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The Dark Side of Paradise: Race and Ethnicity in the Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Felipe Smith
Louisiana State University and Agricultural & Mechanical College

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The dark side of paradise: Race and ethnicity in the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald

Smith, Felipe, Ph.D.
The Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical Col., 1988

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The Dark Side of Paradise: 
Race and Ethnicity 
in the Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald

A Dissertation

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Louisiana State University and 
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by

Felipe Smith
B.A., University of New Orleans, 1973
M.A., University of New Orleans, 1978
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According to author and scholar Ralph Ellison, the writers of the early twentieth century (with the exception of Faulkner) adopted Mark Twain's stylistic innovations in pursuit of their personal myth instead of "recreating and extending the national myth" by continuing Twain's development of "the Negro as the symbol of man." To Ellison, these writers had capitulated to a strong current prevalent in American thought: American self-definition in racially exclusive terms. They presented as reality stereotyped portrayals of blacks and other ethnic minorities which served as "key figure[s] in a magic rite by which the white American seeks to resolve the dilemma arising between his democratic beliefs and certain antidemocratic practices." Using the terminology first proposed by Martiniquan psychologist Frantz Fanon, Abdul JanMohamed has attributed this systematic negative figuration of blacks and other dark-skinned people to a "Manichean aesthetic." When they are consistently the recipients of negative valuation, these dark figures become themselves symbols of negation, lowering the value of that which they influence or are associated with. On the other hand, that which resists or opposes them gains in value. By close reading of the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald, I will demonstrate the persistence throughout his writing career of this "Manichean aesthetic" and use it
to identify a cluster of beliefs concerning race and ethnicity which heavily influence his numerous considerations of the American identity and ethos. This cluster of beliefs forms an ideological core or subtext which is an essential element in Fitzgerald's despairing vision of American society in the postwar era. In This Side of Paradise, Fitzgerald uses race and ethnicity to classify the various experiences which shape the moral sensibilities of his hero. In The Beautiful and Damned, he is openly nativistic, while in The Great Gatsby, he renders his vision of a racial apocalypse in largely symbolic terms. The dissertation will focus on Tender Is the Night, which contains Fitzgerald's most ambitious attempt to comprehend the impact of race on the American identity, and will conclude with an assessment of his unfinished The Last Tycoon, which breaks the pattern in its characterization of Jewish movie producer Monroe Stahr.
In his important essay, "Twentieth-Century Fiction and the Black Mask of Humanity" (1953), Ralph Ellison describes the abandonment in early twentieth-century fiction of the most morally compelling issue in American literature of the nineteenth century, protest against the dehumanization of Americans of African descent. Ellison feels that of early twentieth-century white American writers only Faulkner adequately employed "the Negro as a symbol of man"—of man's limitations and debasement, but also of his quest for individual freedom and identity, and his limitless potential. Twain, according to Ellison, established what should have become the pattern for the novelists who followed him, when in Huckleberry Finn he allows the Southern boy to embrace Jim's cause as his own against the certainty of condemnation from the white community. "Jim . . . is not simply a slave," writes Ellison, "he is a symbol of humanity, and in freeing Jim, Huck makes a bid to free himself of the conventionalized evil taken for civilization by the town."¹

For Ellison, the novelists of the early twentieth century (Ellison does not mention Fitzgerald specifically;
he uses Faulkner and Hemingway as representative figures) who publicly rebelled against social convention were quick to adopt Twain's stylistic advancements. As evidence he cites Hemingway's claim that all American writing of this century stems from *Huckleberry Finn*. But he notes that when twentieth-century American writers did attack hypocrisy in its various social incarnations, they either neglected or caricatured the plight of the black man in American life. Some treated with compassion the experiences of first-generation ethnic Americans, but most conjured an image of a solidly Anglo-Saxon America. They had capitulated to a strong current prevalent in American thought: American self-definition in racially exclusive terms.

In an era when social custom was bolstered by unscientific theories arguing for the continuation of hierarchical social and cultural institutions based upon racial characteristics and nationality, the artistic community, which in all other regards perceived itself as the conscience of the nation, in matters of race more than acquiesced to convention, willfully "blind[ing] itself to the essentially undemocratic treatment of [its] fellow citizens" (*Shadow*, 27). However else the writer may have guided public scrutiny of the erosion of American ideals and ethics, Ellison feels that in racial matters he served primarily as a preserver of the status quo.
Ellison notes that the black character in literature by white writers is systematically associated with "the unorganized, irrational forces of American life, through which, . . . the white individual seeks to be at home in the vast unknown world of America. Perhaps the object," Ellison adds, " . . . is not so much to crush the Negro as to console the white man" (Shadow, 41). Thus blacks are stigmatized socially and stereotyped in literature to enhance their therapeutic value to the white American psyche. In White Racism: A Psychohistory, Joel Kovel explains that the diverse groups which peopled America could not forge a national identity precisely because of white refusal to accept blacks as Americans. Originally, Kovel maintains, white European settlers in the American wilderness had to cope with isolation and fear, with occasionally hostile indigenous peoples and with other inhospitable conditions which threatened to destroy their small communities. The response was a relaxation of their moral codes with regards to all that signified "wilderness" to them—the dark landscape and its dark inhabitants—as entities beyond the bounds of God's favor, and thus vulnerable to aggression and violence which would be considered "sinful" if aimed at the civilized.

The result was what Horace Kallen described in 1924 as a "morality at war with a vacuum, wherein the morality has
been transformed from an order and discipline of living into a compensatory check upon life."² Kallen continues:

Small bands in an unknown wilderness, with a living difficult to get and precarious to keep, they fell into fear. Fear imparted a poignant preciousness to the conditions of security to which their lives had been attuned and which were no longer theirs. Fear made every stranger suspect and all otherness guilt. Fear peopled the wilderness with its customary incarnations—devils, ogres, witches; and fear planted them in the very hearts of the neighbors. So the settlers killed Indians, persecuted religious dissidents, tortured and murdered old women and young for witchcraft, exorcised the Devil and invoked God with an intensity of fear that only prosperity and the filling of the scene with fellow men could relax, and finally did relax. Fear was relaxed but not destroyed. (Kallen, 213)

With metonymic precision, the white settlers associated the darkness of that other alien population, the African slaves who had been brought in to accelerate the conquest of the wilderness, with the demonized darkness of the continent. The increased influx of black slaves had the effect of reassuring the whites of the righteousness of their self-ordained role as Christian soldiers in a divinely orchestrated jihad against the Dark Kingdom of unredeemed nature. The cultivation and denaturing of the landscape, the extermination of the indigenous peoples, and the domination of the Africans were followed by material prosperity for the

colonies, and thus were seen as providences of God's election. The early national character, then, in a ritual of territorial expansion and domination which was to be carried out with regularity well into the twentieth century, was formed and continuously revitalized by this psychic opposition to darkness.

The black figure in literature often functions as he does in this social context, as "a marker . . . of limits, a metaphor for the 'outsider.'" The stereotyped sambos, mammies, pickaninnies, and bucks served up to the reading public in the fiction of the first half of this century are to Ellison "key figure[s] in a magic rite by which the white American seeks to resolve the dilemma arising between his democratic beliefs and certain antidemocratic practices" (Shadow, 28). In effect, the stereotypes are mutually reassuring to the writer and the reader, drawing them together into a smug fraternity based upon their implicit feelings of superiority to the blacks. "Since the beginning of the nation," Ellison says in the Time essay "What America Would Be Like Without Blacks,"

Perhaps that is why one of the first epithets that many European immigrants learned when they got off the boat was the term "nigger"—it made them feel instantly American. (Ellison, "America," 55)

But all European immigrants were not able to move easily into American society by this formula. American territorial expansion abroad and increased immigration from areas in the south and east of Europe brought into the national fold large numbers of people who in appearance and culture did not reflect the traditional American self-image as an extension of the Anglo-Saxon people of England. By the height of the Genteel Era of the late nineteenth century, the narcissistic feudalism of the Old South's planter class had been incorporated into an American racial worldview which contradicted the premises of Kipling's fantasy of "The White Man's Burden." When anti-expansionists suggested America should "[t]ake up th' white man's burden and hand it to th' coons," Teddy Roosevelt had no satisfactory rejoinder.4 But years later, when an assistant professor of psychology at Dartmouth College, Charles Conant Josey, suggested that a new feudal order be created based upon a hierarchical racial arrangement wherein "we . . . shift . . . the burdens [of our own working class] to the backs of [the colored races abroad] and still maintain the richness and colorfulness of our own culture," he was describing what

had been in effect all along as the foundation of American social and economic policy at home and abroad:

We have found reasons for believing that the good of the world will best be served by the domination of the whites. . . . [The program suggested] will intensify race consciousness. It will furnish us the means of a rich culture without internal exploitation. It will set free large numbers of our citizens to indulge in creative enterprises. It will insure to the world the continued domination of the whites. It will insure the world the contributions the white race seem so pre-eminently able to make. Surely, then, it is our duty to take measures to safeguard our future. (Gossett, 401. My emphasis.)

The note of anxiety which creeps into Josey's proposal at the end, though, highlights the fact that after a century and a quarter of existence, Americans were still largely insecure (some would say guilt-ridden) and still unsure about who they were and what they stood for. The rise in the nineteenth century of various philosophies touting the racial superiority of people of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic origins was in large measure a response to this lingering anxiety. The upsurge of Teutonism in the nineteenth century developed independently of anthropological, economic and political arguments about race differences. The early theorists were romanticists who created the myth of the fiercely freedom-loving blond giants (Nietzsche's "blond beasts") who roamed northern and central Europe and whose fairness of skin, long skulls, and unconquerable bravery in battle and skill in social organization indicated their
biological, intellectual, and social (translation: racial) superiority. Early Teutonists like John Lothrop Motley found acceptance limited by a strong anti-religious flavor which ran through their writings, but the pro-science momentum of the late nineteenth century made the theory so fashionable as an appropriate extension of Darwinian logic (which gave impetus for the "scientific" attempts to prove the validity of the theory) that it was accepted as factual by the nation's intelligentsia, by its politicians and, since it was one more confirmation of their own deeply-held feelings, by the masses.

Along with the theory came a profound conviction, though, that nature, which had created this superior race, could not be trusted to ensure its continued dominance. Pronouncing America the last stronghold of white civilization, the racial purists urged a variety of approaches for the maintenance of Anglo-Saxon mastery, including expulsion, occasional lynching, or even mass extermination of blacks. Other racial purists were alarmed by the growing immigrant population, focusing on the influx of southern and eastern European immigration increases on one coast and of Asians on the other. More alarming still for these racists were the high birthrates of the newcomers and the decrease in births among those of Anglo-Saxon origin. Dr. John Ellis' *Deterioration of the Puritan Stock and Its Causes* (1884) urged that "true Christian parents"
have "as many children as they can" to keep New England from being overrun by "irreligious. . . [and] ignorant foreigners," though others argued that true Christians would not want their offspring bought up in a world polluted by the foreign-born (Gossett, 300). Even Teddy Roosevelt got into the act (in an article entitled "Race Decadence," [1911]) by arguing against birth control by the "old native American stock," claiming that such practices were as morally bad as polygamy. The most famous and popular of the Teutonic origins school were Madison Grant and Theodore Lothrop Stoddard. Grant expanded the base of the superior race in The Passing of the Great Race (1915) by including some among the Irish, Italians and French who had Teutonic racial traits, and by substituting the term "Nordic" for Teutonic. (George Chandler later officially recognized the Irish as full members in the freemasonry of racial purity by dubbing them "Teuto-Celts." ) Grant argued that all of history was a racial struggle for mastery, and taking a cue from Houston Stewart Chamberlain's insistence that Jesus was a Teuton, Grant proceeded to appropriate every important figure from biblical and Western history by noting some detail of birth or physical appearance that suggested that the source of greatness was a Nordic racial heritage. Stoddard, whose first book, The Rising Tide of Color (1920), was published by Scribners a month after Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise, and who is referred to obliquely in The
Great Gatsby, carried forward many of Grant's ideas, including the need for urgent immigration restriction because of the higher birthrate and lower moral standards of the "inferior races." He was later to argue that the future of the race was too important a consideration to wait for biologists to develop the proof to substantiate their claims. In the meantime, a counter-assault was developing by men such as Walter Lippman, Melville Herskovits, and particularly Franz Boas, who were shredding the basis of the Teutonic-Nordic theory by insisting on precisely what its adherents couldn't supply, the evidence. In the words of Horace Kallen, "what [the eugenicists] stand on, it cannot be too often emphasized, is not . . . a scientific survey of human quality but the passions and prejudices arising out of the disturbed mind of a social class grown fearful of the security of its status" (Kallen, 28).

"White people have used the Negro in a variety of ways to perpetuate their own immaturity," explains Horace Cayton in "The Psychology of the Negro Under Discrimination" (1946), an observation that could be extended to the various immigrant groups which met with often violent opposition from "nativists." One product of that temperamental immaturity was surely the typically Faustian cast of

American racial mythology: "they are black, unworthy, subhuman; I, white, am defined by contrast, worthy, perhaps --who knows?--even superhuman" (Kovel, 208). It is therefore doubly ironic that the would-be world power was so self-conscious and insecure. The beginning of the twentieth century found America on the verge of asserting its destiny as the future of Western civilization, yet in an increasingly hysterical voice, frightened by its racially and ethnically diverse population. "We are submerged beneath a conquest so complete that the very name of us means something not ourselves," wrote one alarmist, while Henry Adams wailed that the "alien" had taken possession of the land (Kallen, 93; Gossett, 305). The eugenicists, meanwhile, through spokesmen such as Grant and Stoddard were predicting a different sort of apocalypse, the gradual effacement of the very American identity itself into a mongrelized race of savages and half-wits who would not even bear the physical traces of the superior Nordic stock. Grant laments that

these immigrants adopt the language of the native American; they wear his clothes; they steal his name; and they are beginning to take his women, but they seldom adopt his religion or understand his ideals, and while he is being elbowed out of his own home the American looks calmly abroad and urges on others the suicidal ethics (i. e., democracy) which are exterminating his own race." (Grant, 81.)

Grant goes on to contrast New York with Rome, Alexandria and Byzantium, explaining that large cities "have always been
gathering places of diverse races, but New York is becoming a cloaca gentium which will produce many amazing racial hybrids and some ethnic horrors that will be beyond the powers of future anthropologists to unravel." With American identity established on the shaky ground of white race supremacy, it is no wonder that the increased visibility of the dark and the ethnic Other in the large cities should cause the sounding of alarms: "'The old values that rule the common life are in danger. Arm, arm, lest they be destroyed'" (Kallen, 13).

As Charles Stember notes, "In the early twentieth century, the United States was becoming so heterogeneous that every social strain could be interpreted in terms of ethnic subversion; and '100-per-cent Americans' tried desperately to impose unity and social stability by asserting against all intrusive groups their own sense of possession and preeminence in the land of their fathers."6 The anxieties that had attended the foray into the wilderness returned with America's emergence as a global power because, in the words of Horace Kallen, of "fear and jealousy--fear lest the current values of privilege and prejudice be dethroned; jealousy of what seemed to be [white Americans'] ostensible successors" (Kallen, 15). Several tangible results of the crusade were the rise of American

anti-black and anti-foreign groups in the twenties (particularly the Ku Klux Klan) and the imposition of immigration restrictions to protect American identity from unwanted racial elements. The Immigration Act of 1921 established a "national origins quota" which limited European immigration each year to three percent of the number of immigrants from that country who were living in America in 1910. By 1924, howls from the pseudo-scientific eugenicists that the earlier law was too liberal led to enactment of another, more restrictive measure which set the limit at two percent and moved the year of demarcation back to 1890. Further, the Japanese were excluded altogether, along with other Orientals who had been barred by the prior measure. The intent was to gerrymander the potential gene pool to reflect the racial composition of the nation in its youthful splendor at the outset of the narcissistic Nineties, an effort which the Chicago Tribune hailed as a second "'Declaration of Independence, not less significant . . . than the Declaration of 1776'" (Gossett, 406-7). Signing the bill, Calvin Coolidge insisted "'America must be kept American'" (Gossett, 407).

This brief sketch of American racial and ethnic conflict is important for the study of the writings of F.
Scott Fitzgerald which follows because it represents the history beneath the history romanticized by Fitzgerald's most famous texts. Because of Fitzgerald's mood shifts between egotism and extreme self-doubt, his was a personality particularly prone to the "tricky magic" of which Ellison speaks, the "magic" by which the insecure individual bolsters his uncertain self-image by projecting his inferiorities upon the Other. Fitzgerald's writings suggest that he adopted a hostility towards otherness in compensation for his own economic, class and ethnic insecurities. This racial and ethnic intolerance played an important role in his mythical, historical and social representations of America. In his correspondence he gratuitously caricatured blacks and disparaged non-Aryans. In his published attempts to codify the American essence, he consistently elevated the stature of Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin at the expense of other ethnic groups, even of his own Irish-Catholic heritage, of which he was ashamed because of its class implications.

The irony is that his Irish-Catholic side was ascendant, his maternal grandfather having made a modest fortune as a wholesaler in St. Paul, Minnesota. His father's lineage included Francis Scott Key (for whom Fitzgerald was named) and was traceable back to the Norman Conquest, but by the turn of the century the family fortunes were definitely on the decline. Naturally, despite his maternal
grandfather's success Fitzgerald strongly preferred his father's heritage, which fueled many of Fitzgerald's youthful fantasies and provided him with a sense of his own connection to an original American aristocracy, the "legitimate" American identity. Still, he was convinced that his father's business failures and mannered ineffectuality resulted from an old American racial stock which he variously termed (following the lead of H. L. Mencken) "worn out," "tired" or "exhausted." Fitzgerald blamed his own social failures on the influence that his uncertain class status had upon his upbringing and personality. And so because of his consciousness of social marginality, Fitzgerald grounded his observations on the American character in an ambivalent denunciation of both the ruling class and individual members of it. ("Let me tell you about the very rich. They are different from you and me.") This criticism of the class and its members is counterbalanced by the care Fitzgerald takes to preserve its group symbols and values. Though most Fitzgerald scholars note his class ambivalence, they have not adequately considered the impact of the racial terms in which his attitudes are often
expressed. For Fitzgerald, the American identity was as much a matter of race and class as of nationality.

The study of race and ethnicity in the works of Fitzgerald is not an end in itself; rather, the aim is to reveal dimensions of his work not otherwise accessible. An understanding of Fitzgerald's fear of alterity underscores the other side of the romantic vision for which he is famous, particularly in the way that Fitzgerald consistently connects the hero's loss of the romantic dream world to the rise of the dark Other. This examination of Fitzgerald's works addresses his position in the canon as the ideal exponent of the American dream. Once his emotional allegiances are clearer, a more accurate assessment of his contribution to our understanding of the American identity can be reached.

Scholars have documented Fitzgerald's preoccupation with the American identity through the years, particularly the America of the Jazz Age twenties, during which Fitzgerald encouraged the public's association of the carefree life with Zelda and himself. But all of his

biographers note also a puritanical streak in him which, if it did not save him from a life of dissipation, at the very least prevented him from enjoying that lifestyle without reservation. Typically Fitzgerald would become repentant and self-condemnatory after a night of carousing. Acquaintances saw in his flamboyant behavior a compulsion to remain in the public eye, whether that meant accolades or disapproval. In different moods he either blamed his parents ("Why shouldn't I go crazy?" he wrote Max Perkins, his editor. "My father is a moron and my mother is a neurotic, half insane with pathological nervous worry. Between them they haven't and never have had the brains of Calvin Coolidge," Donaldson, 1); his wife ("When I was your age [to his daughter, Scottie] I had a great dream. . . . Then the dream divided one day when I decided to marry your mother after all, even though I knew she was spoiled and meant no good to me. I was sorry immediately I had married her . . . ." Grandeur, 441); and, with explicitly puritan overtones, himself (". . . I've hit bottom and there's scarcely one more emotion in me. Yes,  

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I blame myself. I've always been the victim of my weaknesses").

Scott Donaldson has termed Fitzgerald a "histrionic personality"--a "seeksorrow," as Samuel Johnson called the type: "one who is certain that no one else has ever suffered so much and determined that others should realize this" (Donaldson, 188). The typical Fitzgerald lament was filled with strains of lost possibilities, lost youth, lost admiration, lost love. "Taking things hard--from Genevra [King] to Joe Mank[iewicz, Fitzgerald's first great love and his boss at MGM, respectively]--: That's stamp that goes into my books so that people can read it blind like brail [sic]," one of Fitzgerald's "Notebook" entries reads. Certainly, one of the most important losses was his first, the loss of an aristocratic background suitable to his social ambitions. As a boy he told neighbors that he "had been found on the Fitzgerald doorstep one cold morning wrapped in a blanket to which was pinned a paper bearing on it the regal name of 'Stuart,'" and in a 1936 essay, "Author's House," he playfully mentions that he has only recently buried his belief that he "would never die like


other people, and that I wasn't the son of my parents but a son of a king, a king who ruled the whole world."11

The "foundling prince" fantasy is a motif that characterizes not only Fitzgerald's adolescence, but his young adulthood ("... I'm so damned tired of being told that you 'used to wonder why they kept princesses in towers,'" complained Zelda in an April, 1919 letter "--you've written that verbatim in your last six letters!"12) and it certainly supplies the emotional force behind the romantic quests of heroes like Jay Gatsby and Dick Diver. "The two basic stories of all time are Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer [sic]," Fitzgerald wrote in his "Notebook" (Notebooks, 163). It is precisely this intuition of his that the typical plot revolves around a drama of mythical kingdoms lost and reclaimed that gives Fitzgerald's work its characteristic mood of "hauntedness," particularly in those works in which he attempts to comprehend "America, that fairy tale among nations" (Turnbull, 307). The quest for lost identity, the heroic attempt to restore a mythical past, is the agon of the typical Fitzgerald text.


12 Matthew Bruccoli and Margaret M. Duggan, eds., Correspondence of F. Scott Fitzgerald (New York: Random House, 1980) 43.
Fitzgerald is an ideal writer to test Ellison's analysis of twentieth-century fiction because his anxieties over the changing demographics of the great American cities often found voice in such fantasies of lost innocence and grandeur. Despite his notoriety as a chronicler of flaming youth and a prophet of the flapper era, Fitzgerald himself insisted that the youth he popularized were actually those about five years younger than himself: "The truth was that we found the youth younger than ourselves, the sheiks and the flappers, rather disturbing."\(^{13}\) Although he cultivated the pose of Jazz Age philosopher, Fitzgerald emotionally identified with the past, with its stable sense of identity. He made it clear that he would gladly sacrifice the cynicism of the modern age for the sureties of an America in its pristine turn-of-the-century glory:

So we inherited two worlds--the one of hope to which we had been bred; the one of disillusion which we had discovered early for ourselves. And that first world was growing as remote as another country, however close in time. My father wrote the old-fashioned "s" in his youthful letters and as a boy during the Civil War was an integral part of the Confederate spy system between Washington and Richmond. . . . I do not "accept" that world [of dissolution], as for instance my daughter does. But I function in it with familiarity, and to a growing extent my generation is beginning to run it. ("My Generation," 121.)

It is this sense of himself as a liminal figure caught between generations, between the past and the future, that earned for Fitzgerald Malcolm Lowry's fond designation as "the Last Laocoon."14

In an era that included men such as Grant and Stoddard, though, Fitzgerald was not the only Laocoon. Because he was so concerned about the loss of the genteel America which had engendered his fantasies of social conquest, because all his hopes for the realization of that dream depended upon America remaining the America of his youth (its elitist social structure making that conquest all the more impressive) Fitzgerald was troubled by the trends which blurred the old lines of social distinction. It is only one paradox among many that Fitzgerald was able to achieve acclaim by chronicling the break-up of the Old Order which had snubbed him, yet which he still felt an allegiance to. Like his hero Gatsby, it was not enough that he conquer the social realm of the nouveau riche; his effort meant nothing to him if the elite did not accept him as one of their long lost.

It was in his insistence on realizing this youthful dream that Fitzgerald made the essential connection between his personal mythology and the national mythos, the American

dream. When he considered America, he identified the national spirit in terms of his own dreams of ascendancy. In the mid-thirties, he blamed his alcoholism on "Weltschmerz--the uncertainty of the world today. All sensitive minds feel it. There is a passing away of the old order and we wonder what there will be for us in the new--if anything" (Turnbull, 265). But in the process of describing his fears about the dissolution of that Old Order, he fell prey to his generation's habit of identifying America in racially exclusive terms.

Because the race polemicists appealed to the mass audience by wrapping their appeals to racial solidarity in the traditional pieties, to Fitzgerald's intellectual circle of acquaintances their dogma was anathema. Not that these intellectuals refrained from racial prejudices—quite the contrary, as their correspondence and memoirs show. Presumably they thought the idea of mounting a social crusade over such issues as white racial purity to be typical of the backwardness of the masses. For today's readers, it is easy to misread Fitzgerald's or Mencken's contempt for the Ku Klux Klan, for example, as a progressive racial attitude, when more likely it was the Klan's methods and manner rather than their message that troubled the intellectuals.

Fitzgerald's autobiographical records, though, indicate a youthful fascination with the romance of white race
superiority. His "Ledger" notes several black playmates during his fifth and sixth years when he visited the Southern plantation home of one of his father's relatives in Maryland: "... made friends with a colored boy, name forgotten--name Ambrose." The following year when he returned for his cousin's wedding, he recalls that "After the wedding he turned on his two black friends Roscoe and Forrest and with the help of a bigger boy tried to tie them up with ropes" (Ledger, 157). The summer before he entered Princeton, he wrote and starred in a drama of the Civil War, The Coward, in which a Confederate soldier redeems himself by acts of bravery. His romance with the Southern cause is another instance of his identification with his father's past: in the midst of his lament for the old disappearing world "of hope" quoted above, Fitzgerald makes an immediate connection between his father's Civil War experience as a Confederate spy and that lost world.16


16 See Dick Diver's recollection of his father in Fitzgerald, Tender Is the Night (New York: Scribners, 1962) 101. See also "The Death of My Father" in Matthew Bruccoli, The Composition of Tender Is the Night: A Study of the Manuscripts (Pittsburgh: U Pittsburgh Press, 1963) 124-5, in which Fitzgerald includes this recollection: "... I did not understand at all why men that I knew were vulgar and not gentlemen made him stand up or give the better chair on our verandah. But I know now. There was new young peasant stock coming up every ten years and he was of the generation of the colonies and the revolution." Note Fitzgerald's
His retrospective article "My Generation" also recalls a turn-of-the-century social awareness behind his childhood games:

We were born to power and intense nationalism. We did not have to stand up in a movie house and recite a child's pledge to the flag to be aware of it. We were told individually and as a unit, that we were a race that could potentially lick ten others of any genus. . . . Jingo was the lingo. . . . We carved our own swords whistling Way Down in Colon Town, where we would presently engage in battle with lesser breeds. ("My Generation," 121.)

But when he attempted to use the football field or the social gathering as an arena for the realization of his fantasies, he found his own life merely a disappointing reenactment of his father's social failure. His adolescent dreams of social and athletic distinction only exacerbated his sense of unfulfillment, for he was unpopular among his peers (too pushy) and unsuccessful as an athlete (too small, too timid). He was able to achieve a degree of acclaim through his writing, though, and so it was while he was at Princeton working on Triangle Club musical productions that he decided that he would take a literary route to success. "I want to be one of the greatest writers who ever lived."

belief that "new young peasnt stock" had literally displaced his father and had appropriated his property. See also Henry Dan Piper, "F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Image of His Father," Princeton University Library Chronicle, XII (1951): 181-186.
Fitzgerald explained to schoolmate Edmund Wilson. "Don't you?" (Grandeur, 70). Nothing but the best would do for the young Mid-Westerner who needed the reassurance of public attention to sustain his feeling of self-worth.

"'I'm only interested in the best,'" (Turnbull, 54) Fitzgerald once said when asked why he always approached the most attractive girl at a social event, and clearly for him, it was a method of compensating for the deficiencies in his background: "I didn't have the top two things--great animal magnetism or money. I had the two second things, tho', good looks and intelligence. So I always got the top girl" (Notebooks, 205). In fact, Fitzgerald did not always get the top girl, which is one of the reasons his career took the shape it did. His failure to be accepted by the wealthy family of Westover debutante Ginevra King (someone in her family had said aloud within his hearing, "Poor boys shouldn't think of marrying rich girls," Ledger, 170) haunted him for many years afterwards, contributing the outline of the story of Gatsby's romantic quest. Thus literature became for him a primary avenue of compensation, an outlet for the unrealized fantasies of his youth. Like the rest of his era, he was haunted by insecurity, even when he was at his peak, because "[s]omething in his nature never got over things, never accepted his sudden rise to fame because all the steps weren't there" (Notebooks, 194). He shared with his culture a sense of "infinite
possibilities" and a pervasive fear of an underlying inferiority: "Generally—I knew that at bottom I lacked the essentials. At the last crisis, I knew I had no real courage, perseverance or self-respect" (Turnbull, 35). Fitzgerald coined a phrase which indicated his awareness of a cultural basis for his immaturity—"inescapable racial childishness" (Notebooks, 148)—which expresses both his personal and his culture's conviction that they could remain at life's carnival indefinitely, without ever having to pay since there would always be "lesser breeds" onto whom burdens could be shifted. In his earlier works Fitzgerald was behind his generation in realizing that someone else was carrying the social baggage so that the social class to which he aspired could remain romantic and unaging, universalizing his blindness with the platitude, "It was characteristic of the Jazz Age that it had no interest in politics at all."17

Fitzgerald's self-assessments, though, stress not his identification with his era, but his emotional involvement with the past: "I look out at it—and I think it is the most beautiful history in the world. . . . It is the history of all human aspiration—not just the American dream but the human dream and if I came at the end of it that too is a place in the line of the pioneers" (Notebooks, 332). His

sense of being at the end of a universal historical movement establishes the basis for his rejection of the modern world. The terms in which he establishes the modern world as Other are what this study will examine in detail.

One of the excesses that Fitzgerald maintained along with the era whose egotism and insecurity so closely paralleled his own was a threatened sense of identity—a perception of the increasing ethnic and racial difference of the urban population as an implicit assault upon the national identity. Since a tenuous social status correlates strongly to one type of "ethnocentric personality," it is possible to see Fitzgerald's admitted inferiority complex as an important influence on his perception of social class, race and ethnicity. As Else Frenkel-Brunswik explains in "A Study of Prejudice in Children," "The parents of the ethnocentric child are often socially marginal. The less they can accept their marginality, the more urgent becomes the wish to belong to the privileged groups" (Rose, 481). Certainly in Fitzgerald's background there was this dissatisfaction with marginality: his father drank to compensate for his business failures and his mother was ambitious for him (though not encouraging toward his writing.
career). "Her great hope was her son, whom she loved extravagantly as a woman will when her husband has in some way disappointed her," according to one biographer (Turnbull, 27).

Frenkel-Brunswik found further that the ethnocentric child, unable to fully identify with his parents and unable to openly hate them, instead represses his hostilities and "displace[s] them] upon socially inferior and foreign groups" (Rose, 481). The child develops an externalized value system: "What is socially accepted and what is helpful in the climbing of the social ladder is considered good, and what deviates, what is considered different, and what is socially inferior is considered bad."¹⁸

In a widely quoted letter to author John O'Hara, Fitzgerald reveals his own consciousness of the problem:

I am half black Irish and half old American stock with the usual exaggerated ancestral pretensions. The black Irish half of the family had the money and looked down upon the Maryland side of the family who had, and really had, that certain series of reticences and obligations that go under the poor old shattered word "breeding" (modern form "inhibitions") So being born in that atmosphere of crack, wise crack and countercrack I developed a two-cylinder inferiority complex. (Grandeur, 25)

¹⁸ In support of Frenkel-Brunswik's findings, Jerome Himelhoch finds in "A Personality type Associated with Prejudice," that "Among these personality tendencies [for which prejudice provides an outlet] there may be repressed hostility toward members of his [family], status anxiety, authoritarian tendencies, repressed sexual wishes, and insecurity arising from self-hate" (Rose, 500).
Fitzgerald cites the fact that the "black Irish" side of his family looked down on his father's side, and that this explains his sense of inferiority. His mother's side embarrassed him with its lack of "breeding." Thus for the impressionable youth, the parameters of his identity were framed very early by this concern with "breeding" and with the distinction between the traditional "American" and the upstart nouveau riche.

One of Fitzgerald's friends in the thirties, Margaret Egloff, a young American who met him while she was studying Jungian psychology, analyzed one of Fitzgerald's dreams and related its meaning to his basic feelings of inferiority:

[To Fitzgerald], the rich, powerful and the chic were the people to identify with, and become one with. The fact that he was not born into that society galled him, and he hated himself for his own and everyone else's snobbery. He hated his mother for her upward aspirations, and he despised his father for not setting his goal and his career in that direction. But with all his ambivalence his underlying value system was very similar to his mother's. (Donaldson, 15)

So Fitzgerald's desperate fear that deep inside he was merely a common, "black" Irish climber (he could not read Joyce with enjoyment because "half of my ancestors come from just such an Irish strata or perhaps a lower one," Letters, 337) pushed him to adopt outwardly the mannerisms of his father, establishing the characteristic tension which determines the failures of Fitzgerald's fictional heroes.
This fear also made him hyper-sensitive towards the opinions others held of him—at times frantic that they might glimpse the dark secret of his inadequacy, and at other times truculent, almost masochistically forcing them to "find him out." His "racial snobbishness," as he called it, was related to this complex need to rise above his ethnic origins and his perverse compulsion to project his self-hatred on those who reminded him, however slightly, of his own social inferiority. But while Fitzgerald has populated his novels with negative portrayals of socially marginal figures who attempt to infiltrate elite society, a degree of social marginality also informs the heroic quests of Fitzgerald's best characters.

One early indication of this facet of his personality is an undergraduate prank that probably began during his sophomore year at Princeton when his fate at that institution was being decided. That spring he was sweating out the elections for the various eating clubs which served as campus fraternities, and later that summer he had to overcome certain academic problems which would determine his ascent to the upper reaches of the social hierarchy (as Amory does in This Side of Paradise). His academic failures that year affected the course of his life thereafter, he felt. At the beginning of that year, Fitzgerald began using a distinctive "trademark" symbol in lieu of a signature. (See Correspondence, 8-13.) Though cartoons, collages and
various witticisms had been used previously in his personal correspondence, the interesting aspect of this "trademark" is that it is a black "sambo" caricature, complete with white rolling eyes and thick white lips. At a time when his acquaintances were struck by his narcissism ("They found him a bit too fond of smoothing his blond, wavy hair and eyeing himself approvingly in the mirror," and they were irked by his "trick of barging into people's rooms at two or three a.m. and parading back and forth before the mirror as he talked," Turnbull, 40; 47) it is perhaps revealing of his psychological state that he could draw on a post card two caricatures--one of them the sambo figure--and ask a young cousin, "Do I look like this, or like this " (Correspondence, 13, author's emphasis).

The sambo figure is a culturally-approved symbol of inferiority whose exaggerated external blackness correlates exactly with the "blackness" Fitzgerald may have felt within. But the adoption of such a symbol as his own reflects the psychological and sociological motivations of his culture's popularization of such images through the comic stereotypes which developed by way of blackface minstrelsy. As Berndt Ostendorf says of the blackface tradition,

Minstrelsy anticipated on stage what many Americans deeply feared: the blackening of America. Minstrelsy did in fact create a symbolic language and a comic iconography for "intermingling" culturally with the African Caliban
while at the same time "isolating" him socially. In blackening his face the white minstrel acculturated voluntarily to his comic vision of blackness, thus anticipating in jest what he feared in earnest.19

Ostendorf reinforces the sense of minstrelsy and racial stereotyping which Ellison refers to as a magic rite having less to do with blacks themselves than with white fears of losing control over their environment. Blacks and dark-skinned Others continued to provide external images upon which to project these anxieties, providing cultural as well as individual catharsis. Since loss of power or prestige means relegation to the lower social classes and an inevitable sharing of identity with those classes, a fall from social grace meant possible identification with the dark Other who dwelt in society's nether reaches, and it is with this fear that Fitzgerald seems to have been particularly oppressed.

But conversely, the rise of the dark Other in numbers and in wealth would create the same threatened identification, which a collective white psyche based on opposition to otherness could not tolerate. Contemporary racial stereotypes like those which Fitzgerald made use of in his fiction comprised, as Ostendorf puts it, a "symbolic

substitute for material and economic bondage, a new contractual symbolism designed to take over from the whip and the lash" (Ostendorf, 70). If the comic Negro type allayed white fears of black claims to equality, though, other more sinister types were employed to raise public disquiet and strongly influence public racial attitudes. But whether comic or sinister, the black stereotype was an inherently inferior being because of his blackness, in a culture conditioned to a color symbolism which associated darkness with evil or valuelessness.

In a culture which worships the Nordic blond-haired, blue-eyed, straight-nosed type as its "somatic norm image," the negative pole is described by the exaggerated negroid features that were manifest in each black stereotype. Inevitably, by establishing a color continuum into which the "races" of man were positioned from light to dark, racial essence for each of the major groups was arbitrarily assigned decreasing values. The representation of blacks as symbols of negation in Western literature is what Abdul R. JanMohamed has termed a "Manichean aesthetic."²⁰ He derives his terminology, in part, from the Martiniquan psychologist Frantz Fanon who describes the phenomenon from a colonial perspective:

[The black] represents not only the absence of values, but also the negation of values. He is, let us dare to admit, the enemy of values, and in this sense he is the absolute evil. He is the corrosive element, destroying all that comes near him; he is the deforming element, disfiguring all that has to do with beauty or morality; he is the repository of maleficent powers, the unconscious and irretrievable instrument of blind forces.  

Fanon's formulation here does not address the cultural value placed upon the "pacified" black whose submission to majority values, including a belief in his own inferiority, allows his provisional acceptance into the culture's self-image as a reinforcement of its self-aggrandizing narcissism (Kovel, 189-190). The servile "good nigger" is prominent in the culture's advertisements of the "good life," the illusion of superiority available even to the masses for a small sum. Yet even this "positive" value of the black image derives from an unequivocal belief in the inferiority of blackness (Ostendorf, 74).

The more malign application of this aesthetic is clearly evident in the racial appeals by writers like Stoddard for stronger social bulwarks against "the enemy" within and without the "dikes" of Nordic world civilization. Joel Kovel explains the psychological mechanism behind this Manichean perspective in this fashion: "Whatever a white man experiences as bad in himself . . . whatever is forbidden

and horrifying in human nature, may be designated as black and projected onto a man whose dark skin and oppressed past fit him to receive the symbol" (Kovel, 65-6). Writers were not only able to use this Manichean symbolism to stereotype characters for public consumption, but, as Fanon suggests, creative use of the non-pacified black figure in association with some person or place having normally a neutral or even positive connotation could actually impute a negative value. In John Dos Passos' The Big Money (1937), for example, the black homosexual "Gloria Swanson" signals the depth of one-time idealist Dick Savage's moral plunge, when Gloria and a "strapping black buck he said was his girlfriend Florence" spend the night with Dick and steal all of his money.22 On the other hand, when a writer wants to register approval, he might use an entirely opposite symbolism, so conventional as to surpass cliché, as Fitzgerald does here to emphasize the "Dutchiness" of one of his female characters: "Nevertheless, the bright little apples of her cheeks, the blue of the Zuyder Zee in her eyes, the braided strands of golden corn on the wide forehead, testified to the purity of her origin. She was the school beauty."23


For Fitzgerald, this dualistic aesthetic was easy to employ, as it fit his temperament exactly: "As I grow older I become increasingly a devotee of the 'Mandiean Heresey' [sic] which was to regard humanity as a two-faced creation—and give God and the Devil opposite if not equal attributes" (Notebooks, 335). Hence, light/dark symbolism in his works is very orthodox, and becomes increasingly pronounced as his view of the world becomes more despairing. Because Fitzgerald was a type of racist which psychologists refer to as "aversive," and because his own tenuous self-image demanded that he avoid personal contact with the dark Other except where social roles were strictly defined, it was an easy matter for him to associate dark skin and evil intent in his writing.

As Robert Forrey has shown in his essay, "Negroes in the Fiction of F. Scott Fitzgerald," "Fitzgerald's Negroes are almost always menial characters who are referred to disparagingly—sometimes by the author himself in the third person—as 'coons,' 'niggers,' 'pickaninnies,' or Samboes.' Their function is usually to create comic effect" (Forrey, 293). But his later stories and his novels in general dispense with these folksy types which originated in the Plantation School of Southern writers, with its myth, influential well into the twentieth century, of Ante-bellum black contentment. Relieved from overt typing, Fitzgerald's black characters nonetheless carry the same negative
aesthetic value by virtue of skin coloring alone. "[I]n these latter days," he confesses in "The Crack Up," (1936) "I couldn't stand the sight of . . . Negroes (light or dark)" (Crack-Up, 73). Here Fitzgerald's dichotomy of blacks by external coloring suggests that by his reckoning a Manichean scale of value applies to various shades of blacks as well, but he has grown averse to "light or dark" equally at present. In large part, Fitzgerald also attributes negative value to the various ethnic types who are part of the urban environment (particularly Jews and Italians), and they therefore assume an equivalent function to his blacks.

Thus Fitzgerald adapts cultural material to the perceived demands of his audience in a way which expresses his personal anxieties about the changing demographics of urban America. Other writers before him had provided models for racial and ethnic portrayals which undoubtedly influenced him. The practitioners of literary naturalism, for example, took great pains to show "race" as a major factor in human motivation. Using Hippolyte Taine's formula of race, environment and historical moment, and his method of isolating a single dominant trait as the basis for character delineation, the naturalists developed a form of personality shorthand by often identifying characters by race or nationality only.

With the advent of Freudian psychology, writers had a more fashionable scientific mechanism for accounting for
racial differences. The dark races as a whole were treated as cases of arrested social development, arbitrarily associated with id impulses, and they were thereby accorded a spurious nobility for having successfully resisted the inhibiting effects of civilization, which as Freud explained were creating modern man's neuroses. Harlem grew as the mecca of American exotica, but despite the prominence of the black stereotype as the carefree, uncomplicated primitive in the popular images of the twenties, the Manichean aesthetic still obtained. Blacks had escaped the psychological damage that went with civilized existence, the theory went, but they were correspondingly incapable of developing or maintaining a civilization of their own. Now writers had a new terminology with which to engage in the traditional Manichean dialectic, pitting superego concerns against id impulses. This Freudian racial analysis incorporated Jews also, for they were seen as obsessed with superego functions like social-climbing, radical intellectualism (and American writers were still largely anti-intellectual) and especially acquisition of wealth.

Blacks, however, as well as some other non-Anglo-Saxon groups, became identified with a life which the twenties hyper-sophisticate had abandoned, a near-pastoral world of simple pleasures and of uninhibited sex. It was almost as if the white race had ceded its sexuality to the black part of town, a sensual counterpoint to a repressed, self-righteous,
and materialistic white society. Fitzgerald's use of black figures as Manichean symbols mirrors these general tendencies. Rather than characters, they tend to be devices for the creation of atmosphere or props used to develop symbolically some aspect of a white character's personality. They are mechanically used to advance the plot at times, but largely their presence is a sideshow to the main action. His ethnic characters fare only slightly better, although there are a few notably Jewish figures who are developed in detail and perform important plot functions. Aside from racial characterization, though, the very ideas of race and ethnicity seem to play a role in many of Fitzgerald's works. Because of his sensitivity to social difference in an era of rapid change, race and ethnicity gradually become metaphors for difference itself, yardsticks for measuring the effacement of white global hegemony. Despite the consistency of this racially-based fear, Fitzgerald's works are notable for their relative paucity of non-Anglo-Saxon characters. Rather, the ethnic presence often enters the narrative only as a subject of conversation among Fitzgerald's witty sophisticates. The works do not exclude alterity by ignoring it, but by figuring it negatively even as an abstraction. The exclusion is one of active rejection of the ethnic contribution to American society and culture, wherever and whenever that contribution remains identifiably Other.
A case in point is Fitzgerald's representations of jazz. In the retrospective essay "Echoes of the Jazz Age" (1931), he notes the term's progression in meaning and respectability from sex to dancing to music. While he takes care to express his conviction that books and movies dealing with sexual themes and using frank language did not have a deleterious impact on public morals, Fitzgerald is curiously silent on the impact of jazz. However, race, sex and morality figure into his later observation that "for a while bootleg Negro records with their phallic euphemisms made everything suggestive, and simultaneously came a wave of erotic plays--young girls from finishing schools packed the galleries to hear about the romance of being a Lesbian and George Jean Nathan protested" (Crack-Up, 18).

Fitzgerald's reference to the notoriously cynical and free-thinking Nathan's protest here is a measure of the threat to the public he sees posed by such plays, but what is most important is the connection he makes between blues records with racy lyrics and the trend toward the "corruption" of youth. Here Fitzgerald prudishly declares certain art forms to be injurious to the public well-being, the important connective being provided by the source of those art forms. Jazz, if we accept Fitzgerald's etymology, has become "respectable," though its origins were not. The racial basis of jazz Fitzgerald does not discuss; however, he implicitly refers to its black roots in his later
connection of blues records and sex. While discussing in retrospect the decade in which sex went public, Fitzgerald is careful to distinguish between what was "familiar in our contemporary life" and what was outside that realm of "normalcy"—the sex life of the Other. He connects black sex and lesbian sex syntactically because he has connected them conceptually as attributes of the Other, and here where he generally applauds the trends toward liberalization of sexual attitudes, he reserves the precise moment in the essay in which he notes a downswing in the American character to make his only comment about the contribution of blacks and homosexuals to the decade, a negative one.

What is striking too is that other than brief mentions of Gershwin, the tango and the Castle Walk, the musical metaphor implicit in the term "Jazz Age" is non-existent. Fitzgerald ignores the black contribution to the characteristic art form of the age, but does include a negative reference to "bootleg Negro records." If this seems to raise the question of Fitzgerald's qualifications for the designation of "prophet" or "laureate" of the "Jazz Age" (which he claimed to have named himself) the answer is apparent: "In point of fact," writes Matthew Bruccoli, "Fitzgerald knew almost nothing about jazz and did not write about it. . . . [H]e used [the term] to connote a mood or psychological condition" (Grandeur, 133). Elsewhere Bruccoli notes that "[t]he laureate of the Jazz Age had little
interest in jazz. His music was the popular songs of the era."

Fitzgerald's indifference (at best) to jazz surfaces in his description of the events of 1919 as "the general hysteria that spring which inaugurated the Age of Jazz." His association of the characteristic jazz rhythm and "hysteria" is only one aspect of his use of the term in a sarcastic rather than simply descriptive manner. It is entirely possible that what originated as a facetious commentary on the public mood caught on as a public relations angle which Fitzgerald continued to exploit like his flappers and "jelly-beans," even when his attitude toward them had become openly condescending. In his satirical 1923 play The Vegetable, for example, Fitzgerald spoofs jazz as a national craze, but his points of emphasis are, in keeping with his general outlook on life, jazz as an ersatz art form, its power to control a befuddled populace, and its characteristic (by Western standards) dissonance.

Fitzgerald describes the leader of the play's jazz band as "an excitable Italian gentleman with long, musical hair,"


named "Stutz-Mozart": "I am Stutz-Mozart's Orang-Outang Band. I am ordered to come here with my band at three o'clock to play high-class jazz at young lady's wedding reception."26 When one character asks the obvious question ("Real orang-outangs?") another responds, "Of course not. They just call it that because they look kind of like orang-outangs. And they play kind of like orang-outangs, sort of. I mean the way orang-outangs would play if they knew how to play at all."

Later when the band "launches into a jovial jazz rendition of 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River,'" a group of befuddled senators stands at attention, as if for the national anthem (Vegetable, 104). In spite of the attempt at broad humor, Fitzgerald's reservations about the cultural implications of jazz are clearly evident: the identifiably Other as band leader, the band members who look and play like untrained apes, the insinuation of minstrel tunes into the mass consciousness as objects of reverence, the power of this medium over the minds of even the ruling elite, and so on. What seems to have bothered Fitzgerald about jazz was, in short, its otherness, and any discussion of his attitudes toward race and ethnicity must also consider his treatment of identifiably ethnic expressive forms.

Another aspect of the play, its statement on American democracy, also should be considered here because of its broad implications for this study. The play's hero is a postman named Jerry Frost. In an elitist satire on the common man's pretensions to leadership ability in American democracy, Fitzgerald stages the play as a dream in which Frost becomes president. In helping Fitzgerald to sort out his ideas about the play, Max Perkins, Fitzgerald's famous editor, offered this assessment:

God meant Jerry to be a good egg and a postman; but having been created, in a democratic age, Free and Equal, he was persuaded that he ought to want to rise in the world, . . . and thought he ought to want to become President. He therefore is very unhappy, and so is his wife, who holds the same democratic doctrine.

Your story shows that this doctrine is sentimental bunk; and to do this is worthwhile because the doctrine is almost universal. (Dear Scott, 63)

Fitzgerald's disdain for democracy (which Perkins accurately reflects here) and his contempt for the "self-made" variety of American express a deep-seated ambivalence about the very formula by which his heroes Jay Gatsby, Dick Diver and Monroe Stahr rise to prominence. It was not that Fitzgerald was set against the idea of social mobility; his real complaint was that the "rags-to-riches" formula was available to anyone in America, no matter what their class or race or ethnic origin. Unlike his pique against the rich, which seems to have played itself out somewhat during the
years after the publication of *The Great Gatsby* when he was in Europe, Fitzgerald's contempt for the average American became more pronounced through the years, largely because of his sense that the definition of "American" was undergoing a dramatic change. Though he calls the American "leisure class," for example, "probably the most shallow, most hollow, most pernicious leisure class in the world," in his article "What Kind of Husbands Do 'Jimmies' Make?" (1924) he quickly explains that he means by this the "newly rich": "The older families often have some tradition of responsibility".27

But many of the "newly rich" are doubly contemptible to Fitzgerald because of their ethnic origins. In the essay "Echoes of the Jazz Age," for example, he bemoans the fact that "Americans were getting soft. . . . We still won the Olympic games but with champions whose names had few vowels in them--teams composed . . . of fresh overseas blood" (Crack-Up, 19). In Europe, he was unable to escape this "new" American:

> With each new shipment of Americans spewed up by the boom the quality fell off, until toward the end there was something sinister about the crazy boatloads. There were no longer the simple pa and ma and son and daughter,. . . . but fantastic neanderthals who

believed something, something vague, that you remembered from a very cheap novel. I remember an Italian on a steamer who promenaded the deck in an American Reserve Officer's uniform picking quarrels in broken English with Americans who criticised their own institutions in the bar. I remember a fat Jewess, inlaid with diamonds, who sat behind us at the Russian ballet and said as the curtain rose, "Thad's luffly, dey ought to baint a picture of it." This was low comedy, but it was evident that money and power were falling into the hands of people, . . . traveling in luxury in 1928 and 1929 who, in the distortion of their new condition, had the human value of Pekinese, bivalves, cretins, goats. (Crack-Up, 20-21; my emphasis)

Ironically, it bothered Fitzgerald greatly that the Horatio Alger myth popularized in those "very cheap novels," the notion which he exploited so successfully himself in The Great Gatsby, was accessible to those who had more in common with Gatsby than with Nick or Tom. The quote shows clearly that when Fitzgerald singled out the nouveau riche for criticism he meant the immigrant Other as the antithesis of the "established" rich who still maintained a sense of "tradition," despising those whose status most nearly coincided with his own. The cheap novel version of America which they believed in was both accurate and damaging, from Fitzgerald's viewpoint, because money and power were falling into the hands of the Other, and his rise to prominence was a signal of the general demise of the American "race."

Connected in Fitzgerald's mind to the rise of the ethnic nouveau riche is the deterioration of the standards
and values he associates with the Old Order. "When we see around us a great decay in ideals of conduct there is some fundamental cause behind it," Fitzgerald says in "'Wait Till You Have Children of Your Own!'" (1924). "Something serious (which only professional evangelists, cheap novelists, and corrupt politicians profess to understand) is the matter with the world" (Miscellany, 193). Apparently excusing himself from that erudite company, Fitzgerald refuses to say what the causes are, but previously he had been quite vocal on the subject. In an interview in 1922, Fitzgerald lambastes the young for their rebelliousness:

[The young] don't believe in the old standards and authorities, and they're not intelligent enough, many of them, to put a code of morals and conduct in place of the sanctions that have been destroyed for them. They drift. Their attitude toward life might be summed up: "This is All. Then what does it matter? We don't care! Let's Go!" (Miscellany, 256).

His reaction to America after an extended European stay was the typical expatriate lament: "I got a sensation of horror. . . . Coming from Paris to New York was like plunging from a moral world into a state of moral anarchy. . . . There is nothing, no tradition, no background, that you can summon when you say you are an American, . . . ." (Miscellany, 273). In another interview, he elaborates on the American character flaws:

The next fifteen years will show how much resistance there is in the American race. The only thing that can make it
worth while to be an American is a life and death struggle, a national testing. After that, it may be possible for a man to say "I'm an American" as a man might say "I'm a Frenchman" or "I'm a German," or, until recently, when the colonies made cowards of them all, "I'm an Englishman." The good American is the best in the world, as an individual. But taken collectively, he is a mass product without common sense or guts or dignity. (Miscellany, 275)

Fitzgerald's tone here convinced his interviewer that he was not proud to be an American. "'I have never said that I was an American,'" he responds, going on to decry America as "a woman's country" (Miscellany, 276). In an attempt to put his finger on the country's weakness, Fitzgerald points squarely to the creature he had a hand in bringing into notoriety, the flapper. His conviction of the corruption of men by emasculating women is a consistent theme in his works from the very beginning, a strong undercurrent to his portrayal of flapperism. Just after writing The Beautiful and Damned, Fitzgerald was moved to declare, "Our American women are leeches. They're an utterly useless fourth generation trading on the accomplishment of their pioneer great-grandmothers. They simply dominate the American man" (Miscellany, 256).

A year later, he would add in quite explicit terms a disclaimer for his own creation:

"I think [the flapper] is going on and on, carrying the younger men with her—until there will be some sort of catastrophe which may or may not face her in another direction. Look at all
the unhappy girls you see—look at the number of wretched marriages. Look at the increase in divorce—look at the increase in extra-nuptial [sic] affairs. Of course she is an awe-inspiring young person. I thoroughly dislike her as a rule—unless she is very pretty and has an authentic charm—or on the other hand, unless she is intelligent enough to conduct herself with sense and discretion. Most of them are so messy with their amours. (Miscellany, 265)

Not only was America dominated by females, but ugly ones at that. Aesthetically, Fitzgerald was outraged that it was the shrew, and not "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" who reigned ("'I mean the women who, without any of the prerogatives of youth and beauty, demand continual slavery from their men'" Miscellany, 266). To Fitzgerald, this amounted to a disastrous "cult of the feminine," which had so taken root in the social fabric, "that, in the thousand and one women's worlds that cover the land, the male voice is represented largely by the effeminate and the weak, the parasite and the failure" (Miscellany, 208). If rich boys were soft, it was because their mothers spoiled them; if poor boys were soft, it was due to women teachers. "The Prince, the Hero, no longer exists, . . . for society with its confusion and wide-open doors, no longer offers the stability of thirty years ago," he claimed (Miscellany, 210). As a result, there was no "suitable" male companion for the liberated woman—only a "heterogeneous stag line" capable merely of "stimulat[ing] her biological urges." For Fitzgerald, because it was "apparent through the thinning
smoke that most of the barriers [were] pretty definitely down," it was possible by 1930 to discuss the social revolution as a foregone conclusion.

To Fitzgerald, then, the rise of the liberated female and the increasingly heterogeneous makeup of the American citizenry were related phenomena, both interpreted by him as portents of the impending catastrophe. Gradually, Fitzgerald's discussions of the American character come to center on the challenges presented to the old ruling elite (whose values are defended by the sensitive, romantic hero) by the combined forces of those dispossessed by that Old Order--the hedonistic youth culture, the liberated female and the dark and ethnic Others. These contending forces generally shape the dramatic conflict of each of Fitzgerald's novels, with the exception of his last, unfinished work, The Last Tycoon.

The chapters that follow examine Fitzgerald's novels, beginning with This Side of Paradise and concluding with The Last Tycoon, noting Fitzgerald's manipulation of black and ethnic characters in accordance with his racial ideology. Tender Is the Night receives the most extensive analysis here because it represents Fitzgerald's most comprehensive statement on race, ethnicity and American character, and because it uses race and ethnicity most extensively of all his novels in shaping his denunciation of the modern world.
In *This Side of Paradise*, Fitzgerald's coming-of-age novel, the consciousness of the hero, Amory Blaine, reflects closely that of F. Scott Fitzgerald at a comparable age. However Fitzgerald may have adapted details from his own life in writing the novel, the work's original title when Fitzgerald conceived it after his academic setbacks at Princeton, *The Romantic Egotist*, suggests the self-awareness of the novel's subject as its chief concern, the self-awareness of one who has proclaimed himself among the elect destined to carry forward the "mind of the race." The changes in details of Amory's background from his own, in fact, create problems for Fitzgerald. Despite being one of the "Blaines of Lake Geneva," Amory's school experiences, like Fitzgerald's, emphasize his insecurity, social rejection, failure to fit in, and preoccupation with the opinions of others, which are the marks of a social climber, not of a person of established wealth. Despite his monied background then, Amory's situation resembles Fitzgerald's—that of a "poor boy at a rich boys' school." For Fitzgerald the distinction was such an important one in the formation of his own consciousness that he forced it upon Amory even though it did not always fit.

Even in the characters of the parents we can see Fitzgerald's tendency to replicate the impact his own
parents seem to have had. Thus, Amory's father bequeaths to him only his physical stature and "his tendency to waver at crucial moments,"\(^1\) while his doting mother seems afflicted with nervous disorders which correspond to Mollie Fitzgerald's eccentricities of behavior. The father reads Byron (the source of Amory's romantic temperament) but the mother is responsible for the boy's Eastern sentimental education under Monsignor Darcy, just as Fitzgerald's maternal aunts had financed his enrollment in the Catholic Newman School. The parents die soon enough to permit Amory the making of himself (perhaps an authorial wish fulfillment), so that losing his inheritance brings Amory's experiences more closely in line with Fitzgerald's. Still the list of character traits which form the basis of Amory's self-evaluation (18-19) are an almost verbatim recreation of the one that Fitzgerald made for himself when he was about to go off to school in the East, and they don't seem appropriate to the character's background. The sooner Fitzgerald dispenses with the parents and their wealth, the more believable Amory becomes.\(^2\)

Above all Amory shares with Fitzgerald his sensitivity towards those in the social elite. He senses that the

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\(^1\) Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise* (New York: Scribners, 1970) 3. Hereafter, references to this text will include pages numbers only in parentheses.

insiders are protected from social non-entities by "a barrier of the slightly less important but socially ambitious" (43). Taking this general observation as a personal rebuff, Amory decides to become "one of the gods of the class," so as to avoid the undifferentiated masses who revolve about the school celebrities. But unable to make an impression by force of personality without opening himself to censure for "running it out," and blocked from instant glory on the athletic field, Amory finds himself trapped among the socially undistinguished, and he burns with envy:

"We're the damned middle class, that's what," he complained to Kerry one day... "Oh, it isn't that I mind the glittering caste system," admitted Amory. "I like having a bunch of hot cats on top, but gosh, Kerry, I've got to be one of them." (45)

The exchange reveals perhaps the fundamental Fitzgerald thinking on the social elite: despite their rejection of him, he must help to preserve their privileged status, for only the existence of a privileged class sustains his hope that he might ultimately become one of those elite. The threat of "democracy," then, (a pejorative term to both Amory and his mentor Monsignor Darcy) amounts to the threat of identity with the undifferentiated masses. Thus Amory's later posturing as a socialist is the petulant reaction of one who finds his access to the desired inner circle blocked. Throughout Fitzgerald's adult life, flirtation with radical causes was a way of getting the attention of the
class to which he aspired, and through Amory he expresses his obsession with being accepted by the elite social set at "the pleasantest country club in America."

This consciousness of marginality in Amory accounts for his excessive snobbishness. By focusing his frustrations on denunciations of otherness particularly against aliens, servants and women of the lower classes, Amory is able to compensate somewhat for the snubs he endures, but his inability to identify with the working class makes his radical posturing at the novel's close unconvincing.

Amory's first experience on the Princeton campus shows his reliance upon a stable hierarchical social realm to provide him with a secure sense of his identity, as his interaction with a black person, the counterman at the "Jigger Shop," turns into an initiation into Princeton life. With practiced ease, the counterman guides Amory through his first purchase of a "double chocolate jiggah" and a "bacon bun." Gradually, from the vantage of the counter stool, Amory becomes acquainted with the surroundings and is so much more self-assured on his return trip that other freshmen mistake him for an upperclassman.

Though the narrator does not spell out precisely what accounts for Amory's newfound self-confidence, undoubtedly the reassuring presence of the socially-designated inferior in a servile capacity is an important part of his attainment of self-possession. Clearly, the counterman has spotted
Amory as a newcomer, and he coaches him through his first campus meal in a fashion that is almost ritualistic. In his stylized obeisance to the insecure freshman, the counterman confers a sense of mastery to Amory. Amory's sees during the meal the "colored person," as well as the "pillowcases, leather pennants, and Gibson Girls that lined the walls" (38) so that he commands a view of the trophies of his class, race and gender, the symbols of white male dominance. Because the black servant and the iconized female standard of beauty within his purview are in their "places" and present therefore no threat to him, he eases his self-doubts along with his hunger, and he adapts to the task of achieving godhood which lies ahead of him. In his social role as confidence-builder, the counterman anticipates the character Deacon in Faulkner's The Sound and the Fury, whose similar function at Harvard Quentin Compson notes in his consideration of the importance of the servile black to the delicate white psyche.

Later, searching for a way to emphasize Amory's esteem for Dick Humbird, whom he considers the epitome of aristocratic bearing, the narrator uses race as the measurement of Humbird's unassailable caste distinction: "Humbird could have lunched at Sherry's with a colored man, yet people would have somehow known that it was all right" (77). Reversing the chestnut that claims a man can't be a god to his valet, the narrator insists that "[s]ervants
worshipped him, and treated him like a god. He seemed the eternal example of what the upper class tries to be" (78). Here again, the master-servant relationship is crucial to self-definition. On other occasions, the thirteen year old Amory is disappointed by the butler (of whom he approved as an index of social status) at Myra St. Claire's "failure to be cockney" (10) and later he complains of the "great places on Long Island, where the servants were so obtrusive that they had positively to be bumped out of the way" (211). This strong sensitivity to those who serve the upper classes again reveals a parvenu consciousness at work, for Amory seeme very desperately to need the reassuring consent of the servant class.

The two episodes involving blacks, one actual, the other hypothetical, may well be variations on Amory's dependence upon rigid social distinctions. Humbird's godhood to Amory is so absolute that he imagines Humbird in the act of breaking the most inflexible of social taboos, accepting the appearance of equality with a black man, and yet not suffering social consequences as a result of it. Amory sees Humbird in terms of divinity, capable of violating human limitations, and thereby transcending them. This fascination with the social abomination expresses the obverse of the social identity which the counterman serves up to Amory, and again, the very conjuring of the image indicates the fragility of Amory's self-esteem.
Fitzgerald may have based the episode on an idea he provided for an Alan Jackman cartoon in the March 17, 1917 edition of the Princeton Tiger. The cartoon entitled "True Democracy" shows a drunken, disheveled Ivy Leaguer in a pub booth with an equally intoxicated, slouching sambo figure, their cups overturned upon the table between them. The cartoon appeared in the same issue as another Fitzgerald-inspired attack on "democracy" entitled "Kenilworth Socialism," wherein a sambo figure uses a ruler and a scale to apportion equally the meals of the seated college men who represent perhaps the leaders of the prominent campus eating clubs (Miscellany, 92). In the latter cartoon, the college men have amorphous little clouds hovering above their heads with the caption "Little thrills of democracy," indicating Fitzgerald's association of socialist idealism with a sense of "democracy" as a contemptible form of social-levelling. So in each cartoon the sambo figure serves as a yardstick of "democracy" in the pejorative sense that Amory has of the word, with the inference that such removals of social distinction are not, in spite of Humbird, "all right."

When Amory learns of Humbird's parvenu background he feels cheated, and he later comes to consider Humbird a false messiah. Details such as the fact that "he could dissipate without going to pieces and even his most bohemian adventures never seemed 'running it out,'" are called into question by Humbird's drunken death behind the wheel of a
wrecked automobile on the way back from New York. The dead Humbird presents a stark contrast to his earlier aristocratic portrayal: "... now he was this heavy white mass. All that remained of the charm and personality of the 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..." (86-87). Humbird's Icarian descent from divinity into an undistinguished mass of animal tissue furthermore results from willful recklessness, as the drunken boy refused to give up the wheel and missed a turn in the road.

The discrepancy between the Humbird of Amory's imagination whose dissipation is not deserving of censure and the drunken Humbird who crashes the car calls for reconsideration of all of Amory's idealizations of him. A re-examination shows the pattern of characterization to be purposely misleading. Despite his description as "a perfect type of aristocrat," from Amory's point of view, his features are completely at odds with the physical features which Amory and Burne Holiday later decide are the hallmarks of leadership. Fitzgerald describes Humbird as "slender but well-built—black curly hair, straight features, and a rather dark skin" (77). But after Humbird's death, Amory

3 See Ledger, 169: in the March, 1915 column: "perfection—black hair, olive skin and tenor voice." Some have observed this as an indication that Fitzgerald desired
and Burne Holiday, the anti-club leader, relate personal appearance ("coloring") to "goodness." When Amory points out the disproportionate two-to-one representation of blonds over brunets in the school's senior council, inversely distributed in terms of the numbers of blonds and brunets on campus, Holiday concurs:

> It's true. . . . The light-haired man is a higher type, generally speaking. I worked the whole thing out with the Presidents of the United States once, and found that way over half of them are light-haired--yet think of the preponderant numbers of brunettes in the race. (128-129)

It never occurs to Amory that the relationship between leadership and Nordic features might simply reveal voters' perceptions of leadership qualities, so he drops Humbird as his ideal and proceeds to deify Holiday as he had Humbird. In fact, perception is so much a factor in Amory's prior worship of Humbird that details such as his "bohemian adventures" (and for Fitzgerald, the word "bohemian" surpasses "democratic" as a designation for the abysmal and socially outcast) and the fact that his friends "ranged from the highest to the lowest" suggests that Humbird is first and last un-aristocratic in all particulars, and that Amory had been blinded initially by Humbird's "animal magnetism." Humbird, then, is a humbug, what Amory has termed the "bogey 'Big Man'" (43), and we can see why despite his hero-

these traits for himself, but in light of Amory's preference for blond hair in *Paradise*, this seems questionable.
worship, Amory still sensed that Humbird "probably held the world back." The fact that at the death scene, Amory identifies Humbird by his dark hair shows how essential this feature, later considered a sure sign of inferiority, is to his true character.

Considering the deliberate misleading by the narrator of Humbird's potential as a leader, the imaginary scene where Humbird lunches with a black man must also be part of the attempt to mislead. The mental association of Humbird with an act of social suicide, in fact, signals Amory's latent suspicion that Humbird is capable of so "bohemian" an act. We can see the conjecture as an intuition of Humbird's fundamental unworthiness of Amory's devotion, that his lack of self-control is the route to the "true democracy" which brings all men down to society's lowest level in order to equalize them. For Fitzgerald, as for his later idol Joseph Conrad, only self-restraint separates the civilized from the savage.

Fitzgerald radically alters the scene, though, changing the original intent of its source. The two cartoons in which he had a hand appeared in the month of the anti-club uprising led by his classmate Henry Strater, the prototype for Burne Holiday, and the intent seems in both cases to knock the egalitarian spirit of the radicals. Though Andrew Turnbull credits Fitzgerald with being the chief architect of the issue of the Tiger which "burlesqued the clubs and
reformers alike," (Turnbull, 73) Fitzgerald's contribution here falls largely on the side of the established order, using the sambo figure to create an emotional response against the reform movement. In the fictionalized version in *Paradise*, however, the "aristocrat" and insider Humbird bears the stigma of social-leveling. Indeed, Amory takes pains to assure a skeptical Thomas Parke D'Invilliers (John Peale Bishop, in real life) that Holiday is not a fanatic "democrat": "Never enters the Philadelphian Society. He has no faith in that rot. He doesn't believe that public swimming-pools and a kind word in time will right the wrongs of the world" (132).

The demise of the dark Humbird parallels the rise in Amory's esteem for the fair Holiday, so Fitzgerald is clearly balancing these opposites as models for Amory. Amory reflects that whereas Humbird had appealed to him by force of personality, in a visceral, magnetic fashion, Holiday appealed to him mentally as a deep thinker: "Broad-browed and strong-chinned, with a fineness in the honest grey eyes . . . Burne was a man who gave an immediate impression of bigness and security-- . . . and when he had talked for five minutes, Amory knew that this keen enthusiasm had in it no quality of diletantism [sic]" (122). But that esteem so quickly develops into hero-worship that at one point when Holiday passes him without noticing "Amory almost choked with the romantic joy of watching him" (132). Holiday
represents "a land Amory hoped he was drifting toward" (123).

Humbird's reappearance as a ghost, then, is no surprise, for he, like Holiday, is merely a projection of Amory's own inner uncertainty. As Leslie Fiedler has noted of the gothic element in literature, the dark figure of the narrative is typically a projection of the author's guilt-ridden libidinous impulses, his id, whereas the fair and virtuous figure corresponds to the idealized superego of the projector. Though the American strain of gothicism usually employed an Indian or Negro as the representative of the "darker" impulses, Fiedler notes that the European model typically makes the dark figure a nobleman, sometimes of spurious or questionable origin.4 By suggesting the possibility of social equality between Humbird and the hypothetical Negro, Fitzgerald fuses the European and the American embodiments of evil impulses, and in line with Amory's puritanical fear of his own "unscrupulousness . . . the desire to influence people in almost every way, even for evil . . . a shifting sense of honor . . . an unholy selfishness . . . a puzzled, furtive interest in everything concerning sex" (18-19). These same attributes he discovers belatedly in Humbird prove to be closely related to his sense of his own capacity for evil. The ghost of Humbird

appears at times of moral indecision, chiefly associated with sexuality: not when Amory dallies through the class which will determine his entire future at Princeton, for example, but when he faces the possibility of a sexual encounter with Axia Marlowe. The idea of sex without commitment moves his soul perceptibly towards the abyss, and he associates this feeling of moral peril with the dead Humbird.

Fitzgerald uses traditional color symbolism to enhance the Manichean aspects of these dual magnetic poles in Amory's life. But he also indicates Amory's rejection of the city as a direct response to the threat of engulfment by darkness after his encounter with the ghost. Consequently, the neighborhood where Phoebe lives has a cemetery look of "tall, whitestone buildings, dotted with dark windows," each of which Amory imagined to have an identical "elevator and a colored hall-boy" (112). The black boy, it seems, is another prop in the sinister setting, a marker of Manichean symbolism at work, giving the women's moral laxity advance notice. The next day, while Amory is attempting to sort out the "chaotic imagery that stacked [sic] his memory" (116), he experiences a revulsion of even the daylight urban setting. He screams at his companion, who has no qualms about his promiscuity, "it's filthy, and if you can't see it, you're filthy too" (117).

On the train back to Princeton, Amory is able again to
The presence of a painted woman across the aisle filled him with a fresh burst of sickness and he changed to another car, . . . The car, a smoker, was hot and stuffy with most of the smells of the state's alien population . . . . The two hours' ride were like days, and he nearly cried aloud with joy when the towers of Princeton loomed up beside him and the yellow squares of light filtered through the blue rain. (118)

Later, Amory reacts strongly again to the presence of the alien Other on a trip to Washington when war breaks out:

When Amory went to Washington the next week-end he caught some of the spirit of crisis which changed to repulsion in the Pullman car coming back, for the berths across from him were occupied by stinking aliens—Greeks, he guessed, or Russians. He thought how much easier patriotism had been to a homogeneous race, how much easier it would have been to fight as the Colonies fought, or as the Confederacy fought. And he did no sleeping that night, but listened to the aliens guffaw and snore while they filled the car with the heavy scent of latest America. (147)

Amory's reflection back to an earlier "homogeneous" America as a patriotic ideal is interesting here as an indication of his racial ideology. This "latest America" of "stinking aliens" irritates him to the point of distraction, not seemingly because of their unpleasant odor alone, but because of their symbolic association with the heterogeneous urban proletariat into which Amory is afraid of sinking. Behind this scene also lurks the specter of Amory's prophecy of "true democracy"—an utter collapse of the social
distinctions upon which the notion of an elite class is built. Whenever he strays from the protective spires of Princeton, Amory exposes himself to the contaminating presence of the Other, who may sit in his presence and stink without fear of reprisal, whose proximity reduces Amory to hysterical fanaticism.

That Princeton stands in contrast to the urban rabble goes beyond the classical vision of the university as utopia and fortress, but accurately reflects the academy's social posture at the time. A brief reference by Amory to hazing the dormitory's lone Jew (48) recalls the quota system of the era, whereby the Ivy League schools sought to maintain their own homogeneity. The eastern colleges, in fact, were havens for pseudo-intellectual nativism. (See Gossett, 107-114; 378.)

Thus, when Amory challenges Burne Holiday's pacifism during the war on the grounds that Holiday may be simply a dupe for a German front organization, he can insinuate a taint of anti-Americanness in the pacifist effort by vaguely referring to the pacifists' "German-Jewish names" and expect his intended audience to respond approvingly. "Think of the cheapness of it--" says Amory, "... --it's just going to throw you in with the worst--" (148). The "worst," of course, are the alien outsiders, with whom any association would be socially fatal to an Ivy Leaguer. "Well, it all smells of Bohemian New York to me" Amory concludes, in his
strongest condemnation, using his olfactory sense again as the means of detecting the alien presence. It is left, finally, for Monsignor Darcy (the Catholic priest who senses Amory's romantic affinity for the Old South, and attempts to interest him in the Irish Republic) to put the paradoxical wartime crusade for "democracy" into perspective: "There are times when I think of the men out there as Roman legionaries, miles from their corrupt city, stemming back the hordes . . . hordes a little more menacing, after all, than the corrupt city . . . another blind blow at the race, . . ." (157).

Ultimately, the Apollonian Holiday fails like his predecessor Humbird, leaving Princeton to protest the war, and leaving Amory effectively godless. Deprived of his male gods, and of any reasonable chance to achieve that exalted status at Princeton himself, Amory becomes a votary in the service of the love goddess, and he embarks upon a series of amorous enterprises. Only with the lower class women whom he dates in order to help his friends does he seem ill at ease; with women whose social status makes them worth pursuing he is ardent and poetic, so long as the currency of affection is only a kiss. But after a series of failed love affairs, Amory faces the temptation to give in to his sexual impulses, whereupon evil becomes for him wholly associated with "the problem of sex."

With Stella Robbins (Jill), for example, Amory is not
himself involved in the liaison, but the "dynamic shadow" which hovers over the "gaudy, vermillion-lipped blonde" on the bed plagues him still. Not until he makes the noble, self-sacrificial gesture of taking the blame himself does the shadow lift from his consciousness. His well-to-do friend Alec Connage must be saved from the taint of scandal, even at the expense of Amory's own reputation since of the pair, only Connage has something to lose by the adverse publicity.

When he meets Connage at Atlantic City, Connage interrupts Amory's contemplation of his Nordic heritage: "[The sea] seemed still to whisper of Norse galleys ploughing the water world under raven-figured flags, of the British dreadnoughts, gray bulwarks of civilization steaming up through the fog of one dark July into the North Sea" (243). Seeing himself as a part of that historical progression is a factor in Amory's self-sacrifice, and he exults as his decision dispels the shadow, his own lustful longings expiated by his moral superiority over a man "kinda more important" than himself. Amory's maturity shows here in his willingness to accept the guilt as his own. Where previously he would have protected his ego and his reputation by projecting the evil onto the others, here he ignores the social impact of his action.

Part of what makes this personal growth possible is his experience with Eleanor Savage. Though she comes from the
"oldest of the old" Maryland families, Eleanor, as her last name suggests, is a woman of elemental desires. It marks the last time "that evil crept close to Anthony under the mask of beauty" (222), perhaps, but the experience forces him to accept the possibility of his own complicity in evil (sex): "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. But Eleanor—did Amory dream her?" Because of Eleanor's willingness (despite her social position) to experiment with her desires, she becomes the fitting recipient of Amory's own passion, and in order to accentuate Amory's projection of her as Dark Lady, Fitzgerald surrounds her with an abundance of Manichean imagery.

Amory first meets Eleanor after getting lost due to wrong information he gets from a "colored woman." Like the black elevator boy, this lady is also a marker of dark happenings (sex) in the ofing, for by taking her directions, Amory puts himself under her control. He wanders beneath a "sky black as pitch" until he happens upon the house where Eleanor lies in a haystack singing aloud quotations from Verlaine. Eleanor proclaims him "Manfred" from her haystack, and he accepts by identifying himself as Don Juan. For a time, their moral testing of each other continues, couched in the language of nineteenth-century romanticism, until in the match-lit darkness, "Eleanor,
shadowy and unreal, seemed somehow oddly familiar" (234). Confessing his prior love for Rosalind, his Fair Lady, Amory recognizes this unreal woman, on parole from some "Bohemian naughtiness" with a "fast crowd" in Baltimore, as that repressed part of himself, his dark desires, and he seizes her: "'You are mine—you know you're mine!' he cried wildly. . . ."

With the mechanical predictability of the first-time author, Fitzgerald overloads the succeeding scenes with imagery of darkness. On their last night together, they wander up a deserted road leading past only "an occasional Negro cabin" behind which looms the "black edge of the woods." "'You little devil,' Amory growled. 'You're going to make me stay up all night and sleep in the train like an immigrant all day tomorrow, . . . .' " (235). Eleanor, the "witch," thus uses her beauty to transform Amory into the hated Other. But she has other things on her mind: "'I'm thinking about myself—my black old inside self, the real one, with the fundamental honesty that keeps me from being absolutely wicked by making me realize my own sins'" (237). Denying the existence of God and the efficacy of the church ("Thousands of scowling priests keeping the degenerate Italians and the illiterate Irish repentant with gabble-gabble about the sixth and ninth commandments") Eleanor threatens to plunge into the abyss below, but succeeds only in killing her horse.
In order to establish the surreal atmosphere of Amory's scenes with Eleanor, Fitzgerald equates "otherworldliness" with "otherness." Eleanor's Freudian belief that her "black old inside self" is her "real self" fuels her nihilism, and serves as another warning for Amory on the subject of self-control. But since Fitzgerald surrounds her "black" inner self with people externally black, the acceptance of her pointedly self-destructive primitivism means for Amory also a spiritual kinship with the dark figures at the margins of his universe whose freedom to behave spontaneously Eleanor envies. To embrace Eleanor wholeheartedly is for Amory to fall into self-indulgence and abdication of will, and to surrender himself so would literally transform him into "an immigrant," into an alien in his own land. For him to accept a life of sensual and impulsive behavior would in effect destroy the predicates of his very ego, making it vulnerable to the darkness which it opposes. His sacrificial gesture in Atlantic City is an act in accordance with his responsibility to civilization, for the acceptance of guilt in that instance upholds the social order of which he is a less important member than Connage. Though it provides Amory with a secret feeling of moral superiority, the gesture is on the surface the opposite of self-indulgent: it is remarkably selfless according to Amory's social gospel, and therefore bears the mark of civilized action rather than the taint of self-gratification of the primitive Other. In fact,
though, the gesture fills Amory with such a sense of his own nobility that it amounts only to a rather more perverse manifestation of his egotism.

The muddled discussions of Nietzschean "will" replete with Calvinist overtones are, in the end, failed attempts to intellectualize a problem of aesthetics into a problem of morality. Unable to adopt the amoral stance of the superman without risking the appearance of being "bohemian," Amory accepts a puritanical code of self-governance as his standard for civilized conduct. Later, though, when his financial woes threaten to make him "a damn bad man" (260), he contemplates a headlong plunge into the oblivion of otherness:

Suddenly he felt an overwhelming desire to let himself go to the devil—not to go violently as a gentleman should, but to sink safely and sensuously out of sight. He pictured himself in an adobe house in Mexico . . . [while] an olive-skinned, carmine lipped girl caressed his hair. Here he might live a strange litany, delivered from right and wrong and from the hound of heaven and from every God (except the exotic Mexican one who was pretty slack himself and rather addicted to Oriental scents)—delivered from success and hope and poverty into that long chute of indulgence which led, after all, only to the artificial lake of death.

There were so many places where one might deteriorate pleasantly: Port Said, Shanghai, parts of Turkestan, Constantinople, the South Seas—all lands of sad, haunting music and many odors, where lust could be a mode and expression of life, where the shades of night skies and sunsets would seem to reflect only moods of passion: the
Fitzgerald's evocation of the world outside the Anglo-Saxon West, the domain of the dark Other, is unquestionably an aesthetic nightmare. The dark skin, dark lips and dark impulses merge into a realm of existence deprived of all light. Here the only god is himself morally slack, like Conrad's "flabby weak-eyed devil," and the euphemistic "chute of indulgence" leads invariably to sex as "a mode and expression of life." This dark kingdom, whose urban embassy is Bohemia, is the antithesis of civilization, the possibility against which all civilized conduct must ever be opposed.

Heroically, then, Amory fights off such urges toward identity diffusion. He clings to the civilized ideal, and, deprived of saints, heroes or institutions (the church because of its immigrant followers, the academy because of its orthodoxy) he must fall back upon his code of honor. His own aesthetic, though, corrupts that code, as Amory's hatred for the poor overwhelms the most fundamental precepts of honor:

"I detest poor people," thought Amory suddenly. "I hate them for being poor. Poverty may have been beautiful once, but it's rotten now. It's the ugliest thing in the world. It's essentially cleaner to be corrupt and rich than it is to be innocent and poor." (256)

Significantly, Amory aligns "cleanliness" and beauty, making it virtually impossible for any working class to
achieve a level of acceptability. Throughout his observations on the poor and the alien Other he emphasizes hygiene as a factor in their lack of aesthetic appeal. Constantly he invokes either the visual (dark skin) or olfactory ("stinking") referents of poor hygiene as proof of the unfitness of immigrants and blacks for civilized living. With his aversion to the odors, the dark lips, and the atmosphere of unhurried self-indulgence, Amory conjures up a striking antithesis to the Puritan North American ideal but is unconvincing that a realm so clearly distasteful to him represents a meaningful alternative.

The result of this inability to accept the poor and the Other on their own terms is that Amory's radicalization at the novel's end is thoroughly implausible. He uses inflammatory language to disguise an essentially moral, not a social, revolution: he does not really wish to smash institutions, only to reform the individuals who support them. Thus he accounts his moral superiority to the plutocratic class as an achievement of self-possession, a more substantial victory to him than it might seem to the reader. His radicalism is purely rhetorical, for its requirements never seriously appeal to him except when he is piqued at his rejection by the class which he was born into. Then he is willing to adopt a demonic pose, to envision himself as the Scourge of Privilege, but such a posture represents a Byronic extreme which conflicts with his basic
need to be loved and admired by the social elite. His attempt after Princeton to live in the city with Connage and D'Invilliers, for example, reveals his basic insincerity about socialism, as his letter to D'Invilliers proposing the room-sharing shows: "But us—you and me and Alec—oh, we'll get a Jap butler and dress for dinner and have wine on the table and lead a contemplative, emotionless life until we decide to use machine guns with the property-owners—or throw bombs with the Bolshevik" (163).

Since middle class existence chafes Amory's sensitive temperament, only these alternatives hold any appeal for him. But the very notion of getting a "Jap butler" makes Amory and his friends de facto "property-owners," and he can not abide even the smell of the Bolshevik, let alone help him throw bombs. Even in the depths of his dispossession, his nights of aimlessly walking the city streets, Amory holds on to a substantial chunk of his prior identity, the Lake Geneva estate deeded to him in his mother's will. His renunciation of beauty as evil, then, is a subterfuge. Pretending to strip away illusions, he merely substitutes a new illusion for the old—the illusion that whatever summons man's desire weakens his will, and thereby leads him to evil.

When he found himself designated the chronicler of the modern age, Fitzgerald was genuinely shocked to find his
audience titillated by and demanding more of the shrieking phantoms he conjured to frighten poor Amory into celibacy. They wanted the jazz, the dissipation, the sexual repartee, all of those accoutrements of the current youth rebellion in taste to which Amory sets himself in opposition. To meet the demands of his audience, Fitzgerald adopted a less moralistic tone toward the new culture, but his reservations, particularly about those forms originated by the dark Other, are still encoded into his fictional and non-fictional considerations of Jazz Age society. Caught up in the Prohibition Era need for new cultural heroes to articulate a post-war ethos, Fitzgerald tried as best he could to speak for the flaming youth, though as he was often to point out, their cause was not entirely his.

As with This Side of Paradise, Fitzgerald's early short stories glamorized certain segments of society at the expense of others. Written for the magazine trade (Fitzgerald did not often publish in the literary journals because they did not pay well, and he needed to make money to win Zelda and to support her in style) most of his stories reflected the type of America which readers of the Saturday Evening Post, one of his earliest and most consistent markets, wanted to read about. But the Post, which endorsed the racial theories of Madison Grant,

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followed a nativistic editorial bent that encouraged the racial attitudes that Fitzgerald presents, reaffirming the fact that at best he was a man of his time, not a visionary or trailblazer so much as a spokesperson for the bourgeoisie.

Perhaps the most revealing indication of Fitzgerald's perception of otherness is the autobiographical travelogue "The Cruise of the Rolling Junk." Though published in 1924, the experience Fitzgerald based the piece on actually occurred a few months after the Fitzgeralds' marriage in 1920, but Fitzgerald did not write the three-part article until after the publication of The Beautiful and Damned in 1922. The narrative covers the automobile trip taken by the newlyweds in mid-July of 1920, from Connecticut to Montgomery, Alabama, so that the homesick Zelda could get some peaches and homemade Southern biscuits and visit her old haunts. Fitzgerald recounts with great verve the eventful journey on roads that were not always paved, in an automobile whose tires were a constant threat to blow out. But the attitude of the writer to the changing landscape, his sense of the differences between the urban and rural settings, between the North and the South, is what sustains interest throughout.

The Fitzgeralds spend the first night out in Princeton, which cheers the author despite the fact that it is less than fifty miles outside of New York. They stop at the
Nassau Inn, where Fitzgerald has some difficulty making himself known to the "stout and cynical" counterman Louie, who nonetheless deduces that Fitzgerald "had once been of the elect." Fitzgerald apparently requires from Louie what Amory got from the black counterman at the Jigger Shop, a reassurance that he is among the elect. Fitzgerald waxes poetic in his attempt to impress the bartender with the magnitude of the undertaking before him:

"Oh thou beyond surprise, . . . give me a room and a bath for self and wife. We journey to the equator in quest of strange foods and would sleep once more beneath an Aryan roof before consorting with strange races of men such as the cotton-tailed Tasmanians and the pigmies."

(Cruise, 58)

The statement seems unexceptional until Fitzgerald later encounters "strange races of men" and behaves as if his journey is really to the heart of Africa instead of the American South.

Fitzgerald notes without comment a "colored man" in charge of the garage at the inn, but he no sooner reaches the South (Maryland) than he begins to change his perception of blacks in general, showing that the "strangeness" of the landscape plays an important factor in his reactions. He gives the garage man, like the counterman in This Side of Paradise, a measure of dignity, for he poses no ostensible threat to the Fitzgeralds as a functionary of a place with

which Fitzgerald himself is already comfortable. But like his alter ego Henry Bellamy in his short story "The Ice Palace," who leaves the South remembering its "noisy niggery street fairs," Fitzgerald himself reacts only to the "pungent, niggery streets of Baltimore" (Cruise, 64), making no other mention of the city.

He can only acclimate himself to the South's racial landscape by reference to the stereotypes of the ante-bellum era, a subject upon which he becomes quite poetic until the realities of the rural South begin to impinge upon his daydreams. In Virginia, Fitzgerald nearly panics when a highwayman of uncertain race approaches the car. Zelda saves them from this disaster, but the near-miss shakes Fitzgerald. He regrets not having brought his gun as "the shadowy phantoms . . . [gave] way to images of murderous negroes hiding in bottomless swamps and of waylaid travelers floating on their faces in black pools" (Cruise, 58).

The author's jocular tone at the outset of the trip, then, masks a fear that he might not be able to live up to the role of frontiersman and protector for his wife. Like his character Anthony Patch in The Beautiful and Damned, Fitzgerald was conscious of being far less physically brave than his spouse, an insecurity that aroused an unfortunate bravado which more than once set Fitzgerald up for savage

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beatings at the hands of bouncers and cab drivers whom Zelda felt he should be able to subdue. His fear of "murderous negroes" subsides only when he sees them toiling in cotton fields or outside quaint ante-bellum shacks, so obviously submissive that the sight of them cheers him up as a vestige of the mythical Old South of his dreams.

But just after the encounter with the highwayman, the Fitzgeralds run out of gas, and are forced to stop in a place which seems to have popped directly out of one of Fitzgerald's nightmares--"a small dot which bore the sinister name of Niggerfoot" (Cruise, 58). He prepares himself for some abomination, exclaiming "Ah--let it lack churches and schools and chambers of commerce, [i.e., civilization] but let it not lack gasoline!" His fears aroused once more, Fitzgerald takes an aggressive and hostile attitude toward the blacks he finds outside a country store, of whom he demands gasoline:

After the manner of their race they tried to avoid the issue--. . . .
They shook their heads. They mumbled melancholy and ineffectual protests. As I grew more vehement, their stubborn stupidity grew hazy rather than gave way--one of the old men vanished into the darkness to return with a yellow buck of reasonable age. Then there was more arguing until finally one of the little boys went sullenly in search of a pail.

Projecting his own fears and confusion onto the blacks,

8 See Grandeur, 149.
Fitzgerald in effect has an argument with figments of his imagination. Having told him that the gasoline was locked up for the night, the blacks must endure the author's harangue that their stupidity and not his lack of foresight is at fault. But rather than dissipate, his emotional state actually intensifies:

Meanwhile I had gone into the store for cigarettes and found myself enclosed immediately in a miasmic atmosphere which left on me a vivid and unforgettable impression. I could not say clearly even now what was going on in that store—a moonshine orgy, a payday gambling bout, something more sinister than these or perhaps not sinister at all. Nor could I determine whether the man who waited on me was black or white. But this I know—that the room was simply jammed with negroes and that the moral and physical aura which they cast off was to me oppressive and obscene. I was glad to find my way out into the hot dark . . . . (Cruise, 58)

For Fitzgerald, the claustrophobic scene, which he was too agitated to remember clearly, so that only his impression of the episode survives, takes on a moral significance: by reiterating the "sinister" implications of many blacks together in one place, Fitzgerald projects his horror of the swamp ambush onto the gathering, and treats the blacks as so many demons with designs on his body and his soul. Though he admits that there may have been nothing exceptional about the situation, Fitzgerald expects the reader to empathize with his reluctance to take chances. Having promised a Richard Harding Davis safari at the
outset, Fitzgerald does not let the opportunity slip to provide a heart of darkness for his readers to stare into so that his own anxieties will seem all the more reasonable. For Fitzgerald, it is a quintessential encounter with otherness, since the indistinct outlines of the dark Other allow his imagination to shape all of his fears therein.

His daylight meeting with a group of blacks whose fixed place in society and in nature brings a sense of security to the wanderers contrasts sharply with the tense nighttime encounter: "The sandy roads took on a heavenly color, the glint of the trees in the sun was friendly, the singing negroes in the fields were the negroes of home" (Cruise, 66). The blacks in their place give a sense of identity, so that Fitzgerald, the Northerner who has mostly contempt for the backwards Southerners, is still able to experience a "territorial thrill" once they have crossed "[o]ver the bridge and onto the soil of Zelda's native state, the cradle of the Confederacy, the utter heart of the old south, the ground of our dreams and destination" (Cruise, 68). Zelda eventually becomes maudlin: "Zelda was crying, crying because things were the same and yet were not the same. It was for her faithlessness that she wept, and for the faithlessness of time." He appropriates not only her sense of a Southern identity, rooted in the landscape and the dominion over the black peons, but also her sense of loss, which for him moves backwards in time from the dilapidated
car which they must sell to finance their return trip by train, including all of Zelda's old beaux and the Old South itself as a never-to-be-recaptured ideal.

Written as autobiography, the piece gives a good indication of the close resemblance between Fitzgerald's narrators and himself, particularly in regard to their racial perceptions. Because the informing sensibility behind each work remains his own, a racial subtext can be delineated for each of Fitzgerald's novels, tracing the development of his ideological position. Beginning with *The Beautiful and Damned*, Fitzgerald makes the fact of racial and ethnic diversity in modern society an obstacle to the romantic quests of each of his central figures.
Chapter Three

The Beautiful and Damned

Fitzgerald depended heavily on H. L. Mencken's social analyses in the early twenties. In *The Beautiful and Damned* (1923), Mencken's influence shows in the social critiques of Fitzgerald's jaded sophisticates and narrator.¹ At the height of his popularity in the twenties, Mencken was one of the leading critics of mediocrity in American culture, a condition he linked directly to the lingering effects of puritanism. Mencken's ideas on race as expressed in his articles, reviews and editorials in *Smart Set*, *American Mercury*, and the *Baltimore Sun* reveal his unwavering campaign against puritanical self-righteousness. His racial commentaries often praised ethnic groups to the degree that they diverged from the WASP example, damning them when they chose Main Street America as the ideal to be emulated. However, Mencken valued racial and ethnic groups by the Anglo-Saxon standard in determining their "progress" or "development," and his indulgence in ethnic and racial slurs in his published works and in his private correspondence leaves unanswered the question of his actual opinions of America's minorities. Was he motivated by a sincere

appreciation of the accomplishments of America's diverse ethnic communities, or simply using any non-Anglo-Saxon achievement as an opportunity to take another swipe at the WASP majority?

Mencken often lumped Americans together as a nationality, but even this tactic depends upon his rather unscientific ideas on race. In "On Being an American," for example, Mencken rails against "the normal Americano—the 100 per cent. Methodist, Odd Fellow, Ku Kluxer and Know-Nothing. He exists in all countries, but here alone he rules. . . ." \(^2\) Mencken's explanation for this is significant: "If you would penetrate to the causes thereof, simply go down to Ellis Island and look at the next shipload of immigrants. You will not find the spring of youth in their step; you will find the shuffling of exhausted men. From such exhausted men the American stock has sprung" (Prejudices 3, 25). Mencken goes on to link this "exhaustion" to an urge for comfort and security that permeates American culture, giving it its characteristic suspicion of all that is new and different and its resistance to change. Thus, while reviling Americans for their dislike of the otherness of the immigrant populations, Mencken lays the blame on the immigrants themselves. In short, Mencken's racial attitudes were self-serving to the

point of inconsistency. In "Sahara of the Bozart" he claims of Southerners that the majority are inferior genetically (and therefore artistically and mentally!) to the mulatto, whom he makes the descendent of only the very best of the old Southern aristocracy. This now defunct aristocracy, Mencken claims, took mistresses from among the black slaves in preference to the pitiful women of the white proletariat, so that the South's "best" blood survives largely in the black citizenry. Elsewhere in Prejudices: Second Series (which Fitzgerald reviewed in The Bookman in March, 1921 under the title "The Baltimore Anti-Christ") Mencken's condemnation of American literature in the essay "The National Letters" goes to great pains to show that without its alien element, America would have no great literature at all (Prejudices 2, 50).

Edward A. Martin notes the cagey ambiguity that characterizes most Mencken commentaries wherein he seems to adopt racist beliefs in order to satirize racist thinkers:

... When he wrote about Jews and blacks, his attitudes sometimes seemed the ordinary ones of a narrow-minded, Anglo-Saxon Protestant, and reflected the typical bourgeois social values and careless ethnic witticisms of his upbringing.

His affectation of racism could be both deliberate and ambiguous, deliberate to the extent that he sometimes burlesqued racial attitudes in order to satirize them, and ambiguous in

that he was sometimes willing to let racists among his readers believe he was advocating, not ridiculing their position.\footnote{Edward A. Martin, \textit{H. L. Mencken and the Debunkers} (Athens, Ga.: Univ. Georgia Press, 1984) 40.}

Martin finds too that Mencken's often "flagrantly . . . uninformed" opinions on race were the "careless products of his Nietzschean individualism" (Martin, 39). As shown by Fitzgerald's question to Burton Rascoe in December, 1920 ("Mencken's code of honor springs from Nietche [sic] doesn't it?--the agreement among the powerful to exploit the less powerful and respect each other" Mellow, 121) Fitzgerald was quite prepared to read Nietzsche through Mencken, and Mencken's characterization of Nietzsche's racial theories was no exception.

The difference in Fitzgerald's handling of racial commentary between \textit{This Side of Paradise} and \textit{The Beautiful and Damned} apparently stems from his reading of Mencken and Nietzsche, which gave Fitzgerald not an attitude towards "race" and races, but a concept of race in social processes and in the workings of the individual psyche. Mencken's ambiguous racial commentaries probably influenced Fitzgerald's own ambivalence on race and ethnicity in \textit{The Beautiful and Damned}. Whereas Amory Blaine takes a biased stance against racial and ethnic minorities with clear authorial approval, Fitzgerald's narration in \textit{The Beautiful and Damned} is much more indecisive: the identical opinions
are expressed (and are, in fact, expounded at greater length) but Fitzgerald strives occasionally for a more sophisticated narrative tone that seems to condemn Anthony's expressions of racial and ethnic antipathy as symptomatic of his mental and emotional deterioration. However, this sporadically critical tone towards Anthony's racism is, as we shall see, sometimes openly contradicted. Perhaps Fitzgerald was attempting, like Mencken, to have it both ways at once—to gain credit for a measure of objectivity while indulging his racial and ethnic biases.

Whatever Fitzgerald learned from his association with Mencken, he began after *This Side of Paradise* to tailor racial commentary to his immediate audience, adopting more broad-minded positions in public statements than in private correspondence. The totally gratuitous swipe he takes at the Grant/Stoddard ideas of Nordic superiority in his May 1923 book review of Thomas Boyd's *Through the Wheat* provides one example. Here Fitzgerald insists, "No one has a greater contempt than I have for the recent hysteria about the Nordic theory, but I suppose that the United States marines were the best body of troops that fought in the war" (*Miscellany*, 143). The context of the statement, though, seems curious. It comes as Fitzgerald is making an editorial statement about the relationship between race and fighting effectiveness during the war. He claims that what makes the troops in Boyd's work an effective fighting unit is a
solidarity based on racial homogeneity. (Later, Fitzgerald will restate this notion in Dick Diver's paean in *Tender Is the Night* to the "whole-souled sentimental equipment" of the Western European combatants of that war.) In the Boyd review, Fitzgerald obviously takes a stab at erudition, phrased so as to disguise the patently self-contradictory sentiments.

Yet in a letter to Holger Lundbergh earlier that same year (in response to a Lundbergh letter that has not been recovered, which questioned Fitzgerald about his treatment of Scandinavians in his story "The Ice Palace") Fitzgerald takes a different tone towards the "Nordic theory":

> Of course the Scandanavians [sic] as the present heroes of the Nordic theory can stand anything in the way of a slight—but I will say that the *Ice Palace* was written in the middle of a Minnesota winter when I felt that I could have been blood-brother to a warm-blooded ethiope. Its [sic] utterly unfair of course to judge a race by its lowest class. (*Correspondence*, 125.)

Fitzgerald compares himself to a "warm-blooded ethiope" here in a Menckenesque, self-deprecatory comment calculated to charm Lundbergh and simultaneously to deflect attention away from the statement in question, in which (through the words of Roger Patton) he suggests that overall the Scandinavian population has had a negative impact on the Americans they live among: "'Scandinavians, you know, have the largest suicide rate in the world'" (*Short Stories*, 22). Fitzgerald's vague apology on class grounds serves only to
emphasize his acute sense of class-consciousness, and he would elaborate upon this later in "The Crack-Up" in reference to Scandinavian girls he had seen in his youth, but who were beneath his social station (Crack-Up, 73).

But the comparison of himself to an "ethiope" also suggests the old Fitzgerald sambo trademark logo. The self-derision does not disguise the fact that Fitzgerald subtly acknowledges a sense of Lundbergh's racial superiority as a Nordic. Furthermore, the letter begins in an almost congratulatory manner towards Lundbergh, calling the Scandinavians "heroes" by dint of their racial origin. For this letter, at least, Fitzgerald seems more than willing to endorse a theory of Nordic superiority, if only in a half-kidding, opportunistic manner.

"The Ice Palace" was written before Stoddard's Rising Tide was published, so Fitzgerald's comments in that story were probably based upon personal experience, without the benefit of a holistic theory of race to support it. But one year later, Fitzgerald had acquired some fairly definite ideas about race, as the following excerpt from a May 1921 letter to Edmund Wilson shows:

God damn the continent of Europe. It is of merely antiquarian interest. Rome is only a few years behind Tyre and Babylon. The negroid streak creeps northward to defile the Nordic race. Already the Italians have the souls of blackamoors. Raise the bars of immigration and permit only Scandinavians, Teutons, Anglo-Saxons and Celts to enter. France made me sick. Its
silly pose as the thing the world has to save. I think it's a shame that England and America didn't let Germany conquer Europe. It's the only thing that would have saved the fleet of tottering old wrecks. My reactions were all philistine, anti-socialistic [sic], provincial and racially snobbish. I believe at last in the white man's burden. We are as far above the modern Frenchman as he is above the Negro. Even in art! Italy has no one. When Anatole France dies French literature will be a silly jealous rehashing of technical quarrels. They're thru and done. You may have spoken in jest about New York as the capital of culture but in 25 years it will be just as London is now. Culture follows money and all the refinements of aestheticism can't stave off its change of seat (Christ! what a metaphor). We will be the Romans in the next generation as the English are now. (Letters, 326)

The splenetic requires detailed examination, for Fitzgerald's attitudes touch upon a wide range of racist beliefs of the day and give insight into racial characterizations in The Beautiful and Damned on which he was then working. To begin with, the abstract tone of the complaint, in which Fitzgerald mentions no specific experiences that might lead to such a sweeping indictment, suggests a display for an intellectual superior. The tirade seems rehearsed and a bit melodramatic even for Fitzgerald. His notion of a spiritual transfer of power from Imperial Rome to Imperial Britain to America echoes Monsignor Darcy's commission to Amory Blaine and his generation in This Side of Paradise. Unlike the scenario in the novel, however, where the war hysteria has revived the terms "hun" and
"barbarian" as stereotypes for the German people, here the Germans themselves risk invasion, not by armed forces, but by a creeping moral deficiency moving across political and geographical boundaries with the implacability of a viral epidemic. In Fitzgerald's allegory, the new barbarians must be kept out of the new Rome by immigration laws, and the white man's burden, then, is to remain undefiled—i.e. "white"—as long as possible. Lacking this vision, the "Nordic" civilizations continue to battle each other for supremacy instead of recognizing a mutual interest in keeping the neo-barbarians at bay.

Fitzgerald's use here of dirt and decay motifs to characterize interracial relationships continues a tradition in racist polemics. The Italians, he maintains, carry the contagion in their very souls. The bordering Southern European countries show signs of contamination as well. The French have sunk morally and intellectually to a median level between the Anglo-American and the Negro, he claims, and aesthetics have begun to go the way of ethics. Fitzgerald, though, reveals a surprising level of self-consciousness. He makes the odd admission that his ideas are "provincial and racially snobbish." So not only does he express a visceral displeasure with the Europe he discovered on his trip, but he also simultaneously judges his own reactions from the perspective of his correspondent Wilson, a devout Francophile.
This creates the unusual occasion of an admission of intellectual short-sightedness in defense of a racist attitude. In essence, Fitzgerald admits that racism for him was a psychological reaction, but to what? With shrewd insight into the high-strung Fitzgeralds, Edmund Wilson's response concludes that their reactions were typical of first time travelers from America: "It is due, I suppose, first to the fact that they can't understand the language and, consequently, assume that there is nothing doing and that there is something inherently hateful about a people who, not being able to make themselves understood present such a blank facade to a foreigner, . . . ."\(^5\) Wilson understands the threat that a "blank facade" could pose to an insecure person like Fitzgerald. As Wilson wrote to Stanley Dell concerning the Fitzgeralds' reaction to Europe, "[t]he astonishing (though, I suppose, natural) thing was that they hated Europe, . . . . They had apparently become so accustomed to the luxurious appointment of the Ritz and the Plaza and the jazz of American life that Europe seemed to them too tame and too primitive to be taken seriously" (Wilson Letters, 73).

The French, simply put, did not reflect back to the Fitzgeralds their American celebrity status, and they had no knowledgeable guide to make them feel at home (they had

tried, but failed to locate Wilson, who was himself in Paris at the time). Fitzgerald's letter is downcast about the English reception of *This Side of Paradise* (though they seemed otherwise to enjoy their stays in England), and Zelda, far gone in her pregnancy, was probably quite dismayed by her altered appearance. Thus the usual bulwarks of their self-esteem--Fitzgerald's status as a serious author, and Zelda's striking appearance--were compromised, and they became easily dejected. As with his earlier automobile trip to the American South, Fitzgerald's hatred of Europe is largely a reflection of his hysterical fear of engulfment by otherness.

Fitzgerald tries in *The Beautiful and Damned* again to tell the story of a man of means who squanders his money and loses his prestige. Anthony, like Amory Blaine, loses all, but the blame does not lie with the family which fails to stake him to the style of life he feels entitled to. Instead, Fitzgerald focuses on Anthony's own inability to maintain his social and economic standing. Nevertheless, the foolish rigidity of his grandfather, old Adam Patch's puritan campaign against social vices mitigates Anthony's incompetence somewhat, for his disinheretance of Anthony seems unjust. Once again Fitzgerald implicates the negative
influence of women in the weakness of his protagonist's character and resulting decline in fortunes:

All the distress that [Anthony] had ever known, the sorrow and the pain, had been because of women. It was something that in different ways they did to him, unconsciously, almost casually—perhaps finding him tender-minded and afraid, they killed the things in him that menaced their absolute sway.6

The feminine assault on Anthony is two-pronged and formidable. In Gloria, a profligacy born of vanity and a fierceness of temperament exploit Anthony's weakness of will, creating for him a constant financial drain and a sexual uncertainty. Her vices tend to complement Anthony's in forming destructive behavior patterns which ultimately lead to their poverty and loss of self-respect. His sexual relationship with Dorothy Raycroft also facilitates Anthony's slide. Her easy virtue introduces Anthony to the greatest of social evils in Fitzgerald's closet puritanical view, a loss of principles and surrender to self-indulgence and despair. Obviously, Fitzgerald still struggles here with the old Victorian dichotomy in his portrayal of women. Despite Gloria's defiance of Victorian conventionality, she does not lose her chastity, thereby preserving the binary pair of feminine influences which collectively sap Anthony's will and sanity.

6 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned (New York: Scribners, 1922) 444. All further references to this text will appear in parentheses by page numbers only.
Yet Dot and Gloria have in common an undeniable sexual appeal that shows Anthony's problem as identical to Amory Blaine's: the problem of evil remains the problem of sex, qualified here as the problem of sexual mastery. Despite his mocking references to those puritan apostles who attempt through the colleges and prep schools to instill a "mysterious conviction of sin" based on "the everpresent menace of 'women'" (74), the link is sufficiently strong throughout his works to see this as Fitzgerald's reading of one of his own anxieties.

By associating women with the supernatural, on the one hand, and with the bestial, on the other, Fitzgerald emphasizes the horror they invoke in his sensitive male protagonists. Amory Blaine's experiences with the ghost of Humbird offers a clear example of the former, while the following passage discusses the latter as the terrifying element in the disembodied female voice heard by Anthony Patch in *The Beautiful and Damned* through his bedroom window the night before his wedding:

> 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. . . .Life was that sound out there, that ghastly reiterated female sound. (149-50)

Anthony employs much of his energy in keeping the gritty details of life out of his consciousness. That life
inevitably comes crashing in upon him, finding him ill-equipped to handle it he attributes to the women in his life. They dominate him emotionally and financially (in the case of Gloria), and sexually (in the case of Dot) and this division of labor gains emphasis through a Manichean reliance upon light and dark imagery in their various descriptions.

To Gloria Fitzgerald has assigned the qualities of light: "She was dazzling--alight; it was an agony to comprehend her beauty in a glance. Her hair, full of heavenly glamour, was gay against the winter color of the room" (57). Anthony also notes "the exquisite regularity of nose and upper lip, the chin, faintly decided, balanced beautifully . . . . [S]he must have been completely classical, almost cold" (57-8). In a fanciful, allegorical introduction to Gloria, Fitzgerald has depicted her as absolute "beauty" itself, taking on a mortal guise as "a 'susciety gurl' . . . . a ragtime kid, a flapper, a jazz-baby, and a baby vamp" (29). Despite her incarnation as modern woman circa 1913, Gloria is essentially the Western ideal of chaste womanhood, and her independence of spirit can explained by her Nietzschean outlook. Christening her a "Nordic Ganymede," Fitzgerald makes her an object of universal desire: "Masculine eyes, dozens of them, followed her with a fascinated stare when she walked through a hotel lobby or down the aisle of a theatre. Men asked to be
introduced to her, fell into prolonged states of sincere admiration, made definite love to her. . ." (297). By contrast, he describes Anthony as handsome, but "devoid of the symmetry of feature essential to the Aryan ideal" (9). By emphasizing her lightness, her cold, Aryan "regularity" of features and her Nietzschean outlook, Fitzgerald builds prima facie justification for Gloria's domination of Anthony in a place and time when even "ugly women control strong men" (28).

Dorothy Raycroft, on the other hand, figures as Anthony's Dark Lady. Unlike Anthony's infatuation with Gloria, where he falls before "a personality more vital, more compelling than his own, . . . [h]e merely slid[es] into the matter [with Dot] through an inability to make definite judgments" (324-5). As Dot helps to precipitate Anthony's "slide" into moral decay, she most often appears as a creature of the night and of the darkness. "[H]er features were small, irregular, but eloquent and appropriate to each other. She was a dark, unenduring little flower. . . " (326-7).

Predictably (and this is the tip-off to a Manichean vision) Fitzgerald simply reverses each description of Gloria in his invention of Dot. Where Gloria's hair is light and bobbed (before the look became fashionable), Dot's hair is dark and typically "in disarray." Where Gloria's light blue intelligent eyes are full of life, Dot's "violet eyes
would remain for hours apparently insensate." Where Gloria is an earthy manifestation of the Eternal, Dot is pointedly an "unenduring little flower"—a woman fit for only transient encounters. Where Gloria is aggressive and smart, Dot lives by a "conscious evasion of all except the pleasurable minutiae of life" (338). Where Gloria barely condescends to acknowledge Anthony's suit when they first meet, Dot grovels before the contemptible, drunken Anthony pleading, "Oh hit me, and I'll kiss the hand you hit me with!" (445). Gloria commands the attention of all men when she enters a room or walks down the street, but the boys Dot knew "looked the other way when they were walking with 'nice girls.'" Where Gloria's features are "regular," Dot's are "irregular." "Irregular," in fact, seems to describe everything about Dot.

Quite possibly Fitzgerald hopes for the same effect that Conrad achieves in *Heart of Darkness* with his portrayal of the dark and light women in Kurtz's life. As Gloria's polar opposite, Dot becomes too obvious a horror to a man of Anthony's social aspirations to create any meaningful narrative tension as a rival to Gloria. Even Anthony's predilection for "lower class" girls for companionship during his bachelor days (like the "utterly stupid" Geraldine) signifies no emotional involvement with such women, only an escape from the boredom. Anthony makes a point of not even experimenting with Geraldine's virtue,
"not from any moral compunction, but from a dread of allowing any entanglement to disturb what he felt was the growing serenity of his life" (45-6). Similarly, he feels no passion, nothing compelling about his relations with Dot. She mostly serves as a Manichean marker for the nadir of Anthony's existence--his life in the army. Had Fitzgerald been a person less "racially snobbish," he might have made Dot black (as Conrad had done before him in *Heart of Darkness* and as Wolfe would later do in *Look Homeward, Angel*, with the women who describe the negative extreme of the feminine for the novels' protagonists).

Yet, though he does not make Dot black, Fitzgerald ascribes attributes of blackness to Dot by insinuation and association. While he assures us of Gloria's fitness to rule by her Nordic aspects of appearance and character, he traces Dot's lack of fitness indirectly to her coexistence with Negroes. Anthony's visit to the unnamed town near Camp Hooker seems a descent into a veritable Slough of Despond. At first he finds the city "unexpectedly attractive." The city lights, the painted women, the "intermittent procession of ragged, shuffling, subservient negroes" introduce Anthony to the "slow, erotic breath of the South, imminent in the hot softness of the air, in the pervasive lull of thought and time" (321). Henry Bellamy's observation in "The Ice Palace," that the boys who court the belle Sally Carol are "sort of degenerates, . . ." because "[t]hey've lived so long
down there with all the colored people that they've gotten lazy and shiftless" (Stories, 75) seems generally applicable to Fitzgerald's depiction of the South in The Beautiful and Damned as well.

Thus the free-floating immorality in the very atmosphere of the South connotes a moral contagion spread by the simple presence of Negroes. As in This Side of Paradise, whenever we spot a Negro on the landscape, we can be sure that the incidence of degeneracy, social confusion, moral slackness—all of the litany of social dysfunctions of the modern era—will rise sharply.

Dot Raycroft's portrayal demonstrates the formula clearly. The procession of "strolling darkeys" sets the stage for Anthony's encounter with Dot. They walk hand-in-hand on their first date, serenaded by "a negro newsboy [who] was calling extra in the cadence of the local vendors' tradition, a cadence that was as musical as song" (324). The newsboy's "Extra!" heralds the developing relationship between Dot and Anthony, so the very next sentence holds no surprise: "Anthony's affair with Dorothy Raycroft was an inevitable result of his increasing carelessness about himself." Before we are told the details of the episode we understand these symptoms of personality deterioration. The evidence of this decline involves Anthony's inability to say "no": "borrower and temptress alike found him tender-minded and pliable. Indeed, he seldom made decisions at all, and
when he did they were but half-hysterical resolves formed in the panic of some aghast and irreparable awakening" (325). The infectious malaise of the South gradually traps Anthony into a pattern of behavior against which he could more ably cope in the North, where social barriers form a reliable bulwark against external influences. Anthony's already weakened will crumbles, allowing repressed "half-hysterical resolves" to break into consciousness. These hysterical episodes, like those of Amory in *This Side of Paradise*, result from sporadic recognition by the protagonist of his own complicity in sin (i.e., sex). For Fitzgerald, the journey into the South is a metaphorical descent into the Freudian unconscious.

Like the mediocre aristocrats of Nietzsche's tripartite social analysis, Anthony falls prey to the tendency "to drop out of [the aristocracy] and seek ease and peace in the castes lower down."7 Thus he oozes into an "animal content" through his nightly visits to Dot's house. Their courtship periodically takes them to

Johnston's Gardens' where they danced, where a tragic negro made yearning, aching music on a saxophone until the hall became an enchanted jungle of barbaric rhythms and smoky laughter, where to forget the uneventful passage of time upon Dorothy's soft sighs and tender whisperings was the consummation of all aspiration, of all content. (338)

Here blacks impose their culture and, by extension, their mores on an unsuspecting white audience, and the black rhythms which have inaugurated the liaison of Anthony and Dot now thoroughly control their actions. When Anthony rushes to save Dot from a feared suicide attempt he must go significantly to a "dark ramshackle little house" where he almost knocks over "an immense negress who was walking, candle in hand, along the hall" (347). The dark, dilapidated house indicates the moral deterioration, while the presence of the obese black woman as superintendent, spiritual guide and physical obstruction represents the apotheosis of carnal self-indulgence, of "animal content." That Anthony must physically engage this woman in order to see Dot sufficiently suggests his decline.

Gloria, however, seems generally immune to the corrupting influence of blacks and their culture. For her, however, Jews seem to hold a distinct fascination. In Fitzgerald's scheme, just as blacks typify the corruption of society from below by their sensuality and sloth, Jews represent the destruction of reliable distinctions of class and wealth in the upper reaches of society by their acquisitiveness and their relentless pursuit of social acceptance. The consistent association of Gloria with Jews calls our attention to her willful extravagance as a primary factor in Anthony's decline. But Fitzgerald identifies also a "streak of cheapness" in Gloria that impels her towards a
prolonged consideration of a career on the stage, and later in the movies. Fitzgerald's use of Joseph Bloeckman as an ethnic nouveau riche also reminds us unsubtly of the large Jewish representation in the theatre world and in the motion picture industry. Bloeckman exploits Gloria's vanity and willingness to trade on her looks for the wealth and celebrity that movie stardom would bring, as a means of enhancing his position as a rival to Anthony. Gloria's prolonged relationship with the wealthy, upwardly mobile Jew undermines Anthony's morale. Fitzgerald plays upon contemporary biases towards Jewishness to intensify feelings of distaste for Bloeckman's interference in the Patches' marriage, creating some residual sympathy for Anthony despite a generally critical portrayal.

Fitzgerald's perception of the typical Jewish movie executive comes through clearly in a February 1921 letter to James Branch Cabell discussing a planned trip to California to write for the movies: "I am about to sell my soul to a certain wretched Semite named Goldwyn and go to the coast to write one moving picture. I have a scurvy plot in my mind suitable to his diseased palate and leprous brain" (quoted in Donaldson, 184). This helps to explain the recurrent

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8 In the Turnbull edition of Fitzgerald's letters, the comment is bowdlerized to read "I am about to sell my soul. . .and go to the coast to write one moving picture. . ." (Letters, 468). Turnbull was probably concerned, and with good reason, about the effect the unexpurgated statement would have had on the critical reputation of Fitzgerald, whose work was then experiencing a popular and critical revival of interest.
"devil's bargain" motif in the context of business affiliations between Gentiles and Jews in Fitzgerald's work. What appears on the surface as a casual flirtation by Gloria has important symbolic ramifications for Fitzgerald's critique of Jazz Age social flux.

Gloria's willful and prolonged association with Jews demonstrates her unconventionality and much more. A Mid-Westerner of middle class origins, Gloria seems to prefer the company of social inferiors. Her maintenance of a private collection of exotics suggests her Nietzschean desire to be master of a slave race. But for Fitzgerald, her selection of intimates leads inevitably to Bloeckman's attempt to seduce her into the "cheap" life of the actress, and to Rachael Jerry1's attempt to lure her into the life of the adulteress. Fitzgerald's scheme of associating blacks and ethnics with the corruption of society's lower classes, and Jews with the disruptive post-war social flux and shifting mores in the wealthier classes, further, betrays also his ill-concealed misogyny. For despite Anthony's weakness of character, he might indeed live serene and unperturbed on his modest allowance, oblivious to the encroaching otherness transforming the world he stands to inherit, but for the disastrous influence of women in his life. Anthony's paranoia about the "menace of women" gains support from a narrative perspective that presents women as unwitting allies of alien forces dedicated to the overthrow
of white male hegemony. This unholy alliance between the suppressed female and the dispossessed Other is a recurrent motif that appears in a recognizable form for the first time in *The Beautiful and Damned*.

Anthony's unquestioning acceptance of Gloria brings him into her curious circle of acquaintances. Fitzgerald portrays Muriel Kane as a dumpy, trend-conscious vamp—the eternal debutante—but Rachael, the "exquisitely dressed Jewess with dark hair," he makes "shy and vague" (84). We learn later, of course, that this reticence really signifies a natural cunning and a shiftiness of morals. "Her family were 'Episcopaliens,'" notes the narrator, in one of Fitzgerald's many Menckenisms. Gloria, who likes these girls with whom she ostensibly does not have to compete, calls her "clean and slick" (134). But Rachael's attempted seduction of Anthony at one of their many house parties in Connecticut reveals her quietness as a cover for a malicious jealousy of Gloria. Later, when Gloria has decided to forgive Rachael, she attempts to lure Gloria into an adulterous foursome, while both of their husbands are off in the army.

Predictably, Rachael has married a Gentile with money to further remove the stigma of her ethnicity. Fitzgerald, however, in a bow to Eliot, pointedly unmasks her ("--Mrs. Barnes, nee Rachael Jerryl") when she reappears in the narrative. Gloria's failure to penetrate her disguise perhaps signifies Gloria's fundamental lack of guile, her
acceptance of everyone at face value. Her relative lack of feminine wiles makes her susceptible to hangers-on like Rachael and the other assimilated Jew, Bloeckman. But despite her conniving, Rachael does no real harm because of Gloria's superior will.

Fitzgerald's depictions of Jews here do not stray from the stereotypical, though he portrays Bloeckman with more sophistication than he does Rachael. Fitzgerald alludes to a "devil's bargain" that brings Bloeckman into the lives of the Gilberts, Gloria's father having apparently been self-employed "until about 1911, when he began exchanging contracts for various agreements with the moving picture industry" (40). His affiliation with Bloeckman is brought about by the industry's decision to "gobble him up" a year later, but he has retained the title of Supervising Manager. Through this business relationship, Gloria meets Bloeckman, and to the horror of her parents, she pursues a personal relationship with the older but socially awkward Jew. Fitzgerald moralizes implicitly in the subsequent amorous aggressiveness of Bloeckman, and the Gilberts' powerlessness to prevent their daughter from seeing someone with whom they are in business.

Bloeckman's transformation into a suave and worldly businessman counterpoints Anthony's decline as surely as Rachael's economic solvency contrasts with Gloria's relative poverty. Fitzgerald tracks Bloeckman's development in a
methodical fashion in order to dramatize the divergence in the careers of the two rivals for Gloria. At his first appearance, Fitzgerald calls attention to Bloeckman's painful incongruity to the Ivy Leaguers with whom Anthony has formed an intimate circle. Greeting Anthony and his friends Maury Noble and Dick Caramel "with a little too evident assurance," Bloeckman meets with increasing condescension each time he attempts unsuccessfully to strike up a conversation. Though Anthony and his friends behave poorly, Fitzgerald clearly has no sympathy for Bloeckman, whom he characterizes as being too self-satisfied to notice the "intended impression of faint and ironic chill" (94). Referred to as "'that person Bloeckman'" by a jealous and suspicious Anthony, he first appears as a "stoutening, ruddy Jew of about thirty-five, with an expressive face under smooth sandy hair." The term "expressive" is a stock ethnic description of Fitzgerald's, like "sullen" and "tragic." In *Gatsby*, the Jewish gangster Wolfsheim has an "expressive" nose, and so the description of Bloeckman's "nostrils overwide" a few lines down comes as no surprise. The narrator joins with Anthony in groaning over each banality with which Bloeckman punctuates his conversation, such as his unself-conscious observation that Anthony's grandfather, the wealthy social reformer Adam Patch, was a "fine example of an American." Bloeckman's adoption of 100% Americanism to mask his otherness provides an opportunity for Fitzgerald to
play Mencken. The idea of an immigrant Jew lecturing three graduates of Harvard on being American is meant to strike the reader as outrageously funny. But as vice-president of Films Par Excellence, Bloeckman's ability to mold public attitudes gives the scene, to use another Fitzgerald favorite in regard to ethnics, a somewhat "sinister" aspect.

The narrator describes Bloeckman's rise from peanut vendor for a traveling circus to "side show ballyhoo," proprietor of a second-class vaudeville house and finally film mogul. Lest we miss the drollery of this rags-to-riches story, the narrator points out that "[t]he moving picture industry had borne him up with it where it threw off dozens of men with more financial ability, more imagination, and more practical ideas . . . " (97). Fitzgerald wants to leave no doubt that Bloeckman's success in the movies results from, and not in spite of his mediocrity. One of Mencken's pet notions was that American culture (particularly the fine arts) suffered so thoroughly from residual puritanism and the tendency to pander to the low aesthetic standards of "the mob" that only a mediocrity could succeed.

Anthony's contempt soon turns to hatred and fear, however, when Gloria stubbornly continues to see Bloeckman and shows signs of tiring of Anthony's ardent pursuit. Gradually, Anthony develops a desire to kill Bloeckman for his "hideous presumption," an expression for which Fitzgerald provides no further explanation. Apparently we
are to assume that the amorous pursuit of the Aryan maiden by the obnoxious Semite requires no further qualification, given Fitzgerald's intended audience. Anthony lies awake at night, "half wild with grief and fear and abominable imaginings" of Gloria romantically involved with such a "robust and offensive hog" (123-5). Anthony succeeds in conquering this hatred and fear only after Gloria decides she loves him and tells Bloeckman of her plans to marry Anthony.

Gloria rejects Bloeckman with cruelty and contempt. When he proposes marriage, offering her "everything from a villa in Italy to a brilliant career on the screen," (135) she laughs in his face, in unstated agreement with Anthony that Bloeckman's romantic interest constitutes an amazing presumption. Curiously, Bloeckman laughs too, perhaps more conscious of the social implications of his offer than of the stinging rebuke. Like the oily villain of the pulp romances, he cannot be hurt personally by this rejection since he labors under no romantic spell, and views such a match with the detachment of a financial investment. He has offered her the symbols of status from the old world and the new--Italian villas and movie stardom--and the fact that both fall within his power to grant makes him an object worthy of Anthony's fear. Bloeckman possesses those appurtenances of wealth that loom only distantly in
Anthony's future as his grandfather's heir, and unlike Patch he has acquired them through his own toil.

Bloeckman's later appearances stress his increase in stature, in "weight instead of bulk" so that "Anthony no longer felt a correct superiority in his presence" (208). He has shed the ostentation of the parvenu for the aplomb of the man of substance. The narrative tone towards him shifts to a more cautious neutrality, but a bitter sarcasm can be detected behind the observation that in Bloeckman's "manner there was perceptibly more assurance that the fine things of the world were his by a natural and inalienable right" (305, my emphasis).

In the final meeting between the two, the alcoholic Anthony seems more like the ridiculous, contemptible intruder and Bloeckman plays the role of the wealthy, respected man of the community and social insider. Riding the crest of mass cultural mediocrity, the Jew has entrenched himself in the power elite, and the erstwhile aristocrat literally goes begging. In despair, Anthony strikes out feebly at this symbol of his social alienation. His beating by Bloeckman's henchmen symbolizes his ironic "alienation" at the hands of the Jew from a world that by "natural and inalienable rights" should be his. Anthony reveals in calling Bloeckman a "Goddamn Jew" that he has lost his self-control sufficiently to reveal the anti-Semitism that has all along been at the root of his
disapproval of the movie executive, even before he became aware of him as a rival. By naming him "Jew," Anthony unmask Bloeckman, who has put considerable effort into removing the outward signs of his otherness. Despite their social role reversals, Bloeckman's Jewish identity still makes him vulnerable. Although Anthony cannot in any material sense reverse their social positions simply by revealing Bloeckman's earlier, and therefore essential identity as "alien Other," he can magnify Bloeckman's imposture. (Earlier, when Anthony has been literally dispossessed by an ostensibly Jewish landlord named Sohenberg, Gloria screams at him, "You [should] have told him what he was" 287, Fitzgerald's emphasis.) Ten years earlier, Anthony might have expected passersby to rally to his cause with such a tactic. However, in chaotic post-war America, Fitzgerald suggests that unmasking the Jew no longer suffices to remove his power. Power gravitates towards money, and Anthony's loss of both makes him Other (observers refer to him three times as a "bum" immediately following this encounter) as his snubbing by Maury Noble prior to his confrontation with Bloeckman shows.

If ethnic bias has been a contributing factor in Anthony's attitude towards Bloeckman, then the narrative voice has occasionally shown a similar predisposition. There is no distinction between the thoughts of Anthony and those of the narrator when Bloeckman first appears, and the
narrative does not alter its contempt for Bloeckman until he ceases to be a figure of fun for Anthony. Anthony becomes a seriously flawed and pitiable character who seems genuinely to deserve his fate, so that any slippage of the authorial mask raises the suspicion that Fitzgerald wants to have things both ways. He seems to sanction a conceptual "American" identity that excludes quantifiable otherness of race, class or ethnicity to make the point that American identity does not equate with American citizenship. At the same time, he seems to censure Anthony for holding such a view. This inconsistency leads to a loss of control over the narrative voice.

Matthew Bruccoli acknowledges the intrusive commentary as Fitzgerald's own opinions seeping into the narrative:

The point-of-view problems in The Beautiful and Damned result from Fitzgerald's ambivalent narrative stance as he fluctuates between approval of Anthony's adherence to the doctrine of futility and contempt for Anthony's weakness. The novel is told by a third-person omniscient author, but Fitzgerald does not maintain his perspective. The authorial voice is intrusive and usurps the qualities of a first-person narrator; it analyzes, soliloquizes, and engages in discourses with the reader. This indulgent narrative manner was encouraged by Fitzgerald's magazine story market. He would not become a complete novelist until he learned the techniques for controlling point of view and disciplining his habit of obtruding into the narrative. (Grandeur, 155-6).

One example occurs during the train ride that takes the Patches back into the city from their suburban home after
their disinheritance, when Anthony becomes aware of the true meaning of city life for him—the necessity of living again among the heterogeneous urban populace. They pass a series of tenements on Manhattan's upper East Side, where "women like dark imperfect jewels, women like vegetables, women like great bags of abominably dirty laundry" lean from their windows like "moon-shaped . . . constellations of this sordid heaven" (283). Anthony then observes aloud that he believes the poor merely pretend gaiety for his benefit, and will revert to shameful self-consciousness when the train has passed and their "performance" is over. The lack of transition between the narrative voice and Anthony's thoughts reveals that the narrative description of the poor women and Anthony's comment are continuous, undifferentiated. Fitzgerald muddles the point-of view even more in the paragraphs that follow:

Down in a tall busy street he read a dozen Jewish names on a line of stores; in the door of each stood a dark little man watching the passers from intent eyes—eyes gleaming with suspicion, with pride, with clarity, with cupidity, with comprehension. New York—he could not dissociate it now from the slow, upward creep of this people—the little stores, growing, expanding, consolidating, moving, watched over with hawk's eyes and a bee's attention to detail—they slathered out on all sides. It was impressive—in perspective it was tremendous.

Gloria's voice broke in with strange appropriateness upon his thoughts.
"I wonder where Bloeckman's been this summer."

Here the free flow of ideas between the narrative voice and Anthony extends even to Gloria, who makes the appropriate connection between the Jewish storefronts with their suspicious, greedy occupants and the movie executive. The narrator, like the drunken Anthony who later confronts Bloeckman, unmasks the Jew, emphasizing his otherness as essence, returning Bloeckman to the historical site from which he has, in effect, escaped. The narrator makes no pretense here of objectivity. He simply assumes (and by extending the scene's interpretation to Gloria's consciousness fairly well insists upon) a consensus on the significance of the moment: having abandoned the city, the Patches return from their exile to find it the very bastion of otherness. Demonstrating the "slow upward creep" (rising tide?) of "this people" constitutes Fitzgerald's purpose for including the scene. It is no accident that the term "creep" appears twice within ten pages, and both times in reference to Jews. On the first occasion, ostensibly an objective description of Rachael, the narrator sets the stage for her attempted seduction of Anthony by noting her attempt to leave her husband's "wholesome" conversation in order "to creep into the more tainted air around the central lounge" (270). The narrator describes the Jews variously as ants, bees, flawed jewels, laundry bags, and hawks because their determination to rise above their prescribed social position
threatens Anthony, necessitating an equal and opposite discursive reaction that restores the "proper" hierarchical relationship between Self and Other. The narrator, in effect, imprisons them in a veritable taxonomy of otherness. By reinforcing this sense of Jewish otherness Fitzgerald critiques the "melting pot" theory of ethnic assimilation. The Jew, he suggests, never assimilates; instead, he merely "infiltrates," remaining essentially "this people," an irreducible and unique alien presence within the national boundaries.

The import of these sentiments does not escape Fitzgerald, though. Almost as an afterthought, the narrator attempts to distance himself from Anthony's perceptions of the rising Jews:

Anthony Patch had ceased to be an individual of mental adventure, of curiosity, and had become an individual of bias and prejudice, with a longing to be emotionally undisturbed. This gradual change had taken place through the past several years, accelerated by a succession of anxieties preying on his mind. (284)

In fact, we have nothing more than the narrator's assurance that such a change has occurred. The textual evidence shows a consistent flippancy by Anthony and his circle towards ethnic groups, and the only change is in his greater willingness to verbalize opinions which he had previously left unsaid. In the scene, for example, describing Dick Caramel's literary career, the narrator speaks of immigrants
in terms entirely consistent with Anthony's meditation on the Jews:

This octopus [puritan missionary fervor] was strong enough to wind a sinuous tentacle around Richard Caramel. The year after his graduation it called him into the slums of New York to muck about with bewildered Italians as secretary to an "Alien Young Men's Rescue Association." He labored at it over a year before the monotony of it began to weary him. The aliens kept coming inexhaustibly--Italians, Poles, Scandinavians, Czechs, Armenians--with the same wrongs, the same exceptionally ugly faces and very much the same smells, though he fancied that these grew very much more profuse and diverse as the months passed. (74-5)

Caramel eventually concludes that "[a]ny amiable young man, . . . could accomplish as much as he could with the debris of Europe," and he decides to begin his writing career. The narrator's description of Caramel's mission work as "making sow-ear purses out of sows' ears," and the contemptuous manner in which the three Harvard men treat Bloeckman reveal an attitude of gratuitous "racial snobbery" which indicates that whatever xenophobia Anthony displays is indispensible to Fitzgerald's conception of the race and class to which he, Caramel, Noble and the narrator all belong.

Fitzgerald does not content himself with noting Caramel's loss of faith in social reform and "Alien Rescue." For Caramel goes on to build his writing career on his knowledge of the immigrant community in a series of
sensationalistic best sellers using the settings, characters and experiences of the slum dwellers. Anthony frowns upon this cynical exploitation of the immigrants, but not for humanitarian reasons. The very notion of a "proletarian novel" runs counter to Anthony's aesthetic sensibilities (not surprisingly, it was one of Fitzgerald's peeves also). His peremptory dismissal of Caramel ("there was no writer in America with such power to describe the atavistic and unsubtle reactions of that section of society," 141) turns on the issue of subject matter and not on the issue of craft.

As the drunken Maury Noble proves by suggesting to Fred Paramore that the best solution to problems of ignorance and poor hygiene among Italian immigrants is "immediate electrocution of all ignorant and dirty people," (268) there need be no significant personality deterioration to move these men to expressions of racial and ethnic hostility, only the slightest release of inhibitions. And Anthony's tacit endorsement of Noble's rudeness towards the stuffy social worker (on the grounds that Paramore "probably came up to get me to wheedle some money out of grandfather for his flock," 269) shows that Anthony is less open-minded than tight-lipped.

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9 Note Sheilah Graham's recollection that Fitzgerald agreed with Poe that "'poverty is commonplace and contrary to the idea of Beauty'" in Sheilah Graham, College of One (New York: Viking Press, 1966) 110.
Anthony's army experience brings him into direct daily contact with immigrants for the first time, if we exclude his relationship with the Japanese houseboy Tana. Unable to enlist and be commissioned as an officer, Anthony suffers the ultimate indignity of being drafted into the army. His contact with different ethnic types through the agency of an "impersonal" government does not change his biases except to harden them, and the term "democracy" becomes a dirty word for him. Fitzgerald's sense of an irony in the banding together of the social dregs in order to "save democracy" reveals a far more cynical reaction to the war experience than he exhibits in This Side of Paradise, and a big change from the patriotic tenor of his later lament that he "didn't get over" (i.e., to the European battle front). As the narrator somewhat nastily notes in reference to the unpleasant Sicilian Baptiste, Anthony's forced cohabitation in a suffocating "cattle car" with distinctly ethnic types elicits a number of protestations of the "meaninglessness of life," as for example that "[i]t was wearisome to contemplate that animate protoplasm [Baptiste], reasonable by courtesy only, shut up in a car by an incomprehensible civilization, taken somewhere, to do a vague something without aim or significance or consequence" (315).

The army has forced Anthony into a rough equality with the proletarian class, and Fitzgerald's trick of ethnic identification in the place of specific character
delineation serves to distort the proportions of the immigrant representation in the army. In addition to Baptiste, the surly Sicilian, other ethnic types include a tall "disdainful Celt," a "big scared Pole" (who may or may not be the "uncomprehending Pole" to whom Anthony recites Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," or the latter of the "three Italians and one Pole" from whose faces "for the safety of democracy a half-ounce of hair was scraped dry") and of course, the Italian orderly whose broken English mocks his service in an "American" army.

Fitzgerald makes it clear that to avoid the company of his ethnic tentmates, Anthony takes the fateful trip to town which results in his affair with Dorothy Raycroft. Moreover, the awful boredom of their presence drives him nightly back to her house. The constant exposure to his ethnic fellow soldiers, the low standards of the army, the sensual abyss of Dot's embrace, and finally, his acclimation to the Negro-dominated culture of the South ("a South, it seemed, more of Algiers than Italy" 337) create a cumulative negative influence upon his psyche which produces the corrupt Anthony of the novel's second half.

The talisman of the uniform (a trope that Fitzgerald expands later in *Gatsby*) imposes a temporary social leveling which camouflages otherness for the moment beneath a debilitating inertia that stifles all attempts at individuality. Neither Anthony nor the narrator seems
convinced, however, that a complete removal of social distinctions results from the military regime. This view of the army lacks the camaraderie of men-in-arms that characterizes Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers* or Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*. The uniformity imposed by an unwitting government does not substitute for esprit de corps. Rather Anthony's experience adds up, like Caramel's in the Manhattan slums, to a senseless "mucking about" with a group of disagreeable social inferiors. The "democratic" experience of the war effort hastens the corruption of the "elect," rather than raising the standards of the "mob."

Fitzgerald's ethnic characterizations in the army scenes indicate a profound distrust of American democracy. He notes a central contradiction, from his perspective, in the inability of a literally democratic state to "save democracy." He had previously described his ideal of a fighting force in his revue of Boyd's *Through the Wheat*, an ideal in which racial homogeneity contributes the central element in the esprit de corps that carries the Marines through the ordeal of Belleau Wood. By comparison, the polyglot irregulars of *The Beautiful and Damned* are an army in name and uniform only. His contempt for the heterogeny of American society comes through clearly in the following description of the Armistice celebration:

The great rich nation had made triumphant war, suffered enough for poignancy but not enough for bitterness—hence the carnival, the feasting, the
triumph. Under these bright lights glittered the faces of peoples whose glory had long since passed away, whose very civilizations were dead—men whose ancestors had heard the news of victory in Babylon, in Nineveh, in Bagdad, in Tyre, . .[in] Imperial Rome. (355-6)

The narrator's sensitivity to the presence of immigrants in the crowd spoils even the armistice celebration. Clearly he has accepted the notion that not only has the war effort failed to keep the barbarian invader at bay, but it has revealed the extent to which the alien Other has become entrenched in America. He hints of doom in his suggestion of an America composed of the refugees of "dead civilizations."

If the narrator were content simply to note the presence of the various ethnic sub-groups, the novel's suffocating xenophobia would still be abundantly clear. But he delights in sensory details which invest the narrative with the Other's physical presence. Typically, deformity, exaggerated physical dimensions, and an emphasis on smells (as with Caramel's discomfiture over the increasingly "profuse and diverse" odors of the newcomers) substitute for character development in Fitzgerald's determination to inscribe alterity as a mass identity devoid of complexity or meaningful differentiation. The prevalence of dirt, disease and decay imagery has been noted by Dan Seiters, who finds a connection between such imagery and "an anti-life attitude
on the part of the characters."10 "In fact," Seiters continues, "dirt-decay-disease imagery forms the very essence of *The Beautiful and Damned*, as is proper in a book about the disintegration of two beautiful people."

Interestingly, Seiters does not note the prevalence of such imagery in association with race, class and ethnicity. But if, as Seiters maintains, the decline of the Patches marks their descent from the incorruptible illusions of the upper class into the dirt, disease and decay of lower class reality, evidently those who occupy the social rung to which the Patches tumble share the uncleanness that typifies their social environment. For the racist observer, the connection between dark skin and dirt lies behind the aversion to physical contact with the Other.11

Anthony's sense of loss when he realizes that he can't dissociate his feelings for New York from his awareness of the Jewish presence there can be measured more fully in light of Fitzgerald's retrospective essay "My Lost City" (1932). Fitzgerald invokes traditional color symbolism to suggest his sense of "loss" in the closing lament: "Come

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back, come back, O glittering and white!" (Crack-Up, 33) The once white city has like his dreams of success become "tainted." "Whole sections of the city had become rather poisonous," (Crack-Up, 30) according to Fitzgerald, and from the authorial conviction of the narrator we can guess that the Upper East side Jewish quarter was one of these sections. The diction here establishes the connection between the dirt motif and the issues of color and race: just as Fitzgerald could visualize a "negroid streak" racing through Italy "to defile" the Nordics of Europe, so too would he see the fair white city of the young writer's dreams as "tainted" and "poisoned" by its inhabitants. Similarly, in his reference to the "wretched Semite named Goldwyn" cited earlier, Fitzgerald mentions a "scurvy plot" that will appeal to Goldwyn's "diseased palate and leprous brain." In a March 1923 letter to Tom Boyd he includes Jews among other "disadvantages" such as "bugs, lepers, . . .[and] consumptives" (Donaldson, 184). For Fitzgerald, difference, dirt, and disease comprise the same affective realm. When we throw in "disorder" (which Mary Douglas cites as the connotative equivalent of dirt, i.e., "matter out of place,"12 we may complete the matrix, with "danger" and decay, other terms whose alterity is implicit in their

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meanings and thereby fashion a fair representation of Fitzgerald's ethnocentric vision.

Though Anthony purportedly becomes the "individual of bias and prejudice" in the novel, Gloria has the most developed sense of the dirt-disease-decay syndrome. Gloria obsessively craves cleanliness, making the designation "clean" her term for highest moral approval. However, her close associations with Jews and her perverse interest in nightspots too "tough" for Anthony's taste point out a compensatory compulsion towards the socially "unclean." And though she begins by describing Rachael as "clean and slick" the lesson of her interactions with the converted Jew relegates this slickness to a "clean" exterior only. Also, despite being credited as a forerunner of the twenties flapper, Gloria is surprisingly anti-female. Reminding us that for Fitzgerald, Woman (with a few exceptions) is also Other, Gloria judges women by almost Victorian double standard, refusing to invite to her home anyone but the "reproachless."

Asked if she ever intends to make friends with other women, instead of constantly vamping Anthony's friends, she replies, "I loathe women. What on earth can you say to them. .. ? . . .They never seem clean to me--never--never" (185). Later, she expounds on the same subject:

Always intensely skeptical of her sex, her judgments were now concerned with the question of whether women were or were not clean. By uncleanness she
meant a variety of things, a lack of pride, a slackness in fibre and, most of all, the unmistakable aura of promiscuity.

"Women soil easily," she said, "far more easily than men. Unless a girl's very young and brave it's almost impossible for her to go down-hill without a certain hysterical animality, the cunning, dirty sort of animality. (234-5)

But Gloria's conception of woman as dirty and "animalistic" extends even to her consideration of motherhood, which she disparages as "the privilege of the female baboon" (393). The only children she wants are "ghostly" ones—"dear dream children, . . . dazzling little creatures who flutter. . . on golden, golden wings" (147). Gloria loses her own patriotic fervor to join the Red Cross as a nurse when she learns that "she might have to bathe negroes in alcohol" (332). Her letter to Anthony after he leaves for Camp Hooker stresses again Gloria's perception of the world's uncleanness, because in her loneliness she can't even "hate the damnable presence of PEOPLE, those people at the station who haven't got any right to live--I can't resent them even though they're dirting up our world, . . . ." (360). The people responsible for this are the garlic-eating, "super-respirating Latin," the women like bags of dirty laundry, and the intervening crowd at the train station who have spoiled Anthony's departure for her in a "hysterical area, foul with yellow sobbing and the smells of poor women" (309).
In her letter to Anthony, Gloria suggests the corruption of nature itself by contact with the alien Other:

. . .Still I can see you. There's blue haze about the trees where you'll be passing, too beautiful to be predominant. No, the fallow squares of earth will be most frequent—they'll be along beside the tracks like dirty coarse brown sheets drying in the sun, alive, mechanical, abominable. Nature, slovenly old hag, has been sleeping in them with every old farmer or negro or immigrant who happened to covet her . . .

.. (361)¹³

The image of nature (as a decaying old hag) polluted by the morally defiling embrace of the black or immigrant shows again the pervasiveness of the racial antipathies which somehow in only Anthony's case are indices of a personality disorder. The black and the immigrant, in a replication of Fitzgerald's earlier image of a negroid streak moving geographically up southern Europe, have corrupted the hinterland between North and South, so that in this fanciful expression of Gloria's sense of loss, the very color of the earth becomes the visible sign of their presence, now "predominant" over the idyllic blue of the haze and green of the trees. They have made dirt "dirty"! As before, the loss of the old idyllic world of youthful imaginings can be

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¹³ Note Fitzgerald's usage of Zelda's lost diary as source for many of Gloria's statements. This particular letter is closely based on a letter from Zelda to Fitzgerald, quoted in Nancy Milford, Zelda, A Biography (New York: Harper & Row, 1970) 76.
conceived by Fitzgerald's heroine only in reference to a corresponding "gain" by the Other.

In a hallucination brought on by her illness, Gloria reveals the scope of her misanthropy:

"Millions of people," she said, "swarming like rats, chattering like apes, smelling like all hell...monkeys! Or lice, I suppose. For one really exquisite palace...on Long Island, say—or even in Greenwich...for one palace full of pictures from the Old World and exquisite things—with avenues of trees and green lawns and a view of the blue sea, and lovely people about in slick dresses...I'd sacrifice a hundred thousand of them, a million of them." She raised her hand feebly and snapped her fingers. "I care nothing for them—understand me?" (394)

In addition to the fact that Gloria sick sounds identical to Gloria well, she reiterates the vision of the dehumanized masses as an obstacle to the recapturing of the lost Old World of stable social relationships—a clean world, a world of things in their places. Gloria's Nietzschean amorality signifies in her willingness to sacrifice millions of proletarian lives for the security of the elusive, promised world of the Patches' inheritance, deferred almost indefinitely into the future. Here Gloria articulates the theme that usually finds expression from the perspective of the romantic hero, whose pursuit of that world (through its symbol, a woman) forms the core of the plot of the typical Fitzgerald novel. But we can sense in her words too the
belief that the very existence of those millions somehow causes her dream to fail.

Not surprisingly, then, when Anthony and Gloria undergo their respective breakdowns and they seem irrevocably ruined, Fitzgerald signals their crises by Manichean markers. In her Nietzschean will to power over the Jews, Gloria puts herself at risk socially (although curiously, she refuses to let the "unclean" enter her house). When the Jews seek to impose their wills on Gloria, Fitzgerald alerts us to a crisis resolved only by the restoration of Gloria's mastery. Thus, Gloria scoffs at Bloeckman's proposal, but he remains nearby, like a whipped dog, just in case Gloria's fortunes change: "he was figuratively following along beside her as she walked the fence [between Anthony and himself], ready to catch her if she should fall" (135). He maintains this alertness well after the marriage of Anthony and Gloria, and with Gloria's encouragement too, for she insists on curing Anthony of his "silly prejudices" by showing him "she could have her will of Joseph Bloeckman, yielding nothing in return" (369). But when she resumes her relationship with Rachael during the war, she quickly finds herself lured into compromising circumstances by Rachael and her "canine" friends--the "dog-eyed" Collins and Capt. Wolf--indicating that she who had once been able to detect the slightest taint of impropriety has had her judgment eroded
by living with Anthony, that "drain on her moral strength" (371).

Gloria's penchant for attracting male attention makes her bold declaration that she could take a lover anytime she wanted seem in character. Just as Zelda had told Fitzgerald, Gloria "insist[s] that since she would act entirely for her own satisfaction she could go through such an affair unsmirched" (344). Fitzgerald, then, incorporates a certain self-reflexive irony in this description of one of Dick Caramel's novels: "It was concerned chiefly with the preposterous actions of a class of sawdust effigies who, one was assured, were New York society people, and it turned, as a rule, upon questions of the heroine's technical purity, with mock-sociological overtones about the 'mad antics of the four hundred'" (301).

Considering Fitzgerald's characterization of business dealings with Jews as bargaining with the devil, Gloria has more to lose than her "technical purity" when she decides to "go to Bloockman," in a faint echo of her earlier phrase, "going gallantly to the devil." She does not quite make it to Bloockman after forming this resolve, for she becomes seriously ill. When Gloria proves too sick to make her way to her apartment alone, the elevator man, a "glib Martinique negro, with an incongruous British accent and a tendency to be surly, whom Anthony detested" (300) assists her to her apartment. This figure's prior appearances are all
strategic. He has replaced an elevator man with whom Anthony identified, who reminded Anthony of "the cruelty of all life and, in consequence, of the increasing bitterness of his own."

He reappears when the distraught Anthony, concerned about the "technical purity" of Gloria during his army stint, rushes back to his New York apartment to discover some sign of Gloria's fidelity. Having just escaped bondage to the "negroid" sensuality of Dot, Anthony returns to find the insolent black immigrant at his post, almost as if in mockery of Anthony's attempt to cheat fate. Thus his presence at Gloria's physical collapse continues his prior associations with death and despair.

Our reading of Fitzgerald so far in this novel indicates that whenever a character experiences a loss, a dark figure typically experiences a gain proportionate to that loss. The very dependence of Gloria at this point signifies her loss of mastery. Gloria breaks her initial fall by leaning on a mail box, an object previously associated with mail from Anthony but thereafter associated with anticipated mail from Bloeckman. The descriptive context of her collapse then signifies Gloria's dependence on Bloeckman, and that marginal, liminal figure, the elevator man (doubly Other, since both black and an immigrant) acts as Bloeckman's surrogate or intermediary and presides over this transferral of mastery.
Gloria loses in this scene her "technical purity." Since only her will dictated her "morality," the compromise of her volition in this scene shows that the decision to "go to Bloeckman" has the immediate impact of depriving her of that property by which her mastery of the "inferior races" was insured. Similarly to Anthony's breakdown at the army camp, her physical illness comes as a reaction to a deliberate act of deception with her spouse's sexual rival, and in each instance, a mysterious dark figure acts as mediator. Thus in broad outline, Gloria's "technical purity" dissolves once she has mentally yielded to the psychological pressure of Bloeckman's wealth.

The black man serves as a symbol of Gloria's abdication of mastery, as proved by his reappearance in demonic fashion, "standing incongruously in the light of the stained glass window" (403; my emphasis). Here again he acts as the harbinger of ill luck and as Bloeckman's surrogate, for he then directs Gloria to the mail that announces Bloeckman's rejection of her, sending her into her final self-pitying tailspin. As the Martiniquan's predecessor had told Anthony, the elevator operator's career is full of ups and downs, but clearly this elevator man symbolizes the downward movement of the Patches.

This downward movement takes them, by novel's end, to the vicinity of Anthony's past musings on the urban poor, on Claremont Ave, where "the moon. . .[shed] light. . . as into
the bottom of a deep and uncharted abyss" (441). At the depths of his despair, Anthony's weakness for women resurfaces when he dreams of visiting Italy as a reward for winning his court case: "Marvelously renewed, he would walk again in the Piazza di Spagna at twilight, moving in that drifting flotsam of dark women and ragged beggars. . . . The thought of Italian women stirred him faintly--when his purse hung heavy again even romance might fly back to perch upon it. . . ." (443-4). The sexual imagery reveals the extent to which his masculinity has been surrendered, in effect, to his rival Bloeckman, due to his financial insolvency. But more importantly, his thoughts turn easily to the "dark women" of Italy now that he coexists with the "flotsam" of his own country. Where once he had cringed at the thought of female sexuality, he now delights in the consideration of feminine "darkness" and animality as an aphrodisiac. He barely regards Gloria, who, now broken in beauty as well as spirit, has joined him in his daily drinking and absorbs the grit of her new environment so thoroughly that even her expensive fur in the book's final scene can't prevent her seeming "unclean" to a casual observer.

The contrived, ironic ending notwithstanding, Fitzgerald's racial and ethnic ideology in The Beautiful and Damned leads us to a consideration of the apocalypse of a once stable world order, not simply the deterioration of two rather unsympathetic members of the dying aristocracy. Those
who point to historical depth as the chief innovation which sets *Gatsby* apart from the earlier novels have not perhaps taken into account the historical perspective which Fitzgerald has employed here. Fitzgerald links the Americans, flush from their triumph in the war as a world power to their Anglo-Saxon cousins, "the British aristocracy of a hundred years ago," who were given the same opportunity to rule the world, but became weak in moral fiber (principally through alcoholism, the Patches' bane) and squandered it. In the same vein, Maury Noble's "Symposium" monologue, which significantly occupies the exact center of the narrative, stresses the disastrous impact of Christian philosophy upon the hegemony of the white nations of the West:

...[Nature] had invented ways to rid the race of the inferior and thus give the remainder strength to fill her higher... though still unconscious and accidental intentions. And, actuated by the highest gifts of the enlightenment, we were seeking to circumvent her. In this republic I saw the black beginning to mingle with the white—in Europe there was taking place an economic catastrophe to save three or four diseased and wretchedly governed races from the one mastery that might organize them for material prosperity.

We produce a Christ who can raise the leper—and presently the breed of the leper is the salt of the earth. If anyone can find a lesson in that, let him stand forth. (255)

Noble's speech reiterates the very themes that Fitzgerald touched on in his letter to Edmund Wilson during
the writing of the novel. Maury's depiction of German militarism as the "mastery" that could unite Europe shows again the influence of Mencken. In *This Side of Paradise*, Amory identified German "materialism" as the social evil that the world had to be saved from, while here Noble refers to "material prosperity" as the true index of meaningful existence. By his logic, those venerable institutions, the Christian church and American democracy, have thwarted nature's Darwinian "plan" to weed out the "unfit," (speaking aesthetically, rather than biologically) resulting in the ultimate leprosy of blurred social distinctions and diminished racial differentiation. Noble's connection between concerns over American racial amalgamation and European social decay refers us to a perceived global reorganization of white race hegemony as the world historical context in which the disintegration of the lives of Anthony and Gloria must be assessed. His designation of the alien Other as "leper" clarifies the dirt-disease-decay-disorder associations that permeate the text, and reveals the same conceptual framework that informs Fitzgerald's derogation of Jews in his private correspondence.

Furthermore, there can be no doubt that the sentiments expressed by Noble are Fitzgerald's. Despite an attempt to distance himself from Noble's speech by having the wag appear tipsy and by having his audience grow bored and sleepy during his perorations, Fitzgerald was self-satisfied
enough with the performance to have the entire speech excerpted and printed in an issue of Mencken's *Smart Set* prior to the book publication. A letter from Fitzgerald to Edmund Wilson in November, 1921 explains the derivation of Noble's speech: "Do you remember you told me that in my midnight symposium scene I had sort of set the stage for a play that never came off—in other words when they all began to talk and none of them had anything to say. I've interpolated some recent ideas of my own and (possibly) of others. See enclosure at end of letter" (*Letters*, 327-8). The enclosure referred to is Noble's speech exactly as it appears in the novel. The "others" whose ideas Fitzgerald alludes to are conjecturally the *Smart Set* co-editors, Mencken and George Jean Nathan (on whom Noble was partly based) but Fitzgerald, again eager to impress Wilson with his sophistication, clearly wants to retain credit for himself.

The "Symposium" scene marks the beginning of the end for the Patches. Noble's facetious little song to the tune of "Daisy Dear" sets the stage for the bacchic excesses of the Patches' house parties,

"The—pan-ic—has—come—over us,
So ha-a-as—the moral decline!"

Old Adam Patch walks in on a party scene replete with seductions, drunkenness and pandemonium. Fitzgerald signifies decadence by the wild dancing to the piping of the Japanese houseboy, Tana, who presides over the scene "in a
chair atop one of the tables, where he makes a ludicrous and grotesque spectacle" (273). The Patches' loss of their inheritance as a result of this wild party scene seems fitting, given the implications of their acts. They have raised a false god in the wilderness, the leper god, the Destroyer of Distinctions, to whose tune they frantically dance.

With this racist and ethnocentric vision at its core, the novel fashions a cosmology in which black and white struggle for mastery on every level from the Platonic absolute to the individual psyche. Thus Gloria, the incarnation of a "Beauty . . . born anew every hundred years," is expressly Nordic in appearance because "the beauty of her body was the essence of her soul" (27). Even the eternal though becomes corrupted by prolonged contact with the Other, and so "beauty" vanishes precisely at the moment when Gloria spiritually yields to Bloekman.

A parallel confrontation between the forces of darkness and light occurs in Fitzgerald's Freudian descriptions of personality. In This Side of Paradise and The Beautiful and Damned, Fitzgerald figures the Freudian id, the infantile/primitive pleasure principle, as an amorphous region of darkness, as in Eleanor Savage's reference to her "black old inside self." Fitzgerald attempts a more sophisticated rendering of an individual's surrender to id impulses in this passage from The Beautiful and Damned:
The conviction took root in him that he was going mad. It was as though there were a quantity of dark yet vivid personalities in his mind, some of them strange and terrible, held in check by a little monitor, who sat aloft somewhere and looked on. The thing that worried him was that the monitor was sick, and holding out with difficulty. Should he give up, should he falter for a moment, out would rush these intolerable things—only Anthony could know what a state of blackness there would be if the worst in him could roam his consciousness unchecked. (350)

The "state of blackness" that comes to pass when Anthony surrenders to his personal demons has a social correlative in Maury Noble's "land of jazz," whose lepers have similarly overrun the "monitor" race. Historically, the failure of the Teutonic mastery of Europe signifies for Noble a similar "madness." Thus Anthony's puny will, the "conscious mediator" of "that fearsome menage of horror," (351) forms a microcosm of the global apocalypse. As in This Side of Paradise, this Manichean allegory proceeds from a perceived affinity between the phantasmal, the diseased or insane, the socially disruptive and the attributes of darkness. Thus Fitzgerald's early novels contain no dark-skinned "characters." He provides dark "figures" instead, whose skin color externally manifests their allegiance to the forces of darkness. Their occasional proximity to characters externally fair indicates a volatile "black inside self" which the white must consciously master.
By this mechanism Fitzgerald hints that Anthony and Gloria are not fully to blame for their deterioration, a surmise we should have already made, considering the sneaky sympathy Fitzgerald shows them. "[B]oth of them seemed vaguely weaker in fibre, not so much in what they did as in their subtle reactions to the civilization around them" the narrator explains (278). In other words, the darkness without calls to the darkness within: the loosening of external control mechanisms such as racial and social barriers leads to a corresponding collapse of internal control. Society's careless mingling of racial and ethnic stocks produces a mirror-image in the weak, ineffectual, id-driven individual. Or, as Fitzgerald himself put it more simply, "contact with other races brings out all our worse [sic] qualities" (Crack-Up," 271).

Only the example of Gloria's fidelity has spared Anthony an earlier breakdown. But when he learns late in the novel that Gloria has secretly gone to Bloeckman for fulfillment of her artistic and financial desires, Anthony becomes enraged (despite having suggested such a recourse himself) and drunkenly confronts the movie executive. Bloeckman, no longer interested in the aging Gloria, does not conceal his contempt for the drunken Anthony behind his usual affable facade. Ironically, he has changed his name to "Black," both an attempt to become more fully American, and ironically, more fully Other. In Fitzgerald's symbolic code,
he has simply revealed his allegiance to the forces of darkness—he has resumed his original and essential identity as "Black man." But with the new world order's transvaluation of values, Bloecman/Black is now the insider, and the dispossessed Anthony replaces him as Other.

Anthony's humiliation by the monied Jew, who pointedly "and with conscious dignity walk[s] toward the washroom" after their encounter, culminates in his apotheosis as the unclean Other, the role of the sacrificial Jew delivered to the frenzied mob. Maury Noble's apocalyptic vision of the leper become "salt of the earth" finds a tangible form in the supplanting of the familiar by the alien, the steady encroachment of the Other into every corner of the civilized world. Thus when Dot Raycroft reappears like the "return of the repressed" just prior to Anthony's moment of triumph, it is "all civilization and convention around him" that have become "curiously unreal" to Anthony, and not simply the dimensions of his personal life (445). He recognizes only a societal catastrophe, not a personal one. His mind snaps in reaction to the perceived collapse of the old world order as the repressed demons of his psyche roam the earth freely as its new proprietors.

Gloria's sense of this lost hegemony has come slightly earlier. In a Stoddardesian nightmare of white race infertility, the childless Gloria stops while walking down her new environs, "that Broadway of Harlem, One Hundred and
Twenty-fifth Street," to remark on the "extraordinary beauty of some Italian children" (412). The succeeding sentence shows her acute sense of dispossession, the loss of a mastery that had been the bedrock of her old identity: "It affected her curiously—as Fifth Avenue had affected her once, in the days when, with the placid confidence of beauty, she had known that it was all hers, every shop and all it held, every adult toy glittering in a window, all hers for the asking." Ironically, this Harlem street has replaced Fifth Avenue as her domain, and the fact that here, the "shiny-haired children" who are the city's true heirs have now replaced her as the standard of beauty gives abundant proof of Gloria's demise. In her delirium, Gloria had seen a vision of this new world order, and had made a defiant gesture of contempt towards it. But now, missing the surety of control that accompanied her lost "British complexion," Gloria must make do with what she sees as life's "left-overs." In this post-war regime, even "beauty" has been appropriated by the Other.

The passion play in miniature, in which Bloechman plays Pilate to Anthony's Christ reflects a recurrent Fitzgerald fantasy of the romantic hero's defeat at the hands of a stronger, wealthier or more strongly sensual rival. In "Pasting It Together," the second of Fitzgerald's "Crack Up" articles for Esquire, Fitzgerald talks of his dread of his prep school and college acquaintances who had an
advantage of wealth and social position superior to his own: "... I have never been able to stop wondering where my friends' money came from, nor stop thinking that at one time a sort of droit de signeur might have been exercised to give one of them my girl" (Crack-Up, 77). The origin of this insecurity, by Fitzgerald's own account, was his loss of the two great loves of his youth due to his lack of wealth (although eventually he did get one of them, Zelda, back). But Fitzgerald's sense of an anachronism such as the droit de signeur is so immediate to him. It lets us see the romantic character of his perception which validates everything modern in terms of a safe, secure and decidedly mythical past which he conceptualizes as the norm. The Fitzgerald character most closely associated with this romantic vision is, of course, Jay Gatsby.
Chapter Four

The Great Gatsby

In the 1925 novel The Great Gatsby, Fitzgerald attempts again to comprehend the significance of race and ethnicity in American society. Fitzgerald crafts his tale of the Jazz Age bootlegger as an Algeresque success story in an era of rapidly diminishing idealism. But in creating a context which demonstrates the impossibility of Gatsby's sentimental quest for a return to a mythical past, Fitzgerald posits a modern world in flux, where the destabilizing forces of hedonism and materialism subvert any sense of continuity within which a meaningful, ordered existence can be achieved. Only his idealism, anchored in the American mythos of the self-made man, gives meaning to Gatsby's quest and separates him from the other social climbers in the moral void of the East. But finally, only the "foul dust" that collects about his dream gives it form, relegating Gatsby to a shared identity with the cultural wasteland which he attempts to transcend.

This vision of the cultural wasteland, modeled after Eliot's, returns Fitzgerald to themes that had surfaced in the earlier novels. In This Side of Paradise, he arbitrarily but systematically associates racial and ethnic difference with the destabilizing forces of modern society. In The
Beautiful and Damned, he brings the issue of otherness into the plot in a meaningful way for the first time, by presenting the ethnic figure as an adversary to the protagonist. In Gatsby, he continues his association of dark skin and ethnic difference with social evils related to the decline of Western civilization. Though less openly nativistic in Gatsby than in either of the earlier novels, Fitzgerald undercuts the novel's seemingly enlightened discussions of race and ethnicity by the symbolism he uses to represent American identity and the forces which threaten its dissolution. In associating racial and ethnic difference with the "foul dust [that] floated in the wake" of Gatsby's dream, Fitzgerald replicates the vision of a modern racial apocalypse which he earlier predicted in The Beautiful and Damned.

Again Fitzgerald focuses on the Jew in his representation of ethnicity, characterizing the Jewish businessman, as in The Beautiful and Damned, as the alien Other who craftily infiltrates the power elite of society by taking advantage of the twenties' worshipful attitude toward the businessman. Fitzgerald's depiction of the Jew as businessman makes the gangster Meyer Wolfsheim the functional equivalent of Bloeckman in The Beautiful and Damned. He combines the role of the boom era speculator with the offensiveness of the social outsider who, in attempting
to become assimilated, draws to himself as a protective covering every banality of the national character.

As in *The Beautiful and Damned*, Fitzgerald attempts to make overt racial prejudice a signal of a developing personality disorder, but once again the effort falls short because of Fitzgerald's own unambiguous symbolism equating otherness with social disruption. In his characterization of Tom Buchanan, Fitzgerald places great emphasis on Nick's contempt for the millionaire's hysteria about the decline of the white nations of the West. But Fitzgerald's own apocalyptic vision of the decadent East so clearly parallels the dour predictions of Buchanan that serious questions arise concerning the believability of Nick as the author's spokesman. In large part, this inconsistency stems from Fitzgerald's pessimism about the contemporary world, and his growing sense of despair in the disintegration of those aspects of the national character with which his adolescent dreams of social conquest were so closely identified. In broadening the scope of his novel to associate his primary characters with certain aspects of the American historical and mythical character, Fitzgerald can find no more convenient or compelling terms to express his lament for the disappearance of "the old safe world" than to emphasize difference as the chief feature of the contemporary scene, contrasting the sense of security associated with the mythical past to the chaotic modern world of blurred social
distinctions with all the inevitable value judgments such over-simplifications invite.

Thus the very feature of the novel which scholars acclaim as the most significant improvement over Fitzgerald's earlier efforts—the evocation of an identifiable American mythos as a foundation for the narrative—provides the occasion for Fitzgerald's ethnocentrism and class loyalties to enter the discourse. Nevertheless, critical evaluations of the novel tend to take its anachronistic ethnic and racial commentary very lightly. George Garrett's article "Fire and Freshness: A Matter of Style in The Great Gatsby," calls the novel "by acclamation taken as nearly perfect in all detail" (New Essays, 18). Qualifying carefully, Garrett cultivates an impression of universal appeal for the novel: "I have never yet known, or, indeed known of, a contemporary American writer who did not admire The Great Gatsby" (New Essays, 101). Matthew Bruccoli, editor of the volume of celebratory essays in which Garrett's article appears, anticipates objections to the novel's dated racial and ethnic discourse, offering his own definition of artistic transcendence: "Of course it is dated, as are all works of literature. Critics praise timeless works, but a timeless work is one that people keep reading" (New Essays, 12).

But an uncritical elevation of the novel to the level of "timeless," "transcendent" art serves only to obscure
what must be seen from the vantage point of more than half a century as the novel's un-American (in the best contemporary sense of that word) depictions of ethnic and racial minorities. George Garrett himself admits that Fitzgerald "could not . . . have conceived of a time when this novel's art might be submitted to the scrutiny and judgment of literary critics and historians, preservers of the totems of the American tribe, who might themselves be ethnic or Jewish or black," except in terms of "an apocalypse" (New Essays, 107). Thus we have to consider more than the datedness of language or circumstance. We must consider too the manner in which a text, framed by the consciousness of a purportedly unbiased narrator, can contain at its core its own author's resistance to the very democratic principles which constitute its subject matter and still function as a coherent work of art, let alone a masterpiece of the canon. For if as the essayists here claim, it is a novel of the essential American experience for all time (and not simply its own) then it follows that by whatever yardstick of excellence we apply, from whatever temporal perspective, it should be able to withstand scrutiny with regards to its statement of the American spirit. As we shall see, Gatsby's vision of America is fundamentally unchanged from that of The Beautiful and Damned. The novel's chief innovations are formal and stylistic, serving largely to disguise the racism and ethnocentrism at its core.
Garrett is well aware of the potential problem areas. He attempts to defuse criticism by acknowledging the anachronistic racial stereotyping. For example, he describes the bridge scene from Gatsby as "a moment of almost surreal social topsy-turvy." As a point of entry into the text, this bridge scene will help us to identify the contradictions between the narrative voice and Fitzgerald's symbolism:

A dead man passed us in a hearse heaped with blooms, followed by two carriages with drawn blinds, and by more cheerful carriages for friends. The friends looked out at us with the tragic eyes and short upper lips of southeastern Europe, and I was glad that the sight of Gatsby's splendid car was included in their somber holiday. As we crossed Blackwell's island a limousine passed us, driven by a white chauffeur, in which sat three modish negroes, two bucks and a girl. I laughed aloud as the yolks of their eyeballs rolled toward us in haughty rivalry.

"Anything can happen to us now that we've slid over this bridge," I thought; "anything at all. . . ."

Even Gatsby could happen, without any particular wonder.¹

Garrett finds the description here by Nick self-explanatory, with the additional caveat that "the language, and the reactions of the narrator and the anticipated reader were not only neutral but decently appropriate for the time" (106; my emphases). He goes on to say, "Perhaps it should be

¹ Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby (New York: Scribners, 1969) 69. All further references to this text will appear, page numbers only, in parentheses.
noted, however, that the author's intention in this brief sight gag was clearly to show Carraway's modernity, his openness and delight in the otherwise shocking (to the reader) confusions of order in America" (author's emphasis). Garrett's strategy of lifting the scene from its context helps to create the intended impression of Nick's description of the blacks as an isolated anachronism, yet one which reveals an author struggling to be more open-minded than could be expected of his anticipated audience.

Another way of seeing the incident suggests itself, though. By returning it to its context, we can interpret the scene as part of a larger pattern of discourse by which Fitzgerald, behind the mask of Nick Carraway, subtly but persistently directs the reader's attention to details which register a view of modern America that is antithetical to Nick's overt expressions of open-mindedness. Because the scenes before, during and after the encounters on the bridge are snapshots of Nick's perceptual range as narrator, we can see, by close analysis, that this episode is a key to understanding Fitzgerald's impressions of the nature and impact of racial and ethnic difference on American society in the twenties.

The introduction of the Buchanans earlier, has revealed Tom's hysteria about a book he has read, The Rise of the Colored Empires by "this man Goddard." As Nick rather quickly concludes, "There was something pathetic in his
concentration,"—something "making him nibble at the edge of stale ideas" (14; 21). Besides Nick's pity, Tom must suffer Daisy's teasing, as she smirks, "We've got to beat them down" (13). The effect of Nick's dismissal of Tom's book (a fictional counterpart to Lothrop Stoddard's *The Rising Tide of Color*) allows us early in the novel to trust Nick's assessment of his own powers of detachment. Nick gains in gravity and intellectual stature in direct proportion to Tom's increasing shrillness. Nick also rises in stature as our moral guide by pointing to the obvious contradictions between Tom's hypocritical concern with social stability and his flagrant affair with Myrtle Wilson. Thus Nick's claim to superior judgment is credible at this early point in the novel largely due to his refusal to indulge Tom's racial fantasy and to his faint disapproval of the Buchanans in general.

Yet when the narrative has progressed to the bridge scene, we find Nick's proclaimed open-mindedness sternly tested. Nick identifies with the occupants of the first car who are Southeastern European immigrants. To the extent that Gatsby embodies the American dream mystique, his gaudy car combines with the sight from the bridge of the "white heaps and sugar lumps" of the city to form a "wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world" (69). As Southeastern Europeans, further, these immigrants have been singled out for exclusion by the recent (in the novel's
time) Immigration Act of 1921. So Nick's inclusion of them in his American dream reverie is no idle gesture. For readers of the novel at its time of publication (another, more draconian immigration statute was passed in 1924, the year before the novel appeared, but two years before the events of the story) Nick's stance exceeded that of even the liberals of the day. Liberals had argued for quotas as a hedge against the union-busting tactics of capitalists, who had encouraged immigration as a plentiful source of cheap labor (Gossett, 288-9; 292-3).

But just as Nick settles into a smug satisfaction with his own democratic impulses, the second car passes, with its emphatic reversal of the social norm—a white man as employee of wealthy blacks. Here we must inquire into the substance and scope of Nick's reaction, asking ourselves if, in Garrett's words, Nick's actions are "neutral," "decent," "appropriate," "modern," or "open"-minded. For purposes of comparison, we may use the encounter between Gatsby and the highway patrolman, since this instance of civic corruption ought to have appeared as an equally "shocking (to the reader) confusion of order in America."

As the witness of an act of public corruption, Nick has no reaction. He is, in fact, more skeptical than neutral towards Gatsby at this stage of the narrative. Beyond simply reporting the incident, however, Nick makes no judgment of the transaction. Rather, he uses the occasion to take a
satirical swipe at Gatsby's preposterous Oxford background. Just as Gatsby has signalled his prominence and asserted his social identity by a Christmas card from the commissioner which compels the gesture of submission from the motorcycle cop ("Know you next time, Mr. Gatsby. Excuse me," 68) so too the black occupants of the limousine are making a deliberate social statement by employing a white driver. They assert their own prominence, their own identity, by their possession of the white chauffeur. The episodes, then, are roughly equivalent in their suggestion that money in America has the power to sweep away law and social custom of centuries' standing almost in an instant.

But while we can measure Nick's response to the bribery only by the fact of its inclusion in his narrative, his reaction to the sight of the Negroes in the limousine is immediate and emotional. For example, Nick's use of the term "bucks" under the circumstances is intriguing. A "buck" was by the stereotyping in popular literature of the day a young black male, with particular reference to his physicality. The use of the term "coon" would have made more sense in the context of Nick's burlesqued description, for this was the stereotype associated with most lowbrow racial humor. In any case, the wealth displayed by the group should have made such a designation inappropriate as an expression of "neutrality," even in Fitzgerald's day.
However, the comedy in the situation depends on the blacks' wealth and claims to social status. As Freud notes in his *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious* (1905),

> The discovery that one has it in one's power to make someone else comic opens the way to an undreamt-of yield of comic pleasure. . . . The methods that serve to make people comic are: putting them in a comic situation, mimicry, disguise, unmasking, caricature, parody, travesty and so on. It is obvious that these techniques can be used to serve hostile and aggressive purposes. One can make a person comic in order to make him become contemptible, to deprive him of his claim to dignity and authority.2

Freud goes on to explain that comic pleasure derived from another person's actions comes about "if, in comparison with ourselves, he makes too great an expenditure on his bodily functions and too little on his mental ones; . . . in both these cases our laughter expresses a pleasurable sense of the superiority which we feel in relation to him" (*Jokes*, 195). In Nick's description, the grotesque movement of the eyeballs certainly qualifies as comic in this regard. But when we find these preconditions (proportion of bodily and mental exertion in response to the task at hand) reversed, then, according to Freud, "we no longer laugh, we are filled with astonishment and admiration" (*Jokes*, 196). Therefore, Nick explicitly dismisses as inappropriate the sense of "wonder" which he felt when he first glimpsed Gatsby

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reaching his hands across the bay to Daisy's green light. Because Nick's description intends to emphasize the blacks' claim to status as ludicrous, it fulfills Freud's definition of "caricature," which "brings about degradation by emphasizing in the general impression given by the exalted object a single trait which is comic in itself but was bound to be overlooked so long as it was only perceivable in the general picture" (Jokes, 201). By naming the black men "bucks," Nick also "unmasks" them ("unmasking . . . applies where someone has seized dignity and authority by a deception and these have to be taken from him in reality" Jokes, 201), revealing his aggressive use of the "comic."

Nick's laughter here is neither as pleasant nor as disinterested as Garrett wants us to believe. Nick linguistically puts the black riders "in their place," both as a defensive reaction and in response to his stated desire to have the world "at a sort of moral attention forever" (2). To the implied threat of equality with the Negroes (i.e., "haughty rivalry") and beyond this, the implication of economic superiority (e.g., the white chauffeur) Nick first erects a strong ego defense by dehumanizing them ("bucks"; "yolks of their eyeballs") and then dismisses his anxiety over the implied threat with a violent burst of laughter.

Thus in response to the two situations, one a literal act of corruption, the other "corrupt" only from a racist
perspective, Nick reacts more strongly against the latter, and therefore inappropriately. He does not comment at all on the instance of social corruption. Yet he takes some pains to respond to a snub by people he clearly believes are his inferiors with an "unmasking" that surpasses in violence Anthony Patch's calling Bloekman a "Goddamn Jew" in The Beautiful and Damned, since it exists in a discursive realm which denies the possibility of rebuttal. In this act, Nick reveals himself to be anything but "neutral," (for it is he, and not Gatsby, who takes offense, even though Gatsby's car is the object of envy here) and as his actions invoke racist stereotypes, they are contrary to a presumption (by himself or his admirers like Garrett) of his "open"-mindedness, and "modernity."

The gesture of "haughty rivalry" that has seemingly threatened Nick is in fact an African retention in Afro-American culture known to ethnologists as "cut-eye." "[C]ut-eye " as John and Angela Rickford explain, "is a visual gesture which communicates hostility, disapproval, or a general rejection of the person at whom it is directed."³ They continue:

> The recipient need not have said or done anything to the person who directs the gesture to him. But there is something in the way he dresses, looks, or

behaves, which . . . rubs someone else the "wrong way." This is particularly true if others around interpret the situation as one in which the recipient is trying to "show off." If, for instance, someone drives up in a big new car or arrives at a party in expensive clothes, others around might cut their eyes on that person as a way of suggesting that they are not really impressed. (Brunvand, 359)

Although these conditions seem to apply quite explicitly in the bridge scene, no evidence exists that Fitzgerald was aware of the cultural implications of the gesture. Perhaps he had seen or been the recipient of such a gesture, and without a frame of reference from which to interpret it correctly, may have exaggerated the movement of the eyes for comic effect and imagined its implicit social-leveling as "haughty rivalry." The original manuscript version of Gatsby indicates the development of Fitzgerald's thinking on this point. Fitzgerald's original wording is "haughty wonder,"4 which in a more neutral tone is actually closer to the meaning of the "cut-eye." That Fitzgerald later makes the "wonder" indeterminate, more characteristic of Nick's state of mind, indicates a final, more conscious act of psychological distancing, whereby Nick shifts the threatened identification with the blacks to Gatsby. "Even Gatsby could happen, without any particular wonder" (my emphasis).

Nick slips out of what he sees as a threatening claim to equality by these blacks by linking their social climbing with the contradictory details of Gatsby's fabricated background, which he has been listening to on their drive into the city. Nick's skeptical reaction to Gatsby's absurd story of his Middle Western clan from San Francisco ("With an effort I managed to restrain my incredulous laughter") despite the "evidence" offered by Gatsby to corroborate his tale, reminds us that Nick remains tentative towards him until Jordan Baker's recitation of his quest for Daisy casts him as a romantic figure with whom Nick can identify. Even so, both the novel's opening and closing comments contain statements of Nick's fundamental distaste for Gatsby, "who represented everything for which [he has] an unaffected scorn" (2).

What then does Gatsby represent that stirs such strong sentiments from the purportedly non-judgmental Nick? Why, for example, does Gatsby draw more vehement censure than the reprehensible Tom, of whom Nick says only that "I couldn't forgive him or like him" (180)? One of Fitzgerald's sources for Gatsby gives us a hint of the basis of Nick's disapproval. From Edmund Wilson's play The Crime in the Whistler Room, (1924) Richard Lehan quotes a passage which supposedly recreates Fitzgerald's recollections to Wilson of a visit to a bootlegger's home:

He's a gentleman bootlegger: his name is
Max Fleischman. He lives like a
millionaire. Gosh, I haven't seen so much to drink since Prohibition. . . . Well, Fleischman was making a damn ass of himself bragging about how much his tapestries were worth and how much his bathroom was worth and how he never wore a shirt twice—and he had a revolver studded with diamonds. . . . And he finally got on my nerves—I was a little bit stewed—and I told him I wasn't impressed by his ermine-lined revolver: I told him he was nothing but a bootlegger, no matter how much money he made. . . . I told him I never would have come into his damn house if it hadn't been to be polite and it was torture to stay in a place where everything was in such terrible taste.  

If indeed this passage is an accurate account of Fitzgerald's encounter with a "gentleman bootlegger," we can see how closely Fitzgerald's attitude resembles Tom Buchanan's contemptuous dismissal of Gatsby in the novel's climactic scene. Fitzgerald's ambivalence toward Gatsby perhaps derives from his use of multiple models for the character. In the letter to John Peale Bishop in which Fitzgerald admits that Gatsby is a combination character ("Also you are right about Gatsby being blurred and patchy. I never at any one time saw him clear myself—for he started as one man I knew and then changed into myself—the amalgam

5 Lehan, Richard, F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Craft of Fiction (Carbondale: Southern Illinois Press, 1966) 96-7; see also Bruccoli's brief article tracing a "Max Gerlach" as the possible source for Max Fleishman in "'How Are You and the Family Old Sport'—Gerlach and Gatsby," in Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual, 1975, 33-6. Bruccoli reveals that Fitzgerald had made the following notation in his copy of the play, which was first performed in October, 1924: "I had told Bunny (Wilson) my plan for Gatsby."
was never complete in my mind" Letters, 358) he points to the source of the ambivalence as his persistent difficulty in making a character real for him unless some part of his own emotional equipment goes into the characterization. Lehan's point that Fitzgerald incorporated into Gatsby's quest for social vindication his own sense of inferiority to the Buchanans of the world seems accurate, (Lehan, 101-102) but by employing the "gentleman bootlegger" as a model for Gatsby's external qualities, Fitzgerald seems also to have objectified the basis of Gatsby's distastefulness to Nick in largely aesthetic terms.

Those characteristics of Gatsby that elicit the strongest reactions from Nick suggest the same emphases as the speaker's reaction to Fleischman in the play excerpt. Gatsby's claims of aristocratic heritage, despite his absurd "formality of speech" and his clear lack of social graces producing the impression of "an elegant young roughneck" (48), provoke a contemptuous urge to laughter by Nick. Nick describes Gatsby's car, which so excites the attention and (according to Nick) the envy of the blacks, in terms that emphasize its ostentatious display of wealth. Nick frowns upon Gatsby's association with the gangster Wolfsheim, alarmed that Wolfsheim thinks he seeks a similar "connexion." He silently agrees with Tom's dismissal of Gatsby's aristocratic pretensions: "An Oxford man! . . ." Tom scoffs. "Like hell he is! He wears a pink suit."
"Nevertheless," Nick replies, "he's an Oxford man" (122). Tom's response helps clarify that which also troubles Nick about Gatsby—his mannerisms and taste reflect the absence of Eastern establishment refinement of the sort that he and Tom received in prep schools and the Ivy League.

Similarly, the lack of an establishment sense of style makes Gatsby's parties offensive to Daisy, causing the abrupt discontinuation of the parties by their host:

But the [party] offended her—and inarguably, because it wasn't a gesture but an emotion. She was appalled by West Egg, this unprecedented "place" begotten upon a Long Island fishing village—appalled by its raw vigor that chafed under the old euphemisms and by the too obtusive fate that herded its inhabitants along a short-cut from nothing to nothing. (108)

The Nothing that Gatsby comes from ultimately defeats him and becomes the basis of the negative identity that shadows and finally replaces his Gatsby incarnation. At their first meeting, Nick notices certain contradictions surrounding the tanned, absurdly formal "young roughneck":

I would have accepted without question the information that Gatsby sprang from the swamps of Louisiana or from the lower East Side of New York. That was comprehensible. But young men didn't—at least in my provincial inexperience I believed they didn't—drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound. (49)

But as Nick's experience had not included Faustian bargains, he has no better words than "nothing" and "nowhere" with which to identify Gatsby's origins. When Daisy is at the
point of wavering in her choice of Gatsby over Tom, Tom tips the scales against Gatsby by dubbing him "Mr. Nobody from Nowhere." The revelation of his relationship to Wolfsheim exposes the deception which Gatsby had practiced five years earlier in order to gain access to Daisy's house and her heart: ". . .[H]e knew he was in Daisy's house by a colossal accident. . . . because he had no real right to touch her hand" (149).

The implicit association in Nick's mind between Gatsby and the blacks on the bridge allows us to see the consistency with which Nick has tarred Gatsby with the same brush as the blacks, to use a suggestive metaphor. Against both Gatsby and the blacks, Nick makes the same charges: social climbing, parody of upper class manners, extravagant display of wealth, and contributing to a climate of social disorder. Like the "modish" Negroes, Gatsby wears whatever is the latest fashion, not what would be considered in good taste: "I've got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends over a selection of things at the beginning of each season, spring and fall" (93). Style, then, is for Gatsby, as for the blacks, a matter of having enough money to get the "latest" in fashion. Details of this sort enable Nick to undercut the impressiveness of Gatsby's enormous wealth by declaring him a "roughneck," just as he dismisses the blacks as "two bucks and a girl." Thus we must keep in mind the spectacle Gatsby creates with his caramel suit and cream
colored roadster on the Queensboro Bridge, a sight that makes it relatively easy for Nick to look from the blacks to Gatsby and say, "Anything can happen. . . ."

But from our analysis of his other works which portray ethnics and blacks, Fitzgerald almost never takes a casual attitude in his comparison of such figures to whites. Fitzgerald's considerations of the "moral" impact of blacks and their cultural products upon whites, even when black figures provide comic effect primarily, almost always revolves around at least the potential for negative influences upon the white, the story of Anthony Patch in the South being a case in point. In "The Cruise of the Rolling Junk," which was published the year before Gatsby reached print, Fitzgerald magnifies the palpable otherness of a social gathering by blacks (referring to the scene as a "moonshine orgy") into a vague threat to his soul, declaring "the moral and physical aura which they cast off . . . [to be] oppressive and obscene" (Crui se, 58). In his recollection of that scene in the store in the Virginia town of "Niggerfoot," he mentions that he could not "determine whether the man who waited on me was black or white." The statement again probably indicates something of Fitzgerald's agitation at the moment, and also implies that the counter man's race has actually become indeterminate, for to have remained in such close quarters with blacks would certainly have made one "morally" black in any case. Two years after
the publication of *Gatsby*, Fitzgerald's remarks on Carl Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven* summarize his perspective on the Northern black presence:

> It [Nigger Heaven] seems, outside of its quality as a work of art, to sum up subtly and inclusively, all the direction of the northern nigger or, rather, the nigger in New York. Our civilization imposed on such virgin soil takes on a new and more vivid and more poignant horror as if it had been dug out of its context and set down against an accidental and unrelated background. *(Letters, 490)*

These comments on race, which, significantly, bracket *Gatsby*'s 1925 publication date, help to clarify Nick's comparison of Gatsby and the blacks on the bridge. Fitzgerald's sense of the black urban experience in the Van Vechten letter suggests that essentially he sees the blacks as mirror reflections of Gatsby: whereas Gatsby serves a "meretricious beauty," they embody a "poignant horror." Fitzgerald's use of oxymoron to describe each instance suggests their metaphysical interrelationship as phenomena of social deterioration. And the "Rolling Junk" description of the man of indeterminate race reminds us that for Fitzgerald, any association of a white man to blacks, particularly to blacks presented in an unfavorable light, indirectly comments on the nature of the white man's soul.

Nick's association of Gatsby with blacks who represent the chaotic forces of modern society which threaten to remove all old reliable distinctions could not be an
expression of his "delight" and "modernity" then, as Garrett maintains, for again we have Nick's word that he "disapproved of [Gatsby] from beginning to end." For him, Gatsby was a cultural phenomenon who signified the collapse of certain standards of conduct which he had come to associate with civilized behavior. Thus despite his strong identification with Gatsby's "romantic readiness," the bootlegger represents for him the rise of an America which hasn't the time or inclination to acquire the niceties of European sophistication and codes of conduct to ornament its wealth and power, but insists on "decking [itself] out with every bright feather," no matter from whence it comes. Like the "upward creep" of the Jews which for Anthony Patch was no less a frightening than an impressive spectacle, Gatsby's rise for Nick inaugurates the general worship of a "vast, vulgar and meretricious beauty" which Nick could no more resist watching than dreading. "[I]t is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams" that ends Nick's interest in the East, and as the bridge scene shows clearly, what passes in the wake of Gatsby's car is a pageant of otherness, a procession of the dead, the foreign and the black following Gatsby's example, their sights on the "white heaps and sugar lumps" of the American Dream.

Another detail which better helps us to understand the nature of Nick's contempt for Gatsby relates also to the use
of Gatsby as harbinger of social disruption and decadence. In calling attention to the abrupt termination of Gatsby's parties after Daisy expresses her distaste, Nick makes the curious observation that when the lights fail to go on at the mansion one Saturday night, it signifies that Gatsby's "career as Trimalchio [is] over" (113). While critics have tied Nick's reference to this comical party host of Petronius' Satyricon to the elaborate descriptions of Gatsby's parties, to the general theme of social corruption, and even to questions of homoerotic themes in the novel, none has yet adequately explored the relevance of the reference to Gatsby's characterization as an agent of social change.6

Trimalchio is a wealthy, self-made ex-slave of the same Maecenas whose monetary secrets (along with those of Morgan and Midas) Nick says he intends to learn in New York. He has risen to prominence in the decadent Rome of Nero by praying to the ironic household gods of Business, Luck and Profit. After losing an inheritance from his former master in a scheme to increase his wealth, he makes an enormous profit by shipping wine into Rome ("worth its weight in gold, it was then,") so that like Gatsby, he uses bootlegging to

create his fortune. Trimalchio flaunts his wealth and offends his guests by displays of vulgarity and ignorance that defy description. His fashion sense is trendy, flamboyant and given to wild, incongruous clashes of color and style (like "Fleischman"). Like Gatsby, Trimalchio uses a series of stunts to keep his party from getting dull, and the conversation generally centers upon the rise and fall of the fortunes of his dinner guests, most of whom are ex-slaves that he has assisted into prosperity.

Trimalchio is not only boorish but sentimental. He is so ambivalent about his slave past that he refuses to discipline his own slaves who misbehave toward his guests. At one point, he actually invites the slaves to join his guests at the table, and the narrator Encolpius bristles with indignation. Trimalchio explains, "Slaves are men, my friends, . . . but that's not all, they sucked the same milk that we did, even if hard luck has kept them down; and they'll drink the water of freedom if I live." Thereupon, he announces he will set his slaves free in his will and actually has it read at the party in order to experience the gratitude of the household while he lives. So desperate is he for affection that he makes it a further provision of his will that he cannot be insulted after he's dead (Satyricon, 135-6).

The reference to slaves sucking the "same milk that we
did" and drinking the "water of freedom" ring familiar,
recalling Gatsby's "pap of life" and "incomparable milk of
wonder." His inordinate need for approval even from his
slaves translates in Gatsby's case as not wanting "any
trouble with anybody" (43) and Trimalchio's aesthetic
violence and sheer absence of decorum relate to Gatsby's
being, in Jordan's words, "a regular tough underneath it
all" (80). If Gatsby's father is himself, Trimalchio cites
Liber (Freedom) as his—a freedom that allows for the
remaking of himself in a rather debased aristocratic image.
Proclaiming, "Dionysus, be thou Liber" (i.e., in the ironic
sense of "freedom" that alcohol brings) Trimalchio awards
the symbolic "freedom cap" to a young slave, a cap vaguely
related to Gatsby's gold hat. Trimalchio's true significance
then centers on his role as a social-leveler of profound
proportions, the least-appreciated connection between
himself and Gatsby. As such, he is a harbinger of the
decline of the old imperial oligarchy, and certainly to
Fitzgerald he must have symbolized the wholesale corruption
of that state which allows power and wealth to fall
indiscriminately into the hands of the unworthy, unlearned,
undisciplined lower social classes. At one point, Fitzgerald
actually considered calling the novel either Trimalchio or

8 See A. B. Paulson's "Oral Aggression and Splitting" in
Bloom, ed. Gatsby, for a discussion of the breast imagery 71-86.
Trimalchio in West Egg, indicating the great importance of the Satyron character in his conception of Gatsby (Bloom, ed., Gatsby, 69).

Translating the Trimalchio tale into an American context would certainly mean a conversion of the "slaves" of the story to whom he gives an entree into society's upper echelon to either blacks or proletarians, both of whom are represented on the bridge, and who instinctively look to Gatsby's car as a symbol of success. Thus Nick's association of Gatsby with the black capitalists on the bridge may stem from his assessment of Gatsby as a Trimalchio, one in whose wake not only "foul dust," but also sweeping social changes trail, and the pageant on the bridge represents not a "moment of surreal topsy-turvy," as Garrett calls it, but an elaboration of Gatsby's social significance which is crucial to a thorough understanding of his rise and fall.

The works of Joseph Conrad also influenced Fitzgerald, accounting for many of the technical and formal improvements in his work after The Beautiful and Damned (see Sklar, 151-53). Gatsby resembles Conrad's Kurtz in that both make Faustian pacts with the forces of darkness in order to rise above their given stations in life in pursuit of an idealized "Intended," and Nick, as Fitzgerald's Marlow, serves as the intermediary between the "old safe world" and the voice of the deified and damned white man who plunges into the abyss. The sign of Kurtz's demonic possession is
his participation in "unspeakable rites" associated with the African tribesmen, and so in Fitzgerald's characterization of Gatsby, an implied connection between Gatsby and a group of socially disruptive blacks would simply parallel the Conradian model, indicating a "moral" deficiency in Gatsby, or in Kurtzian terms, the fact that "his soul was mad." Not only is Gatsby's connection to the blacks consistent with Fitzgerald's own racial typography, then, but it is also consistent with the Faustian theme he borrowed from Conrad.

As an American, Gatsby suffers from a variety of urban "tropenkoller" (i.e., "going black," as Kurtz does in Heart of Darkness) which shows in his origins, his car and clothes, his speech, and his mannerisms, all of which betray him as "Mr. Nobody from Nowhere." His tan countenance, coupled with his ethnic name (Gatz) and his mysterious origins makes him racially indeterminate (a crucial factor in his demise, as we shall see later). He's a bootlegger in business with a crooked Jew, wears suits that are caramel or pink in color, and drives a loud yellow roadster. He is, in short, a white dandy, a "sheik," a man whose aesthetics suggest the outrageous choices of the stereotypical black arriviste.

Thus, when Garrett approaches the events of the bridge scene thinking to characterize Nick's words as a throwaway line, an isolated instance of Fitzgerald's penchant for "anachronistic" discussions of race, he has in fact
unwittingly stumbled onto one of the keys to Fitzgerald's conception of the Gatsby mystique. This is not merely a case of Fitzgerald's biases playing him false, for if we do not perceive the black characters as buffoons and undesirables, the associative significance for Gatsby will be lost. Nor is Nick's statement of disapproval of Gatsby simply, as has been widely accepted, a rhetorical act of distancing himself from a stronger personality, but an expression of an actual aesthetic antipathy to the man. The view from this bridge is, all things considered, Fitzgerald's most sustained symbolic commentary on the social deterioration that forms the underlying unity of the narrative, linking as it does Gatsby's Long Island splendor to the wasteland of the Ash Heaps, and ultimately to its source in the midtown Manhattan cellar where Wolfsheim trifles callously with the faith of the populace. We must widen our view of this bridge episode then to see its strategic function in the novel and to understand the key function in this social commentary performed by the black riders on the bridge.

The famous guest list begins Chapter IV, the chapter in which the bridge scene occurs. As Peter Lisca notes, "this list of two and a half pages reflects a cultural and linguistic disorder." Like the party of Trimalchio, the scene emphasizes the rise and fall of the fortunes of the

guests, but their names and brief (usually tragic) histories suggest too a social disorder, a deliberate mixing of classes and types which finds apt expression in the ironic conjunction of socially and historically prominent proper or given names with other commonplace and rather incongruous names (e.g., "Ulysses Swett," and "Mrs. Claude Roosevelt"). Among the guests Nick lists some from both of the "eggs," including a Clarence Endive from East Egg, and "[f]rom West Egg came the Poles and the Mulreadys . . . and Newton Orchid, who controlled Films Par Excellence, and Eckhaust and Clyde Cohen and Don S. Schwartze . . . all connected with the movies in one way or another" (62). Apparently, Fitzgerald wants to see if we were paying attention in The Beautiful and Damned, for Films Par Excellence was the name of Joseph Bloeckman's company. Jewish names (Cohen and Schwartze [meaning "black"]) and the appropriately named Poles and the Irish Mulreadys indicate that West Egg is a resort for well-heeled social outsiders.

Also attending are the fortuitously named "Blackbuck" clan, "who always gathered in a corner and flipped up their noses like goats at whosoever came near" (61). Nick's lampooning of the snobbish gesture here prefigures the "black bucks" on the bridge who act snobbishly towards him, again using animal imagery to dehumanize and burlesque
them. As Lisca points out, "[i]ncluded also are adulterers, fornicators, perverts, suicides, and murderers," (Lisca, 21) with Miss Claudia Hip, the final name on the list, representing a "kind of grand summary" of the social chaos of the parties: "[She came] with a man reputed to be her chauffeur, and a prince of something, whom we called Duke, and whose name, if I ever knew it, I have forgotten." The image of this "hip" young flapper, flanked by a chauffeur and a prince, is testimony to Gatsby's Trimalchian flair for blurring the lines of social distinction.

There follows then the scene which introduces Gatsby's car. While he and Nick motor into New York, Gatsby recounts his fabricated story of being a wealthy orphan. As they drive through Long Island, Nick takes note of various sights in the landscape, the importance of which, due to the cinematic crispness of Fitzgerald's imagery, is easy to overlook:

We passed Port Roosevelt, where there was a glimpse of red-belted ocean-going ships, and sped along a cobbled slum lined with the dark, deserted saloons of the faded-gilt nineteen hundreds. Then the valley of ashes opened out on both sides of us, and I had a glimpse of Mrs. Wilson straining at the garage pump with panting vitality as we went by. (68)

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10 This sensitivity by Nick to any slight or snub may stem from Fitzgerald's own insecurities. Fitzgerald left behind after his death among other things a list of all the people who had ever snubbed him (PUL).
The image of the ships at port suggests a wealth of historical associations. By compression and selection, Fitzgerald has alluded to America's prosperity as a result of its last two overseas conflicts, the Spanish-American war (Roosevelt) and the World War (red-belted ships). The reference to the Roosevelts recalls the Old Money clans of Long Island whom Gatsby attempts to rival socially. And because of the Dutch ancestry of the family, an implicit connection is also made to the Dutch sailors Fitzgerald invokes in his closing passage who opened up the territory for settlement, but whose dream becomes corrupted by the succeeding generations of the New World's plunderers (presumably including the Roosevelts themselves).

Fitzgerald ends the sentence significantly with a reference to the despair of the multitudes which will never see their dreams materialize in the "dark, undederted saloons." His sense of an historical significance in these saloons ("the faded-gilt nineteen hundreds") links the image to Gatsby in several ways. First, the saloon reference reminds us of Gatsby's tutelage under Dan Cody, "the pioneer debauchee, who during one phase of American life brought back to the Eastern seaboard the savage violence of the frontier brothel and saloon" (101). Cody's ability to strike it rich in the Montana copper mines is presumably the example of a rags-to-riches story that fires the imagination of the saloon-dwellers. But Cody's success may be
impossible to follow in the modern era because of the dwindling resources that have threatened to make America a wasteland, as the next sentence implies with Myrtle Wilson straining to bring forth petroleum from the pump. Because these saloons' popularity created the social pressures from reformers resulting in the Volstead Act, Gatsby is able to accumulate wealth rapidly by keeping such establishments supplied with bootleg gin. Thus the saloons are "undeserted" due to the two strong thematic strains running throughout the scene: the diversion of the American Dream into hedonistic pursuits, approaching the proportions of a paralysis of the national will, and Gatsby's ability to rise to success by preying on this failing.

At the point in this passage where the car reaches the valley of ashes, we must note a significant change from Fitzgerald's first draft of the novel. After the description of the saloons, Fitzgerald had originally written in the long scene which introduced the "wasteland" locale. Later he moved that description forward to the beginning of Chapter II, where it appears in the published text. Thus Fitzgerald had not at first intended to emphasize the wasteland motif with Nick and Tom's trip together to the city to meet Myrtle, but originally he conceived the powerful image of the Ash Heaps as part of Nick's trip to the city with Gatsby to meet Wolfsheim. The eyes of Dr. T. J. Eckleberg first looked out in judgment over a landscape that included
Gatsby, then, and Myrtle Wilson's initial flirtatious appearance was to be with Nick and Gatsby, not Nick and Tom.\(^{11}\) So in the final text, the sentence which refers to the Ash Heaps reiterates the implications of the longer prior scene where the wasteland theme already has been developed, particularly the now dwindling life force which Myrtle embodies.

Read as an historical subtext, the brief passage suggests a distinct downward progression by the car toward the city, a *Pilgrim's Progress* in reverse. The closer the car gets to the city, the more visible the signs of corruption become. Therefore, when in the course of the scene we are shown Gatsby's influence over the police commissioner followed by the funeral procession and the car with the blacks, these sights must be understood in context. Gatsby's corruption of government leads to a symbolic death of the American dream in the funeral sequence, with the wicked suggestion that the new wave of Southeastern European immigrants will see it to its grave. In effect, Gatsby's corruption can be seen as the enabling mechanism behind this invasion of immigrants, since the American working class has either become paralyzed by the hedonistic urge to sustain

\(^{11}\) In the first draft, Tom appears at the cellar restaurant as he does in the published text, but he has Myrtle Wilson with him, whom Nick recognizes from the garage. Not until after this scene was written did Fitzgerald get the idea to use the wasteland description as an introduction to Myrtle's party. See *Facsimile*, 72-85.
its false self-image, or else, like George Wilson, is so ineffectual that it cannot succeed even when sober.

Fitzgerald introduces the fact that the black riders on the bridge have been financially successful in this context of general social deterioration. Nick appropriates their very success, then, as the ultimate sign of the American Dream's dysfunction. No sooner does Nick open his mind and heart to the possibility of the immigrants' participation in the dream than the blacks exploit the lowered barriers, seeking to rival and surpass their former masters. It is no coincidence that the car with the blacks passes just as the cars reach Blackwell's Island, historical site of the Bellvue complex that includes the insane asylum, the prison and the poorhouse. Conceived in the nineteenth century as a social leper colony to protect the city from the influx of the alien Other, the island's institutions formed a barrier against those whose poverty and difference threatened the city-dwellers' self-image. But here the great bridge itself provides the means by which these obstacles are bypassed.

Fitzgerald's symbolic use of the bridge looms large in this scene. The sight from the bridge is "always the city seen for the first time," as Nick explains. This recalls the novel's celebration of the first time the island was sighted by Dutch sailors, whose vision of the unspoiled landscape haunts the novel's action. Since Nick describes that first sighting as a "transitory enchanted moment," the view from
the bridge recreates that original sense of transition and enchantment, as the city appears in the distance to be "white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of non-olfactory money." When the trip has ended, Gatsby's money will smell of its source, and the city will seem less enchanted than cursed. Like Conrad's bewitched pilgrims, Gatsby's progress towards New York only brings him closer to a Celestial City whose Delectable Mountains are already rotting at the core.\textsuperscript{12}

In a later scene on the bridge, we note the significance of the structure again. When the Buchanans, Gatsby, Jordan and Nick travel to New York for the showdown between Tom and Gatsby at the Plaza Hotel, they cross the bridge in two cars. As in the first bridge scene, the two cars ride side by side, emphasizing things that are out of place: Gatsby and Daisy drive Tom's blue coupe, while Tom drives Nick and Jordan in Gatsby's yellow roadster (two bucks and a girl?). Nick stresses that the jealousy this time travels \textit{from} the yellow car to the blue one, from Tom to Gatsby as Tom races to catch up after stopping at Wilson's for gas.

"'I love New York on Summer afternoons when every one's away,'" Daisy calls over to the yellow car. "'There's something very sensuous about it--overripe, as if all sorts

\textsuperscript{12} Fitzgerald deleted a description of the sight from the bridge that shows his intent to combine the historical and mythical: "Bagdad both ways" (Facsimile, 77).
of funny fruits were going to fall into your hands'" (125). When they try to decide where to go from there, Daisy suggests, "'We'll meet you on some corner. I'll be the man smoking two cigarettes'" (126). Daisy will not only flagrantly violate public standards of conduct for "ladies" on the other side of the bridge, she will by doing so effectively transform herself socially from female to male. The bridge, then, operates continuously as a symbol of social transition, though in this case it is a gender barrier rather than a racial one which is transcended. On the fateful trip back to Long Island that night, Nick refers to it as the "dark bridge," an indication that for him it has absorbed the sinister aspects of both the nocturnal setting and its social function as the link between the poisonous "sugar lumps" and the foul ash heaps.

Thus the juxtaposition of images on the bridge unmistakably leads to a sense of Fitzgerald's concerns about the radical changes at work in American society. The hearse that prefigures Gatsby's death also foreshadows the death of the American Dream, an experiment Fitzgerald sees as doomed by its internal contradictions. Extended to its logical conclusion, (i.e., a literal interpretation of the phrase "all men are created equal") American democracy in reference to the immigrants and blacks invites chaos, from the racist, xenophobic viewpoint of a Stoddard or a Madison Grant. Fitzgerald's symbolism shows not Nick's wonderment
but his fatalism in regard to these changes. On the path to the modern metropolis, Fitzgerald suggests, insanity becomes logic, poverty becomes wealth, and corruption becomes a badge of honor. Above Blackwell's Island, riding high on this artificial transport over natural barriers, all values are transvalued, and the lessons of history are mocked. 13

There is a sense that Maury Noble speaks for Nick Carraway's America as much as his own when he points out in The Beautiful and Damned that in circumventing "natural laws," Western man had "produced a Christ who can raise the leper--and presently, the breed of the leper is the salt of the earth." Just as Noble's speech occupies the spiritual and structural center of the earlier novel, the two bridge scenes in Gatsby divide the novel into three equal parts, serving as transitions, as it were, between the three major phases of the tragic movement: the introduction of Gatsby, the unfolding of his quest, and his inevitable defeat. From the standpoint of his own cultural significance, the bridge finally is the most appropriate symbol associated with Gatsby. His initial appearance as a man mysteriously reaching across the physically small but socially enormous

13 Joan S. Korenman's article, "A View from the (Queensboro) Bridge" in Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual 1975, (93-96) is the only other critical assessment of the symbolism of the bridge scene that I have seen. Korenman, like Garrett, reads the successful blacks as symbols of the corruption of the American dream because of their Gatsby-like materialism, seeing the "pale, well-dressed negro" who connects Gatsby's car to the death of Myrtle as an allied symbolism.
chasm between the crude and genteel classes, the bay that separates his mansion from Daisy's, makes clear the fact that Gatsby's unscrupulous use of whatever or whoever comes his way to help him bridge that gulf relates to his own characterization as a transitional figure between Victorian sentimentalism and Jazz Age hedonism. The long trip which joins Gatsby's splendor to its source in the corrupt city where Wolfsheim dwells shows effectively that Gatsby, unable to cross this gulf of wealth and privilege, has linked himself firmly to Wolfsheim, but is no closer to Daisy herself. This understanding leads us to the final scene in the chapter, in which Gatsby (acting indirectly through Jordan) enlists Nick's help in bringing Daisy to him.

The bridge scene leads directly to Nick's meeting with Wolfsheim in a hot, dark mid-town Manhattan replica of hell: "A small, flat-nosed Jew raised his large head and regarded me with two fine growths of hair which luxuriated in either nostril. After a moment I discovered his tiny eyes in the half-darkness" (69-70). Garrett's essay also apologizes for Fitzgerald's "perfect Jew," (as Edith Wharton called Wolfsheim) citing Eliot as the model for Fitzgerald's characterization. Fantastically, Garrett would have us believe that Fitzgerald is only faithfully representing his era by his depiction of Wolfsheim--that the anti-Semitism of his portrayal is not Fitzgerald's own, but merely a reflection of a larger social problem: "To understand the
prevalent attitude toward the very idea or image of the Jew at that time, one can take quite seriously the stance of Eliot in his early poems" (New Essays, 106). The effect, then is to exonerate Fitzgerald on the grounds of simply being accommodating to the spirit of the times, since he "knew . . . [that] the nineteenth century had not yet ended, socially at least, in America."

The eventful trip from West Egg over the bridge, leading into the introduction of Wolfsheim at this critical turn in the novel represents more than just coincidence. Fitzgerald's conception of Wolfsheim recalls his debt to Joseph Conrad in whose Heart of Darkness the presiding demon is "the flabby weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly."14 Conrad incarnates this demon later in the person of the uncle of the Central Station chief, whose eyes had a look of "sleepy cunning," and who carries his "fat paunch" with "ostentation on his short legs" (Heart, 31). Conrad's technique, like Fitzgerald's, is to exaggerate the physical features to grotesque proportions, to make the abstract, pervasive evil palpably immediate: "I saw him extend his short flipper of an arm [in] . . . a treacherous appeal to the lurking death, to the hidden evil, to the profound darkness of its heart."

The soul-merchant Wolfsheim is Fitzgerald's modern urban evocation of this Conradian principle.\(^{15}\) He is well-suited to the darkness of the cellar restaurant where Nick meets Gatsby and him for lunch at "roaring noon," emphasizing the point that the trip from Gatsby's mansion, over the bridge and into midtown Manhattan has about it the characteristics of a descent into hell. Wolfsheim recalls both the flabby devil of *Heart of Darkness* (with his oddly familiar pieces of ivory for cuff links) and the elephantine skipper of *Lord Jim* by the "ferocious delicacy" of his table manners.

Gatsby too has been seduced into the service of the "vast, vulgar and meretricious beauty" of the modern world by his own empty stomach in Wolfsheim's recollection of their first meeting: "First time I saw him was when he come into Winebrenner's poolroom . . . and asked for a job. He hadn't eat anything for a couple of days. 'Come on have some lunch with me,' I sid. He ate more than four dollars' worth of food in half an hour " (172). Gatsby's very presence in a Jewish pool hall looking for work must be taken as clear sign of Fitzgerald's notion of the depths to which he has fallen, given his Manichean perspective.\(^{16}\) Wolfsheim's  


\(^{16}\) In a deleted passage in the manuscript for the novel, Gatsby reveals a surprising awareness of the social implications of his apprenticeship to the Jewish gangster as he and Nick enter
ability to "use him good," signals the flaw at the base of Gatsby's character, his hollowness of moral substance which neither Wolfsheim's luncheon nor his own lavish party buffets can fill.

Wolfsheim's effectiveness in society as a man who can play with the faith of millions, further, depends upon an attractive front man like Gatsby, and it is clear when we factor in this Conradian theme of "hollowness" that the reason all we ever see of Gatsby is his exterior is that, like Kurtz, he is a human shell: "...when he told me he was an Oggsford I knew I could use him good. I got him to join up in the American Legion and he used to stand high there" (172). With Wolfsheim's backing, Gatsby stands as ironically high in the American Legion as Kurtz does among the chief devils of the Congo. But it is Wolfsheim's ability to appropriate the symbols of Western culture as part of his disguise that Fitzgerald wants us to see here. Like Eliot's Bleistein (one of the Jewish characters Garrett no doubt had in mind) whose "lustreless protrusive eye/ Stares from the protozoic slime/ At a perspective of Canaletto,"17 Wolfsheim

the cellar restaurant: "'This is a theatrical hangout,' explained Gatsby as we sat down, 'See those four Jews over there? Between them they own (at?) half the theatres in New York.'" Facsimile, 78. Fitzgerald probably decided it would be better that Gatsby not appear sensitive to the social implications of Jews in finance in order to preserve a sense of his fundamental "innocence" in spite of his "gonnegtions."

also visually appropriates the "Presbyterian nymphs" on the restaurant's ceiling (71-2).

His papal benediction of Gatsby and Nick when he rises to leave, and his later whistling of "The Rosary" allude to his uncritical adoption of Western cultural artifacts to disguise his essential otherness (like his precursor Bloeckman) while the religious overtones emphasize his spiritual grip on Gatsby's soul. Nonetheless, Wolfsheim remains the ultimate outsider, the Jew as Other. Fitzgerald's Faustian conception of Gatsby ("'nephew to Von Hindenberg and second cousin to the devil'" 61) requires a suitable Mephistopheles, and Wolfsheim's otherness makes him ideal for that role. Based on the gambler Arnold Rothstein, whom Fitzgerald had met, Wolfsheim carries an enormous symbolic burden in the novel as the embodiment of a particularly modern evil. For Fitzgerald, as for Eliot, "the Jew is underneath the lot" (Eliot, Poems, 33).

But Jordan Baker's sketch of Gatsby's relations with Daisy which ends the chapter, followed closely in the next chapter by Nick's description of his actual origins, shows us that despite the "foul dust" about him, he was "all right"; that he was, like Conrad's Lord Jim, "one of us." Though morally insane, Gatsby retains Nick's loyalty because of the aura of innocence which surrounds him. Yet, in the showdown with Tom, the fact of his association with Wolfsheim chills Daisy's infatuation with him. Even after
admitting that she had loved both men equally, Daisy seems intent on leaving Tom when the men begin a childish argument over who has the most crooked business dealings, and Tom begins to elaborate on Gatsby's "gonnegtion" to the famous gangster, at which point Daisy begins to withdraw into herself. The specter of Wolfsheim looms over the proceedings, so that when the near-hysterical Tom starts babbling about scientific theories predicting the end of the world and attacking Gatsby's cover story, Daisy tells him to control himself:

"Self-control" repeated Tom incredulously. "I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea you can count me out. . . . Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions, and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white."

(130)

Nick's reaction, again, is to make himself seem more open-minded at Tom's expense: "Flushed with his impassioned gibberish, he saw himself standing alone on the last barrier of civilization." In fact, Nick's purpose here and elsewhere in the scene, is to maintain a contemptuous tone towards Tom, making sure that our loyalties are with Gatsby. Thus he misconstrues Tom's articulation of everyone's concern over Gatsby's dubious origins as "gibberish," despite the fact that Gatsby's origins are problematical for him as well.
By the end of the scene, Tom has forced Gatsby into a defensive posture, and Daisy, her illusions about Gatsby shattered, draws "further and further into herself, . . " (135). Though a marriage to Gatsby would not literally be a case of racial "intermarriage," (in a deleted description of him in the manuscript, however, Nick refers to Gatsby's "faint foreignness" Facsimile, 66) socially speaking, with the considerable shadow of Wolfsheim looming over him, Gatsby is as much the leper to Daisy's class as is his mentor. Charles Stember's theory of the origin of racism in sexual jealousy is very useful in understanding Fitzgerald's own fetishizing of the "top girl" of a given social circle. As outsider and ethnic minority, Fitzgerald's quests for social acceptance relied on his ability to charm that girl who drew the most attention from males, usually the most girlish of social butterflies. He instinctively avoided girls who cultivated an air of promiscuity (and as the fictional incarnations of Zelda indicate, Fitzgerald felt her "daring" to be social rather than sexual in nature), perhaps because as Stember maintains, "[t]he gratification in sexual conquest derives from . . . defilement--of reducing the elevated woman to the "dirty" sexual level, of polluting that which is seen as pure, . . .

animalizing that which is seen as 'spiritual'" (Sexual Racism, 149).

Thus the sexually-experienced Gatsby who "took Daisy . . . because he had no real right to touch her hand" finds himself committed "to the following of a grail" once he has felt the surge of psychic and physical pleasure produced by sexual mastery of a "nice" upper class girl, the shining golden princess, "safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor." It may well not have been the "money" in her voice which held Gatsby's attention through the years, but sex with the "nice" rich girl.

Tom's wild jealousy, then, is congruent with Stember's outline of a sexual basis of white male racism. His jealousy stems from his knowledge that defilement of the sexual object is a key to sensual gratification (and here we may recall Tom's boast of having made Wilson's garage into a "stable" along with Gatsby's impression that he was not worthy of touching Daisy's hand) and his sense of an even greater satisfaction in store for Gatsby should he have intercourse with the ethereal Daisy infuriates him. As Stember explains:

The majority man knows that the height of sexual pleasure is available only to minority males.

. . . Because of his own inability to experience this exquisite pleasure, he vents his disgust, rage or violence on those for whom such pleasures are, if not actually being realized, always potentially present. And so he seeks in any way he can to prevent sexual contact
between the [minority] man and the white woman, the mere thought of which infuriates him. It is easy to see why any sign that the [minority] man may be anticipating such an experience can trigger the most irrational responses in white men. (Stember, 160-1)

Such an "irrational response" may likely include thinking of Gatsby's affair with Daisy as tantamount to "intermarriage between black and white."

What makes this statement by Tom less outlandish than Nick would have us believe is that we have seen a prior reference to intermarriage during the party given by Myrtle and Tom in Chapter II. Myrtle's friend, Mrs. McKee responds in this way to the discussion of Tom's and Myrtle's marital problems:

"I almost made a mistake, too," she declared vigorously. "I almost married a little kike who'd been after me for years. I knew he was below me. . . . But if I hadn't met Chester, he'd of got me sure." (34-5)

Mrs. McKee's vulgarity here certainly suggests that Fitzgerald means to establish again Nick's relative freedom from bias in comparison to the general populace. But as Myrtle refers to her feckless husband George ironically with the ambiguous rejoinder, "Well, I married him, . . . [a]nd that's the difference between your case and mine," we can see a hint that it is the exhaustion, sterility, and incompetence of men like Wilson and Chester McKee which reduces the women of this wasteland to such desperate straits: either they must become the whores of plutocrats
like Tom Buchanan or submit to the defiling touch of the
other.19

Fitzgerald is quite aware of race and ethnicity as
reliable, culturally-sanctioned metaphors of difference.
Myrtle emotionally responds to George as the social
equivalent of a "kike"; Tom emotionally responds to Gatsby's
pursuit of Daisy as equivalent to intermarriage; Nick
mentally connects Gatsby to the black riders in the bridge
scene. The respective racial and ethnic designations reflect
a comparative social inferiority, and these abstract
Manichean associations find ample reinforcement elsewhere
with descriptive detail attesting to that inferiority. In
one such instance, Nick observes that there is "no
difference between men, in intelligence or race, so profound
as the difference between the sick and the well" (124), and
then he proceeds to describe Wilson's sick, guilty look.
That Myrtle has previously described Wilson's class
difference from Tom in terms of ethnic difference is the
foundation of this description of Wilson's mental
deterioration.

Fitzgerald reinforces the "intermarriage" theme,
further, in the sequence in which Tom and Daisy discuss
their wedding. The topic comes up when the party hears "the
portentous chords of Mendelssohn's Wedding March [sic] from

19 Fraser's "Another Reading of The Great Gatsby" in
Bloom, ed. Gatsby (57-70) examines the novel's sexual
themes, including a comparison of the roles of Wilson and McKee.
the ballroom below" (128). After a farcical discussion of
the charlatan "'Blocks' Biloxi'' who fainted at the
Buchanans' wedding, the group hears the end of the wedding
ceremony below, signalled by "a long cheer . . . followed by
intermittent cries of 'Yea-ea-ea!' and finally a burst of
jazz as the dancing began." This "burst of jazz" which
climaxes the wedding is an ironic reminder of the
discontinuity in American culture. Fitzgerald mocks the
decorum of the stately "Wedding March" with the loud raucous
jazz music which instigates the joyous dancing below and
simultaneously, the discussion of a divorce between the
Buchanans above. Thus the "wedding" of these culturally
disparate elements underscores the stress point in American
society between Self and Other.

In another deleted segment of the Gatsby manuscript,
Nick expounds at length on his impressions of the jazz
symphony requested by Gatsby at his party, the intriguingly
titled "Jazz History of the World" by Vladimir Tostoff
(i.e., "tossed off"; the pun clues us to Fitzgerald's
disdain for the artistic merits of jazz, and for the
experimental music of Leo Ornstein, whom he calls "Leo
Epstein,"):

There would be a series of interruptive
notes that seemed to fall together
accidentally and colored everything that
came after them until before you knew it
they became the theme and new discords
were opposed to it outside. But what
struck me particularly was that just as
you'd get used to the new discord
business there'd be one of the old themes rung in this time as a discord until you'd get a ghastly sense that it was all a cycle after all, purposeless and sardonic, . . . Whenever I think of that summer I can hear it yet. (Facsimile, 55)

The dominant reaction here is Nick's sense of "discord" as a modern theme, and of the history of the world (one fundamentally at odds with Nick's traditionalism) from a jazz perspective as an endless series of discordant cycles, "purposeless and sardonic." In this, he is in agreement with Fitzgerald's mentor H. L. Mencken, whose review of Carl Van Vechten's Music and Bad Manners (1916) takes note of "that new music which now causes such a pother, with its gossamers of seconds and elevenths, its wild niggerish rhythms, and its barbaric Russian cadences. The Slavs are at the bottom of it; its prophet is Igor Strawinsky [sic] and its plenipotentiary in New York is Leo Ornstein."20 Mencken's analysis of this "new music" makes clear the importance to him of its cultural sources, the Slavs and the blacks, and its cultural meaning: "wild niggerish rhythms," "barbaric Russian cadences." Gatsby's patronage of the avant garde work reminds us of Fitzgerald's attribution elsewhere of corruptive powers to black cultural products such as jazz, so the chaotic scenes at his party and at the unseen wedding are consistent with his role as Trimalchio. By extension,  

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Gatsby's crashing of the Buchanan marriage is synonymous with the "burst of jazz" that inelegantly signifies the transition from the traditional to the modern at the other "unseen" wedding scene—Gatsby's figurative marriage to Daisy ("He felt married to her, that was all") which has been physically and emotionally, though not legally consummated. With the gulf between their social spheres so clearly denoted in racial and cultural terms, it is not without reason that Nick construes Tom's opposition to Gatsby (albeit facetiously) as a stand at "the last barrier of civilization."

Nick functions throughout the novel to disguise Fitzgerald's own sentiments, but not always successfully. Nick's racist humor on the bridge is no doubt a slippage of the authorial mask, for Fitzgerald needs Nick to maintain a facade of open-mindedness behind which his [Fitzgerald's] true anxieties about the encroachment of the alien Other can be expressed without earning him public reproach. As Peter Lisca points out, Fitzgerald uses Nick "as a kind of Trojan Horse. By having Nick tell the novel Fitzgerald is able to smuggle into the novel weighted descriptions and judgements [sic] with which to intensify the contrast between that order and disorder which is the novel's central axis, around which all other major meanings are oriented" (Lisca, 26-7). The symbolic core of the text validates Tom Buchanan's fear of "the rise of the colored empires," despite Nick's
cosmetic protests that Tom is off-base, for a deep fear of
the dissolution of Self in the corrupt, heterogeneous East
is essential to Fitzgerald's conception of Gatsby's failure,
and, as we shall see, of Nick's strategic withdrawal to the
West.

Ultimately, Fitzgerald's despair for the modern world
centers on the image of the Ash Heaps, where men "move dimly
and already crumbling through the powdery air" (23). But who
are these Ash Men? Interestingly, they suggest a parody of
the world that Fitzgerald fears is to come, a world where
everyone absorbs the uniform greyness of the modern cultural
wasteland, and the only distinctions that can be made are
between the sick and the well, the pursuing and the pursued.
Their Jewish-surnamed god, T.J. Eckleberg watches over them
solemnly. They are the Greek Michaelis, whose name in the
original manuscript, MavroMichaelis, is more suggestive of
his symbolic function as a Southeastern European, since the
name Mavros means "dark-complexioned."\
Similarly, the
bystander who spells out his name for the policeman at the
scene of Myrtle's death ("M-a-v-r-o-g") suggests that yet
another swarthy Southeastern European immigrant inhabits
this nameless quarter of the Ash Heaps. There is also the
"gray, scrawny Italian child," (26) the incipient anarchist
noticed by Nick in the act of "setting torpedoes in a row

21 Elsdon C. Smith, American Surnames (Philadelphia:
Chilton Book Co., 1969) 149.
along the railroad track." Then there is the "pale well-dressed negro" (140) who steps forward to correctly identify Gatsby's yellow car for the police and the listening Tom, and seals his doom. Nick does not stereotype or caricature this polite, unthreatening black, as his skin color betokens for Fitzgerald a higher degree of potential for civilized behavior. He knows his "place." Therefore he is "well-dressed," not "modish"; he is a "negro," not a "buck."

The only other acknowledged residents of the Ash Heaps wasteland are George and Myrtle Wilson, representing respectively the "exhausted" original racial stock and the still fecund but unfruitful vegetative principle of the American landscape. Wilson carries the names of the first and most recent Anglo-Saxon presidents of the country, and his failure to get with child even the smoldering vitality of Myrtle suggests his utter exhaustion and impotence. "I thought he knew something about breeding," Myrtle says, "but he wasn't fit to lick my shoe" (35). The failure of the Wilsons to prosper is a gross parody of Stoddard's concern that the Nordic stock eventually would be "inundated" by black, brown, red and yellow perils due to a low birth rate and lack of foresight in establishing restrictive immigration laws. That these encroaching Others with their aping of American ways may become so uniformly gray as to disguise their alien aspects until fratricide, non-productivity and just plain carelessness ultimately kill off
the legitimate heirs of the American Dream is Fitzgerald's apocalyptic vision in *Gatsby*.

The difference, then, between *The Beautiful and Damned* and *The Great Gatsby* is primarily one of craft rather than vision. Greater control of his craft allows Fitzgerald to package in a more sophisticated, more intellectually acceptable form his fears of the dissolution of Victorian America in the modern era. Race and ethnicity operate as hidden metaphors for difference in a narrative scheme that allows Fitzgerald to indulge in Manichean racial typing while the narrative voice makes a great show of disavowing such biases. For strategic purposes, Nick Carraway, though seemingly a mediator between Gatsby's inchoate dreams and the real world, functions also as a blind for Fitzgerald's symbolic method. The author achieves his famous doubleness of vision by a splitting of concerns between a self-proclaimed open-minded narrator and an organizing intelligence which structures the tale so as to maximize Fitzgerald's continuing concerns with the influx of immigrants from the south and east of Europe, the influx of blacks from the American South, and the great impact of these newcomers on American culture and society. When Nick ultimately merges these two functions in himself and discusses his return to the Mid-West at the novel's close, his flight reveals a psychological regression, a return to a pre-adolescent, authoritarian world without difference or
the necessity for complex choices. It is the world Fitzgerald would have liked to have conquered socially as a marginally well-off youth, a world which had ceased to exist in the East by the time he had come of age.

The Midwest that Nick returns to at the book's end, is "not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns" of the American heartland, but the elite social world of prep school and college kids exchanging addresses at Chicago's Union Station. It is this urban Middle West with which Nick is "unutterably aware of [his] identity," aware now that he has always been "a little complacent from growing up in the Carraway house in a city where dwellings are still called through decades by a family's name" (177). The myth of Nick's quest for a non-materialistic America does not stand close scrutiny, as Nick admits himself that the family property is the basis of his sense of self. "I remember the fur coats of the girls returning from Miss This-or-That's and . . . old acquaintances, and the matchings of invitations: 'Are you going to the Ordways'? the Herseys'? the Schultzes'?'" It is a Middle West, then, marked by its enshrinement of Eastern values and aesthetics, where the landscapes and people which signify Mid-Western to most Americans--the farmers and small-towners--Nick characterizes as alien and beneath notice. Nick reveals that this has all along been the story of a dying aristocracy, unrecoverable, and unrepeateable except by retreat into a privileged past.
Those who content themselves that, after all, *Gatsby* is a monumental social novel, a spirited condemnation of the wealthy classes, miss the fact that in his forgiving of the careless rich, Nick merely spanks their hands and chides their misbehavior, a tacit acquiescence to their noblesse oblige. Fitzgerald wants us to believe that only by Nick's horrified retreat from the chaos of the East into the security of the identity-giving West, can the world be brought to "a sort of moral attention forever."

Because Nick's predispositions reflect those of many of the novel's admirers, they fall eagerly in step with his interpretation of Gatsby's story. One example from Bruccoli's *New Essays* will suffice. Roger Lewis, referring to Gatsby's awareness of the "money" in Daisy's voice and Nick's reverie over that discovery claims: "Here not only Nick but also we share Gatsby's dream. . . . We share in the pleasures, in the fantasies; Nick's and Gatsby's vision becomes ours. And thus the book fosters our appreciation of Gatsby's corrupt dream" (*New Essays*, 52). Ostensibly, Lewis is making a case for Nick's role in engaging the reader's allegiance to Gatsby, but in the process he reveals his own (and his assumption of every reader's) sentimental involvement with Gatsby's quest. Other critics, who would make Nick a Marxist because he says a few mildly disparaging things about a pair of spoiled rich people, can thereby have the novel both ways. On the one hand, they can bask in the
romantic effusions of Nick's poetic musings on the glorious past. On the other hand, they can hiss at the rottenness of the rich along with Nick.

The novel, in fact, makes no profound commentary on wealth. It does not claim that wealth corrupts, for Nick, scion of "prominent" and "well-to-do" people, insists upon his own incorruptibility as proof of his worthiness to tell the tale. And if there is more than a hint that corruption is the road to wealth, this still does not account for Nick's dislike for the Buchanans. Rather, it seems that Nick's preference for Gatsby boils down to the fact that the Buchanans behave poorly, considering their background and training, and that Gatsby behaves rather nobly, considering his. When Nick points out his own family's fortune as deriving from a hardware business (the original aristocratic fortune having petered out or gone the way of primogeniture) such an attempt to associate the Carraways with a distinctly working class background suggests that the same sort of thing must be true to some degree of the Fays and the Buchanans also. But after several generations, the offspring of the pioneers who made good have clearly been transformed into an American aristocratic class, not simply by wealth, but by training. Thus it is not entirely accidental that the recollection of his youth which most stirs Nick is the gathering of those wealthy youths who have gone East to the boarding, finishing and prep schools, whose primary function
is the removal of all visible (and "olfactory") reminders of their working class origins. Nick saves himself from the threat of identity diffusion into the heterogeneous melting pot of the East, but his insistence that the order and stasis of the upper-class Mid-West is the only alternative does not necessarily follow.

Nick's passion for order, restraint, decorum, or "moral attention," is sentimental rather than romantic, to use one of Fitzgerald's own distinctions. The romantic vision, says Leonard A. Podis, typically finds expression in fluidity and change:

Traditionally, the restless romantic spirit has been associated with a dynamic, fluxional vision directed toward the bursting of fixed boundaries. Coleridge, for example, clearly felt that dynamic vision was a primary characteristic of the romantic spirit of art, whose "goal is less to depict the fixed . . . quality of the object than to suggest a dynamic fluctuation which lies beneath exterior distinctions . . . [to see] life . . . as a vital evolving process."22

We must consider that Gatsby, as a romantic hero, does not challenge the fundamental premises of American class distinctions. Finding his life circumstances at odds with the romantic life he aspires to, he simply wipes the slate clean and reinvents himself. Like a foundling, orphan prince, he comes not to destroy the status quo, or even to

redeem it, but to fulfill it, as a man of enormous wealth and social power. His sole challenge is not in the age's rampant hedonism, which he sponsors but does not join in, but in the realm of style, a challenge in fact rather than intention, since he is not completely aware of the cultural implications of his aesthetic choices. Forced to make similar choices, Nick opts for the "single window" vision of Manichean order which asserts that to intermingle black and white is a sacrilege, a consternation of God's orderly creation. He emphatically renounces the "inexhaustible variety of life" which appeals to his alcohol-soaked imagination. The novel can be seen as an attempt then to superimpose order and structure upon the chaos of the modern world by framing Gatsby's Faustian ambitions within the conventions of the novel of sentiment. In this sense Gatsby can be said to have "turned out all right at the end": he is dead, and his memory drifts safely, unthreateningly within the confines of Nick's consciousness, his text. There he lies imprisoned in a semi-permeable membrane of sentimentality through which, like Wolfsheim's bodyguards, critics and gunmen may pass through as they please, but through which Gatsby himself is powerless to escape.
Chapter Five

Tender Is the Night

In *Tender Is the Night*, Fitzgerald pictures the social catastrophe which he had long prophesied as a reality, and the hero, psychiatrist Dick Diver, loses his own way in his attempt to minister to the casualties of the social holocaust. Using allusions to the American Revolution, the Civil War and World War I, Fitzgerald underscores the violent heritage of America as expressed in the decade-long expatriate binge in post-war Europe. The "casualties" of the hedonistic life on the French Riviera and in Paris make their way inexorably to the sanitariums of Switzerland, according to Fitzgerald, as peacetime social changes amount to a flank attack against the Old Order, with the new war front set along ethnic, class and gender lines. The fate of the sensitive hero, the slow painful progress toward an American identity, the threat to the "old decencies" implicit in the rise of an unscrupulous and unrefined bourgeois class, and the perils of modern marriage are all themes which Fitzgerald updates from his earlier novels, with European settings and character types to counterpoint the antics of the American expatriates.

Because so many of the old Fitzgerald themes resurface here, the dismay with which many reviewers and critics have approached *Tender Is the Night* is interesting. Typically, they compare the novel unfavorably with *The Great Gatsby* for
a variety of reasons, most of which were brought out in the early reviews and have continued to hold sway. Readers have noted that *Gatsby* is simply easier to digest: *Tender* seems fragmented where *Gatsby* is tight in structure and economical in exposition; sprawling, where *Gatsby* is focused; unrelievably pessimistic where *Gatsby* is sentimental. Henry Seidel Canby gives a representative assessment of the novel's perceived flaws:

Part way through the author loses his grip upon the theme. The central figures change, the focus of the plot shifts, the story rambles, the style drops to the commonplace and even the awkward and ungrammatical. What begins as a study of a subtle relationship ends as the accelerating decline into nothingness of Dr. Driver [sic]—not for no reason, but for too many reasons, no one of which is dominant. . . .

. . . [Fitzgerald] shift[s] his stance as if he wearied of a theme that required concentration, tossing clever but irrelevant digressions into a plot already growing confused because its focus is constantly changing, . . . 1

If the reviewers of *Tender* felt largely as did Canby (who goes on to lament that "any second-rate English society novelist could have written this story better than Scott Fitzgerald") some at least noted that Fitzgerald's true subject was much more ambitious than the fate of Dick Diver. They saw the novel as the story of an entire damned generation, with Dick's "dying fall" as its central motif, 1

though several expressed annoyance at the clichéd, dissipated Jazz Age types still haunting Fitzgerald's work five years after the Crash.

As might be expected, the critical tendency with regard to the novel's wide focus has been to question the relevance of the novel's marginal figures—its homosexuals, blacks and Latins—who seem to fulfill only atmospheric functions, but who figure prominently in some of the most surreal moments in the novel. Matthew Bruccoli suggests, for example, that the Chilean homosexual Francisco should have been cut from the book entirely: "The entire episode with the Chileans could have been omitted without damaging the novel, for its function is merely to emphasize the corruptness of the society Dick once undertook to heal" (Composition, 133).

Mary E. Burton's psychoanalytic treatment of the novel's love relationships, "The Counter-Transference of Dr. Diver," likewise articulates some of the consternation that surrounds Fitzgerald's ethnic characterizations:

The inclusion of the Negro murder [Jules Peterson] remains mysterious; one can only conjecture back from Fitzgerald's early notebooks on the projected novel, all of which involved a murder. In the final shaping, it seems, he could not fit it into the heart and soul of the novel, but felt impelled to include a murder somehow—perhaps quickly to bring the reader up against the unreality and "enchanted" quality of the Divers' lives by a shocking intrusion of reality from the passions and problems of another class and race. (Burton, 469)
Burton makes this observation in a footnote near the end of her article, an indication that since, as she believes, Fitzgerald himself has marginalized the incident, it deserves only peripheral consideration in her own analysis. Burton's article points out the intricacy of Fitzgerald's symbolic technique (including its phallic symbolism), yet she resurrects the old charge against him of including an episode which has no coherent relationship to the "heart and soul" of the plot. Her suggestion that the murder is an intrusion of "reality" into an otherwise enchanted existence, while true on one level, requires second thought. The incidents leading up to and including the murder are themselves marked by surrealist details, the blacks being described as phantoms, "Indians," and so on.

Burton may have meant that the blacks themselves are superfluous to the action of the story, which is simply another way of saying that Fitzgerald uses ethnic characters as props and not real living beings. Unquestionably, that charge has merit, though a character who figures only peripherally in the plot may have a key symbolic function. We can look to Book Three for confirmation, when in explaining to Rosemary some subtlety of acting he wants her to appreciate, Dick says: "'The danger to an actress is in responding. . . . 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."

2 Of course, Fitzgerald here is consciously playing on the earlier murder scene in which both Dick and Rosemary had to act out certain roles to get attention away from the dead Negro, and he wants us to see how Dick has attuned his consciousness more to acting and to considering external appearances than to abnormal psychology. But Dick's phrase, "the murdered Chinese or whatever the thing is," clearly expresses Fitzgerald's awareness that the corpse's personal irrelevance to the central characters is a stage convention, and his use of it here seems informed.

As we have seen, Fitzgerald does not use racial characters haphazardly; an ethnic figure on the landscape is always an indication of the author's attitude toward an environment, and/or a commentary on the forces at work on whites who appear in that environment. So if Fitzgerald decided to make the murdered man black, we must look further for an explanation than Burton's suggestion of his loss of control.

In his summation of the dirt-disease-decay imagery in the novel, Dan Seiters observes that none of the book's episodes is marginal to the central plot because "thematically and structurally, images of corruption bind the novel together" (Seiters, 109). To Seiters, precisely
these episodes which appear to be digressions from the story of Dick Diver actually hold the story of the lost generation together. Seiters notes that the primary indications of social decay are instances of "perverted sex" (by which he means father-daughter incest, male and female homosexuality and the sado-masochistic relationship between Francisco and his father). By linking the dirt and disease imagery to violations of traditional morality, Fitzgerald employs a culturally determined sign of corruption.

Seiters, though, classifies Fitzgerald as a "moralist" without thoroughly examining the entire value system he espouses. By classifying attributes of light and darkness as a distinct category of imagery, Seiters misses the connection that Fitzgerald makes between darkness and the dirt-disease-decay progression. Further, he does not see that the imagery of perversion in the novel extends beyond sex to the attributes of demonism, black magic and monstrosity to join with darkness, dirt, disease and decay to form what anthropologist Mary Douglas would call a "non-structural" continuum (Douglas 101-2). Because this continuum implicitly threatens the values of the "older America," whose chief advocate in the novel is Dick Diver, Fitzgerald characterizes it as a moral "plague"—the "greater sickness" which Dick describes to the Iron Maiden—that obliterates the old American identity and creates the dimensions of the new.
The charge that the novel attempts to cover too much ground seems a valid one if we assemble a laundry list of topics it includes, as critic James Gray does, citing "duels, race riots, . . . homosexuality, chronic alcoholism, . . . schizophrenia . . . casual murders. . . [and] illicit love. . . " (Bryer, Reception, 289). But if the Riviera to Fitzgerald has become a combination leper colony/seaside resort, with Dick Diver as its St. Francis, then these are not "issues" so much as symptoms of a world-wide spiritual epidemic. Dick's collapse is paradigmatic of the age's affliction. Dick requires a community of believers if his magic is to work; as the last tangible link to the Old Order, Dick embodies its waning spirit, and belief in him is synonymous with belief in "the fundamental decencies." The assumption of such a superhuman burden is symptomatic of Dick's fatal flaw, and when this flaw inevitably results in his collapse into neurosis, his loss of faith in himself dooms his community to fall victim, one by one, to the moral scourge. But as we shall see, Fitzgerald also means to show that Dick's collapse is inevitable due to his own psychic dependence on the wayward expatriate community. If Dick Diver is the perverted Christ figure of his generation, then he must suffer all of its calamities; he must meet all of its temptations and fall victim to them, each in turn; he must accept its guilt as his own and be its sacrificial victim.
What close reading of Fitzgerald's ethnic and racial representations in previous works has shown us so far is that his essentially Manichean vision classifies these symptoms of the world's malaise as forms of identity with the Other, the non-self to whom these qualities are natural expressions of chaotic agency. Fitzgerald's symbolic use of race and ethnicity in Tender amounts to an elaboration of the racial holocaust he had hinted at in The Beautiful and Damned and The Great Gatsby. In the Boom era, he suggests, those who formed the essential American Self were gradually siphoned off into patterns of behavior identified with otherness, until where Self had been, only Other remains. The point at which Fitzgerald makes it clear that "the center cannot hold," to quote Yeats, is the novel's climactic moment when Dick accepts himself not as the world's healer, but as its disease--"I guess," he says, "I'm the Black Death. I don't seem to bring people happiness anymore" (219).

Fitzgerald scholars agree that one of the single greatest impacts upon his vision from the latter half of the twenties until his death was his reading of Oswald Spengler's The Decline of the West (1918). Through

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3 See Fitzgerald's letter to Maxwell Perkins of June 6, 1940 in Kuehl and Bryer, eds., Dear Scott, 263. Despite his misleading statement that he had been reading Spengler the summer he was working on The Great Gatsby, the evidence seems to suggest that Fitzgerald did not, in fact, read the German philosopher at that time since no English translation was then available. Apparently, Fitzgerald forgot that
Spengler, Fitzgerald began to see the cultural and social trends of the American scene not as isolated details, but as symptoms of a worldwide shift in power due to the ebbing dominance of Western Europe over the world. Because he classed Spengler with Nietzsche and Goethe, Fitzgerald probably did not have the sort of reservations about using such a philosophical system as the basis of his apocalyptic vision that he seemed to have about the overtly polemical racialism of Lothrop Stoddard. Spengler gave the notion of racial Armageddon the scholarly cachet that Fitzgerald required.

The first indications that Fitzgerald had read Spengler are from interviews he gave in early 1927. Harry Saltpeter's article "Fitzgerald, Spenglerian" records his impression of Fitzgerald "in a state of cosmic despair" (Miscellany, 274). For Fitzgerald, then under the immediate spell of Spengler, "this civilization [had] nothing more to produce. 'We threw up our fine types in the eighteenth century, when we had Beethoven and Goethe. The race had a mind then.'" Spengler's theory of cultural morphology proposed finite lifespans for cultures, seeing them as analogous to living organisms. To Spengler, the West was in decline, not because of the "rise

Perkins had recommended Spengler to him in a letter of April 27, 1926 (Dear Scott, 139), because he goes on in his letter to explain Spengler to Perkins and to describe his basic philosophy. See also Bruccoli, Grandeur, 206-7, which includes Bruccoli's summation of evidence that Fitzgerald may have read excerpts of The Decline in various publications in the summer of 1924; see also Sklar, 222-226.
of the colored empires," but because the West had simply lived out its allotted life cycle and was in the process of being replaced by a new dominant culture. In the meantime, according to Spengler, the only salvation from the chaotic outbursts of the oppressed which would accompany the death throes of the West would be the emergence of "Caesarism," a prophecy that fueled the political machinations of the Nazis under Hitler (and perhaps Mussolini as well) who knew and used Spengler's theories for their own purposes.

Spengler insists throughout his writings that "race" has nothing to do with biology: "[R]ace . . . must not be interpreted in the present-day Darwinian sense of the word. . . [N]o people was ever yet stirred to enthusiasm for this ideal of blood-purity. In race there is nothing material, but something cosmic and directional, the felt harmony of a Destiny, . . ."\(^4\) He felt that each distinct racial group was aligned by its own characteristic metaphysical unity which he called its "beat" ("I repeat: race that one has, not a race to which one belongs. The one is ethos, the other—zoology."\(^5\)). The "incoordination" of the different "beats" of distinct peoples was the source of racial strife, he claimed (Decline, II, 166), so that in Fitzgerald's

\(^4\) Oswald Spengler, The Decline of the West vol. II (New York: Knopf, 1926) 165.

description of the urban black as a "poignant horror" in his 1927 letter to Van Vechten, there is a fundamentally Spenglerian view of a clash between two distinct racial styles.\(^6\)

Spengler's early volumes are dazzling in their breadth of knowledge and interest, but his shift in his later works from philosophical detachment to racial alarmism, because of a perceived threat to a civilization he had previously pronounced dead, is measure enough of his decline as a serious thinker. In one late work, he changes his mind about the irrevocability of Western decline, and suggests that the process could be reversed through political action: "The Yellow-Brown-Black-Red menace lurks within the field of white power . . . and threatens one day to take matters into its own hands" (Hour, 208). Spengler goes on to drag out yet again the carcass of the Versailles Treaty as an act of racial suicide ("the first great triumph of the coloured world") and suggests that "it was not Germany that lost the World War; the West lost it when it lost the respect of the coloured races" (Hour, 209-210). He even reverses himself on the issue of race as a matter of "blood-purity," when he denounces the importation of African and other black

\(^6\) Fitzgerald's pompous phrase "our civilization, imposed on such virgin soil," further, seems related to Spengler's "historical pseudomorphosis," which refers to the spirit of one "race" forced to live within the cultural forms of an older, dying "race." See Spengler, Decline, II, 189.
soldiers into Europe during the World War: "The black horde is not an apparition. The blood of Europe has been poisoned by the perverse miscegenation of France." He reveals one of the sources of his new-found angst over the disastrous course of the West as none other than Lothrop Stoddard, whom he quotes approvingly as an expert on racial affairs (Hour, 213).

The abject pessimism of Fitzgerald's view of the modern world in Tender Is the Night stems in large part from his Spenglerian outlook. To appreciate fully the irony of Fitzgerald's acceptance of Spengler's pessimism, we need glance no further than Tom Buchanan in The Great Gatsby. In an instance of life imitating art, Fitzgerald had become depressed by a book!

In Tender Is the Night, Fitzgerald addresses cultural, historical and psychological issues through figures intended to represent the divergent traits of the American "race." His problems with finishing the novel were partially related to his drinking, his need to keep writing for magazines to support a leisure class lifestyle on a working class budget, Zelda's instability and eventual breakdown, and other associated personal obstacles. His Spenglerian outlook, it seems, provided a theme but not the novelistic framework he

required. In those early versions of the novel which center on a "matricide" theme, he appears to be falling into a trap similar to the one he found himself in when he wrote *The Beautiful and Damned*: the problem of making a book about the meaninglessness of modern life mean something. By denying causality, Spengler thereby denied to Fitzgerald the underpinnings of his artistic vision. Social phenomena to Spengler (at least, to the Spengler of *The Decline*) had no moral value—they were not causes, but simply symptoms of the general decay, of cultural "old age."

It is all very well for Fitzgerald to see the world in Spenglerian terms, but without a counterbalancing vision describing the terms of heroism within a moral context, Fitzgerald's sentimental attachment to the dying culture would be shown up as fatuous rather than noble, an effect that would work against his artistic sensibilities. Though both Nietzsche and Spengler were romantics of a sort, neither had shed any tears over the decline of the romantic idealist, both being more concerned with clearing space for the exceptional but unprincipled culture hero of the modern era. Unlike Hemingway, whose heroes searched for new moral codes to replace the old, Fitzgerald's emotional allegiance to the mythic past required nothing less than a reinstatement of that ordered mode of existence.

So Fitzgerald's own romantic idealism forced him to look elsewhere, at first to the psychology of Carl G. Jung
and later to Marx.\textsuperscript{8} The psychotherapist was, for Jung, a modern priest whose main task was solving problems "which, strictly speaking, belong to the theologians."\textsuperscript{9} By modeling the psychiatrist Dick Diver on Jung's view of the role of the psychotherapist, Fitzgerald could create a moral hero who was more "spoiled priest" than scientist. Dick's romantic involvement with the old, defunct order while ministering to the neuroses of a modern soulless generation could be used as a vantage point for witnessing the social transition in progress, giving Fitzgerald many opportunities to indulge his romantic sensibility. In a September 1932 letter to Margaret Turnbull (written only one month after his "General Plan") Fitzgerald had said, "if one is interested in the world into which willy-nilly one's children will grow up, the most accurate data can be found

\textsuperscript{8} Jung is mentioned in Fitzgerald's "General Plan" for the novel, and was even considered as a consultant for Zelda when she had her breakdown in Europe in April 1930 (see Correspondence, 253. Fitzgerald had books by Jung, and he discussed Jung with Margaret Egloff while she was training as a Jungian analyst (see Donaldson, 13-15). For a more thorough discussion of Jung's influence on Fitzgerald, see my forthcoming article "Dick Diver Meets 'The Shadow': The Jungian Basis of Tender Is the Night."

\textsuperscript{9} In "Psychotherapists or the Clergy," (1932), a continuation of ideas earlier broached in "The Spiritual Problem of Modern Man," (1928, 1931). The quote continues, "But we cannot leave these questions for theology to answer; the urgent, psychic needs of suffering people confront us with them day after day," in Carl G. Jung, \textit{Modern Man in Search of a Soul}. San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1933) 241.
in the European leaders, such as Lawrence, Jung, and Spengler . . . " (Letters, 433).

In Jungian psychology, Fitzgerald found a theory of personality which allowed him to discuss the materialism of modern culture as a spiritual crisis (his theme in Gatsby), while providing a mechanism by which he could tie his concern for the increasing heterogeneity of American society to the tragic decline of the romantic hero. For Jung, the "shadow" is an entity in direct opposition to the persona, which is the ideal self-image one presents to the external world. By contrast, the shadow dwells in the unconscious precisely because the individual does not wish to reveal certain traits to the world. Instead, this "unrecognized dark half of the personality," which consists of the repressed, "inferior" aspects of the personality, is subject to projection upon those in the physical world who seem to share some of its attributes, most notably its darkness and otherness:

". . . [W]e discover that the "other" in us is indeed "another," a real man, who actually thinks, does, feels, and desires all the things that are despicable and odious. . . . A whole man, however, knows that his bitterest foe, or indeed a host of enemies, does not equal the one worst adversary, the "other self" who dwells in his bosom. (Two Essays, 35)

For Jung, the only solution for such psychic division is the acceptance (integration) of the repressed material into consciousness "to produce a tension of opposites, without which no forward movement is possible" (Two Essays, 54). Jung's cure essentially comes down to self-awareness, and perhaps more importantly, acceptance of one's own limitations or "inferiorities."

In order to make explicit his sense of the danger in being conscious of, but ignoring even the shadow archetype (difficult to detect, because conventional opinions of otherness force the afflicted person to project his own liabilities onto other whom he can punish or avoid without having to examine his own flaws), Jung uses the logical Western analogy of race, revealing perhaps his own susceptibility to "projection":

On the one side we should have the differentiated modern ego, and on the other a sort of negroid culture, a very primitive state of affairs. We should have, in fact, what actually exists—a veneer of civilization over a dark-skinned brute; and the cleavage would be clearly demonstrated before our eyes. But such a dissociation requires immediate synthesis and the development of what has remained undeveloped. There must be a union of the two parts; for failing that, there is no doubt how the matter would be decided: the primitive man would inevitably lapse back into repression. (Two Essays, 97)

The alternative, from Jung's point of view, is tropenkoller, "going black," a condition which he refers to as "identification with the shadow," (Two Essays, 33) whose
initial manifestation is a sense of "godlikeness" or infallibility, followed by "an equally deep plunge into the abyss." Jung uses American society as a paradigm for psychic dissociation. It is difficult to characterize Jung's racial attitudes here, because on the one hand, his description of "a negroid culture" as a "primitive state of affairs" is obviously value-laden, but at the same time, he insists that this culture must be acknowledged and "integrated" into the persona, if cultural schizophrenia is to be avoided. In their earliest forms, these observations are less ambiguous, and more overtly racist, as in this excerpt from an address given at the Second Psychoanalytic Congress in 1910, in which he discusses the puritanical American response to sexuality as "a defensive maneuver against blacks":

The causes for the repression can be found in the specific American Complex, namely to the living together with lower races, especially with Negroes. Living together with barbaric races exerts a suggestive effect on the laboriously tamed instinct of the white race and tends to pull it down.11

In "Mind and Earth" (1928), Jung elaborates upon this theme, noting the distinctive American laugh (Teddy Roosevelt is his example), and an "all-devouring mass sociability" (or "open-door" atmosphere) that made American cities seem to Jung to be one big thoroughfare. He also takes note of American "vivacity" and love of "ceaseless

gabble" like the "chattering of a Negro village," and claims that the peculiar loose-jointed American walk is negroid. Jung makes reference to black influences on American music, dance and religion, and notes that "the famous American naïveté, in its charming as well as its more unpleasant form, invites comparison with the childlikeness of the Negro." Characterizing the phenomenon as "infection by the primitive," Jung retreats from his earlier alarm for the psychic well-being of the white population: "[I]n America the Negro, just because he is in a minority, is not a degenerative influence, but rather one which, peculiar though it is, cannot be termed unfavourable—unless one happens to have a jazz phobia" (Civilization, 47). The reverse, however, is true for the colonist or pioneer in an "uncivilized" land, who, surrounded by the primitive, is in real moral peril as far as Jung is concerned.

Not only does the black presence "infect" American culture, but according to Jung, it becomes impressed upon the American psyche. In "The Complications of American Psychology," (written in English and first published in 1930 as "Your Negroid and Indian Behavior," in Forum LXXXIII), Jung makes references to Americans' "emotional incontinence" and calls America not a white, but a "pie-bald" nation. ("It cannot be helped," he apologizes, "it is

just so" Civilization, 505, 507.) He reiterates his earlier contention that while "some American peculiarities can be traced back directly to the coloured man, . . . others result from a compensatory defence [sic] against his laxity," and asks "What is more contagious than to live side by side with a rather primitive people?" (Civilization, 509, 507). Despite some original observations, then, Jung's notions on race stem from cultural values which would tend to reinforce Fitzgerald's own ethnocentrism. Nevertheless, his insistence that black cultural elements be accepted and assimilated by his American audience, making the point that "inferior" does not in all cases mean "bad," presents a scientific rationale for mediating America's racial poles into a unified nation.

Even at its most optimistic, Jung's system simply reaffirms Fitzgerald's hierarchical valuation of racial difference. Despite the trappings of scientific objectivity in the works of Spengler and Jung, Fitzgerald responds emotionally (as do Spengler and Jung, notwithstanding their protests to the contrary) to any indications of the "decline of the West," and he tends to lump symptoms and causes alike into the anachronistic category of "evil." In doing this, he shifts the moral burden to the designated Others whose presence becomes the very sign of that moral wasteland.

Through Jung and Spengler, then, Fitzgerald merely enlarged his vocabulary of moral outrage. Fitzgerald seems to have accepted the premises of the classic Jungian
neurosis, but not its cure—the "integration" of shadow and persona, which for him is as objectionable as the illness itself. Fitzgerald's Manichean orientation will not allow him to conceive of any compromise between Self and Other which is not itself also Other, so rigidly are the lines drawn. As a way of indicating the collapse of the Old Order and the rise of a new, heterogeneous America by the novel's end, Fitzgerald pairs the women in Dick's intimate circle with dark men. Overlapping Jungian and Spenglerian theories, Fitzgerald suggests both the adaptation of these women to the new culture (i.e., "shadow integration") and also the social chaos attending the "decline of the West." By making all otherness reprehensible, Fitzgerald succeeds in emphasizing the most racist aspects of both Spengler and Jung.

Fitzgerald's seeming digressions in episodes depicting the rise of the Other to social prominence result less then from lapses of artistry than from a calculated attempt to have nightmarish elements (i.e., blacks and other dark Others as suppressed elements of the personal and "racial" unconscious of his expatriate community) impinge on the alcoholic daydreams of the principal characters. Fitzgerald's initial reaction to charges of digression and lack of control was to insist that he had achieved his intended effect: "the book conformed to a definite intention and if I had to start to write it again tomorrow I would
adopt the same plan. . . . That is what most critics fail to understand (outside of the fact that they fail to recognize and identify anything in the book) . . . " (Letters, 510, author's emphasis). He uses variously imagery associated with vampirism, mummification, lycanthropy, monstrosity, black magic and demonism to describe the danger to his Americans of venturing into the non-structural continuum of social marginality. His cast of characters includes "cobra women" who dwell in a building which he calls a "Frankenstein," an "Iron Maiden," who is "a living, agonizing sore," Abe North, who gets "all hot under the collar" whenever a witch is burned, Tommy Barban, "a fighting Puck, and earnest Satan," Rosemary Hoyt, who possesses "all the world's dark magic," and so on. Moreover, the novel's homosexuals are treated as perversities in their own right, as are the "unfamiliar Negro faces bobbing up in unexpected places" which haunt the swanky Hotel Roi George like phantoms. These grotesque images give form to Fitzgerald's nightmare of social chaos, and even as we see Dick pull away from actual contact with people whom a true priest would serve rather than "teaching the rich the ABC's of human decency," we can sense Fitzgerald himself draw back

13 In the same letter, Fitzgerald again stresses his sense of being the spokesman of his generation: "I would rather impress my image (even though an image the size of a nickel) upon the soul of a people than be [famous]. . . . I would as soon be as anonymous as Rimbaud, if I could feel that I had accomplished that purpose. . . ."
from a full investigation of their lives in favor of using them as symbols of the "horrors" of the modern era. As Maxwell Perkins said of *Tender,* "When I read the book I realized that there was all this beautiful veneer, and rottenness and horror underneath" (*Notebooks,* 343). Fitzgerald's association of alterity with the "rottenness and horror" beneath the last surface vestiges of the Old Order allows him to suggest the scope of the world's corruption simply by observing its increasing diversity.

1

In order to put the Peterson murder into perspective, and to begin the task of assessing Fitzgerald's use of race and ethnicity in the novel, we should first consider the surreal atmosphere Fitzgerald has established by the unusual occurrences prior to Peterson's entrance. On the day of the murder, a French policeman appears at the Diver apartment in the Hotel Roi George with the information, "We have arrested a Negro. We are convinced we have at last arrested the correct Negro" (96). The absolute lack of preparation of the reader for such information associates the blacks, not the Divers, with the unreal atmosphere. Later, there is a visit from a "'Meestaire Crawshow, un nègre," whom Nicole refuses to see, and who never appears in person, but who refers to
the arrested Negro as, ironically, Mr. Freeman. Freeman does not appear personally in the narrative either, but his name is enough to suggest his symbolic purposes.

Later, Dick speaks on the phone to Abe North, who had apparently left for America from the Gare Saint Lazare the day before, but their connection seems to be tangled with "a dozen others," whose incoherent talk is all in American accents of the American "Teapot Dome" scandal of Harding's administration. The conversation culminates with the information that Abe North had "launched a race riot in Montmartre" on the night before. That evening, the budding romance between Dick and the movie starlet Rosemary Hoyt is intensifying towards a climax when Abe interrupts with a knock on Rosemary's door, producing a "very frightened, concerned colored man," Jules Peterson, and asking Dick to help him.

After they cross the hall to Dick's rooms, Fitzgerald introduces Peterson as "a small, respectable Negro, on the suave model that heels the Republican party in the border States," hence his allegiance to Abe [Lincoln] North. Peterson has helped Abe to identify Freeman (albeit incorrectly) as the man who took Abe's money in a nightclub, 

14 The Fitzgeralds had employed a black man named Freeman when they lived in Montgomery, Alabama from late 1931 to early 1932. At some point, Freeman may have been jailed: "If Freeman goes to jail it will save you the humanitarian reproaches of having to fire him," Zelda wrote to Fitzgerald in a February 1932 letter, (Correspondence, 283).
precipitating the "riot." Fitzgerald cleverly implies through the testimony of Freeman's friends that there may have been no robbery, but that "the true culprit . . . had merely commandeered a fifty-franc note to pay for drinks that Abe had ordered" and that this man had later reappeared "in a somewhat sinister role" (106). In trying to help Abe out of the mess he has created, Dick (who is later compared to U. S. Grant, president during a scandal-plagued era) becomes entangled, like Abe, in the "personal lives, consciences, and emotions of one Afro-European and three Afro-Americans inhabiting the French Latin Quarter" (106).

The term "riot" must not be seen as a literal description of the events; from an American perspective, the "insistent" denial by blacks of the facts as represented by a white man, punctuated by demands for equal treatment and justice constitutes a breakdown of racial order. This qualifies conceptually as a "race riot"—an open defiance of the principle of black subservience. The autobiographical event from which Fitzgerald derives this incident provides an insight to Fitzgerald's shaping of his own experiences into fiction. In his "Ledger," Fitzgerald made the following notations for May, 1929: "... Lunch Bishop, Ernest + Callaghans. Nigger affair—Buck, Michell [sic] in prison. Dane. . . ." (Ledger, 183). John Peale Bishop and Ernest Hemingway were old friends of Fitzgerald, of course, but he had just met the young Canadian writer Morley Callaghan and
his wife Loretto in Paris. "Buck," though, is likely not a name, but Fitzgerald's habitual term for a black man. In his earliest fictional account of the incident, two men go to jail—the police arrest the misidentified black man, and when his friend "Mitchell" goes to get him out of jail, they hold him too.15 A "Dane" figures prominently in the draft versions, but is only mentioned briefly in the novel itself.

Callaghan gives this second-hand account of the "nigger affair":

Last night [Fitzgerald] had been in a nightclub, he said. His wallet had been stolen. He had accused a Negro, the wrong Negro, and the police had come; there had been a humiliating scene, then long hours of police interrogation as he tried to undo his false accusation yet prove his wallet had actually been stolen. The accused man and his friends had turned ugly. Dawn had come. The questioning, the effort to make an adjustment, had gone on, and he had despairs of ever getting out of the humiliating dilemma.16

Fitzgerald's original draft version of the episode also tells the tale after the fact, as a commentary on the folly

15 Bruccoli reports that Fitzgerald changed the name Mitchell to Freeman "because there actually was a Negro named Mitchell who operated a Paris club" (Composition, 54). But Fitzgerald seems already aware of this in his original draft of the incident which mentions Mitchell: "'You know Mitchell the most important nigger in Montmartre'" (Composition, 53). Thus it seems likely that the real-life Mitchell was the person involved, and that Fitzgerald changed the name to "the prominent Negro restaurateur Freeman" for practical and artistic reasons.

of racial interaction. The protagonist Francis Melarky has just confessed to "Abe Grant" his unprovoked, violent attack on a black musician after seeing "a big black buck, with his arms around a French tart, roaring a song to her in a deep beautiful voice,"17 To calm Francis' remorse over attacking the second black man because of his anger at seeing the interracial couple, Abe offers an account of his own misadventures with blacks: "'I'm all through with niggers--no more niggers,' said Abe. 'Once I had two [sic] many, more than you ever saw so I had to hide in my apartment and the maids were all furnished with a color chart so nobody could get in below a certain shade of tan'" (Composition, 53). Abe goes on to explain the incident with the "nigger that I thought had stolen a thousand francs," and complains that "the most trouble was a Copenhagen nigger named Hedstrum," (who becomes Jules Peterson) concluding with the recollection, "'I got so I wouldn't see any of them, innocent or guilty.'" Fitzgerald clearly worked with this material for some time before he hit upon the notion of having Peterson's murder serve as the catalyst for Nicole's breakdown. Fitzgerald clearly made the changes so that the episode does fit into the "heart and soul" of the novel, although Burton suggests that he doesn't succeed.

17 PUL. See also Notebooks, 229, where the passage is repeated with "buck" changed to "a huge American negro."
By deviating from the plan to sail for America, Abe has set into motion a series of events reeking with historical allusions to scandalous American behavior, including the Teapot Dome and Grant administration scandals. Emphasizing the importance of the American ethos despite the European setting, Fitzgerald describes the blacks as "Indians," archetypes of the American primitive. "Peterson was rather in the position of the friendly Indian who had helped a white," notes the narrator (106), and in assessing the events leading to the discovery of Peterson's body, Dick concludes that "Abe's first hostile Indian had tracked the friendly Indian and discovered him in the corridor, and when the latter had taken desperate refuge in Rosemary's room, had hunted down and slain him" (110).

It is small wonder that Fitzgerald lays at Abe's feet the specter of "race rioting"—blacks out of their "places," running amok in Paris, creating an "atmosphere of unfamiliar Negro faces bobbing up in unexpected places and around unfamiliar corners, and insistent Negro voices on the phone" (106). Abe's lack of control has resulted in his entanglement with "the personal lives, consciences, and emotions" of the blacks in the Latin Quarter, but in another sense, he has always been entangled with blacks. His association with Lincoln and his impersonation of General Pershing (commander of American forces in France in World War I, and nicknamed "Black Jack" because of his stint as
lieutenant in command of black troops) show his compulsion to act out the role of the misguided White Father who sets blacks loose into a previously white world. Abe seems to catch the drift after being coldly received by Dick and Rosemary. He vows to "fight off these Senegalese" and rejoin Dick's select and ordered circle. But the damage has been done—Abe dies years later, beaten to death outside of an American speakeasy, an indication of his compulsively self-destructive behavior.

Perhaps the key to understanding the wealth of historical symbolism Fitzgerald has assembled here is in the complex relationships between Peterson and the whites in the scene—Abe, Rosemary, Nicole and Dick. These relationships are best understood in terms of the reactions of the whites toward the black man. Abe North, for example, tries to avoid the uproar he has caused with the blacks by hiding in the Ritz bar. "From time to time his mind reverted to the fact that he ought to go over and get Freeman out of jail, but he shook off all facts as parts of the nightmare" (102).

Inevitably, though, one of the parts of the nightmare, Peterson, tracks him down in the Ritz bar, and after initially deciding to brush him off, the intoxicated Abe goes out to meet him, as the concessionaire, Paul, will not
allow the black man to enter. When the pair turn up at Rosemary's apartment, Abe, looking like a man "walking in a slow dream" (107) has taken responsibility for Peterson's safety, promising to set him up in Versailles. Apparently, he hopes that Dick will take on Peterson as a "case" the way he has taken on Abe himself, but Dick limits his advice to saving Abe his embarrassing association with Peterson. He succeeds in separating the two, and gradually Abe concludes that he must rid himself of all vestiges of the contact: "'If I go to a hotel and get all steamed and curry-combed, and sleep awhile, and fight off these Senegalese--could I come and spend the evening by the fireside?'" (108). The would-be lovers rebuff Abe's attempt to return and bask in the warmth of Dick's little circle, and when he discovers Peterson has left the hotel corridor, Abe gratefully escapes and goes back to his haven in the Ritz.

If Abe's drunkenness is comparable to a dream state, then the blacks are the "nightmare" elements. Abe is only vulnerable to the influence of the blacks when drunk, so that the blacks seem to correspond to aspects of his unconscious, which comes alive when he is sleeping or has relinquished conscious control due to alcoholic excess. The blacks exert a similar pull upon his unconscious to that which the American tramp has upon Dick in the scene following the train station shooting. Dick, standing on a street corner waiting for Rosemary, leaves himself open to
such an approach because of his guilty self-consciousness about his amorous pursuit of the starlet. Like the reference to Henry IV at Canossa, the tramp too is a "projection of some submerged reality" from Dick's unconscious. Dick associates the tramp with a style of life he consciously cut himself off from as a youth, a world where men loafed about in tobacco stores, garages, barber shops and theaters, sponging off of others. In short, he represents a "life not lived" for Dick, yet one with all the appeal of the "forbidden": "in boyhood Dick had often thrown an uneasy glance at the dim borderland of crime on which he stood" (92).

The expression that Fitzgerald uses, "projection of some submerged reality," is an important one, for it establishes his application of Jungian psychology in his characterization of Dick. The reference to Henry IV is what Jung terms an "archetypal" image. Fitzgerald uses it to indicate the abrupt change in Dick from his "godlike" status on the Riviera to his present fatuous pursuit of the young starlet in Paris. The key, though, is the element of compulsion which stems from Dick's unconscious: "he was compelled to walk there, or stand there. . . " (91).

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18 "...[T]he archetypes . . . have chrystallized out in the course of time. They are the ruling powers, the gods, images of the dominant laws and principles, and of typical, regularly occurring events in the soul's cycle of experience. . . [which] correspond to certain general characteristics in the physical world." (Two Essays, 96).
Fitzgerald interprets the compulsion in a Jungian fashion, as a warning of the "reality" that Dick is on the verge of a psychic collapse due to an unresolved conflict between his conscious actions and his unconscious spiritual needs: "just as another man had once found it necessary to stand in front of a church in Ferrara [actually, Canossa], in sackcloth and ashes. Dick was paying some tribute to things unforgotten, unshriven, unexpurgated."19

In Jungian terms, the tramp and the black man represent for Dick and Abe respectively, "shadow" figures—projections of each man's suppressed "inferiorities," (his "bête-noir" in French). One of Jung's discussions of the term "shadow" uses these very figures—a tramp and a black man—to illustrate the forms the shadow archetype takes in dreams, and he frequently refers to the expression of racial biases as a projection of inner demons onto the Other (Modern Man, 64). Dick is able to brush off the American tramp because he still maintains a measure of self-control, but Abe has sunk so far in his conscious control of his actions that he has fallen into "identification with the shadow," a term which for Jung meant that the unconscious forces had gained control over the subject's behavior (Two Essays, 33).

Fitzgerald signals the development of this stage of psychic disturbance in Abe in his deterioration between the

19 See Jung on the problems created by failure to resolve psychic conflicts in Modern Man, 64.
Riviera opening and his departure from the Gare Saint Lazare, where his demoralized state weighed down his party's spirits, "dominating with his presence his own weakness and self-indulgence, his narrowness and bitterness" (82). As a composer who has not composed for many years, Abe's creative talent has soured into cynicism, "his survivant will, once a will to live, now become a will to die" (83). "'Smart men play close to the line because they have to--'" Dick explains, sounding less like a psychiatrist than a confused bystander; "'some of them can't stand it, so they quit'" (99). The "line" he refers to is that "borderline" he first glimpsed as a youth between the proper and the improper, between self-control and self-indulgence, of which the tramp has only recently reminded him--the very line which he is himself straddling in his affair with Rosemary.

But Nicole insists that the answer "'must lie deeper than that'"--"deeper," that is, in the unconscious realm. And if the answer is to be found, she feels it pertains particularly to the psyche of Americans: "'Why is it just Americans who dissipate?'" (100). Like many other Americans in France, Abe cannot sleep, but instead spends his nights restlessly roaming Paris streets seeking something undefinable. "'Plagued by the nightingale, . . . probably plagued by the nightingale" (42) is his own assessment of their plight. The nightingale symbolism is as close as he comes to understanding the eruptions of unconscious and
unresolved conflicts which cause the Americans to break out into duels, go riding atop carrot wagons, or instigate race riots in their compulsive nocturnal wanderings.

For Abe North, the reversal of the day-light polarity signals the onset of a mid-life crisis. His creativity has decayed into a disagreeableness towards all "building up" of things, which he characterizes as being "'tired of women's worlds'" (81). As his reversal moves into full swing, he feels his "business is to tear [things] apart" (82). He shows his compulsive self-destructiveness by returning to Paris after his party has seen him off at the train depot, and by wandering into the shadowland of Parisian nightlife, Montmartre, where he instigates a "race riot." He shows his further deterioration by shattering the sanctity of the Diver circle and bringing his unconscious baggage along in the form of Jules Peterson, an action which confirms Abe's relationship to that group as having evolved into a "giant obscenity" (83).

Rosemary's reaction to Abe reflects his diminished stature and its cause. When she sees Abe and Peterson pleading their case to Dick, she listens "with distaste" (107). Abe's face now appears to her as "blurred," an outward sign of the erosion of his persona, his social identity, and she holds the two interlopers at arm's length: "all this was as remote from her as sickness." Her response
to Abe's handshake reveals that his "sickness" has physical, moral, psychic and racial dimensions:

She was sorry, and rather revolted at his dirty hands, but she laughed in a well-bred way, as though it were nothing unusual to her to watch a man walking in a slow dream. Often people display a curious respect for a man drunk, rather like the respect of the simple races for the insane. Respect rather than fear. There is something awe-inspiring in one who has lost all inhibitions, who will do anything. Of course we make him pay afterward for his moment of superiority, his moment of impressiveness. (107-8)

Abe, like Kurtz and Gatsby before him, has lost his moral gyroscope. A man "who has lost all inhibitions, who will do anything," has "gone black"--has succumbed to the nightingale call from the heart of his own psychic darkness. He may travel into the Congo, or into the Latin Quarter among the "Senegalese," but the result is the same. His new identity as Other significantly comes with the policeman's report that his "'carte d'identité has been seen'" (96) calling him "Afghan North." It is not surprising, then, that encountering Peterson's body on her bed, Rosemary "had the preposterous idea that it was Abe North" (109).

Rosemary's reaction to the corpse emphasizes its "shadow" function, since she "realizes" its presence before she actually sees it. Fitzgerald explains his reaction as a psychic phenomenon, as Rosemary senses the "thousand conveyers of light and shadow," (my emphasis) which an occupied room contains. But if we simply interpret the
"shadow" as that of Abe, we miss the point. What Rosemary reacts to is a psychic reality for herself which subsumes both Abe and Peterson under a single archetypal image. Her reaction to Peterson is one of "distaste," to Abe, of "revulsion." Her reaction then is the precise opposite of her perception of Dick as "perfect," and "Godlike." Just as she projects onto Dick "self-control and... self-discipline, her own virtues" (19), she perceives Abe and Peterson in light of her own capacity for losing "all inhibitions," as her romantic interlude with Dick attests. Her reaction is understandable as a displacement of guilt from her near-seduction of Dick onto these two nightmare figures.

But there is another psychic referent for Rosemary which certainly figures into her response to the body on the bed. As "Daddy's Girl," Rosemary embodies the "immaturity" of a race whose Daddies cannot always be trusted: "Daddy's girl. Was it a 'itty-bitty bravekins and did it suffer? . . . Before her tiny fist the forces of lust and corruption rolled away, . . . [h]er fineness of character, her courage and steadfastness intruded upon by the vulgarity of the world, . . ." (69). Abe and Peterson represent the intrusive "vulgarity of the world"—a world which would nonetheless misunderstand the sight of her sitting on the lap of sugar daddy Dick.
Ruth Prigozy's article "From Griffith's Girls to Daddy's Girl: The Masks of Innocence in Tender Is the Night" (1980) relates the Daddy's Girl archetype of the silent movies to Fitzgerald's theme of a hedonistic generation reaping the bitter harvest of its own self-indulgence. The countless Daddy's Girls in the films of D. W. Griffith best captured the age's fundamental innocence, according to Prigozy. Griffith's audiences "absorbed the most cherished values of the Victorian era, filial devotion, feminine purity, temperance, honesty, industriousness, sexual restraint, and above all, the saintliness of the little girl in whose tender eyes gleamed the hope of America's future." But Prigozy goes on to note an underlying ambivalence in Griffith's artistic vision. On the one hand, he was physically attracted to young girls himself; on the other hand, this attraction was based upon his enshrinement of the adolescent girl as the epitome of modern culture, cultivating her beauty to win "the dearest thing there is in the world, love from mankind. That is the motive," he explains, "that differentiates our civilization from dirty savages--love to win this great approval, adolescent love" (Prigozy, 200).

Prigozy also addresses the dilemma which Griffith and Dick Diver shared with the American male population.

Idealizing Daddy's Girl as his purest self-image was in effect a trap for the male, who, in attempting to possess that image, would have to defile it. The cultural promotion of young girls as sex objects, combined with the more sexually liberated female roles in the movies of the twenties, helped to produce the sexual ambivalence which Prigozy cites as making "the American man impotent and the American woman sexually schizoid" (Prigozy, 210).

What Prigozy does not explore here is the image of Daddy's Girl in the clutches of the dark Defiler, the gripping vision of the young white girl falling into the hands of the brute Negro Gus in Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*. If Daddy's Girl is the ideal of the American mass unconscious, then Gus is its worst nightmare. This scene is certainly emblematic of Griffith's Manichean dualism in general, and of the substance of the film in particular, for the movie's strategy is to create powerful images conveying the impression of white civilization literally corrupted by the "dirty savage." As Daddy's Girl, Rosemary identifies the archetype-on-the-bed for who he really is, (she does not see Peterson, whom she has just met, but a generic "dead Negro") and so does Dick, for it is Rosemary's screen image that he rescues from harm, not her person. Given his Victorian ideals, Dick can only react as he does, even at the risk of imperiling the sanity of Nicole. He drags Peterson into the
hall to save Rosemary's career as the "innocence" of the race.

But that "innocence" exists only in the minds of sentimentalists like Dick, for one of the least appreciated ironies of Rosemary's character is the metamorphosis of her screen persona. If Daddy's Girl dominated the American imagination in the early silent films, during the twenties one of the most compelling screen images was the romance of the white female and the dark Other, as personified by Valentino's "The Sheik." The disparity between Gus, the brute Other, and Valentino, the suave Other, as cultural icons is not so dramatic as it may seem at first, for both Gus and the Sheik are expressions of the same psychic forces attending the cleavage of the American unconscious into its "light" and "dark" aspects. If Gus is the forbidden at its most repulsive, the Sheik is simply the forbidden at its most alluring, a symbol of the open flirtation with diverse cultural forms which Mencken acknowledges in his 1927 editorial, "A Coon Age." 21

Fitzgerald was quite conscious of this seductive image of the dark Other. In Tender Is the Night we find a number of such types—Tino Marmora, Nicotera, Hosain Minghetti, Tommy Barban—but it is Nicotera who supplants the

21 H. L. Mencken, "Editorial" ("A Coon Age") American Mercury XII, no. 46 (October 1927): 159-161.
archetype-on-the-bed for Rosemary. As Rosemary's co-star in a movie about the decline of the Roman empire, his welcomed pursuit of Rosemary is evidence less of the appeal of the Latin lover than of the corruption of Daddy's Girl. Nicotera's name captures the sing-song quality of Valentino, and Fitzgerald even refers to him as "one of many hopeful Valentinos" (212). Calling Nicotera a "spic" signals Dick's revulsion for this turn of events. Though "no power on earth could keep the smear off Rosemary" if news of the Peterson incident leaked out, godlike Dick somehow manages to save her. But four years later, Dick discovers that the rival he had once conjured up in his guilty mind ("'Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?'") had taken tangible shape as the "spic," Nicotera. If the Valentino craze of the twenties signified the age's engagement of alterity, the spectacle of Rosemary's inability to decide between Dick and Nicotera represents Fitzgerald's despair for the seduction of "the empty harlot's mind" of the American "race" by the dark Other.

For Nicole, the connection between the corpse on the bed and the shadowy figure in her own past experience as "Daddy's Girl" is much clearer. There is no evidence that Nicole actually sees the body, but she does see the bloody spread, and connects it with her own traumatic experience. Dick attempts to head off her nervous reaction by stressing the remoteness of the incident to their own lives: "Look
here, you mustn't get upset over this—it's only some nigger scrap" (110). But his use of the words "nigger scrap" as a charm to render the situation harmless backfires. The dark figure on the bed, the blood on the spread, the secretiveness, the leaving of Nicole to hide the truth to avoid scandal—all are repetitions of the original event. Illogically, Dick recreates each association to Nicole's original trauma, making her relapse inevitable, insofar as his dalliance with Rosemary recapitulates Warren's incestuous act.

Indeed, the similarities between the two men are striking. Both men enter the chambers of Dr. Dohmler as urbane men of the world, only to leave his stern presence chastened by their confessions to ethical violations. When Dick finally consummates his lust for Rosemary, he is the age that Warren was when he violated Nicole, and like Warren, alcoholism compounds his moral regression.22 Both men are prima facie evidence of Nicole's assertion that "smart" American men are more prone to dissipation, and as her sensitivity to Dick's relationship with Rosemary suggests ("'with your spread with red blood on it. I'll wear it for you---'" 112), she too has associated Dick with her father. That dark figure on Rosemary's bed for her is Dick's own guilty soul which he wishes to conceal.

22 Warren was "less than forty," (125); Dohmler smells "whiskey on his breath," (126).
The incredible lapse of judgment by Dick in having Nicole take the bloody bedspread into their apartment shows how Rosemary's presence has distracted him from his primary purpose, which is fulfilling the role of Daddy the Protector for Nicole so convincingly that the memory of the shadowy Defiler of innocence is driven into the recesses of her mind. This is the real significance of Nicole's original transference to Dick, his substituting for the fatherly office desecrated by Devereaux Warren. Now to rescue Nicole from a complete collapse into submission to her unconscious, Dick has to correct his error. He abandons Rosemary and rebuilds the protective cocoon he had maintained for Nicole: "All night in Paris he had held her in his arms. . . . [I]n the early morning he broke in upon her confusion before it could form, with words of tenderness and protection. . . . Rosemary was to move to another hotel, . . . and even to give up saying good-by to them" (166). Nicole's insecurity resurfaces in her questioning of his interest in Rosemary, forcing Dick to renounce her, to "banish the ghost of Rosemary before it became walled up with them" (168).

Dick's reaction to Peterson confirms the change that has taken place. As he does with the American tramp, Dick responds to "human contact" with Peterson by brushing him off: "Dick regarded him politely--interest formed,
dissolved, . . ." (107). His habitual reaction of wanting to be used vanishes with the recognition of Peterson's abject otherness, and his only thought is to separate Abe from Peterson as soon as possible. The narrator's description of Peterson as reminiscent of the "suave model [of the Negro] that heels the Republican party in the border States" provides a key to Dick's perception of Peterson and the basis of his rejection. As a "heeler," he rather fits into the same class of humanity as the tramp, and because Dick's father was a border state Rebel sympathizer and Dick identifies emotionally with the romance of the South, Peterson too represents the "other" side of the "border" which has a perverse unconscious appeal to Dick's "impersonal blood lust," (27) as symbolized in the career of Grant. The "fault line" in Dick's personality is then, like the Mason-Dixon line, the shadow-line which violently splits the American psyche.

Peterson's "shadow" function is implicit in his description as a "colonial" with "precise yet distorted intonation," a parody perhaps of the "faint Irish melody" ringing in Dick's own voice (19). In fact, the term "precise yet distorted" is the key to Peterson's whole characterization as a referent to the nightmare image dwelling in the unconscious of each of the whites. His name, for example, is a distortion of Dick's, emphasizing its implicit sexuality: Jules (Jewels) Peterson (Son of Dick).
Mary Burton has established the phallic symbolism surrounding the description of Dick's life prior to Nicole—Fitzgerald's clue that the ascetic bachelor Dick was the manly Dick (Burton, 461). But just as Peterson's role as "sycophant" to Abe emasculates him, Dick learns after eight years of marriage to Nicole that his manhood has been compromised: "Between the time he found Rosemary flowering under a stone on the Zurichsee and the moment of his meeting with Rosemary the spear had been blunted" (201). His discovery that "somehow he had permitted his arsenal to be locked up in the Warren safety-deposit vaults," ties his emasculation to the Warren wealth; his need for the money which unmans him stems directly from his "[w]atching his father's struggle in poor parishes."

Ironically, Peterson, in death, gains a phallic potency he lacks in life. Finding his way to the bed of Daddy's Girl before he expires, Peterson fulfills Dick's fantasy exploration of the shadow side which Abe's interruption prevents. But equally pertinent to Dick are the other ways in which Peterson reflects his own "darker side." Both are "colonials" in Europe—expatriates, in fact, a term which means they have in some sense forsaken the lands of their fathers. Both are social climbers, using their "fortuitous" encounters with the wealthy to secure their personal fortunes. In this regard, the "grotesquerie" of Abe's scheme to set Peterson up in business in Versailles is a distorted
reflection of Nicole's financing of Dick's "kingdom" on the Riviera and the Swiss clinic where he plays doctor. Eventually, too, both men are abandoned by their benefactors.

By making Peterson a shoe polish manufacturer, Fitzgerald not only portrays the black entrepreneur as chained to the symbol of his social inferiority, but Peterson's "shoe polish" formula corresponds to the social "polish" which is Dick's stock in trade. The fact that Peterson does not apply his own discovery to himself is highly suggestive of the cause of Dick's neurotic collapse in spite of his psychiatric training. Among other things, Dick notices of the corpse that "the box of materials was held under one arm but the shoe that dangled over the bedside was bare of polish and its sole was worn through" (110). The box is analogous to Dick's unfinished treatise which he fears will be made obsolete by some other psychiatrist ("he suspected that patient Germans were sitting close to the libraries of Berlin and Vienna callously anticipating him" 165). Peterson likewise claims to have been "drove away from Stockholm" [sic] by people trying to get his formula.23

Because Peterson lacks self-awareness, his own shoes are ironically in disrepair, even though shoes are his

23 Note that Abe originally calls Peterson "a Negro from Copenhagen" (98).
business. Not only that, but it is specifically his "sole" which Dick is aware of, a sole worn through by his peripatetic quest for self-advancement. The "hole" in the "sole" of Peterson's shoe, then, corresponds to the hole left in Dick's "whole-souled sentimental equipment" when his "beautiful lovely safe world blew itself up" (57). The "shameful" condition of emptiness is what Dick conceals with his charm, especially from himself. As Dick's "shadow," Peterson's message, though symbolically coded, is clearly a warning to Dick about the condition of his own unexamined soul. Yet even Dick's "leave of abstinence" for "his soul's sake" (201) only worsens his condition; for the last third of the novel, he is literally Jung's "modern man in search of a soul."

According to Jung, there are two improper responses to an encounter with the shadow archetype. The first is what Dick does, to reject the shadow as Other; the second is what Abe does, to submit to its seductive appeal and allow it to dominate his behavior. The only proper response, for Jung, is to accept the shadow as part of the conscious self, to accept, in other words, the idea of one's kinship with other humans by acknowledging one's frailties and limitations--the possibility of one's inner emptiness (Two Essays, 53-54).
This acceptance comes particularly hard to the self-deluding, and thus their tendency is to deny a common humanity with the Other (onto whom they project their "inferior" qualities) until they are, like Abe, so hopelessly lost they can only think of their diminished selves as irretrievably lost, irredeemably Other.

When Dick drags Peterson out into the hotel corridor, he is reacting in a way that typifies a man who has discovered his own shadow. His rejection is not only verbal—"it's only some nigger scrap"—but physical. Yet the damage has already been done; the circle is broken. In a sense, Dick's ejection of Peterson repeats his dismissal of Abe, "whom he loved, and in whom he had long lost hope" (62). As with the American tramp earlier, and with Peterson, Dick clearly projects his shadow onto Abe too. Dick projects onto Abe his own fear for himself as a "smart man" playing "too close to the line," but he refuses to learn from Abe's example of what happens to someone who crosses the line and cannot return. Abe sees the similarity between them, though, and he pays back every patronizing remark of Dick's with a retort that aims at reducing the distinctions between them. But Dick has begun to tire of Abe, and so when Abe hints at Dick's inability to finish his book, and later to his susceptibility to drink, Dick does not acknowledge his own slackness, and therefore doesn't profit from Abe's mistakes.
Thus Dick falls into a cycle of personality decline which mirrors Abe's in almost every particular, with the addition of Dick's amorous adventures. He refuses to acknowledge his alcoholism, even when it has become painfully obvious to everyone else that it affects his professional capacities and his personality. His drunkenness in Rome, like Abe's sojourn in Montmartre, begins with a fracas over money with a "conceited and unpleasant" black man in a nightclub (222). After this, the drunken Dick provokes the Italians into giving him a severe beating, paralleling Abe's beating death outside a speakeasy in New York. Because Dick cannot accept this beating at the hands of "wops" (particularly after the beating his ego takes when Rosemary fails to choose immediately him over the "spic" Nicotera) he enters an entirely new phase of his personality. His remark, "'I don't seem to bring people happiness anymore," echoes Abe's "I don't seem highly popular to-day" when Dick and Rosemary look askance at his association with the Peterson "rigamarole." Like Abe, Dick falls into identification with the shadow: "'I guess I'm the Black Death'" (219).

For Fitzgerald, the appearance of Peterson in the Diver apartment is as much a cause as it is a symptom of Abe's decline, a reversion to his prior use of black and ethnic Others as markers of moral corruption. Rosemary's reaction to Abe's "uncleanness" is a case in point. When Abe takes
her hand after Peterson effaces himself, she is "sorry and rather revolted at his dirty hands," which seems to be merely a realistic detail related to his drunken state, until Fitzgerald points out that her reaction is "rather like the respect of simple races for the insane." The subtle linkage between qualities of dirt, drunkenness, "simple races," and insanity represents a consistent pattern in Fitzgerald's work as early as This Side of Paradise. Gloria in The Beautiful and Damned expresses a revulsion to any moral slackness, which she describes as "uncleanness," and a contempt for the poor immigrants "dirtying up her world." Nick symbolizes Gatsby's corruption in the "foul dust" stirred up by his dream which conceals Wolfsheim's grip on his soul. In this context, the "dirt" on Abe's hands is the residue of his contact with the blacks of Montmartre with which he contaminates the Divers' circle.

In fact, Jules Peterson's very presence in the Diver apartment conceptually relates to the notion of "dirt." As Mary Douglas points out in Purity and Danger, "dirt" implies a preexisting "set of ordered relations" of which its own existence is a "contravention." Wherever there is dirt, then, there must also be a system which "involves rejecting inappropriate elements" (Douglas, 35). Not only does Abe's befriending of Peterson contravene the ordered existence of the Diver circle by spawning a plague of "unfamiliar Negro faces bobbing up in unexpected places," but Dick's dragging
of Peterson's body out into the hotel corridor represents a corrective bit of housekeeping: "Look here, you mustn't get upset over this--it's only some nigger scrap."

Yet the powerful unconscious forces unleashed in this scene cannot be put right with a change of bed linen. Many of these forces cluster around Abe, the one who has profaned the circle and has introduced the element of chaos, so that Fitzgerald depicts him as "awe-inspiring," "superior" and "impressive" in his breaking of the social taboo. This power gives him the status of a shaman, or in terms of Fitzgerald's own symbolism, a witch. Facetiously, Abe has suggested a minimal moral code which allows all behavior save for "the burning of witches": "Whenever they burn a witch I get all hot under the collar" (34). The joking reference is an early sign of Abe's loss of "all inhibitions," and in terms of his actions in Paris, witchcraft is an appropriate designation for his importation of elements from the chaotic shadowland of moral reprobation into the Divers' ordered world.

As Mary Douglas notes, "the articulate, conscious points in the social system are armed with articulate, conscious powers to protect the system; the inarticulate, unstructured areas emanate unconscious powers which provoke others to demand that ambiguity be reduced" (Douglas, 102). The articulate point of the Diver circle is Dick, and as Abe has introduced "ambiguity" into his world by bringing
Peterson into it, Dick's solution is to remove Peterson--twice. He threatens Abe with expulsion because Abe must be made to pay for violating social taboo and compromising their social order, for having "his moment of superiority, his moment of impressiveness." As Douglas notes, "[w]hen such unhappy or angry interstitial persons are accused of witchcraft it is like a warning to bring their rebellious feelings into line with their correct situation" (Douglas, 102). Apparently Abe catches the hint for his reaction is to suggest self-purification: "'If I go to a hotel and get all steamed and curry-combed, and sleep awhile, and fight off these Senegalese--could I come and spend the evening by the fireside?'" (108). Since, as Douglas claims, witchcraft and dirt are characteristic of the "non-structure," Abe feels that the removal of dirt along with the removal of the "Senegalese" from his life will return him to the ordered cosmos of the Divers' fireside as a member in good standing.

When we consider dirt and black magic as evidence of the breakdown of order, we need to look closely too at Rosemary's role as a destabilizing force. Rosemary in the murder scene is four years away from her own flirtation with otherness in the person of Nicotera, but after all, since Peterson (i.e., the "nigger scrap") lands on her bed, Fitzgerald subtly means to foreshadow her later corruption by the "contamination" of her bed. In an anthropological sense, though, Rosemary has already entered the non-
structural continuum. On the day before the murder, she has menstrual cramps, so that she is in a comparatively "unclean" state herself, by Fitzgerald's reckoning, when she invites Dick into her room the evening of the murder and they embrace (86). Fitzgerald makes it clear that her change in personality--her diminished sense of innocence--directly relates to her menstrual cycle: "Rosemary opened her door full of emotions no one else knew of. She was now what is sometimes called a 'wild little thing'--by twenty-four full hours she was not yet unified and she was absorbed in playing around with chaos. . . ." (104, my emphases).

Rosemary's "ununified" state makes her a destabilizing force like Abe, her "uncleanness" symbolizing her alliance with chaos. To emphasize this change in the way we (and Dick) are to perceive her, Fitzgerald brings into the narrative the character Collis Clay, whose sole function is to bring to Dick the tale of Rosemary's scandalous behavior in a pullman car. Dick's image of a "defiled" Rosemary heightens his sexual interest in her, for she has now taken on the "powers" inherent in her ambiguous role as corrupted innocent. That image has particular appeal to Dick, of course, since it approaches the essence of the original Daddy's Girl, Nicole. At one point in their love play before Abe and Peterson intrude, Rosemary reminds Dick of Nicole: "... since sometimes beauty gives back the images of one's best thoughts he thought of his responsibility about
Nicole, . . . ." (105). But again, Dick quickly forgets his responsibility to Nicole when scandal threatens this new Daddy's Girl.

Fitzgerald then clearly associates Rosemary with the general collapse of order in the Divers' lives. While "playing around with chaos," she unleashes powerful unconscious forces in Dick and Nicole, bringing them to a near catastrophe. In a sense, the blood on the spread is hers; it signifies her "uncleanness" in the matter, her culpability in the general melee. Like Abe, she develops witchlike powers that illustrate her allegiance to "non-structure": "In a hundred hours she had come to possess all the world's dark magic; the blinding belladonna, the caffein converting physical into nervous energy, the mandragora that imposes harmony" (164). For Dick, she represents the forbidden, and the darkness which clusters about her when next she appears as a woman of the world (black pajamas, dark lover, black magic) also suggests her corruptive function in Dick's life.

The murder scene, then, reveals a complex symbolism of the collapse underway in the Diver household particularly, and among Americans in Europe generally. Fitzgerald's use of Manichean symbolism allows him to represent the unconscious psychic forces which afflict the Divers and the other American expatriates with metonymic attributions of darkness. The defections of Abe and Rosemary to the powers
of darkness are important incidents, then, since as in his earlier efforts, Fitzgerald casts the conflict faced by the romantic hero in terms of an apocalyptic struggle between the powers of light and darkness. At the center of the action is Dick, valiantly trying to bring light and warmth to his small entourage. Dick's power emanates from this ordered system in which he plays sun to numerous satellites. Against the impinging darkness and chaos all about them, Dick uses the very stability of his structured existence as a magic charm. According to Mary Douglas, "[W]here the social system explicitly recognizes positions of authority, those holding such positions are endowed with explicit spiritual power, controlled, conscious, external and approved—powers to bless or curse" (Douglas, 99). Douglas refers to such power as "white magic," a countervailing force against the chaotic assaults of the socially marginal.24

The "white magic" of the Divers is the reason that "the fact of the Divers together is more important to their friends than many of them realize" (43). Because they embody the positive attributes of civilization, they "charm" their

24 "Some powers are exerted on behalf of the social structure; they protect society from malefactors against whom their danger is directed. Their use must be approved by all good men. Other powers are supposed to be a danger to society and their use is disapproved; those who use them are malefactors. . . --these are witches and sorcerers. This is the old distinction between white and black magic" (Douglas, 99).
group, according to Fitzgerald, against the corruptive forces all about them. In a scene which graphically captures their "white magic" at work, Fitzgerald uses the contrast between the light which joins the Americans at the "bad" party and the surrounding darkness to create the illusion of the expatriates as pioneers in a hostile wilderness:

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 the dark universe, nourished by its only food, warmed by its only lights. . . . [T]he two Divers began suddenly to warm and glow and expand. . . . Just for a moment they seemed to speak to every one at the table, singly and together, assuring them of their friendliness, their affection. And for a moment the faces turned toward them were like the faces of poor children at a Christmas tree. Then abruptly the table broke up. . . .

But the diffused magic of the hot sweet South had withdrawn into them--the soft-pawed night and the ghostly wash of the Mediterranean below--the magic left these things and melted into the two Divers and became part of them. (34-5)

To Fitzgerald, light and dark wage an unceasing battle for mastery. His bleak vision of the post-war generation gives darkness the upper hand, as everywhere corruption becomes a way of life. The Divers, for all their glowing, live atop the "black shadow of a hill," above the "inky sea" (40). Both Rosemary and Nicole undergo a darkening process as they age, and Abe's skin takes on a "vague gray color" at the train station. External coloring, race and ethnicity
symbolize an American "racial" twilight in which "darkening" of the "race" represents the light of civilization giving way to the darkness of chaos.

The scene at Abe's departure from the Paris train station shows Fitzgerald's pessimism about the racial future of America. When Dick points out the various "wonders" of the Gare Saint Lazare to distract the company from the "spectacle of Abe's gigantic obscenity," he calls attention to the gathering groups of Americans about:

Nearby, some Americans were saying good-bye in voices that mimicked the cadence of water running into a large old bathtub. Standing in the station, with Paris in back of them, it seemed as if they were vicariously leaning a little over the ocean, already undergoing a sea-change, a shifting about of atoms to form the essential molecule of a new people. (83)

The description seems innocuous enough, even when we find in the next paragraph that these Americans are the "well-to-do" crowd of the newly-minted variety against whom Fitzgerald elsewhere levelled his most pronounced expressions of contempt whenever he discussed "the rich." But Fitzgerald continues, "When there were enough Americans on the platform the first impression of their immaculacy and their money began to fade into a vague racial dusk that hindered and blinded both them and their observers" (my emphasis). Here then are the "fantastic neanderthals" of whom Fitzgerald complains in "Echoes of the Jazz Age." In each fictional representation of the American abroad,
Fitzgerald has insisted on their utter difference to the types of the "Old America" in race, ethnicity and behavior. By characterizing their presence as a "vague racial dusk," Fitzgerald at once creates the impression of a race which is darkening and deteriorating. The "fading" of their "immaculacy" too relates to the "sea-change" that is underway, so that their darkness is the darkness of the new American identity.

In his attempt to describe a so-called "American Complex," Jung postulates a spiritual and behavioral change in the Europeans who settled America, to the extent that beneath their civilized "veneer," they possess a negroid culture and Indian souls. In "Mind and Earth," he goes further, citing Boas' studies in craniology as proof that the American soil exerts an unconscious influence on the American physiognomy as well, making the Europeans more like the continent's original inhabitants:

The greatest experiment in the transplantation of a race in modern times was the colonization of the North American continent by a predominantly Germanic population. . . . The admixture of Indian blood is increasingly small, so it plays no role. Boas has shown that anatomical changes begin already in the second generation of immigrants, chiefly in the measurements of the skull. At all events the "Yankee" type is formed, and this is so similar to the Indian type that on my first visit to the Middle West, while watching a stream of workers coming out of a factory, I remarked to a companion that I should never have thought that there was such a high percentage of Indian blood. . . . That
was many years ago when I had no notion of the mysterious Indianization of the American people. I got to know of this mystery only when I had to treat many American patients analytically. (Civilization, 45-46)

Spengler, too, cites Boas' study as the basis for his claim that American soil (or any soil, for that matter) exerts a powerful influence upon physiognomy and "race":

A race has roots. Race and landscape belong together. . . . A race does not migrate. Men migrate, and their successive generations are born in ever-changing landscapes. . . . It has long been obvious that the soil of the Indians has made its mark upon [the Americans]--generation by generation they become more like the people they eradicated. (Decline, II, 119)

The "vague racial dusk" that settles over Fitzgerald's traveling Americans is this same atomic transformation into a new type caused by their "leaning a little over the ocean." Their darkness is the mark of the spiritus loci of the American continent which casts its shadow over those who are American by birth or adoption. D. H. Lawrence draws a similar conclusion, describing the "Daimon of America," which he likewise attributes to the "unappeased ghosts of dead Indians" whose unconscious influence causes "the great American grouch, the Orestes-like frenzy of restlessness in the Yankee soul, the inner malaise which amounts almost to
madness, sometimes."\(^{25}\) For Lawrence, that restlessness is manifested chiefly in darkness and in violence:

> When you are actually in America, America hurts, because it has a powerful disintegrative influence upon the white psyche. It is full of grinning, unappeased aboriginal demons, too, ghosts, and it persecutes the white men like some Eumenides, until the white men give up their absolute whiteness. America is tense with latent violence and resistance. (Lawrence, 73)

For Fitzgerald, these attributes of the American psyche are clearly at the root of the whites giving up "their absolute whiteness," as even in Europe, their American demons haunt them. Significantly, when Dick considers the events leading to Peterson's murder, he conceives the event in terms of the "good" and "bad" Indian archetypes. It is as if the bright torch of civilization were sinking into the dark recesses of the American racial unconscious. The American identity comes to be dominated then, in Fitzgerald's adaptation of Spengler, by the dark Others who are now ascendant as a result of the effacement of the West. That Dick ultimately loses his way among the shadows of this diffuse new heterogeneous identity—whose most hideous forms are the blacks, Latins and homosexuals, and whose white collaborators take on the monstrous proportions of vampires, ghosts, witches and demons—is Fitzgerald's

despairing vision of the fate of the romantic hero in the modern world.

Abe is a key figure in Fitzgerald's description of the deterioration of Americans abroad ("Why is it just Americans who dissipate?") because one of his characteristics is the ability to externalize the unconscious material of the American collective unconscious. What emanates from his presence is a host of allusions to America's violent past, particularly to American wars and scandals, and voices of the oppressed dark-skinned peoples demanding justice. Abe bears the mark of the American genius in his features: "he had one of the saddest faces Rosemary had ever seen, the high cheek-bones of an Indian, a long upper lip, and enormous deep-set golden eyes," (9, my emphasis). By the end of the scene, the American woman who shoots an Englishman exhibits the violence of the restless American soul. This violence reverberates in the collective unconscious of all of the Americans who are present, because unlike the Europeans, who have expended their psychic conflicts in their "love war," the Americans internalize violence, which they then convert into nervous energy: "the concussions that had finished God knew what dark matter . . . had entered into all their lives: echoes of violence followed them, . . ." (85).

Later Abe is also oblivious to the taboo he has shattered in bringing Peterson into the exclusive Diver
circle, and leaves Paris completely unaware of the shots which finish off Peterson and the efforts of Dick to restore order. By stressing Abe's lack of involvement in each instance, Fitzgerald makes clear Abe's powerlessness before the unconscious forces at war within himself, as well as those which affect the rest of the American community. But as he claims himself, Abe's unconscious drive has become destructive—his business is tearing things apart. It is an avocation he shares with all the other Americans, to a greater or lesser degree, leading Rosemary to ask, "'Do all the Americans in Paris just shoot at each other all the time?'" (111).

Rosemary's own latent violence manifests itself differently. She becomes one of the type Jung describes as "pseudo-modern," those "worthless people" who appear as "uprooted human beings, blood-sucking ghosts, whose emptiness is taken for the unenviable loneliness of the modern man" (Modern Man, 198). In his description of American girls, Tommy Barban calls them "'girls who would tear you apart with their lips, tear themselves too, until their faces were scarlet with the blood around the lips all brought out in a patch—but nothing further'" (295). Such girls, Tommy implies, are interested in vamping others, not in sex. Even in her first wave of desire for Dick, Rosemary's appetite is pronounced: "[S]he wanted for the moment to hold him and devour him, wanted his mouth, his
ears, his coat collar, wanted to surround him and engulf him" (66).

Later, Fitzgerald's description of the gathering at the house "hewn from the frame of Cardinal de Retz's palace" gives a despairing glimpse of the future as an "electric-like shock, a definite nervous experience, perverted as a breakfast of oatmeal and hashish" (71). Presided over by a "tall rich American girl, promenading insouciantly upon the national prosperity" (73) the gathering itself is a perversion, a "Frankenstein." This surreal world comprised of people who live in mirrors, cobra women, "Americans and English who had been dissipating all spring and summer, . . . [who] were very quiet and lethargic at certain hours and then . . . exploded into sudden quarrels and breakdowns and seductions," (72) and the "exploiter class" which preys upon them reminds Rosemary of the intensity of a movie set, and though in her youth the atmosphere appalls her, the lesbian crowd tries to claim her as a spiritual sister. Dick mocks such gatherings in setting up his "bad" party, which he predicts will end in "a brawl and seductions and people going home with their feelings hurt and women passed out in the cabinet de toilette" (27) and which does end, in fact with flirtation with Rosemary, his wife's breakdown in the bathroom and the duel.

The long night before Abe's departure also exhibits the restless American spirit: "Rosemary and the Norths and a
manufacturer of doll's voices from Newark and ubiquitous Collis and a big splendidly dressed oil Indian named George T. Horseprotection were riding along on top of thousands of carrots in a market wagon. The earth in the carrot beards was fragrant and sweet in the darkness. . . " (79). The Indian Horseprotection makes sense as "protector of the American unconscious," given the association of "horse" with the unconscious by both Jung and Freud. Fitzgerald symbolically suggests his sense of the deracinated Americans' psychic dissociation in the wagon loaded with uprooted carrots which Horseprotection and the other Americans ride on. But though they share a collective unconscious, the Americans each have their personal experiences to differentiate them: "Their voices came from far off, as if they were having experiences different from hers, different and far away, for [Rosemary] was with Dick in her heart, . . . wishing she was at the hotel and him asleep across the hall, or that he was here beside her with the warm darkness streaming down" (79).

Because the darkness of the carrot wagon divides the Americans, it contrasts with the suffusion of light which makes them a whole at the Divers' party. This scene represents the antithetical impulse of the restless American

26 Carl G. Jung, _Psychology of the Unconscious_ (New York: Moffat, Yard, 1916) 308-310; Freud, _New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis_, Trans. by James Strachey (New York: Norton, 1964) 77. In the earliest version of this scene, the Indian was called "John Spotted Bear" (PUL).
soul to venture out after the nightingale into the sweet
darkness—to escape reality even at the risk of losing the
security of the well-defined social order. The
"Frankenstein" salon in the day, the cabarets of Paris at
night, Montmartre anytime—the ambience of the post-war
landscape accords with what Mary Douglas terms an "ill-
articulated" social system in which the quest for eternal
youth and the madness of the Indianized American soul
pervert all of the rules of conduct of Western civilization.
Dick Diver's fight to save civilization involves him in
skirmishes against all of the demons inhabiting the "non-
structure"—the Amazons, the cobra women, the witches, the
vampires, the homosexuals, the phantom blacks—and as such
represents the last stand of the pre-war generation to pull
together the shattered fragments of the Old Order. To wage
this battle, Dick must be both psychiatrist and priest, for
his adversaries embody the unleashed psychic contents of the
American soul—a soul ripped apart by cultural
schizophrenia.

In describing the American character, the men in whom
Fitzgerald placed the greatest trust as visionaries of his
age—Jung, Spengler, Lawrence and Mencken—had all pointed
to the racial diversity of the country's populace as a
central fact in distinguishing Americans from the European stocks which had contributed to the population, but they drew different conclusions from that premise. Jung had called America a "piebald" nation, claiming that in coexisting with the inferior blacks, American whites had become infected with black culture, mannerisms and style. Mencken had attributed the infusion of black style into the American mainstream to the cultural vacuum among whites, whose puritanical rigidity had systematically removed all but the most insipid and unstimulating activities from the province of adult behavior. But if, as Spengler claimed, "race does not migrate," then the conflict which Lawrence proposes between the white European and the dark Indian spirits within the American soul, producing its characteristic violence and restlessness, would be impossible. All Americans in Europe would also cease to be American, becoming instead what Fitzgerald called "Europeanized Americans who had reached a position where they could scarcely have been said to belong to any nation at all, at least not to any great power though perhaps a Balkan-like state composed of similar citizens" (287). Yet Fitzgerald characterizes Americans in Europe as susceptible to the particularly American demons of restlessness and violence, and he seems to accept the Indian as the archetypal expression of the American soul.
Fitzgerald's thinking on this point, therefore, is inconsistent. In *Tender Is the Night* the American spirit both does and does not migrate to Europe. Americans do and do not have a European-based racial unconscious. The soul of the dark Other can and cannot be incorporated into the American identity. The confusion results from Fitzgerald's application of various aspects of these metaphysical systems to suggest different qualities of the American character. Yet Fitzgerald still achieves the intended effect of demonstrating a violent schism in the American psyche. To drive home this point, Fitzgerald uses, on one hand, a Manichean association of Victorian and turn-of-the-century Americana and other Western cultural materials to represent the Old Order as the epitome of civilized existence; on the other hand, he uses cultural materials derived from or associated with non-white Americans as the characteristic expression of the chaotic post-war zeitgeist.

For example, when the young Nicole plays her record collection for Dick in Zurich after the war, the American rhythms transport them spiritually to their native land ("They were in America now, . . ." 135). But what does it mean to be "in America"? If we accept Spengler's definition of "race" as "the felt harmony of a Destiny, the single cadence of the march of historical being," (or, as he puts it more succinctly, a "wholly metaphysical beat," *Decline*, II, 165-66) then the American "beat" is "ragtime"; its
"Destiny"—"Hindustan"! Nicole sings to Dick the bluesy song, "A woman never knows/ What a good man she's got/ Till after she turns him down, . . ." explaining that, "'Our cook at home taught it to me!'" (136). Fitzgerald means it as an evocation of the "darker rhythms" of Nicole's psyche, for its serious love plaint, like that of "Hindustan" contrasts with the lightheartedness of "Wait Till the Cows Come Home," and "Good-by, Alexander," which Nicole plays when she is "'not under any restraint at all!'" (135). To create a sense of oneness with Dick, Nicole tries to find the "beat" that expresses the essence of both of their souls: "She smiled at him, making sure that the smile gathered up everything inside her and directed it toward him, making him a profound promise of herself for so little, for the beat of a response, the assurance of a complimentary [sic] vibration in him" (136).

But the "essence of a continent" which Nicole brings to him is the culture of a new, post-war America which Dick has missed by being in Europe. "'Honestly, you don't understand-'" he tells Nicole, "'I haven't heard a thing.'" Afraid that Dick has been unimpressed by her musical tastes, she tells him about her music history studies (i.e., classical European music), hoping that he won't think she is only interested in ragtime (142). Dick's favorite music turns out to be the popular and sentimental tunes which hark back to the rhythms of the "older America." "A part of Dick's mind
was made up of the tawdry souvenirs of his boyhood," Fitzgerald notes, including "the moon of popular songs" (196). The song which reminds him of Rosemary is "Tea for Two," which effectively captures the rather simple-minded aura of Daddy's girl, the projection of Dick's sentimentality.

Months after the Peterson murder, when Dick and Nicole spend Christmas in the Alps at Gstaad, the difference between Dick and the younger generation of Americans becomes clear by the music they listen to. While the young Americans bounce about to the tune of "Don't Bring Lulu" and "the first percussions of the Charleston," hypnotizing Baby and Nicole with their adolescent abandon, Dick seeks out more compatible entertainment: "It was jolly in the big room; the younger Englishman remarked it and Dick conceded that there was no other word. With the pert heady wine he relaxed and pretended that the world was all put together again by the gray-haired men of the golden nineties who shouted old glees at the piano" (174). By this juxtaposition of the disparate cultural forms, Fitzgerald strongly suggests that just as the tunes of the "golden nineties" restore the Old Order, the jazz numbers embody the essence of the chaotic modern era.

The episode which best illustrates the cultural tension between Dick and Nicole, representing respectively the pre-war and the younger, post-war generations, occurs just
before Nicole decides to have an affair with Tommy Barban. Dick plays on the piano "some Schubert songs and some new jazz from America that Nicole hummed in her harsh, sweet contralto over his shoulder" (290). When Dick decides he doesn't like the "jazz" number, Nicole thinks it is because the lyrics contain the word "father" and that Dick is trying to protect her again from the image that haunts her. But in a description shortly thereafter, Fitzgerald shows that more than just a protective reflex motivates Dick here, for Dick's and Nicole's different responses to the culturally disparate songs indicate that there is no longer a "beat" which unifies their souls: "It was lonely and sad to be so empty-hearted toward each other."

Lawrence Levine has remarked on the cultural differences between the black musical spectrum of ragtime, blues and jazz and the popular music of mainstream America, quoting S. I. Hayakawa's contention that popular songs "'tend towards wishful thinking, dreamy and ineffectual nostalgia, unrealistic fantasy, self-pity, and sentimental clichés masquerading as emotion.'"27 Levine expands on Hayakawa's list, adding "an overarching fatalism" which stems from the unrealistic expectations of the sentimental approach to love. By contrast, the musical expressions of

the black experience form a reality-based alternative to the sentimental popular song, Levine says.\textsuperscript{28}

Although the songs which Fitzgerald identifies as jazz tend to be more of the "tin pan alley" variety with syncopated beats and jazz instrumentation, as opposed to songs unmistakably in the black idiom, it is his consistently negative perception of jazz, ragtime and blues which makes his association of these forms originating in black culture with certain characters important. While he acknowledges the black musical spectrum as a reality-based art form throughout his career, he also clearly associates blues, jazz and ragtime with the American pleasure principle. The nightingale's song which animates Dick's soul may be the music of an older America, but the nightlife into which Abe and he ultimately wander is driven by the pulse of American jazz. As Fitzgerald implies by Dick's encounter with the black saxophone player in Rome, jazz music inevitably leads to a jazz morality. By associating Dick with sentimental popular songs and Nicole with blues, jazz and ragtime numbers, Fitzgerald seems to be highlighting the disparity between the idealism of Dick and the latent hedonism of Nicole, illustrating the divided cultural

\textsuperscript{28} Even the blues, preeminently songs of love lament, had a hard reality base, Levine notes, allowing the singer to be honest about the shortcomings of the loved one, even to exaggerate them for humorous effect, and to forego self-pity in favor of teaching a lesson about life and love that promoted a communal catharsis. See Levine, 279.
heritage of America itself, while again using the black cultural form as a marker of his aesthetic disapproval. Because Fitzgerald perceived this schism as a fundamental expression of America's divided identity, he found no trouble arbitrarily associating black cultural elements with the chaotic forces of modern life. Whether he depicted black musical forms as graphically realistic or self-indulgently escapist, Fitzgerald always places them in opposition to cultural forms which demonstrate the idealism of the romantic hero.

Besides music, other black cultural references indicate that this same pattern prevails. Fitzgerald uses the qualities of darkness and a cluster of associations linked to:

29 The distinction between the music of Dick and Nicole is one that Fitzgerald borrowed from his own life. A June 9, 1927 letter from Zelda Fitzgerald to Carl Van Vechten describes her appreciation of some blues records he had sent her. She finds these recordings by blacks "much superior to Beethoven and Handel and Bach," and one song ("You Don't Know How I Feel Dis Mornin'" ) is "doing something biological to me by degrees." "You are an angel of a very colored God to send them," she writes, and adds, "I realize more than ever how perfectly black Pan was-- . . . ." ZSF to CVV, June 9, 1927; Beinecke Library, Yale University. Zelda later writes in a November 18, 1931 letter to her husband that she is "crazy" to have their daughter Scottie learn "the real nigger tap dancing," a clear indication that whatever her feelings about blacks as people, she did not have the same reservations about their cultural forms as he did. (Correspondence, 274). In a 1923 interview, Zelda explains that she thinks jazz will "occupy a great place in American art" (Miscellany, 261). Interestingly, Gerald and Sara Murphy, on whom Fitzgerald partially based Dick and Nicole, collected black spirituals, and even sang them in authentic arrangements, a detail which Fitzgerald does not use in Tender Is the Night for obvious reasons. See Malcolm Cowley and Robert Cowley, eds. Fitzgerald and the Jazz Age (New York: Scribners, 1966) 97.
to otherness generally to evoke Nicole's "horror." Her sister Baby, for example, refers to her as a "gone coon," (157) a suggestive metaphor that indicates her passage into otherness by her deviant behavior. Her recipe for chicken à la Maryland (a dish originated by blacks, as Mencken points out in "A Coon Age") may have come from the same cook who taught her the song, which may account for her difficulty in translating it into French.³⁰ Nicole's children too seem to be representative in a vague way of the cultural dualism of America. Fitzgerald names the boy Lanier, probably after Sidney Lanier, the Southern poet and apologist for the Old South. He names the daughter Topsy, though, hinting at his logic in this excerpt from Nicole's transitional monologue in Book Two:

That was why he took me travelling but after my second child, my little girl, Topsy, was born everything got dark again.

... If I could get word to my husband who has seen fit to desert me here, to leave me in the hands of incompetents. You tell me my baby is black--that's farcical, that's very cheap. We went to Africa merely to see Timgad, since my principal interest in life is archeology. (161)

The trip to North Africa corresponds to one that the Fitzgeralds themselves had taken just prior to Zelda's first breakdown, which accounts for the connection between Africa

³⁰ In his Notebooks, Fitzgerald also acknowledges this as a black recipe: "This recipe was given me by an old black mammy" 185. See also Mencken, "A Coon Age," 159.
and Nicole's breakdown. But clearly, Fitzgerald also takes advantage of the association of Africa with her collapse of conscious control.

Nicole feels compelled to name the child Topsy, because in the throes of the "dark" period after her labor, the child takes on the darkness of Nicole's own guilt. To accentuate the psychic reality of Nicole's self-image, Fitzgerald invokes the image of Topsy, the archetypal black child born in bondage—her color testifying to her accursed social status and the burden she bears of some ancient crime, her name suggesting the chaos (i.e., "topsy-turvy") from which she springs. Fitzgerald's use of the archetype is chillingly effective, for despite the description of the Diver child as having fair Nordic features, it is difficult to escape the impression of darkness which the name itself summons.

Nicole's cry, "You tell me my baby is black, . . . " is an interesting touch too, for the "you" can only refer to Nicole's own self-conjured voices. The voices that speak to her and through her are from her personal unconscious—"Talk is men. When I talk I say to myself that I am probably Dick. Already I have even been my son, . . . . Sometimes I am Doctor Dohmler and one time I may even be an aspect of you, Tommy Barban" (162). But when she becomes distraught, the

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31 Jung in "Woman in Europe" speaks of the woman's unconscious rendering opinions in a masculine voice, "as though a man--the father, for example--had thought of them"
voices which drive her to madness are from deeper regions of
the collective unconscious, as is the case with Abe.
Sometimes her associations are classically Western ("I am
Pallas Athene, . . . . " 160). But the voice which tells her
that her baby is black is expressing a truth about her
American identity, as well as the psychic reality that in
America, with its still extant puritan morality, it is the
female (Daddy's Girl) who must bear the mark of guilt.

This represents a truth for Nicole because she bears
the mark of her own corrupted past. Darkness seems to be
gradually consuming her features, effacing her Nordic
aspects:

Nicole had been a beauty as a young girl
and she would be a beauty later when her
skin was stretched tight over her high
cheek-bones--the essential structure was
there. 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. (67)

Though the darkening effect makes her more "beautiful,"
Fitzgerald qualifies the description by suggesting that it
is not so much that Nicole's features have improved as that
her hair has diminished in beauty. But the resultant
description of Nicole--dark hair and high cheek bones
forming the "essential structure"--shows a definite

(Civilization, 118-19). On other occasions, both Baby and
Nicole summon their grandfather's voice to pronounce certain
opinions. See also Fitzgerald's use of the Jungian idea in
"First Blood," Taps at Reveille (New York: Scribners, 1935)
118, in which he refers to Jung by name.
metamorphosis underway from the Nordic ideal of beauty to the Indianized "American" type. Like the "half-breed Indians" who toiled on Brazilian coffee plantations to give Nicole a tithe, the exteriorizing of her unconscious progression toward the American racial mean signifies the "doom" which she contains within herself—the "vague racial dusk" settling over America.

Associations with darkness accompany this racial twilight, as the moral and spiritual "plague" settles in across the social landscape. As the disgruntled father of an alcoholic tells Dick, after demanding that Dick give up "black drink" as an example for his patients: "'Do you know what color black is? It's black!'" (253). The darkening process which overtakes each of the whites directly affected by the Peterson murder—Rosemary, Abe, Nicole and Dick—thus signifies a modern "plague" which Dick ironically identifies as "the Black Death." The original "Black Death," of course, is Peterson himself, who transmits the disease by his appearance in the Diver circle.

By the end of Book 2, it is as if there were only dark women in Dick's life. By the end of Book 3, there are only dark men in the lives of the white women. Like Amory's nihilistic desire in This Side of Paradise to commit "moral suicide"—to "let himself go to the devil"—by deteriorating pleasantly in the arms of some dark beauty, Dick chases dark women in an increasing riot of shadow play. After Rosemary,
his heart goes out to the American painter whose exceptional beauty had become masked by the nervous eczema which had left her "a living agonizing sore," mummified, as if imprisoned "in the Iron Maiden," (183) a casualty of the war between the sexes. The woman insists that she is a "symbol of something," and hopes that Dick knows what it is, but all he can offer is platitudes, kind words and the observation quite in keeping with his dualistic viewpoint, that beyond her personal sickness, there is only the "greater sickness" of the world: "'Outside of that there's only confusion and chaos'" (185).

The Iron Maiden episode precedes the revelation that Dick has encouraged the amorous advances of a teenaged patient, "a flirtatious little brunette," whom he kisses in "an idle, almost indulgent way" (187). At the Agiri Fair, Nicole breaks down after confronting Dick with her awareness of his interest in this "dark little girl." For Dick, "the world of pleasure" is the province of the dark woman like "the peasant girl near Savona." "Having "come away for his soul's sake," (201) Dick discovers at Innsbruck that the Warren family owns his soul: "He had lost himself—he could not tell the hour when, or the day of the week, the month or the year." Suddenly away from Nicole overnight for the first time since their marriage, Dick finds himself "in love with every pretty woman he saw now, their forms at a distance, their shadows on a wall" (my emphasis). When the shadows
invite him to play, Dick does not know how—"His heart beat loud in contact with the unprobed, undissected, unanalyzed, unaccounted for" (202). Here, the word "unanalyzed" looms large. It is Dick's fatal flaw—his inability to understand himself, his unwillingness to probe and account for his actions, which explains his momentary loss of control.

One key to understanding Dick's personality breakdown at the end of Book 2 is a passage early in Book 3. When faced with the case of the Chilean homosexual Francisco, Dick cannot find any basis for sympathy with him, except for the boy's charm: "he gathered that this very charm made it possible for Francisco to perpetrate his outrages, and, for Dick, charm always had an independent existence, . . . ." (245). Dick is incapable of empathizing with the dark homosexual because unbeknownst to him, his distaste for the charming and self-indulgent Francisco is a projection of his disgust for his own corrupt secret life. Francisco uses his charm for personal gratification, as opposed to Dick's formula of "fatal pleasingness" that begs to be used. Those whom Dick can identify with and admire, he can fit into his ego whole, as autonomous parts of his own personality; those whom he can not imitate without threat to his own integrity, he simply rejects as undesirably Other. Thus Dick's psyche mirrors his external social world:

His love for Nicole and Rosemary, his friendship with Abe North, with Tommy Barban in the broken universe of the war's ending--in such contacts the
personalities had seemed to press up so close to him that he became the personality itself—there seemed some necessity of taking all or nothing; it was as if for the remainder of his life he was condemned to carry with him the egos of certain people, early met and early loved, and to be only as complete as they were complete themselves. (245)

The secret of Dick's charm then is this talent for mimicry. Jung calls this imitative strategy "identification with the collective psyche," and says that the "distinction" achieved by such an imitative personality is really a strategy for evading self-knowledge:

[W]e see every day how people use, or rather abuse, the mechanism of imitation for the purpose of personality differentiation. . . achieving an outward distinction from the circle in which they move. . . . As a rule these specious attempts at individual differentiation stiffen into a pose, and the imitator remains at the same level he always was, only several degrees more sterile than he was. (Two Essays, 155)

Dick bases his charm not on his own qualities, but on his ability to reflect back to others what he finds charming in them. He is a compact belief system, viable only in a world which is capable of believing: "Save among a few of the tough-minded and perennially suspicious, he had the power of arousing a fascinated and uncritical love" (27). As long as people believed in him, "their happiness was his preoccupation, but at the first flicker of doubt . . . he evaporated before their eyes, leaving little communicable memory of what he had said or done" (28). Fitzgerald alludes
to the problems this mimicry produces. As the narrator notes, since Dick's persona consists primarily of other people's personalities, his fate is to be "only as complete as they were complete themselves." This has enormous implications, for with the deaths and defections into otherness by his intimate circle, Dick cannot escape a personality collapse himself. By opening a clinic for the "casualties" of the post-war social catastrophe, Dick even further weakens his psyche, because all he sees on a daily basis that he can imitate is other neurotics.

During his "leave of abstinence," Dick's personality becomes the exact opposite of his earlier godlike mask. In Rome, where "everybody thinks he's Christ," (221) Dick accepts the sins of the world as his own. He gets drunk, fraternizes with the black musician and proceeds to have an altercation with him, pursues and loses an ethereal English girl, decides to go "back to the hotel and lie down with his black heart," (224) but winds up starting a melee with the Roman cab drivers who want twice what he's willing to pay in fare. When the Italians return Dick's contempt in kind, he loses his head: "The passionate impatience of the week leaped up in Dick and clothed itself like a flash in violence, the honorable, the traditional resource of his land; he stepped forward and slapped the man's face." After he repeats this action in the police station, they beat him savagely.
The emergence of Dick's new personality stems directly from his tendency to project his own faults on the dark Other, on his inability to identify with particularly the dark male who has bested him and shown up his weaknesses. Thus in a land where the dark Other rules and makes the law, Dick believes he can only preserve his opposition to otherness by becoming a criminal. He admits to the archetypal crime of child-rape, and the permanent impact of this incident on his personality is one which Fitzgerald addresses in clearly racial terms:

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 his 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 a part of his life, he has identified himself with the thing which has humiliated him--an upshot that in this case was impossible. (233)

The beating incident is the key episode in determining the psychic state of the protagonist in every version of the novel Fitzgerald planned (see Bruccoli, Composition, 28). He based the episode upon an actual incident that involved him in Rome in 1924, infusing him with an unyielding hatred of
Italians. Thus the effect on Dick's personality is one which Fitzgerald himself knew from experience. Fitzgerald leaves it up to our imaginations as to why identification with the aggressor is impossible in this case, but the reason is undoubtedly the same as for Dick's rejection of Peterson, of Nicotera and of Francisco. In his authorial role, he attempts to speak for all "mature Aryans," thus certifying on racial grounds what is merely a matter of individual perception. Because Fitzgerald himself could not accept humiliation at the hands of the Italians, he attempts to magnify the feeling into a behavioral principle. In the end, Fitzgerald provides a psychological crutch for Dick because emotionally he is still tied to notions of racial superiority which will not allow him to countenance Jung's solution of making the Other a "part of [Dick's] life."

Therefore, although he dooms Dick to defeat by denying him the saving balm of "shadow integration," Fitzgerald provides Dick with the gallantry of those who fight for lost causes, and he thereby emerges, in spite of his neurotic collapse, as an heroic figure in Book 3, still superior by comparison to those who compromise with otherness as a condition for thriving in the modern world.

Other authorial intrusions which occur in connection with this incident indicate Fitzgerald's emotional

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32 "I hate Italy and Italiens [sic] so violently that I can't bring myself to write about them for the Post," Fitzgerald to Harold Ober, January, 1925. Bruccoli, Composition, 29.
identification with Dick's plight. Those who join forces to humiliate Dick are representative types whom Fitzgerald has previously targeted as the disruptive agents of the modern world. In one gratuitous swipe, Fitzgerald notes Dick's dislike of the Italian doctor who treats him, adding that the doctor's "stern manner revealed him as one of the least palpable of European types, the Latin moralist" (235). For Fitzgerald, the terms "Latin" and "moral" are polar opposites. The judgmental Nordic doctors Dohmler and Franz Gregorovius are easy for Dick to accept as moral guides because the high value on self-control in the relatively ascetic cultures of northern Europe corresponds to his ideal of civilized conduct. When we consider that Hemingway in The Sun Also Rises makes a Spaniard his moral touchstone, the ultimate judge of the lost generation's moral failure, it shows clearly the difference between the two authors' perceptions of ethnicity and otherness.

Fitzgerald emotionalizes the scene further by having the American emasculatrix, Baby Warren, achieve a vicarious victory by coming to Dick's rescue. The "emergent Amazon," representative of the "clean-sweeping irrational temper that had broken the moral back of a race and made a nursery out of a continent" (232) uses the episode to achieve a "moral superiority over him for as long as he proved any use" (235). Having "broken the moral back of a race," the American woman stands triumphant, but her triumph is
illusory because it comes at such an enormous price—the defeat of the idealism of the "race." Like Elsie Speers, she is the quintessential American woman in that she is constitutionally amoral. By painting the American woman and the Latin male as antagonistic to traditional morality, Fitzgerald succeeds in making a Christ figure of Dick to the extent that his tormentors are clearly unfit to judge him, no matter what his crime. But logically, inevitably, the mutual interest of the dark male and the American female in the downfall of the Old Order built upon the suppression of their claims to equality becomes the basis for a marriage of convenience.

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The unholy alliance between the dark male and the American female ("necessarily capable of almost anything in [her] struggle for survival, ... " 163) in the humiliation of Dick Diver leads to the apocalyptic vision of Book 3, fulfilling Fitzgerald's Spenglerian design. Fitzgerald describes the effects of the collapse of white male hegemony in the typical imagery of disease and death, as, "plagued by the nightingale," Dick strays into the chaos of self-indulgence, dies and is reborn as the plague itself, the "Black Death." Francisco Pardo y Cuidad Real becomes the supreme manifestation of the moral plague. Self-emasculated
by his promiscuous homosexuality, Francisco is the avatar of the post-war spiritual crisis. His characteristics reflect Dick's own demons triumphant, and his name is perhaps an indication that he may have some ironic significance for Fitzgerald personally.

His key quality, like Dick's, is his charm. Like Dick, too, his need for love has become perverted into sensuality, which, provoked by his alcoholism, leaves him with "no more self-control than a drunken woman" (244). His name, Francisco, the Latin form of Fitzgerald's own first name, establishes him as the moral nether pole of the European types, just as Dick's stuffy Nordic partner Franz represents a point of moral fixity, and bears a name which is the Germanic form of Francis. Neither is wholly admirable, yet Fitzgerald suggests that only Franz is qualified to judge Dick. But the remainder of Francisco's name provides a stronger clue to his symbolic usage. "Pardo y Cuidad Real" can be translated as "Dark and Regal (or Real) City"—Francis of the Dark and Real City, a little joke Fitzgerald has made at his own expense. As "Queen of Chili," Francisco is certainly "regal"—his courts are at King's College, Cambridge and the Hotel de Trois Mondes, Lausanne, Switzerland. He is but one of the terrible beauties who has a claim to the vacant throne of the West.

Dick's rejection of him is a rejection of his own other self, the new mask of worldly corruption which steals across
his face when he drinks.\textsuperscript{33} But his awareness of that mask does not constitute a conscious acceptance of it, for that could only result from a therapeutic introspection of which Dick is incapable.\textsuperscript{34} The more Dick denies the existence of his own "darker side" by projecting his distaste for moral transgression onto dark Others, the more his shadow side dominates his behavior.\textsuperscript{35}

Though Dick emotionally abandons Francisco's case because his more tenuous psychic state cannot tolerate association with such extreme otherness, Fitzgerald yet again validates his prejudices by having the "wickedest woman in London" denounce Dick for associating with such a "questionable crowd" (i.e., Francisco and Royal Dumphries). Lady Caroline Sibly-Biers is another of Fitzgerald's depictions of the new rulers of the modern world, as she "bears aloft the pennon of decadence, last ensign of the fading empire" (271). Like the other rulers of the new heterogeneous order, Lady Caroline bears the scars of the "plague" which she carries, despite Fitzgerald's description of her as "fragile" and "tubercular." Fitzgerald conjures the post-war horror of a "fair-haired young Scotsman" as

\textsuperscript{33} Bruccoli notes that the term "diver" was slang for "cocksucker" (\textit{Grandeur}, 341).

\textsuperscript{34} See Jung on the problems of the unanalyzed analyst in "Problems of Modern Psychotherapy" (\textit{Modern Man}, 49-54).

\textsuperscript{35} See Jung on acceptance of the shadow, \textit{Modern Man}, 34-35.
jazz musician (a member of the "Ragtime College Jazzes of Edinboro") to emphasize her perversion, having him sing Lady Caroline's self-penned theme song, "There Was a Young Lady from Hell." But the young woman, who "turn[s] dark and sinewy" when Dick makes disparaging remarks about Mary North is not doing the Eng] ... "dance of death" alone. Dick's weakened spiritual and physical state makes him incapable of holding the fort for the Old Order, the first strong evidence of this being the meeting of the Divers and their old friend of years before, Abe's widow, Mary North.

When the Diver entourage meets Mary North and her new husband, the Conte di Minghetti, at the train station, Fitzgerald stages it as a symbolic meeting of East and West, with the grandeur of Mary's group reducing the Divers' continental style to "pioneer simplicity by comparison" (259). Mary's husband Hosain provides an "Eastern" cast to her household, and his otherness makes the marriage "extraordinary" from the Divers' point of view:

"Conte di Minghetti" was merely a papal title—the wealth of Mary's husband flowed from his being ruler-owner of manganese deposits in southwestern Asia. He was not quite light enough to travel in a pullman south of Mason-Dixon; he was of the Kyble-Berber-Sabaean-Hindu strain that belts across north Africa and Asia, more sympathetic to the European than the mongrel faces of the ports. (258-59)

Fitzgerald is careful not to make the count radically Other—he's not exactly a "mongrel," though he might have
trouble in the American South. But Fitzgerald plays up Mary's pride in her new position as an absurd pretension: "[H]er voice, as she introduced her husband by his Asiatic title, flew proud and high." It is this one-upmanship of Mary, Fitzgerald hints, that provokes Dick's rudeness, beginning with his sour observation that "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." Dick patronizes the count at dinner and uses the word "spic" in his presence. But it is the resurfacing of the "plague" motif that provides the evening's low point. The count's "two very tan children by another marriage--one of them ill with some Asiatic thing they can't diagnose," (259-60) may or may not be infecting the Diver children, as Lanier accuses the sister of the count of having bathed him in the same water as the diseased child. It is unclear whether the incident actually occurred as Lanier suggests, but the rising tide of otherness in Mary's life eventually causes a rift between her and the Divers, and they part company on bad terms.

Fitzgerald uses the incident to introduce as a new aspect of Dick's personality his intolerance of otherness: "[H]e would suddenly unroll a long scroll of contempt for some person, race, class, way of life, way of thinking. It was as though an incalculable story was telling itself inside of him, about which she could only guess at in the
moments when it broke through the surface" (267). But this intolerance is not so much new as it is no longer under Dick's conscious control, breaking to the surface whenever the autonomous shadow complex takes possession of his personality. As in his earlier novels, Fitzgerald attempts to show his sophistication by having his protagonists' nervous breakdowns signalled by racist outbursts. But again, Fitzgerald's own intolerance can be measured in the ambivalence of the circumstances. Dick mistakes the count's sister for a servant, and declaring, "'She mustn't get up on western civilization at our expense,'" (262) he chastises her for her sloven Asian hygiene. Dick's mistake about the woman's status is Fitzgerald's way of suggesting the chaos of the new ruling order in which it is no longer possible to tell the masters from the servants by using the old reliable index of skin color. And he definitely leaves the impression that the termination of the Divers' friendship with Mary North is a small price to pay to ensure that the dirt of the new "restless social fields that Mary was about to conquer" would not contaminate their children.

But Dick himself has become "contaminated," for when next they see Mary North on the Riviera coast, she treats Dick "as if he were somewhat contagious" (286). His return to the Riviera beach where he once ruled in "quiet, restful extraversion toward sea and sun" (281) emphasizes his deterioration in several ways. His once exclusive community
now lies shattered by forces from within and without. Abe is dead, Rosemary and Mary have deserted Dick for dark men, and now Nicole has begun to "hate his world with its delicate jokes and politenesses," (280) to hate "the places where she had played planet to Dick's sun" (289). The swimming area, the narrator points out with obvious scorn, has become organized as a "'club,' though like the international society it represented, it would be hard to say who was not admitted" (281). This is as close as Fitzgerald comes to an admission that Dick's circle was "exclusive" in the literal sense of the word, as opposed to the new heterogeneous world order, whose Americans have lost their national/racial identity and have become "Balkan-like." Fitzgerald stages Dick's return to the beach as a personal and social catastrophe—a visible collapse of his ordered universe: "Probably it was the beach he feared, like a deposed ruler secretly visiting an old court . . . --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" (280).

The problem with such scenes is that although there may be some poignancy to the picture of Dick returning to the beachfront he had pioneered, finding it now crass and commercialized, Fitzgerald can't resist interjecting the real basis of his and Dick's despair—the "international" cast of the other bathers. In a funny scene meant to show up
Dick's physical decline, Fitzgerald has Dick symbolically illustrate his declaration that the dark Other won't "get up on western civilization at [his] expense" by his failure to lift "the white man's burden." Attempting an old aquaplane stunt, Dick fails three times to lift someone else on his shoulders, the last time falling under the weight of a Mexican who "was heavier than the first man" (284). Exhausted and embarrassed, Dick notices that the beach where he used to rule now acknowledges Mary Minghetti as its queen.

Thus in the final scenes, the pattern of the terrible racial apocalypse becomes clear. Each of the women Dick has personally protected now finds protection and romance in the arms of the dark Other. Rosemary has had her fling with Nicotera, and now includes the heavy Mexican in her entourage. Mary Minghetti, bride of the Other, step-mother of a dark-skinned brood whose feelings have counted more for her than those of the Divers' clean, white children now dwarfs the Divers on a beach where she once literally sat in their shadow. Dick's failure finally has the effect of pushing Nicole towards independence, and when Tommy Barban reenters the picture, a pattern which had begun many years before finally rounds to completion.

The pattern of dark man/light woman chronologically begins before Dick's marriage to Nicole, when coming across Nicole in the Alps, after heeding the warning of Dohmler and
Franz not to get involved with a patient, Dick finds her in the company of "a Latin with the eyes of a stuffed deer" (148) whom Nicole introduces to him as the Conte de Marmora. The detail is significant, for it provides the explanation for Dick's recanting of his pledge to stay away from Nicole. In large part, he probably fancies himself as "saving" Nicole from the Italian. This clarifies his actions in Paris, suggesting that his saving of Rosemary as opposed to protecting Nicole is an archetypal response, saving the white damsel from the dark villain. Dick has expended all of his adult energy to preserve a "tawdry souvenir" from his romantic childhood, and in the end, it avails nothing, for Nicole eventually finds her way to the dark Other, and Dick destroys himself fighting alone against the irresistible tide of social change.

Though Fitzgerald originally describes Tommy Barban as part French and part American, Tommy later proves to be the quintessence of otherness. He has had schooling in England and has "worn the uniforms of eight countries" (30). Like Conrad's Kurtz, he is a hyper-ethnic; all Europe has contributed to him. Fitzgerald characterizes this heterogeneous cultural heritage in Manichean terms. In Tommy's second appearance in the novel, Fitzgerald describes him as "a ruler, . . . a hero" (196). But in contrast to his kingly stature, his clothes are "of a cut and pattern
fantastic enough to have sauntered down Beale Street on a Sunday" (197)—i.e., he dresses like a black man.

Later, in the yacht party scene, Fitzgerald is more direct. The "Gallicism of his formal dip at [Nicole's] hand" (269) invites comparison to Jules Peterson's "travesty of a French bow," for Fitzgerald describes him in terms that make clear the derivation of his name from a root that means "foreign":

His handsome face was so dark as to have lost the pleasantness of deep tan, without attaining the blue beauty of Negroes—it was just worn leather. The foreignness of his depigmentation by unknown suns, his nourishment by strange soils, his tongue awkward with the curl of many dialects, . . . --these things fascinated and rested Nicole—in the moment of meeting she lay on his bosom, spiritually going out and out. . . .

The spiritual force which attracts Nicole to Tommy is one, which like Tommy himself, is "darker and stronger than Dick's" (294). Ultimately, Tommy takes on demonic proportions. As Nicole's lover, he is the arch-deceiver, "an earnest Satan," (294) and as a mercenary he welcomes the chaos of Dick's "broken universe." In the final scene, he and Nicole make a starkly contrasting pair—"a man and a woman, black and white and metallic against the sky..." (313). Fitzgerald deleted a scene after Nicole's liaison with Tommy which also served to emphasize his otherness in the manner of Gatsby. In this scene, the pair stop at the Riviera fortress estate of a "Monsieur Irv," a shadowy,
probably Jewish gangster acquaintance of Tommy's who, like Wolfsheim, "doesn't want to be seen." Symbolically, Fitzgerald seems to have planned to use the absurdly formal ethnic's "castellated villa" as a replacement for Dick's demolished "Chinese Wall."\(^{36}\)

Nicole is therefore able to overcome her illness by accepting as part of her psychic reality her father's crime, her unscrupulous grandfather's legacy, her suppressed, rebellious passion for Tommy, and her amoral will to survive. Fitzgerald symbolizes her acceptance of her "shadow" aspects as part of her individuality in the dark otherness of Tommy, which replaces Dick's mask of perfection as her masculine ideal. As Jung prescribes, she "must have a dark side if [she is] to be whole," (Modern Man, 35) but Dick, despite chasing the "dark little girls" who entice him towards the "life of pleasure" cannot accept the fact that he is "like the rest after all." Dick's pretense of being on the verge of finishing his important treatise is an effective symbol of his inability to face the truth about himself, and his final act as "the last hope of a decaying clan" is to rescue two "perverted" damsels in distress from the French police after they have carried the pretense of being men too far. His papal blessing of the beach is a superfluous gesture, for the sickness of the world he leaves

\(^{36}\) See a version of the episode in Notebooks, 217-219.
is not unto death, save for those like himself who continue to deny that they are indeed sick.

Jung's metaphor for the spiritual plague takes a form which also anticipates Fitzgerald's imagery: "The opening up of the unconscious always means the outbreak of intense spiritual suffering; it is as when a flourishing civilization is abandoned to invading hordes of barbarians" (Modern Man, 240). The "international" horde which shatters Dick's "Chinese Wall" are merely the lurking phantoms of Dick's nightmares who have come into possession of the world.

In Tender Is the Night, Fitzgerald portrays a world sundered by the World War and ultimately conquered by the "young peoples hungry for spoil" whom he claims Spengler had prophesied as the rulers of the post-Western era. For Spengler, the decline and fall of the West was an inevitability, a natural outcome of the longevity of the civilization created by "Faustian man." Fitzgerald, though, depicts the disintegration of that "beautiful lovely safe world" as a personal and global catastrophe, the final conflict between the forces of light and darkness. His darkness is a nightmare realm, where reality has turned upside down and inside out, where monstrosity is the norm, where to be well is to submit to the sickness of the times. Because the dark and ethnic Other is in league with chaos in
Fitzgerald's symbology, and because the American female has allied herself to this rising tide of darkness as the culmination of her amoral self-absorption, the white male hero, upholder of order and virtue, does not play a part in the newly reconstituted American identity in what is certainly Fitzgerald's bleakest assessment of the American character, more despairing even than *The Beautiful and Damned*.

Fitzgerald called *The Great Gatsby* a "tour de force," and *Tender Is the Night* a "confession of faith" (Turnbull, 241). But the apocalyptic vision of the modern world which he describes could more aptly be called a confession of lost faith.
Conclusion

What this study demonstrates is the degree to which Fitzgerald's basic vision of the American identity—a vision which changed in detail, but not in substance in the novels he wrote from 1920 to 1934—is inconsistent with the social values which have emerged in the second half of the twentieth century. The most important novels of the Fitzgerald canon exclude large segments of the American populace from American identity or else use them to symbolize the decay of that identity simply because they do not measure up to the ideals of his Manichean aesthetic. And because the institutions of American democracy encourage their claims to sharing in the American dream, Fitzgerald holds these very institutions in contempt. Incredibly, "democracy" was a term synonymous with social evil for an author whose novels are taught today as the quintessential fictional statements of the American experience.

The one image which seems most illustrative of Fitzgerald's attitude towards alterity is that of Dick Diver dragging the body of Jules Peterson out of his private suite in Tender Is the Night. Here the ineffectual Afro-European has penetrated the inner sanctum of Western culture—the bedchamber of the virginal white female symbol of purity—and has been tracked there by invisible Afro-Americans who kill him for a trifle. Yet the most well-bred product of
Western civilization can think only of keeping the black man's blood (!) from staining the icon of "innocence" of the American mass psyche, saying, "'Look here, you mustn't get upset over this--it's only some nigger scrap.'" The irony which Fitzgerald wishes us to perceive is that it is Dick's scrap too, although he is not prepared himself to accept that fact. But this point pales by comparison to the larger irony that because Fitzgerald himself could not accept the dark Other as Self, but only as the Self corrupted, neither can his hero.

It isn't that Fitzgerald did not understand how his racism and ethnocentrism limited him as a human being. At one point, he seems to have been considering an autobiographical essay entitled "My Own Race Prejudices" (Notebooks, 321). In "The Crack-Up," he includes a catalog of types whose very existence annoyed him:

Like most Middle Westerners, I have never had any but the vaguest race prejudices. . . . [I]n these latter days I couldn't stand the sight of Celts, English, Politicians, Strangers, Virginians, Negroes (light or dark), Hunting People, or retail clerks, and middlemen in general, all writers . . .- -and all the classes as classes and most of them as members of their class. . . . (Crack-Up, 73)

The inclusion of humorous categories among the actual racial designations obscures partially the intended message that in fact Fitzgerald "for a long time . . . had not liked people," as he says earlier, and that this misanthropy is
the chief symptom of his spiritual crisis. Nonetheless, he lists the names and types of those people that he does like, a much shorter list, including doctors, prepubescent girls and boys, old men, "Katherine Hepburn's face on the screen," and "Miriam Hopkins' face." By way of comparison to his homage to Hepburn, it might be interesting to note that hidden in one of Fitzgerald's "Notebooks" is this curious observation: "Loretta Young--nigger pretty" (Notebooks, 301).

"Nigger," in fact, is a consistent qualifier in the notebook entries, representing for Fitzgerald a separate order of humanity. Fitzgerald's perverse self-image from his college days--the sambo caricature--expressed his early self-doubts graphically, but he did not make a comparison between himself and any black person in print until he was in the depths of his "Crack-Up" period. At the end of "Handle with Care," he first speaks of "cutting loose" the old image of himself that he had tried unsuccessfully to live up to, "with as little compunction as a Negro lady cuts loose a rival on Saturday night" (Crack-Up, 83). He had earlier made a similar comment in the short story, "Zone of Accident," published in July of 1935, which described the emergency room of a hospital where "the dusky brand of Marylander exhibits his Saturday-night specimens of razor sculpture" (Price, 629). His invocation of this pernicious stereotype in this last of the "Crack-Up" articles
illustrates through his association with this Manichean marker the effects of a painful process of self-realization (he later describes himself also as a mean dog) which has left Fitzgerald with a largely negative self-concept.

He then makes a second, broader association between himself and blacks: "And just as the laughing stoicism which has enabled the American Negro to endure the intolerable conditions of his existence has cost him his sense of the truth--so in my case there is a price to pay" (Crack-Up, 84). In order to invest his new persona with socially accepted symbols of debasement, Fitzgerald uses comparisons between himself and black people who are casually homicidal and congenital liars. The pattern repeats exactly the manic plunge of Dick Diver, who, after finding he no longer is charming to Rosemary, pronounces himself the "Black Death." To go from imagining oneself as "an entire man in the Goethe-Byron-Shaw tradition, with an opulent American touch, a sort of combination of J. P. Morgan, Topham Beauclerk and St. Francis of Assisi," (Crack-Up, 84) to a being a black woman cutting up a rival on a Saturday night is an extreme swing in self-perception that evidences a Manichean worldview.

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1 Amazingly, John F. Callahan interprets this phrase as a compliment to Negroes, in that Fitzgerald seems to recognize the fact of their suffering. Callahan completely ignores the negative stereotype. See John F. Callahan, The Illusions of a Nation: Myth and History in the Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald (Urbana: U Illinois Press, 1972) 130-31.
One instance which establishes the primacy of this Manichean aesthetic over all other considerations is the culmination of Fitzgerald's brief fling with communism in the early thirties. In an August 17, 1934 letter to his cousin, Cecilia Taylor, Fitzgerald advises her, "it will interest you to know that I've given up politics. For two years I've gone half haywire trying to reconcile my double allegiance to the class I am part of, and the Great Change I believe in. . . . I have become disgusted with the party leadership . . . and their treatment of the Negro question finished me" (Letters, 417). Though he does not go into details here, Fitzgerald suggests that the values of his "class" (by which he certainly means race, background and economic status) take precedence over his ideals, that in a contest between his emotions and his intellect, he has opted for the old emotional ties. To work for a communist revolution is simply to replace one structure with another, more viable structure, Fitzgerald might have said; to replace old racial customs with racial equality is to replace structure with chaos.2

Fitzgerald's mentality in this period of the middle thirties graphically unfolds in Tony Buttitta's The Lost

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2 Callahan interprets the letter to mean that Fitzgerald left the Party because he objected to their exploitation of blacks to stir up public awareness. But all the evidence suggests that if Fitzgerald made a principled stand in regard to black rights, it was a stand against rather than on behalf of blacks. See Callahan, 131. See also Mellow, 419-20 and Bruccoli, Grandeur, 348.
Summer (originally published as After the Good Gay Times, 1974). Buttitta recalls Fitzgerald's contempt for notions of racial equality, his stock of racial slurs, and his displeasure in Edmund Wilson's support for the Communist Party candidates in the 1932 presidential campaign, specifically, "Ford, the black man" (Buttitta, 61). Buttitta also includes a reconstruction of a Fitzgerald tirade on the Negro rights issue as the reason for his break with the Party (Buttitta, 164). The last two chapters recount Fitzgerald's vilification of Buttitta's liberal ideas and Fitzgerald's shock upon learning that he (Fitzgerald) had unwittingly had an affair with a mulatto call girl who was passing for white (Buttitta, 160-173).

Conventional wisdom has it that Fitzgerald underwent a dramatic change in racial attitudes, but the evidence of such a change can only be seen in the works of his last year. In The Last Tycoon, his use of a Jew as his protagonist has been rightly hailed as a major development in his writing career. It matters little that Fitzgerald plays down the Jewishness of Monroe Stahr, to the extent that he describes Stahr as having "just managed to climb out of a thousand years of Jewry into the late eighteenth century," (118) as though "Jewry" were a condition that required escaping from. What matters far more than such occasional relapses into ethnocentrism are the instances
where Fitzgerald deliberately challenges anti-Semitic beliefs in the authorial voice.

Early in the first chapter, it seems that Fitzgerald's old habits are dying very hard. His use again of the name Schwartz—"Black"—for the broken Jewish movie man with the "Persian nose" and a "congenital" case of "eye shadow," (7) who stares at Stahr with "shameless, economic lechery," (6) and later commits suicide, seems to be a continuation of Fitzgerald's Manichean penchant for signalling inferiority by heavy ethnic identification. Simply put, Fitzgerald seems to divest Stahr of such sharply identifying traits because he still associates them with inferiority and moral slackness. He expresses this idea of Stahr's "specialness" through the description of Greek theater owner, Joe Popolos:

He was hostile to Jews in a vague general way that he tried to cure himself of. As a turbulent man, serving time in the Foreign Legion, he thought that Jews were too fond of their own skins. But he was willing to concede that they might be different in America under different circumstances, and certainly he found Stahr was much of a man [sic] in every way. (46)

As though he were also trying to cure himself of his vague hostility towards Jews, Fitzgerald also takes other opportunities to address stereotypes. For example, although he shows Stahr as being willing to lose money on a quality film, Fitzgerald generously extends the director Broaca's appreciation of Stahr to include Jews in general: "He had worked with Jews too long to believe legends that they were
small with money" (42). Later the narrator observes that, "they were not wizards or even experts in [financial calculation], despite the popular conception of Jews in finance," (45) and at the end of the chapter, he shows Stahr discussing a spy story with anti-Japanese sentiments with a Japanese consul to diffuse a possible international incident.

His depiction of the black beachcomber is another case in point. As in the 1940 short story "Dearly Beloved," in which he portrays a Negro porter as a golfer and a reader of Plato and pamphlets from the Rosicrucians, Fitzgerald casts the black character against type. The beachcomber reads Emerson and Rosicrucian literature, and believes that there is "no profit" in watching movies. From this point on, he becomes Stahr's artistic conscience— that is, Stahr absorbs his values into himself, as the black man becomes the final arbiter of what is and is not art:

He was prejudiced and wrong, and he must be shown somehow, some way. A picture, many pictures, a decade of pictures must be made to show him he was wrong. Since he had spoken, Stahr had thrown four pictures out of his plans. ... They were borderline pictures in point of interest, but at least he submitted the borderline pictures to the negro and found them trash. And he put back on his list a difficult picture that he had tossed to the wolves. ... He rescued it for the negro man. (95)

Not only does Fitzgerald make the man an anti-type, but he uses Kathleen to dispense with the notion that blacks
should be referred to as "Sambo." But Fitzgerald almost squanders it all by having Stahr mention illogically, "They have pictures of their own," as though the man's appreciation of movies were a function of a racial aesthetic. If there were some subtle difference between movies aimed at black audiences and movies for whites which was crucial to the beachcomber's perceptions, it would make no sense to have Stahr submit his own pictures to the internalized black man for approval. That said, the fact that a black character could be incorporated into the consciousness of a Fitzgerald hero, Jew though he may be, and be so employed in a wholly positive light is a real advance in Fitzgerald's perception of race.

Fitzgerald's decision to debunk racial and ethnic stereotypes rather than resort to his previous racialist cracks and witticisms may be related to his sense of his audience. In a September 29, 1939 letter to Kenneth Littauer, in which he describes the project in detail, Fitzgerald admits to an admiration of Irving Thalberg, the deceased movie producer upon whom he modelled Stahr, even though he and Thalberg had creative differences. Still Thalberg was heroic to Fitzgerald—"built on the grand scale" (Correspondence, 549)—and he adds, perhaps somewhat coyly, "That it happens to coincide with a period in which the American Jews are somewhat uncertain in their morale, is for me merely a fortuitous coincidence. The racial angle
shall scarcely be touched on at all." The letter reveals that Fitzgerald, after having spent a number of years in Hollywood, had gotten used to the notion of writing with approval hinging on the acceptance of a largely Jewish audience of film executives. His typist, a Jewish girl named Frances Kroll (Ring), also served as reader/reactor to the unfinished manuscript, and her opinions became important to the shaping of characters and the plot. His development of the beachcomber, in fact, may have been a result of the input of Kroll and Sheilah Graham.³

But Fitzgerald's understanding that his audience was broader sociologically than the aesthetes and intellectuals with whom he had been educated and had developed his craft among, or even the middlebrow audience for his Saturday Evening Post fiction may have come earlier, when in July of 1934 he received a letter from a reader named Earl W. Wilkins criticizing his use of the term "bucks" in the story "No Flowers": "Must all male Negroes in your books and stories be called 'bucks'?"⁴ Wilkins goes on to point out that Sinclair Lewis had used positive black images in his works and had won the Nobel Prize, and he questions whether Fitzgerald's limited contact with blacks in his formative period did not have an adverse effect upon his perceptions


⁴ Earl W. Wilkins to Fitzgerald, July, 13, 1934; PUL.
of blacks. The knowledge that he had an aware and intelligent audience of black readers may have been enough to make Fitzgerald more circumspect in his racial typing, if not in his perception of blacks generally.

But Fitzgerald's old habits had a way of flaring up on occasion, even to the very end of his life. In a June 20, 1940 letter to his daughter, he refers to the second Joe Louis/Arturo Godoy fight flippantly as one that "will prove Black Supremacy or Red Indian Supremacy or South American Inca Supremacy or something" (Letters, 83). And in another letter to her dated October 19, 1940, he consoled his daughter for the decision by her college (Vassar) not to show Griffith's Birth of a Nation, saying that it was tied to the admissions policy of the school: "Not more than five negro or mullato [sic] girls can be admitted to Vassar in any given year. This was modified . . . to admit 8 quadroons or 16 octoroons. Can you wonder they're sensitive? The new ruling admits 64 macaroons" (Correspondence, 610).

Fitzgerald's notes also include the following observation on Richard Wright's sensational 1940 novel, Native Son, indicating again that Fitzgerald linked black membership in the Communist Party to racial anarchy: "Native Son--a well written penny dreadful with the apparent moral that it is good thing for the cause when a feeble minded negro runs amuck" (Notebooks, 324).
Fitzgerald's Jewish secretary Frances Kroll Ring also reveals that despite a genuine interest in Jewish life, Fitzgerald would revert to form on occasion:

... [W]hen he was in a devilishly alcoholic state, he was quick to tell me that Sheilah [Graham] was "part" Jewish, that Jean, the nurse, was "part" Indian, as if it were some secret that would bring me over to his side against them. He knew that I was Jewish, but I was his secretary and confidante and had given him no cause for name-calling. Later in the year, he made a big to-do about giving me time off to observe Yom Kippur. He wrote to Scottie that I was going to atone for his sins.5

It may be that Fitzgerald, in light of the changing times, had simply learned to suppress his feelings, until alcohol released his inhibitions. In that case, it is admirable that he allowed only the mature Fitzgerald to speak on public occasions.

Each generation of writers experiences a degree of anxiety about its present and the trends which portend future problems. The more emotional spokespersons of each age predict the immanence of the apocalypse and long to flee to the innocence of their youth. Other writers are able to distance themselves from the urgent issues of their age, to transcend their personal experiences and those of their contemporaries to achieve a balanced presentation that looks

5 Frances Kroll Ring, Against the Current: As I Remember F. Scott Fitzgerald. (San Francisco: Donald S. Ellis, 1985) 49.
beyond the historical moment rather than interpret all history through the narrow focus of the present. By this criterion, only *The Last Tycoon*, Fitzgerald's unfinished novel, shows the detachment of transcendent art. Because his major novels express concepts of Americanism conditioned by the pessimism of the post-war generation and its prevailing attitudes towards race and gender, Fitzgerald's best works can most objectively be described as great novels that capture the mood of their time, but not the timeless ideals of the American ethos.

Though he may have publicly changed his inscriptions of race and ethnicity in his final years, Fitzgerald's reputation rests largely on his two major novels, *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night*. The narrowness of his vision of America in these, his important works, cannot be mitigated by whatever changes of heart may have experienced later. His quest for personal distinction had made him antagonistic to the notion of a pluralistic American experience in his heyday, and this bitter, fruitless flight from association with classes, races and ethnic groups which were excluded from the elite circle he hoped to join undoubtedly cost him his sense of truth about America.
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Felipe Smith was born on May 17, 1951, in New Orleans, Louisiana, the seventh child of Mr. Felipe Smith Lazo, Sr. and Mrs. Bernice Hendricks Smith Lazo. He attended St. Augustine High School in New Orleans, graduating in 1969. He received a B.A. degree in Education from University of New Orleans (formerly Louisiana State University in New Orleans) in 1973. He received a M.A. degree in English from University of New Orleans in 1978. He has taught in New Orleans at Marion Abramson High School, at University of New Orleans and at Tulane University. He has also taught at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. In 1973, he married the former Roslyn Marie Johnson. The couple currently reside in New Orleans with their two children, Gian and Saia.
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