level of reality; i.e. in the first case, Daisy and Tom's bickering over Mrs. Wilson, in the second the spot of dried shaving lather on Mr. McKee's cheek. On the other hand, Nick's first description of Gatsby's parties has a dream-like ephemeral quality:

> There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars.[7]

Nick's description of the guests as moths fits in with the dream-like landscape that surrounds Gatsby, at least the nighttime Gatsby. The culmination of this side of Gatsby is actually our first introduction to him, the night that Nick returns from having dinner at the Buchanan's house.

> Already it was deep summer on roadhouse roofs and in front of wayside garages, where new red gas-pumps sat out in pools of light, and when I reached my estate at West Egg I ran the car under its shed and sat for a while on an abandoned grass roller in the yard. The wind had blown off, leaving a loud, bright night, with wings beating in the trees and a persistent organ sound as the full bellows of the earth blew the frogs full of life. The silhouette of a moving cat wavered across the moonlight, and turning my head to watch it, I saw that I was not alone--fifty feet away a figure had emerged from the shadow of my neighbor's mansion and was standing with his hands in his pockets regarding the silver pepper of the stars. Something in his leisurely

> movements and the secure position of his feet upon the lawn suggested that it was Mr. Gatsby himself, come out to determine what share was his of our local heavens.
>
> I decided to call to him. Miss Baker had mentioned him at dinner, and that would do for an introduction. But I didn't call to him, for he gave a sudden intimation that he was content to be alone--he stretched out his arms toward the dark water in a curious way, and, far as I was from him, I could have sworn he was trembling. Involuntarily I glanced seaward--and distinguished nothing except a single green light, minute and far away, that might have been the end of a dock. When I looked once more for Gatsby he had vanished, and I was alone again in the unquiet darkness.
>
> (pp. 21-22)

Gatsby stretching out his arms towards the green light at the end of Daisy's dock can be seen to be a later development of Amory Blaine's aspirations which are inspired by Princeton's Gothic architecture; a significant difference, in Gatsby's case, is that there is no undercutting, no questioning of the dream, just the dream itself. As in Fitzgerald's other novels, the Golden Girl is the culmination of the protagonist's American Dream. She is the particular that he strives for. In early life, before meeting Daisy, Gatsby began his early aspirations, their aim being success. At the point where he met Dan Cody, Carraway surmises, Gatsby had already begun to spring "from his Platonic conception of himself" (p. 99), had already fashioned his new name, going from James Gatz to Jay Gatsby. Besides Carraway's description of Gatsby's year as a "clam-digger and a salmon-fisher" (p. 99) and his meeting with

body, there is also a tracing of Gatsby's early aspirations:

> But his heart was in a constant, turbulent riot. The most grotesque and fantastic conceits haunted him in his bed at night. A universe of ineffable gaudiness spun itself out in his brain while the clock ticked on the washstand and the moon soaked with wet light his tangled clothes upon the floor. Each night he added to the pattern of his fancies until drowsiness closed down some vivid scene with an oblivious embrace. For a while these reveries provided an outlet for his imagination; they were a satisfactory hint of the unreality of reality, a promise that the rock of the world was founded securely on a fairy's wing.
> (p. 100)

That fairy is Daisy Fay, a "fay" being a fairy or elf. These night imaginings are closely related to Gatsby's looking out onto the green light and to the ever important intermediary night:

> . . .One autumn night, five years before, they had been walking down the street where the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes in the year. The quiet lights in the house were humming out into the darkness and there was a stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the blocks of the sidewalk really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place above the trees--he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the tap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder.
>
> His heart beat faster and faster as Daisy's white face came up to his own. He knew that when he kissed this girl, and forever wed his unutterable visions to her perishable breath, his mind would never romp again like the mind of God. So he waited, listening for a moment longer to the tuning-fork that had been struck upon a star. Then he

> kissed her. At his lips' touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete. (p. 112)

In this scene Fitzgerald displays the actual wedding of the dream with the girl. The earlier scene looks forward to this; Gatsby anticipates the "fairy's wing". Gatsby looking out over the water at the green light displays his determination to regain the past, to recapture the dream. And for him it is all so simple:

> "I wouldn't ask too much of her," I ventured.
> "You can't repeat the past."
> "Can't repeat the past?" he cried incredulously.
> "Why of course you can!"
> (p. 111)

The reason Gatsby is a poor son-of-a-bitch is because it is not that simple; he cannot regain the bright beautiful past. What's more, the fairy has become the Dark Destroyer.

The whole intention behind Gatsby's parties is that he hopes that somehow Daisy will show up at one of them. When she eventually does, it is after they have renewed their acquaintance through Nick; Daisy comes socially with Tom. Despite the luridness of the evenings and the guests, Nick sees in Gatsby's parties "romantic possibilities totally absent from her [Daisy's] world" (p. 110). The parties are essentially ploys that Gatsby uses in hopes of reviving the romance; once it has been revived, once Daisy has attended one of Gatsby's parties and he has seen that "She didn't like it"

(p. 110), the parties are discontinued. The parties have served any purpose that they might have had.

> It was when curiosity about Gatsby was at its highest that the lights in his house failed to go on one Saturday night--and, as obscurely as it had begun, his career as Trimalchio was over. Only gradually did I become aware that the automobiles which turned expectantly into his drive stayed for just a minute and then drove sulkily away.
>
> (p. 113)

At this point the party begins to be over. After Gatsby's death one final car will stop by: "Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over." (p. 181)

Having "regained" Daisy, Gatsby's destruction begins to unfold and the tenderness and dream qualities of the night begin to change for a time. After the day of the showdown between Gatsby and Buchanan, and Mrs. Wilson's death, Nick encounters Gatsby outside of the Buchanan house. What Nick hears is the truth about Mrs. Wilson's death, that it was Daisy who was driving. Leaving for home, Nick suggests that Gatsby leave with him:

> ". . .You'd better come home and get some sleep."
> He shook his head.
> "I want to wait here till Daisy goes to bed. Good night, old sport."
> He put his hands in his coat pockets and turned back eagerly to his scrutiny of the house, as though my presence marred the sacredness of the vigil. So I walked away and left him standing there in the moonlight--watching over nothing.
>
> (p. 146)

This scene clearly parallels Gatsby's looking out at the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. Gatsby has moved much closer; he has come from watching over the symbol of his dream to watching over the actual substance of his dream. Nick Carraway, however, is right; Gatsby is, in reality, watching over nothing. Keeping the novel's outcome in mind, it is reasonable to assume that Daisy is already beginning her movement back towards Tom. The dream that hinges upon the "fairy's wing" is in the process of dissolving.

Back at home, Nick is unable to sleep:

> I couldn't sleep all night; a fog-horn was groaning incessantly on the Sound, and I tossed half-sick between the grotesque reality and savage, frightening dreams. Toward dawn I heard a taxi go up Gatsby's drive; and immediately I jumped out of bed and began to dress--I felt that I had something to tell him, something to warn him about, and morning would be too late.
> (p. 147)

The nights of parties and of Gatsby's dream have given way to "the grotesque reality and savage frightening dreams". What Carraway has to tell Gatsby is that he should go away, leave and save himself. Gatsby's reply, totally within character, is, "Go away <u>now</u>, old sport?" (p. 147). He does not realize that the dream is slipping away, despite the sense of "nothing" that is beginning to be his reality with Daisy. Nick had left him "watching over nothing" (p. 146), and when Gatsby returns to his mansion, encountering Nick, he tells him:

> "Nothing happened," he said wanly. "I waited, and about four o'clock she came to the window and stood there for a minute and then turned out the light."
>
> (p. 147)

That light that Daisy turns out might as well be green, for it has all of Gatsby's hopes written upon it.

It is on this night that Gatsby drops all pretense and tells Carraway who and what he really is. More than a personal confrontation, it is a confession which, more than anything else, establishes the bond between Carraway and Gatsby which will give Carraway the sense of moral obligation to organize Gatsby's funeral. With the dream dissolving, Gatsby's palatial mansion begins to lose its aura of magnificence:

> His house had never seemed so enormous to me as it did that night when we hunted through the great rooms for cigarettes. We pushed aside curtains that were like pavilions, and felt over innumerable feet of dark wall for electric light switches --once I tumbled with a sort of splash upon the keys of a ghostly piano. There was an inexplicable amount of dust everywhere, and the rooms were musty, as though they hadn't been aired for many days. I found the humidor on an unfamiliar table, with two stale, dry cigarettes inside. Throwing open the French windows of the drawing-room, we sat smoking out into the darkness.
>
> (p. 147)

Gatsby's house seems so "enormous" to Nick because it is so empty. Things are dark, ghostly, musty, stale. All the vast promise that Gatsby believed in is spent.

> It was this night that he told me the strange story of his youth with Dan Cody--told it to me because "Jay Gatsby" had broken up like glass

> against Tom's hard malice, and the long secret extravaganza was played out. I think that he would have acknowledged anything now, without reserve, but he wanted to talk about Daisy. (p. 148)

The essence of Gatsby's talking of Daisy is the story of another night: "he took Daisy one still October night, took her because he had no real right to touch her hand" (p. 149). This night is the autumn night when Gatsby's dreams of success became wedded to Daisy, the moment when "he had committed himself to the following of a grail" (p. 149). It is an interesting series of nights involving Gatsby's dreams: the night of the dream of "fairy's wings," then the attainment, which is so incredibly dream-like, then the night of the green light, and now, after the recapturing of the dream, the final night of acceptance and consideration, and of telling Carraway the truth. These are the limits of Gatsby's night world of dream visions, for, at the same hour that he tells Carraway of his romance with Daisy and his triumphs in the war, Mr. Wilson is putting together the wrong pieces and coming closer to bringing an end to Gatsby and himself.

The appearance of Henry C. Gatz provides the last piece of information about Gatsby's aspirations. What Mr. Gatz brings with him is a schedule of his son's which would make Poor Richard proud (p. 174). Jimmy Gatz's "SCHEDULE" bears a remarkable resemblance to the schedule that Ben Franklin gives

in his Autobiography.[8]

With Gatsby's death, we are left with the romantic nights of Nick Carraway. If nothing else, the experience with Gatsby sparks romantic memories of the Middle West in Carraway:

> When we pulled out into the winter night and the real snow, our snow, began to stretch out beside us and twinkle against the windows, and the dim lights of the small Wisconsin stations moved by, a sharp wild brace came suddenly into the air. We drew in deep breaths of it as we walked back from dinner through the cold vestibules, unutterably aware of our identity with this country for one strange hour, before we melted indistinguishably into it again.
>
> That's my Middle West--not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns, but the thrilling returning trains of my youth, and the street lamps and sleigh bells in the frosty dark and the shadows of holly wreaths thrown by lighted windows on the snow. I am part of that, a little solemn with the feel of those long winters, a little complacent from growing up in the Carraway house in a city where dwellings are still called through the decades by a family's name.
>
> (p. 177)

In contrast to this rather dreamy vision of the heartland of America is the vision that Carraway has of the East now, after Gatsby's death:

> Even when the East excited me most, even when I was most keenly aware of its superiority to the bored, sprawling, swollen towns beyond the Ohio, with their interminable inquisitions which spared only the children and the very old--even then it had always for me a quality of distortion. West Egg, especially, still figures in my more fantastic dreams. I see it as a night scene by El Greco: a hundred houses, at once conventional and grotesque, crouching under a sullen, overhanging sky and a lustreless moon. In the foreground four solemn men in dress suits are walking along the

> sidewalk with a stretcher on which lies a drunken woman in a white evening dress. Her hand, which dangles over the side, sparkles cold with jewels. Gravely the men turn in at a house--the wrong house. But no one knows the woman's name, and no one cares.
>
> (p. 178)

The East for Carraway has taken on the qualities of the personality world of This Side of Paradise and The Beautiful and Damned. It is the Middle West that is the place that seems to now provide substance, a sense of meaning and tradition, "a city where dwellings are still called through the decades by a family's name" (p. 177). The Middle West also holds for Nick the abundant memories of his youth. It is for these reasons, and because of his distaste for the East, that he decides to return home. Before he goes he visits Gatsby's mansion for a final time:

> On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspingly along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.
>
> Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes--a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of

> this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.
>
> And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.
>
> Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter--tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther . . .And one fine morning--
>
> So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.
>
> (pp. 181-182)

Carraway and Fitzgerald recognize Gatsby's dream as the continuing American Dream: the green light is a continuation of the green wilderness that the Puritans and other settlers found when they came across the waters. Somehow what emerges from the ending of the book is Gatsby's belief in the green light; it is in this novel, and within the romantic atmosphere of the night, that Fitzgerald gives the finest definition of just what the American Dream is, and what it means. Even though he shows Gatsby being defeated, the reader, in that he comes into contact with "the presence of this continent," for a moment holds his breath in wonder.

CHAPTER IV

TENDER IS THE NIGHT

> "The change came a long way back-but at first it didn't show. The manner remains intact for some time after the morale cracks."
> - Dick Diver

Tender Is The Night deals with dissolution. In all of Fitzgerald's novels there is a dark underside which stands in opposition to the protagonist's dream world, the world of nightmare which Fitzgerald expresses so honestly in "The Crack-Up" articles. The dark side of This Side Of Paradise is the insignificance of man's achievements, which are dwarfed by the universe and by the presence of evil in the world, embodied by Amory's devil. The Beautiful and Damned depicts the fall from the Edenic state in which Golden Boy plus Golden Girl equals The Golden Moment; the moment fades, as do all the qualities of goldenness. In The Great Gatsby, it is Gatsby and his beautiful dream against the latest exponent of the Dick Humbird world, Tom Buchanan, and the dream, embodied by Daisy, which has, itself, become corrupted. Tender Is The Night has more in common with The Beautiful and Damned than with the other two books. Dissolution doesn't really enter into Amory Blaine's world; he does not fall. The problem there is that a man can only do so much, and what he does achieve is insignificant. It is an incredible struggle to

become a personage; to escape from the Dick Humbird world of personality, but that success is so small when put up against the totality of existence. The essence of This Side Of Paradise is that Amory can "see that things are hopeless and yet be determined to make them otherwise,"[1] the early struggle that Fitzgerald himself faced. In the case of Gatsby, his own dissolution does not take place; he continues to cling to his dream and is killed by it:

> . . .Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrow and short-winded elations of men.[2]

The Beautiful and Damned and Tender Is The Night are concerned with the dissolving of personalities and, in Dick Diver's case, the cracking of morale. Perhaps, more than any other novel, it is in Tender Is The Night that Fitzgerald tells his own story.

Coming after The Great Gatsby, Tender Is The Night seems a rather cumbersome novel. Of all of Fitzgerald's novels The Great Gatsby is, by far, structurally the tightest; This Side Of Paradise is a distant second. Fitzgerald's two novels of dissolving personalities are structurally inferior; it can be hypothesized that Fitzgerald had a hard time trying to control the disintegrative processes in his characters; at times it becomes difficult for him to keep up a controlled account. In

The Great Gatsby things are quite clear cut. In Tender Is The Night, Dick Diver's descent is a gradual and finely shadowed process.

When we meet Dick Diver on the beach of the French Riviera he is already moving towards his fall. Seen through Rosemary's eyes, the Diver world is quite romantic; as the novel unfolds, the aura of innocence is in a continual process of being depleted. The way in which Tender Is The Night differs from The Beautiful and Damned is that Tender depicts the beautiful swan dive of Dr. Dick Diver while the structure of The Beautiful and Damned is more like a sine curve; there is a rise and then a long painful descent. In the case of Diver, it is all descent; "lucky Dick" dives until he is broken on his own wheel; then Tommy Barban takes over the care of Nicole, and he doesn't even have to worry about getting his feet wet.

Tender Is The Night, written, in its final form, mostly during the early depression years, hearkens back to the golden days of the Jazz Age and, like The Sun Also Rises, deals with that wonderful animal known as the American ex-patriate. Dick Diver is the perfect antithetical character to Jake Barnes. Everything that Barnes lacks Diver has, hence his nickname "lucky Dick". Barnes always has to worry about which of his friends is going to gore which other friend; in contrast, Diver, when we meet him, always has everything under control.

He and Nicole play the regal king and queen, and Nicole is queen by Dick's appointment. Diver, himself, is the real center of his emanating world.

D. H. Lawrence, in talking of "The Spirit of Place" in America, considers a condition which can be seen to apply to the Lost Generation of both The Sun Also Rises and Tender Is The Night:

> Men are free when they are in a living homeland, not when they are straying and breaking away. Men are free when they are obeying some deep, inward voice of religious belief. Obeying from within. Men are free when they belong to a living, organic, believing community, active in fulfilling some unfulfilled, perhaps unrealized purpose. Not when they are escaping to some wild west. The most unfree souls go west, and shout of freedom. The shout is a rattling of chains, always was.
> Men are not free when they are doing just what they like. The moment you can do just what you like, there is nothing you care about doing. Men are only free when they are doing what the deepest self likes.
> And there is getting down to the deepest self! It takes some diving.3

The chains in The Sun Also Rises rattle anytime that someone moves. The Diver world would appear to be a "believing community," but the only people who really believe in it are Dick, Nicole, and Rosemary. What does distinguish Diver from the rest of this faceless crowd is that he does dive, and that diving destroys him. Still, there is some nobility in it. At the end of the novel, Diver knows who he is. Unfortunately, at that point, there really isn't very much left to him.

At the beginning of the novel, however, we see Diver with the aura of a golden sheen that Rosemary sees him as having. His manner, his control and performance, are still in good condition at this time.

> 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 antennae 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.
>
> (pp. 6-7)

The woman who has the modesty of possession is Nicole; in this instance she is happy to play "planet to Dick's sun" (p. 289), to be a part of the glittering Diver world and recognize her ownership of the king of the beach.

Fitzgerald is continually pointing out to us, in the novel, Diver's control of social graces. Diver's manner is always referred to: how he affects people, how he makes them feel good or makes them think that they are held in loving and caring hands. Rosemary is immediately sucked into the Diver world by Dick's manner.

> He seemed kind and charming--his voice promised that he would take care of her, and that a little later he would open up whole new worlds for her,

unroll an endless succession of magnificent possibilities.

(p. 16)

> Silently she admired him. His complexion was reddish and weather burned, so was his short hair--a light growth of it rolled down his arms and hands. His eyes were of a bright, hard blue. His nose was somewhat pointed and there was never any doubt at whom he was looking or talking--and this is a flattering attention, for who looks at us?--glances fall upon us, curious or disinterested, nothing more. His voice, with some faint Irish melody running through it, wooed the world, yet she felt the layer of hardness in him, of self-control and of self-discipline, her own virtues. Oh, she chose him, and Nicole, lifting her head saw her choose him, heard the little sigh at the fact that he was already possessed.
>
> (pp. 19-20)

Dick, in his manner, seems, in some ways, to resemble Daisy Fay. Of her Nick Carraway says:

> She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. . .
>
> I looked back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again.[4]

The common traits that Diver and Daisy share are their ways of looking at people, and the magic of their voices. For Rosemary, Diver is the embodiment of masculinity, the fulfillment of her adolescent dreams, just as Daisy is the fulfillment of Gatsby's. In Diver, however, there is much more besides his beauty, besides the fact that he is the Golden Boy. His man-

ner functions on all social levels, with men as well as women.

> He went back into his house and Nicole saw that one of his most characteristic moods was upon him, the excitement that swept everyone up into it and was inevitably followed by his own form of melancholy, which he never displayed but at which she guessed. This excitement about things reached an intensity out of proportion to their importance, generating a really extraordinary virtuousity with people. Save among the few of the tough-minded perenially suspicious, he had the power of arousing a fascinated and uncritical love. The reaction came when he realized the waste and extravagance involved. He sometimes looked back with awe at the carnivals of affection he had given, as a general might gaze upon a massacre he had ordered to satisfy an impersonal blood lust.
>
> But to be included in Dick Diver's world for a while was a remarkable experience; people believed he made special reservations about them, recognizing the proud uniqueness of their destinies, buried under the compromises of how many years. He won everyone quickly with an exquisite consideration and a politeness that moved so fast and intuitively that it could be examined only in its effect. Then, without caution, lest the first bloom of the relation wither, he opened the gate to his amusing world. So long as they subscribed to it completely, their happiness was his preoccupation, but at the first flicker of doubt as to its all inclusiveness he evaporated before their eyes, leaving little communicable memory of what he had said or done.
>
> (p. 28)

Diver creates for people the feeling that he considers them to be important, that he cares what happens to them, and that he is sincere in his liking of them. The price of admission into his fantasy world is belief in it. Diver's world is only palpable if one is willing to live in it. Diver acts out the social codes of society with an air of feeling for the ~~social~~

graces; he gives the appearance of there being some center of kindness behind the facade of manner. Rosemary, unlike Tommy Barban, is a convert to Dick's world from the very beginning. She believes in that world for as long as it lasts, until Dick begins dissolving into the "Black Death" (p. 219) when he is no longer able to make people happy.

Fitzgerald is continually involved in giving us a close-up view of Doctor Diver's manner, but he also pokes holes in its validity and meaning, usually by having Dick himself function as commentator. As Diver becomes increasingly aware of his inner deterioration, the value of his manner begins to steadily decrease. Saying goodbye to Abe North in the Gare Saint Lazare, the Divers, Rosemary, and Mary North witness the shooting of an Englishman by a woman that the Divers know. Dick is quick to spring into action as a rescuer, which elicits the admiration of Rosemary:

> "You like to help everybody, don't you?" Rosemary said.
> "I only pretend to."
> (p. 84)

In a later scene in which Diver is talking to Rosemary's mother, Mrs. Speers, Diver's manner again becomes the subject of conversation.

> "You were the first man--you're an ideal to her. In every letter she says that."
> "She's so polite."
> "You and Rosemary are the politest people I've ever known, but she means this."

> "My politeness is a trick of the heart."
> This was partly true. From his father Dick had learned the somewhat conscious good manners of the young Southerner coming north after the Civil War. Often he used them and just as often he despised them because they were not a protest against how unpleasant selfishness was but against how unpleasant it looked.
> (p. 164)

Mrs. Speers sees Dick and Rosemary as being the "politest people" she has ever known. Rosemary, herself, recognizes the common bond between herself and Dick; "Oh, we're such actors --you and I" (p. 105) she tells him. It is that factor which is one of the major reasons that Rosemary arranges a screen test for Dick. She just knows that "lucky Dick" up on a twenty-foot screen would be able to win over as many people as Rosemary playing Daddy's Girl.

> Rosemary Hoyt is naive; she is not innocent. . .As much as she adores the whole Diver way of life, she knows precisely what it is. When she triumphantly announces that she has arranged a screen test for Dick, with the hopes that she will be able to co-star in a movie with him, the others are shocked at her naive lack of discretion. Naive, yes. Indiscreet, yes. But totally correct. What Rosemary finds so wonderful about the world of the Divers is that it is exactly like a movie: pretty, sparkling, gay, with a happy ending guaranteed. Being with them is like watching Daddy's Girl. There is the same relationship between the life the Divers seem to live and their real lives as there is between the lives of the characters on the screen in Daddy's Girl and the lives of the actors playing them when off the screen. The reason that Rosemary's announcement shocks is that she is saying "Since your life is an act, why not get paid for it?"[5]

That Diver has learned his manners from his father is

stated further:

> In the summer father and son walked downtown together to have their shoes shined--Dick in his starched duck sailor suit, his father always in beautifully cut clerical clothes--and the father was very proud of his handsome little boy. He told Dick all he knew about life, not much but most of it true, simple things, matters of behavior that came within his clergyman's range. "Once in a strange town when I was first ordained, I went into a crowded room and was confused as to who was my hostess. Several people I knew came toward me, but I disregarded them because I had seen a gray-haired woman sitting by a window far across the room. I went over to her and introduced myself. After that I made many friends in that town."
>
> His father had done that from a good heart--his father had been sure of what he was, with a deep pride of the two proud widows who had raised him to believe that nothing could be superior to "good instincts," honor, courtesy, and courage.
>
> (pp. 203-204)

Though his father, the clergyman, may have had a "good heart," what he instilled in his son, more than anything, were "good instincts," beyond honor and courage the knowledge of who one should talk to when walking into a room in order to "make many friends in that town". Diver may have been schooled in moral precepts; we see that he has but that they have faded, making him, in the end, a "mad puritan" (p. 293), but it is the manner which has managed to survive the moral crisis. Though he tells her that his manners are a trick (p. 216), they are one of the few things that Baby Warren likes about him. "That's something you do so well, Dick" she tells him, "You can keep a party moving by just a little sentence or a saying here and

there. I think that's a wonderful talent" (p. 216). In another conversation with her, Diver attempts to refute good manners at length.

> "There's too much good manners," he said on the way back to Gstaad in the smooth sleigh.
> "Well, I think that's nice," said Baby.
> "No, it isn't," he insisted to the anonymous bundle of fur. "Good manners are an admission that everybody is so tender that they have to be handled with gloves. Now, human respect--you don't call a man a coward or a liar lightly, but if you spend your life sparing people's feelings and feeding their vanity, you get so you can't distinguish what <u>should</u> be respected in them."
> "I think Americans take their manners rather seriously," said the elder Englishman.
> "I guess so," said Dick. "My father had the kind of manners he inherited from the days when you shot first and apologized afterwards. . ."
> (pp. 177-178)

Diver's assessment, on the whole, is quite accurate. How much respect can one feel for Mary North, Mrs. Evelyn Oyster or Lady Caroline Sibley Biers? Diver has observed the people that surround him and sees them as morally soft, and he doesn't see what he should respect in them. There is no vast difference between the social crowd of <u>Tender Is The Night</u> and the one of <u>The Sun Also Rises</u>; Abe North is just an American version of Brett's drunken friend Mike, Mary North is a chaster Brett.

If Diver could accept the "brave new world" in which he finds himself to be living, he would have no problem. He could survive, get by on his manners, be the Golden Boy of the party

circuit, It is his knowledge of morality and of the old world of his fathers which refuses to let him do so. Without his Puritan sensibility he could accept his love of Daddy's Girl, a string of Daddy's Girls, easily as long as Humbert Humbert's list of nymphets, and get along. It is because he is moralistic that he, instead, confesses to having raped a five year old girl. It is because he worries about his soul that he must eventually withdraw from the world of Mary Minghetti and Tommy Barban, and the new-born Nicole.

Diver approximates that "Between the time he found Nicole flowering under a stone on the Zurichsee and the moment of his meeting with Rosemary the spear had been blunted" (p. 201). Yet the reader must follow his progress from the moment that he encounters Rosemary on the tan beach of Gausse's Hotel des Etrangers. It is right for the novel to begin at this point because, this way, we watch the significant action of Diver's dissolution. Though Diver is sliding in his marriage to Nicole, losing himself in having to play doctor to her, it is Rosemary, the new and virginal incarnation of Daddy's Girl, who forces him to discover his internal make-up. The childishness of Rosemary is something that is insisted upon from the moment of her first appearance.

> 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.
>
> (pp. 3-4)

The "dew" is still hanging on her to the extent that she plays the part of "Daddy's Girl" (p. 13) in the motion picture of the same name. Diver appreciates her budding youth; he tells her "You're the only girl I've seen for a long time that actually did look like something blooming" (p. 22). What Diver sees in Rosemary is youth, the little girl whose admiration he can win. Nicole, early in their relationship, has that approach to him. Now she is older and, though she still needs him to hold her, it is a woman that he must hold and take care of:

> She had been white-Saxon-blonde but she was more beautiful now that her hair had darkened than when it had been like a cloud and more beautiful than she.
>
> (p. 67)

In Rosemary, Dick sees the latest image of "the girl who sat in the pew behind" (p. 195); the latest "ickle durl" (p. 190). In a scene on the beach Dick plays a father-protector role.

> 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 the 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.

(pp. 11-12)

Diver, in this scene, is playing the part of the responsible man, gathering together everything, putting everything in order. He tells Rosemary he would have woken her before he left so that she would not get sunburned; in this he is asserting the Diver aura of caring about what happens to her.

In this interchange there is also the first hint of the dark world of the novel. Here, in the daylight hours, Diver tells Rosemary that one-thirty in the afternoon is "not one of the worst times of the day," the implication being that he knows the worst times, the nights of Nicole losing control. He can also be seen to be prophesizing his own forthcoming dark hours, the 3 o'clock in the morning of the dark night of the soul.

One aspect of the night that Hemingway presents is its be-

ing a time for sex. In Fitzgerald this does not seem to apply. Night is, rather, the time of the Dream and the Nightmare. Milton Stern, in The Golden Moment, points out that heat, sun, and infidelity, in The Great Gatsby and Tender Is The Night, are drawn together in a tight relationship.[6] The time of sexuality seems to be in the heat of the afternoon rather than in the night hours. When Gatsby takes Daisy Fay on that October night, it is in the fulfillment of his dream; in that action the girl is wedded to the dream. The two other incidents of sex in the novel, however, take place during hours of sunlight. At Myrtle and Tom's apartment, Nick sits and reads Simon Called Peter while they disappear into the bedroom. Nick tells us that "until after eight o'clock the apartment was full of cheerful sun."[7] Later in the novel, after Gatsby has revived his relationship with Daisy, his answer to Nick's questioning of why he has fired all of his servants is "I wanted somebody who wouldn't gossip. Daisy comes over quite often—in the afternoons."[8] The moment of true love is permitted a place in the nighttime dream world, whereas the two stated acts of infidelity occur during the daylight hours.

In Tender Is The Night three of the major sexual encounters take place in the afternoon and another at an unspecified time. At Voisins, Rosemary overhears Dick and Nicole make an assignation:

> "--So you love me?"
> "Oh, do I!"
> It was Nicole--Rosemary hesitated in the door of the booth--then she heard Dick say:
> "I want you terribly--let's go to the hotel now."
> Nicole gave a little gasping sigh. For a moment the words conveyed nothing at all to Rosemary--but the tone did. The vast secretiveness of it vibrated to herself.
> "I want you."
> "I'll be at the hotel at four."
> (pp. 53-54)

The second sexual incident is the one that takes place at a questionable time; it is presented in Deveraux Warren's confession to Doctor Dohmler. Mr. Warren, whose "large grey eyes were sun-veined" (p. 125), after much pretense, confesses the horrible truth:

> "After her mother died when she was little she used to come into my bed every morning, sometimes she'd sleep in my bed. I was sorry for the little thing. Oh, after that, whenever we went places in an automobile or a train we used to hold hands. She used to sing to me. We used to say, 'Now let's not pay any attention to anybody else this afternoon--let's just have each other--for this morning you're mine.'" A broken sarcasm came into his voice. "People used to say what a wonderful father and daughter we were--they used to wipe their eyes. We were just like lovers--and then all at once we were lovers--and ten minutes after it happened I could have shot myself--except I guess I'm such a Goddamned degenerate I didn't have the nerve to do it."
> (p. 129)

Night, in this passage, is never mentioned and the general emphasis would seem to be on hours of daylight, morning and afternoon. The image of people with tears in their eyes seeing Warren and Nicole is surely Fitzgerald playing around with the

idea of a movie-like Daddy's Girl; Nicole's experience parallels Rosemary's as Daddy's Girl; it also functions to expose the dark underside that exists behind the notion of Daddy's Girl.

Though Rosemary throws herself at Dick one night when she is drunk from drinking champagne, he does not take her up on her offer and, after he has fallen in love with her, their relationship is never culminated until he goes to see her in Rome. It is then that their "affair" has its sexual fulfillment.

> Dick and Rosemary had luncheon at the Castelli dei Caesari, a splendid restaurant in a high-terraced villa overlooking the ruined forum of an undetermined period of the decadence. Rosemary took a cocktail and a little wine, and Dick took enough so that his feeling of dissatisfaction left him. Afterward they drove back to the hotel, all flushed and happy, in a sort of exalted quiet. She wanted to be taken and she was, and what had begun with a childish infatuation on a beach was accomplished at last.
>
> (p. 213)

The final occurrence, which is a counterbalance to Dick's act of infidelity with Rosemary, is Nicole's going to bed with Tommy Barban for the first time. This event takes place during "the sensuous heat of early afternoon" (p. 293). All four of these sexual acts are acts without romance or the haze of dream surrounding them. Dick's going to bed with Nicole is nothing exceptional, except to the virginal Rosemary; Deveraux Warren's sexual relations with Nicole result in her madness; the culmi-

nation of Dick's affair with Rosemary leads to his final collapse; and, as for Nicole's going to bed with Tommy Barban, Fitzgerald parallels it to the relations between the sailors and their whores. Sexuality is, for the most part, directly attributed to and equated with physical heat.

Night, in Tender Is The Night, exists in a rather complex condition. We continually see Diver's manner working at full capacity in social night situations; in his pursuit of Daddy's Girl, and because of his charm and grace, we see him involved in quite a few romantic night experiences; but what the social night and the romantic nights eventually yield to is a night of a totally different quality, a perpetual night of despair in which Diver clearly recognizes his own inner darkness. The themes of manner, Daddy's Girl, and Diver's dissolution are interrelated; there is a cause and effect tension existing between the three. It is my intention to analyze the novel in terms of the way the three themes influence each other and also to suggest the different qualitiesoof night that exist in the novel, culminating in Dr. Dick Diver's final dark night of the soul.

Dick Diver's world, like that of Jay Gatsby's, is the world of night. On the beach in the daytime, it is Diver who carries around the umbrellas and makes sure that everyone doesn't get sunburned. He is out to protect everyone from

the "heat" of the day.

> He pointed his forefinger decisively at Rosemary, saying with a lightness seeming to conceal a paternal interest, "I'm going to save your reason--I'm going to give you a hat to wear on the beach." (p. 28)

Diver tells Rosemary this at the late evening party that he and Nicole throw for their friends and the members of the gallery. Several things can be seen to be working in this short passage. Fitzgerald is beginning to establish the Daddy's Girl relationship between Dick and Rosemary, Dick as Daddy will protect his little girl's reason so that she will give all her love only to Daddy. Beyond this, what Diver is trying to do is make sure that she remains good, that she doesn't give in to the heat of the afternoon, which she does later with Dick in Rome. At this point in time, however, Diver's puritanism is still thriving.

At Diver's nighttime party a few other little clues link him up with the night and, specifically, with the moon. The place where he and Nicole live is the "Villa Diana" (p. 28), Diana being the Greek goddess equated with the moon.

> As Phoebus was the Sun, she was the Moon. . . . In the later poets, Artemis (Diana) is identified with Hecate. She is "the goddess with three forms," Selene in the sky, Artemis on earth, Hecate in the lower world and in the world above when it is wrapped in darkness. Hecate was the Goddess of the Dark of the Moon, the black nights when the moon is hidden. She was associated with deeds of darkness, the Goddess of the Crossways, which were held to be ghostly places of evil magic. An awful divinity,

> Hecate of hell,
> Mighty to shatter every stubborn thing;
> Hark! Hark! her hounds are baying through the town.
> Where three roads meet, there she is standing.

> It is a strange transformation from the lovely Huntress flashing through the forest, from the Moon making all beautiful with her light, from the pure Maiden-Goddess. . .In her is shown most vividly the uncertainty between good and evil which is apparent in every one of the divinities.[9]

In the metamorphoses of his Golden Girls into Dark Destroyers Fitzgerald presents an American version of the tri-form goddess. Daisy Fay and Nicole both undergo the transformations of the moon; they evolve from maiden to lover to agent of death in respect to their dying year god-like lovers. This is not to suggest that Fitzgerald was consciously creating myth; it is just that mythical factors can be seen to be existing, escially in The Great Gatsby. Above all, Fitzgerald is aware of the romantic and the nightmarish qualities of the night. This can be seen in his article "Sleeping and Waking" and, I would argue, can be seen in Tender Is The Night. The night in this novel is "tender" only part of the time, if truly at all.

A further link between the Diver world and the moon is that, at the party, Diver's children, Lanier and Topsy, sing a song which begins "Au clair de la lune" (p. 29).

> "Au clair de la lune
> Mon Ami Pierrot
> Prete-moi ta plume
> Pour ecrire un mot
> Ma chandelle est morte
> Je n'ai plus de feu

Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu."
(p. 29)

This seemingly insignificant children's song can be seen to be similar in theme to the lines from Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" which Fitzgerald quotes as the novel's epigraph:

> Already with thee! tender is the night. . .
> . . .But here there is no light,
> Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
> Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.
> (Epigraph)

"But here there is no light" and "Ma chandelle est morte" both would seem to anticipate the darkness in which Dick Diver becomes immersed when he realizes the cracking of his morale. It is only by the light of the moon, only by the light that comes from heaven, that the words can be written. Both the song and the quotation can be seen as anticipatory reflections upon Dick Diver's forthcoming despair.[10]

At the time of the party, however, Dick Diver is still "the center of the world" (p. 29) and so we watch him as he fulfills the nicest of roles in the way that he treats his guests. Rosemary is later to tell Dick that he is such an actor; at the party Rosemary begins to perceive Dick's theatricality; her perception of the Villa Diana is that "On such a stage some memorable thing was sure to happen" (p. 29). Caught up in the romance of the Diver world, Rosemary does not realize that the most memorable thing that will happen

that night will be Nicole's cracking up in the bathroom. Having fallen in love with Dick, Rosemary sees that attachment, and Dick, at the center of the stage.

> Rosemary was a romantic and her career had not provided many satisfactory opportunities on that score. Her mother, with the idea of a career for Rosemary, would not tolerate any such spurious substitutes as the excitation available on all sides, and indeed Rosemary was already beyond that--she was In the movies but not at all At them. So when she had seen approval of Dick Diver in her mother's face it meant that he was "the real thing"; it meant permission to go as far as she could.
>
> "I was watching you," he said, and she knew he meant it. "We've grown very fond of you."
>
> "I fell in love with you the first time I saw you," she said quietly.
>
> He pretended not to have heard, as if the compliment were purely formal.
>
> "New friends," he said, as if it were an important point, "can often have a better time together than old friends."
>
> (p. 31)

At this time Dick is in total control of the situation. He knows all of the right things to say and the right way to say them. He has the composure now which he will begin to lose when Rosemary asks him to go to bed with her in Paris. Rosemary brings to the Diver world her innocence and her belief, which is one of the substantial reasons why she can have "a better time" (p. 31) with the Divers than their old friends can have. This is because, with "the first flicker of doubt as to its all-inclusiveness," the Diver world "evaporated before their eyes" (p. 28). One has to be a romantic like Rose-

mary in order for that world to exist. Exposed to the Diver world for long enough, Tommy Barban wants to go to war ("When I'm in a rut I come to see the Divers, because then I know that in a few weeks I'll want to go to war." (p. 30)) and Abe North wants to go home to America and dry out. Dick, Rosemary, and Nicole are the three people who get the most caught up in the illusion. In the end Nicole will realize that to be healthy is to not want to live there, and Dick and Rosemary will wonder why Dick can't make anyone happy anymore.

For the Diver world to exist, one must bring to it belief and faith. At the party this does take place:

> There were fireflies riding on the dark air and a dog baying on some low and far-away ledge of the cliff. The table seemed to have risen a little toward the sky like a mechanical dancing platform, giving the people around it a sense of being alone with each other in a dark universe, nourished by its only food, warmed by its only lights. And, as if a curious hushed laugh from Mrs. McKisco were a signal that such a detachment from the world had been attained, the two Divers began suddenly to warm and glow and expand, as if to make up to their guests, already so subtly assured of their importance, so flattered with politeness, for anything they might still miss from that country well left behind.
>
> (p. 34)

All the light that emanates out into the "dark universe" is the light of the Diver world. The Divers are the heavenly lights in this instance; they have won everyone "with politeness".

It is significant that in this atmosphere of such surface

niceties Abe North should decide to discuss his moral code:

> "Of course I've got one," he insisted, "--a man can't live without a moral code. Mine is that I'm against the burning of witches. Whenever they burn a witch I get all hot under the collar."
> (p. 34)

What is important about Abe North's statement is not that he is anti-Cotton Mather, but that "a man can't live without a moral code." The fact that North "was a musician who after a brilliant and precocious start had composed nothing for seven years" (p. 34) would tend towards pointing out that his code has dissipated. This is further evidenced in a later conversation that Rosemary has with North and his wife Mary.

> "I used to think until you're eighteen nothing matters," said Mary.
> "That's right," Abe agreed. "And afterward it's the same way."
> (p. 61)

Beyond North's own moral state, his statement functions in a juxtapositioning to the manneristic world of the Divers, as if to insist that all the niceties are meaningless if there is nothing behind them. Diver makes everyone "feel" that he cares about them, but if he does not, then where does the value of the niceties reside? There is no value. Dick Diver's eventual discovery is that there is nothing behind the niceties, that they are all appearance, all facade. This is the substance upon which the brave new world is based. The new world women and men like Tommy Barban will easily be able to exist.

It is the old world men like Dick Diver and Abe North that become the scapegoats and the sacrificial lambs.

At the time of the party, the social niceties are shattered by what Violet McKisco witnesses taking place in the Diver bathroom. The world of social night gives way to the first intimation of a dark underside to the Diver world. At this time, all we get are Violet McKisco's little hintings around. Because of Tommy Barban's protection of the Diver secrets, we never get a description of what Mrs. McKisco has seen. We are given, however, a substantial description of Nicole's second such crack-up which takes place after Dick has saved the day in Paris by removing a dead Negro from Rosemary's room:

> And now Rosemary, too, could hear, louder and louder, a verbal inhumanity that penetrated the keyholes and the cracks in the doors, swept into the suite and in the shape of horror took form again.
>
> With the idea that Nicole had fallen in the bathroom and hurt herself, Rosemary followed Dick. That was not the condition of affairs at which she stared before Dick shouldered her back and brusquely blocked her view.
>
> Nicole knelt beside the tub swaying sidewise and sidewise. "It's you!" she cried, "--it's you come to intrude on the only privacy I have in the world--with your spread with red blood on it. I'll wear it for you--I'm not ashamed, though it was such a pity. On All Fools Day we had a party on the Zurichsee, and all the fools were there, and I wanted to come dressed in a spread but they wouldn't let me---"
>
> "Control yourself."
>
> "--so I sat in the bathroom and they brought me a domino and said wear that. I did. What else

> could I do?"
> "Control yourself, Nicole!"
> "I never expected you to love me--it was too late--only don't come in the bathroom, the only place I can go for privacy, dragging sprcads with red blood on them and asking me to fix them."
> "Control yourself. Get up---"
> Rosemary, back in the salon, heard the bathroom door bang, and stood trembling: now she knew what Violet McKisco had seen in the bathroom at Villa Diana.
>
> (pp. 111-112)

Nicole retreats to the bathroom when she begins to relapse back into her sickness. Beneath the grand facade of the Diver world is the true ugly condition of things. Nicole does not exist on an equal footing with Dick; their marriage is, on one level, a doctor-patient relationship. In their social life it has really all been Dick; Nicole is happy to be included in his world. Her two crack-ups take place in the close presence of Rosemary; it is, essentially, the threat that Rosemary presents to Nicole's place in Dick's world that causes Nicole's loss of control.

What Violet McKisco sees in the bathroom shatters the illusory world of manners to reveal a darker truth that exists in the Diver's world. The night is not "tender" but rather filled with sickness and terror for Nicole. The gaiety of the evening is further punctured by Tommy Barban's fury at Mrs. McKisco's continual attempt to tell what she witnessed. The social pleasantness that had existed at the Diver's party dissolves into the duel between Barban and McKisco.

The visit to the Diver's house has had its effect upon Rosemary. Dick has, first of all, invited her to join him and Nicole in going to Paris to say goodbye to Abe North when he leaves for America. Rosemary's mother has approved the action, her rationale being an interesting one:

> "You were brought up to work--not especially to marry. Now you've found your first nut to crack and it's a good nut--go ahead and put whatever happens down to experience. Wound yourself or him--whatever happens it can't spoil you because economically you're a boy, not a girl."
> (p. 40)

Mrs. Speers approves of Rosemary's prospective affair with Dick because Rosemary is economically self-sufficient; she has earning power. Moving toward Dick, Rosemary finds herself moving into a new world:

> Rosemary dozed for three hours and then lay awake, suspended in the moonshine. Cloaked by the erotic darkness she exhausted the future quickly, with all the eventualities that might lead up to a kiss, but with the kiss itself as blurred as a kiss in pictures. She changed position in bed deliberately, the first sign of insomnia she had ever had. . .
> (p. 39)

After getting up and going outside, Rosemary runs into Campion and Abe North. Campion tells her about the duel between Barban and McKisco. Rosemary's waking up functions as a device for introducing the duel, but it also begins to explain Rosemary's psychology in relation to Dick. Abe North asks her what she is doing up:

> "I just got up." She started to laugh, but remembering the voice above, she restrained herself. "Plagued by the nightingale," Abe suggested, and repeated, "probably plagued by the nightingale." (p. 42)

Rosemary has entered a new and different world, though she may not yet realize it. Her first bout with insomnia seems to prepare for her entry into the real world. In Diver she has recognized the physical substance upon which dreams are made. The nightingale tends to refer us, at the very least, to Fitzgerald's quote from Keats' ode. Rosemary, in regard to Dick, most assuredly feels "Already with thee". The night for her, thus far, is tender. She has not witnessed Nicole's crack-up; she has only participated in the social graces of the Diver table. What she does not realize, what her insomnia would seem to indicate, is that she will gradually be drawn into the dissolving reality of the Diver world, which is what occurs at the end of the first part of the book when she witnesses Nicole's second loss of control. Yet before this occurs, Rosemary enters into a further degree of involvement in her romance with Dick.

It is on a night in Paris that Rosemary's romance with Dick starts moving towards some end. It is their riding together in a taxi that sets the romantic stage.

> Rosemary put up her face quietly to be kissed. He looked at her for a moment as if he didn't understand. Then holding her in the hollow of his arm he rubbed his cheek against her cheek's

> softness, and then looked down at her for another long moment.
>
> "Such a lovely child," he said gravely.
>
> She smiled up at him; her hands playing conventionally with the lapels of his coat. "I'm in love with you and Nicole. Actually that's my secret--I can't even talk about you to anybody because I don't want any more people to know how wonderful you are. Honestly--I love you and Nicole--I do."
>
> --So many times he had heard this--even the formula was the same.
>
> Suddenly she came toward him, her youth vanishing as she passed inside the focus of his eyes and he had kissed her breathlessly as if she were any age at all. Then she lay back against his arm and sighed.
>
> (p. 63)

This romantic scene is very closely tied in with the theme of Daddy's Girl. Diver is aware of how much Rosemary is a "child"; that condition forms both a verbal objection to the whole idea and also an inner attraction to her. At this time, Diver's "moral" scruples would seem to override his libido.

> In the dark cave of the taxi, fragrant with the perfume Rosemary had bought with Nicole, she came close again, clinging to him. He kissed her without enjoying it. He knew that there was passion there, but there was no shadow of it in her eyes or on her mouth; there was a faint spray of champagne on her breath. She clung nearer desperately and once more he kissed her and was chilled by the innocence of her kiss, by the glance that at the moment of contact looked beyond him out into the darkness of the night, the darkness of the world. She did not know yet that splendour is something in the heart; at the moment when she realized that and melted into the passion of the universe he could take her without question or regret.
>
> (p. 64)

Rosemary's lack of knowledge can be seen as a reflection on her age; at any rate, in her hotel room, when she is trying to seduce Dick, all he can think of is her childishness.

> "When you smile--" He had recovered his paternal attitude, perhaps because of Nicole's silent proximity, "I always think I'll see a gap where you've lost some baby teeth."
>
> (p. 64)

Dick's immediate response to Rosemary's asking him to take her is "Take you where?" (p. 64). Rosemary's display of sexual sacrifice is childish and, because of this, Dick is able to maintain his distance. Yet, when he presents a string of moral objections which Rosemary promptly attempts to brush away, Diver, mentally, lets the truth slip out.

> ". . .I know I must seem just nothing to you."
> "Nonsense. But you seem young to me." His thoughts added, "--there'd be so much to teach you."
>
> (p. 65)

Rosemary is pleading for physical love from the dream Daddy that she has never had. It is significant that the two people Rosemary loves are her mother and Dick (p. 65), Dick more now that she has reached the age of sexual awareness. Dick's efforts to convince Rosemary that the affair is not a good idea can be seen as the efforts of a father to persuade an insistent child. He is giving her the moral reasons for why it cannot occur while she is continually presenting her childish wants and rationalizations. As we can see, Diver is not

immune to the temptations of the situation. Though Diver is able to maintain the "right" way of doing things, he does not walk away from the situation totally intact.

> Her face drooped with dismay and disappointment and Dick said automatically, "We'll have to simply--" He stopped himself, followed her to the bed, sat down beside her while she wept. He was suddenly confused, not about the ethics of the matter, for the impossibility of it was sheerly indicated from all angles, but simply confused, and for a moment his usual grace, the tensile strength of his balance, was absent.
> (p. 65)

Dick is confused by his inner inclination towards the idea of going to bed with Rosemary. What he says should be supported by his inner makeup, but instead his internal wishes are pulling him in a very different direction. Leaving Rosemary's room, Diver must once again affirm the old morality:

> "Good night, child. This is a damn shame. Let's drop it out of the picture." He gave her two lines of hospital patter to go to sleep on. "So many people are going to love you and it might be nice to meet your first love all intact, emotionally too. That's an old fashioned idea, isn't it?"
> (p. 66)

At the heart of the "hospital patter" that Dick tells Rosemary are the essential moral precepts that he had learned from his father the clergyman. What Dick does not realize at this time, what he will realize later on, is that his moral foundation has begun to crack.

Diver is attracted to Rosemary because of her youth, de-

spite his protestations of her childishness, and his attraction to her is evidenced the next day when they meet:

> The day seemed different to Rosemary from the day before--When she saw him face to face their eyes met and brushed like birds' wings. After that everything was all right, everything was wonderful, she knew that he was beginning to fall in love with her. She felt wildly happy, felt the warm sap of emotion being pumped throughout her body. A cool, clear confidence deepened and sang in her. She scarcely looked at Dick but she knew everything was all right.
> (p. 68)

Daddy and Daddy's Girl have found each other. To make this point perfectly clear, Fitzgerald hustles Rosemary, Collis Clay, the Divers and the Norths off to see a private screening of Daddy's Girl in the very next paragraph. Dick and Rosemary's growing relationship is built around and reflected in the movie and the process of watching the movie:

> In the projection room she sat between Collis Clay and Dick while the mechanic mounted the reels of Daddy's Girl and a French executive flattered about her trying to talk American slang. "Yes, boy," he said when there was trouble with the projector, "I have not any benenas." Then the lights went out, there was a sudden click and a flickering noise and she was alone with Dick at last. They looked at each other in the half darkness.
> "Dear Rosemary," he murmured. Their shoulders touched. Nicole stirred restlessly at the end of the row and Abe coughed convulsively and blew his nose; then they all settled down and the picture ran.
> There she was--the school girl of a year ago, hair down her back and rippling out stiffly like the solid hair of a tanagra figure; there she was--so young and innocent--the product of her mother's loving care; there she was--embodying all the immaturity of the race, cutting a new

cardboard paper doll to pass before its empty harlot's mind. She remembered how she had felt in that dress, especially fresh and new under the fresh young silk.

Daddy's girl. Was it a 'itty-bitty bravekins and did it suffer? Ooo-ooo-tweet, de tweetest thing, wasn't she dest too tweet? Before her tiny fist the forces of lust and corruption rolled away; nay, the very march of destiny stopped; inevitable became evitable, syllogism, dialectic, all rationality fell away. Women would forget the dirty dishes at home and weep, even within the picture one woman wept so long that she almost stole the film away from Rosemary. She wept all over a set that cost a fortune, in a Duncan Phyfe dining-room, in an aviation port, and during a yacht-race that was only used in two flashes, in a subway and finally a bathroom. But Rosemary triumphed. Her fineness of character, her courage and steadfastness intruded upon by the vulgarity of the world, and Rosemary showing what it took with a face that had not yet become mask-like--yet it was actually so moving that the emotions of the whole row of people went out to her at intervals during the picture. There was a break once and the light went on and after the chatter of applause Dick said to her sincerely: "I'm simply astounded. You're going to be one of the best actresses on the stage."

Then back to Daddy's Girl: happier days now, and a lovely shot of Rosemary and her parent united at the last in a father complex so apparent that Dick winced for all psychologists at the vicious sentimentality.

(pp. 68-69)

Watching movies involves sitting in the dark and having illusions presented on a giant screen. Fitzgerald himself was fascinated with the movie industry. His interest and his need for money prompted his return to Hollywood in the late 1930's, during which time he set about writing The Last Tycoon, which was to be his novel about Hollywood and the film industry. In

the description of the screening of Daddy's Girl the darkness serves as a way for Dick and Rosemary to be, secretively, together in the dark.

Fitzgerald waves Rosemary's innocence around like a banner. Youth and innocence are Daddy's Girl's major attributes. The woman who is continually crying throughout the duration of the movie might be seen as Nicole; the fact that she cries in the bathroom seems to beg the parallel. The woman threatens to steal the movie from Rosemary, just as Dick's marriage to Nicole serves as a block to Rosemary's affair with him; but in the end Daddy's Girl triumphs. Dick's wincing, besides the apparentness of the father complex, can be seen as an indication of the close proximity between Daddy's Girl and the growing relationship between Dick and Rosemary. This father complex is, of course, also a reflection upon Nicole's relationship with her father Devereaux Warren, and her complicity in going to bed with him.

With the end of the movie, the final tying together is accomplished:

> The screen vanished, the lights went on, the moment had come.
> "I've arranged one other thing," announced Rosemary to the company at large, "I've arranged a test for Dick."
> "A what?"
> "A screen test, they'll take one now." . . .
> "I don't want a test," said Dick firmly. . .
> Nicole and Mary urged him ironically to seize the opportunity; they teased him both faintly

> annoyed at not having been asked for a sitting. But Dick closed the subject with a somewhat tart discussion of actors: "The strongest guard is placed at the gateway to nothing," he said. "Maybe because the condition of emptiness is too shameful to be divulged."
> (pp. 69-70)

Rosemary arranges a screen test for Dick because she wants him to be her leading man both on and off the screen; another reason is her recognition of the theatrical quality of Dick's life. Diver's assertion about actors (which reflects upon himself, the greatest actor in the novel) takes on a new significance when put up against a comment of William Carlos Williams' about the Puritans:

> In fear and without guidance, really lost in the world, it is they alone who would later, at Salem, have strayed so far--morbidly seeking the flame,--that terrifying unknown image to which, like savages, they too offered sacrifices of human flesh. It is just such emptiness, revulsion, terror in all ages, which in fire--a projection still of the truth--finds that which lost and desperate men have worshipped. And it is still today the Puritan who keeps his frightened grip upon the throat of the world lest it should prove him--empty.[11]
> [underlining mine]

Dick has learned his "acting," his manners from his father the clergyman. The fact that Nicole, at the end of the novel, considers Dick to be a "mad puritan" (p. 293) would seem to confirm the connection. Diver's grip "upon the throat of the world" is affected through his manner, Diver's kind of control is more subtle than that of the Puritan community, but

it is at work, nonetheless, as long as those being effected believe in the Diver world. Diver's illusory world would be a natural upon the silver screen. Rosemary realizes that Dick, on a wide screen, would be able to control the heart strings of millions of American women.

Dick has fallen for Rosemary, has succumbed to the temptations of Daddy's Girl: "I'm afraid I'm in love with you," said Dick, "and that's not the best thing that could happen" (p. 74). Diver, in his attraction to Rosemary, is still very much aware of his responsibilities:

> "So you understand my relations with Nicole are complicated. She's not very strong--she looks strong but she isn't. And this makes rather a mess."
>
> (p. 76)

Dick is telling Rosemary what she will later find out for herself when she witnesses Nicole losing control. Diver's concern for Nicole seems to be prompted by a sense of duty towards her more than anything else. Diver functions in a double role for Nicole: as husband and as doctor. Though the husband is straying in his affections, the doctor always has his eye out for the welfare of his patient. Dick may not realize it, but the Warrens have bought themselves a doctor.

With the romance between Rosemary and Dick blossoming, the Diver world goes out for a night on the town. In Paris, the traveling Diver world sparkles, is a "wild party" (p. 79)

like the Endless Party of The Sun Also Rises, but seems to always move towards some end purpose, in that it is controlled by the tender loving hands of Dick:

> The party that night moved with the speed of a slapstick comedy. . .There was, among many diversions, the car of the Shah of Persia. Where Dick had commandeered this vehicle, what bribery was employed, these were facts of irrelevance. Rosemary accepted it as merely a new facet of the fabulous, which for two years had filled her life. . .
>
> But always there was Dick. Rosemary assured the image of her mother, ever carried with her, that never, never had she known any one so nice, so thoroughly nice as Dick was that night. . .
>
> --Afterward she remembered the times when she and Dick danced together and she felt her beauty sparkling bright against his tall, strong form as they floated, hovering like people in an amusing dream--he turned her here and there with such a delicacy of suggestion that she was like a bright bouquet, a piece of precious cloth being displayed before fifty eyes. There was a moment when they were not dancing at all, simply clinging together. Some time in the early morning they were alone, and her damp powdery young body came up close to him in a crush against a background of other people's hats and wraps. . . .
>
> (pp. 76-78)

Dick is at the center of the Eternal Party; he commandeers the Shah of Persia's car, is the center of the magic and is the figure of romance more than Rosemary is. It is a romantic night for the both of them when they find themselves suddenly alone. One wonders where Nicole has managed to disappear to for the entire duration; she does not even rate a mention in the entire description. This is because she is not really a performer upon the magic stage in this instance;

Dick, in love with Rosemary, is caught up in a total assertion of himself. He has left his responsibility at home.

Dick's magic and control does, however, have its limits. Dick decides to take Nicole home and asks Rosemary if she would like to go with them. Abe North, who is in a poor condition, is supposed to leave for the States at eleven in the morning, and so Rosemary has promised Mary to try and help get Abe home. Rosemary asks Dick to help them; in return he gives her a rather strange reply:

> "Don't you know you can't do anything about people?" he advised her. "If Abe was my roommate in college, tight for the first time, it'd be different. Now there's nothing to do."
> (p. 78)

Diver has no control over Abe North. Abe is one of those friends of long standing who seems to take the Diver world with a grain of salt. There is also the fact that North is a confirmed alcoholic; Diver's help and care can only extend so far. He is good at hospital patter, but his success rate with his patients is just not all that good.

Saying goodbye to Abe at the station the next day, the Divers, Mary, and Rosemary witness Maria Wallis' shooting of an Englishman. Dick, true to form, decides to spring to her aid. There is a big difference between the kind of aid that Diver can offer Maria Wallis and the kind he would have to give Abe North. North's case is an instance of real human

suffering, his alcoholism and what lies at the root of it. The aid he gives Maria Wallis involves going down to the poste de police and going through the legal formalities of having her released. Aid to Maria Wallis does not have to extend beyond the state of manners, chatting with the police, whereas giving aid to Abe North would involve getting down to a real gut level of reality. There just is no real substance in Diver's help:

> "You like to help everybody, don't you?" Rosemary said.
> "I only pretend to."
> "Mother likes to help everybody--of course she can't help as many people as you do." She sighed. "Sometimes I think I'm the most selfish person in the world."
> For the first time the mention of her mother annoyed rather than amused Dick. He wanted to sweep away her mother, remove the whole affair from the nursery footing upon which Rosemary persistently established it. But he realized that this impulse was a loss of control--what would become of Rosemary's urge toward him if, for even a moment, he relaxed. He saw, not without panic, that the affair was sliding to rest; it could not stand still, it must go on or go back; for the first time it occurred to him that Rosemary had her hand on the lever more authoritatively than he.
> (pp. 84-85)

Dick only extends his help as his father had taught him to extend it: far enough to make a show, not far enough to get involved. Interestingly juxtaposed to Dick's "control" of the situation is the fact that he is losing control in his relationship with Rosemary: he is beginning to genuinely care and so is getting tired of the stereotyped pose of pa-

ternity that he must maintain. Yet to step outside the pose is to tip the tender balance of the Father-Daughter complex and risk losing Rosemary's attention. What must occur is that either things must end at that point, or else work towards their fulfillment via the role playing. Diver is, at this time, becoming, at least to a degree, fixated on the idea of going to bed with Rosemary. Told by Collis Clay of how Rosemary and Clay's friend Hillis were found in a compromising situation in a train car by a conductor, Diver opens the door to his fantasies and lets them out.

> With every detail imagined, with even envy for the pair's community of misfortune in the vestibule, Dick felt a change taking place within him. Only the image of the third person, even a vanished one, entering into his relation with Rosemary was needed to throw him off his balance and send through him waves of pain, misery, desire, desperation. The vividly pictured hand on Rosemary's cheek, the quicker breath, the white excitement of the event viewed from outside, the inviolable secret warmth within.
>
> --Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?
>
> --Please do. It's too light in here.
>
> Collis Clay was now speaking about fraternity politics at New Haven, in the same tone, with the same emphasis. Dick had gathered that he was in love with Rosemary in some curious way Dick could not have understood. The affair with Hillis seemed to have made no emotional impression on Collis save to give him the joyful conviction that Rosemary was "human."
>
> "Bones got a wonderful crowd," he said. "We all did, as a matter of fact. New Haven's so big now the sad thing is the men we have to leave out."
>
> --Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?
>
> --Please do. It's too light in here.
>
> (pp. 88-89)

The image, in his mind's eye, of Rosemary in a sexual situation is thought-provoking to Dick. The fact that she had had a near miss with a sexual encounter, the fact that she is, is some way, experienced, turns on the green light in Dick's mind. Almost immediately he jumps into a taxi and heads out to the movie studio where she is at present.

> He knew that what he was now doing marked a turning point in his life--it was out of line with everything that had preceded it--even out of line with what effect he might hope to produce upon Rosemary. Rosemary saw him always as a model of correctness--his presence walking around this block was an intrusion. But Dick's necessity of behaving as he did was a projection of some submerged reality: he was compelled to walk there, or stand there, his shirt-sleeve fitting his wrist and his coat sleeve encasing his shirt-sleeve like a sleeve valve, his collar molded plastically to his neck, his red hair cut exactly, his hand holding his small briefcase like a dandy--just as another man once found it necessary to stand in front of a church in Ferrara, in sackcloth and ashes. Dick was paying some tribute to things unforgotten, unshriven, unexpurgated.
>
> (p. 91)

Dick's running to Rosemary with sexual thoughts lingering in his mind is an indication of his cracked morale. He has paid lip-service to upholding morals, but he has now given in to inclination, to a "submerged reality" (p. 91). His action marks a turning point in his life, for it is the first clear display of his cracked morale. The initial crack has taken place some time before this:

> Between the time he had found Nicole flowering

> under a stone on the Zurichsee and the moment of his meeting with Rosemary the spear had been blunted.
>
> (p. 201)

But this is the first instance in which he realizes an action which is "out of line with everything that had preceded it" (p. 91), an action which is the start in a line of many. Up until this point Diver has been playing a game of fascination. Rosemary's first confession of love for the Diver world had found a reaction in Diver: "--So many times he had heard this--even the formula was the same" (p. 63). Diver's later casual relationship with a girl would seem to indicate that the game that Diver begins to play with Rosemary is a game he continually plays. His mistake is that he gets involved. Rosemary's mother gives the green light to the relationship because Rosemary is economically a boy (p. 40), self-sufficient in a man's world. Because of this her advice about Dick is "Wound yourself or him" (p. 40). All conditions seem to indicate that Dick will be the one who gets wounded. At the movie studio, Dick discovers that Rosemary is not there. He then places a call to her at the hotel, during which time he tells her: "Look, I'm in an extraordinary condition about you. When a child can disturb a middle-aged gent--things get difficult" (p. 94). Dick continues to hold up Rosemary's childishness, but it is no longer a good defense for he now has a new image of her: a child with her pants down. As for

the child herself, though she is happy to love Dick, she writes a letter to her mother about her new love:

> "--I only saw him for a little while but I thought he was wonderful looking. I fell in love with him. (Of course I Do Love Dick Best but you know what I mean). He really is going to direct the picture and is leaving immediately for Hollywood, and I think we ought to leave, too. Collis Clay has been here. I like him all right but have not seen much of him because of the Divers, who really are divine, about the Nicest People I ever Knew. I am feeling not very well today and am taking the Medicine, though see No need for it. I'm not even Going to Try to tell you All that's Happened until I see You!!! So when you get this letter wire, wire, wire! Are you coming north or shall I come south with the Divers?"
> (p. 95)

In some respects, Rosemary's love for Dick ceases to be absolute because she has gotten him to love her. She can now move on to other men, still loving Daddy Dick best.

Diver's giving in to his inclination for Rosemary is the first apparent rent in the hidden fabric of his morale and is the first step in his saying goodbye to all his fathers. His loss of control over the situation and his putting of himself in the position to, possibly, be wounded is a most un-American kind of action:

> Who is open to injuries? Not Americans. Get hurt, you're a fool! The only hero is he who is not hurt. We have no feeling for the tragic. Let the sucker who fails to get his. What's tragic in that? That's funny! To hell with him. He didn't make good, that's all.[12]

Dick maintains the good manners that he has been taught and

the outward forms of control, but his inner network is starting to short-circuit.

It is at this point in the novel that certain American realities are pushed to the forefront. Abe North has not left for America but has, instead, stayed in France and is back in Paris. Along the line he has managed to have a Negro man wrongly arrested for robbery. Nicole and Rosemary are in the Divers' hotel room with Dick when he receives a call from North; what follows is a discussion of North's alcoholism.

> "What did this to him?" she (Rosemary) asked. "Why does he have to drink?"
> Nicole shook her head right and left, disclaiming responsibility for the matter: "So many smart men go to pieces nowadays."
> "And when haven't they?" Dick asked. "Smart men play close to the line because they have to--some of them can't stand it, so they quit."
> "It must lie deeper than that." Nicole clung to her conversation; also she was irritated that Dick should contradict her before Rosemary. "Artists like--well, like Fernand don't seem to have to wallow in alcohol. Why is it just Americans who dissipate?"
>
> (pp. 99-100)

The fact that North's alcoholism and Diver's movement towards Rosemary are so neatly juxtaposed would seem to lend credence to the idea that both North's and Diver's forthcoming dissipation are the results of cracked morales. It is only Americans who dissipate because they have such an indoctrinated streak of Puritanism in them. Once their morales are shattered they are left in the new world with really nothing.

The preoccupation with American realities is continued when the Divers and Rosemary go downstairs to lunch:

> The trio lunched downstairs in an atmosphere of carpets and padded waiters, who did not march at the stomping quick-step of those men who brought good food to the tables whereon they had recently dined. Here there were families of Americans staring around at families of Americans, and trying to make conversation with one another.
>
> There was a party at the next table that they could not account for. It consisted of an expansive, somewhat secretarial, would-you-mind-repeating young man, and a score of women. The women were neither young nor old nor of any particular social class; yet the party gave the impression of a unit, held more closely together for example than a group of wives stalling through a professional congress of their husbands. Certainly it was more of a unit than any conceivable tourist party.
>
> An instinct made Dick suck back the grave derision that formed on his tongue; he asked the waiter to find out who they were.
>
> "Those are the gold-star muzzers," explained the waiter.
>
> Aloud and in low voices they exclaimed. Rosemary's eyes filled with tears.
>
> "Probably the young ones are the wives," said Nicole.
>
> Over his wine Dick looked at them again; in their happy faces, the dignity that surrounded and pervaded the party, he perceived all the maturity of an older America. For a while the sobered women who had come to mourn for their dead, for something they could not repair, made the room beautiful. Momentarily, he sat again on his father's knee, riding with Moseby while the old loyalties and devotions fought on around him. Almost with an effort he turned back to his two women at the table and faced the whole new world in which he believed.
>
> --Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?
>
> (pp. 100-101)

The old and new worlds of American women meet here over lunch.

It is to the older world that Dick owes his allegiance and in which he really belongs; that is why it takes "an effort" to turn back to Rosemary and Nicole. In the sober women who have come to mourn for their dead there still seems to run a moral thread, a fiber of meaning. Diver has nothing but respect for the women of the "older America," whereas, for the women of the new world, there is only the matter of who they will go to bed with, of who will be allowed to pull down the curtain. Of Rosemary, Nicole, and Mary North, Fitzgerald says: "They would all three have made alternatively good courtesans or good wives not by the accident of birth but through the greater accident of finding their man or not finding him" (p. 53). One cannot see this point being made about the women of the "older America". Rosemary, Nicole, and Mary North all undergo changes of men within the novel, which serves as a contrast to the women who come to mourn their dead. Mary North does not mourn for Abe very long before she becomes Mary Minghetti; Nicole will forget about Dick and his problems when commanded to do so by Tommy Barban; and Rosemary goes through a series of affairs between the time she first meets the Divers and when the business between her and Dick is culminated in Rome. These older women present a definite sense of moral values which does not exist in the "new world" women of America.

Dick ends up having to wash the dirty laundry of these three new world women; he takes care of Nicole, makes her the heart of his world during the duration of her sickness; when she is well she leaves him. After being shabbily treated by Mary Minghetti, Diver must get her and Lady Caroline Sibley-Biers out of jail when they are arrested for dressing up as sailors and picking up two girls. As for Rosemary, Dick goes to great pains to save her reputation when she finds a dead Negro in her hotel room.

Nicole's second crack-up marks the end of Book 1 of the novel. The reader, as well as Rosemary, has traveled a considerable distance from the golden daylight world of the beach to Nicole's second loss of control which takes place on "a windy four o'clock night" (p. 104). We, like Rosemary, have lost our innocent eyes; the full depth of the Diver world has been discovered and revealed. What Fitzgerald now does, at the beginning of Book 2, is go backwards in time and fill in the past. We see Dick as a young psychiatrist and the development of his relationship with Nicole.

There has been a great deal of controversy over what the structure of the novel should be, whether or not Fitzgerald's attempt to revise it should be taken into account. I would tend to argue for the keeping of the novel's structure as it existed in the first publication. The movement back in time,

at the beginning of Book 2, makes sense. Much of the novel's dynamics are lost if Diver's budding romance with Nicole is placed at the beginning of the novel. The first part of the novel is a functioning approach to the Diver world and, I believe, the transferring of the beginning of Book 2 to the start of the novel tends to upset the novel's process of development.

The image of Diver that we get as he enters Zurich after the war is really one of American innocence. He is a man who has had everything fall his way and he has accepted this condition without question.

> Doctor Diver had seen around the edges of the war by that time: he was an Oxford Rhodes Scholar from Connecticut in 1914. He returned home for a final year at Johns Hopkins, and took his degree. In 1916 he managed to get to Vienna under the impression that, if he did not make haste, the great Freud would eventually succumb to the aeroplane bomb. Even then Vienna was old with Death but Dick managed to get enough coal and oil to sit in his room in the Damenstiff Strasse and write the pamphlets that he later destroyed, but that, rewritten, were the backbone of the book he published in Zurich in 1920.
>
> Most of us have a favorite, a heroic period, in our lives and that was Dick Diver's. For one thing he had no idea that he was charming, that the affection he gave and inspired was anything unusual among healthy people. In his last year at New Haven some one referred to him as "lucky Dick"--the name lingered in his head.
>
> "Lucky Dick," you big stiff," he would whisper to himself, walking around the last sticks of flame in his room. "You hit it, my boy. Nobody knew it was there before you came along."
>
> (p. 116)

Diver sees himself as being on top of the world; indeed, at this point in his life, he is "lucky Dick". He is the man for whom everything goes right and, in his prosperity, he is much of a frontier American:

> Dick got up to Zurich on less Achilles' heels than would be required to equip a centipede, but with plenty--the illusions of eternal strength and health, and of the essential goodness of people; illusions of a nation, the lies of generations of frontier mothers who had to croon falsely, that there were no wolves outside the cabin door. (p. 117)

Or devils or Indians for that matter. At this time in his life, Diver is off somewhere acting out his own dreams of success, his own American dream. He is successful at "crooning" away all ugliness, evil, and dissipation.

Into Diver's dream world of success comes the case and problem of Nicole Warren. Going to say goodbye to Franz Gregorovius at Doctor Dohmler's clinic before going off to the war, Diver had met Nicole on "--a wonderful night, you know--moon over that mountain--" (p. 120). What had ensued on her part was extensive letter writing to Captain Diver. Nicole's writing had been beneficial to her; it also led to her becoming, in a way, Dick Diver's own private case. When the war is over, he goes back to the clinic to see Franz and Nicole and is given the background of her case. Her case is clearly one of Daddy's Girl. Deveraux Warren can be seen to be the anti-thetical balance to Diver's father, just as Tommy Barban

balances Dick. Warren, in sleeping with his daughter, shows a total lack of morals. What he does have, being from Chicago, the same home town as Tom Buchanan's, is money. Like Daisy and Tom, in The Great Gatsby, Mr. Warren makes a great mess and then leaves it for someone else to clean up. Because of his money he can "run the submarine blockade and bring his daughter to Switzerland. . .on a United States cruiser" (p. 128). Doing this he can dump Nicole in Switzerland and no longer have to face the problem. What he would like to do, what he attempts to do, is drop Nicole at the clinic and evacuate, but he is eventually forced by Doctor Dohmler to reveal the whole sordid truth.

Warren had felt desire for his daughter and he fulfilled it. His confession presents us with a very cinematic shot of Nicole "and her parent united at last in a father complex so apparent" (p. 69) that it clearly parallels Daddy's Girl. Nicole was as much involved in the consummation of the father-daughter complex as her father was:

> "You see now what happened? She felt complicity --that's neither here nor there, except as we want to revalue her ultimate stability and strength of character. First came this shock. Then she went off to a boarding school and heard the girls talking--so from sheer self-protection she developed the idea that she had had no complicity--and from there it was easy to slide into a phantom world where all men, the more you liked them and trusted them, the more evil---"
>
> (pp. 130-131)

The father-daughter complex is something that works both ways: there is the desire for the "ickle durl" on the part of Devereux Warren and Daddy Dick, and the little girl wanting her father's "love" which is the case with Nicole and with Rosemary in her relationship with Dick. This father-daughter relationship can also be seen to be existing within the Diver marriage, the problem being, at the time when Dick meets Rosemary, that Nicole is no longer an "ickle durl". Nicole's falling in love with Dick can be seen as her finding of a new Daddy.

Told of Nicole's case history, Dick poses a Conradian question about Nicole's psychological reaction to sleeping with her father: "Did she ever go into the--horror directly?" he asks (p. 131). Diver, in his own case, becomes increasingly aware of the horror.

Although he is considered by some, and by himself, to be "lucky Dick," Diver is not immune to self-questioning:

> "God, am I like the rest after all?"--So he used to think starting awake at night--"Am I like the rest?"
>
> This was poor material for a socialist but good material for those who do much of the world's rarest work. The truth was that for some months he had been going through that partitioning of the things of youths wherein it is decided whether or not to die for what one no longer believes. In the dead white hours in Zurich staring into a stranger's pantry across the up-shine of a street lamp, he used to think that he wanted to be good, he wanted to be kind, he wanted to be brave and wise, but it was all pretty difficult. He wanted

to be loved, too, if he could fit it in.
(p. 133)

Diver's night questionings and aspirations are a tamer version of Gatsby's, and would seem to have a parallel in Franklin's "Examination of the Day" which existed as part of his daily schedule.[13]

Having been given Nicole's case history, all that remains now is for Dick and Nicole's post-war meeting. This event takes place on a "lovely night" (p. 134). Nicole immediately becomes a romantic possibility for Dick.

> Her cream-colored dress, alternately blue or gray as they walked, and her very blonde hair, dazzled Dick--whenever he turned toward her she was smiling a little, her face lighting up like an angel's when they came into the range of a roadside arc. She thanked him for everything, rather as if he had taken her to some party, and as Dick became less and less certain of his relation to her, her confidence increased--there was that excitement about her that seemed to reflect all the excitement of the world.
> (p. 135)

Diver is becoming drawn in by Nicole to the same degree that Gatsby is drawn in by Daisy. The nights of the beginning of Book 2 are nights of aspiration and romance, dream nights. The next time that Diver sees Nicole also takes place at night:

> He was late the next time, a week later, and Nicole was waiting for him at a point in the path which he would pass walking from Franz's house. Her hair drawn back of her ears brushed her shoulders in such a way that the face seemed to have just emerged from it, as if this were the exact moment when she was coming from a wood into clear moonlight. The unknown yielded her up; Dick

> wished she had no background, that she was just a girl lost with no address save the night from which she had come. They went to the cache where she had left the phonograph, turned a corner by the workshop, climbed a rock, and sat down behind a low way, facing miles and miles of rolling night. . .
>
> She smiled at him, making sure that the smile gathered up everything inside her and directed it towards him, making him a profound promise of herself for so little, for the beat of a response, the assurance of a complimentary vibration in him. Minute by minute the sweetness drained down into her out of the willow trees, out of the dark world.
>
> . . .The young maidens he had known at New Haven in 1914 kissed men, saying "There!," hands at the man's chest to push him away. Now there was this scarcely saved waif of disaster bringing him the essence of a continent. . . .
>
> (pp. 135-136)

Nicole brings to Dick the essence of a romantic America: "They were in America now, even Franz with his conception of Dick as an irresistible Lothario would never have guessed that they had gone so far away" (p. 135). Totally suppressed in Nicole's personality, at this time, are her Chicago tendencies which later come to be exercised. Now she is the dream-girl, the mysterious Golden Girl who has come out of the night to bring Diver's sensibilities to a radical awakening.

Following this sensory awakening comes the awakening of Diver's rationale. Diver begins to realize what he is getting himself into and so tries to extricate himself from the attachment. It is at this time that Nicole's Chicago self

emerges for the first time:

> Nicole's world had fallen to pieces, but it was only a flimsy and scarcely created world; beneath it her emotions and instincts fought on. Was it an hour ago she had waited by the entrance, wearing her hope like a corsage at her belt?
> . . .Dress stay crisp for him, button stay put, bloom narcissus--air stay still and sweet.
> "It will be nice to have fun again," she fumbled on. For a moment she entertained a desperate idea of telling him how rich she was, what big houses she lived in, that really she was a valuable property--for a moment she made herself into her grandfather, Sid Warren, the horse-trader. But she survived the temptation to confuse all values and shut these matters into their Victorian side-chambers--even though there was no home left to her, save emptiness and pain.
> (p. 143)

This is the first time in the novel that Nicole's sane crookedness really emerges; at this moment in time she is tempted to try to buy what she wants in order to keep her scarcely created world together. Her refusal to yield to the temptation can be seen as an innocence which she will no longer possess at the end of the novel.

If Nicole has scruples, Baby Warren really has none. Her whole cure for the problem of the now-well Nicole is "to buy Nicole a doctor" (p. 152). This is what the Warren's really do; Dick Diver is the bought doctor. Nicole's affair with Tommy Barban at the end of the novel comes at a time when she has finally been cured. Fitzgerald's most significant statement on the break-up of the marriage is that "The case was finished. Doctor Diver was at liberty" (p. 302).

Daddy Dick is also Dick the Doctor.

Baby Warren plans to take Nicole home to the South Side of Chicago--"The University is there" (p. 152)--and throw her in with "that crowd" (p. 152) in the hopes that the Warren influence over "certain chairs and fellowships" (p. 152) will prompt a nice young upcoming doctor to step forward and take on Nicole's case and her hand in matrimony. Yet, if Diver is, eventually, to sell himself out to the Warren money, using it to set up his and Franz's clinic, he is, at first, drawn to Nicole purely through her unmonetary charms. Diver had succeeded in escaping from involvement with Nicole when she was still at the clinic (during which time he was continually aware of her patient status), but when he meets with her in the outside world it is a much different story. Meeting up with Nicole at a Swiss ski lodge, Diver has a renewed romantic encounter with her on a night when "the stars began to come through the white crests of the high Alps" (p. 153). Diver's usual good form is upset because Nicole plays the agressive part in attempting to strike up the romance. Diver tries to explain to her the impossibility of the situation:

> "You're a fetching kid, but I couldn't fall in love."
> "You won't give me the chance."
> "What!"
> The impertinence, the right to invade implied, astounded him. Short of anarchy he could not think of any chance that Nicole Warren deserved.
> "Give me a chance now."

> The voice fell low, sank into her breast and stretched the tight bodice over her heart as she came up close. He felt the young lips, her body sighing in relief against the arm growing stronger to hold her. There were now no more plans than if Dick had arbitrarily made some indissoluble mixture, with atoms joined and inseparable, you could throw it all out but never again could they fit back into atomic scale. As he held her and tasted her, and as she curved in further and further toward him, with her own lips, new to herself, drowned and engulfed in love, yet solaced and triumphant, he was thankful to have an existence at all, if only as a reflection in her wet eyes.
> "My God," he gasped, "you're fun to kiss." . . .
> Suddenly there was a booming from the wine slopes across the lake; cannons were shooting at hail-bearing clouds in order to break them. The light of the promenade went off, went on again. Then the storm came swiftly, first falling from the heavens, then doubly falling in torrents from the mountains and washing loud down the roads and stone ditches; with it came a dark, frightening sky and savage filaments of lightning and world-splitting thunder; while ragged, destroying clouds fled along past the hotel. Mountains and lake disappeared--the hotel crouched amid tumult, chaos, and darkness.
>
> (pp. 154-156)

The firing of the phallic cannons provides a climate of climax to the passage; a peak of sexual awareness would seem to be reached by Dick. More importantly, the firing of the cannons and the coming of the storm functions as a much darker omen. The romantic night is shattered by the storm, the bringer of "tumult, chaos, and darkness" (p. 156). The romantic night, and the romance of Dick and Nicole, are doomed to yield to the later nights of insanity and dissolution.

The Divers' romance leads them to their marriage which

satisfies everyone; Baby Warren has a doctor to look after Nicole, and Nicole and Dick take great pleasure in having each other. For several pages Fitzgerald, rather clumsily, shifts into a first person narrative which is written from Nicole's perspective. It is through showing her psychological progress that Fitzgerald is able to move forward in time to the period of time that follows Nicole's second crack-up. Nicole discusses how it is fun being first married to Dick, she then talks about how much fun it was traveling around Europe. Despite this, she does have her relapses back into her madness:

> But I was gone again by that time--trains and beaches they were all one. That was why he took me travelling but after my second child, my little girl, Topsy, was born everything got dark again.
>
> (p. 161)

Back in the original time continuum of the novel, Fitzgerald delivers a discussion and description of what can be termed as Nicole's post crack-up reaction. Dick's attraction to Rosemary has definitely been at the heart of her crack-up: the fear that daddy loves another little girl and will not love her anymore. Up until this time Dick has not minded having to play the father protector for Nicole, but, having discovered his emotional state over Rosemary, he finds himself becoming tired of role playing:

> He saw Nicole in the garden. Presently he must

> encounter her and the prospect gave him a leaden feeling. Before her he must keep up a perfect front, now and to-morrow, next week and next year. All night in Paris he had held her in his arms while she slept light under the luminol; in the early morning he broke in upon her confusion before it could form, with words of tenderness and protection, and she slept again with his face against the warm scent of her hair. Before she woke he had arranged everything at the phone in the next room. Rosemary was to move to another hotel. She was to be "Daddy's Girl" and even to give up saying good-by to them. The proprietor of the hotel, Mr. MacBeth, was to be the three Chinese monkeys. Packing amid the piled boxes and tissue paper of many purchases, Dick and Nicole left for the Riviera at noon.
>
> Then there was a reaction. As they settled down in the wagon-lit Dick saw that Nicole was waiting for it, and it came quickly and desperately, before the train was out of the ceinture--his only instinct was to step off while the train was still going slow, rush back and see where Rosemary was, what she was doing. He opened a book and bent his pince-nez upon it, aware that Nicole was watching him from her pillow across the compartment. Unable to read he pretended to be tired and shut his eyes but she was still watching him, and though still she was half asleep from the hangover of the drug, she was relieved and almost happy that he was hers again.
>
> (p. 166)

Nicole's reaction is like that of a child who discovers that she still has her father's love, even though there is now another child in the family. In giving over his desires for his responsibilities, Diver is, in effect, accepting his Doctor Diver relationship with Nicole.

In attempting to dismiss Rosemary before Nicole's prying onslaught, Diver uses, as his safety valve, her youth; he tells Nicole that Rosemary is "an infant" (p. 167); he also

insists that, about her, "there's a persistent aroma of the nursery" (p. 167). Diver's liking of young girls is not limited to Rosemary; Nicole loves harping upon Diver's fixation with nymphets and adolescent beauties:

> "Please be happy, Dick," Nicole urged him. "Why don't you meet some of these ickle durls and dance with them in the afternoon?"
> "What do I say to them?"
> Her low almost harsh voice rose a few notes, simulating a plaintive coquetry: "Say: 'Ickle durl, oo is de pwettiest sing.' What do you think you say?"
> "I don't like ickle durls. They smell of castile soap and peppermint. When I dance with them, I feel as if I'm pushing a baby carriage."
> (p. 172)

Diver, unlike Humbert Humbert, in Vladimir Nabokov's Lolita, refuses to admit the fascination that little or young girls provide for him: perhaps because he has not found his Dolores Haze. Diver seems to be continually in search of "the girl who sat in the pew behind" (p. 195). It would seem that what Diver is really looking for is the acceptance within himself of the fact that he is attracted to "ickle durls". If he could just drop his mad puritanism and go to bed with an "ickle durl" and enjoy himself; then he would be able to experience both the ecstasy and pain of a Humbert Humbert. Diver, however, is too well controlled, at this point in time, and, in the American Puritan tradition, supplies himself with enough excuses and lies to pad himself from the dark truth. It is because of his mad puritanism that, when

he accepts the fact that he might have raped a five year old girl (what I take this to mean is that he has possibly, somewhere in his mind, mentally raped his daughter Topsy; this whole question is left rather unclear), its revelation is a dark truth; in this it shares a kind of common quality with Arthur Dimmesdale's revelation of the sin that he has kept so secret in The Scarlet Letter. Both meet their ends of dissipation: Dimmesdale, in a truly dramatic fashion, dies after revealing his dark secret, whereas Diver lives to sin again, getting entangled with a girl in upstate New York. In both cases, the revelation is an end in itself, as I will later go on to more fully discuss in dealing with Diver's night in Rome. At any rate, Diver's inability to accept his psychological tendencies (a severe fault in a psychiatrist) does not prevent him from taking steps towards the fulfillment of his fantasies. Though his fantasies may not find a culmination, Diver always seems prepared to start something. In one instance he is confronted by Nicole with a letter that she has received:

> "Read that," she said.
> He opened the letter. It was from a woman recently discharged, though with skepticism on the part of the faculty. It accused him in no uncertain terms of having seduced her daughter, who had been at her mother's side during the crucial stage of the illness. It presumed that Mrs. Diver would be glad to have this information and learn what her husband was "really like."
> Dick read the letter again. Couched in clear and

> concise English he yet recognized it as the letter of a maniac. Upon a single occasion he had let the girl, a flirtatious little brunette, ride into Zurich with him, upon her request, and in the evening had brought her back to the clinic. In an idle, almost indulgent way, he kissed her. Later, she tried to carry the affair further, but he was not interested and subsequently, probably consequently, the girl had come to dislike him, and taken her mother away.
> (pp. 186-187)

Though Dick tries to defend himself from the accusations Nicole does not believe him. "Don't you think I saw that girl look at you--that dark little girl. Oh, this is farcical--a child, not more than fifteen. Don't you think I saw?" (p. 190). It is because of this revelation that Nicole loses control and causes an accident while they are driving by wrenching the wheel out of Dick's hands. Dick's tendency towards female children brings him no real satisfaction and works as an agent to shake loose Nicole's self-control.

It is in the midst of all this, in the period following his attraction to Rosemary, that the dark nights begin to be experienced by Diver. He has, previously, experienced the dark nights with Nicole cracking up, but so far we have not seen his own personal and self-involved dark nights. He has known bad times, but always at secondhand; now the firsthand experience begins to take place:

> Dick awoke at five after a long dream of war, walked to the window and stared out it at the Zugersee. His dream had begun in sombre majesty; navy blue uniforms crossed a dark plaza behind

> bands playing the second movement of Prokofieff's "Love of Three Oranges." Presently there were fire engines, symbols of disaster, and a ghastly uprising of the mutilated in a dressing station. He turned on his bed-lamp light and made a thorough note of it ending with the half-ironic phrase: "Non-combatant's shell-shock."
>
> As he sat on the side of his bed, he felt the room, the house and the night as empty. In the next room Nicole muttered something desolate and he felt sorry for her whatever loneliness she was feeling in her sleep. For him time stood still and then every few years accelerated in a rush, like the quick re-wind of a film, but for Nicole the years slipped away by clock and calendar and birthday, with the added poignance of her perishable beauty.
>
> (pp. 179-180)

The emptiness of "the room, the house and the night" is really a projection of his internal emptiness. The early American Puritan found himself totally involved in his personal ordeal of control, his attempt to command his lower impulses and he found that the best way of dealing with the demons pent up within him was to project them out onto the wilderness, the witches and the Indians. When women mysteriously appeared to Puritan men in their bedrooms in the middle of the night, that was called witchcraft; it was better to hang innocent women than to accept the existence of sexual fantasy within the psyches of such well-controlled and pious gentlemen. The "evil" within them was projected out onto the world. Diver, his morale gone, not realizing it, sees emptiness all around him rather than see it in himself. He confronts the face of nothingness, but sees it in terms of Nicole:

> Many times he had tried unsuccessfully to let go his hold on her. They had many fine nights together, fine talks between the loves of the white nights, but always when he turned away from her into himself he left her holding Nothing in her hands and staring at it, calling it many names, but knowing it was only the hope that he would come back soon.
> (p. 180)

Diver's knowledge of this fact about his relationship with Nicole continually forces him back into assuming his role of responsibility. Dick, from his Puritan upbringing, has learned his lessons well; if he makes his philosophical statement in the novel, it is the simple sentence that he tells the girl who has a severe case of nervous eczema and is seeking comfort: "'We must all try to be good,' he said" (p. 185).

The case of this woman is an interesting one, not only in terms of medical science, but in terms of the novel; as she says to Dr. Diver "'I am here as a symbol of something. I thought perhaps you would know what it was'" (p. 185). She does serve a symbolic function in the novel. Dick's answer to her question is:

> "You are sick," he said mechanically.
> "Then what was it I had almost found?"
> "A greater sickness."
> (p. 185)

The fact that the girl has eczema, a skin disease, would seem to suggest a possible relationship with appearance and reality, manner and morale. I see her as the symbolic representation of Diver's own sickness, the external (skin) disease being an

indication of the greater sickness within, the cracked morale.

Indications of Diver's internal dissolution begin to come quickly now. Dissatisfied with the face of things, he goes off alone to Munich to a Psychiatric Congress. Away from the confining influence of Nicole, he merges his past, present, and future in his mind in a kind of romantic dream:

> Dick had with him what magazines were available on the station quays: The Century, The Motion Picture, L'Illustration, and the Fliegende Blatter, but it was more fun to descend in his imagination into the villages and shake hands with the rural characters. He sat in the churches as he sat in his father's church in Buffalo, amid the starchy must of Sunday clothes. He listened to the wisdom of the Near East, was Crucified, Died, and was Buried in the cheerful church, and once more worried between five or ten cents for the collection plate, because of the girl who sat in the pew behind.
>
> The Englishman suddenly borrowed his magazines with a little small change of conversation, and Dick, glad to see them go, thought of the voyage ahead of him. Wolf-like under his sheep's clothing of long-staple Australian wool, he considered the world of pleasure--the incorruptible Mediterranean with sweet old dirt caked in the olive trees, the peasant girl near Savona with a face as green and rose as the color of an illuminated missal. He would take her in his hands and snatch her across the border. . .
>
> . . .but there he deserted her--he must press on toward the Isle of Greece, the cloudy waters of unfamiliar ports, the lost girl on shore, the moon of popular songs. A part of Dick's mind was made up of the tawdry souvenirs of his boyhood. Yet in that somewhat littered Five-and-Ten, he had managed to keep alive the low painful fire of intelligence.
>
> (p. 195-196)

Diver's fantasy world finds its origins in "the tawdry sou-

venirs of his boyhood." The dream-like quality that Diver is able to evoke is now severely criticized; it is merely the dream world presented by a tacky gift shop. The perfect order of the Diver world has, previously, been shaken; now it begins the slow process of, visibly, coming apart at the seams.

Diver is coming to terms with himself and is making realizations about who he has come to be. At Innsbruck, after thinking about a particularly romantic instant that he had shared one night with Nicole (pp. 200-201), he begins the process of total soul-searching that he had left Nicole in order to do:

> He had lost himself--he could not tell the hour when, or the day of the week, the month or the year. Once he had cut through things, solving the most complicated equations as the simplest problems of his simplest patients. Between the time he found Nicole flowering under a stone on the Zurichsee and the moment of his meeting with Rosemary the spear had been blunted.
>
> Watching his father's struggles in poor parishes had wedded a desire for money to an essentially unacquisative nature. It was not a healthy necessity for security--he had never felt more sure of himself, more thoroughly his own man, than at the time of his marriage to Nicole. Yet he had been swallowed up like a gigolo, and somehow permitted his arsenal to be locked up in the Warren safety-deposit vaults.
>
> "There should have been a settlement in the Continental style; but it isn't over yet. I've wasted eight years teaching the rich the ABC's of human decency, but I'm not done. I've got too many unplayed trumps in my hand."
>
> (p. 201)

Diver's meditations on how he has lost himself take place in the late evening when it is "quite dark" (p. 201). He has now recognized that he has lost himself, that his role as a psychiatrist has been undermined, but he has not yet come to the recognition that his contact with the rich has led to a corruption of his values of human decency. The true Puritan totally controls himself; the libertine or the people of the new world, of which Nicole (when she is well) and Rosemary constitute an important element, totally follow their whims and don't really think more than once about them. People like Mary North are able to change their names and their loves without any consideration at all. What has happened to Diver is that his personality has been neutralized; he pays lip service to morality but his own has been corrupted. He does not realize that he does not have any "unplayed trumps" in his hand.

What he does still have, though, are his dreams of romance, of the Golden Girl sitting in the pew behind or at the next table:

> He loitered among the fallow rose bushes and the beds of damp sweet indistinguishable fern. It was warm for October but cool enough to wear a heavy tweed coat buttoned by a little elastic tape at the neck. A figure detached itself from the black shape of a tree and he knew it was the woman whom he had passed in the lobby coming out. He was in love with every pretty woman he saw now, their forms at a distance, their shadows on a wall.
>
> Her back was toward him as she faced the lights of the town. He scratched a match that she must

> have heard, but she remained motionless.
> --Was it an invitation? Or an indication of obliviousness? He had long been outside of the world of simple desires and their fulfillments, and he was inept and uncertain. For all he knew there might be some code among the wanderers of obscure spas by which they found each other quickly.
> --Perhaps the next gesture was his. Strange children should smile at each other and say, "Let's play."
> He moved closer, the shadow moved sideways. Possibly he would be snubbed like the scapegrace drummers he had heard of in youth. His heart beat loud in contact with the unprobed, undissected, unanalyzed, unaccounted for. Suddenly he turned away, and, as he did, the girl, too, broke the black frieze she made with the foliage, rounded a bench at a moderate but determined pace and took the path back to the hotel.
> (pp. 201-202)

This world of romance is a much younger one, a much more innocent one, than the world that Diver usually lives in. With Nicole he is forced to always realize his age and responsibility. It would appear that the reason that Diver is continually after young girls is because he is looking for his lost youth; surely Fitzgerald wished that he could recapture the lost and wasted years which led to his and Zelda's dissipation; he would surely have chosen to live them differently. Diver would really like to be a precocious pre-adolescent, perhaps a bit older, old enough to appreciate the sticky kisses of little girls. In The Great Gatsby and Tender Is The Night, there is lingering in the air the desire to move backwards in time; for Gatsby to regain Daisy and the lost orgasm which is the Golden Moment, which existed on that cool October

evening when he first "took" her; for Diver to get back to being "lucky Dick," his head filled with the wise precepts that his father had taught him. This sense of the lost past and the lost romance emerges during the nighttime hours, for, with the darkness, comes a blurring of distinctions, and all of reality and all dreams begin to dance about in Hawthorne's neutral territory. All the significant consummations take place for Fitzgerald's heroes at night; the daytime exists as a collection of mundane realities.

Diver's stay at Innsbruck is interrupted when he receives word that his father has died; his first reaction to the news is to reminisce about his father, and also to recognize his father's influence upon him:

> Dick loved his father--again and again he referred judgments to what his father would probably have thought or done. Dick was born several months after the death of two young sisters and his father, guessing what would be the effect on Dick's mother, had saved him from a spoiling by becoming his moral guide. He was of tired stock yet he raised himself to that effort.
>
> (p. 203)

Diver's father exists for him as a paragon of virtue; if Dick had done everything that he should have he would have been as good as his father:

> . . .Dick sent down for a newspaper. Still pacing to and from the telegram open on his bureau, he chose a ship to go to America. Then he put in a call to Nicole in Zurich, remembering so many things as he waited, and wishing he had always been as good as he had intended to be.
>
> (p. 204)

Diver told the girl with eczema that everyone must try to be good; he realizes that he has not lived up to his part of the bargain in dealing with the world. Too many times he has given in, at least in part, to temptation.

In Tender Is The Night two of the American characters return to their homeland; those characters are Abe North and Dick Diver. Back in his homeland, North, the novel's possible incarnation of Lincoln, who gets himself involved in problems with Negroes, gets a warm welcome:

> "He was beaten to death in a speakeasy in New York. He just managed to crawl home to the Racquet Club to die---"
>
> (p. 199)

One wonders if North was beaten to death by Teddy Roosevelt's big stick. At any rate, his return home results in his death. For Diver, his return home is also the end of something. Back in America he finds certain identifications, senses the country's spirit of place:

> For an hour, tied up with his profound reaction to his father's death, the magnificent facade of the homeland, the harbor of New York, seemed all sad and glorious to Dick, but once ashore the feeling vanished, nor did he find it again in the streets or the hotels or the trains that bore him first to Buffalo, and then south to Virginia with his father's body. Only as the local train shambled into the low-forested clayland of Westmoreland County, did he feel once more identified with his surroundings; at the station he saw a star he knew, and a cold moon bright over Chesapeake Bay; he heard the rasping wheels of buckboards turning, the lovely fatuous voices, the sound of sluggish primeval rivers flowing softly

under soft Indian names.
(p. 204)

It is back in his father's homeland, back in Virginia, that the real essence of America seems to be in this description; there seems to be an almost untouched quality to the place, as if the spirit has never been disturbed. It is an atmosphere of moon and dream-like Indians. What it is in full possession of is its past; Diver hears "the rasping wheels of buckboards turning"; here is Old America. It is the America of respectability and of substance; a real living land of values.

In Virginia, back in the rooted land of his father and his fathers, Diver attends his father's funeral:

> Next day at the churchyard his father was laid among a hundred Divers, Dorseys, and Hunters. It was very friendly leaving him there with all his relations around him. Flowers were scattered on the brown unsettled earth. Dick had no more ties here now and did not believe he would come back. He knelt on the hard soil. These dead, he knew them all, their weather-beaten faces with blue flashing eyes, the spare violent bodies, the souls made of new earth in the forest-heavy darkness of the seventeenth century.
> "Good-by, my father--good-by, all my fathers."
> (pp. 204-205)

Just as the values of the old world are different from the values, or lack of values, of Diver's world, so are the experiences of "darkness" different:

> The reaction of the ancestors of Diver to the darkness of the seventeenth century was a social one. The darkness was outside and people could

> band together, under God, to protect themselves from it; Dick Diver's twentieth-century darkness comes from within, and there is no way for another to come near it, much less protect himself from it. There is no longer safety in numbers.[14]

Diver's good-by to all his fathers is a major action on his part; what it basically signifies is that he will now attempt to give up any pretense to moral virtue. On his way back to Europe, Diver makes an immediate bee-line for Rome, in order to see Rosemary. Diver's good-by to his past is an indication of his acceptance of his moral decline. He thinks that he can now transcend his ingrained sense of scruples and give himself totally over to his desires like everyone else. He has recognized that he is not a saint, but he does not see that he will never be a full-fledged sinner; he is doomed to his mad puritanism.

What we see, and what Diver comes to recognize, is that his seeking out of Rosemary is an attempt at a journey through the past. Meeting her in Rome, before the affair is resumed and consummated, Diver tosses the idea of Rosemary around in his head:

> At first he thought nothing. She was young and magnetic, but so was Topsy. He guessed that she had had lovers and had loved them in the last four years. Well, you never knew exactly how much space you occupied in people's lives. Yet from this fog his affection emerged--the best contacts are when one knows the obstacles and still wants to preserve a relation. The past drifted back and he wanted to hold her eloquent giving-of-herself in its precious shell, till

> he enclosed it, till it no longer existed outside him. He tried to collect all that might attract her--it was less than it had been four years ago. Eighteen might look at thirty-four through a rising mist of adolescence; but twenty-two would see thirty-eight with discerning clarity. Moreover, Dick had been at an emotional peak at the time of the previous encounter; since then there had been a lesion of enthusiasm.
>
> (pp. 207-208)

Diver recognizes how much of what he wants is in the past; if Rosemary offers herself up to him in the same romantic way as before he will take her gladly. What he wants to do is relive the lost possibility and make that possibility physical fact. That transformation accomplished, Rosemary taken in the heat of the afternoon, Diver sees the reality of what has happened:

> This was less an infatuation than a romantic memory. Nicole was his girl--too often he was sick at heart about her, yet she was his girl. Time with Rosemary was self-indulgence. . .
>
> (p. 213)

Diver's wishing to recapture the past is an attempt, on his part, to recover the days when the Diver world still seemed to function in the domain of the Golden Moment. Lucky Dick has changed; as he tells Rosemary: "I guess I'm the Black Death. . .I don't seem to bring people happiness anymore" (p. 219).

Diver's night in Rome is an early version of Yossarian's nighttime visit to the insanity of "The Eternal City" in Catch-22. Though no men are clubbed by the police while screaming for help from the police, Diver does manage to get

himself beaten up by several Italian cab drivers and then by the Italian police. His encounter with Rosemary over, Diver and Collis Clay go out for a night on the town, during which time Diver makes himself and Collis miserable and dances with a mysterious girl from another table. After Collis leaves, Diver continues dancing with the girl until she suddenly disappears. Not able to find the girl and fairly drunk, Diver decides to retire from the evening:

> Collis was gone and the English girl was gone and there seemed nothing to do but go back to the hotel and lie down with his black heart. He paid his check and got his hat and coat. (p. 224)

What then begins for Diver is a page long argument with several cab drivers as to the lire it will cost him to get back to his hotel. After much arguing, Diver reacts violently against one man after the man has "spat contemptuously" (p. 224): "The passionate impatience of the week leaped up in Dick and clothed itself like a flash in violence, the honorable, traditional resource of his land; he stepped forward and slapped the man's face" (p. 224). Diver's action gives the lie to the notion that he has said good-by to all his fathers; he acts in the most purely American way, a perfect foreshadowing of John Wayne. For his trouble he gets beaten up by the taxi drivers, whereupon he is taken to the police station. The police captain advises him to pay the fare that

the taxi drivers request and go home. Diver seemingly assents, but then takes violent action again.

> He walked past the staring carabinieri and up to the grinning face, hit it with a smashing left beside the jaw. The man dropped to the floor. For a moment he stood over him in savage triumph--but even as a first pang of doubt shot through him the world reeled; he was clubbed down, and fists and boots beat on him in a savage tattoo. He felt his nose break like a shingle and his eyes jerk as if they had snapped back on a rubber band into his head. A rib splintered under a stamping heel. Momentarily he lost consciousness again, regained it as he was raised to a sitting position and his wrists jerked together with handcuffs. He struggled automatically. The plainclothes lieutenant whom he had knocked down, stood dabbing his jaw with a handkerchief and looking into it for blood; he came over to Dick, poised himself, drew back his arm and smashed him to the floor.
>
> (p. 226)

Diver's beating at the hands of the police and the taxi drivers exists as the nadir of his experience; it also exists as a great moment of transition. Diver recognizes what has happened as a profound experience:

> Dick's rage had retreated into him a little and he felt a vast criminal irresponsibility. What had happened to him was so awful that nothing could make any difference unless he could choke it to death, and, as this was unlikely, he was hopeless. He would be a different person henceforward, and in his raw state he had bizarre feelings of what the new self would be. The matter had about it the impersonal quality of an act of God. No mature Aryan is able to profit by a humiliation; when he forgives it has become part of his life, he has identified himself with the thing which has humiliated him--an upshot that in this case was impossible.
>
> (p. 233)

Diver's night has been a night of humiliation and of physical pain. It has expressed itself in Diver's total loss of control; at the same time he has tried to recoup some of his Old American manhood. Despite this exercising of his most forceful power, it takes the persuasion of Baby Warren, who is in Rome at the time, to have Diver rescued by the American consul. Though the consul is able to get Dick a doctor, he still must face charges brought against him in court the next morning. On his way to the courthouse, Diver is subjected to massive hissing and booing from the crowd that has collected outside the courthouse. An enquiry is made and the "voices full of fury and scorn" (p. 234) are explained: "A native of Frascati had raped and slain a five-year-old child and was to be brought in that morning--the crowd had assumed it was Dick" (p. 234). This situation brings Diver to the confession that he makes in the courtroom: "'I want to make a speech,' Dick cried. 'I want to explain to these people how I raped a five-year-old girl. Maybe I did---'" (p. 235). Diver is not toying with the situation; his confession has its definite significance. Throughout the novel the childish qualities of Nicole and Rosemary have been stressed, the Daddy's Girl theme emphasized. Diver's confession is an admission of the fact that he loves playing the part of Daddy.

The incidents in Rome that have occurred would seem to

wipe away Diver's claims to having any moral principles, at least in the eyes of Baby Warren:

> With the morphine he fell asleep; the doctor and Collis left and Baby waited with him until a woman could arrive from the English nursing home. It had been a hard night but she had the satisfaction of feeling that, whatever Dick's previous record was, they now possessed a moral superiority over him as long as he proved of any use.
>
> (p. 235)

At this point in the novel, the changes that Diver has undergone become the objects of his thoughts and also the topic of conversation. His partner, Franz, decides to buy out Dick's share in the clinic when he and his wife come to recognize that Dick is just not the same anymore. In a way, Diver is relieved by the situation coming to a head: "Dick had not intended to come to a decision so quickly, nor was he prepared for Franz's so ready acquiescence in the break, yet he was relieved. Not without desperation he had long felt the ethics of his profession dissolving into a lifeless mass" (p. 256). When the Divers visit Mary North, now Minghetti (Diver comments upon the changeover: "'Little Mary North knows what she wants,' Diver muttered through his shaving cream. 'Abe educated her, and now she's married to a Buddha. If Europe ever goes Bolshevik she'll turn up as the bride of Stalin'" [p. 259].), Diver's manner begins to show signs of decay:

> Nicole reproved him when they were in their room alone. "Why so many highballs? Why did you use your word spic in front of him?"
> "Excuse me, I meant smoke. The tongue slipped."
> "Dick, this isn't faintly like you."
> "Excuse me again. I'm not much like myself any more."
>
> (p. 260)

Diver is caught up in the momentum of his personal swan dive.

Diver's personal crisis also begins to have its effect on his marriage. His careful world of personality falling apart, it is only natural that the shelter that his marriage to Nicole has provided for her would start to diminish:

> "We can't go on like this," Nicole suggested. "Or can we? --what do you think?" Startled that for the moment Dick did not deny it, she continued, "Some of the time I think it's my fault --I've ruined you."
> "So I'm ruined, am I?" he inquired pleasantly.
> "I didn't mean that. But you used to want to create things--now you seem to want to smash them up."
>
> (p. 267)

It is true; Diver's inner constitution has crumbled; all that is left would seem to be the process of disintegration and, in his actions, he seems to try to accelerate the process, just so that it will be over and done with. Though his emotional relationship with Nicole is now close to bankruptcy, Diver still maintains his responsibility towards her in his role as doctor:

> "After all, what do you get out of this?" she demanded.
> "Knowing you're stronger every day. Knowing that your illness follows the law of diminishing

returns."

(p. 267)

Beyond following the law of diminishing returns, Nicole's improvement works in a complementary relationship to Dick's situation; as he goes down she moves up. At the end of the novel, we see Diver in his most pitiful position while Nicole is ready to go out and face the world; true, she is somewhat bouyed up by Tommy Barban, but it is a much different kind of dependency, if it is a dependency at all; there is no doctor-patient equivalent existing between Nicole and Barban.

It is Diver who seals his own fate. Nicole did not ruin Dick; if anyone ruined him it was himself. It is the old Puritan story: the collected brotherhood of man is always waiting out in the dark forest for the individual; whether he will eventually show up is up to him. In Diver's case, he has been aware of the old world and the new. His mistake was in trying to hold onto the qualities of the old world by being a star in the new world. Diver is the prime determiner of his fate. It is he who decides that he and Nicole will go on board T. F. Golding's yacht after dinner, which is where he and Nicole encounter Tommy Barban for the first time in five years (p. 268). Even in his swan dive Diver insists upon calling the shots.

Aboard the yacht at nighttime, the Divers take part in the social gaiety; Nicole steals Barban away from Lady Caroline Sibley-Biers, leaving Dick to sit with her and insult

her. Diver's social actions now function in a sharp contrast to the way that we have seen them work earlier in the novel. Though he has not verbalized it yet, he has come to a recognition of his shattered morale, and the mask of pleasantry begins to feel increasingly uncomfortable on his face. He begins to insult people because he can no longer act, no longer pretend to like people that he doesn't like. Lady Caroline embodies everything that is despicable about the new world; it is everything that Baby Warren likes about the English. It is all so much pretense. Barban's heroism has its ridiculous side; in a moment of astute perception, Nicole indicates that the reason he must speak of it in French is because his heroism, spoken of in English, begins to sound ludicrous.

The set-up of social night is soon shattered by an unfulfilled climax which shows the inability of Nicole and Dick to ever again achieve a sense of unity between them. A scene which should culminate with the great romantic apotheosis of mergeance, when the nightingale and listener become one, fumbles to an inconclusive end:

> Since dinner the yacht had been in motion westward. The fine night streamed away on either side, the Diesel engines pounded softly, there was a spring wind that blew Nicole's hair abruptly when she reached the bow, and she had a sharp lesion of anxiety at seeing Dick standing in the angle by the flagstaff. His voice was serene as he recognized her.
>
> "It's a nice night."
>
> "I was worried."

"Oh, you were worried?"

"Oh, don't talk that way. It would give me so much pleasure to think of a little something I could do for you, Dick."

"I believe that's true, Nicole. And sometimes I believe that the littler it was, the more pleasure it would give you."

"Don't talk like that--don't say such things."

His face, wan in the light that the white spray caught and tossed back to the brilliant sky had none of the lines of annoyance she had expected. It was even detached; his eyes focused upon her gradually as upon a chessman to be moved; in the same slow manner he caught her wrist and drew her near.

"You ruined me, did you?" he inquired blandly. "Then we're both ruined. So---"

Cold with terror she put her other wrist into his grip. All right, she would go with him--again she felt the beauty of the night vividly in one moment of complete response and abnegation--all right, then---

--but now she was unexpectedly free and Dick turned his back sighing. "Tch, tch!"

Tears streamed down Nicole's face--in a moment she heard someone approaching; it was Tommy.

(pp. 273-274)

Nicole and Dick's possibility for the great romantic moment is gone, is over. Their romantic night has become a night of nothing. The chance for their fulfillment, their mutual swan dive, gone, it is only appropriate that Tommy Barban should come to occupy a place in the continuing scene. Dick, as Nicole's lover, would, undoubtedly, love to take her with him in his disintegration; they could turn the process into an intellectual, emotional and moral lover's leap. Yet the doctor in Diver always has the care of his patient in mind. His whole world has been honed down to providing Nicole with her

cure, even at his own expense.

Diver has made his internal swan dive into darkness. All that remains now is for the final coup de grace, the falling apart of his marriage to Nicole. Already the marriage has shown signs of stress, due to Diver's fall into psychological chaos. The morning after the night aboard the yacht, we begin to witness Nicole's psychological evolution. Part of Nicole's movement away from Dick is prompted by her recognition of his fallibility: "She was glad when he left her, for almost the first time in her life--his awful faculty of being right seemed to have deserted him at last" (p. 275). Nicole's changes come quickly; out in the garden she begins rationalizing her taking of a lover: "Other women have had lovers--the same forces that last night had made her yield to Dick up to the point of death, now kept her head nodding to the wind, content and happy with the logic of, Why shouldn't I?" (pp. 276-277). Despite her inclinations, it will still take more for her to be motivated. In many ways, she is still like a child, needing protection from the destructive forces of a cruel world; she is shaken by the fact that Dick's actions, towards her and toward himself, no longer seem to be performed with any consistency or realistic motivation:

> The most unhappy aspect of their relations was Dick's growing indifference, at present personified by too much drink; Nicole did not know whether she was to be crushed or spared--Dick's voice,

> throbbing with insincerity, confused the issue; she couldn't guess how he was going to behave next upon the tortuously slow unrolling of the carpet, nor what would happen at the end, at the moment of the leap.
> (p. 280).

Diver's leap is a leap into darkness, into the three o'clock in the morning world of his soul. Within the structure of the novel we see this indication. The consistency of events taking place at night gives way to a density of implications as to Dick Diver's darkened personal state as he moves again through the bright daylight world of the beach at Gausse's Hotel (see table). All projections of darkness have been filtered down to Diver's personal condition; there isn't anywhere that he can hide from that fact.

The novel began on the beach of Gausse's Hotel and, as the book moves towards its end, our attention is again focused on the same scenario; what we do now is record the changes that have taken place. We no longer see the Diver world with innocent eyes; we have experienced the dark nights. The beach where he had reigned is no longer under Dick's dominion.

> The Divers went out on the beach with her white suit and his white trunks very white against the color of their bodies. Nicole saw Dick peer about for the children among the confused shapes and shadows of many umbrellas, and as his mind temporarily left her, ceasing to grip her, she looked at him with detachment, and decided that he was seeking his children, not protectively but for protection. Probably it was the beach he feared, like a deposed ruler secretly visiting an old court. She had come to hate his world with its

TENDER IS THE NIGHT

	Day	Social Night	Romantic Night	Nights of Darkness	Implications of Darkness
BOOK 1					
Chapter I	X				X
Chapter II	X				X
Chapter III	X				
Chapter IV	X				
Chapter V	X				
Chapter VI	X	X	X		
Chapter VII		X		X	
Chapter VIII			X		
Chapter IX			X	X	
Chapter X		X			
Chapter XI	X				
Chapter XII	X				
Chapter XIII	X	X			X
Chapter XIV		X	X		
Chapter XV			X		
Chapter XVI	X				X
Chapter XVII	X				
Chapter XVIII	X	X	X		
Chapter XIX	X				X
Chapter XX	X				X
Chapter XXI	X				
Chapter XXII	X				X
Chapter XXIII	X				
Chapter XXIV			X		
Chapter XXV				X	
BOOK 2					
Chapter I	X				
Chapter II	X		X		X
Chapter III	X				X
Chapter IV	X			X	X
Chapter V			X		
Chapter VI	X				
Chapter VII	X				
Chapter VIII	X				
Chapter IX			X	X	
Chapter X	X				X
Chapter XI	X			X	
Chapter XII	X				

	Day	Social Night	Romantic Night	Nights of Darkness	Implications of Darkness
Chapter XIII	X	X			X
Chapter XIV	X			X	X
Chapter XV	X				X
Chapter XVI	X				
Chapter XVII		X			X
Chapter XVIII	X		X	X	
Chapter XIX	X	X	X		
Chapter XX	X				
Chapter XXI	X	X			X
Chapter XXII		X	X	X	
Chapter XXIII				X	X
BOOK 3					
Chapter I	X				
Chapter II	X				X
Chapter III	X				X
Chapter IV	X	X			X
Chapter V		X	X	X	
Chapter VI	X				
Chapter VII	X			X	X
Chapter VIII	X		X		X
Chapter IX	X				X
Chapter X		X			
Chapter XI	X				
Chapter XII	X				X
Chapter XIII	No Time of Day				

> delicate jokes and politenesses, forgetting that for many years it was the only world open to her. Let him look at it--his beach, perverted now to the tastes of the tasteless; he could search it for a day and find no stone of the Chinese Wall he had once erected around it, no footprint of an old friend.
>
> (p. 280)

Dick is very much a "deposed ruler"; his old world is gone; all those who had clustered around him have vanished. Everything is pruned down to its barest essentials; the novel now totally centers around Dick and Nicole, and the return of Tommy and Rosemary. The formerly passive Barban, once called upon by Nicole, takes full command of his situation. Rosemary, returned to the Diver world, no longer sees it with any degree of naivete; she now remembers the talk she had heard, of how Baby Warren's "younger sister had thrown herself away on a dissipated doctor" (p. 287). It is to Rosemary, who had so strongly believed in the magic of the Diver world, that Dick makes full explanation of what has happened to him.

> "The first drink I ever had was with you," Rosemary said, and with a spurt of enthusiasm she added, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you and <u>know</u> you're all right. I was worried--" Her sentence broke as she changed direction "that maybe you wouldn't be."
>
> "Did you hear I'd gone into a process of deterioration?"
>
> "Oh, no. I simply--just heard you'd changed. And I'm glad to see with my own eyes it isn't true."
>
> "It is true," Dick answered, sitting down with them. "The change came a long way back--but at first it didn't show. The manner remains intact for some time after the morale cracks."
>
> (p. 285)

This awareness in the contrast between manner and morale, of personality and personage, is ever-present in Fitzgerald. The world of personality, in this novel, is the world of Nicole and Tommy Barban, which finds its Chicago origins in Nicole's grandfather. Diver's father had taught him that you could get anything you wanted if you were nice about it, if you smiled and talked to the oldest woman in the room; what Diver's father didn't suggest was the thievery that exists in Nicole's family background. The full-toothed smile is the oldest trick of the confidence man; this is something that Melville fully realized; what he did was take this world manifestation and extend it out to God. What Diver's father taught him was that it is essential to have good manners; what his father always assumed was that he had given his son enough of the right training so that there would be moral principles existing beyond the level of social pleasantries. Diver's problem is that he has lost his moral center.

But just what does that moral center involve? American morals find their fullest background in the Puritan sensibility. What we should all have is a personal covenant with God, after which all else comes. Religion would appear to be the first thing that his father attempted to give him which Diver lost. Beyond this, we can see lacking in Diver a genuine concern for the people who move about in his world. Looking at

Diver's personal dissolution, we see the discrepancy between what he had wanted to become and who he has become. What is found extremely lacking is the great "work" that he was supposed to have done. The Warrens did buy themselves a doctor; because of his involvement with Nicole's case Diver's great work of psychology is never written and, also, after a somewhat shaky beginning, Dick retires from working at his and Franz's clinic:

> The fate of Dick Diver furnishes. . .insight into Fitzgerald's later moralism and the nature of his contrition for past sins. To him it was believable that a man should lose his zest for work, his desire to make any contribution to society, if the profit motive is removed. And without works a man's character crumbles. This begins to sound remarkably like the Protestant ethic.[15]

Diver's case is the display of his own personal failure in dealing with the insistences of the Protestant ethic. Perry Miller comments upon the Protestant ethic as it functioned in Massachusetts:

> That every man should have a calling and work hard in it was a first premise of Puritanism. The guidebook for earthly existence, William Ames's Conscience with the Power and Cases thereof, confirmed his authoritative summary of theology, The Marrow of Sacred Divinity, that even the man who has an income must work. Everyone has a talent for something, given of God, which he must improve. Although poverty is not a sin if it be suffered for causes outside one's control, for any to accept it voluntarily is utterly reprehensible. God has so contrived the world that men must seek the necessities of life in the earth or in the sea, but the objects of their search have

> been cunningly placed for their finding. . .The laborer is worthy of his hire, and fidelity in one's occupation, if performed in the fear of God, must lead to reward.[16]

Diver's sin is that he has not followed his calling or fulfilled his talents. This has, to a great extent, led to his downfall. Fitzgerald himself believed in the dignity of work; he lamented all of the years he had wasted during the Endless Party. Diver has sacrificed his substance to the god of appearance. This had caused him to be a good actor; now he even begins to lose that. Having a discussion with Rosemary about her latest picture, Dick goes into an explanation of his view of acting:

> "Let's suppose that Nicole says to you that Lanier is ill. What do you do in life? What does anyone do? They act--face, voice, words--the face shows sorrow, the voice shows shock, the words show sympathy."
> "Yes--I understand."
> "But in the theatre, No. In the theatre all the best comediennes have built up their reputations by burlesquing the correct emotional responses--fear and love and sympathy."
> "I see." Yet she did not quite see. . .
> "The danger to an actress is in responding. Again, let's suppose that somebody told you, 'Your lover is dead.' In life you'd probably go all to pieces. But on the stage you're trying to entertain--the audience can do the 'responding' for themselves. First the actress has lines to follow, then she has to get the audience's attention back on herself, away from the murdered Chinese or whatever the thing is. So she must do something unexpected. If the audience thinks the character is hard she goes soft on them--if they think she's soft she goes hard. You go all out of character--you understand?"
> "I don't quite," admitted Rosemary. "How do you

> mean out of character?"
> "You do the unexpected thing until you've manoeuvred the audience back from the objective fact to yourself. Then you slide into character again."
> (p. 288)

It is significant that Dick chooses to play the part of Hamlet and give us a dissertation on acting; it is an address from one actor to another. What Dick says serves to concrete the relationship between him and Rosemary as the two actors in the novel. Dick is the master of acting in real life; his discovery of his true condition makes him want to bring the final curtain down. Diver had mentioned earlier the emptiness that resides behind the facade of the actor; now he points out that the great threat to good acting is "responding," which signifies a real loss of control. What Dick is telling Rosemary is how to control an audience, whether they be people who are in close proximity to you or the people who sit in the darkened movie houses and theatres and carefully observe your actions.

In the midst of all this, Nicole's consciousness has been drifting; she has been quietly reacting to Rosemary's presence, but what it has really led to is a reaction against Dick and a strengthening of herself:

> In the bathhouse, she changed to pajamas, her expression still hard as a plaque. But as she turned into the road of arched pines and the atmosphere changed,--with a squirrel's flight on a branch, a wind nudging at the leaves, a cock splitting distant air, with a creep of sunlight transpiring

> through the immobility, then the voices of beach receded--Nicole relaxed and felt new and happy; her thoughts were clear as good bells--she had a sense of being cured and in a new way. Her ego began blooming like a great rich rose as she scrambled back along the labyrinths in which she had wandered for years. She hated the beach, resented the place where she had played planet to Dick's sun.
>
> "Why, I'm almost complete," she thought. "I'm practically standing alone, without him." And like a happy child, wanting the completion as soon as possible, and knowing vaguely that Dick had planned for her to have it, she lay on her bed as soon as she got home and wrote Tommy Barban in Nice a short provocative letter.
>
> (p. 289)

Nicole is correct in thinking that Dick has planned everything for her; what she does not know is that it is only part of Dick that has planned it, Dr. Diver who was brought in to take her case. It is ironic that Dick succeeds in curing his patient while damning himself. The phrase "Physician, heal thyself" comes repeatedly to mind when looking at the evidence that the novel provides.

Her sensibilities bathed in the sun's light, Nicole is quite strong, is "almost complete"; it is with the going down of the sun and the coming of darkness that her spirit of independence begins to flag:

> But that was for the daytime--toward evening with the inevitable diminuition of nervous energy, her spirits flagged, and the arrows flew a little in the twilight. She was afraid of what was in Dick's mind; again she felt that a plan underlay his current actions and she was afraid of his plans--they worked well and they had an all-inclusive logic about them which Nicole was not able to command.

> She had somehow given over the thinking to him, and in his absences her every action seemed automatically governed by what he would like, so that now she felt inadequate to match her intentions against his. Yet think she must; she knew at last the number on the dreadful door of fantasy, the threshold to the escape that was no escape; she knew that for her the greatest sin now and in the future was to delude herself. It had been a long lesson but she had learned it. Either you think --or else others have to think for you and take power from you, pervert and discipline your natural tastes, civilize and sterilize you.
> (p. 291)

Nicole has used Dick much in the same way that Dick has used his father: as a center of morals and as a seat of judgment. What is now taking place is her emancipation; she is giving over the role of planet in Dick's moral world to become a bright sun in the brave new world that she sees around her. Her decision to have an affair with Tommy Barban is prompted by pure desire and by the simple fact that she wants to; a feeling that Dick could never understand. He has always had the inclination but he is too full of his father's training. Existence in the new world reduces the individual to being a kind of crook. When Tommy sees Nicole he asks her "'When did you begin to have white crook's eyes?'" (p. 292). Nicole is no longer attached to the Old American world of morals; she has lined herself up totally with her lineage: she has rediscovered her family's Chicago instincts:

> "I have no mirror here," she said, again in French, but decisively, "but if my eyes have changed it's because I'm well again. And being

> well perhaps I've gone back to my true self--I suppose my grandfather was a crook and I'm a crook by heritage, so there we are. Does that satisfy your logical mind?"
> (p. 292)

When it all comes down to it, the Americans in this novel revert back to their roots; Diver is nothing more than a warped priest, a kissing cousin of Miss Lonelyhearts with his doctrine of suffering. Both have been sired and raised by the clergy. Nicole becomes like her grandfather. The distinction between the world of Diver's father and Nicole's father is beautifully expressed in one of Nicole's thoughts:

> A little later, riding towards Nice, she thought: So I have white crook's eyes, have I? Very well then, better a sane crook than a mad puritan.
> (p. 293)

Nicole has accepted her heritage and rejected Dick's. With Tommy she is able to find a new "tender" night of romance and moonlight:

> They dined at the new Beach Casino at Monte Carlo. . .much later they swam in Beaulieu in a roofless cavern of white moonlight formed by a circlet of pale boulders about a cup of phosphorescent water, facing Monaco and the blur of Mentone. She liked his bringing her there to the eastward vision and the novel tricks of wind and water; it was all as new as they were to each other. Symbolically she lay across his saddle-bow as surely as if he had wolfed her away from Damascus and they had come out upon the Mongolian plain. Moment by moment all that Dick had taught her fell away and she was ever nearer to what she had been in the beginning, prototype of that obscure yielding up of swords that was going on in the world about her. Tangled with love in the moonlight she welcomed

the anarchy of her lover.
(pp. 297-298)

The romance that Nicole has with Tommy is very different from the one that she has had with Dick; the anarchy of Tommy's world is due to his barbarian tendencies: women are simply taken.

Back with Dick after she has had her first encounter with Tommy, Nicole finds herself having a totally new reaction to Dick: "she felt as sorry for him as she had sometimes felt for Abe North and his ignoble destiny, sorry as for the helplessness of infants and the old" (p. 301). [redacted]th and Dick are the two figures in the novel who have come [redacted]epresent a link with an older America; they are also the two men who have been destroyed and who have had some relationship with their new world women. Diver finds that he cannot interact with Nicole any longer; it is hard for him to even handle her presence:

> "I didn't come over here to be disagreeable."
> "Then why did you come, Nicole? I can't do anything for you any more. I'm trying to save myself."
> "From my contamination?"
> "Profession throws me in contact with questionable company sometimes."
> (p. 301)

Diver, involved in a real internal struggle, is lost in his interior darkness. Fitzgerald, in "The Crack-Up," had said that "in a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day";[17] Diver is lost in that world of perpetual night. It is also a world of extreme

self-pity, which Nicole cannot tolerate:

> "You're a coward! You've made a failure of your life, and you want to blame it on me."
> While he did not answer she began to feel the old hypnotism of his intelligence, sometimes exercised without power but always with substrata of truth under truth which she could not break or even crack. Again she struggled with it, fighting him with her small, fine eyes, with the plush arrogance of a top dog, with her nascent transference to another man, with the accumulated resentment of years; she fought him with her money and her faith that her sister disliked him and was behind her now; with the thought of the new enemies he was making with his bitterness, with her quick guile against his wine-ing and dine-ing slowness, her health and beauty against his physical deterioration, her unscrupulousness against his moralities--for this inner battle she used even her weaknesses--fighting bravely and courageously with the old cans and crockery and bottles, empty receptacles of her expiated sins, outrages, mistakes. And suddenly, in the space of two minutes she achieved her victory and justified herself to herself without lie or subterfuge, cut the cord forever. Then she walked, weak in the legs, and sobbing coolly, toward the household that was hers at last.
> Dick waited until she was out of sight. Then he leaned his head forward on the parapet. The case was finished. Doctor Diver was at liberty.
> (p. 302)

Nicole's freeing of herself is very much like the liberation of a child from its parents' control. Nicole has finally freed herself from a highly moralizing Daddy, who has taught her principles until she is blue in the face. With the new blossoming of her ego, she is in a position to reject the wise judgment of Dick. She has found her freedom and health at the same time, and so there is no longer any need for Doc-

tor Diver.

It is in the last pages of the novel that someone again expresses a need for Dick. At two o'clock in the morning Dick receives a call from the French police, telling him that Mary Minghetti and Lady Caroline Sibley-Biers have been arrested for dressing up as sailors and picking up two of the local girls. The reason that he is called upon is stated by Mary Minghetti: "Dick, you can always arrange things--you always could" (p. 304); and in this instance Dick does, once again, and for the last time, arrange things. Diver does not, however, get any rise out of being needed. He expresses to Mary Minghetti his objections to the world in which she lives:

> "You're all so dull," he said.
> "But we're all there is!" cried Mary. "If you don't like nice people, try the ones who aren't nice, and see how you like that! All people want is to have a good time, and if you make them unhappy you cut yourself off from nourishment."
> "Have I been nourished?" he asked.
> (p. 313)

The answer to Diver's question is a definitive "NO"; he has been used and depleted by the "nice people". Dick has tried to teach the rich morals and has had his own morals corrupted. Diver gets splattered with the new world mud, but he never accepts it and rolls in it. Having made his confession he dims out slowly; he returns to his origins, blessing the beach, a ruined priest, before retreating to the home of his fathers. If he has done any accepting, it is the accepting of himself

as a "sensual Puritan".[18] In upstate New York:

> He was considered to have fine manners, and once made a good speech at a public health meeting on the subject of drugs; but he became entangled with a girl who worked in a grocery store, and he was also involved in a lawsuit about some medical question; so he left Lockport.
> (p. 315)

Diver will always get himself in trouble with young girls; it seems to be his designated fate. If he were a priest he would surely share the fate of Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon, in The Night of the Iguana, being locked out of his church after becoming involved with a girl in the parish.

William E. Doherty, in an essay discussing the relationship between Tender Is The Night and Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" has the following to say about the design of Tender Is The Night:

> The title of the novel and the epigraph Fitzgerald offers illuminate the significance of "night" and "darkness" in the story. An enquiry reveals a complicated and careful symbolic structure in Tender Is The Night involving a contrast between the night and the day, darkness and light. The title of the novel declares that the night is tender. There is in it an implicit corollary about the day.[19]

Doherty goes on to further state the dichotomy that exists between day and night:

> It would appear that Fitzgerald has divided his world into two parts--the night and the day. The day is reality, hard, harsh, and vigorous; the night is illusion, tender, joyful, but devitalizing.[20]

To write off Nicole's crack-ups, Dick's being beaten up in Rome, resulting in his confession, and Diver's inner darkness as "devitalizing" would seem to be a basic understatement of the facts. After all, is the night really tender? The nights in the novel would seem to be fairly balanced between the nights of dream and the nights of nightmare; but surely, in this novel, we are left with the taste of ashes. At the very least the title, Tender Is The Night, is ironic. At the end of the novel we are left with Dick Diver existing in his world of three o'clock in the morning.

The corpus of American literature which deals with or presents a night vision does not, on the whole, depict the night as very tender. America starts out scared of the dark with Mather and his Puritan friends and, in Tender Is The Night, we return to that darkness; yet the darkness we see is substantially different in that a change of dark forests has taken place. The Puritans looked out onto the Devil's territories, saw the vastness of the continent as a threat to the community as well as the individual. Dick Diver looks into his own inner darkness; unlike Hazel Motes, in Flannery O'Connor's Wise Blood, Diver does not see a ragged Jesus darting behind a sparse forest of trees; what Diver sees is his own deterioration, a vast nightmare of "Horror and waste".[21] What Fitzgerald says in "Sleeping and Waking" might be Diver's

statement:

> "--I see the real horror develop over the roof-tops, and in the strident horns of night-owl taxis and the shrill monody of revelers' arrival over the way. Horror and waste--
> --Waste and horror--what I might have been and done that is lost, spent, gone, dissipated, unrecapturable.[22]

Dick Diver and Jake Barnes, though motivated by different circumstances, see the same thing, which is the end of themselves and the world of lost possibilities. They both undertake a journey in despair, face the darkness of realization which the Puritans so effectively put off by projecting their own emptiness out onto an unknown continent.

FOOTNOTES

CHAPTER I

[1]Genesis 1:1-5

[2]1 Thessalonians 5:5

[3]John 9:4

[4]Revelation 21:25, 22:5

[5]J. E. Cirlot, A Dictionary of Symbols (New York: Philosophical Library, 1962), p. 218.

[6]Robert Graves, The Greek Myths: 1 (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1955), pp. 11-24.

[7]Graves, p. 14.

[8]Harry Levin, The Power of Blackness (New York: Random House, 1958), p. 29.

[9]Herman Melville, "Hawthorne and His Mosses," The Shock of Recognition, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, 1955), p. 192.

[10]Cotton Mather, The Wonders of the Invisible World (London: John Russell Smith, 1862), p. 13.

[11]Jonathan Edwards, "The Christian Pilgrim," Basic Writings (New York: New American Library, 1966), p. 138.

[12]William Carlos Williams, In The American Grain (New York: New Directions, 1925), p. 110.

[13]Williams, p. 155.

[14]Williams, p. 112.

[15]Williams, pp. 48-58.

[16]Gerald B. Nelson, Ten Versions of America (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1972), p. 13.

[17]Williams, p. 66.

[18]Edward Dahlberg, Can These Bones Live (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1967), p. 44.

[19]John Winthrop, Winthrop's Journal "History of New England": 1630-1649, ed. James Kendall Hosmer (New York: Barnes and Noble, Inc., 1908), I, pp. 68-69.

[20]Leslie A. Fiedler and Arthur Zeiger, ed., O Brave New World (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1960), p. 384.

[21]Cotton Mather, Selections, ed. Kenneth B. Murdock (New York: Hafner, 1960), pp. 7-8.

[22]Mather, The Wonders of the Invisible World, pp. 13-14.

[23]Mather, Wonders, p. 85.

[24]Mather, Wonders, pp. 74-75.

[25]Mather, Selections, pp. 233-234.

[26]Mather, Wonders, p. 80.

[27]Washington Irving, "The Devil and Tom Walker," Works of Washington Irving (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co., n.d.), VII, p. 207. All quotes this edition.

[28]"Cotton Mather's Wonders of the Invisible World," Williams, p. 101.

[29]"Mather's Wonders," Williams, p. 86.

[30]"Mather's Wonders," p. 88.

[31]"Mather's Wonders," p. 95.

[32]"Mather's Wonders," p. 96.

[33]"Mather's Wonders," pp. 99-100.

[34]"Mather's Wonders," p. 99.

[35]Williams, pp. 67-68.

[36]Ola Elizabeth Winslow, "Foreword," Jonathan Edwards: Basic Writings, p. xviii.

[37]Winslow, p. xx.

[38]Jonathan Edwards, "Sinners In The Hands Of An Angry God," Basic Writings, p. 151. All quotes from this edition.

[39]Mather, The Wonders of the Invisible World, p. 74.

[40]Fiedler and Zeiger, O Brave New World, p. 384.

[41]Williams, p. 155.

[42]O Brave New World, p. 410.

[43]O Brave New World, p. 411.

[44]Benjamin Franklin, The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin (New York: The Modern Library, 1944), p. 99.

[45]Williams, pp. 155-156.

[46]Leslie A. Fiedler, Love and Death in the American Novel (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1960), p. 114.

[47]Philip Freneau, "The House of Night," O Brave New World, p. 515.

[48]Freneau, O Brave New World, p. 517.

[49]Freneau, O Brave New World, p. 521.

[50]Freneau, O Brave New World, p. 516.

[51]Ibid.

[52]Brockden Brown, Edgar Huntly, in O Brave New World, ed. Leslie A. Fiedler and Arthur Zeiger, p. 541.

[53]Fiedler and Zeiger, ed., O Brave New World, p. 514.

[54]Ibid., pp. 514-515.

[55]Washington Irving, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Works of Washington Irving (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co., n.d.), VIII, p. 264.

[56]Levin, The Power of Blackness, p. 108.

[57]Levin, p. 163.

[58]Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Custom House," The Scarlet Letter (New York: New American Library, 1959), p. 44. All quotes are from this edition.

[59]Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Night Sketches," Twice Told Tales (New York: Airmont Publishing Co., 1965), p. 259. All quotes are from this edition.

[60]Fiedler and Zeiger, O Brave New World, p. 514.

[61]Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Haunted Mind," Twice Told Tales, pp. 182-183. All quotes are from this edition.

[62]Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Young Goodman Brown," The Celestial Railroad and Other Stories (New York: New American Library, 1963), p. 80. All quotes are from this edition.

[63]Dahlberg; Can These Bones Live, p. 56.

[64]Franklin, Autobiography, p. 72.

[65]Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter, p. 65. All quotes are from this edition.

[66]Herman Melville, Moby-Dick (New York: New American Library, 1961), p. 404. All quotes are from this edition.

[67]Levin, The Power of Blackness, p. 235.

[68]Mark Twain, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (New York: New American Library, 1959), p. 98. All quotes are from this edition.

[69]Nathaniel Hawthorne, The American Notebooks, ed. Randall Stewart (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1932), p. 220.

[70]Mark Twain, Mark Twain's Autobiography (New York: Harper and Row, 1924), I, pp. 133-135.

[71]Levin, The Power of Blackness, p. 235.

[72]Djuna Barnes, Nightwood (New York: New Directions, 1948), p. 14. All quotes are from this edition.

[73]Isaiah 21:11.

[74]Isaiah 21:12.

[75]Levin, The Power of Blackness, p. 235.

[76]Ibid.

[77]Ibid.

[78]Tennessee Williams, The Night of the Iguana (New York: New American Library, 1961), pp. 16-17. All quotes are from this edition.

[79]Melville, Moby-Dick, p. 186.

[80]Melville, Moby-Dick, p. 42.

CHAPTER II

[1]F. Scott Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948), p. 282.

[2]Ernest Hemingway, "Now I Lay Me," The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway (New York: The Modern Library, 1938), p. 461. All quotes are from this edition.

[3]Leslie A. Fiedler and Arthur Zeiger, ed., O Brave New World (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1968), p. 384.

[4]Mark Twain, Mark Twain's Autobiography (New York: Harper and Row, 1924), I, p. 134.

[5]Maxwell Geismar, Mark Twain: An American Prophet (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1970), p. 406.

[6]There are briefer but similar expressions of the condition expressed in "Now I Lay Me" in two other Hemingway stories. See "In Another Country," p. 368, and "A Way You'll Never Be," pp. 506-508, in The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway.

[7]Ernest Hemingway, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway, p. 477. All quotes are from this edition.

[8]Edward Stone, Voices of Despair (New York: Ohio University Press, 1966), p. 189.

[9]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Sleeping and Waking," The Crack-Up, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: New Directions, 1969), p. 63. All quotes are from this edition.

[10]This article was written in 1934, after the publication of Tender Is The Night, which was not received in the way that Fitzgerald had expected it to be. At this time people were beginning to consider Fitzgerald as a has-been.

[11]Walker Percy, The Moviegoer (New York: Noonday Press, 1961), epigraph.

[12]Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926), epigraph. All quotes are from this edition.

[13]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up," The Crack-Up, pp. 72-73. All quotes are from this edition.

[14]F. Scott Fitzgerald, Tender Is The Night (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1933), p. 285.

[15]Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, epigraph.

[16]Earl Rovit, Ernest Hemingway (New York: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1963), p. 149.

[17]Genesis 32:24-25.

[18]Fitzgerald, Tender Is The Night, p. 57.

[19]Ibid.

[20]See Mark Spilka, "The Death of Love in The Sun Also Rises," Hemingway: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. Robert P. Weeks (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1962), pp. 127-138.

[21]Fitzgerald, Tender Is The Night, p. 59.

[22]Fitzgerald, Tender, p. 285.

[23]William Carlos Williams, In The American Grain (New York: New Directions, 1925), p. 156.

[24]Claire Sprague, "The Sun Also Rises: Its 'Clear Financial Basis,'" American Quarterly, (Summer, 1969), pp. 259-266.

CHAPTER III

[1]F. Scott Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948), p. 45. All quotes are from this edition.

[2]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up," The Crack-Up, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: New Directions), p. 69.

[3]Milton R. Stern, The Golden Moment: The Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1970), pp. 56-62.

[4]F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1961), p. 341. All quotes are from this edition.

[5]Stern, The Golden Moment, p. 151.

[6]Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up," p. 69.

[7]F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953), p. 39. All quotes from this edition.

[8]Benjamin Franklin, The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin (New York: The Modern Library, 1944), p. 98.

CHAPTER IV

[1]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up," The Crack-Up, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: New Directions, 1969), p. 69.

[2]F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953), p. 2.

[3]D. H. Lawrence, Studies in Classical American Literature (New York: The Viking Press, 1961), p. 6.

[4]Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby, p. 9.

[5]Gerald B. Nelson, Ten Versions of America (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1972), pp. 59-60.

[6]Milton R. Stern, The Golden Moment: The Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1970), p. 447.

[7]Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby, p. 29.

[8]Ibid., p. 114.

[9]Edith Hamilton, Mythology (New York: The New American Library, 1940), pp. 31-32.

[10]John Grube, in "Tender Is The Night: Keats and Scott Fitzgerald," Tender Is The Night: Essays In Criticism, ed. Marvin J. Lahood (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1969), pp. 179-189, also makes a case for the importance of the song "Mon Ami Pierrot," pp. 185-187.

[11]William Carlos Williams, In The American Grain (New York: New Directions, 1925), pp. 67-68.

[12]Williams, American Grain, p. 180.

[13]Benjamin Franklin, The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin (New York: The Modern Library, 1944), p. 99.

[14]Nelson, Ten Versions of America, p. 53.

[15]Kent and Gretchen Kreuter, "The Moralism of the Later Fitzgerald," Tender Is The Night: Essays In Criticism, ed. Marvin J. Lahood (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1969), p. 55.

[16]Perry Miller, The New England Mind: From Colony to Province (Boston: Beacon Press, 1953), pp. 40-41.

[17]Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up," p. 75.

[18]Edward Dahlberg, Can These Bones Live (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1967), p. 56.

[19]William E. Doherty, "Tender Is The Night and the 'Ode to a Nightingale'," Tender Is The Night: Essays In Criticism, p. 197.

[20]Doherty, p. 198.

[21]F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Sleeping and Waking," The Crack-Up, p. 67.

[22]Fitzgerald, "Sleeping and Waking," p. 67.

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