BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

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THE LAST TYCOON (*Unfinished*)
TENDER IS THE NIGHT
THE GREAT GATSBY
THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED
THIS SIDE OF PARADISE

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F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Tender Is the Night

A ROMANCE

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

—ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

EDITED BY

James L. W. West III

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TO
GERALD AND SARA
many fêtes

FOREWORD

I first read *Tender Is the Night* as a girl of roughly the same age as Rosemary Hoyt, the young actress in the novel—in that same bloom of youth with which Dick Diver is so enthralled. I was on my way to a Fitzgerald conference in the South of France, where the novel takes place, and where my grandmother lived briefly as a child with her expatriate parents, Scott and Zelda. I had never been encouraged to read my dazzling but troubled great-grandparents' work; a sort of taboo had formed in our family around them, and their books seemed to belong more to the world than to me. But before we left for France, my mother suggested I read this novel about their days on the Riviera, and I eagerly obliged.

Infused with the same romantic arrogance of youth that Scott describes so beautifully in the book, I felt I understood Rosemary's precarious position between innocence and experience. The language of the novel itself, at times reading like finely tuned poetry, and at times colorfully fragmented and impressionistic, was so strikingly modern that it felt timeless; the themes of romance, success, madness, and loss felt fresh, and the dark tangle of the love story felt true.

I also understood that the characters Dick and Nicole Diver were meant to be a kind of composite of Scott and Zelda, along with their close friends Gerald and Sara Murphy, to whom the book is dedicated. The novel takes place at a time resembling the moment in Scott and Zelda's own lives when they had reached a

certain crescendo, when Zelda's mental health had unraveled and Scott's problems with alcohol were undeniable.

Aspects of Nicole's character, and the way she speaks, have fused with my idea of Zelda herself. Her peculiar turns of phrase capture an unsettling strangeness, and likely come from Scott's close observations of Zelda. This borrowing of material from their life together was a source of bitter dispute between the two. Before Scott could finish *Tender Is the Night*, Zelda published a novel, *Save Me the Waltz*, drawing from similar chapters of their experience. Furious at having the inspiration for his next novel usurped, Scott employed a stenographer to record one of their couple's therapy sessions, insisting that *he* deserved to be in possession of this shared history, that he should have had the chance to publish it in his own words. He had put his career as a novelist on hold while he wrote the short stories that funded Zelda's care in hospitals and clinics. Though Scott was incensed, I think their novels stand apart beautifully as two sides of a story, however fictionalized they may be.

The atmosphere of *Tender Is the Night* colored our time in France. A few days into our trip, in the medieval town of Saint Paul de Vence, my mother pointed out a set of stairs down which Zelda had thrown herself in a fit of jealousy. I was filled with a frightened sense of awe to think of her acting so recklessly. (I also learned that the object of Zelda's jealousy that night, Isadora Duncan, was eventually strangled by her own scarf, caught in the tires of a convertible on a street close to our hotel.) This heady swirl of literature and history gave a new animation to these characters, both in the novel and in my family. In the novel, Nicole Diver shares some of Zelda's impulses; she's driven to a breaking point when she suspects Dick of flirting. Dick strives to save her—much as Scott often attempted to rescue Zelda, both men struggling to fend off a dissipation of their own.

The novel came to mind again a few years later, when I worked as an au pair for an American family summering near Saint-Tropez. One afternoon I watched from the backseat of a convertible as the children's mother sipped a glass of wine, speeding down the same cliff roads where Nicole—and Zelda, in real life—caused their spouses to swerve out of control. The dangers of excess, and the illusive protection of wealth in *Tender Is the Night*, seemed to haunt every turn.

More recently, as my own first marriage came to an end, I recalled a small but significant moment in the novel. When Nicole and Dick agree to the terms of their divorce, Scott writes that Nicole "felt happy and excited, and the odd little wish that she could tell Dick all about it." That impulse to share news with the one who was until recently the closest person in the world continues in spite of the split, and I love this subtle telling of that sentimental tic. How amazing, in that moment when one is raw from a breakup and suddenly on one's own, to read, "You are no longer insulated; but I suppose you must touch life in order to spring from it."

Each page of the novel offers brilliant insight into human experience—the way people see each other up close, and at a greater social distance. I sincerely appreciate having this emotional thread to my great-grandfather, and am pleased that we are *all* able to share that connection through his work, as readers. Having read and identified with Scott's writing, I now work to help safeguard his legacy as a trustee of his literary estate, and I no longer feel the distance from Scott and Zelda that I did when I was young. The novels, short stories, and letters they left behind grant us entry into the hearts and minds of two beautiful, "romantic egoists."

I'd like to note in closing that unlike Scott's phenomenal power of description and his extraordinary gift with dialogue—all of which have aged extremely well—his views on race have

not. It might be easy to excuse the racism in this work as simply being a product of its time. But, having had the wherewithal to eschew other contemporary norms, I feel Scott might have been able to shed some of the views that he reflects here. I find his not having done so regrettable. As it is an undeniable element in the work, it remains here in the text.

My family is very grateful to James L. W. West III for this edition of the novel. With work as painstaking as it is unpretentious, he has helped restore Scott's vital text.

—Blake Hazard

INTRODUCTION

F. Scott Fitzgerald's masterpiece, *The Great Gatsby* (1925), is a novel of tragic convergence. Over the course of the story, the principal characters, with their varied histories and conflicting aspirations, are moving slowly but surely toward one another. When they finally gather in a "stifling" room of the Plaza Hotel for an intimate party on a hot summer day, their troubled interrelationships boil over into a full-scale confrontation, setting in motion the book's disastrous conclusion. In *Tender Is the Night* (published nearly ten years later), Fitzgerald revisits the socioeconomic milieu of *Gatsby*, but in a manner that is more intricate, more intriguing, and, in many ways, more rewarding; and he does so by inverting the earlier book's convergent structure, crafting instead a novel of tragic entropy.

To begin, Fitzgerald carefully constructs an oasis of time and place. The setting is a resort town on "the pleasant shore of the French Riviera" where the Mediterranean Sea—enclosed by the landmasses of Europe and Africa—ensures a mild and forgiving climate. The time is 1925, seven years after the end of the Great War and four years before the onset of the Great Depression. The month is June, two months after the region's regular vacationers have returned to their harried lives in London and Paris. Thus, both geographically and temporally the story begins at a comfortable distance from inclement weather and worldly events.

Within this congenial setting, on a quiet beach, a small group

of expatriates are drawn together by Dick Diver, a charismatic and self-possessed man of thirty-four. The eleven characters—Dick and his wife Nicole, Abe and Mary North, Albert and Violet McKisco, Mrs. Abrams, Messrs. Barban, Campion, and Dumphry, and the starlet Rosemary Hoyt—appear, at first glance, to be a ragtag ensemble. Variously, they are older and younger, married and single, heterosexual and gay, arrived and aspiring. But we quickly realize that the individuals are more alike than not. They are mostly white Americans between the ages of twenty and forty who can afford a Mediterranean jaunt, and who share a similar sense of sophistication, whether they have attained it yet, or not. So, while they may not all know each other, we get the sense that it would take ten minutes of conversation for any two of them to find someone they know in common.

Most important, what the cast shares is a state of refined liberty. They are free from the dangers and hardships of the war era. Thanks to their financial wherewithal, they have the luxury of not working (Dick is taking an extended holiday from psychiatry, Rosemary from acting, Abe from composing, and Albert from writing). And thanks to the strength of the postwar dollar, they are free from most of life's inconveniences, their daily necessities seen to by anonymous intermediaries—the bartenders, bellboys, chauffeurs, cooks, concierges, gardeners, maids, nannies, stewards, valets, and waiters who populate the novel like a shadow cast of characters.

Dick invites the ensemble for dinner at his and Nicole's home, the Villa Diana. There, they sit at a candlelit table at the edge of a beautiful garden overlooking the Mediterranean—an oasis within an oasis within an oasis. But as this cozy party draws to a close, Fitzgerald initiates a narrative of dissolution that is as relentless as it is thorough.

Having begun in its protected little corner of the Mediterranean, the novel starts skipping across nations, touching down in

various cities of France, Switzerland, Germany, and the United States. Similarly, having begun as a day-by-day account, the plot takes off on a dizzying journey across time. After describing a few weeks in 1925, Fitzgerald turns the clock back, but he does not simply revisit a specific moment to ground and inform his tale. Rather, having described an encounter with Dick and Nicole in 1919, he recedes further to when they first met in 1917, and then further still to the unsettling events of Nicole's childhood. Once the narrative catches up to itself in the "present," it does not resume its initial leisurely pace. It advances in fits and starts, carefully detailing a few hours in one chapter and dispensing with whole years in another.

By leaping from setting to setting and period to period, Fitzgerald gives readers some taste of the disorientation that the characters experience in their lives. As the chapters progress, the eleven who were gathered at the Divers' table become increasingly far-flung, their socioeconomic standings shuffled, friendships strained, romantic pairings broken, and individual egos either tested or dismantled.

As the novel unfolds, Fitzgerald makes it clear that the most damning forces of dissolution in our lives come from within. He suggests that the very liberties that secure our idlest hours can dissociate us from life by distancing us from meaningful experiences, weakening our emotional bonds, and undermining our sense of self.

Fitzgerald establishes this theme early, calling into question the authenticity of his characters' experiences by describing their carefree actions in theatrical terms. At the Divers' party, the Villa Diana is referred to as a "stage," while the dinner table is a "mechanical dancing platform" and the Divers are like "charming figures in a ballet." Later that night when Rosemary comes upon Campion weeping, she touches him on the shoulder after

recalling a "scene in a rôle she had played." Thus, while the characters' stay on the Riviera may be colorful and entertaining, Fitzgerald suggests it has the substance of a charade.

Throughout the opening chapters there is often music playing, but it is almost always in the distance. At one point, Rosemary hears "mechanical pianos behind the vines of country estaminets," at another she hears "from afar, the gentle tremolo of a small organ," and then dance music from "somewhere in the hills behind the hotel." Like the theatrical language, the recurrence of the distant music gives us a nagging impression that the real celebration of life is happening not in the Divers' cozy sphere but somewhere else altogether.

Fitzgerald emphasizes the theme of dissociation in his descriptions of the Divers. As Dick plans his dinner party, he looks out at Cannes through a telescope, then announces the guest list to Nicole over a megaphone (much as later he will look at an historic battlefield through a periscope and field glasses). For all Dick's joie de vivre, Fitzgerald suggests that our protagonist often stands at some remove from life. Nicole can be seen walking through her garden wearing an "artificial camellia on her shoulder" and a "lilac scarf," her costume flowers clashing, in a way, with the organic ones in abundance around her. A moment later, she listens "to the plaints and accusations of some nursery squabble in the house," at once free from the inconveniences of parenthood (thanks to the governess), but strikingly aloof from the concerns of her children, who are almost as invisible in this novel as the servants.

As noted, the principal male characters have the liberty of not working, but Fitzgerald makes it quite clear that they are ambivalent about their idleness, often speaking of the work they're not doing in defensive terms. In American culture, one is closely identified with one's profession, so an extended hiatus can undermine one's sense of self, especially when, as in Dick's case, the hiatus is paid for with the wife's inherited wealth.

While the Divers were spared the harsher realities of the war (spending its culminating years in the safety of Switzerland), Fitzgerald implies that this stroke of good fortune has lead to a certain frivolousness. He does so by invoking military imagery to describe the couple in contexts that could not be less warlike. Dick sometimes looks back on the parties he has given "as a general might gaze upon a massacre he had ordered." When Nicole arrives at an Italian train station, her management of a mountain of luggage "was equivalent to the system of a regimental supply officer." And when the couple attends a dance during a ski trip, the footwork of the crowd is "as thunderous as spurred boots in war." Fitzgerald highlights the Divers' comfortable distance from the realities of war when, heading north, they visit the trenches of Beaumont-Hamel as tourists, and Dick schools Abe on elements of military history despite the fact that Abe is the one who actually saw combat.

Once the characters settle in Paris, their gay itinerary of dining, shopping, and romancing is interrupted by two homicidal acts. On a train platform, they see an acquaintance shoot her presumed paramour twice with a revolver. "Then, as if nothing had happened, the lives of the Divers and their friends flowed into the street." Shortly thereafter, an Afro-European with whom Abe has become acquainted is stabbed in the Divers' hotel and dies on Rosemary's bed. Having coordinated the quiet removal of the body, Dick assures Rosemary "you mustn't get upset over this—it's only some nigger scrap." In both cases, the characters betray their callousness by showing utter indifference to the victims, focusing instead on how unsettled or inconvenienced they are by the turn of events.

Over the course of the novel, the forces of entropy take their toll on various characters, but especially on Dick. In the late 1920s, Dick attempts to resurrect his career and his marriage by buying into a Swiss clinic with his wife's money, a venture that proves to be too little too late. Deeply dissatisfied, Dick lies to Nicole

and his partner that he is headed to a psychological conference, and instead goes on a private holiday. Here, Fitzgerald crafts a riveting crescendo of dissolution in which many of the novels central motifs are revisited to harrowing effect.

Continuing the pattern of geographic dislocation, Dick sets off on a whirlwind tour, traveling from Zürich to Munich, Innsbruck, New York, Virginia, and Naples until finally arriving in Rome—all in a matter of ten pages.

On this journey, characters from the 1925 dinner reappear like ghosts, each highlighting some manner in which our protagonist has failed in his life. In Munich, Dick runs into Tommy Barban in a bar. "You've been touring?" Dick asks. "Yes, we have been touring," Tommy responds, ironically. For in fact, he has just returned from Communist Russia where he has fought members of the Red Guard in order to rescue a prince. If this stinging reminder of his lack of service were not enough, on the following morning Dick is woken by the sound of marching feet, which turns out to be "a long column of men in uniform, wearing the familiar helmet of 1914, thick men in frock coats and silk hats, burghers, aristocrats, plain men," in a word, "men." The veterans, presumably, have earned the right to be mournful, having lost comrades in the heat of battle, but it is Dick who bursts into tears—over the loss of "his own youth."

While in the bar with Tommy, Dick is visited by a second ghost—the ghost of Abe North. In a cavalier discussion, Tommy reveals that the witty alcoholic composer-who-no-longer-composes has been beaten to death in a speakeasy in New York. Exhibiting the same indifference to victims of violence that Dick and Nicole had shown earlier, Tommy and his friend argue whether it was the Racquet Club or the Harvard Club to which the beaten Abe crawled with his final breaths.

Dick's holiday is briefly interrupted when he must travel to America to bury his father. Staring at the familiar names in the

family plot, Dick realizes he "had no more ties here now and did not believe he would come back," his decade abroad having left him without a home or a country.

On the ship back to Europe, Dick runs into Albert McKisco, the third ghost from the Villa Diana dinner. While in 1925 McKisco was a pretentious young man of letters, he has achieved wealth and fame as a novelist on a foundation of "self-respect." By contrast, Dick's halfhearted return to his profession by means of his wife's money has left him feeling "swallowed up like a gigolo."

Upon arriving in Rome, at the luxurious Hotel Quirinale, Dick is visited by the fourth and final ghost, Rosemary Hoyt—the young woman who had adored him just a few years before. At long last, the two consummate their relationship, but the act of union leaves Dick with a sense of loss rather than attainment. A mutual acquaintance points out that Rosemary is now "a woman of the world." The acquaintance means this in the salacious sense, but Rosemary has, in fact, become a woman *of the world*. Like McKisco, she has used the intervening years to advance her career and her fame, and while in Rome, she has phone calls, professional appointments, and social engagements that take priority over her former infatuation. Thus, one by one, the ghosts of Dick's past show him all that he has not become: not a man of courage, not a professional success, not a faithful husband, not an irresistible lover. Or to put it more simply, in the parlance of the times, not a man.

Shaken, Dick goes on a bender, drinking heavily in a basement cabaret. The music is now in the foreground, but it is "a listless band" playing the exaggerated strains of the tango. Where Dick once seemed the charming personification of cosmopolitanism, he now exhibits a casual racism, attacking the British and Italian people with sweeping, ugly assessments. Boorishly, he elbows his way into someone else's date, dances with the young woman drunkenly, then is shocked when she suddenly disappears.

Having long benefited from the help of anonymous intermediaries, Dick has become condescending in their company. Calling over the Negro bandleader, Dick quickly offends him in an argument over money. Slurring his words, he stumbles into the night and gets into another row over money, this time with a group of taxi drivers. They all go to a police station to resolve the dispute, where Dick has one last ill-fated encounter with the servile class, punching a "leering" observer who turns out to be a plainclothes lieutenant. At long last, the violence that Dick has been accustomed to witnessing with a cavalier indifference, visits itself upon him in full fury. Sitting in a prison cell with a broken nose, cracked ribs, and a closed eye, Dick has no choice but to pursue a final emasculating act: asking his wife's sister to bail him out. The great unraveling has begun, and in the pages that follow the finely colored threads of Dick's tapestry will be pulled apart without remedy or recourse.

For all its poetic beauty and mythic resonance, *The Great Gatsby* is fundamentally a novel of the imagination—a tidy parable that has been crafted with great care and economy. By contrast, *Tender Is the Night* is a novel of experience. While exhibiting Fitzgerald's prodigious talents—his elegant writing, his command of human psychology, and his nuanced sense of society—*Tender* is also sprawling, complicated, chaotic, and very, very personal. It is no coincidence that the events in the book begin just two months after *Gatsby* was published. In *Tender* we find not how Fitzgerald imagines the world might be, but how he experienced it firsthand. I suspect that even those unfamiliar with the details of Fitzgerald's biography can sense a moral immediacy. To watch in slow motion as Dick Diver's alluring liberties betray him, we feel the pain of his diminishment at every step, and we leave his story with a greater reverence for the quotidian responsibilities that bind us more closely to life.

—Amor Towles

TENDER IS THE NIGHT

BOOK ONE

I

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

The hotel and its bright tan prayer rug of a beach were one. In the early morning the distant image of Cannes, the pink and cream of old fortifications, the purple Alp that bounded Italy, were cast across the water and lay quavering in the ripples and rings sent up by sea-plants through the clear shallows. Before eight a man came down to the beach in a blue bathrobe and with much preliminary application to his person of the chilly water, and much grunting and loud breathing, floundered a minute in the sea. When he had gone, beach and bay were quiet for an hour. Merchantmen crawled westward on the horizon; bus boys

shouted in the hotel court; the dew dried upon the pines. In another hour the horns of motors began to blow down from the winding road along the low range of the Maures, which separates the littoral from true Provençal France.

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the hotel the girl made the reservation in idiomatic but rather flat French, like something remembered. When they were

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

Indeed, of all the region only the beach stirred with activity. Three British nannies sat knitting the slow pattern of Victorian England, the pattern of the forties, the sixties, and the eighties, into sweaters and socks, to the tune of gossip as formalized as incantation; closer to the sea a dozen persons kept house under striped umbrellas, while their dozen children pursued unintimidated fish through the shallows or lay naked and glistening with cocoanut oil out in the sun.

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

Rosemary laid her face on the water and swam a choppy little four-beat crawl out to the raft. The water reached up for her, pulled her down tenderly out of the heat, seeped in her hair and ran into the corners of her body. She turned round and round in

it, embracing it, wallowing in it. Reaching the raft she was out of breath, but a tanned woman with very white teeth looked down at her, and Rosemary, suddenly conscious of the raw whiteness of her own body, turned on her back and drifted toward shore. The hairy man holding the bottle spoke to her as she came out.

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

"Heavens!" exclaimed Rosemary.

"They come in for the refuse from the flotte."

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

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

Lying so, she first heard their voices and felt their feet skirt her body and their shapes pass between the sun and herself. The breath of an inquisitive dog blew warm and nervous on her neck; she could feel her skin broiling a little in the heat and hear the small exhausted wa-*waa* of the expiring waves. Presently her ear distinguished individual voices and she became aware that some one referred to scornfully as "that North guy" had kidnapped

a waiter from a café in Cannes last night in order to saw him in two. The sponsor of the story was a white-haired woman in full evening dress, obviously a relic of the previous evening, for a tiara still clung to her head and a discouraged orchid expired from her shoulder. Rosemary, forming a vague antipathy to her and her companions, turned away.

Nearest her, on the other side, a young woman lay under a roof of umbrellas making out a list of things from a book open on the sand. Her bathing suit was pulled off her shoulders and her back, a ruddy, orange brown, set off by a string of creamy pearls, shone in the sun. Her face was hard and lovely and pitiful. Her eyes met Rosemary's but did not see her. Beyond her was a fine man in a jockey cap and red-striped tights; then the woman Rosemary had seen on the raft, and who looked back at her, seeing her; then a man with a long face and a golden, leonine head, with blue tights and no hat, talking very seriously to an unmistakably Latin young man in black tights, both of them picking at little pieces of sea-weed in the sand. She thought they were mostly Americans, but something made them unlike the Americans she had known of late.

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

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

"You are a ripping swimmer."

She demurred.

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

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

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

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

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

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

II

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

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

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

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

manners of America, these latter superimposed, made a certain confusion and let her in for just such things.

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

"Been here long?"

"Only a day."

"Oh."

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

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

"For God's sake, Violet, drop the subject!" exploded her husband. "Get a new joke, for God's sake!"

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

"He's nervous."

"I'm not nervous," disagreed McKisco. "It just happens I'm not nervous at all."

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

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

"I haven't learned to breathe yet. I never quite understood how they breathed." He looked at Rosemary inquiringly.

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

"The breathing's the hardest part for me. Shall we go to the raft?"

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

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

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

"He's a good swimmer," Rosemary said.

Mrs. McKisco's answer came with surprising violence.

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

"Yes," agreed McKisco, grudgingly. Obviously he had created his wife's world, and allowed her few liberties in it.

"Antheil's my man." Mrs. McKisco turned challengingly to Rosemary, "Antheil and Joyce. I don't suppose you ever hear much about those sort of people in Hollywood, but my hus-

band wrote the first criticism of Ulysses that ever appeared in America."

"I wish I had a cigarette," said McKisco calmly. "That's more important to me just now."

"He's got insides—don't you think so, Albert?"

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

"Is that his wife?" Rosemary asked.

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

"Have you been abroad before?"

"Yes—I went to school in Paris."

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

"I should think so."

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

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

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

"Oh, for God's sake, Violet, don't go telling everybody the

idea," protested McKisco. "I don't want it to get all around before the book's published."

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

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

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

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

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

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

She laughed cheerfully, inviting him to talk, but Dick Diver

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

"Do you know what time it is?" Rosemary asked.

"It's about half-past one."

They faced the seascape together momentarily.

"It's not a bad time," said Dick Diver. "It's not one of the worst times of the day."

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

III

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

"I fell in love on the beach," said Rosemary.

"Who with?"

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

"Did you talk to him?"

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

Her mother was her best friend and had put every last possibility into the guiding of her, not so rare a thing in the theatrical profession, but rather special in that Mrs. Elsie Speers was not recompensing herself for a defeat of her own. She had no personal bitterness or resentments about life—twice satisfactorily married and twice widowed, her cheerful stoicism had each time deepened. One of her husbands had been a cavalry officer and

one an army doctor, and they both left something to her that she tried to present intact to Rosemary. By not sparing Rosemary she had made her hard—by not sparing her own labor and devotion she had cultivated an idealism in Rosemary, which at present was directed toward herself and saw the world through her eyes. So that while Rosemary was a "simple" child she was protected by a double sheath of her mother's armor and her own—she had a mature distrust of the trivial, the facile and the vulgar. However, with Rosemary's sudden success in pictures Mrs. Speers felt that it was time she were spiritually weaned; it would please rather than pain her if this somewhat bouncing, breathless and exigent idealism would focus on something except herself.

"Then you like it here?" she asked.

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

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

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

"You go—I'm not going."

"We'll wait till tomorrow then."

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

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

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

"All right, Mother."

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

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

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

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

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

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

A dozen cabbies slept in their hacks outside the Cannes station. Over on the promenade the Casino, the smart shops, and the great hotels turned blank iron masks to the summer sea. It was unbelievable that there could ever have been a "season," and Rosemary, half in the grip of fashion, became a little self-conscious, as though she were displaying an unhealthy taste for the moribund; as though people were wondering why she was here in the lull between the gaiety of last winter and next winter, while up north the true world thundered by.

As she came out of a drug store with a bottle of cocoanut oil, a woman, whom she recognized as Mrs. Diver, crossed her path with arms full of sofa cushions, and went to a car parked down the street. A long, low black dog barked at her, a dozing chauffeur woke with a start. She sat in the car, her lovely face set, controlled, her eyes brave and watchful, looking straight ahead toward nothing. Her dress was bright red and her brown legs were bare. She had thick, dark, gold hair like a chow's.

With half an hour to wait for her train Rosemary sat down in the Café des Alliés on the Croisette, where the trees made a green twilight over the tables and an orchestra wooed an imaginary public of cosmopolites with the Nice Carnival Song and last year's American tune. She had bought Le Temps and The Saturday Evening Post for her mother, and as she drank her citronnade she opened the latter at the memoirs of a Russian princess, finding the dim conventions of the nineties realer and nearer than the headlines of the French paper. It was the same feeling that had oppressed her at the hotel—accustomed to seeing the starkest grotesqueries of a continent heavily underlined as comedy or tragedy, untrained to the task of separating out the essential for herself, she now began to feel that French life was empty and stale. This feeling was surcharged by listening to the sad tunes of the orchestra, reminiscent of the melancholy music played for acrobats in vaudeville. She was glad to go back to Gausse's Hotel.

Her shoulders were too burned to swim with the next day, so she and her mother hired a car—after much haggling, for Rosemary had formed her valuations of money in France—and drove along the Riviera, the delta of many rivers. The chauffeur, a Russian Czar of the period of Ivan the Terrible, was a self-appointed guide, and the resplendent names—Cannes, Nice, Monte-Carlo—began to glow through their torpid camouflage,

whispering of old kings come here to dine or die, of rajahs tossing Buddhas' eyes to English ballerinas, of Russian princes turning the weeks into Baltic twilights in the lost caviare days. Most of all, there was the scent of the Russians along the coast—their closed book shops and grocery stores. Ten years ago, when the season ended in April, the doors of the Orthodox Church were locked, and the sweet champagnes they favored were put away until their return. "We'll be back next season," they said, but this was premature, for they were never coming back any more.

It was pleasant to drive back to the hotel in the late afternoon, above a sea as mysteriously colored as the agates and cornelians of childhood, green as green milk, blue as laundry water, wine dark. It was pleasant to pass people eating outside their doors, and to hear the fierce mechanical pianos behind the vines of country estaminets. When they turned off the Corniche d'Or and down to Gausse's Hotel through the darkening banks of trees, set one behind another in many greens, the moon already hovered over the ruins of the aqueducts. . . .

Somewhere in the hills behind the hotel there was a dance, and Rosemary listened to the music through the ghostly moonshine of her mosquito net, realizing that there was gaiety too somewhere about, and she thought of the nice people on the beach. She thought she might meet them in the morning, but they obviously formed a self-sufficient little group, and, once their umbrellas, bamboo rugs, dogs, and children were set out in place, their part of the plage was literally fenced in. She resolved in any case not to spend her last two mornings with the other ones.

IV

♦

The matter was solved for her. The McKiscos were not yet there and she had scarcely spread her peignoir when two men—the man with the jockey cap and the tall blonde man, given to sawing waiters in two—left the group and came down toward her.

"Good morning," said Dick Diver. He broke down. "Look—sunburn or no sunburn, why did you stay away yesterday? We worried about you."

She sat up and her happy little laugh welcomed their intrusion.

"We wondered," Dick Diver said, "if you wouldn't come over this morning. We go in, we take food and drink, so it's a substantial invitation."

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. He managed the introduction so that her name wasn't mentioned and then let her know easily that everyone knew who she was but that they were respecting the completeness of her private life—a courtesy that Rosemary had not met with save from professional people since her success.

Nicole Diver, her brown back hanging from her pearls, was looking through a recipe book for Chicken Maryland. She was about twenty-four, Rosemary guessed—her face could have been described in terms of conventional prettiness, but the effect was that it had been made first on the heroic scale with strong structure and marking, as if the features and vividness of brow and coloring, everything we associate with temperament and character, had been molded with a Rodinesque intention, and then chiselled away in the direction of prettiness to a point where a single slip would have irreparably diminished its force and quality. With the mouth the sculptor had taken desperate chances—it was the cupid's bow of a magazine cover, yet it shared the distinction of the rest.

"Are you here for a long time?" Nicole asked. Her voice was low, almost harsh.

Suddenly Rosemary let the possibility enter her mind that they might stay another week.

"Not very long," she answered vaguely. "We've been abroad a long time—we landed in Sicily in March and we've been slowly working our way north. I got pneumonia making a picture last January and I've been recuperating."

"Mercy! How did that happen?"

"Well, it was from swimming." Rosemary was rather reluctant at embarking upon personal revelations. "One day I happened to have the grippe and didn't know it, and they were taking a scene where I dove into a canal in Venice. It was a very expensive set, so I had to dive and dive and dive all morning. Mother had a doctor right there, but it was no use—I got pneumonia." She changed the subject determinedly before they could speak. "Do you like it here—this place?"

"They have to like it," said Abe North slowly. "They invented it." He turned his noble head slowly so that his eyes rested with tenderness and affection on the two Divers.

"Oh, did you?"

"This is only the second season that the hotel's been open in summer," Nicole explained. "We persuaded Gausse to keep on a cook and a garçon and a chasseur—it paid its way and this year it's doing even better."

"But you're not in the hotel."

"We built a house, up at Tarmes."

"The theory is," said Dick, arranging an umbrella to clip a square of sunlight off Rosemary's shoulder, "that all the northern places, like Deauville, were picked out by Russians and English who don't mind the cold, while half of us Americans come from tropical climates—that's why we're beginning to come here."

The young man of Latin aspect had been turning the pages of The New York Herald.

"Well, what nationality are these people?" he demanded, suddenly, and read with a slight French intonation, " 'Registered at the Hôtel Palace at Vevey are Mr. Pandely Vlasco, Mme. Bonneasse'—I don't exaggerate—'Corinna Medonca, Mme. Pasche, Seraphim Tullio, Maria Amalia Roto Mais, Moises Teubel, Mme. Paragoris, Apostle Alexandre, Yolanda Yosfuglu and Geneveva de Momus!' She attracts me most—Geneveva de Momus. Almost worth running up to Vevey to take a look at Geneveva de Momus."

He stood up with sudden restlessness, stretching himself with one sharp movement. He was a few years younger than Diver or North. He was tall and his body was hard but overspare save for the bunched force gathered in his shoulders and upper arms. At first glance he seemed conventionally handsome—but there was a faint disgust always in his face which marred the full fierce lustre of his brown eyes. Yet one remembered them afterward, when one had forgotten the inability of the mouth to endure boredom and the young forehead with its furrows of fretful and unprofitable pain.

"We found some fine ones in the news of Americans last week," said Nicole. "Mrs. Evelyn Oyster and—what were the others?"

"There was Mr. S. Flesh," said Diver, getting up also. He took his rake and began to work seriously at getting small stones out of the sand.

"Oh, yes—S. Flesh—doesn't he give you the creeps?"

It was quiet alone with Nicole—Rosemary found it even quieter than with her mother. Abe North and Barban, the Frenchman, were talking about Morocco, and Nicole having copied her recipe picked up a piece of sewing. Rosemary examined their appurtenances—four large parasols that made a canopy of shade, a portable bath house for dressing, a pneumatic rubber horse, new things that Rosemary had never seen, from the first burst of luxury manufacturing after the war, and probably in the hands of the first of purchasers. She had gathered that they were fashionable people, but though her mother had brought her up to beware such people as drones, she did not feel that way here. Even in their absolute immobility, complete as that of the morning, she felt a purpose, a working over something, a direction, an act of creation different from any she had known. Her immature mind made no speculations upon the nature of their relation to each other. She was only concerned with their attitude toward herself—but she perceived the web of some pleasant interrelation, which she expressed with the thought that they seemed to have a very good time.

She looked in turn at the three men, temporarily expropriating them. All three were personable in different ways; all were of a special gentleness that she felt was part of their lives, past and future, not circumstanced by events, not at all like the company manners of actors, and she detected also a far-reaching delicacy that was different from the rough and ready good fellowship of directors, who represented the intellectuals in her life. Actors and directors—those were the only men she had ever known, those and the heterogeneous, indistinguishable mass of college boys,

interested only in love at first sight, whom she had met at the Yale prom last fall.

These three were different. Barban was less civilized, more skeptical and scoffing, his manners were formal, even perfunctory. Abe North had, under his shyness, a desperate humor that amused but puzzled her. Her serious nature distrusted its ability to make a supreme impression on him.

But Dick Diver—he was 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 who 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.

Toward noon the McKiscos, Mrs. Abrams, Mr. Dumphry, and Signor Campion came on the beach. They had brought a new umbrella that they set up with side glances toward the Divers, and crept under with satisfied expressions—all save Mr. McKisco, who remained derisively without. In his raking Dick had passed near them and now he returned to the umbrellas.

"The two young men are reading the Book of Etiquette together," he said in a low voice.

"Planning to mix wit de quality," said Abe.

Mary North, the very tanned young woman whom Rosemary had encountered the first day on the raft, came in from swimming and said with a smile that was a rakish gleam:

"So Mr. and Mrs. Neverquiver have arrived."

"They're this man's friends," Nicole reminded her, indicating

Abe. "Why doesn't he go and speak to them? Don't you think they're attractive?"

"I think they're very attractive," Abe agreed. "I just don't think they're attractive, that's all."

"Well, I *have* felt there were too many people on the beach this summer," Nicole admitted. "*Our* beach that Dick made out of a pebble pile." She considered, and then lowered her voice out of the range of the trio of nannies who sat back under another umbrella. "Still they're preferable to those British last summer who kept shouting about: 'Isn't the sea blue? Isn't the sky white? Isn't little Nellie's nose red?'"

Rosemary thought she would not like to have Nicole for an enemy.

"But you didn't see the fight," Nicole continued. "The day before you came, the married man, the one with the name that sounds like a substitute for gasoline or butter—"

"McKisco?"

"Yes—well they were having words and she tossed some sand in his face. So naturally he sat on top of her and rubbed her face in the sand. We were—electrified. I wanted Dick to interfere."

"I think," said Dick Diver, staring down abstractedly at the straw mat, "that I'll go over and invite them to dinner."

"No, you won't," Nicole told him quickly.

"I think it would be a very good thing. They're here—let's adjust ourselves."

"We're very well adjusted," she insisted, laughing. "I'm not going to have *my* nose rubbed in the sand. I'm a mean, hard woman," she explained to Rosemary, and then raising her voice, "Children, put on your bathing suits!"

Rosemary felt that this swim would become the typical one of her life, the one that would always pop up in her memory at the mention of swimming. Simultaneously the whole party moved toward the water, super-ready from the long, forced inaction,

passing from the heat to the cool with the gourmandise of a tingling curry eaten with chilled white wine. The Divers' day was spaced like the day of the older civilizations to yield the utmost from the materials at hand, and to give all the transitions their full value, and she did not know that there would be another transition presently from the utter absorption of the swim to the garrulity of the Provençal lunch hour. But again she had the sense that Dick was taking care of her, and she delighted in responding to the eventual movement as if it had been an order.

Nicole handed her husband the curious garment on which she had been working. He went into the dressing tent and inspired a commotion by appearing in a moment clad in transparent black lace drawers. Close inspection revealed that actually they were lined with flesh-colored cloth.

"Well, if that isn't a pansy's trick!" exclaimed Mr. McKisco contemptuously—then turning quickly to Mr. Dumphry and Mr. Campion, he added, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

Rosemary bubbled with delight at the trunks. Her naïveté responded whole-heartedly to the expensive simplicity of the Divers, unaware of its complexity and its lack of innocence, unaware that it was all a selection of quality rather than quantity from the run of the world's bazaar; and that the simplicity of behavior also, the nursery-like peace and good will, the emphasis on the simpler virtues, was part of a desperate bargain with the gods and had been attained through struggles she could not have guessed at. At that moment the Divers represented externally the exact furthermost evolution of a class, so that most people seemed awkward beside them—in reality a qualitative change had already set in that was not at all apparent to Rosemary.

She stood with them as they took sherry and ate crackers. Dick Diver looked at her with cold blue eyes; his kind, strong mouth said thoughtfully and deliberately: