

NAXOS
AudioBooks

E. Scott Fitzgerald
Tender is the Night

THE
COMPLETE
CLASSICS

UNABRIDGED

CLASSIC
FICTION

Read by **Trevor White**



NA945712D

Book 1		
1	Chapter 1	4:08
2	At the hotel the girl made the reservation...	3:22
3	Not unpleasantly self-conscious...	4:59
4	Chapter 2	3:20
5	The man with the leonine head lay stretched out upon the raft...	3:52
6	Rosemary swam back to the shore...	2:55
7	Chapter 3	5:17
8	As she came out of a drug store with a bottle of cocoanut oil...	4:13
9	Chapter 4	5:22
10	It was quiet alone with Nicole...	5:21
11	'But you didn't see the fight,' Nicole continued.	4:02
12	Chapter 5	3:03
13	'I thought you'd be along any day now,' Brady said...	3:08
14	Chapter 6	4:20
15	For a moment Nicole stood looking down at the Mediterranean...	4:10
16	'What a beautiful garden!' Mrs Speers exclaimed.	3:59
17	Rosemary stood beside Tommy Barban...	4:15
18	Chapter 7	3:38
19	Then came Dick, with his arms full...	4:09
20	'Do you want,' Violet McKisco asked Rosemary...	4:00

21	Chapter 8	5:03
22	Chapter 9	5:37
23	Rosemary and Luis Campion went humbly down the steps...	3:27
24	Chapter 10	4:20
25	'You better souse your head in cold water,' Abe suggested.	4:25
26	Chapter 11	4:10
27	The principals faced each other...	3:56
28	Chapter 12	4:51
29	So Rosemary found it a pleasant party...	3:02
30	With Nicole's help Rosemary bought two dresses...	3:48
31	Chapter 13	4:14
32	They came out of the neat restored trench..	4:18
33	Chapter 14	5:59
34	Chapter 15	4:12
35	She was astonished at herself...	3:59
36	Chapter 16	4:14
37	After luncheon the Divers and the Norths...	3:55
38	'I don't want a test,' said Dick firmly.	2:59
39	Chapter 17	4:12
40	It was the first hint Rosemary had...	3:59

41	They were still in the happier stage of love.	3:47
42	Chapter 18	3:32
43	The time she laughed most was later...	4:19
44	Chapter 19	5:18
45	Patiently Abe followed her with his eyes.	4:37
46	'It was Maria Wallis,' Dick said hurriedly.	4:27
47	Chapter 20	4:28
48	'– she's not so cold as you'd probably think...'	4:42
49	He went toward Pierce but he was engaged with a woman...	4:05
50	Chapter 21	4:12
51	'This is Dick – I had to call you.'	3:55
52	Chapter 22	3:47
53	It was fun spending money in the sunlight...	3:28
54	So much fun – so long ago.	3:43
55	Chapter 23	5:30
56	Chapter 24	3:58
57	She went to her dresser...	3:33
58	Rosemary listened with distaste...	4:12
59	Chapter 25	4:53
60	Automatically Dick made the old motion...	4:35

Book 2	
61 Chapter 1	3:57
62 For its temporary continuance he thanked his body...	4:02
63 Chapter 2	4:59
64 The car had followed the shore of the Zurichsee...	4:24
65 CAPTAIN DIVER: I know introspection is not good...	4:32
66 MON CAPITAINE: It was fine to have your postcard.	3:23
67 Chapter 3	4:57
68 'She got worse,' continued Warren.	5:25
69 Chapter 4	4:12
70 'That's very good – and very American,' he said.	3:43
71 Chapter 5	3:43
72 He was late the next time...	3:11
73 Chapter 6	5:06
74 – Six months later he thought the same way...	3:50
75 Chapter 7	4:46
76 'I know I wouldn't be fit to marry any one...'	4:21
77 Chapter 8	3:52
78 He wore leather shorts, an army shirt, mountain shoes.	3:56
79 'Plunk!' she gasped.	4:01
80 Chapter 9	5:45

81	For a moment all the outdoors shut in with mist...	5:42
82	Suddenly there was a booming from the wine slopes...	5:16
83	Chapter 10	5:19
84	Life is fun with Dick...	5:39
85	Chapter 11	4:56
86	Saying good-by, Dick was aware of Elsie Speers' full charm...	4:40
87	It was worse with his eyes shut...	4:46
88	Chapter 12	5:19
89	Chapter 13	4:57
90	He was forty.	4:17
91	Franz threw up his chin...	5:28
92	It had been years since Dick had bottled up malice...	4:53
93	Chapter 14	3:48
94	Half an hour later Dick started up to the administration building.	5:46
95	She was particularly his patient.	6:16
96	Chapter 15	5:20
97	Nicole began to run very suddenly...	5:59
98	They started back with a hot sorrow streaming down upon them...	5:32
99	Chapter 16	5:19
100	Chapter 17	4:16

101	It was an escape story in the best tradition...	4:48
102	Chapter 18	4:40
103	After dinner and a bottle of heavy local wine...	4:41
104	Chapter 19	5:12
105	The McKiscos got off at Gibraltar.	5:29
106	Chapter 20	5:10
107	Dick couldn't believe her.	4:36
108	Chapter 21	4:47
109	Collis was catching up with the conversation now...	4:18
110	Torturing himself he ran on.	4:06
111	Chapter 22	5:37
112	The Negro got up sourly and went away...	5:19
113	The passionate impatience of the week leaped up...	4:34
114	Chapter 23	4:40
115	She drove to the American Embassy...	5:12
116	The piazza whereon it faced was empty...	5:45
117	When Collis spoke of retribution...	4:55

Book 3

118	Chapter 1	3:13
119	Kaethe had touched a material truth.	3:54
120	Chapter 2	5:14
121	'I'd like to know your attitude,' Dick said.	5:13
122	It was convenient for Doctor Dangeu...	5:25
123	In plotting these hours he forgot...	6:06
124	Chapter 3	4:23
125	Dismissing a tendency to justify himself...	4:51
126	Chapter 4	5:08
127	'Conte di Minghetti' was merely a papal title...	4:23
128	Next day, over a thinly wooded hillside...	5:24
129	Dick sat on the bedside indicating...	3:38
130	Chapter 5	4:29
131	'We can't go on like this,' Nicole suggested.	5:13
132	'You look just like all the adventurers in the movies...'	4:14
133	They moved into the dining salon...	5:13
134	His face, wan in the light...	3:58
135	Chapter 6	4:42
136	Nicole watched them through the boughs...	4:24

137	Chapter 7	5:52
138	'I miss Mother so, but she's meeting me in Paris, Monday.'	5:02
139	The second time he was more careful.	5:15
140	Mary turned to Nicole, her manner indicating affection...	4:00
141	'The danger to an actress is in responding...'	5:30
142	Chapter 8	5:32
143	Marius brought out melon and an ice pail...	4:14
144	When he got up to open a shutter...	5:00
145	Tommy saw a girl rush out upon the balcony...	3:49
146	Chapter 9	3:32
147	Approaching noiselessly she saw him...	3:54
148	Chapter 10	5:15
149	At this point Dick went aside...	4:55
150	Chapter 11	4:39
151	As Tommy got him off with a fierce 'allez-vous-en,' Dick identified him...	4:18
152	Chapter 12	4:23
153	'Your friends still like you, Dick...'	3:22
154	Chapter 13	2:12

Total time: 11:35:56

F. Scott Fitzgerald
(1896–1940)
Tender is the Night

It is commonplace for artists to be described – or to describe themselves – as outsiders, uncomfortable with the world they inhabit, able therefore to view it objectively and with the heightened perception that a sense of slighted injustice gives to anyone who is excluded. With F. Scott Fitzgerald, however, the genius of his insight was rather the opposite. He lived completely within the world he chronicled, embodied it, even named it – he coined the phrase ‘the Jazz Age’ – and has been an analogue of it ever since. He charted the lives of gilded young people who were rich, wild, gifted and beautiful but who had deep-set and eventually destructive flaws at their core. He did this with such precision because it was his world, his life and his marriage (especially his marriage) from which he drew not just inspiration but material. His novels charting the generation that flourished in America immediately after the First World War (the Lost Generation) are almost as much diaries as works of art. But

they are indeed works of art, and among the finest of the century.

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald was born in St Paul, Minnesota, to a Catholic furniture-maker and an immigrant Irish heiress. They were a patriotic family, naming their son after their ancestor Francis Scott Key who wrote *The Star-Spangled Banner* (an arguably more significant political forebear was, Mary Surratt, who was hanged as a conspirator in Lincoln’s assassination). The family moved house on several occasions during Fitzgerald’s childhood as his father’s businesses either failed or made him redundant, but great hardship seems to have been avoided. Certainly for Francis (who was known as Scottie), trade was never a great attraction. In 1909 he had had a short story published, and by the time he went to Princeton in 1913 he had written three plays, a habit he was to maintain while at university, despite his failing grades. Indeed, he was forbidden from appearing in several university productions because

of his poor academic record (Princeton must deeply regret that it never got to see the young F. Scott Fitzgerald in his own production, *Fie! Fie! Fi-fi!*). But theatre and literature were already his life, and after a brief spell in the army (peace was declared before he saw action) he began trying to make a living as an author.

This determination was not just artistic. He had met and fallen in love with Zelda Sayre, but she broke off the engagement, thinking that he would never be able to make enough money as a writer. He proved her wrong, first with the short stories that appeared in major magazines, and then by revising and reworking his first novel *This Side of Paradise* (originally called *The Romantic Egotist*) until it was accepted and published. It turned him into an overnight success. He and Zelda married one week after it came out, and the life he had already started to capture in his fiction became the reality he would live and draw from until his death.

Theirs was a terrible and beautiful union in itself. Riotous, competitive, jealous, drunk, despairing, passionate, they inspired each other as much as they were surely destroying each other. To maintain a

lifestyle they could barely afford Fitzgerald wrote brilliant commercial short stories while trying to write the novels that he hoped would earn him a serious reputation. He and Zelda were the centre of a young set that epitomised the new America. Immediately after the First World War, the USA was rich beyond the world's imagining – powerful, vital, expanding and confident. Europe was a shell, in desperate need of the money the Americans could spend. But, as Fitzgerald seemed to recognise, there was about this desperate hedonism an in-built self-destructiveness, an unconscious knowledge that it was founded on a myth of indestructibility that no one believed; that it was profoundly shallow, deeply brittle.

Tender is the Night captures all this more completely than any other of his works. It not only chronicles – deftly, unobtrusively, without prurience – the lifestyle of the beautiful people, it monitors their decline philosophically as well as empathetically. Fitzgerald was reputed to be a quick or even careless writer, but in fact he was meticulous, always reworking, rewriting and reshaping as needed. Part of his reputation as a lazy writer came from

his drug and drink excesses (alcoholic from his early 20s, he wrote when sober, which might explain the layer of bitter self-hate that underlies some of the more poignant episodes), but *Tender is the Night* took him years of careful effort and something like 17 drafts. Although begun after *The Great Gatsby* was published in 1925, it did not itself see publication until 1934. Quite apart from the effort that work over this length of time entailed, it meant that the book lost some of its focus; and in the intervening period, significantly, America suffered its worst depression for decades.

The central theme remained, however – that of the notion of the degenerative power of money, or at least of money without moral intent; the capacity for talent and goodness to seep away from someone, leaving a hollow aimlessness instead. Into this, Fitzgerald as usual added significant elements of his own life, not least the schizophrenic wife, the implication and suspicion of affairs, the wealthy set of Americans in Europe and the disintegration of happiness under the influence of drink and mental breakdown. Zelda was admitted into a psychiatric institution in Switzerland in 1930 and diagnosed with schizophrenia.

Fitzgerald – in the apparently endless effort of re-imagining what he knew to be a major novel, but struggling with the form – reflected these new realities by, for example, changing the central character's profession to that of a psychoanalyst as part of his fiction. But it remains fiction. *Tender is the Night* balances some of Fitzgerald's most evocative writing with such devices as shifts in narrative view, flashbacks, deliberately Modernist storytelling techniques, internal references and external allusions – all of which are allied to a novel with literary and moral depth.

Fitzgerald died in 1940 after a brief and unsuccessful stint in Hollywood, leaving unfinished his last novel *The Love of the Last Tycoon* (now the preferred title over *The Last Tycoon*). Zelda died eight years later.

Fitzgerald turned the hedonistic lives of his contemporaries into works of sharp humanity; and for all that the roots of *Tender is the Night* lay in his own too-short and turbulent life, it is not the diarist that is at the heart of the novel's greatness, it is the artist.

Notes by Roy McMillan



Trevor White's film and television credits include *Genova*, *Moonshot*, *Die Another Day*, *House of Saddam*, *Bonekickers*, *The Path to 9/11*, *Judge John Deed*, and *The Line of Beauty*. His voice work in audiobooks and for BBC Radio include *A Million Little Pieces*, *Revolutionary Road*, *Azincourt*, *Bright Shiny Morning*, *The Great Gatsby* and *Catch-22*, for which he was nominated for an Audible Audiobook Award. He has also played Tullus Aufidius in *Coriolanus* for the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Credits

Produced by Roy McMillan
Recorded at Motivation Sound Studios, London
Edited by Andrew Riches

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F. Scott Fitzgerald

Tender is the Night

Read by **Trevor White**

It is 1925, and Richard Diver is the high priest of the good life on the white sands of the French Riviera. The Beautiful People – film stars, socialites, aristocrats – gather eagerly and bitchily around him and his wife Nicole. Beneath the breathtaking glamour, however, is a world of pain, and there is at the core of their lives a brittle hollowness.

Beautiful, powerful and tragic, *Tender is the Night* is one of the great works of American fiction.



Trevor White's film and television credits include *Die Another Day*, *House of Saddam*, *Bonekickers*, *The Path to 9/11*, *Judge John Deed*, and *The Line of Beauty*. His work in audiobooks and for BBC Radio include *A Million Little Pieces*, *Revolutionary Road*, *The Great Gatsby* and *Catch-22*.

CD ISBN:
978-962-634-457-6

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