CHAPTER IV
TENDER IS THE NIGHT

Fitzgerald's nine years of silence after The Great Gatsby was broken by the publication of Tender is the Night. He who had gained technical perfection with The Great Gatsby seemed to while away his energy by compromising himself with pot-boilers and moving around the continent to gather, so to say, his broken self. The strain involved in looking after Zelda who had frequent attacks of nervous breakdown, the constant pressure on his dwindling purse, had telling effect on his professional life. He could focus the inner eye on his own immediate past and visualize what perhaps could be his own fate if he continued to lead the life of a delinquent, reflecting the ubiquitous moral decline of the generation wedded to the idle grace and mobility of an aristocratic tradition with all its consequent amorality and ruthlessness. It is in terms of this personal suffering that Tender is the Night has to be studied. As Frederick J. Hoffman has put it, Tender is the Night is a pathetic tale, a document of his own declining morale, his own suffering, above all his terrible fright over the spectacle of his descent.
Psychiatry was a part of his experience at that time; it became a part of his explanation of the world of 1920s as he came then to see it.¹

It was after 1932 that Fitzgerald initially became conscious of his failing powers and a general emotional exhaustion which he later likened to over-drawing from a bank. He could not go beyond the emotional bankruptcy to explain the depletion of vitality, which he later called "the crack-up." In this regard two people seemed to have had a great impact on Fitzgerald's emotions. The Fitzgeralds sojourned to France during their European tour where Zelda passionately got involved in a love affair with a "classically handsome" French aviator Zosanne. Though the marriage remained in tact, the emotional impact of this event on Fitzgerald could not be erased. He made use of the incident in The Great Gatsby and yet again in the show-down incident in Tender is the Night where the husband abjured his wife, to reflect Fitzgerald's emotional response to his wife's reckless adventure. Fictionally recreating the incident, Fitzgerald made Dick say:

Don't worry--I agree in principle, and Nicole and I understand each other. There's less chance of unpleasantness if we avoid a three-cornered discussion.²

Fitzgerald imagined in retrospect that he should have been as pleasant in recognising the intrinsic value of avoiding
the showdown, since in fact, it never occurred.

Fitzgerald referred to his father always with the utmost reverence and affection the physically weak and financially ineffectual man. As he exposed his mother's vanity and dominance in *This Side of Paradise* through Beatrice Blaine, Fitzgerald recurrently referred to his father as a gentleman—a Midwestern gentleman, with an innate sense of human values, good instincts and fundamental decencies instilling into the younger generation.

Fitzgerald was aware of the importance attached to "charm" and "good manners" as evidence of success and social prestige during the 1920's. He had been "searching for some way of dramatizing his convictions about the tragic consequences of this excessive over-valuation of charm." Early in his life, like Dick, Fitzgerald imbibed those decencies from his father. His father symbolized the gracious but vanishing civilization.

What Dick Diver said of his father, in effect, was what Fitzgerald himself felt in regard to his father:

'Dick loved his father—again and again he referred judgements to what his father would probably have thought or done... He was of tired stock yet he raised himself to the effort.'

Fitzgerald was thus made very early aware of the changing values in American society, which he made use of in his novel. The rich and graceful life of the Divers was based on Fitzgerald's own experience as much as his minute observation of the Murphys. As mentioned in one of his letters to Sara,
It takes half a dozen people to make a synthesis strong enough to create a fiction character — in that theory, or rather in despite of it, I used you again and again in Tender: 'Her face was hard and lovely and pitiful.'

The Murphys represented the romantic aspect of the affluent class—always looking graceful, mobile and organizing pleasant parties to the American expatriates in France. Fitzgerald's genuine appreciation for the Murphys flowed into the evolution of Dick's parties:

the two Divers began suddenly to warm and glow and expand, as if to make up to their guests, already so subtly assured of their importance, so flattered with politeness, for anything they might still miss from that country well left behind. 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 up toward them were like the faces of poor children at a Christmas tree.

Fitzgerald obviously loved the easeful grace of the aristocrats and strove to capture that glamour in his fiction:

Dick's parties were all concerned with excitement, and a chance breath of fresh night air was the more precious for being experienced in the intervals of the excitement.

Like all Fitzgerald heroes, Richard Diver was born to poor Midwestern parents. Dick must have worried about the collection on the charity plate at the end of his father's
oration. Dick, watching his father's struggles in poor parishes "had wedded a desire for money to an essentially unaquisitive nature" while soaring high in his imagination into a world of romance, love, eternal youth and intelligence. Richard Diver had been an incurable romantic with the accompanying illusion of perennial youthful charm and happiness,

strength and health, and of the essential goodness of people—they were the illusions of a nation. The lies of generations of frontier mothers who had to croon falsely that there were no wolves outside the cabin door.9

He was twenty six, precious youthful to be shot off even during wartime. Dick was almost an encyclopaedia of medical knowledge that he burned for oil

text books that he had accumulated; but only, as he laid each one on the fire, with an assurance chuckling inside him that he was himself a digest of what was within the book, that he could brief it five years from now, if it deserved to be briefed. This went on at an odd hour, . . . with the fine quiet of the scholar which is nearest of all things to heavenly peace.10

Baby Warren too was conscious of Dick's intellectualism though she could not understand how he suited her idea of an aristocrat. Dr. Dohmier who ran a clinic for the nervous breakdown, and his assistant Dr. Frans recognize Diver's intellectual abilities when they consulted and sought his
opinion on matters concerning the prognosis for the mental
patients under their supervision. Dick attained immense
popularity in the medical profession as an authority on
neurosis and psychosis. When he really wished to go on
leave of absence from the clinic, Dick decided to stay
away from the Berlin Psychiatric Congress for the simple
reason that the participants were not worth investing his
time upon.

Dick was magnetically attractive as Nicole had confessed
before her fateful marriage:

You don't think I've got any common
sense—before I was sick I didn't have any,
but I have now. And if I don't know you're
the most attractive man I ever met you must
think I'm still crazy.11

Nicole pleaded for a chance to love and Dick's reluctance
had waned with the taste of her young lips. Returning to
his hotel after the emotional entanglement with Nicole,
Dick romantically ruminated, "remembering rain like tears
shed for him that lay upon her softly shining porcelain
cheeks."12 The young Diver with his love for Nicole had
unconsciously become an adventurer in the tradition of the
Dream. He protested that though:

'Nicole's rich, but that doesn't make me an
adventurer.' 'That's just it,' complained
baby stubbornly. 'Nicole is rich.'13
Dick's claim that he liked to marry Nicole for love and not for her fortune, was discounted by the pragmatic Baby as she preferred to buy a doctor to take care of Nicole; for they were an American ducal family without a title—the very name written in a hotel register, signed to an introduction, used in a difficult situation, caused a psychological metamorphosis in people, and in return this change had crystallized her own sense of position.14

Dick's social standing by contrast, looked obscure. Fitzgerald brought into play the disparities in the moorings of Nicole and Dick as reflected in the American social organization that prevailed right from the earliest settlements. An element of poverty savoured with egotism and a puritanic self-righteousness, often enhanced the chances of prosperity among the eligible young men in the American context. Dick Diver thus, was to reflect and share the traits of a band of American adolescent heroes, who launched themselves adventurously into an alien habitat, questing for the Golden Fleece. It was perhaps by coincidence that the protagonist of Tender is the Night was named Richard Diver, echoing the American historical progenitor "Poor Richard"—who had assumed a mythical significance in the American consciousness.

The hunt for the mythical Golden Fleece was contemporized
in *Tender is the Night* by Dick's decision to wrest from the world what had been denied by birth into a poor family—affluence and the accompanying glamorous life. In a sense Dick's amour for Nicole conditions the marriage. Dr. Franz who could not control his amazement, burst out in protest:

'What!' And devote half your life to being doctor and nurse and all—never! I know what these cases are. One time in twenty it's finished in the first push—better never see her again.'15

As a doctor who knew and guided the course of her cure, Dick could agree professionally with Franz's speculation, and still, he proceeded with his plan to marry Nicole, perhaps with the instinct of building out "some broken side till it was better than the original structure."16 The original structure perhaps, was the young and happy innocent girl Nicole till she was rattled by the unusual experience of incest. Figuratively she was the broken wall, a mental invalid who had to be put under the care of expert psychiatrists for recovery. Dick was aware of the origin of her disease, her qualms and her progress in medical terms. He was also aware that Nicole had not entirely become free from schizophrenia and that she might discard him and his most pious love, once she was cured. His surprising decision to marry the mentally unwell Nicole had to be understood in terms of the streak of romanticism
in Dick which surfaced as his instinct.

Dick assumed to himself the role of a romantic hero, a knight-errant, set out on an adventure to discover and rescue a damsel in distress. The damsel was identified in Nicole, her distress was to be alleviated with his knowledge of psychiatry. His posture as a saviour to restore the lost girl to the world, as a lover to marry the golden-girl, to recreate what had been ruined, strangely revealed a streak of schizophrenia in Dick himself. It would be beyond reason, otherwise, to understand how Dick revelled in the idea of marrying a mental patient—an instinct to "build out some broken side till it was better than the original structure."

Dick appeared sure of himself, confident of his abilities and conscious of his superiority over others who had gathered around him. Dick had attained the semblance of unification of his self. He resembled an oven, ready to impart warmth, losing an equal amount of caloric energy from himself in the process. This virtue is likened to caloric heat which gets exhausted because of over exposition.

Richard Diver thus, had initially all the attributes of a personality who had a unified self. As the novel proceeded, Fitzgerald revealed the process of Dick's crack-up—the crack up of the apparently unified personality.
Every one who chanced into Dick's company would feel the exquisite consideration he had for them in anticipation of their unique destinies:

Save among a few of the tough-minded and perennally suspicious, he had the power of arousing a fascinating and uncritical love. The reaction came when he realized the waste and extravagance involved. He sometimes looked back with awe at the carnivals of affection he had given, as a general might gaze upon a massacre he had ordered to satisfy an impersonal blood lust. 17

It was this warmth of affection that Dick showered indiscriminately on all, which had the ungainly consequences on his self.

Dick Silver's decision was accompanied by the ingenuous intention of keeping Nicole's money out of consideration for their maintenance. Nicole too explicitly informed her sister Baby Warren and the lawyer, before signing the estate papers:

I wanted you and sister to settle this, because it doesn't matter to us how much I'm allowed. We're going to live quietly in Zurich for two years and Dick has enough to take care of us. No, Baby, I'm more practical than you think—it's only for clothes and things I'll need it... Why, that's more than—can the estate really afford to give me all that? I know I'll never manage to spend it. Do you have that much? Why do you have more is it because I'm supposed to be incompetent? All right, let my share pile up then... No, Dick refuses to have anything whatever to do with
it. I'll have to feel bloated for us both... Baby, you have no more idea of what Dick is like than, that--Now where do I sign?

Dick had the self-respect and the corresponding intelligence and professional skill to earn sufficient money to maintain himself and his wife at a reasonably high social level. But unwittingly Dick fell into two traps simultaneously--biological and fiscal.

Dick eventually spent more and more time with Nicole at home or escorting her to social functions than concentrating on his medical profession. In the absence of constant observation, Dick's knowledge of psychological disorders remained too theoretical to gain him medical insight and money. Dick willy-nilly had to accept the Warren money in spite of his essentially unacquisitive nature, for the healthy necessity for security, Dick "somehow permitted his arsenal to be locked up in the Warren safety-deposit vaults." Though the Warren money did not deprive Dick completely of his fundamental honesty, professional and personal vitality, it did help to profane and pollute his self.

II

Dick Diver was the cynosure of masculine charm for a large group of American expatriates who populated the
Riviera: they could solace and draw the sap of life from Diver's company. Riviera was a beach planned and prepared by Dick for their summer stay. In a sense, Dick blessed the beach with life, bringing "high excitement, not from the necessity of stimulating jaded nerves, but with the avidity of prize-winning school-children who deserved their vacations." 20

Dick was full of vitality when he decided upon marrying the sick Nicole and also when Rosemary encountered him on the French Riviera. His creative vitality drew various characters around him, for he was capable of arranging their disorganised lives and transmitting a sense of adequacy into their lives. For instance, Tommy Barban made a confession when Rosemary enquired if he was going home:

'Home? I have no home, I am going to a war.'
'What war,'
'What war? Any war. I haven't seen a paper lately but I suppose there's a war--there always is.'
'Don't you care what you fight for?'
'Not at all--so long as I'm well treated. When I'm in a rut I come to see the Divers, because then I know that in a few weeks I'll want to go to war.' 21

In fact the group that surrounded Dick anticipated the loss of his self which is a recurring problem for the creative artist. As Wylie Sypher says:

The 19th century romantic ideal of self freedom has plunged into the searching
problem of authenticity— in what sense we have an existence that is really 'Ours?' authentic self capable of being identified and sustained amid the average, the collective mediocrity. Thus the question of authenticity is the question of identity, to what extent we are 'engaged' in ourselves?

The assembly of assorted characters around Dick Diver was a compliment to the latter's creative ability and vigour which, in turn, certified the authenticity of Dick's self. The minor characters that impinge on the protagonist like Tommy Barban, Rosemary, the Norths and Franz, acknowledged Dick's superiority, regaling in his authority and creativity without, however, bothering about the other's sustenance. Dick had to marshal all his ingenuity to keep the ravenous followers well-fed by devising entertainment. By preserving the pretentious posture of an "authentic character," Dick gradually forsook replenishment to the requirements of his own self: he could not "engage" himself to seek his own identity.

Rosemary could easily guess that Tommy was in love with Nicole's beauty and that Diver's happiness always made him sick at heart. His periodic visits to the Divers would clear his mind from the rut and send him afresh to the battle field. Abe North was an alcoholic and MeKisco was a feeble man before his demanding wife, who encouraged him to become a novelist for making money. Rosemary was an adolescent blooming into the freshness of youth and beauty.
She instinctively fell in love with Dick during her first encounter on the beach, because he looked:

all complete there. Silently she admired him. His complexion was reddish and weather-burned, so was his short hair—a light growth of it rolled down his arms and hands. His eyes were of a bright, hard blue. His nose was somewhat pointed and there was never any doubt at whom he was looking or talking—and this is a flattering attention, for whom looks at us?—glances fall upon us, curious or uninterested, nothing more. His voice, with some faint Irish melody running through it, wooed the world, yet she felt the layer of hardness in him, of self-control and of self-discipline, her own virtues. Oh, she chose him, and Nicole lifting her head saw her choose him, heard the little sigh at the fact that he was already possessed. 23

Rosemary had fallen in love with him, the first thing she did on the Riviera. The fact of his being married did not deter Rosemary from loving Dick—he was so handsome and magnetic that:

he seemed kind and charming—his voice promised that he would take care of her, and that a little later he would open up whole new worlds for her, unroll an endless succession of magnificent possibilities. 24

Dick’s thoughtful and deliberate remark that she was the only girl he had seen “for a long time that actually did look like something blooming,” did more to fascinate the innocent Rosemary, than anything else. Rosemary had been a romantic whose career as an actress did not often open many satisfactory opportunities to realize her
propensity. She had been the mummy's girl always, almost the reverse of the "Daddy's girl" which brought her to the lime light in the movie world. Rosemary was permitted by her mother Mrs. Speers to "go ahead" with her affair, for its educative value and sedative effect.

Though not fully prepared to forego his hold on Rosemary, Dick had been fathoming her emotions with the trick of politeness. Dick had been impressed by the innocence of Rosemary and her naive appearance that he had almost acquired a paternal attitude, thus by transference accepting the role of her dead father and substituting the Daddy of her famous film. Significantly enough, Rosemary remembered that her father too was a doctor of medicine, which completed his identification. Even while kissing her, Dick exclaims gravely: "such a lovely child:"

 Returning from a party where Rosemary happened to gulp down champagne, incidentally the first day after her eighteenth birth day,

Suddenly she came toward him, her youth vanishing as she passed inside the focus of his eyes and he had kissed her breathlessly as if she were any age at all. Then she lay back against his arm and sighed.23

Rosemary certainly succeeded in capturing Dick's interest. While kissing her, he could grasp the absence of emotion in her eyes and on her mouth excepting a breath of champagne.
And he was

chilled by the innocence of her kiss, by
the glance that at the moment of contact
looked beyond him out into the darkness of
the night, the darkness of the world. She
did not know yet that splendour is some-
thing in the heart; at the moment when she
realized that and melted into the passion of
the universe he could take her without
question or regret.26

The passion of Rosemary, however, looked to the psychiatrist
in Dick as her father-fixation with all its vicious
sentimentality. A part of Diver's self went into the
making of Rosemary, unconsciously assuming her father-
figure. The moments of flirtation with Rosemary remained
open for his own reproval, wondering how a girl happened
to rouse interest and cause disturbance in a middle aged
man. His infatuation for Rosemary "is not the best thing
that could happen" as he estimated.

Dick's charm and ability to create an atmosphere of
pleasantness, to extricate friends out of difficult
situations and self-assurance in bearing himself, left an
indelible impression on Rosemary. She became a votary of
Dick Diver, which, of course, never escaped Nicole's
observation, sub-consciously arousing her jealousy. Nicole
was aware also that Rosemary was too young to hold Dick's
attention. At the age of thirty four when he was first
acquainted with Rosemary, he had already acquired the
respectability of a middle-aged gentleman. With his first
confrontation, he knew Rosemary had passion in her, an incarnation of innocence but was not willing to hurt Nicole. Rosemary proceeded with the assumption that the love between Dick and Nicole must have cooled off, since they have so much time to spare for others, their relation nearing her own attachment with her mother. She expected Dick to break away from the wedlock and take her. "There was pleasingness about him that simply had to be used--those who possessed that pleasingness had to keep their hands in, and go along attaching people that they had no use to make of." Rosemary disturbed Dick so much that he became evasive while talking about her to Nicole. He suspected that Nicole must have guessed about his emotions. He ultimately declared his love for Rosemary, and by calling it "a kind of self-indulgence."

Dick's emotional involvement with Rosemary assumed a moral and psychological proportion equating him with the father-figure, of Nicole's incestuous father. He had been aware of Rosemary as a child--the Daddy's girl of her screen life and, mother's ward in real life.

Rosemary welcomed union with Dick, just as Nicole passively accepted and consoled her incestuous father "after it is over." This complicated association--the dual role enacted by Dick was bound to crack him; whereas he expected the attachment with young Rosemary would bring him
emotional tranquility and an exuberance of passing youth. As he became aware of the ticking moments, more and more did he yearn for Rosemary's youth, to rejuvenate himself. He reached a point to realize that there was no submergence of souls between them; that Rosemary really loved Nicotera who proposed to marry her—"youth called to youth" as he understood. Dick discovered himself in a wilderness of losing youth and also losing love and realized that he was a sinner, his moral superiority lost; he wanted to make a confession:

'I want to make a speech,' Dick cried, 'I want to explain to these people how I raped a five-year-old girl. May be I did—'28

What Dick wanted to explain to the Italians after they physically scourged him was, his sense of guilt, a sense of lost moral superiority and a feeling of lost vitality. With a sense of urgency he intended making a confessionary speech before strangers who neither knew him nor understood his language. His assumption of moral turpitude had equated him with Mr. Warren who raped his own daughter; Dick had become a foil to the other's incestuous actions. Whereas Warren tried to conceal his incest, Dick vicariously accepted the guilt of raping a child, imaginatively repeating the incident in Nicole's history. His consciousness was released by the momentary passion for Rosemary, who became the raped girl in Dick's imagination.
Rosemary was the beneficiary from her association with Dick—she gained vitality as much as he lost it. Rosemary achieved respectability, settled into a pragmatic marriage and organized her own life—the qualities she loved in Dick. She functioned like a catalytic agent in speedily exhuming the best from Dick, without however, refurbishing the created vacuum in his personality.

III

Franz Gregorovius was a resident psychologist at the clinic meant for the very rich in Zurich on the Zurichsee, Dick describes him thus: "In personality he was proud, fiery and sheeplike—he fancied himself as a hypnotist. Though the original genius of the family had grown a little tired, Franz would without doubt become a fine clinician."29 At Bohlmer's plant, Nicole's case fell to Franz's lot—and he flaunted his pride for her recovery, with of course Dr. Diver's accidental interest in the case. He was courteous and good natured enough to invite Dick for dinner which incidentally revealed the type of domestic life lived by Franz and his wife, in a cramped space without grace and adventure.

Fitzgerald introduced Franz and his wife Kaethe as parallels to Dick and Nicole, into the structure of the novel, incidentally brought to live as neighbours at the clinic, to
juxtapose and contrast both the couples. Fitzgerald subtly suggested that Franz and his wife were a happier lot in spite of the drab living atmosphere and commonness of existence in contrast with Dick and Nicole who lived glamorously, occupying palatial accommodation and displaying graceful appearance. Franz and Kaethe had the feeling of one-ness between them whereas Dick and Nicole behaved abnormally either doting heavily on each other for emotional fulfilment or discovering new partners beyond the marital morals.

Franz followed his father's profession with no perceptible advancement in intellect excepting a steady materialistic outlook. By around forty, in his healthy maturity, reposed pleasant official manners and from a "sense of stuffy security," he despised and re-educated the broken rich. Franz had gone with an excellent plan to convince Dick that they should both run a clinic, one as an executive partner and the other as theoretician-consultant, for their mutual good and benefit. His love for material prosperity was subtly concealed when he explained Dick that:

It would not bind you too tight—it would give you a base, a laboratory, a centre. You could stay in residence say no more than half the year, when the weather is fine. In winter you could go to France or America and write your texts fresh from clinical experience.30

As a psychologist, Franz knew well that Dick had a weakness for easy life which he effortlessly exploited. He successfully
cajoled Dick into the joint venture which in turn assured the latter of some practical knowledge about the mental invalids. The proposal had Baby’s sanction for, it would provide security to Nicole to live beside a clinic and she could reasonably feel quite safe about her sister. Dick realized too, that the life lived by them, moving around at an unusually fast tempo would have adverse effect on Nicole:

"We’re beginning to turn in a circle," he admitted.
"Living on this scale, there’s an unavoidable series of strains, and Nicole doesn’t survive them. The pastoral quality down on the summer Riviera is all changing anyhow---"31

Dick had an implicit faith in Franz as an honest man with whom it would be possible to run the clinic on a commercial basis. To a certain extent he was tempted by the material benefits extracted from the affluence of the aristocrats suffering nervous break-down, bidding good-bye to "fresh faces, cold sweet flowers, flakes in the darkness."32

Dick and Nicole improved on the appearance of the clinic by adding an aesthetic dimension to the sinister-looking building, almost shaping it as a country club. Nicole worked with imagination and designed the buildings with the skill of a master plumber. Dick was familiar and friendly with the in-mates, evoking subtle but distorted responses from the patients, not unfamiliar for his non-professional
associations. Inspite of this romantic facade the emotional relationship continued to be tense between them.

Nicole implicitly believed in the accusation of a middle-aged female patient that Dick had designs on her fifteen year old pretty daughter, who remained with her at the clinic during her crisis. In spite of Dick's denial, Nicole continued to have her delusions to knock out Dick's patience, and had to plan for going on leave of absence for a month, leaving the responsibility of Nicole's well-being and the clinic in Franz's charge.

The petty episodes of unpleasantness between the rich Nicole and the toiling house-wife Kaethe, unfortunately assumed greater dimensions as Kaethe slowly but surely insinuated the idea into her husband's consciousness that Dick was no more a serious man, that he had been about of debauchery and that frivolity did not do any good to the clinic. The man and wife exchanged their views like debaters. After a period of long vigilence and careful observation, Franz could find an opportunity to drive his first wedge, discussing the case of a dead female patient. The actual break between them came when a young patient admitted for alcoholism was taken away by his parents. Hardened with ignorance and money, the senior Morris unhastitatingly accused Dick of alcoholic breath before driving away. Dick realized that doctors should not smell
of liquor and immediately planned to reduce his consumption to a half, though he believed the boy was taken away for incoherent reasons.

Both Franz and Dick felt disgusted over the situation and both agreed that they must part. Franz figured out the possibility of Nicole's money to be withdrawn entirely from the project within a year. "Not without desperation he had long felt the ethics of his profession dissolving into a lifeless mass." That Dick wanted to be an excellent psychiatrist, attending to the needs of the broken, helping his colleagues in the profession, had not availed him. The less eminent and lesser intellectual, a general practitioner Franz had acquired professional grit from Dick during their period of collaboration and now Franz has no necessity of doting on Dick anymore—he can be simply turned out. The theoretical psychologist in Dick had gone out of him into Franz who could never dream of equalling the other's brilliance: "Of all the men who have recently taken their degrees in neuropathology in Zurich, Dick has been regarded as the most brilliant—more brilliant than I could ever be," as Franz testified. Dick's withdrawal from the clinic was necessitated not so much by differences of opinion or alcoholism as by Franz's ability to assert himself—a gain from his association with Dick. Doctor Diver no more remained an expert in demand but degenerated
into a general, helpless practitioner and an unassertive human being.

McKisco and the "shabby-eyed, pretty young woman with a disheartening intensity" night Violet were also members of the amorphous entourage of the Divers. McKisco did not know how to breathe while swimming—figuratively, had no knowledge of living properly in this world. The wide-mouthed Violet claimed her husband a literary genius, for he had written the first criticism of *Ulysses*, perhaps of no consequence, and was on way to completing his first novel too, on the same idea or that of *Ulysses*, picking up a decayed French aristocrat and contrasting him with the mechanical age. Mr. McKisco was a bundle of nerves in anticipation of a well-deserved success of his novel. Obviously McKisco ordered the world around his wife and dominated over her. He was aware of ideas; his contacts with princely American families impressed on him their snobbery, delight in ignorance and deliberate rudeness, which formed the core of his understanding humanity.

When Dick chanced to meet the Albert McKisco on the liner after his father's death, McKisco was considered the most precious cargo on the steamer. . . .

McKisco was having a vogue. His novels were pastiches of the work of the best people of his time, a feat not to be disparaged, and in addition he possessed a gift for softening and debasing what he borrowed, so that many
readers were charmed by the ease with which they could follow him. Success had improved him and humbled him. He was no fool about his capacities—he realized that he possessed more vitality than many men of superior talent, and he was resolved to enjoy the success he had earned. . . . Fine dives have been made from flimsier spring-boards.36

The rude jolt of duelling with Tommy Barban, providentially escaping death in the process, instilled confidence in McKisco. He shed his annoying sense of inferiority and talked on a wide range of subjects; and Violet "belonged" at last, along with the many millions and talked naively of many discoveries she could have learnt from her mother in childhood. It pleased Dick to see them happy and prosperous, as he would have wished his own success as a writer.

Dick also had the symptoms of an engaging writer though in the medical line and had already achieved fame for his publications. Dick would not publish anything without ensuring himself that the subject is certainly new and the delineation novel. McKisco was never troubled by such scruples—his genius lay in patching and submitting himself to the public taste. McKisco's metamorphosis emanated from his association with Dick Diver; and Dick's genius, though in a distorted form, seemed to have subtly got transferred to McKisco, leaving the former sterile as a writer.
Abe North and his spouse Mary, joined the Divers on the Riviera; swimming and pleasantly whiling away their time. Abe was a musician, "who, after a brilliant and precocious start had composed nothing for seven years." He had the usual cloak of shyness, perhaps from his recent failure in life and a "desperate humour." He insisted that he had a moral code, while Mary was the epitome of pleasantness with the white mirrors of teeth. Accompanying McKisco for a duel with Tommy Farban, Abe North was very considerate for the frail man as much as he derived an impish humour out of the awkward incident and from McKisco's discomfiture. Abe was given to excessive consumption of liquor, irritatively stopping at many places to have a fill. Mary remained so quiet that her mind was never revealed but for her jauntiness and frequent peals of laughter, camouflaging her sense of melancholy over the course of life that she and her husband followed or rather failed to follow. She mused and wished:

"He'll be writing music in America and I'll be working at singing in Munich, so when we get together again there'll be nothing we can't do."

Abe had lost now his poise to compose music mysteriously and Mary had no opportunity to swing at it--thus practically both of them leading inept lives. He promised Dick that he would launch himself afresh on to a life of concerted
activity and complete a new score on Broadway before the other would complete his scientific treatise. Mary desperately hung to an optimism with "an air of luck clung about her" that her husband would change sometime, for she was unable to guide him away from alcoholism. Dick's influence exerted itself on Abe as he announced his intention to return to America for work. It had been a tremendous infusion of confidence into a man of Abe's situation—a man of past achievement, now fragmentary, who had "once a will to live, now become a will to die."39 precipitating in his hesitation. When he was supposed to have been off to America, to every one's dismay, he lingered on and entangled himself with a friendly Negro who helped in wrongly identifying a thief, and dragged Dick and Rosemary into an awkward situation as Peterson was lynched and his corpse thrown on Rosemary's bed. Dick managed to clear their hands off the incident tactfully. Ironically, Dick had plunged himself into a similar situation in Italy when he wrangled with a chauffeur in an intoxicated state and attacked a plainclothes detective. He who could "clear the mess" for others with his ingenuity, had to beseech Baby Warren to rescue him from the predicament.

Dick seemed to radiate his abilities into others and reciprocally absorbed their weaknesses to fill his vacuum with their irresponsibilities. Dick wondered whether he should have spent so much of time on Mary, as she
peremptorily glanced at him, leaving him bitter over the dirty bath-tub episode. Yet his heart went out to her rescue when Mary was arrested in Italy for promenading as a sailor on leave and picking up a girl to the lodging house. Mary condescendingly agreed that Dick could be nice with any body but felt sorry for his alcoholism as she was a silent witness to Abe North's disintegration. Dick was capable of creating and sustaining interest; but no longer could he be the source of nourishment for the sundry; his vitality had been spent up, his self had been diffused into others. Abe died physically as much as Dick died psychologically. Mary acquired Dick's ability to exert influence on others with her charm if she chose, as Dick lost it.

V

It is now necessary to comment on Nicole who had the pivotal position in the life of Richard Diver, who in a way created and was ultimately disillusioned by her. Diver's infatuation for Nicole could not have been based on his proximate availability as a psychologist, but on a fateful romantic trait deeply rooted in his personality. As the name itself purports, he was a diver—diving into the depths to fish pearls and precious stones. By profession he had become a psychoanalyst, more appropriate to his name, diving into the secret depths of other's psyche. Nicole was young,
beautiful and rich—all qualities which had an irresistible fascination for all romantics.

Nicole's rival, so to speak, Rosemary, compared herself and testified that in Nicole

There were all the potentialities for romantic love in that lovely body and in the delicate mouth, sometimes tight, sometimes expectantly half open to the world. Nicole had been a beauty as a young girl and she would be a beauty later when her skin stretched tight over her high cheekbones—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.

Nicole and Dick looked so perfectly suited to each other that others doted on them and talked of their mutual perfection, for others to imitate. Though ardently in love with Dick, Rosemary could register her poignant feeling that Nicole was lovable and charming in her own way.

Dick had to assume diametrically opposed roles—as a psychiatrist, caring for a schizophrenic; and as a husband, whose emotional involvement has its consequences on familial relations. He had to perpetually summon all his resourcefulness to maintain both the roles simultaneously. A petty jealousy could rouse Nicole to uncontrolable fits of melancholy—as she burst forth, for instance, suspecting Rosemary's relation with Dick Diver.
Nicole knelt beside the tub swaying sidewise and sidewise. 'It's you!' she cried, -- 'it's you come to intrude on the only privacy I have in the world -- with your spread with red blood on it. I'll wear it for you -- I'm not ashamed, though it was such a pity. On All Fool's Day we had a party on the Zurlissee, and all the fools were there, and I wanted to come dressed in a spread but they wouldn't let me --'

'Control yourself!'

'--so I sat in the bathroom and they brought me a domino and said wear that. I did. What else could I do?'

'Control yourself, Nicole!'

'I never expected you to love me -- it was too late -- only don't come in the bathroom, the only place I can go for privacy, dragging spreads with red blood on them and asking me to fix them.'

Clearly Nicole travelled back in her psychic time to her own incestuous deflowerment -- "now she is not ashamed, though it was such a pity -- which resulted in her being mentally shocked into a split personality. She then psychically re-enacted the repugnant scene, with different actors, this time Rosemary taking her place and Dick replacing her Father. What frightened and shocked her was the act of incest, which she had been trained to forget.

Another instance that raked her past to unsettle the present against her better judgment, almost bringing the family to the brink of disaster, was an accusation of a sick mother at the clinic. The little girl of fifteen was
flirtations and desired to extend the episode of Dick indulgently kissing her once, to the extreme. It resulted in her apathy toward him as Dick had no ideas about her. The maniac-mother alleged foul-play where at Nicole persuaded herself into the delusion of believing the mother. Withdrawing herself into a shell of silence, she erasibly whirled and ran until exhaustion. Increasingly, Dick had been perceiving the dualism in his roles paralyzing his faculties. Nicole appealed to his emotional pity, requesting him to help her as he did earlier to make her stand erect. Dick pitied that such a wonderful tower as Nicole should have been suspended and not properly erected to stand by herself. Dick had been easily moved by compassion to quietly participate in her disintegration, for they had become "one and equal, not opposite and complementary; she was Dick too, the drought in the marrow of his bones."42 She disclaimed her own children and caused an intriguing accident to the automobile providentially brought to a halt by hitting a tree. Matching Dick's disgust for her on the scene of accident, Nicole

Was laughing hilariously, unashamed, unafraid, unconcerned. No one coming on the scene would have imagined that she had caused it; she laughed as after some mild escape of childhood.

'You were scared, weren't you? she accused him.
'You wanted to live!'43
Under the mask of desperation and nonchalance, Nicole reminded herself that life was not worth living after the traumatic incestuous experience, strangely coinciding with the maniac-mother's accusal.

Nicole wanted to own her husband Dick entirely to herself; in spite of his avowed and qualified financial independence, she encouraged slackness in him, inundated the house with many sundry gifts and articles, belittling the importance of his work which should sustain him as an individual. The work-house, where he was supposed to work on his book, either remained unoccupied most of the time or failed to evoke any inspiration for the job. On the pretext of providing practical information and experimental material for Dick's forthcoming _magnus opus_ in Psychiatry, the Warren sisters financed purchasing an old clinic mainly for providing a climate to suit Nicole. Dick thus had been dragged into the routine clinical attendance, diagnosis and prognosis of the rich but mentally and morally derailed patients. Some imaginary accusations of the patients, a common feature in medical profession, did precipitate in further adjustments in the personal lives of Nicole and Dick.

As Dick could visualize, the symptoms of fatigue and exhaustion were perceptible in him though they took time
vats and drew mouthwash out of copper hogsheads; girls canned tomatoes quickly in August or worked rudely at the Five-and-Tens on Christmas Eve; half-breed Indians toiled on Brazilian coffee plantations and dreamers were muscled out of patent rights in new tractors - these were some of the people who gave a tithe to Nicole and, as the whole system swayed and thundered onward, it lent a feverish bloom to such processes of hers as wholesale buying, like the flush of the fireman's face holding his post before a spreading blaze. She illustrated very simple principles, containing in herself her own doom, but illustrated them so accurately that there was grace in the procedure. 45

Fitzgerald's description of Nicole unmistakably depicted the sinister aspect of her accumulated wealth, the "trains running" from Chicago, has the pneumatic suggestion of a snake; chicle factory produces chewing gum, indicating that Dick will be chewed and juice sucked away; the ill-gotten money from the Indian labour of the Brazilian coffee plantation can be appropriated for "whole-sale" purchasing of human beings like Dick. Baby Warren involuntarily suggested that Dick was, in fact, a purchase, an article bought:

'It's possible that I was the wrong person for Nicole,' Dick said. 'Still, she would probably have married someone of my type, someone she thought she could rely on - indefinitely.'

'You think she'd be happier with somebody else?' Baby thought aloud suddenly. 'Of course it could be arranged.'

Only as she saw Dick bend forward with helpless laughter did she realize the preposterousness of her remark.
'Oh, you understand,' she assured him. 'Don't think for a moment that we're not grateful for all you've done. And we know you've had a hard time—'
'For God's sake,' he protested. 'If I didn't love Nicole it might be different.'
'But you do love Nicole?' she demanded in alarm.

The preposterous remark, though involuntary, had its origin in the Warren money which enabled them to possess or dispense with husbands as commodities on display in a market. Baby disgustedly remarked that Dick was educated for that and there was nothing strange if Nicole was kept happy by Dick.

Nicole, thus, improved with chronological time, gradually gaining strength from and through Dick, whereas Dick remained stranded in an illusion - the illusion of eternal youth, love and splendour. In the spring of 1917, Diver was at the prime of youth, twenty six years old and married at twenty eight. Dick's deterioration had been gradual, corresponding to Nicole's recovery. The awful faculty of his being always right at last seemed to have disappeared as Nicole "is now made of - of Georgia pine, which is the hardest wood known." Nicole dolefully remarked that she had been the cause of Dick's ruin:

'Some of the time I think it's my fault - I've ruined you.'
'So I'm ruined, am I?' he enquired pleasantly.
'I didn't mean that. But you used to want to create things — now you seem to want to smash them up.'

... ... ...

After all, what do you get out of this? she demanded.

'Knowing you're stronger every day. Knowing that your illness follows the law of diminishing returns.'

She was rather afraid of passing such critical comments on Dick in such general terms, but the remarks themselves stood proof to Nicole's gaining confidence in herself which meant the lessening of Dick's control over her.

Fitzgerald aptly introduced a scene wherein a chant of religious significance with predominant consonantal sounds 'k' and 'l' was heard by Dick — who permitted the natives to pray for him, to save him from losing himself in his "increasing melancholy." Dick had been conscious of his own downward progress — transgressing all canons of human dignity, sacredness of psychic emotions and personal life as he inquisitively, rather unbecomingly, enquired into Rosemary's activities and love-affairs. Like a Victorian, he had passed judgment over her episodic affairs and accepted responsibility for Rosemary's present unhappiness:

'I guess I'm the Black death,' he said slowly.
'I don't seem to bring people happiness any more.'

After Dick's divorce from Nicole, Mary too remarked that
he could be nice and wondered why he had become different now:

'Your friends still like you, Dick. But you say awful things to people when you've been drinking.' I've spent most of my time defending you this summer.' . . . 'It's true. Nobody cares whether you drink or not--' She hesitated. 'Even when Abe drank hardest, he never offended people like you do.' . . . All people want is to have a good time and if you make them unhappy you cut yourself off from nourishment."

Dick wondered whether he had been nourished by any of his "nice" friends any time, to whom he had catered happiness by perpetually drawing from his emotional bank.

The enthusiasm, the selflessness, behind the whole performance ravished her; the technique of moving many varied types, each as immobile, as dependent on supplies of attention as an infantry battalion is dependent on rations, appeared so effortless that he still had pieces of his own most personal self for everyone."

Rosemary's estimate of Dick's emotional investment for other's happiness was that he was the sun giving light and energy for the group of American expatriates in France; he became an "organizer of private gaiety, curator of a richly incrusted happiness," neglecting his own emotional requirements and serving others against his will sometimes, brought him atrophy. Fitzgerald brilliantly summarized Dick's life:
One writes of scars healed, a loose parallel
to the pathology of the skin, but there is
no such thing in the life of an individual.
There are open wounds, shrunk sometimes to
the size of a pin-prick, but wounds still. 52

Dick showing off his physical prowess before Rosemary not
only roused Nicole's jealousy but also created a sense of
self-respect and independence in her, a sense of being
cured in a different way.

Her ego began blooming like a great rich
rose as she scrambled back along the
labyrinths in which she had wandered for
years. She hated the beach, resented the
places where she had played planet to
Dick's sun.
'Why, I'm almost complete,' she thought.
'I'm practically standing alone, without him.'
And like a happy child, wanting completion as
soon as possible, and knowing vaguely that
Dick had planned for her to have it, she lay
on her bed as soon as she got home and wrote
Tommy Barban in Mice a short provocative
letter. 53

She decided to follow up the spirit of the letter by
succumbing to sensual pleasure with Barban, hoping the
affair to have a therapeutic value in her liberation from
Dick's bondage. She must think now for herself:

She knew that for her the greatest sin now
and in the future was to delude herself.
It had been a long lesson but she had
learnt it. Either you think - or else
others have to think for you and take
power from you, pervert and discipline
your natural tastes, civilize and
sterilize you. 54
She had thus determined to assert her independence by exercising her faculty of thinking for herself. She had learnt not to flinch from the word "father"; and insisted that Dick must sing the Jazz rag:

'Thank y' father-F
Thank y' mother-F
Thanks for meeting up with one another--'55

Her revolt against Dick coincided with her reconciliation with her incestuous father, at least at her mental level, which in turn indicated her return to the aristocratic culture of ruthlessness and recklessness. Nicole condescended that she had inherited some traits, unfortunately associated with aristocrats, who in fact, were the Robber Barons of the frontier:

If my eyes have changed it's because I'm well again. And being well perhaps I've gone back to my true self - I suppose my grandfather was a crook and I'm a crook by heritage, so there we are.56

For the first time in ten years Nicole had fallen under the influence of another man, Tommy Barban - an insensitive, brutal barbaric restless explorer and a destroyer for his own pleasure. Soon after it became obvious that Dr. Diver was no more needed and Nicole had been cured; she had cut herself free. He seemed to have chosen Ophelia, the sweet poison and drank it - thought it courage and chivalry,
destroying himself in the process; he reached the receiving end for his existence. He deplored: "I expect some nourishment from people now." He had squandered away his emotional capital and attained bankruptcy, and none was either prepared or was capable of replenishing Dick's dwindling investment.

Dick had come into contact with and indulgently showered love on others very early without prudence and discrimination. For him, charm had a separate existence, may be in mad gallantry to Ophelia or in rescuing Mary and Caroline from police custody. Instead of examining Dick as an individual who stepped into Zurich in the spring of 1917, it would be appropriate and rewarding to view him in segments - segments gathered from various people he had come into contact. He mysteriously passed on his virtues and received in return, some specific, characteristic weaknesses from each of his contacts.

His love for Nicole and Rosemary, his friendship with Abe North, with Tommy Barchan 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 reminder 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 they were complete themselves.

Dick's love for Nicole helped her to be cured from being a
split personality—she received mental stability and reasoning ability; Rosemary functioned as the catalytic agent in Nicole's speedy recovery and early break with Dick.

Rosemary disappeared from Dick's life as suddenly as she entered, dream-like, gaining his composure and maturity by loving him. Abe North left his impact on Dick, of his alcoholism, hesitation and a sense of haunting failure. Tommy Barban snatched away Dick's treasure that was his wife and left him with promiscuity. Mekisoo took away Dick's confidence and poise of a writer, leaving behind diffidence and hesitation to the other. Dick's self which was presented as unified at the opening of the novel, appeared at the end as splintered, gradually losing lustre, as the rays diffuse into others who had gathered around him.
NOTES


4 Ibid., p. 223.


6 Fitzgerald, Tender is the Night, p. 101.

7 Ibid., p. 145.

8 Ibid., p. 221.

9 Ibid., p. 22.

10 Ibid., p. 20.

11 Ibid., p. 60.

12 Ibid., p. 62.

13 Ibid., p. 64.

14 Ibid., p. 65.

15 Ibid., p. 46.

16 Ibid., p. 21.

17 Ibid., p. 94.

18 Ibid., p. 65.

19 Ibid., p. 221.

20 Ibid., p. 70.

21 Ibid., p. 97.

23 Fitzgerald, Tender is the Night, p. 86.
24 Ibid., p. 83.
25 Ibid., p. 131.
26 Ibid., p. 132.
27 Ibid., p. 156.
28 Ibid., p. 256.
29 Ibid., p. 23.
30 Ibid., p. 194.
31 Ibid., p. 199.
32 Ibid., p. 199.
33 Ibid., p. 275.
34 Ibid., p. 259.
37 Ibid., p. 101.
38 Ibid., p. 130.
39 Ibid., p. 151.
40 Ibid., p. 135.
41 Ibid., pp. 180-181.
43 Ibid., p. 213.
44 Ibid., p. 199.
45 Ibid., pp. 122-123.
46 Ibid., pp. 235-236.
48 Ibid., p. 240.
49 Ibid., p. 332.
50 Ibid., p. 146.
51 Ibid., p. 144.
52 Ibid., p. 187.
53 Ibid., p. 308.
54 Ibid., p. 308.
55 Ibid., p. 309.
56 Ibid., p. 311.
57 Ibid., p. 230.
58 Ibid., pp. 263-64.