

## “A Wild Submergence of Soul”: Pictures in *Tender Is the Night*

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Shortly after the publication of *Tender Is the Night* in book form on 12 April, 1934, F. Scott Fitzgerald sent to his literary friend H. L. Mencken the famous letter in which he commented on “the particular trick” (*A Life in Letters* 256) of the novel. Confiding that this “particular trick” was worked out by him and Ernest Hemingway, and had its origin in Joseph Conrad’s preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, he went on to divulge his deep-seated hope as an “artist”:

[A]nd it [the particular trick] has been the greatest “credo” in my life, ever since I decided that I would rather be an artist than a careerist. I would rather impress my image . . . upon the soul of a people than be known . . . to provide for them. I would as soon be as anonymous as Rimbaud, if I could feel that I had accomplished that purpose—and that is no sentimental yapping about being disinterested. It is simply that having once found the intensity of art, nothing else that can happen in life can ever again seem as important as the creative process. (*A Life in Letters* 256)

In order to understand the word “a careerist” which is opposed to “an artist,” we have to examine the preceding part of the letter, which is “the rarely quoted opening of this letter” (Nowlin 113-14):

I am afraid that I am going to have to violate your favorite code of morals—the breaking of engagements—because I’ve got to go to New York about trying to capitalize on my novel in the movies. (*A Life in Letters* 255)

We can observe Fitzgerald’s conflict as an artist: the artist whose lifelong aim is to find “the intensity of art” goes to the movie industry and expects to “capitalize on,” or commercialize, his novel. Unlike other contemporary

novelists who succeeded in establishing a rather meaningful relationship with the movie industry, Fitzgerald could not enjoy a happy existence in that field. As Ruth Prigozy mentions, "Fitzgerald's lifelong connection with movies was shifting and frequently ambivalent" (130).

His own view concerning the movie industry was utterly complicated. Especially disturbing for him was the overwhelming cultural influence the movies had on the art of the novel. In one of the "Crack-Up" essays written in 1936, he expressed how the movie industry had come to harrow his artistic attitude as a novelist:

I saw that the novel, which at my maturity was the strongest and supplest medium for conveying thought and emotion from one human being to another, was becoming subordinated to a mechanical and communal art that, whether in the hands of Hollywood merchants or Russian idealists, was capable of reflecting only the tritest thought, the most obvious emotion. It was an art in which words were subordinate to images, where personality was worn down to the inevitable low gear of collaboration. As long past as 1930, I had a hunch that the talkies would make even the best selling novelist as archaic as silent pictures. People still read . . . but there was a rankling indignity, that to me had become almost an obsession, in seeing the power of the written word subordinated to another power, a more glittering, a grosser power. . .  
(*Crack-Up* 78)

With such "an obsession" in mind Fitzgerald went to Hollywood and assiduously attempted to engage himself in film-making. His relation to Hollywood continued from his first visit in 1926 to his death in California in 1940.<sup>1</sup> He wrote a good number of screenplays there, but the overall evaluation of his film-writing was rather dismal.<sup>2</sup>

For Fitzgerald, the art of the novel had always been "the strongest and supplest medium" until the ominous development of "another power, a more glittering, a grosser power" at a high pace. His familiar homeland of the novel, which will not seem to assure him of the "commercial" success, and the other, foreign sphere of the movies, which will not seem to assure him of the "artistic" success, typically form what Pierre Bourdieu describes as "the site of the antagonistic coexistence of two modes of production and circulation obeying inverse logics" (142). Fitzgerald had acutely comprehended this artistic trend by

the time he mentioned in 1923 that there existed “[the] cultural world” which was corroborated by “the reputations of two first class men—James Joyce and Sherwood Anderson” (Brucoli and Baughman *Authorship* 83). This prepared him for the inner conflict of artistic identity which he continued to confront for the rest of his literary career.

At one point of the novel, the narrator directs a spotlight on to the dual aspects of the protagonist Dick Diver: “Wolf-like under his sheep’s clothing of long-staple Australian wool, he considered the world of pleasure” (*Tender* 195).<sup>3</sup> Under the surface of his “sheep” identity lurks his hidden “wolf” identity. He has to confront with his own “wolf”; otherwise, he cannot get rid of his “Achilles’ heels” which stem from “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” (117). Wolves do exist on the frontier. As for the psychiatrist Dick Diver, it is closely associated with his inner frontier, that is, “the frontiers of consciousness,” “[the] frontiers that artists must explore” (185). It must be noted that the overt psychiatric characterization of Dick cannot be separated from the covert artistic characterization of him. It is well known among critics that Fitzgerald at first intended to depict the novel’s protagonist as “a natural idealist, a spoiled priest, giving in for various causes to the ideas of the *haute bourgeoisie*, and in his rise to the top of the social world losing his idealism, his talent and turning to drink and dissipation” (Cowley 44 italics original). Fitzgerald’s Catholic identity has been discussed by a great number of critics, but his conception of Dick as “a spoiled priest” has another significant implication. As Brucoli points out, this “woefully overworked” key phrase, “a spoiled priest,” has its origin “in *Ulysses*, where it is applied to Stephen Dedalus” (*Composition* 83). The intertextuality between *Tender* and *Ulysses* suggested here deserves special attention, for it shows us the other side of Dick Diver’s character. Beneath the overt story of the psychiatrist Dick Diver, we can find out the covert portrait of the artist. As Nicole subtly suggests, Dick is essentially an artist, who exercises “expertness with people” like dealing with an “object of art” (282) in the earnest desire to “create things” (267).

Dick’s wolf-like aspect is shared with Nicole as well. In her case, it takes form of schizophrenia. According to a poststructuralist understanding of the schizophrenia, the wolf-like existence has remarkable affinities with schizophrenic process of “deterritorialization”: “Lines of flight or of deterritorialization, becoming-wolf, becoming-inhuman, deterritorialized intensities: that is what multiplicity is. To become wolf or to become hole is to

detritorialize oneself following distinct but entangled lines. A hole is no more negative than a wolf" (*A Thousand Plateaus* 32). Although the wolf is not at all negative, the experience of becoming wolf often brings out "[a] cry of anguish, the only one Freud hears: Help me not become wolf (or the opposite, Help me not fail in this becoming)" (*A Thousand Plateaus* 32), just as Nicole begs Dick, "Help me, help me, Dick!" (190)

As Deleuze and Guattari succinctly define the schizophrenic as "the possessor of the most touchingly meager capital" (*Anti-Oedipus* 12), capitalism and schizophrenia are essentially intertwined. So it is quite important, as Hiraishi argues, "to understand *Tender Is the Night* as the outcome of Fitzgerald's study on the schizophrenia as the typical disease of capitalism" (285). It should be also meaningful to appreciate the schizophrenic elements in *Tender* in the context of Fitzgerald's deep concern of his complex identity as an artist. For the serious artists in general, the schizophrenia turns out to be the appropriate narrative device. It is especially desirable for Fitzgerald, because what is crucial for his artistic plans is, as we have seen, "the creative process": "[L]iterature is like schizophrenia: a process and not a goal, a production and not an expression" (*Anti-Oedipus* 133).

The purpose of this essay is to throw light on "the creative process" in *Tender*. Through writing *Tender*, Fitzgerald is confronting his monstrous self, his inner wolf.<sup>4</sup> I want to argue that the author's inner conflict as an artist is reflected in the covert desire for true artistry found in two characters: the cinematic Dick Diver and the pictorial Nicole Diver.

### 1. The Cinematic Dick Diver

Many critics have discussed Fitzgerald's cinematic aspects.<sup>5</sup> However, as Gautam Kundu mentions, "[b]y and large, these critics stop at provocative suggestions regarding the presence of the cinematic elements in Fitzgerald's fiction" (6). Although Kundu's analysis is the most exhaustive and suggestive on this theme to date, there still remains to be further investigated Fitzgerald's ambiguous artistic attitude and the subtly-conceived novelistic design it engendered.

While Alan Trachtenberg simply notes that Dick Diver acts "much like an actor or director" (137)<sup>6</sup>, critics have largely agreed on the point of Dick's negative understanding of the movies. They argue that for Dick, and ultimately for Fitzgerald, the movies are the "art form dominated by the feminine and

devoted to the sentimental, the irrational, the silly” (Fetterley 218), provide “the allure of tricky and trashy entertainment” (Nowlin 93), and are considered as “a summation of everything hostile to his [Dick’s] values” (Stern 114).

The most significant and influential argument concerning the negative side of Dick’s notion of the movies is the feminist reading of *Tender* that attempts to disclose his fear of an increasing threat of feminization. Judith Fetterley’s discussion represents this kind of feminist approach. Fetterley says: “[In *Tender is the Night*], as in *The Great Gatsby*, Fitzgerald indicts America, identifying the nation as female and blaming the woes of American men on the character of American women and on the feminization of American culture” (216). Thus, according to Fetterley’s reading of *Tender*, Fitzgerald invites the readers of the text to conspire together to attack the common enemy, the American women.

To read *Tender is the Night* is to participate in the evocation of sympathy for Dick Diver, the victim of his culture, and to engage in the concomitant hostility toward that which has destroyed him. To the extent that our sympathies as readers affect other aspects of our lives, *Tender is the Night* intends toward the perpetuation of male power. Thus is Fitzgerald true: aware that what counts is power, he has written a book that counts. (209)

Thus Fetterley argues that “Fitzgerald belabors the point that the movies represent ‘women’s worlds’,” that the cinematic method is presented as “a ‘feminine’ approach to life,” and that “*Daddy’s Girl* embodies a fantasy of feminine power in a quintessentially feminine form” (Fetterley 213).

If we carefully observe the subtle behaviors of Dick Diver the artist in various situations, however, we will perceive the positive side of the movies. Fitzgerald’s employment of the cinematic motifs in the novel should not be underestimated merely as his habitual self-mockery and defeatism. To evaluate his use of cinematic methods and images in *Tender* in a positive way is one of the crucial processes to judge whether Fitzgerald succeeded in finding any kind of “the intensity of art” in writing this novel.

Milton R. Stern insists that “[i]n his exquisite social tact he is, as a friend and a host, a movie director,” yet in the context of Fitzgerald’s ambiguous attitude toward the movie industry, Dick’s character is “a very complex” one (114, 111).

At once victimized by the movie world of wealth, Dick also caters to it. Morally opposed to insincerity, his profession forces him to its practice. Fighting the irresponsibility of illusion, he uses illusion in the struggle to restore responsibility and health in others. Hating phonies, he is part phony himself in his indiscriminate, vast desire to serve. (Stern 111-12)

To evaluate the importance of the cinematic in *Tender*, we should pay close attention to Dick's ambivalence toward the movies. In this regard, it is worth while analyzing the episode of showing *Daddy's Girl*.

Daddy's girl. Was it a 'itty-bitty bravekins and did it suffer? Ooo-ooo-tweet, de tweetest thing, wasn't she dest too tweet? Before her tiny fist the forces of lust and corruption rolled away; nay, the very march of destiny stopped; inevitable became evitable, syllogism, dialectic, all rationality fell away. Women would forget the dirty dishes at home and weep, even within the picture one woman wept so long that she almost stole the film away from Rosemary. She wept all over a set that cost a fortune, in a Duncan Phyfe dining-room, in an aviation port, . . . and finally in a bathroom. But Rosemary triumphed. Her fineness of character, her courage and steadfastness intruded upon by the vulgarity of the world, and Rosemary showing what it took with a face that had not yet become mask-like. . . . There was a break once and . . . Dick said to her sincerely: "I'm simply astounded. You're going to be one of the best actresses on the stage." (69)

One obvious characteristic of this passage is that it does not show the concrete story of the film. Despite the continual appearance of *Daddy's Girl* throughout the text, the narrator deliberately holds back the detailed description of its content, as if such content does not count. What the narrator is doing here is not telling the film's story objectively, but simply showing subjectively how the film impresses its audience, particularly Dick.

Other than Rosemary, there is another character whose presence is as strongly felt. The weeping woman, who "wept so long that she almost stole the film away from Rosemary," especially draws Dick's attention. The excessive amount of tears, particularly in the discourse of the melodramatic film, is directly related to the sentimentalism. We should be careful about this point: even in the very discourse dealing with "the vicious sentimentality" (69) of the

father-complex, the struggle takes place between one with the apparent excess of sentimentalism and the other with “fineness,” “courage,” and “steadfastness,” who “triumphed” over that weeping woman.

In *The Feminization of American Culture*, Ann Douglas acutely delineates the cultural significance of sentimentalism, especially in relation to capitalism:

A relatively recent phenomenon whose appearance is linked with capitalist development, sentimentalism seeks and offers the distraction of sheer publicity. Sentimentalism is a cluster of ostensibly private feelings which always attains public and conspicuous expression. Privacy functions in the rituals of sentimentalism only for the sake of titillation, as a convention to be violated. Involved as it is with the exhibition and commercialization of the self, sentimentalism cannot exist without an audience. It has no content but its own exposure, and it invests exposure with a kind of final significance. (254)

The “conspicuous expression” is certainly at the core of “vicious sentimentality” that Dick bitterly criticizes. Indeed, it is the apparentness that makes the sentimental mode abhorrent to him: “Then back to *Daddy’s Girl*: happier days now, and a lovely shot of Rosemary and her parent united at the last in a father complex *so apparent* that Dick winced for all psychologists at the vicious sentimentality” (69 my italics).

At the same time, we should also be careful about his ambivalent attitude toward sentimentality. In the Villa Diana party scene, the sublime moment of Dick’s “carnivals of affection” (27) comes with “the rare atmosphere of sentiment” (34), the sophisticated kind of sentimentality. Likewise, though the story of the movie itself results in the debased sentimentality, Rosemary as an actress is sharply contrasted and discriminated with the other, far more apparent sentimental mode which is exclusively connected to stereotyped representation of femininity (“Women would forget the dirty dishes at home and weep”). The weeping woman represents all the quality associated by Dick with “vicious” sentimentalism, and she must be defeated by Rosemary. She is, according to her mother, “economically . . . a boy, not a girl” (40). It signifies not only that Rosemary is financially rich for her age and gender, but also that her position as a movie actress does not necessarily demand of her “the exhibition and commercialization of the self” like the weeping woman. In the context of sentimentalism which is “linked with capitalist development,” Rosemary does

not have to be a mere commodity. Rosemary is beyond "any such spurious substitutes as the excitations available on all sides" (31). The narrator properly summarizes her position in saying, "she was In the movies but not at all At them" (31).<sup>7</sup> When Mrs. Speers mentions that Dick Diver is "the real thing" (31), the judgment involves the aesthetic genuineness which can aptly distinguish "vicious" elements of art. It does not mean that both Dick and Rosemary totally deny sentimentalism in any form, but that they are able to discern and appreciate the possibilities of sentimentalism which can lead them into some kind of a "real" artistic realm.

For Dick, who can appreciate the movie figure victoriously predominating over the womanly sentimentalism, the cinematic does not mean merely "the sentimental, the irrational, the silly." What I want to demonstrate here is that Dick's cinematic behaviors reflect his serious concern for grasping what is not easily understood or what is not apparently expressed.

First, we should not underestimate the fact that the Keatsian poetics, one of the cruxes of Fitzgerald's aesthetics, is connected to Dick's cinematic imagination. When Dick and Collis Clay drink together at an Italian bar:

Dick evoked the picture that the few days had imprinted on his mind, and stared at it. The walk *toward* the American Express *past* the odorous confectioneries of the Via Nazionale, *through* the foul tunnel up to the Spanish Steps, where his spirit soared before the flower stalls and the house where Keats had died. (220 my italics)

His "picture," as is clear from the successive words like "toward" and "past" and "through," is a *motion* picture. Here the narrator follows the course of Dick's walk accurately as the movie camera does, and places "the house where Keats had died" in the climax of the picture. Just before this passage, the narrator puts an emphasis on Dick's sharp sensibility in contrast to that of Collis Clay: "Dick was always vividly conscious of his surroundings, while Collis Clay lived vaguely, the sharpest impressions dissolving upon a recording apparatus that had early atrophied" (220). Thus the readers understand the high sensitivity of Dick's "recording apparatus" quite different from that of Collis who, ironically, has the desire "to get in the movies" (223). In this way, *Tender* exhibits a curious juxtaposition of the poetic and the cinematic.

When Dick sees the face of Nicole Warren, he also employs his cinematic way of perception:

Her face, ivory gold against the blurred sunset that strove through the rain, had a promise Dick had never seen before: the high cheek-bones, the faintly wan quality, cool rather than feverish, was reminiscent of the frame of a promising colt—a creature whose life did not promise to be only a projection of youth upon a grayer screen, but instead, a true growing; the face would be handsome in middle life; it would be handsome in old age: the essential structure and the economy were there. (141)

Dick perceives in Nicole's face "a promise" that he "had never seen before," and it is something which cannot be entirely enclosed within "a projection . . . upon a grayer screen." As this example clearly suggests, Dick's cinematic way of perceiving the world is in fact related to what slips out of perception. If so, the cinematic imagination can be analogous to the psychiatric ability Dick exhibits. Just as the cinematic Dick can notice "the promise Dick had never seen before," so the psychiatric Dick can point out "darker rhythms" (123) of Nicole's letters and consequently elicit "more than Franz would have guessed of the story" (121).

And the crucial episode in which Dick's cinematic understanding of the world divulges something inexpressible and "dark" is the shooting at the Gare Saint-Lazare in Book 1. A girl named Maria Wallis shoots an Englishman. The Divers, Rosemary and Mary North all become utterly embarrassed by the sudden commotion, and "in order to bring them back to quietude," Dick jokingly interprets the event as if played by an actress Maria Wallis. He says, "She has a nice sense of décor—not to say rhythm. Will any of us ever see a train pulling out without hearing a few shots?" (85). However, Dick's cinematic attempt to "resolve things into the pattern of the holiday" (85) results in highlighting the unnamable effects that the violent experience has on the characters.

[E]verything had happened—Abe's departure and Mary's impending departure for Salzburg this afternoon had ended the time in Paris. Or perhaps the shots, the concussions that had finished God knew what dark matter, had terminated it. The shots had entered into all their lives: echoes of violence followed them out onto the pavement. . . . (85)

The narrator cautions the readers that the episode should have some unignorable meaning in the novel, but still shows the ambiguous attitude, using the word "perhaps" to leave some uncertainty. Merely designated "God knew what dark matter," the real cause of the shooting remains uncertain. The shots that enter their lives are some undeterminable dark power, which cannot be wholly covered by Dick's effort to cinematically interpret the real violence.

As these instances show, Dick's cinematic perception of the world paradoxically reveals the existence of things otherwise not clearly perceptible. In this context, it is significant to consider the artistic function of the early cinema which Susan McCabe succinctly designates as a media to cope with "a phenomenology of fragmentation" (6). Revealing "a paradox at the heart of modernism—the desire for bodily immediacy and the consciousness of its necessary fragmentation within both poetry and film" (231), McCabe emphasizes the early film's revolutionary way of representing "a body never visible before—one that is at once whole and in pieces" (7). The cinematic imagination in *Tender* also treats various fragments, such as the violent shooting which Rosemary experiences as "shell fragments" (85). It is no coincidence that Dick is characterized by both his cinematic behavior and his acute sense for fragments. These peculiar qualities of Dick Diver can be attributed to his artistic desire for expressing something "never visible before," or in Fitzgerald words, "something really NEW in form, idea, structure—the model for the age that Joyce and Stien [sic] are searching for, that Conrad didn't find" (*A Life in Letters* 108).

Dick's behavior of collecting fragments continually appears in *Tender*. According to his unique notion, life itself is essentially fragmentary. He realizes "that the totality of a life may be different in quality from its segments, and also that life during the forties seemed capable of being observed only in segments" (245). He possesses the acute sense of collecting fragments, putting them in order, and grasping some special meaning out of them. The accumulation of fragments is granted the "totality" by his professional ability. For example, in Book 2 he exercises it for fragmentary information of Franz and Nicole. When Franz left him in his office for a while, Dick collects fragments in the following way:

Left alone Dick wandered about the room and tried to reconstruct Franz from the litter of his desk, from his books and the books of and by his father and grandfather; from the Swiss piety of a huge claret-colored

photo of the former on the wall. (121)

Then, concerning Nicole's letters sent to Dick, the narrator notes:

The letters were divided into two classes, of which the first class, up to about the time of the armistice, was of marked pathological turn, and of which the second class, running from thence up to the present, was entirely normal, and displayed a richly maturing nature. For these latter letters Dick had come to wait eagerly in the last dull months at Bar-sur-Aube—yet even from the first letters he had pieced together more than Franz would have guessed of the story. (121)

In both cases, the narrator shows Dick's exceptional sense of fragmented information, the refined skill at gaining some "totality" which other people cannot notice.

It must be noted, however, that at the core of *Tender* is "the motif of the 'dying fall'" (*A Life in Letters* 256) of Dick Diver. In other words, Dick's ability to attain a "totality" from collected fragments turns out to be ineffectual. Quite symbolically, Nicole ultimately slips out of Dick's hold as something *beyond* his cinematic comprehension, as something "beyond the psychoses and the neuroses" (301). What is crucial in *Tender's* cinematic scheme, I want to insist, is the prophetic assertion that the totality will never be attained from fragments.

Michael Nowlin shares my point of view that the main theme of *Tender* is the quest for true, unknown artistic intensity. He says:

I would go so far as to argue that *Tender is the Night* is thematically predicated on Fitzgerald's faith in a cultural gold standard—an artistic "real thing," as he called an up-and-coming Ernest Hemingway—somehow inhering in the best that had been thought, done, and said within a very compressed modernist epoch. The novel may want to suggest prophetically that "the real thing" will reassert itself through the coming economic disaster its characters remain blind to. (90)

Although his discussion differs from mine in that he does not think much of the importance of the cinematic in *Tender*, I agree with his suggestion that it is a novel about "the real thing" and that it is a novel of prophecy. Fitzgerald did

not establish, let alone put into practice, any revolutionary strategy of art in writing *Tender*. Instead of achieving "the world's rarest work," he, like Dick Diver himself, only prophesizes the achievement. What Fitzgerald attempted and achieved in the novel was to show to the readers the process of reaching the intensity of art, in the same manner as Dick attempts to show it to "the scabbed anonymous woman-artist" (242) for whom he "[threw] as much wan light as he could into the darkness ahead" (242).

If it is not the achievement but the process itself that counts in the poetics of *Tender*, it seems appropriate that some critics regard Dick Diver as "Icarus."<sup>8</sup> The craving for great height and the resulting "dying fall" sharply connect Dick Diver with this mythic figure. To be sure, Dick has been struggling like Icarus in order to do "the world's rarest work" throughout the story, but he eventually fails to achieve the feat, ending up with the "dying fall." So, in *Tender*, Fitzgerald prophesizes the ultimate impossibility of the achievement. What matters to him is the process: as Trachtenberg notes, *Tender* is essentially "a novel of process" (128) and "[the] truth about Dick is not a secret or a puzzle but a process" (134).

In this way, *Tender* also prophesizes the deconstructionist criticism of Western metaphysics which will take place about a generation after. Jacques Derrida thoroughly revised Edmund Husserl's phenomenology, and revealed "a metaphysical presupposition" which is concealed under "phenomenological necessity, the rigor and subtlety of Husserl's analysis" (Derrida 4). Thus he deconstructs "the source and guarantee of all value, the 'principle of principles': i.e., the original self-giving evidence, the *present* or *presence* of sense to a full and primordial intuition" (Derrida 5 italics original). Therefore he concludes that "[there] never was any 'perception'; and 'presentation' is a representation of the representation that yearns for itself therein as for its own birth or its death" (103). He paraphrases this conclusion by using one passage from Husserl's book which describes "the Dresden gallery." In the gallery one finds "[a] painting by Teniers" which "represents a gallery of paintings," and "[the] paintings of this gallery would represent in their turn paintings, which on their part exhibited readable inscriptions" (104). Although Husserl presented this episode as "a particular case of experience," Derrida considers this as the epitome of the general truth about "perception":

Certainly nothing has preceded this situation. Assuredly nothing will suspend it. It is not *comprehended*, as Husserl would want it, by

intuitions or presentations. Of the broad daylight of presence, outside the gallery, no perception is given us or assuredly promised us. The gallery is the labyrinth which includes in itself its own exits: we have never come upon it as upon a particular *case* of experience—that which Husserl believes he is describing.

It remains, then, for us to *speak*, to make our voices *resonate* throughout the corridors in order to make up for [*suppléer*] the breakup of presence. The phoneme, the *akoumenon*, is the *phenomenon of the labyrinth*. This is the *case* with the *phônê*. Rising toward the sun of presence, it is the way of Icarus. (104 italics original)

Consequently, Derrida assures us, we have to admit that “contrary to what phenomenology . . . has tried to make us believe, . . . the thing itself always escapes” (104). When Fitzgerald does not allow his protagonist, Dick-Icarus, to achieve “the real thing,” he is actually deconstructing his own phenomenological presumptions as a psychiatrist as well as an artist.

In the Gare Saint-Lazare scene, Rosemary has to deal with the fragments engendered by the violent experience:

[Nicole and Rosemary] were both horrified, and both of them deeply wanted Dick to make a moral comment on the matter and not leave it to them. This wish was not entirely conscious, especially on the part of Rosemary, who was accustomed to having shell fragments of such events shriek past her head. But a totality of shock had piled up in her too. (85)

The fragments of violent experiences have pierced through these two women, especially Rosemary. The accumulation forms “a totality of shock” in her. The important point here is that the fragmentary resonances of shock and the consequent forming of a totality take place in the realm “not entirely conscious.” The fragments and a totality influence their “unconscious” in a significant way. The narrator, or Fitzgerald, does not reveal to the readers what sort of “subtle purposes” this episode serves, except only telling them that “echoes of violence” stay in these characters as deeply as “[the] shots” themselves (85). To use Derrida’s terminology, the violence enters into their lives as “the phoneme, the *akoumenon*” which serves to make up for “the breakup of presence.” So, when “the women [Nicole and Rosemary], missing something, lapsed into a vague unhappiness” (85), they are confronting with

this "breakup of presence" in an unconscious way. In a word, fragments in *Tender* function as the catalyst to reveal this "breakup of presence."

The fragments and a totality connect this episode with the Jules Peterson murder scene, in which Rosemary almost reiterates the same epistemological experience. The crucial event occurs after "Rosemary made an exit that she had learned young, and on which no director had ever tried to improve" (109). In her room she gradually "realized without turning about that she was not alone in the room" (109).

In an inhabited room there are refracting objects only half noticed: varnished wood, more or less polished brass, silver and ivory, and beyond these a thousand conveyers of light and shadow so mild that one scarcely thinks of them as that, the tops of picture-frames, the edges of pencils or ash-trays, of crystal or china ornaments; *the totality of this refraction—appealing to equally subtle reflexes of the vision as well as to those associational fragments in the subconscious that we seem to hang on to*, as a glass-fitter keeps the irregularly shaped pieces that may do some time—this fact might account for what Rosemary afterward mystically described as "realizing" that there was some one in the room, before she could determine it. But when she did realize it she turned swift in a sort of ballet step and saw that a dead Negro was stretched upon her bed. (109 my italics)

The influential power of fragments is here obviously related to "the subconscious," and "the totality" this time brings about the utterly unexpected finding of the dead body of Peterson. What is most crucial in the passage is not so much the apparent Freudian use of "the subconscious" as the emphasis on "the vision."<sup>9</sup> In other words, the visual fragments, or "[a] thousand conveyers of light and shadow," have priority over the linguistic fragments, or "innumerable cardboard letters" in Dick's trunk used to "play anagrams" (108). This preference of the visual fragments over the linguistic reflects "subtle purposes" of the artistry in *Tender*.

Derrida analyzes Husserl's careful distinction of the concept of "expression," and traces the unique characteristics of the visual and the spatial which are excluded from the realms of "expression" by Husserl.

Sense wants to be signified; it is expressed only in a meaning [*vouloir-*

*dire]* which is none other than a wanting-to-tell-itself proper to the presence of sense.

This explains why everything that escapes the pure spiritual intention, the pure animation by *Geist*, that is, the will, is excluded from meaning (*bedeuten*) and thus from expression. What is excluded is, for example, facial expressions, gestures, the whole of the body and the mundane register, in a word, the whole of the visible and spatial as such. As such: that is, insofar as they are not worked over by *Geist*, by the will, by the *Geistigkeit* which, in the word just as in the human body, transforms the *Körper* into *Leib* (into flesh). . . . Visibility and spatiality as such could only destroy the self-presence of will and spiritual animation which opens up discourse. *They are literally the death of that self-presence.* (35 italics original)

This can be read as the phenomenological annotation on the fact that the totality of the visual fragments in Rosemary's room means the "death" which is personified by the dead body of Jules Peterson. Derrida carefully adds psychoanalytical explanations to Husserl's discussion, saying, "What Husserl here affirms concerning gestures and facial expressions would certainly hold *a fortiori* for preconscious or unconscious language" (35 italics original), and later he rephrases what is excluded from "expression" as "everything that cannot itself be brought into deliberate and meaningful speech" (36). It is significant that Fitzgerald puts emphasis on the visual rather than the linguistic, for his strong interest in the cinematic discourse can be accurately explained as the artistic desire for this "deliberate and meaningful speech" which might be able to save the fragmented "visibility and spatiality" from the phenomenological grave. When Derrida maintains that "[in] the forms of nondiscursive signification (music, *non-literary arts* generally) . . . there are modes of sense which do not point to any possible objects" (99 my italics), he is signifying where Fitzgerald has to direct himself in order to reach for "the intensity of art." What he saw in the cinematic imagination, therefore, seems to be the desperate possibilities of "ex-pressing" what no one ever could express in the novelistic language, irrespective of the fact that such endeavor is destined for the inevitable "dying fall."

## 2. The Pictorial Nicole Diver

It is significant that Dick's "most interesting case" in the clinic is a woman, "an American painter who had lived long in Paris" (183). The narrator does not, or cannot, reveal her name. She is, after all, "the scabbed anonymous woman-artist" (242). Dick and other doctors in the clinic, since her hospitalization six months ago, have gathered "no very satisfactory history of her" (183). This anonymous woman painter without any particular past crucially resembles another woman painter in *Tender*, that is, Nicole Diver. It can well be said that those two characters essentially function as a double to each other. Their similarity is obviously suggested by Dick's reaction to the anonymous patient: "Yet in the awful majesty of her pain he went out to her unreservedly, almost sexually. He wanted to gather her up in his arms, as he so often had Nicole, and cherish even her mistakes, so deeply were they part of her" (185). Dick regards this woman as a pitiful being fragmented in just the same way as Nicole, "a schizoid—a permanent eccentric" (151).

While Dick Diver's behaviors in *Tender* are typically characterized by the cinematic, Nicole Diver shows particular leanings toward the pictorial. She draws in various situations, prefers art of paintings, and, most importantly, is sharply differentiated from Dick by her appreciation for this another kind of "picture." First of all, she displays detachment from the film art on several occasions in the story. In the opening scene on Gausse's beach, Dick gives "a quiet little performance" in front of his friends, but Nicole is "the only person on the beach not caught up in it" (6). Toward the end of the novel, she shows a rather blatant antagonistic attitude toward the movies. When Rosemary asks Nicole about her impression of her latest pictures, "Nicole said nothing, having seen one of them and thought little about it" (287). And when Rosemary tells Topsy that she will make a fine actress, Nicole nearly gets indignant.

In a word, Nicole keeps a distance from the cinematic in preference to the pictorial. She understands Rosemary's values and feels sure about her future success, because she "sketched her one night on a theatre program" (168). After spasmodically running away from Dick, she tries to straighten out her deranged mind by a symbolical effort of drawing a picture: "Nicole, with a convulsive effort, reiterated a remark she had made before about a misty yellow house set back from the road that looked like a painting not yet dry, but it was just an attempt to catch at a rope that was playing out too swiftly" (191). Just as Dick has "an incalculable story" (267) inside his mind, Nicole has "some

story spinning itself out inside her, too fast for him [Dick] to grasp" (188). Dick deals with his inside story by "[unrolling] a long scroll of contempt" (267) as if unwinding a film reel, but Nicole copes with her own by drawing, either actually or symbolically. When she begins to feel attracted to Tommy, she "brought out a sketch pad and began a head of Tommy" (277).

Moreover, she is characterized by others in association with drawings. Nicole's hidden past of father-daughter incest is associated with the pictorial: "If she [Baby Warren] had ever suspected the rotted old truth, the real reason for Nicole's illness, she had certainly determined to deny it to herself, shoving it back in a dusty closet like one of the paintings she bought by mistake" (215). In another scene, Dick compares the beauties of Nicole and Rosemary in the following way: "the beauty of Nicole had been to the beauty of Rosemary as the beauty of Leonardo's girl was to that of the girl of an illustrator" (104). The drawing of the serious artist like Leonardo da Vinci can only represent the unique beauty of Nicole, while Rosemary's beauty finds its place in the representation of an illustrator. The illustration could be categorized as one genre of pictorial art, but still it is clearly distinguished from the art of "Leonardo" because it is deeply engaged in mechanical reproduction. Thus the artist is not granted the authorship, called just "an illustrator." The issue of mechanical reproduction will be discussed later.

In the flashback section in Book 2, young Nicole Warren meets Dick Diver in a woodshed, and she exhibits her typical sense for color which is closely related to the artistic orientation toward painting. She looks into his face quite attentively, finding what she does not know yet: "That part of him which seemed to fit his reddish Irish coloring she knew least; she was afraid of it, yet more anxious to explore—this was his more masculine side" (142). Then she says to him, "I'd like to draw you *just the way you are now*" (142 my italics). It must be noted that Nicole's preference of paintings entails the desire for comprehending the "now." Near the end of the book, when she is almost free, Nicole makes love with Tommy Barban. She especially likes the hotel room, saying, "Why, this is a wonderful room, Tommy—like the bare tables in so many Cézannes and Picassos" (295). Her acute sense of appreciating the pictorial art of such serious artists as Cézanne and Picasso is, however, not understood by Tommy, who just says, "I don't know" (296). So her making love with him is a lonely experience for her, the private experience of enjoying the "now": "Struggling a little still, like a decapitated animal she forgot about Dick and her new white eyes, forgot Tommy himself and sank deeper and deeper into

the minutes and the moment" (294).

The sensitivity for "now" associated with pictorial art is significant. As I have suggested above, the contrast between Dick and Nicole is the contrast between the cinematic and the pictorial. The difference of these two art forms can be defined as different attitudes toward time: "For him time stood still and then every few years accelerated in a rush, like the quick re-wind of a film, but for Nicole the years slipped away by clock and calendar and birthday, with the added poignance of her perishable beauty" (180). In other words, Dick's cinematic imagination enables him to control the flow of innumerable "nows" and manipulate the speed of time at his own disposal. On the contrary, Nicole just lets time flow without any possibility of artificial editing. Trachtenberg's argument also concerns itself about "now," the present moments in *Tender*. He says: "*Tender is the Night* consists of many 'nows'—presents which imply a past. The reader modulates from one to another, experiencing each emotion as an event, and constructing a memory of each separate 'now' in developing relations with the others" (132). If so, the implied reader of *Tender* is expected to read the novel by using the cinematic imagination. Or rather it implies that the whole structure of the novel is conceived by the author as a text which evokes some cinematic experience. Although Dick "wants to occupy time entirely" (Trachtenberg 139) and possesses "a frame of mind which interprets time as a usable substance, a commodity like money" (Trachtenberg 139), he ultimately comes to realize the impossibility of such dominance over time. He comes to recognize the essential ungovernability of "nows." So he helplessly "stayed in the big room a long time listening to the buzz of the electric clock, listening to time" (171). Nicole, on the other hand, has an appreciation of time with the pictorial imagination. While Dick is ruined at the end of the novel, Nicole achieves "her victory" (302) at last.

In order to consider the significance of this dichotomy of cinematic and pictorial time, we should take into account the unique nature of the cinema as an art of "mechanical reproduction." Walter Benjamin's well-known discussion features the concept of "aura" to distinguish various art forms.

Even the most perfect reproduction of a work of art is lacking in one element: its presence in time and space, its unique existence at the place where it happens to be. This unique existence of the work of art determined the history to which it was subject throughout the time of its existence. (Benjamin 214)

This “presence in time and space” grants a work of art the “aura,” or the “authenticity” which enables the work of art to give “the historical testimony” (Benjamin 215). So the mechanical reproduction will deprive a work of art not only of “the aura” but also of “the historical testimony.” Thus Benjamin clearly distinguishes the “original” art from the “copy” art in the following way:

One might generalize by saying: the technique of reproduction detaches the reproduced object from the domain of tradition. By making many reproductions it substitutes a plurality of copies for a unique existence. And in permitting the reproduction to meet the beholder or listener in his own particular situation, it reactivates the object reproduced. . . . Unmistakably, reproduction as offered by picture magazines and newsreels differs from the image seen by the unarmad eye. Uniqueness and permanence are as closely linked in the latter as are transitoriness and reproducibility in the former. (215-17)

In this context, the pictorial art belongs to the realm of “uniqueness and permanence,” while the cinematic art to the realm of “transitoriness and reproducibility.” At least, they are recognized as such in *Tender*. The hostess of the house of “Frankenstein” desires to “buy some pictures” (71) from Dick’s friend, because she cannot, or at least does not want to, possess the reproduction of these original pictures. Clearly, in *Tender* the pictorial art insists on the originality, or “the aura,” which is not dispelled by mechanical reproduction. That is why Dick says to Nicole, “Darling, unless you’re physically tired let’s do something. Otherwise we’ll get south and spend a week wondering why we didn’t see Boucher” (95). Although critics are uncertain what the word “Boucher” actually designates<sup>10</sup>, it is certain that his mention implies the unique “presence in time and space” of the pictorial art. The Divers will regret not going to see Boucher because they will not be able to obtain the reproduction of Boucher in other places. On the other hand, the cinematic art shows its omnipresence in *Tender*. The movies are the “most powerful agent” (Benjamin 215) of the modern movement of reproduction. So Rosemary has to admit that “no matter where we go everybody’s seen ‘Daddy’s Girl’” (13).

We should be careful, then, about the paradoxical effects these two kinds of art have on its audience’s sense of time. On one hand, the pictorial imagination in *Tender* strongly highlights the transitory, uncontrollable aspect of time,

although it serves to create the art of "uniqueness and permanence." On the other hand, the cinematic imagination envisions the permanent, controllable aspect of time, notwithstanding its close link with "transitoriness and reproducibility." Nicole, who is closely connected with the pictorial, thus impresses "her perishable beauty" on Dick. The cinematic image, by contrast, evokes some illusionary sense of permanence of the object's presence. It is most obviously expressed in the scene of *Daddy's Girl* showing, where the narrator repeats the same phrase three times: "there she was" (68-69), emphasizing the actuality of Rosemary in the audience's mind.

The significant contrast between the cinematic and the pictorial in *Tender* should also be examined in the context of its color scheme. In the early 1930s when Fitzgerald wrote the novel as well as in the 1920s when the story of *Tender* takes place, the movies were largely dependent on the black-and-white color scheme. Historically it was in 1935 that "the Technicolor three-strip process opened up color photography to the majority of filmmakers" (Monaco 128). Monaco describes the peculiar characteristics of the black-and-white framework of the cinema: "Until the 1970s, the theory persisted that black-and-white film was somehow more honest, more esthetically proper, than color film. . . . Black-and-white communicates significantly less visual information than color film, and that limitation can have the effect of involving us more deeply in the story, dialogue, and psychology of the film experience instead of the spectacle" (125-26). In one scene of *Tender* when Rosemary goes to the film studio in Monte Carlo, she watches a French actor whose shirt, collar, and cuffs are "tinted a brilliant pink" (23). This brilliance of pink color curiously signifies the author's consciousness of the cinematic black-and-white framework, for here the "pink" costume is used because "[white] clothing was too reflective for black-and-white movie photography" (Brucoli *Companion* 71). Thus it can be said that the cinematic imagination of *Tender* also revolves around the poetics of black-and-white. As he demonstrates in the scene of departure from Gausse's beach, one of the most poetic moments of the novel, what lies before Dick is a world of "black and white and metallic against the sky" (313), a world not colorful but all the more meaningful.

The brilliant colors belong to Nicole's painting-oriented perspective. She creates the colorful world around her in a subtly-nuanced way. As Gausse's beach is exclusively Dick's beach, the garden of Villa Diana, which is characterized by "the scherzo of color" (26), is exclusively "Nicole's garden" (28). Dick says, "She won't let it alone—she nags it all the time, worries about its

diseases” (28). Dick’s “black heart” (224) and “Black Death” (219), therefore, mean to Nicole the death of the pictorially colorful world. Nicole lives in a world which is represented by the subtle misty light, contrary to the brilliant metallic light of Dick’s world. Dick witnesses such pictorial light at the film studio: “The session ended as the light grew misty—a fine light for painters, but, for the camera, not to be compared with the clear California air” (213).

Therefore, the marriage of Dick and Nicole can be interpreted as the symbolical coexistence, or more correctly, the desperate effort at a coexistence of the pictorial world of colors and the cinematic world of black-and-white. Curiously, the actual model of the Villa Diana also shares some dichotomy or “split” with its fictional correspondence. Michael K. Glenday analyses the sign which was hung outside Sara and Gerald Murphy’s “Villa America” and points out that the sign, designed by Murphy himself, shows “a dramatically split graphic, with the broken star and stripes in sharp contrast to each other” (146). In fact, *Tender* meticulously correlates this “split” Star-Spangled Banner with the epistemology of the color, in the impressive episode of two girls who rush into the room where Nicole has just made love with Tommy:

One of the girls hoisted her skirt suddenly, pulled and ripped at her pink step-ins and tore them to a sizable flag; then, screaming “Ben! Ben!” she waved it wildly. As Tommy and Nicole left the room it still fluttered against the blue sky. *Oh, say can you see the tender color of remembered flesh?*—while at the stern of the battleship arose in rivalry the Star-Spangled Banner. (297 my italics)

It must be noted that there is the subtle but crucial dichotomy between the presence and absence of colors. As a resident in the sphere of pictorial colorfulness, Nicole can distinguish the “pink” color from the red, white and blue of the Star-Spangled Banner, because colors are definitely present to her. The “pink” of the girl’s step-ins is crucial key which is offered to Ben to help him remember the “tender color” of her “flesh.” The cinematic black-and-white vision of Dick Diver, on the contrary, cannot get the key: Dick cannot see “the tender color of remembered flesh.” Symbolically speaking, colors are absent to Dick. It is quite ironic, because the strategy of his cinematic imagination is expected to accomplish “the pure animation” of “the whole of the visible and spatial,” to give for the first time “a meaning [*vouloir-dire*]” to what has never been expressed, by “[transforming] the *Körper* into *Leib* (into flesh)” (Derrida

35). It is the great paradox for Dick Diver and his cinematic imagination that "the flesh" is both within and without his reach.

[Dick] saw a girl smiling at him from across the room and immediately the pale Roman shapes around him receded into decent, humble perspective. She was a young English girl, with blonde hair and a healthy, pretty English face and she smiled at him again with an invitation he understood, *that denied the flesh even in the act of tendering it.* (222 my italics)

Dick focuses his attention on the English girl just as the movie camera does. Only in his cinematic imagination, so he believes, can he be tendered the flesh, but at the same time he is denied the flesh by the very cinematic imagination, incapable of seeing its tender color.

Thus, Dick will be destined to continue to get "entangled with a girl" (315) everywhere he goes, in pursuit of the half-denied and half-tendered flesh which is necessary for completing the "world's rarest work." And it will always already result in failure, so each time he will say to himself the same words as when he sees the young English girl: "She looks like somebody in the movies, . . . I can't think who" (222-23).

### Conclusion

The relationship of Dick and Nicole in *Tender* is the relationship of the cinematic and the pictorial. Dick's earnest wish to achieve "the world's rarest work" as a psychiatrist reflects Fitzgerald's equally earnest ambition to become "an artist" who knows "the intensity of art." Dick shoots the world with his movie camera, takes in the visual and spatial as much as possible, and finally tries to accomplish something which no one has ever accomplished. For Dick, it means "an important treatise on some medical subject" (315), and for Fitzgerald, it means "something really NEW in form, idea, structure—the model for the age that Joyce and Stien [sic] are searching for, that Conrad didn't find." The cinematic vision enables Dick to collect various fragments: it is the crucial procedure for them, because fragments have their roots in "the subconscious," a secret place where one can find hidden properties waiting to be picked out, analyzed, and expressed. Then Dick finds the ideal partner, the fatal lover, in Nicole. Her name softly resonates with the nightingale<sup>11</sup>, that immortal Bird

who can show to the mortal, however temporarily it may be, the sublime of art. In her face Dick discovers “all the lost youth in the world” (134) and “all the excitement of the world” (135). Of course, such vision is in dangerously close vicinity to the “vicious sentimentality” that the cinematic imagination almost inevitably seems to entail. But that is not the problem at all, for Dick can properly use his cinematic vision to elicit the rare kind of “sentiment” from the sentimental. In addition, he cannot turn a blind eye to “a compact paroxysm of emotion” (134) Nicole creates in his mind. Unlike Mrs. Speers whose “emotions had retired” (163) on the pension of the state of “detachment” (163), Dick’s detachment is nothing but a “fiction” (164). Nicole causes strong emotions in him not because she is fragmented, but because she has something beyond his cinematic imagination as if she were “a promising colt” (141). She is, in short, the embodiment of what Dick has lost by committing himself into the cinematic comprehension of the world. The pictorial Nicole can see “the tender color of remembered flesh” which cannot be tendered to the cinematic Dick in his black-and-white vision.

The uniqueness of Dick’s love for Nicole, therefore, cannot be described more appropriately than as “a wild submergence of soul, a dipping of all colors into an obscuring dye” (217).

Fitzgerald did not write as many short stories as he used to in the last few years of his life. His writing has remained in the form of many fragmented passages in the notebook. One of these fragments, as John A. Latham presents us, tells the story about a young English girl who comes to Hollywood with ambition, only to be dismissed by them and die in despair. After her death one producer decides to review her screen test, thinking “[there] might be something there” (Latham 493). He is startled at the end of the film in which she turns from the camera and whisper, “I’d rather die than do it that way” (Latham 493).

Fitzgerald did not abandon his scheme of finding “something” out of the sentimental sphere. If the success of the work of art is measured by whether or not it reveals what this “something” really is, *Tender* may well be judged as a failure. However, as I have argued, what he tried to reveal, or consequently noticed, is the ultimate impossibility of comprehending “the thing” itself, and he did it in such a unique way as to prophesize the postmodernist deconstruction of the metaphysics of “expression.” This is the source of artistic reality in *Tender*, and Fitzgerald seemed to still believe in such reality, when he wrote

about his fragmented story of the young woman-artist in Hollywood, in the margin of his notebook: "This has emotion—too sentimental but real" (Latham 492).

### Notes

<sup>1</sup> For a detailed discussion about Fitzgerald's work in Hollywood, see Margolies, "Fitzgerald and Hollywood." See also Phillips, 11-36.

<sup>2</sup> One typical comment was made by Joseph M. Mankiewicz, an MGM film producer who worked with Fitzgerald in the 1930s, telling that the actors could not read the lines written by Fitzgerald because they were "very bad spoken dialogue." He further analyzed Fitzgerald's film-writing as "very literary dialogue, novelistic dialogue that lacked all the qualities for screen dialogue" (quoted in Margolies "Fitzgerald and Hollywood" 199).

<sup>3</sup> Hereafter all references to the novel will be to the first edition of *Tender Is the Night*, published by Scribner's in 1934.

<sup>4</sup> Fitzgerald once said that "I am really a lone wolf. . . . Everyone is lonely—the artist especially, it goes with creation. I create a world for others" (Turnbull 260-61).

<sup>5</sup> For example, Edward Murray thematically discussed the "cinematic imagination" Fitzgerald exhibits in his novels, and Edwin T. Arnold focused on his metaphorical use of the cinema to fully elaborate his novelistic theme. Alan Margolies presented the first "lengthy discussion [of] the influence of film and theatre upon Fitzgerald" (Margolies *Impact* 8) in 1970, in which he neatly arranged a huge amount of biographical facts in relation to his fiction. And Wheeler W. Dixon's book-length analysis approached the author's cinematic side from various viewpoints, from novels and screenplays to cinematic adaptations of his works.

<sup>6</sup> In the earlier version of *Tender*, often called "the Kelly version," the occupation of the protagonist Lew Kelly was Hollywood director. See Curnutt; and Bruccoli, *Composition*, 59-66. On Dick's theatrical and cinematic characteristics, see Nowlin, 101; Sklar, 266-79. Stern also discusses the protagonist's "movies identity" in detail (108-19).

<sup>7</sup> This depiction holds serious meaning in relation to the characterization of Rosemary Hoyt. When Fitzgerald found that the magazine editor changed the phrase from "not at all At them" to "not of them" in the serial galley, he corrected it to restore the original wording, saying, "There is pith in that and exactly what I meant to say" (Bruccoli *Composition* 73).

<sup>8</sup> The most notable is the discussion of Robert N. Wilson who argues that the Icarian urge to soar above men characterizes Fitzgerald's works, especially *Tender* and *The Love of the Last Tycoon*.

<sup>9</sup> Richard Godden cautions us to pay attention to the strategic aspect of the word “subconscious” in the narrative of *Tender*: “the ‘subconscious,’ as it appears in *Tender is the Night*, is no kind of Freudian mechanism—rather it is a strategy that allows the individual to return to himself” (230), “a strategy for preserving a ligature between a notion of identity and a faith in accumulated familial property” (231). Although he interprets the “fragments” in the context of capitalism, Godden’s discussion resembles mine in that the “subconscious” offers the characters some new totalized notion.

<sup>10</sup> According to Brucoli, it is probably “a reference to an exhibition of paintings by French rococo artist François Boucher (1703-1770); but possibly a misspelled reference to American painter Louis Bouché (1896-1969), who studied in Paris” (*Companion* 94).

<sup>11</sup> Doherty simply suggests that “the novel deals with characters who are plagued by the nightingale, those enamored of the romantic illusion. Nicole seems to be the nightingale” (103).

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