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Zelda Fitzgerald: *Flapper and Writer*

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Abstract

Zelda Sayre. Some people might wonder who she is but, I am sure, many have heard about Scott Fitzgerald, one of the most representative writers of the Jazz Age and the author of *The Great Gatsby*. Zelda, instead, has remained under Scott's shadow for too long, and this is one of the reasons why I try to show she deserves literary recognition too. In my reading, Zelda embodies the superficiality of the American flapper of the Jazz Age but, as I try to prove, she is also a talented writer. Contrary to what some critics think, she is the author of decent literary works that deserve to be closely read and analyzed. In this essay I will look at her dual personality, both as flapper and writer, and I will focus on her novel, *Save Me the Waltz*. It is in Zelda's first and only novel where she tries to cut the marital ties while she tells her own personal experiences through her *alter ego* Alabama. Hence, this essay attempts to prove Zelda's wonderful creative potential as an artist—she was a writer, a painter, and a dancer—and confirms Zelda's prominence as an intellectual woman during and after the Roaring Twenties.

Key Words: Zelda Fitzgerald, flapper, Jazz Age, *Save Me the Waltz*, writer, mental illness.

1. Introduction

- **Why Zelda?**

To choose the topic for my TFG has been a hard decision since I have spent last summer and part of the fall term thinking about it. Personally, one thing was clear: it had to be related to women writers and their particular situation at the time they lived. Thus, after mentally revising some of the English women writers I had read and was familiar with for the last three years, my first thoughts went to Jane Austen. I do like her, I have read some of her works, and her style is unique and impossible to imitate. However, it was difficult to come up with an original approach given the numerous works written about her and her books. I then thought about a very different type of literature, the Lost Generation. I like the historical period, and I thought that if I could find a woman writer, someone who really impressed me through her words and life, the Jazz Age could be a wonderful time to focus on. I had already read Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* several times, and I was really fascinated with that world. What about Fitzgerald's wife, Zelda¹? Was she Daisy's *alter ego*? Did she have anything to do with his husband's writings? Who is she and what is she like?

My own research on Zelda Fitzgerald brought interesting answers. To my surprise, I found out she was a writer; the kind of writer who has not been "discovered" yet. To know her better I have spent months in the company of Zelda—the woman and the writer, and I like what I have found. She definitely meets my work expectations and the more I read about her the more I enjoy it. She does resemble the character Daisy in *The Great Gatsby* and, without any doubt, she was Scott's inspiration for many of his female protagonists. For me, the most surprising feature about Zelda's attitude towards life is her duality. For example, she acts as a

¹ Since I want to highlight her work and life, throughout this paper I will use her first name, Zelda. At times, I will use her maid name, Zelda Sayre, or her married name, Zelda Fitzgerald.

frivolous flapper but she appears a cultivated person who likes reading, writing, drawing², and taking ballet lessons. Likewise, she seems articulate and self-sufficient, but she demonstrates she is dependent from her husband at a personal, financial, professional and psychological level. Thus, even when she realizes everything is going wrong, Zelda is unable to divorce him.

Zelda's dichotomy has led me to do research and write not only about her life as a flapper, but also about her life as writer. It is true, however, that Zelda is neither widely known nor has she had as much literary success as her husband, Scott Fitzgerald, but she is the author of works which, I think, deserve a close reading. Her strength helped her to go through during her short life. For me, it is admirable how she could write her novel *Save Me the Waltz* while she suffered from serious mental illness (schizophrenia) that caused her instability. Besides, in those years, there were many close friends of the beautiful and famous couple who blamed Zelda for Scott's terrible life. My research attempts to prove that their personal correspondence and private documents show that their marriage was a failure from the beginning. The truth is that they made up a story and they both performed their respective roles.

- **The Flapper: Definition**

Zelda Fitzgerald not only embodies the features of the flapper but she is also perceived as the first American flapper. It is her husband Scott Fitzgerald who re-creates the character of the flapper in his first novel, *This Side of Paradise* (1920). In general terms, the flapper is the new type of woman who is the product of the horrors of World War I: she chooses to live every day as if it were the last one. Among their revolutionary attitudes we find the following: flappers cut their hair short, wear revealing clothes, drive cars, smoke, and drink. The most shocking feature about flappers is that they want to be independent from men. Nevertheless,

² See Appendix 7 (85).

as Scott Fitzgerald's works show, the freedom the flapper lifestyle promotes is an illusion. In a world still dominated by men, gender roles are very difficult to change and women like Zelda are under the yoke of their husbands.

- **The Roaring Twenties**

The Twenties was a dynamic period when artistic disciplines such as art, music or literature were reborn. After World War I young people wanted to break with the past. Many young men had died, and the ones who were physically or psychologically wounded lost their faith in social conventions. War had shown them that the goodness of a life of restraint was a lie. For instance, Prohibition of alcohol in the United States only served to increase secret consumption and illegal trafficking. Society had changed too: women won their right to vote in 1920 and their voices started to be heard. Obviously, men were still the dominating figures in music, politics, economics, sciences, and arts. To think of the Twenties is also to think of consumerism, mass media, modernism, and progress. The two devices that best represent the time are telephones and cars, only available for rich people. Although in this paper we study the Jazz Age from a glamorous perspective—Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald were the golden couple—not everyone could profit from this time of prosperity and abundance.

Cities such as New York, Chicago, London or Paris were the inspiration for many artists where they often traveled and stayed for long periods of time. The Twenties in the United States is also called the Lost Generation. Among other writers we find Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway and John Dos Passos. The term Lost Generation was coined by Gertrude Stein in Paris, and spread later by Hemingway.³ The conversation goes as follows:

“That’s what you are. That’s what you all are,” Miss Stein said. “All of you young people who served in the war. You are a lost generation.”
“Really?” I said.

³ He used it as one of the two divergent epigraphs for his novel *The Sun Also Rises*.

“You are,” she insisted. “You have no respect for anything. You drink yourselves to death...”
“Was the young mechanic drunk?” I asked.
“Of course not.”
“Have you ever seen me drunk?”
“No. But your friends are drunk.”
“I’ve drunk,” I said. “But I don’t come here drunk.”
“Of course not. I didn’t say that.”
“The boy’s patron was probably drunk by eleven o’clock in the morning” I said.
“That’s why he makes such lovely phrases.”
“Don’t argue with me, Hemingway,” Miss Stein said. “It does not good at all. You’re a lost generation, exactly as the garage keeper said.”⁴

Generally speaking, the writers of the Jazz Age share an interest in reflecting a unique socio-historical time. In the case of Scott Fitzgerald, as he highlights it, his writings are based on real people and real experiences. His wife Zelda is not an exception: he does not only use her as an inspiration for his female characters, but he also takes notes from her diaries. Zelda herself is aware of her husband’s using her ideas and notes, and humorously argues that “plagiarism begins at home” (Stromberg 50). Hence, beneath the great and famous writer Scott Fitzgerald, there was a hidden woman who due to a number of circumstances is not allowed to give an outlet to her artistic talent. Zelda was also great and that can be appreciated in any of her works, but mostly in her short stories and her difficult novel *Save Me the Waltz*. To sum up, it was not that I chose Zelda, instead, she has chosen me. Therefore, this work seeks to study Zelda’s contradictory personality both as flapper and writer.

⁴ In this dialogue they refer to a “young mechanic” and “his patron”. Gertrude Stein’s car had an ignition problem and she took it to a garage to get it repaired. That is precisely the genesis of the term *Lost Generation*. Apparently, the young mechanic was very slow repairing Stein’s car, and his patron yelled at him: “you are all a *génération perdue*” (Hemingway, *Moveable* 34-35).

2. Methodology

In the literary field, Scott Fitzgerald is a canonized writer of the so-called Jazz Age. Few people know much, though, about his wife's hard and not fully recognized writing career. The purpose of this research paper, as said above, is to prove that Fitzgerald's wife, Zelda Sayre, is not only a flapper but also a writer. Zelda is a very talented woman who has written numerous short stories, articles, essays, a play and two novels. Unfortunately, for most critics, she is just an appendage to her famous husband Scott Fitzgerald. Despite the apparent interest, there is not much bibliography available on her work. In my case, it has been difficult to begin to work on Zelda because there was not a single book about her in the Library so we had to order them. Besides, when reading the material, I found that different writers reflect a different image of Zelda's. Thus, my first impetus was to get acquainted with her life and literary works and be able to portray my own image. In my reading of the bibliography used I came to the conclusion that Zelda was an independent woman. However, although I wanted to write about Zelda as an individual writer, it has been impossible to separate her from Fitzgerald since both her writings and her life as a flapper are linked to her husband. The same could be said about Fitzgerald: his source of inspiration comes from his personal life and Zelda plays a major role.

The chapter division here follows Zelda's growth as a writer and artist: Chapter three, "Zelda: The Writer," is essential to throw some light and provide new relevant autobiographical details that have to do with her both as a flapper and as a writer. Likewise, in this chapter I focus on Zelda as a competent artist because, contrary to what most critics of the time thought, some of her works deserve a close reading. From my point of view, Zelda is not the typical flapper Fitzgerald has immortalized, thus, in Chapter four, "Intellectual Flappers: A Comparison between Real Zelda and Fictional Alabama," I compare Zelda with her alter ego Alabama in her novel *Save Me the Waltz*. My goal here is to analyze how much of

Zelda's life is mirrored in that of her protagonist Alabama. Finally, in Chapter five, "Zelda Today," I briefly comment on Fowler's novel *Z: A Novel of Zelda Fitzgerald* (2013) to demonstrate that she has lately become popular among scholars and writers to the extent that Zelda herself becomes the protagonist of contemporary works.

To this end, I have read Milford's, Taylor's, and Cline's biographies. Likewise, Stromberg's short book on the Fitzgeralds has helped me to have a general view of their lives as artists as well as to gather useful information about a destructive and dependent couple. Similarly, Linda Wagner's work on Zelda has been great for the last chapters of this essay because it has given me a succinct but profound analysis of Zelda's writings and, in like manner, Judith Mackrell's publication on flappers has been useful to analyze Zelda as an American flapper. However, Zelda's own fictional autobiography *Save Me the Waltz* as well as her own autobiographical information—her scrapbook, her journal and the correspondence between Zelda and Scott—are the most reliable sources to discover the authentic Zelda or, at least, a more complex, sophisticated and creative human being.

3. Zelda: The Writer

3.1. Who is Zelda?

"[Zelda] was the American girl living the American dream, and she became mad within it."
Nancy Milford

As a teenager, Zelda Sayre was rebellious and remarkably popular among her classmates, especially among boys. She would not hang out just with girls or go to their parties. Quite the contrary: Zelda would spend her time going out and flirting with young men. As a matter of fact, she liked to think that every single available young man in Montgomery adored her. Born the sixth and the youngest child of an upper-middle class family, she would do anything possible to receive everybody's attention. Judge Sayre, her father, exerted all his authority at home, and set strict rules, but Zelda could always find her way around with the help of her more understanding and protective mother, Minnie Sayre.

Zelda was born on July 24, 1900 in Alabama and her mother “nursed [her] until she was four years old” (Milford 7). That single detail proves, both, Zelda’s life-long biological dependency on her mother as well as Minnie Sayre’s devotion to her rebel, stubborn, and artistic daughter.

Due to the age difference, Zelda grew up as her sisters and brother’s pet, but, as a little kid,⁵ she was already quite self-sufficient and independent. She did not like school, and never worked hard to pass her exams. However, all her teachers agreed that wild and cute Zelda Sayre was particularly good at writing, dancing, and painting. During her high school years, she frequently skipped lessons and her friends were jealous of her because “she had much more freedom” than them. After class she would go sometimes for a drink and have fun before heading back home. Obviously, her classmates envied Zelda because, unlike most proper Southern girls like them, she did not have “to call home first to report where she was going” (Milford 12).

Whether others agree or not, an adolescent Zelda shows some clear symptoms of the real flapper. Firstly, contrary to other girls from equally respected families, she already enjoys some unheard of freedom. As a rule, her teenage girlfriends need their parents to grant permission for any given activity. Zelda, instead, does not seem to obey anybody’s rules or follow the always restrictive Southern social conventions. Secondly, she acts as a grown-up young lady who wears make-up before her friends do, and she also dresses in a very peculiar way. Finally, the original outfits she wears are hand-made by her own respectable mother, a fact that simply astonishes her girlfriends. All the above features make Zelda stand out from a crowd of girls of her age. Thus, Milford highlights Zelda’s uniqueness and Zelda’s mother devotion: “Zelda was on the verge of becoming the most spectacular belle Montgomery

⁵ See Appendix 1.1 (53).

would ever know; Mrs. Sayre's party dresses were the first tributes paid to her daughter's beauty" (13).

It goes without saying that the cultural, social, and geographical context where Zelda grew up heavily contrasted with her unheard of behavior. According to Milford, in the early Twenties, "women were expected to be submissive, if not passive"; Zelda, instead, "did what she pleased when she pleased" (21). Zelda's routine through her last high school years did not change much. She kept going out, attending dances most nights, and dating brave American soldiers who were about to join the Allied forces. Basically, Milford adds, a seventeen-year-old Zelda⁶ spent her days "thinking of today, and not worrying about tomorrow."⁷ It was only one month after graduation, when wild Zelda met Scott Fitzgerald, a 22-year-old war volunteer born in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was a lieutenant and one of the hundred soldiers who had been moved to Camp Sheridan in preparation for their contribution to *the War that would end all wars*. They first met at a dance at Montgomery's Country Club. Apparently, Scott was immediately impressed by Zelda's beauty. From then on, he would visit and telephone as often as he could (Milford 33). Although Zelda openly flirted with other men, Scott was nevertheless fascinated with her, and kept trying despite all the obstacles. Once the war Armistice was signed, Scott returned to Montgomery to spend more time with her lover. Scott and Zelda went out, drank gin, and, no doubt, had much fun together. They were both dreamers, and Zelda was really excited with the idea of not only going away from her monotonous southern life but also with the promise of moving to New York. On February 1919, Scott had to move to New York. By then, he had decided to make money as a famous writer and offered Zelda a luxurious life.

⁶ See Appendix 1.2 (54).

⁷ Zelda's *carpe diem* attitude is summarized in the lines that appear below her graduation picture: "Why should all life be work, when we all can borrow. Let's only think of today, and not worry about tomorrow" (Milford 22).

During the months they were separated, Zelda and Scott wrote each other numerous letters that speak for their personal relationship. On March 1919, Zelda wrote a letter to Scott where she considers herself as Scott's possession: "Don't you think I was made for you? I feel like you had me ordered—and I was delivered to you—to be worn. I want you to wear me, like a watch-charm or a button hole bouquet—to the world" (Bryer 16).⁸ Zelda's words already show her dependence on Scott when she refers to herself as a material object that can be possessed, worn, and showed off. It is also in March when they get engaged and Scott sends a fabulous ring to Zelda. In a letter, Zelda shows her gratitude but also the impact the present has made on her friends: "You can't imagine what havoc the ring wrought—a whole dance was completely upset last night—Everybody thinks its lovely—and I am so proud to be your girl—to have everybody know we are in love" (Bryer 22).⁹

The question is: was Zelda really in love with Scott? Did she like to spend time with him or did she just like the fact that she could walk around in the company of a god-looking-famous-writer-to-be? During their courtship, Zelda's letters are ambiguous because if it is true she tells him she loves him and not to worry, she also keeps hanging around with other boys. Personally, I definitely cannot tell for sure whether she was entirely in love with him. Zelda's parents, on their side, could not take the engagement seriously. More specifically, Judge Sayre did not like Scott due to his uncertain future and his drinking habit. Zelda continued flirting with other boys, getting their attention, and making Scott jealous. In June 1919, after spending a weekend in Atlanta,¹⁰ she got home and sent a sentimental note to Scott, that she had originally written to the golfer Perry Aldair with whom she had been flirting. Scott got

⁸ See Appendix 4 (69).

⁹ See Appendix 4 (70).

¹⁰ During her weekend in Atlanta, Zelda was seen having much fun with a man: "One of the young ladies who was with Zelda that weekend remembered coming back late one night to the fraternity house where they were both guests to find Zelda and her date, drunks as lords, playfully smashing Victrola records over each other's heads" (Milford 51).

angry and told her never to write again. Nevertheless, Zelda wrote an explanatory short letter and Scott decided to go south and ask Zelda to marry him. This time, she rejected him and Scott went back to New York holding the engagement ring and feeling he had lost a wonderful woman.

During that summer, Scott decided to travel to his hometown in St. Paul and work on his novel. By September 1919, he had sent a new draft to Scribner's,¹¹ and by October he had written Zelda again to tell her he had a contract for his first novel *This Side of Paradise*. To regain Zelda's heart, Scott thought, the book needed to be published as soon as possible. Thus, in a letter to his editor Max Perkins he stated: "I have so many things dependent on its success—including of course a girl—not that I expect a fortune but it will have a psychological effect on me and all my surroundings..." (Milford 54). Zelda and Scott's personal correspondence starts once again, but Zelda's attitude is pretty much the same as in the first letters. In the fall of 1919, Zelda writes: "And you see, Scott, I'll never be able to do anything because I'm much too lazy to care whether it's done or not [...] all I want is to be very young always and very irresponsible and to feel that my life is my own" (Bryer 40). In my opinion, these words prophesy the sort of life that Zelda and Scott were about to start. At this point, though, Zelda is not aware of the damaging effects of the flapper lifestyle.

Despite the many obstacles (their youth, a short-term engagement, Scott's uncertain financial future, and Zelda's parents opposition), Zelda Sayre and Scott Fitzgerald got married on April 3, 1920.¹² Months before the wedding, Zelda shows her absolute dependence upon Scott: "I do want to marry you [...] Besides, I know you can take much better care of me than I can, and I'll always be very, very happy with you" (Bryer 43). Their first months of marriage are characterized by all-night-parties, drinking, craziness, and in general, lack of

¹¹ He had already sent a first draft, *The Romantic Egoist*, to Max Perkins in 1918. Although they did not accept the sketch, Max encouraged him to keep writing.

¹² See Appendix 1.3 (55).

concern. In view of their restlessness, and constant mundane distractions, the newly-married couple thought that by moving to the countryside the situation would change and Scott would concentrate on the new novel. However, the plan did not work out. Despite the fact that they rented a house in green, quiet, and isolated Connecticut, their refuge became one of the first nightmares in their marriage—friends visiting unexpectedly at all hours; Scott’s escapades to New York; Zelda’s relatives visiting and meeting uninvited noisy and drunk guests; worst, still, Scott’s clear symptoms of an increasing alcohol addiction, and Zelda’s and Scott’s often furious fights. Throughout the years, the couple would keep moving somewhere else. Zelda and Scott ignored that they did need to change their life attitude, not the place they inhabited.

The Fitzgeralds were not happy with their life in Connecticut. Thus, they returned to New York in the fall, and, later in 1921, they made their first trip to Europe with the promise of a cheaper but nevertheless glamorous life. Following the American Expatriates route, they visited England, France, and Italy, but they stayed in Paris until they traveled back to the United States and temporarily moved to Scott’s hometown. Zelda was already pregnant with their first and only child, Scottie, who was born on October 26, 1921.¹³ According to Zelda’s biographer, once she recovered from the anesthesia, Zelda whispers: “I hope its beautiful and a fool—a beautiful little fool” (Milford 84). In *The Great Gatsby* Fitzgerald uses these exact words when Daisy’s baby girl is born:

[Daisy talking about the experience of motherhood to Nick Carraway] Well, she was less than an hour old and *Tom was God knows where*. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling, and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me *it was a girl*, and so I turned my head away and wept. “All right,” I said, “*I’m glad it’s a girl. And I hope she’ll be a fool—*

¹³ See Appendix 1.5 (57).

that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool" (18, my emphasis).

As in many other instances, Daisy's words prove: a) that Zelda and Daisy share a similar demeanor, and b) Scott's habit to illustrate his and his wife's personal life in fiction. Definitely, Zelda was not happy with her baby girl because as soon as she got better, she wrote to a friend saying that she was "quite disappointed over the sex" of her child (Milford 85).

Whether at home or abroad, it seems parenthood did not suit the Fitzgeralds. The hustle and bustle of their life-style did not allow them to take care of their only child, and, consequently, Scottie had different professional and strict nurses and baby-sitters who would take care of her until she became older enough to take care of herself. When Scottie was almost three years old, her parents decided to leave the United States and return to Paris where Scott could write his new novel, *The Great Gatsby*. As with their first stay in Paris, this change made not much difference on Scott's writing habits. Besides, more often than not, the Fitzgeralds would continue getting drunk and quarreling. Theirs was a tumultuous and, at times, insane life. For friends and relatives it was no secret.

Once in Paris, the Fitzgeralds met the Murphys who would help them during the following years. When they heard that Scott was looking for a peaceful place to write, they recommended the French Riviera. Scott and Zelda spent their summer there. At first, everything went well. Zelda swam everyday and tanned in the sun while Scott worked on his novel. However, Zelda spent most of her time alone and ended up having an affair with a French aviator. Zelda would confirm this love affair years later when she suffered a nervous breakdown, was sent to one mental institution after another, and doctors asked her to write for therapeutic reasons. While on therapy with Dr. Forel, at the Prangins clinic,¹⁴ Zelda writes she

¹⁴ A most luxurious clinic in Nyon (Geneva-Switzerland).

had “a love affair with a French aviator in St Raphael” and “I was locked in my villa for one month to prevent me seeing him” (Milford 174). Not surprisingly, Scott takes control of the situation and does his best to cool down Zelda’s affair with the French aviator.

Back in Paris¹⁵ for the fall, they met Hemingway. Although Scott and Ernest would be best friends for a long time, Zelda did not like him at all. She was very jealous of her husband spending time with him. In Hemingway’s *A Moveable Feast*, we read about the author’s peculiar experiences with the Fitzgerald couple. His perception of Zelda is very negative and he blames her for distracting Scott’s promising writing career. According to Hemingway, Zelda would bother Scott while he was working:

Zelda was jealous of Scott’s work and as we got to know them, this fell into a regular pattern. Scott would resolve not to go on all-night drinking parties and to get some exercise each day and work regularly. He would start to work and as soon as he was working well Zelda would begin complaining about how bored she was and get him off on another drunken party. They should quarrel and then make up and he would sweat out the alcohol on long walks with me, and make up his mind that this time he would really work, and would start off well. Then it would start all over again. (178)

The truth is that Scott was also jealous of Zelda whenever they socialized. They both were selfish and, as a result, they hurt each other. Despite the fights, most nights, they would go out and get drunk.

At the end of 1926 Scott was offered a job to write a screenplay in Hollywood. The job did not go very well but the couple decided to settle in America. They resumed their old habits. They both drank and smoked too much, and although Zelda wrote some articles during this period, Scott was unable to concentrate and write. They would go back to Europe several

¹⁵ See Appendix 1.6 (58).

times but their problems would never disappear.¹⁶ While in Paris, Zelda developed an obsession for ballet lessons¹⁷ and, this time, she had a dependency on her teacher, the famous Russian ballet dancer Egorova. She spent many hours dancing, and she did not care about going to “sophisticated places” (Milford 156) because she was too tired after working for hours on her plies and demi-plies. By this time, Zelda and Scott did not spend much time together. In 1930, Scott thought that a trip to Africa would take care of Zelda’s poor health and overworking, and they would try to forget all their problems. The apparently idyllic and exotic setting did not help the Fitzgeralds much.

From the year 1930 to the end of her life, Zelda would spend most of her time in and out different mental health clinics. On April 23, 1930, Zelda entered Malmaison on the outskirts of Paris (Milford 158). She decided to leave the hospital on May 2, 1930, against her physicians’ advices to stay. Later, she resumed her ballet lessons, but she started to hear voices and had nightmares what would not allow her to rest well. Scott took her to Valmont, Switzerland, on the 22nd of May, and later to Prangins on the 5th of June. At Prangins, Doctor Forel, who was in charge of Zelda’s case, asked her to write about her experiences with her family and about her married life. Interestingly enough, these pages are quite complex and coherent; we see the real Zelda, and her thoughts about her family. For instance, sick and all, Zelda can dissect her parents’ life and come up with profound comments: “When I was a child their relationship was not apparent to me. Now I see them as two unhappy people: my mother dominated and oppressed by my father, and often hurt by him [...] Neither of them complained” (Milford 174).

¹⁶ See Appendix 1.7 (59).

¹⁷ See Appendix 1.8 (60).

Between the summer and fall of 1930, the Fitzgeralds interchanged two long and hard letters full of reproaches.¹⁸ At the same time, this correspondence is absolutely moving and shows the reality of their lives for the past ten years. For example, in Scott's letter he blames Zelda for closing into herself and being sick all the time. His letter finishes with a sad tone: "I wish the *Beautiful and Damned* had been a maturely written book because it was all true. We ruined ourselves—I have never honestly thought that we ruined each other" (Bryer 65). In turn, Zelda's response is also harsh and, among other things, she asserts: "You came into my room once the whole summer [...] Twice you left my bed saying 'I can't. Don't you understand'—I didn't [...] Since I have gone so far alone I suppose I can go the rest of the ways [...] it was wrong, of course, to love my teacher when I should have loved you. But I didn't have you to love—not since long before I loved her" (Brucoli, *Collected* 451).

There is a strong difference between her first months at Prangins and the last months before she was released from the clinic. At the beginning, we find a Zelda who is very discontented with the situation and who insists on being independent, having a job, and getting a divorce: "You might as well start whatever you start for a divorce immediately" (Bryer 87). Likewise, she realizes how unhappy they have been for the duration of their marriage: "I wonder why we have never been very happy and why all this has happened—It was much nicer a long time ago when we had each other and the space about the world was warm—Can't we get it back someday—even by imagining?" (Bryer 91). Nevertheless, with the passing of time, Zelda's letters to Scott turn more affectionate, her mental health improves, and she is released on September 15, 1931.

Back in the United States, the Fitzgeralds set their residence in Montgomery (Alabama) to be close to Zelda's family. Soon after, Scott was offered a job in Hollywood and Zelda stayed at her parents'. She got sick again in 1932. This time, she had asthma and

¹⁸ See Appendix 4 (71). The letters reflect their life experiences until 1930.

eczema and was hospitalized at the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic in Baltimore where, as the ad goes, “a mind could find itself again.” She enters the clinic February 12, 1932, and by the 9th of March, she has already completed her first novel *Save Me the Waltz*. She wrote compulsively for two months, and when she finished, she decided to send it to Scott’s editor, Max Perkins, without Scott’s approval. It goes without saying that Scott had a hard time with Zelda’s novel. He got mad at his wife when he read the manuscript and found many parts of the book similar to the material he was using for his work in progress *Tender is the Night*. Zelda’s fictional use of her own personal experience should not have surprised Scott since he had always used Zelda for his female characters.

During the summer of 1932, Zelda went back to Scott once again. For the Fitzgeralds, to start it all over and share the same roof turned out to be such a complex and painful task that by May 28, 1933, they agreed to discuss their problems in the presence of a doctor, Dr. Rennie, accompanied by a stenographer. Both Zelda and Scott took turns to talk, they quarreled, and hurt each other. The outcome of a full-day session was a one hundred fourteen-page transcription which reflects how they felt for each other. Scott’s furious reaction could not be bitter: to start with, he prohibited her to write anymore, so their material would not get overlapped; he then blamed his wife for his unproductive periods; finally, he called her a “third rate writer” and a “third rate ballet dancer.” Zelda’s remarks hit Scott to the core: she would rather stay at an institution than living with him. She was sick of Scott, she needed to find her peace of mind, and was eager to find the independence she claimed for (Milford 273-75).

One month after Zelda’s second admission at Phipps, she left. She was taken then to the exclusive Craig House (Beacon, New York) where she would stay for two months. Although Scott had many debts he did not want Zelda to go to a public sanatorium or Scottie to attend a public school. During her days at Craig House they wrote each other interesting

letters which are sometimes contradictory and difficult to understand. Firstly, there is a letter where Zelda clearly explains their own confusion between reality and fiction: “You don’t love me [...] Besides, anything personal was never the objective of our generation—we were to have thought of ourselves heroically” (Bryer 183). Secondly, Scott sends her a letter where he strongly asserts that nothing is wrong: “You and I have been happy; we haven’t been happy just once, we’ve been happy a thousand times” (Bryer 193). Thus, on the one side, Zelda’s statement proves that both Scott and Zelda had troubles to separate their real lives from their fictional writings. On the other side, Scott’s assertion makes us think that although the Fitzgeralds went through hard times, they also had fun, especially in their first years together.

From May 1934 to April 1936, Zelda was hospitalized at Sheppard-Pratt where residential mental health treatment was provided to help her recover for her recurrent psychological unbalance. While at Sheppard Pratt Hospital, Zelda became fanatically religious to the extent that “she believed she was under the control of God” (Milford 307). After this long hospitalization, Scott took her to Highland Hospital (Asheville) in 1936 where Zelda stayed under the care of Dr. Robert S. Carroll until 1940. Dr. Carroll’s treatment of mental illness alternates the traditional therapies with more modern additions such as the importance of a balance diet as well as the regular practice of sports (walking, hiking or—one of Zelda’s favorite sports—playing tennis). Zelda’s family did not approve of Scott’s decision to leave Zelda in a mental institution. Her mother, for instance, thought Zelda was well enough to stay with her in Montgomery. Not surprisingly, Minnie Sayre was convinced that Scott had ruined Zelda’s life (Milford 321). As for Zelda, she missed her family and wanted to be free from the mental institution. As late as 1938, Zelda was allowed to meet her daughter Scottie, her mother, and her sisters Clothilde and Rosalind in New York. She had such a very nice family reunion that she asked Scott for permission to go home: “May I go home for Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and soon for ever?” (Bryer 257).

She did spend her Christmas break in Montgomery but she had a nurse who would take care of her for some hours every day. In February 1939, the Fitzgeralds started on what would be their last trip. Their vacation in Cuba “was a disaster from beginning to end” (Milford 327). When they returned to the United States, Scott had to be hospitalized in New York due to his alcoholism and fatigue while Zelda went back to Asheville by herself. Little she knew that this would be the last time she saw Scott. During the summer of the same year—1939—, Zelda was very fortunate to spend a month with her daughter. It seems to me that as she got older, Zelda took better care of Scottie. In April 1940, Zelda was released from Highland Hospital. The doctor’s assumption was that she could manage with the help of her mother in Montgomery.

On December 21, 1940, Scott Fitzgerald died. Although the Fitzgeralds had not seen each other for a year their mutual dependence lasted until the very end. On February, 1943, Scottie married Lieutenant Samuel Jackson Lanahan in New York. Quickly after their wedding, he had to return overseas. The beginning of Scottie’s story is very much like her mother’s. Zelda got married after World War I, and Scottie did so before World War II ended. In Scott’s words, “it is strange too that she is repeating the phase of your life—all her friends about to go off to war and the world again on fire” (Bryer 361).

Zelda Fitzgerald would return several times to the Highland Hospital until she died in a fire in 1948. She did not only have a tragic life, but also a tragic death. Two years before her death, she had had her first grandson, Timothy Lanahan. She had the chance to meet him in June 1947, when Scottie, her husband, and their baby went south to visit Zelda. She organized a party for them, and she spent some time with the baby (Milford 381). Scottie had another baby girl, but Zelda did not get to meet her. At the end of a letter to Scott August 1936, there is a beautiful thought by Zelda that I would like to include here to put an end to the narration of their lives: “Happily, happily foreverafterwards—the best we could” (Bryer 227).

3.2. Zelda's literary career

“I *wish* you could teach me to write”
Zelda to Scott¹⁹

Zelda's interest in literature started when she was just a child. Her parents were literary people and Zelda probably inherited her artistic temperament from her mother, Minnie Sayre, who played the piano and wrote poems since she was young.²⁰ Actually, “[Zelda's mother] was once contacted by a publisher about writing a novel” (Wagner 3). In addition, Judge Sayre had an impressive library at home, and Zelda became an avid reader. Referring to the well-equipped library at the Sayre's as well as Zelda's eagerness to read, Wagner claims that: “the bookcases throughout 6 Pleasant Street were filled with matching sets of Henry Fielding, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Mark Twain, Ouida, and the Greek and Latin classics [...] Throughout her life, Zelda read. She read popular novels and later in life she admired William Faulkner's *Sanctuary*” (11). Therefore, contrary to what most people think, Zelda's contact with literature takes place long before she meets Scott. Besides, by the time she starts dating him, she has acquired a broad knowledge of literature and music. The aim of this section is to give an overview of Zelda's writing career and, in the next two sections, I will specifically focus on her only novel *Save Me the Waltz* and I will provide a much needed plot summary as well as some relevant information on the critical reception.

Zelda's first intentions to write for fun started when she was at high school. In fact, it has been recently found out that a seventeen-year-old Zelda is the author of a short story

¹⁹ December 1931. By this time Zelda has already published articles and short stories.

²⁰ As a matter of fact, Zelda's own name reflects her parents' interest in literature. They named her after the “beautiful Gypsy woman in Robert Edward Francillon's 1874 novel, *Zelda's Fortune*” (Wagner 11). A name that resonates with the irony of Zelda Sayre's “fortune.”

entitled “The Iceberg.”²¹ By the time she met Scott, she had kept a diary, and, as previously commented, Scott frequently used Zelda’s personal information for his novels. Obviously, had Scott not considered Zelda’s narrations of her life (and later, of *their* lives) to be good, he would have never made use of their biographical material. As she tells Scott in the fall of 1919, it is when the Fitzgeralds are engaged that Zelda starts writing one of her first stories: “Yesterday I almost wrote a book or story, I hadn’t decided which, but after two pages on my heroine I discovered that I hadn’t even started her, and, since I couldn’t just write forever about a charmingly impossible creature, I began to despair” (Bryer 40). Likewise, Zelda writes some articles during her first years of marriage but, according to Wagner, “her writing career proper began when Burton Rascoe asked her to review Scott’s new novel” (66). Furthermore, in 1922, she writes “Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald Reviews ‘The Beautiful and Damned,’ Friend Husband’s Latest” for the *New York Tribune*.²² In the article, she frankly criticizes Scott’s novel *The Beautiful and Damned* and expresses her dislikes: “The other things that I didn’t like in the book—I mean the unimportant things—were the literary references and the attempt to convey a profound air of erudition” (Brucoli, *Collected* 389). Besides, she also includes rather trivial comments that, once again, label her as an authentic flapper. Note, for instance, Zelda’s way to recommend her husband’s novel: “everyone must buy this book for the following aesthetic reasons: first, because I know where there is the cutest cloth-of-gold dress for only three hundred dollars [...] and also, if enough people buy it, where there is a platinum ring with a complete circlet” (Brucoli, *Collected* 387). In like manner, her essay “Eulogy on the Flapper” appears in June of the same year in the

²¹ “The Iceberg” was published in *The New Yorker* in December of 2013. Zelda’s granddaughter, Eleanor Lanahan, tells the journalists: “Who knew Zelda wrote stories before Scott entered her life? Who knew she’d give a working girl the happiest of destinies? This is a charming morality tale of sorts. Ironically, Cornelia’s ending up with a rich husband is her ultimate success. This is truly a fascinating story—about Zelda, the South, and women’s expectations in 1917 or so” (See Appendix 3.1, p.63, for the full piece).

²² See Appendix 2.1 (61) for a newspaper clipping of the article.

Metropolitan Magazine.²³ Here, Zelda makes the distinction “between the true flapper rebel and the superficial copy” (Mackrell 169), and traces real flappers’ birth: “the Flapper awoke from her lethargy of sub-deb-ism, bobbed her hair, put on her choicest pair of earrings and a great deal of audacity and rouge, and went into the battle. She flirted because it was fun to flirt and wore a one-piece bathing suit because she had a good figure” (Brucoli, *Collected* 391).

Despite the apparent frivolous touch, Zelda tries hard and learns quickly. As Mackrell claims, Zelda’s first articles “represented her first attempts to create a public voice that was independent of Scott’s” (169). Her reputation slowly improves and, by 1923, when Zelda is interviewed by the *Courier-Journal*²⁴—for the first time in her life—and asked about her writings, she responds: “My stories? Oh, yes, I’ve written three. I mean, I’m writing them now. Heretofore, I’ve done several magazine articles. I like to write” (Brucoli, *Conversations* 46-47). Zelda also elaborates on the advantages of writing but, here again, the flapper shows up: “Writing has its advantages, just think: I buy ever so many of Scott’s presents that way” (Brucoli, *Conversations* 47). Furthermore, when she is asked about Scott’s novels, she shows a preference for the female characters who resemble her: “I love Scott’s books and heroines. I like the ones that are like me!²⁵ That’s why I love Rosalind in *This Side of Paradise*” (Brucoli, *Conversations* 47). Zelda’s candid words confirm her husband’s recurrent use of intimate material, something that will be later used to devalue Zelda’s use of the same personal details. Finally, the journalist asks her to explain what she would do had she to earn her own living: Zelda does not hesitate for a minute and her subconscious speaks for her: “I’ve studied ballet. I’d try to get a place in the Follies. Or the

²³ See Appendix 2.2 (62) for a newspaper clipping of this article.

²⁴ See Appendix 6.1 (82) for a newspaper clipping of this interview.

²⁵ See Appendix 1.4 (56).

movies. If I wasn't successful, I'd try to write" (Brucoli, *Conversations* 49). Reading the interview one gets the impression that Zelda is a complex human being (serious, funny, audacious, informed), and with the soul of an artist.

She is not free to create, though. At times, when she finally comes up with an interesting piece of writing, her much respected husband shares the spot-light instead. This is the case with "What Became of the Flappers?" an article published in 1925 under both Scott and Zelda's names. Although her husband had consistently written on the Jazz Age and flappers, in her new article, Zelda offers her own definition: "The flapper springs full-grown, like Minerva, from the head of her once-déclassé father, Jazz, upon whom she lavishes affection and reverence [...] She is a direct result of the greater appreciation of beauty, youth, gaiety, and grace" (Brucoli, *Collected* 397-98).

It is not until 1927—when she starts her ballet lessons—that Zelda takes writing more seriously: she wants to be financially independent from Scott and be able to pay for the lessons. And she does not lose time since, as Wagner points out, "for a respite from her ballet practice Zelda wrote [and] she finished four essays during 1927" (99). Hence, while Scott wasted his time drinking so heavily that he could not focus on his writings, Zelda worked hard both as a dancer and as a writer. Zelda's production does not stop here. Among other articles, I would like to mention "The Change Beauty of Park Avenue," "Looking Back Eight Years," and "Who Can Fall in Love after Thirty?" all released in 1928. Unfortunately, they were all published under her husband's ("by Scott Fitzgerald") or under both names ("by Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald), but we know for sure that Zelda is the only author because the information appears in Scott's *Ledger*.²⁶

²⁶ The *Ledger* is a note-book where Scott Fitzgerald recorded the yearly incomes and expenses. He also wrote some observations about the short stories he had published or about how the year had gone so far. In relation to the articles and short stories which were released under his name or under both the Fitzgeralds', he wrote: "Two thirds by Zelda. Only my climax and revision" or he directly credited the whole writing to Zelda (See Stromberg and Brucoli).

Apart from the articles, Zelda also wrote short stories. The first one to be sold was “Our Own Movie Queen.” Written in 1923, it was published two years later in the *Chicago Sunday Tribune* under Scott’s name. Nevertheless, Wagner believes that “judging from the consistency of the dialogue and the coherence of the plot, however, it seems plausible that it was Zelda’s story entirely” (80). It is after the Fitzgeralds settled down back in the States in 1928 when Zelda writes regularly and has her work published by *College Humor*. Zelda’s intriguing stories deal with “different kinds of American girls” (108).²⁷ With the stories as with the essays, Scott exerts his power and claims authorship. Thus, the first two appeared in 1929 under Scott and Zelda’s names. Scott’s *Ledger* proves the contrary. Other titles published in 1930 include: “The Girl the Prince Liked,” “The Girl with Talent,” and “A Millionaire’s Girl.” The latter was so good that Scott sold it to the *Saturday Evening Post* for \$4000 (Wagner 120).²⁸ To finish with the first stage of Zelda’s writings, we must mention two short stories that Zelda’s biographers and literary critics rate as the best ones Zelda Fitzgerald ever wrote. As a matter of fact, she refers to excerpts in her novel *Save Me the Waltz*. I refer to “Miss Ella,” published in *Scribner’s Magazine* in 1931, and “A Couple of Nuts,” released in *Scribner’s Magazine* in 1932. It is crystal clear that, at 32, Zelda has become a more mature writer and she does not need the benevolent company or approval of her controlling husband writer. In the same thread of thought, Bruccoli highlights that “when Zelda Fitzgerald was able to bring her material under control, the results were remarkable—as in ‘Miss Ella’ and ‘A Couple of Nuts’” (*Collected* 271).

The second stage in Zelda’s literary career belongs to the year 1932 when she enters Phipps Clinic, and manages to finish her novel *Save Me the Waltz* in an incredibly short time: six weeks. The novel is, as scholar Curnutt puts in, an “autobiographical recounting of

²⁷ See Appendix 3.2 (67).

²⁸ Publishers told Scott that they would pay \$4000 if the story appeared under his name only, and he accepted. Obviously, of the two Fitzgeralds, Scott sells better than Zelda.

[Zelda's] unstable marriage." Starting with the title, the story could not be more autobiographic. As Milford asserts, Zelda "found the title for her novel in a Victor record catalog" (223),²⁹ and, in my opinion, it fits with her own life. That is, the novel evokes experiences from the past and so does the song. *Save Me the Waltz* is divided into four chapters and each chapter contains three sections. The structure of the novel is simple but the plot is complicated because Zelda has some difficulties keeping a narrative line what makes *Save Me the Waltz* a difficult book to read (Milford 223). However, once you get into it, you cannot put it down. The flowery descriptions as well as the way in which Zelda mirrors her feelings throughout her *alter ego* Alabama, the protagonist, makes it a moving and highly recommendable tale to read and analyze.

The third stage of Zelda's writing career goes from the publication of *Save Me the Waltz* to her death in 1948. After the failure of *Save Me the Waltz*, she tries to succeed as a playwright and writes *Scandalabra* performed by the Vagabond Junior Players in Baltimore in 1933. The farce's plot "was a comic inversion of *The Beautiful and Damned*" (Cline 334). That is, in Scott's novel, the grandfather refuses to leave his money to his nephew Anthony and his wife Gloria because they are big spenders. In contrast, in Zelda's *Scandalabra*, the hero will inherit his uncle's money (Cline 335). The play was too long to be performed and, as some reviewers complained, "it lacked action" (Cline 335). Zelda sent it to editors with the hope of getting it published but the economic recession was still going on and neither Broadway nor the publishing houses accepted *Scandalabra* (Wagner 162). In Wagner's words, Zelda could have become a playwright had she written *Scandalabra* some years earlier when the Recession was not a threat: "Had Zelda written it even five years sooner, so that Ober could have found a home for it in 1927 rather than trying unsuccessfully to do so in 1932, she might have become a playwright" (164). Finally, we should not forget that during

²⁹ The Victor Record Catalog is a catalog where one could find different tunes of the time, and buy the vinyls.

the last years of her life, Zelda tried to write another novel that, unfortunately, remains unpublished: *Caesar's Things*. One of Zelda's main troubles while she was working on the novel was "Scott's anger over her first novel [...] his censure, his hostility" (Wagner 204). Wagner's statement mirrors Scott's controlling attitude, and Zelda's difficulties to write and long-life anxiety.

3.3. *Save Me the Waltz* (1932): Zelda's First and Only Novel

Given the similarities between Zelda and her heroine Alabama as well as Zelda's use of autobiographic details, I think it is most important to start with a brief summary of Zelda's plot. In the first chapter we are introduced to Alabama's childhood in the south. She is born the last of four children (one of them had previously died) and, as a consequence, Alabama is spoiled by her mother: Alabama does as she pleases. Our protagonist's mother, Millie, is a housewife who takes care of her husband and children. In contrast, Alabama's father, Judge Beggs, is very severe with his three daughters. Due to his traditional principles, Alabama's sisters Joan and Dixie cannot marry the men they choose. Alabama, though, is luckier than her sisters and marries the man she fancies, David Knight, a lieutenant stationed in the South during World War I. Lieutenant Knight is both an artist and a liar. He tells Judge Beggs that he has enough money to support Alabama. The chapter ends when Alabama and David leave the south, and head for New York to start as a newly-married couple.

In chapter two, we read about David's success as a painter and the couple's popularity in the City. They become the role model for the youngest generation. Alabama's parents come to visit their daughter but the family reunion goes badly. After spending the night at the Knights', Mr. and Mrs. Beggs decide to leave sooner than expected. They excuse themselves by arguing that Joan needs help with her new baby. The truth is that the judge cannot stand Alabama's way of life. While they were having dinner the night before, two drunken men interrupted them. To make things worse, at four o'clock in the morning, Alabama hurts her

nose when she tries to take a gin bottle away from David's hands. Shortly after all these unfortunate episodes, Alabama and David have a baby girl, Bonnie, and the couple departs, this time, for Europe.

The Knights set their summer residence in Cannes, in southeast France, where they enjoy the beach and meet new people at parties. David focuses on his frescoes, and does not pay much attention to Alabama. In her loneliness, she, in turn, falls in love with a French aviator and when David finds out, he threatens her: if she does not change her attitude, he will return to US and will leave Alabama in France. From then on, he becomes so controlling that Alabama has to ask him for permission to go into town. At the end of the summer, they move to Paris, a fact that does not improve their relationship. After David flirts with Miss Gibbs, a pretty dancer, at a friends' dinner, Alabama feels so jealous that decides to be a dancer. In her obsession, she asks her new friends to write a recommendation letter to a well-known ballet teacher in Paris. On one occasion, David is not in when Alabama arrives home late that night. He only shows up at dawn and frankly confesses he has been partying all night. As Alabama wakes up late, she yells at David: she cannot stand the situation any longer, and she wants to be a dancer, as Miss Gibbs is.

The third chapter is devoted to Alabama's dance lessons. Although Madame, the teacher, tells her she is too old, Alabama becomes obsessed with ballet to the extent that she practices every single day for long hours. At first, "David [is] glad of [Alabama's] absorption at the studio" (Fitzgerald 128)³⁰ because he has more time to work on his paintings. However, the more Alabama becomes fixated on dancing, the less David can stand it. He complains she does not spend time with him at home or out with their friends. How does Alabama respond to her husband?: To start with, David is never at home, and, still more important for her, she

³⁰ Since I am talking about her novel *Save Me the Waltz* both in this chapter and in the next, I will use her last name, Fitzgerald, whenever I have to quote any episode from the text. The novel was published under Zelda Fitzgerald's name.

cannot go out at nights because she has to rehearse hard the next day. At the end of chapter three, Alabama is offered a “solo debut in the opera *Faust* with the San Carlos Opera in Naples” (Milford 227). David does not want her to accept because he thinks they “have obligations” (Fitzgerald 165) like, for example, going back to America to visit their respective parents. Nevertheless, in her obsession to succeed as a ballet dancer, Alabama ignores David’s advice and decides to start her solo career.

Chapter four describes Alabama’s success in Naples—parts one and two—, and the Knights’ return to US—part three. She keeps working as hard as she used to in Paris, but, this time, she is under much more pressure: she will be dancing her first solo debut and she wants her performance to be perfect. After Alabama’s first performance, everybody acclaims her and Madame Sirgeva promises her a stellar role in coming productions. It goes without saying that with her family temporarily living in Switzerland, Alabama becomes very independent and self-confident. David writes Alabama telling Bonnie will be visiting her for two weeks. Bonnie’s visit is a failure from the very beginning. She is a snob child who has been spoilt by her father—the girl does as she wants. Alabama cannot look after her daughter properly while she is sick because she has to rehearse for her new performance: *Le Lac des Cygnes*. As expected, Bonnie is so happy to go back to her father that she admits “it is better here than with Mummy’s success in Italy” (Fitzgerald 197). Days later, David receives a letter from Alabama’s mother saying that Judge Beggs is sick and dying, some bad news that coincide with Alabama’s hospitalization in Naples due to a foot infection. David and Bonnie travel to Naples to stay with her and when she recovers—Alabama will not be able to dance again—they return to US before Judge Begg dies. Zelda’s novel ends with Alabama and David leaving the south, once again.

3.4. What Do Critics Say about *Save Me the Waltz*?

Once the novel is published in October 1932, Zelda is anxious to hear from critics. Zelda's novel received mixed reviews. Some critics discovered a new author while others thought it was just another autobiographical work about the golden couple (Stromberg 114). Others dismissed Zelda's own accomplishment and questioned her merits. Thus, according to Taylor, "[the book] sold only 1,392 copies from a printing of 3,010, earning Zelda a meager \$120.73" and she adds that "the figure was this low because Fitzgerald had not arranged for proof-reading, as he always did for himself" (263). However, I would like to highlight that the real earnings from the book were \$5,000. Unfortunately, \$4,879.27 were "held back to repay [Scott] Fitzgerald's outstanding debts to Scribner's" (Taylor 263). On August 1933, Max Perkins, both Scott and Zelda's editor, sends her a \$120.73 together with a little note where he expresses his candid opinion about *Save Me the Waltz*:

Maybe I ought to have warned you about corrections for they came to a great deal. I knew they would, when the proofs began coming back, but I knew you wanted to get the book the way you thought it ought to be. The result won't be encouraging to you, and I have not liked to ask you whether you were writing any more because of that fact, but I do think the last part of the book in particular, was very fine; and that if we had not been in depths of a depression, the result would have been quite different. But as it was, nothing got any show unless it were by some writer already noted for earlier successes, or had some very special salience. (Milford 264)

In my opinion, Perkins tries to justify the financial failure by, firstly, reminding Zelda that they are in the "depths" of the Great Depression and, secondly, by asserting it is not easy for a writer to succeed at one's first novel. Likewise, the editor encourages Zelda to keep writing, at the same time he highlights her unique style: "You should go on writing because

everything you do has an individual quality that comes from yourself, and no one else can duplicate it. And each thing you do, it seems, shows a growing skill in expression” (Taylor 265).

After the publication of her first unsuccessful novel, a disappointed Zelda, suggests Perkins to further publicize her work: “Do you suppose a small ad on the ‘dance’ page of the Times or Tribune would help any?” (Milford 262). There was no “small ad.” Not many readers or critics for *Save Me the Waltz*, either. As a matter of fact, I have had access to reviews that Zelda kept in her scrapbook.³¹ They are collected in *The Romantic Egoists*, where, interestingly enough, one of the editors is Scottie Fitzgerald,³² Scott and Zelda’s only daughter. The one in the *New York Herald Tribune* highlights that the novel has many of the defects of a first novel, such as Zelda’s recurrent use of images:

There is a constant recurrence of exaggerated images such as: “Sylvia flopped across the room like an opaque protoplasm propelling itself across a sand bank” [...] We may attribute this, and other disturbing elements, to the fact that this is Mrs. Fitzgerald’s first attempt to master the novel form (although she has done admirably with the short-story). (Brucoli 189)

In a different light, Dorothea Brande in *The Bookman* refers to Zelda’s novel as a “laughing-stock” for its innumerable spelling mistakes:

There is every chance that fifty readers will take up Zelda Fitzgerald’s first novel, *Save Me the Waltz*, and drop it again within the first chapter [...] It is not only that her publishers have not seen fit to curb an almost ludicrous lushness of writing [...] but they have not given the book the elementary

³¹ See Appendix 5 (80) for the newspaper clippings on critical reception of *Save Me the Waltz*.

³² Frances Scott Fitzgerald (Saint Paul, Minnesota 1921-Montgomery, Alabama 1986).

services of a literature proofreader [...]There is a warm, intelligent, undisciplined mind behind *Save Me the Waltz*. (Brucoli 189)

In the same thread of thought, *The New York Times* insists on the spelling mistakes, both in French and English, and feels sorry Zelda's novel has not received much attention on the part of her editors:

It is a pity that the publishers could not have had more accurate proofreading; for it is inconceivable that the author should have undertaken to use as much of the French language as appears in this book, if she knew so little of it as this book indicates—almost every single French word, as well as many foreign names and a good many plain English words, are misspelled. (Brucoli 190)

Hence, its spelling mistakes, its descriptions full of images and abstract language, and the repetitive theme of the Fitzgeralds' themselves are some of the main reasons for the literary critics to dislike Zelda's first and only novel. However, *Save Me the Waltz* received praise too. For instance, in a review that William McFee writes for the *Sun*, he states that "here is a peculiar talent, and connoisseurs of style will have a wonderful time with 'Save Me the Waltz.' [...] There is the promise of a new and vigorous personality in fiction" (Milford 263). Likewise, Malcolm Cowley, after reading Zelda's novel, decides to write a personal note to Fitzgerald: "It moves me a lot: she has something there that nobody got into words before. The women who write novels are usually the sort who live spiritually in Beloit, Wisconsin, even when they are getting drunk at the Select. Zelda has a different story to tell" (Milford 264).

In my opinion, *Save Me the Waltz* is much more than a simple tale. Zelda was trying to transmit her feelings and difficult personal experiences through Alabama's character. To accomplish such a delicate goal, she needed to use a vivid language, "transcending the limits of physical reality," as Taylor explains. After the overall negative reception of the novel,

Zelda was profoundly affected and shocked. Although she started to work on a new novel “that [would deal] with psychiatric material and her own hospitalization” (Milford 265), she had to obey Scott once again. He had prohibited her to write nothing else until he finished *Tender is the Night*.

4. Intellectual Flappers?: A Comparison between Real Zelda and Fictional Alabama

“We once believed that there were things one place which did not exist in another”
(Alabama Knight in *Save Me the Waltz*, 216)

Can flappers be cultivated women? Although, at first glance, the thought may seem contradictory and difficult to understand, Zelda was a real flapper, *and* a great artist. As argued earlier, *Save Me the Waltz* is without a doubt an autobiographical novel where most of the episodes and characters have real counterparts. In my opinion, Zelda’s novel throws light on the painful and hidden side of her apparent idyllic marriage to F. Scott Fitzgerald. One should read *Tender is the Night* to find Scott’s side of their story, and, perhaps, be fair to both writers. It is Henry Dan Piper who points at the existing antagonism when he claims: “the mysteries of that marriage continue to be more movingly evoked for us through the binocular vision of *Tender is the Night* and *Save Me the Waltz*” (513). I personally agree with Wood when she claims that Fitzgerald’s *Tender is the Night* “has helped obscure Zelda Fitzgerald’s telling of her own story and contributed to her popular image as a strange, mentally disturbed character” (249). Put it briefly, that is, precisely, the aim of my paper: to find the *other* Zelda. In this chapter, I will analyze her contradictory personality—both as flapper and writer—and I will compare her with her *alter ego* Alabama, the protagonist of *Save Me the Waltz*.

Both Alabama and Zelda are spoiled by their respective mothers. Minnie Sayre, Zelda’s mother, reflects Millie Beggs, Alabama’s mother in *Save Me the Waltz*. Zelda portrays her mother as a soft and affectionate woman. As Zelda, Alabama, unlike her sisters, gets all she wants. For example, as a vain girl, Alabama likes her mother to fix her dresses short, and although her sister Joan disagrees and accuses her of being “mamma’s little angel” (Fitzgerald

17), Mrs. Millie finally does as Alabama wants. In turn, Alabama angrily threatens her mother: “And I tell you I will not wear it if you fix it that way” (Fitzgerald 16). This event can be compared to Zelda’s graduation ceremony. She insists on wearing a pretty dress made by her mother, instead of following her classmates’ agreement and wearing more discreet and cheaper materials. Thus, Zelda’s real and fictional mothers act in like manner. Millie, Alabama’s mother, recognizes it at the end of the novel when she tells her granddaughter Bonnie: “Children were not brought up so strictly when mine were young [...] When your mother was young, she charged so much candy at the corner store that I had an awful time hiding it from her father” (Fitzgerald 215).

Why does Alabama’s mother dares to act behind her husband’s back? Traditional men do embody male authority in Southern Alabama’s patriarchal society, and Mr. Beggs acts accordingly: he chooses the husbands for his daughters and he only selects the ones who can provide the most comfortable life. Thus, in a way, Judge Beggs’ principles reflect Judge Sayre’s. Both men transfer their power over their daughters to the respective new husbands. Referring to Zelda’s novel and her protagonist, Wood accurately perceives the ritual of passing power from one male character (the father) over the next (the husband), hence, perpetuating women’s subjugation: “Alabama Beggs grows up within a world severely circumscribed first by the authority of her father, Judge Austin Beggs, and later by her husband, painter David Knight [...] Alabama finds in David both an escape from [her] home and the power of another male authority” (254). In view of Alabama and Zelda’s traumatic marriage experience, neither Judge Beggs nor Judge Sayre could prevent their respective daughters from marrying the husbands of their choices. That is, Zelda marries Scott, and Alabama marries David against their respective fathers’ will. As far as Zelda is concerned, Judge Sayre has serious issues with Scott’s unsuitable job and his heavy drinking. Contrary to Judge Sayre’s serious objections, in *Save Me the Waltz*, when David asks Judge Beggs to

marry his daughter Alabama, he does not disapprove: “Well, I suppose so, if you think you can take care of her” (Fitzgerald 38).

Before facing the unexpected responsibilities of marriage, Alabama behaves as a frivolous flapper whose main worries have to do with pretty clothes, the latest make up, wild parties, absolute freedom, and escaping from her father’s strict and old-fashioned rules to discover New York with her beau David Knight. Zelda does not think, feel, or behave differently from her fictional counterpart Alabama, a fact Taylor highlights in the following terms: “Free to do as they pleased, the twenty-four-year-old groom and his bride of twenty acted like teenagers who had just escaped parental authority. Zelda was only one year out of her teens, and her sense of liberation would be echoed years later by her heroine in *Save Me the Waltz*” (68). We find the “sense of liberation” Taylor refers to at the end of chapter one when Alabama and David are at the Biltmore, interestingly, the same hotel where the Fitzgeralds spent their honeymoon: “Alabama lay thinking in room number twenty-one-o-nine of the Biltmore Hotel that her life would be different with her parents so far away” (Fitzgerald 42). It goes without saying that Alabama’s husband’s name is not an accident. David Knight acts as Alabama’s liberator, and frees his princess from Judge Beggs’ castle—following a recurrent topic of conversation at the Fitzgeralds. In this vein, referring to David’s more appropriate name, Milford comments: “A knight is a young man whose job it is to rescue princesses from their imprisonments. David Knight promises to take Alabama away with him into a world without restraint, without fortresses; a world in which law plays little part. It is the artistic world of New York” (233). Milford accurately elaborates on the princess metaphor David refers to in a letter to Alabama: “you are my princess and I’d like to keep you shut forever in an ivory tower for my private delectation” (39). Scott Fitzgerald must have used a similar imagery when they were engaged because in one of Zelda’s letter (1931), we find the following: “I hope you know they are kisses splattering your balcony tonight from a

lady who was once, in three separate letters, a princess in a high white tower and who has never forgotten her elevated station in life and who is waiting once more for her royal darling” (Bryer 105). When Zelda sends this letter to Scott, the first unsettling symptoms of her mental unbalance have shown and she is already hospitalized at Prangins. It is no wonder then that she calls Scott to rescue her “once more” as when she escaped her father’s authoritative world and married him.

Alabama, unlike Zelda, seems to have heard the call of her artistic soul for a succinct period of time when she leaves her family aside and goes to Naples to become a successful ballet dancer. Despite this act of self-assertion and quasi rebellion, the question of Alabama’s dependence on men will arise later again at the end of the novel. Just to give an example, when Alabama’s father is about to die, she feels the need to ask him “for guidance” (Milford 245): “Oh, my father, there are so many things I want to ask you” (Fitzgerald 207). Likewise, when Judge Sayre dies in 1931, Zelda writes a letter to Scott where she expresses her desolation as well as her need to be guided by men: “I miss Daddy horribly. I am losing my identity here without men. I would not live two weeks again where there are none, since the first thing that goes is concision, and they give you something to butt your vitality against so it isn’t littered over the air like a spray of dynamite” (Bryer 142).

Nevertheless, although it is crystal clear that both Alabama and Zelda are trapped by their respective parents and husbands, they try hard to cut the ties, be in charge of their destinies, and make their own decisions. In 1927, having moved to Delaware with her family, “[Zelda] was more determined than ever to make some kind of artistic career for herself; but much as she cared about writing and painting, she was beginning to accept that they might not be fields in which she excelled [...] What Zelda needed was a field of her own and that summer she began to think about ballet” (Mackrell 330). And Zelda took her incipient ballet career as seriously that she started to take ballet lessons, and “practiced four hours every day”

(Mackrell 330). When the Fitzgeralds return to Paris that same year, a determinant and gifted Zelda goes to the Russian dancer Lubov Egorova to be admitted as her pupil: “Zelda worked feverishly under Egorova’s demanding supervision, practicing eight or more hours a day” (Milford 141). Thus, while a drunk Scott wastes much of his precious time, Zelda becomes more obsessed with her dancing career. In *Save Me the Waltz* the same artistic self-determination moves Alabama to re-start a ballet career in her late twenties. Apparently, frustrated by their respective husband’s misbehaving, both women act moved by some kind of revenge. In Zelda’s case, on their trip to Hollywood, Scott gets impressed by and pays much attention to a famous actress, Lois Moran. A quarrel follows, and Scott has the nerve to tell Zelda that Lois Moran is a very talented and hard-working woman (Milford 129). He could not have touched Zelda’s more sensitive chord. Along similar lines, in Alabama’s case, David flirts with a cute dancer, Miss Gibbs, whom he has met at a party in Paris. From that night on, Alabama decides to become a dancer as Miss Gibbs is. And Alabama means every word of it because when David arrives home after a long night partying, she tells him: “I am going to be as famous a dancer as there are blue veins over the white marble of Miss Gibbs” (Fitzgerald 122).

Not surprisingly, Zelda and Alabama not only want to show their husbands how talented they can be but also they want to feel fulfilled and self-independent. As expected, the respective husbands’ agree on tying their women even shorter. Neither Scott nor David will encourage or support them because they think women are simply too old to become good ballerinas. Likewise, as successful and famous men, they cannot stand the fact that their wives can compete with them. Although it is true that real Zelda and fictional Alabama took ballet lessons when they were teenagers, it is obvious that for a twenty-seven-year-old woman it is very hard to *restart* a professional ballet career because, among other reasons, their bodies are less responsive. However, the women’s ages do not justify the husbands’ pejorative words:

Scott classifies Zelda as a “third-rate ballet dancer” (Cline 325), while David shouts to Alabama: “I hope that you realize that the biggest difference in the world is between the amateur and the professional in the arts” (Fitzgerald 153).

Despite the obstacles and Scott’s harsh criticism, on September 1929, Zelda is offered a solo debut in Naples: “Madame Sedova’s letter invited Zelda to come to Naples and dance a solo in *Aida*, to be part of the San Carlo Opera Ballet Company there. Given that Sedova had been a ranking Russian ballerina, a classmate of Egorova’s [...], her invitation was legitimate—it was a compliment to Zelda’s ability” (Wagner 125). Zelda could not have wished for a better opportunity to show her true vocation. However, surprisingly too, she does not accept the offer. In my opinion, as most of her biographers and critics agree, Zelda rejects the invitation because she depends on Scott too much and she is unable to travel alone. Biographer Taylor, for instance, in a conversation with American novelist Marion Meade, points out that heavy-handed Scott was one of the main reasons for Zelda to stay:

Either [Scott] forbade her, or made life so miserable she gave up on the idea. [...] Zelda felt very conflicted. Influencing her decision was the fact that she disliked Italians and viewed Naples as a step down from London and Paris. At twenty-nine, she had never been anywhere alone, and without Fitzgerald’s support was afraid of failing. (450)

Not surprisingly, in Zelda’s novel, her *alter ego* Alabama accepts the offer to go to Naples what proves Zelda’s regret and long-lived frustration. Alabama was aware that David would not like Italy, as Scott did, and at first, she decides to obey David and mentally prepares herself to return to America. However, at the end of chapter three, she changes her mind and tells Madame she wants to travel to Naples. Zelda’s contradictory thoughts persist as well as her fears to be away from Scott. In Zelda’s novel she talks through Alabama and gives an outlet to her own feelings through the protagonist’s voice: “She was afraid to change

in Rome without David” (Fitzgerald 172). Nevertheless, Alabama dances wonderfully well in her solo debut in the opera *Faust* and all the newspapers “[agree] that the new addition to Madame Sirgeva’s corps [is] a competent dancer” (Fitzgerald 179). Therefore, throughout Alabama, Zelda materializes her broken dreams and accepts Sedova’s invitation to perform the solo role in *Aida* (Mackrell 419).

Apart from a wife and a dancer-to-be, Zelda is also a mother. In her novel *Save Me the Waltz*, Zelda offers some glimpses of the complex, contradictory, and confusing mother-daughter relationship. While Alabama becomes a more skilled ballet dancer and rehearses long hours every day, her daughter, Bonnie, comes to visit her. As usual, she is accompanied by her nanny, and, as soon as she arrives in Naples, the little girl starts to complain about how awful everything is. She is a snob child who likes getting gifts, playing and doing nothing. Even though Alabama sent her to dance lessons in Paris, Bonnie does not like dancing and quits. When Bonnie tells her mother she is going to be rich, Alabama responds: “My God, no! You must get things like that out of your head. You will have to work to get what you want—that’s why I wanted you to dance. I was sorry to hear you had given it up” (Fitzgerald 182). Clearly, Alabama does not want her daughter to repeat her mistakes (to marry young and, consequently, her lack of autonomy). Alabama wants Bonnie to become an independent woman. In contrast, if we bear in mind her struggles to express herself through the arts, Zelda’s words sound rather frivolous and superficial when she states that she would rather have a flapper daughter than an artist. It is the end of 1926, and the Fitzgeralds are about to leave Paris for the States. These are some of Zelda Fitzgerald’s words about her daughter’s future:

I’m raising my girl to be a flapper. I like the jazz generation, and I hope my daughter’s generation will be jazzier. I want my girl to do as she pleases, be what she pleases. I think a woman gets more happiness out of being gay, light-

hearted, unconventional, mistress of her own fate, than out of a career that calls for hard work, intellectual pessimism and loneliness. I don't want Pat to be a genius. I want her to be a flapper, because flappers are brave and gay and beautiful. (Milford 125-26)

Zelda would contradict herself later with her dancing, writing and painting ambitions. Either Zelda or Alabama, as flappers and intellectual artists, do not seem to pay much attention to their daughters. When they act as flappers, they drink and dance at parties; when they act as articulate and hard-working women, they seem to forget they have kids waiting for them at home. An example of a dual personality is found in the novel when Bonnie gets sick in Naples and has to stay in bed for a week. Instead of spending time with her daughter, Alabama keeps dancing hard to prepare her performance at *Le Lac des Cygnes*. When Bonnie leaves, the omniscient narrator tells us about Alabama's sadness and guilt: "She hadn't realized how much fuller life was with Bonnie there. She was sorry she hadn't sat more with her child when she was sick in bed. Maybe she could have missed rehearsals" (Fitzgerald 187). In real life, the Fitzgeralds' attitude towards their daughter Scottie made such an impact on her psyche that, later in life, she treated her own children as she had been treated by her parents:³³ "With no maternal role model, parenting did not come easy, and spending time with her four children exhausted her. [However, Scottie] did enjoy taking them to interesting places and buying them fabulous gifts" (Taylor 362).

Moreover, Zelda and Alabama did not only distance themselves from their daughters, but also from their respective husbands. During her daily coexistence with Scott, Zelda felt attracted to other people—perhaps in search of real love and protection. A case in point is when the Fitzgeralds are at the French Riviera. Zelda is very much alone while Scott is focused on his work and, consequently, she begins to flirt with French aviator Edouard Jozan.

³³ See Appendix 6.2 (82).

In *Save Me the Waltz*, Edouard Jozan's *alter ego* is Jacques Chevre-Feuille and the third-person narrator describes Alabama's passionate feelings: "He was bronze and smelled of the sand and sun; she felt him naked underneath the starched linen. She didn't think of David" (Fitzgerald 91). Despite the mutual attraction between the lovers, it is not clear whether the sexual encounter occurred in Zelda's real life or in that of her character's. Since Zelda never admitted it to Scott or any of her friends, there is no proof. In turn, when asked, Jozan denied the rumors. However, for biographer Taylor it is very clear that Zelda had sex with Jozan: "To me it's quite clear her affair with Edouard Jozan was sexual. His disclaiming was a gentlemanly gesture. Zelda never admitted one way or the other how far she had gone—with him or any other man" (452).

Biographers and scholars also pay attention to Zelda's same-sex relations. Zelda's growing apart from her family and her obsession with ballet lessons provokes her fixation with her teacher Egorova. Although she falls in love with her and admits it to Scott, there is no proof of Zelda having a sexual relationship with Egorova or any other women. However, according to Taylor, it could have been probable: "I think it's entirely possible she was intimate with some of the lesbian women she met in Paris during the late twenties. As far as it being a symptom of her mental illness, it seems more an indication of her loneliness in the marriage and aversion to becoming involved with another man" (452). In my opinion, I do not think her affection for Egorova is an aftermath of her mental breakdowns and, thus, I agree with biographer Taylor's assumptions. Besides, we should bear in mind that, during the Twenties, lesbianism was common practice among flappers. As Mackrell points out: "A survey conducted among 2,200 middle-class American women in the late 1920s revealed that many had experienced lesbian impulses: nearly half of those interviewed said they'd experienced a close emotional relationship with another woman, while a quarter admitted to those relationships being sexual" (338). She also adds that one of the causes for women's

emotional interest in other women is caused by I World War and “the loss of millions of young men.” One way or another, the issue of lesbianism appears in *Save Me the Waltz* where we readers are witness to a very close relationship between Alabama and her ballet teacher—she buys her flowers—but her infatuation is not as obvious as in Zelda’s real life.

In a different vein, as a restless flapper, Zelda does not know—or want—to do house chores and Alabama mirrors Zelda’s abhorrence of domestic responsibilities. Zelda’s lack of house-keeping skills as well as her flapper attitude are clear in “Breakfast,” published in *Favorite Recipes of Famous Women* (1925). Her recipe is far from sophisticated—how to prepare breakfast—but, tongue-in-cheek—Zelda’s strong advice is for women to always have the help of a cook:

See if there is any bacon, and if there is, ask the cook which pan to fry it in. Then ask if there are any eggs, and if so try and persuade the cook to poach two of them. It is better not to attempt toast, as it burns very easily. Also in the case of bacon, do not turn the fire too high, or you will have to get out of the house for a week. Serve preferably on china plates, though gold or wood will do it handy. (Brucoli 401)

Definitely, Zelda is not an average writer but quite provocative. Hence, as we have analyzed, Zelda’s life is reflected in *Save Me the Waltz* but there are some gaps too. What does she hide from the readers? Interestingly enough, Zelda avoids the re-telling of her worst life-episodes and personal nightmares, thus, Alabama does not suffer from mental breakdowns or recurrent hospitalizations. Zelda avoids writing about embarrassing personal scenes as the one she experienced at a summer party at Juan-les-Pins where she raised “her skirts above her waist and began to dance” (Milford 120). Likewise, that same summer in 1926, she once “drank too much, became hysterical, and Scott had to call a doctor who sedated her with a shot of morphine” (Taylor 177). In her novel, though, Zelda refers to that

particular incident: “When they [Alabama and David] got back to Paris he urged Alabama to get out with him at the Café Lilas. ‘We’ll find somebody and have dinner,’ he said. ‘David, I can’t honestly. I get so sick when I drink. I’ll have to have morphine if I do, like last time.’” (Fitzgerald 130-31). As for the absence of clear references to Zelda’s mental illness, I find some parallelism between Alabama’s physical injury (her foot infection) and Zelda’s mental problems. From my point of view, I find the two injuries—mental and physical—absolutely crucial for Zelda’s and Alabama’s career oriented lives. That is, in real life Zelda is forced to quit dancing due to her mental breakdowns. In the novel, Alabama’s ballet career is cut short: “she develops an infection in her foot that leads to hospitalization, blood poisoning, hallucinations, and a permanent leg injury—a chain of events resulting in the end of her dancing career” (Wood 256). To conclude, I do agree with Wood when she clearly perceives that Zelda’s mental breakdowns are reflected through Alabama’s foot infection: “this story of physical defeat and illness [Alabama’s] parallels and evokes a silent narrative of her mental breakdown [Zelda’s]” (256).

There is a final issue I would like to comment on: Zelda’s literary discourse. As Wood states, “the narrative line may be less important than the texture of the language that evolves along the way” (259). As a matter of fact, Zelda’s first novel *Save Me the Waltz* is criticized for being “too ornate, flowery and exaggerated” (260). We must take into account that Zelda is actively painting at the time she writes the novel and that painting is one of her favorite activities while she is hospitalized. Not surprisingly, there are several episodes where she represents paintings through writing, and the use of flowers is recurrent and, according to Cline, “the establishment of the interior lives of her character, as well as the atmosphere of the places they visit, is achieved partially through a suffusion of flower images” (314). We find a good example of a flowery description when Alabama, “in a moment of wild extravagance,” decides to spend lots of money on flowers (Cline 314):

Yellow roses she bought with her money like Empire satin brocade, and *white lilacs* and *pink tulips* like moulded confectioner's frosting, and *deep-red roses* like a Villon poem [...] She gave Madame *gardenias* like white kid gloves and *forget-me-nots* from the Madeleine stalls [...] She bought flowers like salads and flowers like fruits, *jonquils* and *narcissus*, *poppies* and *ragged robins*, and flowers with the brilliant carnivorous qualities of Van Gogh. (Fitzgerald 143, my emphasis)

This paragraph proves Zelda still has her hometown, Alabama, on her mind. To sum up, *Save Me the Waltz* is an illuminating autobiographical work that portrays a choice of Zelda's life experiences until her father dies in 1931. The question remains: once Zelda allows her *alter ego* to succeed as a ballerina, why does she decide to put an end to Alabama's dream with a physical injury? In my opinion, she ends Alabama's dream to reflect in a metaphorical way that the freedom Alabama enjoys is just an illusion. That is, she was under her husband's protection and sooner or later she would go back to him. The end of the novel has a very pessimistic tone because, as Milford states, "the Knights will continue as they have been, the novel points to no fresh departures for they believe in none, and it gives little hope of a brighter future for them" (246). Unfortunately, they will continue as restless as prophesized when they leave the French Riviera for Paris: "They were on their way to Paris. They hadn't much faith in travel nor a great belief in a change of scene as a panacea for spiritual ills; they were simply glad of something new, not realizing that there is everything in anything if the thing is complete in itself. Summer and love and beauty are much the same in Cannes or Connecticut" (Fitzgerald 101).

5. Zelda Today

It is only recently that scholars have started to pay attention to Zelda Sayre. There is not much information about her but, fortunately, I have found some really good works where Zelda is portrayed as a competent artist who is keen on experimenting with different creative

manifestations. It is true that, more often than not, some writers cannot see her but as somebody's wife and refer to Zelda as "Mrs. Fitzgerald," but this is inevitable since Fitzgerald is a canonized writer who represents the Lost Generation. I also think that we would not know Zelda had she not married Scott. Some critics and writers, though, try to put themselves in Zelda's shoes and understand her real feelings and explore her complex life. In fact, this is American writer Therese Anne Fowler's approach³⁴ when she writes her novel *Z: A Novel of Zelda Fitzgerald* (2013). As Fowler herself states in the author's note, "[her] respect and affection for both Scott and Zelda inspired this book, which, again, is not a biography but a novelist's attempt to imagine what it was like to be Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald" (374). Even though the author claims hers is not a biography, we know Fowler has done serious research work on the Fitzgeralds since she tries to reflect their lives as accurate as possible: "this book is a work of fiction, but because it's based on the lives of real people, I have tried to adhere as much as possible to the established particulars of those people's lives" (373).

In general terms, the novel has received mixed reviews. It is true that Fowler's novel has been acclaimed by American and British newspapers alike. However, some criticize Fowler for ignoring relevant details that might have helped to provide a more in-depth portrait of Zelda's. For instance, in *The Independent*, Lesley Mcdowell writes that "the novel weakens" after Zelda's affair with French aviator Edouard Jozan because Fowler "gives us Zelda at her best [...] confident, strong and funny." In a similar vein, Mcdowell highlights that "her mental collapse and her later years are minimized." Likewise, in *NewStatesman*, Sarah Churchwell argues that Fowler is not accurate: "Writers of historical novels owe a debt to the facts that have inspired their fictions [...] Certainly no sense of truth, history or fiction can flourish in a space that has no sense of fact." In contrast, in *USA Today*, Olivia Barker's

³⁴ French writer Gilles Leroy's novel *Alabama Song* is also based on Zelda's life. Internationally acclaimed, it has won the Prix Goncourt 2007 (Green *The New York Times*).

review praises the novel, and claims that its highlights are the portrayal of Zelda herself as well as that of the time she lived: “Z is at its best as a parallel picture of not just a pioneering woman but a groundbreaking era.” Barker ends up by sympathizing with Zelda’s marital constraints when she asserts: “As Zelda matures from provincial teenager to worldly thinker, we can’t help but wonder what life might have been like for her had she danced, drawn and dreamed in an era in which she could be far more than just another famous wife.”

I agree with Churchwell and Mcdowell because there are episodes in Fowler’s novel that differ from Zelda’s actual demeanor. For instance, in chapter nineteen, we read about Zelda as a protective and affectionate mother: “Nursing [Scottie] was demanding but rewarding, too, most of the time [...] She would want me, not the nanny Scott had hired, and so I’d have to go off and nurse her back to sleep” (145). In real life, a twenty-one-year-old Zelda was still a flapper who lacked the ability to properly take care of her daughter. Likewise, in chapter thirty-six, fictional Zelda complains about Scott’s going out and drinking habits at the Riviera, and claims that “to save [her] sanity, [Zelda] tried to give most of my attention to painting” (Fowler 255). Although it is true that Zelda focuses on arts while Scott is immersed in his literary and partying world, she has always been fond of drinking and partying all night as much as his husband, a fact that the author omits. In addition, Fowler’s Zelda blames Scott for her addiction to vodka as a stimulant for writing: “The vodka is a writing technique I’ve borrowed from Scott” (316). Finally, to my surprise, Zelda’s mental breakdowns do not appear until page 317. Perhaps Fowler found the eighteen years of Zelda’s mental illness difficult to put into words and chooses instead to focus on her first ten years of marriage. But, I think, she does so in a sensationalist way. As a reader, I must admit that I have enjoyed Fowler’s novel. As a student who has critically read Zelda’s life *and* works for months, I think that Fowler’s novel is based on a romantic cliché. In trying to represent Zelda, Fowler has idealized her.

6. Conclusions

After a thorough analysis of Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald's life and works, I have come to the conclusion that she was an independent flapper *and* writer, but her toxic relationship with Scott did not allow her to succeed. However, I do not blame Scott for Zelda's failure as a writer, or her breakdowns, or for any other unfortunate event. Instead, I try to understand the Fitzgeralds, and ask myself why they made each other's suffer. I do think, though, that they were both responsible for their respective tragedies and it is obvious that their marriage was not the right decision. It is true that Scott prevented Zelda from writing and dancing but he thought that his advice was the best option for his family. That is, Scott was pressed to complete *Tender is the Night*, and prohibited Zelda to use any biographic information when writing her work in process. He thought that their stories would overlap, and Scott's novel would be little but original. Scott's restrictions do not stop with writing; he also controls Zelda's untimed devotion to ballet. But it was not only him. Zelda's doctors agreed on the potential danger of practicing dance until near exhaustion and the increase of her mental breakdowns. After close reading, I also claim that Scott mistreated Zelda at a psychological level but I believe he was not fully aware. On the one hand, his alcohol addiction made him as sick as Zelda was; on the other, he was financially broken and had urgent pressures such as paying Zelda's and Scottie's bills.

One of the main goals of this paper has been to place Zelda on the spotlight. I wanted her to be the protagonist of my work and although I refer to Scott, I have tried to illuminate her own life, her flapper attitude and her writing career. Studying Zelda as a writer has been a real pleasure for me. It has helped me to learn about her hidden personality. The more I found out about her and her fictional writings, the more I wanted to keep working on the topic. As a matter of fact, it has been just when I was about to write my conclusions that I found an article in *The New Yorker* (December 2013) entitled: "The Iceberg: a Story by Zelda

Fitzgerald.” I immediately clicked on the link, read it carefully, and discovered that Zelda had written that short story when she was *only* seventeen years old. After reading Zelda’s neglected work I told myself: “I need no more evidences to proof Zelda’s independence as a writer.”

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Appendix 1: Photographs³⁵



1.1. “Zelda’s Childhood Pictures.” Zelda in her ballet outfit as a teenager (top left); a younger Zelda (top right); Zelda’s parents (bottom left); Zelda at a school performance (bottom right).

³⁵ SOURCE: *The Romantic Egoists: A Pictorial Autobiography from the Scrapbooks and Albums of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald* (see Works Cited).



1.2. **“The Southern Belle.”** Zelda Fitzgerald shortly before she married Scott Fitzgerald.



1.3. "The Golden Couple." Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald as a newly-married couple in New York.

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL

MAY, 1923



WALDORE-ASTOR

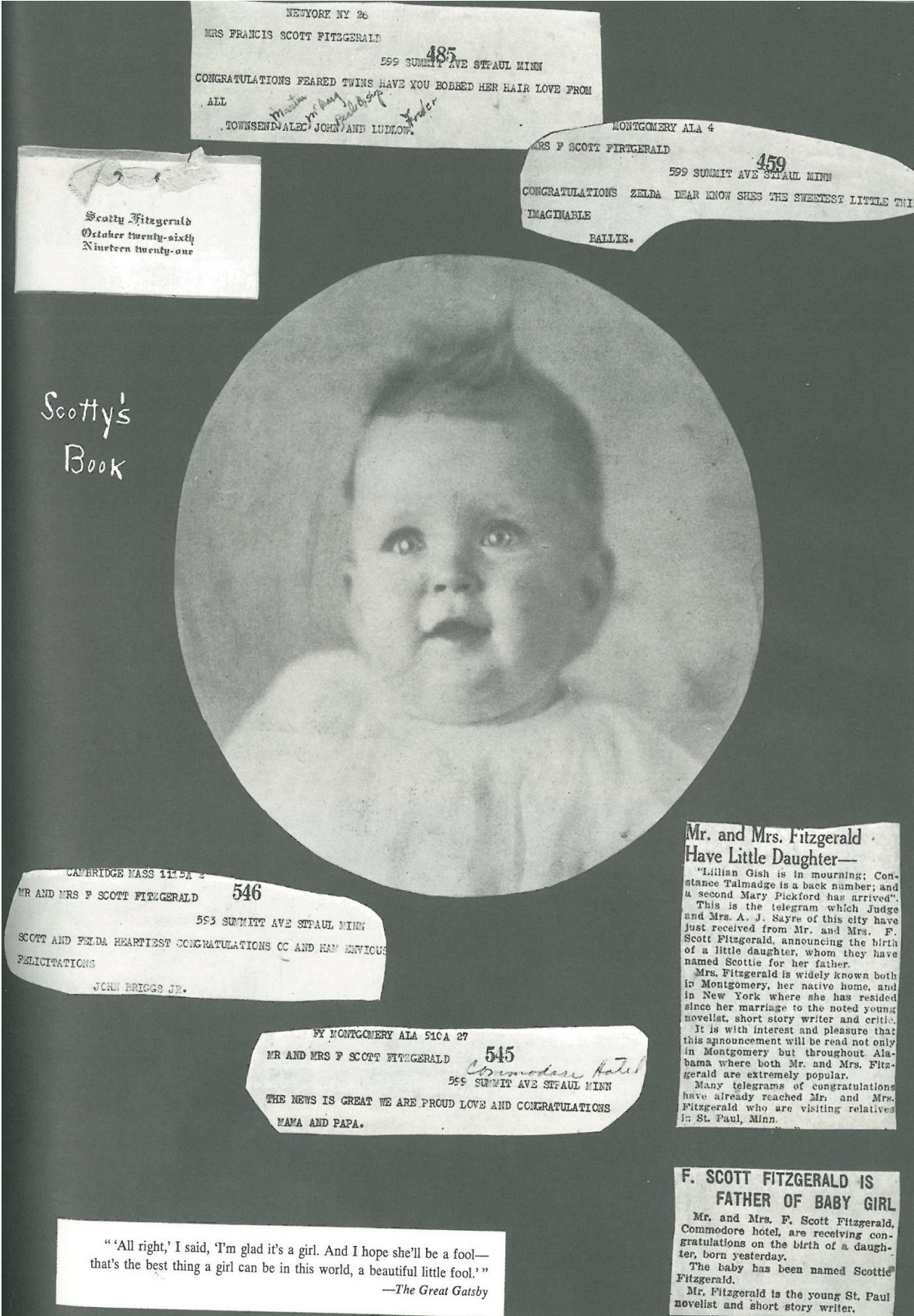
Photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

SCOTT AND ZELDA FITZGERALD

☛ Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald started the flapper movement in this country. So says her husband, the best-loved author of the younger generation. His first book, *This Side of Paradise*, was finished when he was twenty-two. He began it at Princeton and wrote portions of it at military camps during the war. Mr. Fitzgerald says he wrote it because he was certain that all the young people were going to be killed in the war and he wanted to put on paper a record of the strange life they had led in their time. The novel made an immediate success. Since then he has written, *The Beautiful and Damned* and two collections of short stories which are to the young people of this generation what *O. Henry* was to the last. All of F. Scott Fitzgerald's new fiction will appear in HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL.

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1.4. "Zelda: Scott's Real Flapper." The Fitzgeralds were a role model for the young generations of flappers who wanted to live life to the fullest.



1.5. "A Beautiful Little Fool." Newspaper and telegram clippings announcing Scottie's birth in 1921.



1.6. “The (Apparently) Perfect Family.” This picture was taken in Paris in 1925. At this time, the Fitzgeralds spent their time going to parties, drinking alcohol, and having quarrels while Scottie remained at home with her nanny.



1.7. **“Restlessness.”** On their second voyage to France (1928). By then, Zelda had already started her ballet lessons and would resume them in Paris with Russian teacher Egorova.



1.8. "Zelda as a Ballerina." A twenty-eight-year-old Zelda became obsessed with ballet and would rehearse eight hours a day.

Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald Reviews "The Beautiful and Damned"

Friend Husband's Latest

By Zelda Sayre (Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald)

I NOTE on the table beside my bed this morning a new book with an orange jacket entitled "The Beautiful and Damned." It is a strange book, which has for me an uncanny fascination. It has been lying on that table for two years. I have been asked to analyse it carefully in the light of my brilliant critical insight, my tremendous erudition and my vast impressive partiality. Here I go!

To begin with, every one must buy this book for the following aesthetic reasons: First, because I know where there is the cutest cloth of gold dress for only \$300 in a store on Forty-second Street, and also if enough people buy it where there is a platinum ring with a complete circle, and also if loads of people buy it my husband needs a new winter overcoat, although the one he has has done well enough for the last three years.

Now, as to the other advantages of the book—its value as a manual of etiquette is incalculable. Where could you get a better example of how not to behave than from the adventures of Gloria? And a handy cocktail mixer nothing better has been said or written since John Rosch Strater's last sermon.

It is a wonderful book to have around in case of emergency. No one should ever get out in pursuit of unholly excitement without a special vest pocket edition dangling from a string around his neck.

For this book tells exactly, and with compelling lucidity, just what to do when cast off by a grandfather, or when sitting around a station platform at 4 a. m. or when spilling champagne in a fashionable restaurant, or when told that one is too old for the movies. Any of these things might come into any one's life at any minute.

Just turn the pages of the book slowly at any of the above-mentioned trying times until your own case strikes your eye and proceed according to directions. Then for the ladies of the family there are such helpful lines as: "I like gray because then you have to wear a lot of paint." Also what to do with your husband's old shoes—Gloria takes Anthony's shoes to bed with her and finds it a very esthetic way of disposing of them. The dietary suggestion, "tomato sandwiches and lemonade for breakfast" will be found an excellent cure for obesity.

Now, let us turn to the interior decorating department of the book. Therein

can be observed complete directions for remodeling your bathroom along modern and more interesting lines, with plans for a bookrack by the tub, and a detailed description of what pictures have been found suitable for bathroom walls after years of careful research by Mr. Fitzgerald.


It seems to me that on one page I recognized a portion of an old diary of mine which mysteriously disappeared shortly after my marriage, and also scraps of letters which, though considerably edited, sound to me vaguely familiar. In fact, Mr. Fitzgerald—I believe that is how he spells his name—seems to believe that plagiarism begins at home.

I find myself completely fascinated by the character of the heroine. She is a girl approximately ten years older than I am, for she seems to have been born about 1890—though I regret to remark that on finishing the book I feel no confidence as to her age, since her birthday is in one place given as occurring in February and in another place May and in the third place in September. But there is a certain inconsistency in this quite in accord with the lady's character.


What I was about to remark is that I would like to meet the lady. There seems to have been a certain rouge she used which had a quite remarkable effect. And the strange variations in the color of her hair from cover to cover range entirely through the spectrum—I find myself doubting that all the changes were of human origin; also the name of the unguent used in the last chapter is not given. I find these aesthetic deficiencies very trying. But don't let that deter you from buying the book. In every other way the book is absolutely perfect.

THE other things that I didn't like in the book—I mean the unimportant things—were the literary references and the attempt to convey a profound and dignified air of erudition. It reminds me in its more soggy moments of the essays I used to get up in school at the last minute by looking up strange names in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

I think the heroine is most amusing. I have an intense distaste for the melancholy aroused in the masculine mind by such characters as Jenny Gerhardt, Antonia and Tess (of the D'Urbervilles). Their tragedies, redolent of the soil, leave me unmoved. If they were capable of dramatizing themselves they would no longer be symbolic, and if



Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald



they weren't—and they aren't—they would be dull, stupid and boring, as they inevitably are in life.

The book ends on a tragic note; in fact a note which will fill any woman with horror, or, for that matter, will fill any furrier with horror, for Gloria, with thirty million to spend, buys a sable coat instead of a kolinsky coat. This is a tragedy unequalled in the entire work of Hardy. Thus the book closes on a note of tremendous depression and Mr. Fitzgerald's subtle manner of having Gloria's deterioration turn on her taste in coats has scarcely been equaled by Henry James.

April 24th.—I want to marry Anthony, because husbands are so often "husbands" and I must marry a lover.


There are four general types of husbands.

- (1) The husband who always wants to stay in in the evening, has no vices and works for a salary. Totally undesirable!
- (2) The atavistic master whose mistress one is, to wait on his pleasure. This sort always considers every pretty woman "shallow," a sort of peacock with arrested development.
- (3) Next comes the worshipper, the idolater of his wife and all that is his, to the utter oblivion of everything else. This sort demands an emotional actress for a wife. God! it must be an exertion to be thought righteous.
- (4) And Anthony—a temporarily passionate lover with wisdom enough to realize when it has flown and that it must fly. And I want to get married to Anthony.

What grubworms women are to crawl on their bellies through colorless marriages! Marriage was created not to be a background but to need one. Mine is going to be outstanding. It can't, shan't be the setting—it's going to be the performance, the live, lovely, glamorous performance, and the world shall be the scenery. I refuse to dedicate my life to posterity. Surely one owes as much to the current generation as to one's unwanted children. What a fate—to grow rotund and unseemly, to lose my self-love, to think in terms of milk, oatmeal, nurse, diapers. . . . Dear dream children, how much more beautiful you are, dazzling little creatures who flutter (all dream children must flutter) on golden, golden wings—

Such children, however, poor dear babies, have little in common with the wedded state.

—The Beautiful and Damned



2.1. "Friend Husband's Latest." In 1922, Zelda is asked to review Scott's *The Beautiful and Damned*. Both the newspaper clipping and the portraits belong to Zelda's scrapbook. The editors of *The Romantic Egoists* selected the excerpt from *The Beautiful and Damned* (bottom left).

³⁶ SOURCE: *The Romantic Egoists: A Pictorial Autobiography from the Scrapbooks of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald*.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON BRYANT

The wife of F. Scott Fitzgerald, who put her in two brilliant novels, "This Side of Paradise" and "The Beautiful and Damned," does not need to join the Lucy Stone League in order to identify herself as a personality. Everything Zelda Fitzgerald says and does stands out

THE Flapper is deceased. Her outer accoutrements have been bequeathed to several hundred girls' schools throughout the country, to several thousand big-town shop-girls, always imitative of the several hundred girls' schools, and to several million small-town belles always imitative of the big-town shop-girls via the "novelty stores" of their respective small towns. It is a great bereavement to me, thinking as I do that there will never be another product of circumstance to take the place of the dear departed.

I am assuming that the Flapper will live by her accomplishments and not by her Flapping. How can a girl say again, "I do not want to be respectable because respectable girls are not attractive," and how can she again so wisely arrive at the knowledge that "boys do dance most with the girls they kiss most," and that "men will marry the girls they could kiss before they had asked papa?" Perceiving these things, the Flapper awoke from her lethargy of subdeb-ism, bobbed her hair, put on her choicest pair of earrings and a great deal of audacity and rouge and went into the battle. She flirted because it was fun to flirt and wore a one-piece bathing suit because she had a good figure, she covered her face with powder and paint because she didn't need it and she refused to be bored chiefly because she wasn't boring. She was conscious that the things she did were the things she had always wanted to do. Mothers disapproved of their sons taking the Flapper to dances, to teas, to swim and most of all to heart. She had mostly masculine friends, but youth does not need friends—it needs only crowds, and the more masculine the crowds the more crowded for the Flapper. Of these things the Flapper was well aware!

Now audacity and earrings and one-piece bathing suits have become fashionable and the first Flappers are so secure in their positions that their attitude toward themselves is scarcely distinguishable from that of their débutante sisters of ten years ago toward themselves. They have won their case. They are blasé. And the new Flappers galumphing along in unfastened galoshes are striving not to do what is

Eulogy on the Flapper

By Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald

pleasant and what they please, but simply to outdo the founders of the Honorable Order of Flappers; to outdo *everything*. Flapperdom has become a game; it is no longer a philosophy.

I came across an amazing editorial a short time ago. It fixed the blame for all divorces, crime waves, high prices, unjust taxes, violations of the Volstead Act and crimes in Hollywood upon the head of the Flapper. The paper wanted back the dear old fireside of long ago, wanted to resuscitate "Hearts and Flowers" and have it instituted as the sole tune played at dances from now on and forever, wanted prayers before breakfast on Sunday morning—and to bring things back to this superb state it advocated restraining the Flapper. All neurotic "women of thirty" and all divorce cases, according to the paper, could be traced to the Flapper. As a matter of fact, she hasn't yet been given a chance. I know of no divorcées or neurotic women of thirty who were ever Flappers. Do you? And I should think that fully airing the desire for unadulterated gaiety, for romances that she knows will not last,

and for dramatizing herself would make her more inclined to favor the "back to the fireside" movement than if she were repressed until age gives her those rights that only youth has the right to give.

I refer to the right to experiment with herself as a transient, poignant figure who will be dead tomorrow. Women, despite the fact that nine out of ten of them go through life with a death-bed air either of snatching-the-last-moment or with martyr-resignation, do not die tomorrow—or the next day. They have to live on to any one of many bitter ends, and I should think the sooner they learned that things weren't going to be over until they were too tired to care, the quicker the divorce court's popularity would decline.

"Out with inhibitions," gleefully shouts the Flapper, and elopes with the Arrow-collar boy that she had been thinking, for a week or two, might make a charming breakfast companion. The marriage is annulled by the proverbial irate parent and the Flapper comes home, none the worse for wear, to marry, years later, and live happily ever afterwards.

I see no logical reasons for keeping the young illusioned. Certainly disillusionment comes easier at twenty than at forty—the fundamental and inevitable disillusionments, I mean. Its effects on the Flappers I have known have simply been to crystallize their ambitious desires and give form to their code of living so that they can come home and live happily ever afterwards—or go into the movies or become social service "workers" or something. Older people, except a few geniuses, artistic and financial, simply throw up their hands, heave a great many heart-rending sighs and moan to themselves something about what a hard thing life is—and then, of course, turn to their children and wonder why they don't believe in Santa Claus and the kindness of their fellow men and in the tale that they will be happy if they are good and obedient. And yet the strongest cry against Flapperdom is that it is making the youth of the country cynical. It is making them intelligent and teaching them to capitalize their natural resources and get their money's worth. They are merely applying business methods to being young.

2.2. "Eulogy on the Flapper." A newspaper clipping from the *Metropolitan Magazine* (1922).

Appendix 3: Selection of Zelda's Short Stories

3.1. "The Iceberg" (1917)³⁷

DECEMBER 24, 2013

THE ICEBERG: A STORY BY ZELDA FITZGERALD

POSTED BY *THE NEW YORKER*

In 1918, Zelda Sayre, later Zelda Fitzgerald, won a prize for this story, which she published in the Sidney Lanier High School Literary Journal. She was seventeen or eighteen years old when she wrote it; she would soon meet F. Scott Fitzgerald, her escape hatch from the restrictive world of Montgomery, Alabama, into a tumultuous life of literary striving. The story was recently unearthed, and the Fitzgerald estate was surprised to learn of its existence. The heroine of "The Iceberg" is Cornelia, a plucky young woman from an aristocratic Southern family, with no marriage prospects, who decides to seek her destiny at business college. She impresses a rich man with her dexterous typing, and, without telling her family, she marries him. When Zelda Fitzgerald's granddaughter Eleanor Lanahan read the story, she said, "Who knew Zelda wrote stories before Scott entered her life? Who knew she'd give a working girl the happiest of destinies? This is a charming morality tale of sorts. Ironically, Cornelia's ending up with a rich husband is her ultimate success. This is truly a fascinating story—about Zelda, the South, and women's expectations in 1917 or so." The tone is lighthearted, winking, and ironic, and the story seems to presage some of the tensions in Zelda's own life: between independence and entanglement with a man, the twinned and, sometimes, conflicting desires to write and to be admired, and the pressures of a search for the right kind of self-expression. Read it in full below. (We've preserved most of the original spelling and typographical errors.)

* * *

The Iceberg

Cornelia gazed out of the window and sighed, not because she was particularly unhappy, but because she had mortified her parents and disappointed her friends. Her two sisters, younger than she, were married and established for life long ago; yet here she remained at thirty years of age, like a belated apple or a faded bachelor's button, either forgotten or not deemed worth

³⁷ SOURCE: *The New Yorker* (see Works Cited).

the picking. Her father did not scold. He kindly suggested that perhaps Neilie would do more for herself if the rest of the family would leave her alone. Her brother said, "Cornie's a fine girl and good looking enough, but she's got no magnetism. A fellow might as well try to tackle an iceberg." For all that, the family cat found her responsive enough, and the little fox-terrier fairly adored her, to say nothing of a blue jay that insisted upon a friendly dispute every time she stole to her retreat in the old-fashioned Southern garden. Her mother said, "Cornelia is not sympathetic. She looks at a man with her thoughts a thousand miles away, and no man's vanity will stand for that. What good are beautiful clothes and musical genius if humanity is left out? No! No! Cornelia will never marry, Cornelia is my despair."

Now Cornelia sometimes grew weary of disapproval and resented it. "Mother," she would say, "is marriage the end and aim of life? Is there nothing else on which a woman might spend her energy? Sister Nettie is tied to a clerical man, and, between caring for the baby and making ends meet, looks older than I. Sister Blanche finds so little comfort in a worked-down husband that she has taken to foreign missions and suffrage for diversion. If I'm an economic proposition, I'll turn to business."

So, without more ado, she secretly took a course at business college, and taught the fingers that had rippled over Chopin and Chaminade to be equally dexterous on the typewriter. Her eyes seemed to grow larger and more luminous as she puzzled over the hieroglyphics of stenography.

"That Miss Holton is a wonder," said the manager of the college. "Yes, she's a social failure, but she bids fair to be a business success," agreed a young man who had once fallen into her indifferent keeping.

Just then the phone rang. "At once, you say! Wait a moment, I'll see." Proceeding softly to her desk, he said, "Miss Holton, I consider you quite efficient as a pupil. Do you care to answer an emergency call? The firm of Gimbel, Brown and Company wishes a stenographer at once. What do you say to the place?"

"What do I say? Why, it just hits the spot. Let me get my hat and I'm off."

"Well," said the manager, "I do like a girl who knows what she wants."

If her mother could only have heard that! Perhaps, after all, Cornelia had always known what she wanted—and failed to find it. Perhaps, after all, a social equation in trousers had not been

just what Cornelia craved. Perhaps, after all, Cornelia was seeking self-expression. At any rate, she lost no time in finding Gimbel, Brown and company, and was not the least aghast that this was the mighty multi-millionaire Gimbel who needed her services.

“Miss Holton, you say? Cornelia Holton, the daughter of my old friend, Dan Holton? Why bless your heart, have a seat! This is so sudden! When did you enter the business arena, pray?”

Cornelia was not abashed. With her usual straight-forward earnestness, she said, “Yes, I’m Cornelia Holton, and I’m in business to stay. If the arena is full of Bulls and Bears, I’m here to wrestle. What can I do for you, Mr. Gimble?”

With a twinkle in his eye and a queer little smile, he pushed toward her the pile of snowy paper and began to dictate. North, South, East, and West the messages flew, and Cornelia’s fingers flew with them. White, slender, and shapely, they graced the machine as they had the piano, and, when lunch hour came, her face had flushed, and the little brown curls clung to her forehead with a slight moisture of effort. Cornelia was beautiful over her first conquest of the typewriter!

As she rose to go, she blushed, and stammered, “Mr. Gimble, I’ll thank you not to tell my parents of this. They have no knowledge of my business enterprise and would be quite horrified. You know, nothing succeeds like success. I have been a failure long enough.” And she smiled as she left, the old grace of the distasteful ball-room clinging to her in spite of her steady resolve.

“Well, by jove!” exclaimed Mr. Gimble. “By Jove!” he reiterated, “who’d a thought a Holton woman would go into business! Why, that girl’s mother was the greatest belle that this city ever produced. Well, she couldn’t get married, maybe.” So he too, went his way thinking of the little wife that had died years ago and of the great emptiness that had taken her place and that he had tried to fill with money.

Several months flew by. The Holton’s had their shock when Cornelia announced her business success, and were again in the normal path of life. The cat said, “I told you so! I knew she had the element of success in her!” The little dog barked, “Doggone her! I always knew I didn’t wag my tail for nothing.” The blue jay noisily called, “Aw, come on now and let’s finish our dispute. You can build a nest if I can, and you can hatch a family, too, if you try. Aw go

awn!” But that was nothing to what the society world said when Cornelia Holton and James G. Gimble walked quietly to the study of the Reverend Devoted Divine and were made one, eve: to the millions and the famous homestead was also a palace of art and aesthetic refinement.*

Mrs. Holton fainted over her coffee-cup when she unfolded the morning paper and beheld the head-lines, side-by-side with, and quite as large as the war news. Mr. Holton chuckled, as he emptied the water-bottle over her most expensive negligee. “I always said Cornelia had something up her sleeve.” “Well, the old girl must have warmed up at last,” added her brother.

The front door opened and in walked the disheveled sisters, screaming, “Mamma, mamma—Cornelia, the old maid—she has out-married us all!”

**There’s something askew or missing in this sentence—the sense is that Gimble and Cornelia are made one, down to his millions and the famous homestead. I think the “eve:” should be “even.”—Eleanor Lanahan*

3.2. Zelda's Short Stories for College Humor³⁸

The Original Follies Girl

THE thing that made you first notice Gay was that manner she had, as though she was macquerling as herself. All her clothes and jewelry were so good that she wore them "on the sly," as superficially as a Christiana size supports its ornaments. She could do that because she was actually good quality and had nothing to conceal except her past. That is to say, she had unquestionably the best figure in New York. Otherwise she'd never have made all that money for just standing on the stage leading an air of importance to two yards of green tulle. And her hair was that blood color that's no color at all but a reflector of light, so that she seldom bothered to have it waved or styled.

The first time I saw her she was eating raspberries and cream in the Japanese Garden at the Ritz. There was a sort of pond on the side from the tiny fountain and the clink of jeweled bracelets, and the vaporous hum of mistletoe had settled over the voices. I thought how appropriate she was—so airy, as if she had a long time ago diminished herself as something decorative and unmeaning, and not to be confused with the vital elements of American life.

Her eyes were far apart and small. All of her was small, though she wasn't in the least restricted or economized upon, rather, polished away. She was quite tall and all her fitted together with delightful precision, like the needs of a panteon. I suppose that sort of fit quality was what drew about her a long string of men about town. But she had another quality which you couldn't help feeling would betray her sooner or later. It was the quality that made her the intellectual men, though I'm sure that she never read a book through and perished her to all other drinks, a quality that made her love "divas" and learn French and waver back and forth between Theosophy and Catholicism.

She wasn't at all the tabloid sort of person. From the first, the men who liked her were very distinguished. She had learned discretion at the start, almost as if it were a thing she wanted for herself, to use so as to be free—free from the atmospheric atmosphere.

And then, though undeniably an adventuresome of a quiet order, she was financially safe, which relieved her from the talent of registers that goes so often with her kind of life. If once she hadn't always had enough to live on, but in the early years, before professors found out that she made the rest of the chorus look like Indiana sassoons, there had been a husband with a gift of fantasy that cost her five thousand dollars a year for the rest of her life. That left Gay free to pay her respects to the primeval path, undisturbed.

Those first years she came quite near destroying her value. She went to all the parties provided in the Sunday supplement, and the press photographs of her were so plentiful that she was a serious case, which turned her towards so-called people and saved her from the usual marriage-to-people end.

She was very indiscreet. There were three times when she'd get a cold drink and drink, ending the evening with a heavy British accent, and there were other times when she'd drink nothing but would not grant trays of apparatus buffed and near she was going to enter a convent. Once, when she seemed particularly nervous about taking the veil, I asked her why and she said, "Because I've never done that."

This was in the stage of her career when she lived in a silver apartment with mulberry carpets and lots of billowing old-time taffets, so you can know how the issue have been with her Louis XVI tea service and her grand piano, the large silver vase that must have taken time to it and the white bear skin rug.

Gay was swamped in a flood of interior decoration's grand restraints. She knew she didn't like the apartment, but the vanity of taking her friends there made her stick for quite a while. I had so obviously cost a lot.

In the meantime the only French telephone in New York mysteriously hid itself. You worked this device yourself, which in Gay's case was very *révéralé* and showed a fine disdain for American conventionalities. She must have hidden it, though she kept an engagement book and always had to look all through the Wednesdays and Sundays when you asked her to tea. There was a purple address book on the marble-topped shelf, check list of phone numbers from Naples to Nantucket; *conversations* and exquisites, mitaines and hair dressers, the restaurants in Rome and the summer houses of producers. It was her attempt at system and gave her a sense of the utility of organized life. Once you were described to that book, you were Gay's friend and theoretically available for bridge or ocean crossings, or any outdoorous conspiracy such as making the extra man for the Fourth of July in Timbalook.

But in spite of all the names and numbers, she lived mostly alone, and to soften the harsh loneliness she soon began to live in a great many places at once. She spent a memorable trip to New York, carrying about with her an air of urgency and mystery that made her very elusive.

Gay *en route* meant the arrival of countless hand-books, gazettes of those paper, telephone calls in a rapid foreign tongue, people dropping in who didn't know she was going and when she hadn't seen for years, and always newspaper reporters because they liked Gay and made up important sounding bits stories about her. The incident that went above these anecdotes nowadays were heads, well ground, superstitious heads, and the "Miles" was always granted in front of her nose.

In Paris she lived in a blue velvet trunk. Lost in the feminine fragility of France's imitation of its lost grandeur, there was a cold looking built falling in the center of a luscious stand room, that all Gay's bottles and atomizers and bright dressing gowns couldn't make infernal. Next to that there was a gray and gilt sitting room which she always kept full of South Americans. The marble top table were covered with champagne cocktails and her paper like moments ones with stems like pipes.

In her bedroom there was a picture of her sister's child, a little girl with Gay's wide eyes, set in the square of a huge old leather frame.

She found the hotel apartment much less oppressive than the silver walls in New York, because it did not belong to her and she could wipe cold cream on the towels and rub her shoes with the bath mat.

At this time she was making an awful struggle to hang onto something that had never crystallized for her—it was

CollegeHumor

July 35c

"Domestic Animal's Eric Hatch"

CAMPUS PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST

By F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald "The Original Follies Girl"

In 1929-1930 Zelda wrote 5 sketches for College Humor. The magazine insisted that Scott's name be included in the by-line. A sixth story, "A Millionaire's Girl," appeared in The Saturday Evening Post credited only to F. Scott Fitzgerald due to a mistake in the Ober office.

Southern Girl

Illustration by John LaGatta

THE solid South stretches away for miles from Jeffersonville, long the clay roads climbing slow hills covered with straggling pines, broad, blank cotton fields, isolated cabins in patches of sand, and far off in the distance the blue province of hills. The town is lost beside a wide brown winding river which cuts wildly under its high old banks on either side. Deep trees overhang the brown foam at the edges, and shadows fit deep and sleepily under the Spanish moss where darning hand, shelled insects fall down from the branches. Brown mud oozes between the cobblestones of

Every place has its hours: there's Rome in the glassy sun of a winter noon and Paris under the blue gauze of spring twilight, and there's the red sun flowing through the chasms of a New York dawn. So in Jeffersonville there existed then, and I suppose now, a time and quality that appertains to nowhere else. It began about half past six on an early summer night, with the flicker and splutter of the corner street lights going on, and it lasted until the great incandescent globes were black inside with moths and beetles and the children were called in to bed from the dusty streets.

—"Southern Girl" (ZF)

Number Twenty-two where Harris and a fragile mother and Harris's younger sister lived in one room and a barred back porch. The rest of the house, all the three covered beds-rooms and bath, hallways and water spout under the stairs, was rented. It was, in fact, a boarding-house of a very friendly Sunday dinner sort, and as we grew up and Harris's mother slowly became an invalid, it grew to be Harris's responsibility. If the boarders weren't friendly when they came, they soon fell into the note of his bravado that you could hear the grinding wheels of a water-wheel climbing a hill six blocks away. Inside, girls in preparation for the evening dance struggled between the oscillations of the spasmodic sweep of an electric fan and the dripping heat.

That was how it happened that one night during the war, when Harris was still only nineteen and at the beginning of his effort, the door-bell rang and the answerer it in a pair of blue bloomers and a huge bath towel. The door-

"The Original Follies Girl" and "Southern Girl" were published in 1929.

³⁸ SOURCE: *The Romantic Egoists: A Pictorial Autobiography from the Scrapbooks and Albums of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald.*

Appendix 4: Selection of Scott and Zelda's correspondence³⁹

[Letter number 7 (Bryer 15-16)]
TO SCOTT
[March 1919]

[Montgomery, Alabama]

Sweetheart,

Please, please don't be so depressed—We'll be married soon, and then these lonesome nights will be over forever—and until we are, I am loving, loving every tiny minute of the day and night—Maybe you won't understand this, but sometimes when I miss you most, it's hardest to write—and you always know when I make myself—Just the ache of it all—and I *can't* tell you. If we were together, you'd feel how strong it is—you're so sweet when you're melancholy. I love your sad tenderness—when I've hurt you—That's one of the reasons I could never be sorry for our quarrels—and they bothered you so—Those dear, dear little fusses, when I always tried so hard to make you kiss and forget—

Scott—there's nothing in all the world I want but you—and your precious love. All the material things are nothing. I'd just hate to live a sordid, colorless existence—because you'd soon love me less—and less—and I'd do anything—anything—to keep your heart from my own—I don't want to live—I want to love first, and live incidentally—Why don't you feel that I'm waiting—I'll come to you, Lover, when you're ready—Don't-don't ever think of the things you can't give me. You've trusted me with the dearest heart of all—and it's so damn much more than anybody else in all the world has ever had—

How can you think deliberately of life without me—If you should die—O Darling—darling Scot—It'd be like going blind. I know I would, too,—It'd be like going blind. I know I would, too—I'd have no purpose in life—just a pretty—decoration. Don't you think I was made for you? I feel like you had me ordered—and I was delivered to you—to be worn. I want you to wear me, like a watch-charm or a button hole bouquet—to the world. And then, when we're alone, I want to help—to know that you can't do *anything* without me.

I'm glad you wrote Mamma. It was such a nice sincere letter—and mine to St Paul was very evasive and rambling. I've never, in all my life, been able to say anything to people older than me. Somehow I just instinctively avoid personal things with them—even my

³⁹ SOURCE: *Dear Scott, Dearest Zelda: The Love Letters of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald* (see Works Cited).

-To Scott-

family. Kids are so much nicer. Livye and a model from New York and I have been modeling in the Fashion Show—I had a misconceived idea that it was easy work—Two hours a day exhausts the most pig-iron of females—after twenty minutes, you feel like ten cents worth of fifty-dollar a yard lace—Some of old fool had the sheer audacity to buy my favorite dress, so now what'll I do to-morrow? I've discovered something very, very comforting by this attempt at work—that I'm really smaller than average, and I am *delighted!*

I mailed your picture to-day—It's not a very characteristic pose, but maybe, if you look hard enough, there will be a little resemblance between me and the madonna—

This is Thursday, and the ring hasn't come—I want to wear it so people can see—

All my heart—

I love you

Zelda

[Letter number 14 (Bryer 22)]

TO SCOTT

[March 1919]

**[Montgomery, Alabama]
Sunday—**

Darling, darling I love you so—To-day seems like Easter, and I wish we were together walking slow thru the sunshine and the crowds from Church—Everything smells so good and warm, and your ring shines so white in the sun—like one of the church lillies with a little yellow dust on it—We ought to be together [in] the Spring—It seems made for us to love in—

You can't imagine what havoc the ring wrought—a whole dance was completely upset last night—Everybody thinks its lovely—and I am so proud to be your girl—to have everybody know we are in love. It's so good to know youre always loving me—and that before long we'll be together for all our lives—

The Ohio troops have started a wild and heated correspondence with Montgomery damsels—From all I can gather, the whole 37th Div will be down in May—Then I guess the butterflies will flutter a trifle more—It seems dreadfully peculiar not to be worried over the prospects of the return of at least three or four fiancées. My brain is stagnating owing to the lack of scrapes—I haven't had to exercise it in so long—

Sweetheart, I love you most of all the earth—and I want to be married soon—soon—
Lover—Don't say I'm not enthusiastic—You ought to know—

[Letter number 50 (Bryer 62-65)]

TO ZELDA

[Summer 1930]

[Paris or Lausanne]

I know this then—that those day when we came up from the south, from Capri, were among my happiest—but you were sick and the happiness was not in the home.

I had been unhappy for a long time then—when my play failed a year and a half before, when I worked so hard for a year, twelve stories and novel and four articles in that time with no one believing in me and no one to see except you + before the end your heart betraying me and then I was really alone with no one I liked. In Rome we were dismal and was still working proof and three more stories and in Capri you were sick and there seemed to be nothing left of happiness in the world anywhere I looked.

Then we came to Paris and suddenly I realized that it hadn't all been in vain. I was a success—the biggest one in my profession—everybody admired me and I was proud I'd done such a good thing. I met Gerald and Sara who took us for friends now and Ernest who was an equal and my kind of an idealist. I got drunk with him on the Left Bank in careless cafés and drank with Sara and Gerald in their garden in St Cloud but you were endlessly sick and at home everything was unhappy. We went to Antibes and I was happy but you were sick still and all that fall and that winter and spring at the cure and I was alone all the time and I had to get drunk before I could leave you so sick and not care and I was only happy a little while before I got too drunk. Afterwards there were all the usuall penalties for being drunk.

Finally you got well in Juan-les-Pins and a lot of money came in and I made [one] of those mistakes literary men make—I thought I was a man of the world—that everybody liked me and admired me for myself but I only liked a few people like Ernest and Charlie McArthur and Gerald and Sara who were my peers. Time goes bye fast in those moods and nothing is ever done. I thought then that things came easily—I forgot how I'd dragged the great Gatsby out of the pit of my stomach in a time of misery. I woke up in Hollywood no longer my egotistic, certain self but a mixture of Ernest in fine clothes and Gerald with a career—and Charlie McArthur with a past. Anybody that could make me believe that, like Lois Moran did, was precious to me.

Ellerslie, the polo people, Mrs. Chanler the party for Cecelia were all attempts to make up from without for being undernourished now from within. Anything to be liked, to be reassured not that I was a man of a little genius but that I was a great man of the world. At the same time I knew it was nonsense—the part of me that knew it was nonsense brought us to the Rue Vaugirard.

But now you had gone into yourself just as I had four years before in St. Raphael—and there were all the consequences of bad apartments through your lack of patience (“Well, if you want a better apartment why don’t you make some money”) bad servants, through your indifference (“Well, if you don’t like her why don’t you send Scotty away to school”) Your dislike for Vidor, your indifference to Joyce I understood—share your incessant enthusiasm and absorption in the ballet I could not. Somewhere in there I had a sense of being exploited, not by you but by something I resented terribly no happiness. Certainly less than there had ever been at home—you were a phantom washing clothes, talking French bromides with Lucien or Del Plangue—I remember desolate trips to Versailles to Rhiems, to LaBaule undertaken in sheer weariness of home. I remember wondering why I kept working to pay the bills of this desolate ménage. I had evolved. In despair I went from the extreme of isolation, which is to say isolation with Mlle Delplangue, or the Ritz Bar where I got back my self esteem for half an hour, often with someone I had hardly ever seen before. In the evenings sometimes you and I rode to the Bois in a cab—after a while I preferred to go to Café de Lilas and sit there alone remembering what a happy time I had had there with Ernest, Hadley, Dorothy Parker + Benchley two years before. During all this time, remember I didn’t blame anyone but myself. I complained when the house got unbearable but after all I was not John Peale Bishop—I was paying for it with work, that I passionately hated and found more and more difficult to do. The novel was like a dream, daily farther and farther away.

Ellerslie was better and worse. Unhappiness is less acute when one lives with a certain sober dignity but the financial strain was too much. Between Sept when we left Paris and March when we reached Nice we were living at the rate of forty thousand a year.

But somehow I felt happier. Another Spring—I would see Ernest whom I had launched, Gerald + Sarah who through my agency had been able to try the movies. At least life would [seem] less drab; there would be parties with people who offered something, conversations with people with something to say. Later swimming and getting tanned and young and being near the sea.

It worked out beautifully didn't it. Gerald and Sara didn't see us, Ernest and I met but it was a more irritable Ernest, apprehensively telling me his whereabouts lest I come in on them tight and endanger his lease. The discovery that half a dozen people were familiars there didn't help my self esteem. By the time we reached the beautiful Riviera I had developed such an inferiority complex that I couldn't face anyone unless I was tight. I worked there too, though, and the unusual combination exploded my lungs.

You were gone now—I scarcely remember you that summer. You were simply one of all the people who disliked me or were indifferent to me. I didn't like to think of you.—You didn't need me and it was easier to talk to or rather at Madame Bellois and keep full of wine. I was grateful when you came with me to the Doctors one afternoon but after we'd been a week in Paris and I didn't try any more about living or dieing. Things were always the same. The apartment that were rotten, the maids that stank—the ballet before my eyes, spoiling a story to take the Troubetskoys to dinner, poisoning a trip to Africa. You were going crazy and calling it genius—I was going to ruin and calling it anything that came to hand. And I think everyone far enough away to see us outside of our glib presentations of ourselves guessed at your almost meglomaniacal selfishness and my insane indulgence in drink. Toward the end nothing much mattered. The nearest I ever came to leaving you was when you told me you that I was a fairy in the Rue Palatine but now whatever you said aroused a sort of detached pity for you. For all your superior observation and your harder intelligence I have a faculty of guessing right, without evidence even with a certain wonder as to why and whence that mental short cut came. I wish the Beautiful and Damned had been a maturely written book because it was all true. We ruined ourselves—I have never honestly thought that we ruined each other.

[Letter number 51 (Bryer 65-73)]

TO SCOTT

[September (?) 1930]

[Pranguins Clinic, Nyon, Switzerland]

Dear Scott:

I have just written to Newman to come here to me. You say that you have been thinking of the past. The weeks since I haven't slept more than three or four hours, swathed in bandages sick and unable to read so have I.

There was:

-To Scott-

The strangeness and excitement of New York, of reporters and furry smothered hotel lobbies, the brightness of the sun on the window panes and the prickly dust of late spring; the impressiveness of the Fowlers and much tea-dancing and my eccentric behavior at Princeton. There were Townsend's blue eyes and Ludlow's rubbers and a trunk that exuded sachet and the marshmallow odor of the Biltmore. There were always Ludlow and Townsend and Alex and Bill Mackey and you and me. We did not like women and we were happy. There was Georges apartment and his absinth cock-tails and Ruth Findleys gold hair in his comb, and visits to the "Smart Set" and "Vanity Fair"—a collegiate literary world puffed into wide proportions by the New York papers. There were flowers and night clubs and Ludlow's advice that moved us to the country. At West Port, we quarreled over morals once, walking beside a colonial wall under the freshness of lilacs. We sat up all night over "Brass Knuckles and Guitar." There was the road house where we bought gin, and Kate Hicks and the Maurices and the bright harness of the Rye Beach Club. We swam in the depth of the night with George before we quarreled with him and went to John Williams parties where there were actresses who spoke French when they were drunk. George played "Cuddle up a Little Closer" on the piano. There were my white knickers that startled the Connecticut hills, and the swim in the sandaled lady's bird-pool. The beach, and dozens of men, mad rides along the Post Road and trips to New York. We never could have a room at a hotel at night we looked so young, so once we filled an empty suit-case with the telephone directory and spoons and a pin-cushion at the Manhattan. I was romantically attached to Townsend and he went away to Tahatii—and there were your episodes of Gene Bankhead and Miriam. We bought the Marmon with Harvey Firestone and went south through the haunted swamps of Virginia, the red clay hills of Georgia, the sweet rutted creek-bottoms of Alabama. We drank corn on the wings of an aeroplane in the moon-light and danced at the country-club and came back. I had a pink dress that floated and a very theatrical silver one that I bought with Don Stewart.

We moved to 59th Street. We quarreled and you broke the bathroom door and hurt my eye. We went so much to the theatre that you took it off the income tax. We trailed through Central Park in the snow after a ball at the Plaza, I quarreled with Zoë about Botecelli at the Brevoort and went with her to buy a coat for David Belasco. We had Bourbon and Deviled Ham and Christmas at the Overmans and ate lots at the Lafayette. There was Tom Smith and his wall-paper and Mencken and our Valentine party and the time I danced all night with Alex and meals at Mollats with John and I skated, and was pregnant and you wrote the "Beautiful

and Damned". We came to Europe and I was sick and complained always. There was London, and Wopping with Shane Leslie and strawberries as big as tomatoes at Lady Randolph Churchills. There was St. John Ervines wooden leg and Bob Handley in the gloom of the Cecil—There was Paris and the heat and the ice-cream that did not melt and buying clothes—and Rome and your friends from the British Embassy and your drinking, drinking. We came home. There was "Dog" and lunch at the St. Regis with Townsend and Alex and John: Alabama, and the unbearable heat and our almost buying house. Then we went to St. Paul and hundreds of people came to call. There were the Indian forests and the moon on the sleeping porch and I was heavy and afraid of the storms. Then Scottie was born and we went to all the Christmas parties and a man asked Sandy "who is your fat friend?" Snow covered everything. We had the Flu and went lots to the Kalmans and Scottie grew strong. Joseph Hergesheimer came and Saturdays we went to the university Club. We went to the Yacht Club and we both had minor flirtations. Joe began to dislike me, and I played so much golf that I had Tetena. Kollie almost died. We both adored him. We came to New York and rented a house when we were tight. There was Vale Englicheff and Ted Paramour and dinner with Bunny in Washington Square and pills and Doctor Lackin and we had a violent quarrel on the train going back, I don't remember why. Then I brought Scottie to New York. She was round and funny in a pink coat and bonnet and you met us at the station. In Great Neck there was always disorder and quarrels about the Golf Club, about the Foxes, about Peggy Weber, about Helen Buck, about everything. We went to the Rumseys, and that awful night at the Mackeys when Ring sat in the cloak-room, We saw Esther and Glen Hunter and Gilbert Seldes. We gave lots of parties: the biggest one for Rebecca West. We drank Bass Pale Ale and went always to the Bucks or the Lardners or the Swopes when they weren't at our house. We saw lots of Sidney Howard and fought the week-end that Bill Motter was with us. We drank always and finally came to France because there were always too many people in the house. On the boat there was almost a scandal about Bunny Burgess. We found Nanny and went to Hyeres—Scottie and I were both sick there in the dusty garden full of Spanish Bayonet and Bourgainvilla. We went to St. Raphael. You wrote, and we went sometimes to Nice or Monte Carlo. We were alone, and gave big parties for the French aviators. Then there was Josen and you were justifiably angry. We went to Rome. We ate at the Castelli dei Cesari. The sheets were always damp. There was Christmas in the echoes, and eternal walks. We cried when we saw the Pope. There were the luminous shadows of the Pinco and the officer's shining boots. We went

-To Scott-

to Frascati and Tivoli. There was the jail, and Hal Rhodes at the Hotel de Russie and my not wanting to go to the moving-picture ball at the Excelsior and asking Hungary Cox to take me home. Then I was horribly sick, from trying to have a baby and you didn't care much and when I was well we came back to Paris. We sat to-gether in Marseilles and thought how good France was. We lived in the rue Tilsitt, in red plush and Teddy came for tea and we went to the markets with the Murphies. There were the Wimans and Mary Hay and Eva La Galliene and rides in the Bois at dawn and the night we all played puss-in-the-corner at the Ritz. There was Tunti and nights in Mont Martre. We went to Antibes, and I was sick always and took too much Dial. The Murphy's were at the Hotel du Cap and we saw them constantly. Back in Paris I began dancing lessons because I had nothing to do. I was sick again at Christmas when the Mac Leishes came and Doctor Gros said there was no use trying to save my ovaries. I was always sick and having picures and things and you were naturally more and more away. You found Ernest and the Café des Lilas and you were unhappy when Dr. Gros sent me to Salies-de-Bearn. At the Villa Paquita I was always sick. Sara brought me things and we gave a lunch for Gerald's father. We went to Cannes and listened to Raquel Miller and dined under the rain of fire-works. You couldn't work because your room was damp and you quarreled with the Murphys. We moved to a bigger villa and I went to Paris and had my appendix out. You drank all the time and some man called up the hospital about a tow you had had. We went home, and I wanted you to swim with me at Juan-les-Pins but you liked it better where it was gayer: at the Garoupe with Marice Hamilton and the Murphys and the Mac Leishes. Then you found Grace Moore and Ruth and Charlie and the summer passed, one party after another. We quarreled about Dwight Wiman and you left me lots alone. There were too many people and too many things to do: every-day there was something and our house was always full. There was Gerald and Ernest and you often did not come home. There were the English sleepers that I found downstairs one morning and Bob and Muriel and Walker and Anita Loos, always somebody—Alice Delamar and Ted Rousseau and our trips to St. Paul and the note from Isadora Duncan and the countryside slipping by through the haze of Chamberry-fraises and Graves. That was your summer. I swam with Scottie except when I followed you, mostly unwillingly. Then I had asthma and almost died in Genoa and we were back in America—further apart than ever before. In California, though you would not allow me to go anywhere without you, you yourself engaged in flagrantly sentimental relations with a child. You said you wanted nothing more from me in all your life, though you made a scene when Carl

-To Scott-

suggested that I go to dinner with him and Betty Compson. We came east: I worked over Ellerslie incessantly and made it function. There was our first house-party and you and Lois—and when there was nothing more to do on the house I began dancing lessons. You did not like it when you saw it made me happy. You were angry about rehearsals and insistent about trains. You went to New York to see Lois and I met Dick Knight the night of that party for Paul Morand. Againm though you were by then thoroughly entangled sentimentally, you forbade my seeing Dick and were furious about a letter he wrote me. On the boat coming over you paid absolutely no attention of any kind to me except to refuse me the permission to stay to a concert with whatever-his-name-was. I think the most humiliating and bestial thing that ever happened to me in my life is a scene that you probably don't remember even in Genoa. We lived in the rue Vaugirard. You were constantly drunk. You didn't work and were dragged home at night by taxi-drivers when you came home at all. You said it was my fault for dancing all day. What was I to do? You got up for lunch. You made no advances toward me and complained that I was un-responsive. You were literally eternally drunk the whole summer. I got so I couldn't sleep and I had asthma again. You were angry when I wouldn't go with you to Mont Martre. You brought drunken under-graduates in to meals when you came home for them, and it made you angry that I didn't care any more. I began to like Egorova— On the boat going back I told you I was afraid that there was something abnormal in the relationship and you laughed. There was more or less of a scandal about Philipson, but you did not even try to help me. You brought Philippe back and I couldn't manage the house any more; he was insubordinate and disrespectful to me and you wouldn't let him go. I began to work harder at dancing—I thought of nothing else but that. You were far away by then and I was alone. We came back to rue Palantine and you, in a drunken stupor told me a lot of things that I only half understood: but I understood the dinner we had at Ernest's. Only I didn't understand that it mattered. You left me more and more alone, and though you complained that it was the apartment or the servants or me, you know the real reason you couldn't work was because you were always out half the night and you were sick and you drank constantly. We went to Cannes. I kept up my lessons and we quarreled. You wouldn't let me fire the burse that both Scottie and I hated. You disgraced yourself at the Barry's party, on the yacht at Monte Carlo, at the casino with Gerald and Dotty. Many nights you didn't come home. You came into my room once the whole summer, but I didn't care because I went to the beach in the morning, I had my lesson in the afternoon and I walked at night. I was nervous and

-To Scott-

half-sick but I didn't know what was the matter. I only knew that I had difficulty standing lots of people, like the party at Wm. J. Locke's and that I wanted to get back to Paris. We had lunch at the Murphy's and Gerald said to me very pointedly several times that Memchinova was at Antibes. Still I didn't understand. We came back to Paris. You were miserable about your lung, and because you had wasted the summer, but you didn't stop drinking. I worked all the time and I became dependent on Egorova. I couldn't walk in the street unless I had been to my lesson. I couldn't manage the apartment because I couldn't speak to the servants. I couldn't go into stores to buy clothes and my emotions became blindly involved. In February, when I was so sick with bronchitis that I had ventouses every day and fever for two weeks, I had to work because I couldn't exist in the world without it, and still I didn't understand what I was doing. I didn't even know what I wanted. Then we went to Africa and when we came back I began to realize because I could feel what was happening in others. You did not want me. Twice you left my bed saying "I can't. Don't you understand"—I didn't. Then there was the Harvard man who lost his direction, and when I wanted you to come home with me you told me to sleep with the coal man. At Nancy Hoyt's dinner she offered her services but there was nothing the matter with my head then, though I was half dead, so I turned to the studio. Lucienne was sent away but since I knew nothing about the situation, I didn't know why there was something wrong. I just kept on going. Lucienne came back and later went away again and then the end happened. I went to Malmaison. You wouldn't help me—I don't blame you by now, but if you had explained I would have understood because all I wanted was to go on working. You had other things: drink and tennis, and we did not care about each other. You hated me for asking you not to drink. A girl came to work with me but I didn't want her to. I still believed in love and I thought suddenly of Scottie and that you supported me. So at Valmont I was in torture, and my head closed together. You gave me a flower and said it was "plus petite et moins etendue"—We were friends—Then you took it away and I grew sicker, and there was nobody to teach me, so here I am, after five months of misery and agony and desperation. I'm glad you have found that the material for a Josephine story and I'm glad that you take such an interest in sports. Now that I can't sleep any more I have lots to think about, and since I have gone so far alone I suppose I can go the rest of the way—but if it were Scottie I would not ask that she go through the same hell and if I were God I could not justify or find a reason for imposing it—except that it was wrong, of course, to love my teacher when I should have loved you. But I didn't have you to love—not since long before I loved her. I

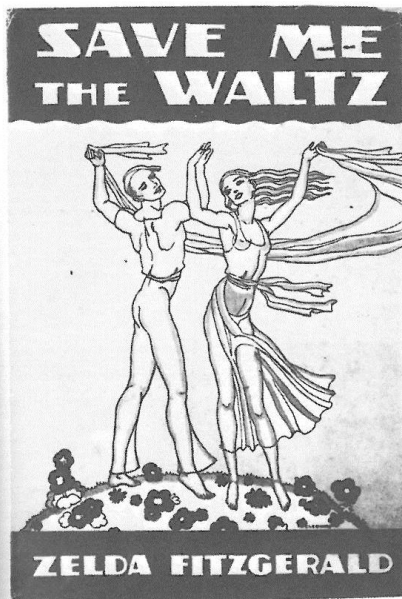
-To Scott-

have just begun to realize that sex and sentiment have little to do with each other. When I came to you twice last winter and asked you to start over it was because I thought I was becoming seriously involved sentimentally and preparing situations for which I was morally and practically unfitted. You had a song about Gigolos: if that had ever entered my head there was, besides the whole studio, 3 other solutions in paris.

I came to you half-sick after a difficult lunch at Armonville and you kept me waiting until it was too late in front of the Guaranty Trust.

Sandy's tiny candle was not much of a strain, but it required something better than your week of drunkenness to put it out. You didn't care: so I went on and on—dancing alone, and no matter what happens, I still know in my heart that it is a Godless, dirty game; that love is bitter and all there is, and that the rest is for the emotional beggars of the earth and is about the equivalent of people who stimulate themselves with dirty post-cards—

Appendix 5: Newspaper Reviews on *Save Me the Waltz*⁴⁰



\$2.00

SAVE ME THE WALTZ

In a style of her own the talented wife of F. Scott Fitzgerald has told the story of the marriage of a young artist (to whom success came very early) with a Southern girl who decided "to move brightly along high places and stop to trespass and admire" and "if in the future her soul should come starving and crying for bread it should eat the stone she would have to offer without complaint or remorse."

Mrs. Fitzgerald's novel relates the stormy passage of that young girl from the safe harbor of childhood to maturity. Much of the journey is in Europe, among those glittering people who decorated the Ritz bar in Paris and the great post-war boom with the shimmer of their ennui. It is hectic, it is hollow, and the girl becomes desperate, and in her desperation she turns to dancing for the ballet. The solution she elected, which brings her husband and herself back to the Southern town in which she was born, is a modern instance of a universal theme—the struggle of a soul for its salvation.



Zelda had completed her only novel, *Save Me the Waltz*, rapidly at the Phipps Clinic. It was published in October 1932. Only 3,000 copies were printed.

He hated the conflict that had grown out of their wanting the same excellences, the same prizes from life.

—"What a Handsome Pair!"

SAVE ME THE WALTZ.
By Zelda Fitzgerald. . . New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. . . \$2.

"SAVE ME THE WALTZ" is the last will and testament, so to speak, of a departed era that began as a bar-room ballad and ended as a funeral oration. Until Mrs. Fitzgerald reminded us, we had almost forgot the gay procession of Americans who sought their salvation in the basements of Montmartre, along the sunny Riviera, at Nice, Juan les Pins, Mentone. Except for the few who escaped to Majorca, the disillusioned rest drank a farewell sherry-flip and returned to the land of comic-strips and skyscrapers.

This is approximately the fate of Alabama Beggs, the heroine who somersaults through the pages of this novel. We are informed very early that she had something of the incorrigible rebel in her, and wasn't to be browbeaten or cajoled by papa and mama Beggs, as her sisters were, into a commonplace marriage. Flirting with the town sheik was fun enough, but Alabama never let that interfere with her plans for the future. When one of her first suitors asked her if she could live on five thousand a year, she replied:

"I could, but I don't want to."
"Then why did you kiss me?"

"I had never kissed a man with a mustache before."

While she liked to think she was a hard-boiled experimentalist—a new female type which the war fertilized—she was in her heart an uncompromising sentimentalist not unlike the kind she read about in the frayed family copy of Boccaccio, she wanted to live in a big city, preferably New York. David Knight, a young fresco painter, offered her both. The marriage knot officially tied, they get out for the vertical city, where, like true children of the metropolis, they soon learned to get plastered on bathtub gin and waddle in gayety.

We see them next in Normandy eating lobsters, mixing drinks with anonymous celebrities, and looking appropriately bored. Here the call of the flesh came hazardingly near compromising Alabama and breaking up the Knight household. In Paris Alabama did penance by punishing the flesh in a ballerina school. She was forced, however, through illness to abandon a career she never really wanted. The Knights (there are three now, a daughter having been added in the interim) are called home to bury old Judge Beggs, and they get unexplainably maudlin over sentiments they never valued too highly.

What, you may naturally ask, is the purpose of all this apparently aimless gyration? Mrs. Fitzgerald's answer would probably be: none whatsoever.

The Knights were just like any other average American pre-depression adventurers. They thought that happiness, like prosperity, was just around the corner. If they learned anything for all their trouble, it was this: that to take life too seriously is almost as fatal as not taking it seriously enough.

That may explain, to some extent, why Mrs. Fitzgerald refuses to recognize the validity of pure tragedy, and why she converts every tragic situation into a harlequinade. At first the reader is amused by this, later he begins to suspect the author of completely depriving her characters of their will. At times the story comes dangerously near losing all emotional credibility.

There is a constant recurrence of exaggerated images such as: "Sylvia flopped across the room like an opaque protoplasm propelling itself across a sand bank"; or, "Her body was so full of static from the constant whip of her work that she could get no clear communication with herself."

We may attribute this and other disturbing elements, to the fact that this is Mrs. Fitzgerald's first attempt to master the novel form (although she has done admirably with the short-story). "Save Me the Waltz" can, however, be read with considerable pleasure. The writing has a masculinity that is unusual; it is always vibrant and always sensitive.

New York Herald Tribune

THERE is every chance that fifty readers will take up Zelda Fitzgerald's first novel, *SAVE ME THE WALTZ* (Scribner's, \$2.00), and drop it again within the first chapter to every one reader who will persist to the end. It is not only that her publishers have not seen fit to curb an almost ludicrous lushness of writing ("Incubated in the mystic pungence of Negro mummies, the family hatched into girls" will do for an example) but they have not given the book the elementary services of a literate proofreader. We read that Alabama's older sister had "The DeCameron" in her drawer, and had bought a copy of the "Primavera"; Alabama herself had read "Cabel" (James Branch, in case it isn't clear), wanted to dance in a "Marseille" dance-hall, and liked the music of "Prokopieff"; while the favourite composer of a comrade at dancing school was "Litz". In fact the number of absurd errors in the book are beyond counting; and yet if one can persist past the mistakes and the verbiage one comes on an earnest, honest, good little story of a girl trying desperately to make a character for herself which will carry her through life; and one will find, as well, that in Judge Austin Beggs Mrs. Fitzgerald has drawn with loving care as fine a man as we have had in fiction for many a month. He is the father of the heroine, and, rightly admiring his integrity, Alabama strains every nerve to find a way to live as stoically and admirably as he.

There is a warm, intelligent, undisciplined mind behind *Save Me the Waltz*. Mrs. Fitzgerald should have had what help she needed to save her book from the danger of becoming a laughing-stock.

DOROTHEA BRANDEN
The Bookman

Cover of *Save Me the Waltz*'s first edition (upper left); reviews of Zelda's first novel.

⁴⁰ SOURCE: *The Romantic Egoists: A Pictorial Autobiography from the Scrapbooks and Albums of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald*.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's First Novel Places Her on Scott's Level

SAVE ME THE WALTZ, by Zelda Fitzgerald (Scribner's).

Last May, when Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald was a patient at Johns Hopkins Hospital and her famous husband was, consequently, staying in Baltimore, a reporter for this paper wrote an article about the husband. In the final paragraph he casually wrote that "His wife, Zelda, now taking a rest cure at the hospital, is also a writer and has sent off her first novel to the publishers several days ago."

Well, that first novel is now off the presses. And it shows that when the reporter called Zelda Fitzgerald a "writer" he was not merely being polite. He wrote truly.

"Save Me the Waltz" looks back on the dizzy days just after the war; upon the young Americans of those dizzy days; upon their frenzied, full-pocketed quest for excitement, and upon the futility of that quest.

Here she writes a serious tale of how a young girl from the South, married to an artist and partaking of the clever, cheap and colorful life of Americans abroad, breaks with the roisters whose sole aim is killing time, and attempts to build a career for herself in ballet dancing. It is her way of winning her self-respect, of rounding out her life, achieving her aspirations. She fails, but not wholly. Something is saved for her when she has quaffed deep from the wine of experience.

Zelda Fitzgerald's heroine, Alabama, was never quite in tune with the waltzers. When she first stepped out in her Southern home and did unconventional things, such as going out of the house before the men called for her or kissing a man because he had a moustache, it was chiefly because the way of life in the house of her father, Judge Austin Beggs, meant suffocation.

This girl became the wife of David Knight, who painted, and with him savored the bright life of Paris and the Riviera. It was the day of the dollar heires when American business men were discovering Europe. Zelda Fitzgerald gives an impressionistic picture of the rush:

"There were Americans at night

and day Americans, and we all had Americans in the bank to buy things with. The marble lobbies were full of them.

"All of them drank. Americans with red ribbons in their buttons—these read papers called the Eclecteur and drank on the sidewalks, Americans with tips on the races drank down a flight of stairs, Americans with a million dollars and a standing engagement with the hotel maitre d' drank in salutes at the Maurice and the Crillon. Other Americans drank in Montmartre 'pour le soif' and 'contre la chaleur' 'pour la digestion' and 'pour se guerir.' They were glad the French thought they were crazy."

In a breezy, conversational style Zelda tells her story—the story of two Americans to whom life began to appear as tortuous as the sentimental writings of a rhythmic dancer. When Alabama broke with this life she applied herself to her work—dancing in the ballet, under various exacting teachers.

These passages are without glamour though not without color. Zelda Fitzgerald has not looked on in the studios of hard-working madame this and that for nothing. The difficult life of the students, the hard drill in order to learn the steps and force the body to play its graceful role is here portrayed. In the end Alabama is defeated; an infection in a toe gives her a terrible illness from which she recovers with the knowledge that she will never dance. Her teachers tell David that it is too bad she started too late.

The return to America of these



Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald

two chastened spirits with their child is perhaps true to actually. Feeling now that they face middle age, they seek a reevaluation of life on the basis of the experience they have had. Ironically Alabama declares that "We grew up founding our dreams on the inflexible promise of American advertising." David adds: "We couldn't go on indefinitely being swept off our feet." But the crowd seems to be as witless and as empty of ideas as ever.

Of the Jazz Age

SAVE ME THE WALTZ, By Zelda Fitzgerald, 285 pp., New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

ALABAMA was the daughter of a somewhat dilapidated South—the youngest child of parents so much older than herself that there was little hope of much understanding on their side or of anything but a rather evasive awe on hers. While still very young she married David Knight, an artist just out of khaki, and shared the exuberance of his early post-war successes. After that wild and reckless period came a migration to France, where in the heat and blueness of Hyères and in the froth that comes to the surface of American society in Paris, David and Alabama drifted more and more definitely apart. Alabama, bored with a succession of wild parties of which her husband, not she, was the artistic centre, longed for an art of her own and decided with more or less sincerity to take up ballet dancing. Dancing is not a thing that can be lightly "taken up" in an idle moment; it should be started in childhood; and although Mrs. Fitzgerald (she is the wife of Scott Fitzgerald) does not attempt to disguise the tremendous mental and physical strain involved, it still remains hard to believe in the possibility of Alabama's becoming a famous ballerina at the age of 27 or so without ever having danced seriously before. The dancing as such is not, of course, particularly important to the story, although the author has very cleverly and effectively contrived her background of the earnest Russian studio in Paris, and the sloppy inefficiency of the opera company in which the heroine makes her debut in Naples. The arrival of her child there to visit her, accompanied by a

starched and snobbish mademoiselle, is amusing and natural; her own accident and the deathbed of her father, which serve to bring her and her husband together again, though in a rather unsatisfactory manner, are natural too in a different vein.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's book is a curious muddle of good psychology and atrocious style. The slow rift between a formerly devoted young husband and wife, and even both worldly and artistic comes to the husband and leaves the wife behind; the frantically hard work of the wife to make herself a career quite separate from his, and her tragic failure to do so, make up a story which has possibilities, although it is not new, and which gains steadily in vitality as it moves along. And although the background of post-war New York and the Paris of boites-de-nuit and the Fitz bar has been overworked, yet it would still serve quite well for a little while longer. Mrs. Fitzgerald, however, has almost crumpled the life out of it with a weight of unwieldy metaphor; and in searching for the starting phrase has often descended to the ludicrous, as in "she lay staring about, conscious of the absence of expression smoothing her face like a wet bath-mat." It is a pity, too, that the publishers could not have had more accurate proofreading; for it is inconceivable that the author should have undertaken to use as much of the French language as appears in this book, if she knew so little of it as this book indicates—almost every single French word (and there are many), as well as many foreign names and a good many plain English words, are misspelled. This may sound like a small thing, but to meet such mistakes on practically every page is so annoying that it becomes almost impossible to read the book at all.

The New York Times

Zelda's comedy was produced in June 1933 by the Vagabond Junior Players, a Baltimore amateur group. After a disastrous opening night, Fitzgerald made revisions, which she resented.

Beautiful and Damned

SAVE ME THE WALTZ, By ZELDA FITZGERALD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932. \$2.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY HELLMAN

THE most noticeable feature about this book is the steady stream of strained metaphor with which Mrs. Fitzgerald manages to make what should be a light novel a study in the intricacies of the English language. No phenomenon is too simple for her to obfuscate with the complexities of figure of speech. Her book rivals the cross-word puzzle page in point of obscurity. And her men and women are almost as badly off. They can never just have their own way about things simply and unostentatiously, but have to go around "splashing their dreams in the dark pool of gratification." And under no circumstances are they allowed to look at anything as *terre-à-terre* as a building or a tree; peering from train windows, they can distinguish only "the pink carnival of Normandy . . . the delicate tracery of Paris . . . the white romance of Avignon."

Once you have dug out these nuggets and put them away in your geology collection, you find you have been reading a book which evokes, quite effectively at times, those booming post-war years when tea-dancing at the Biltmore and champagne cocktails at the Paris Ritz were in the natural order of things not only for the children of the rich but for a larger section of *jeunesse* which did not consider itself particularly *dorée*; years when even artists made money. And more

specifically, in this book, years when David Knight, a young painter, earned so much that he was able to take his family abroad and drift about expatriate Riviera beaches and Paris nightclubs.

It is with the disintegrating effect of this empty, rootless life on David's Southern-born wife, Alabama, that Mrs. Fitzgerald is chiefly concerned. Less plausible than her theme is her treatment thereof. To point to but one example of its implausibility, the desperation which prompts Alabama to turn to ballet-dancing with a group of dingy, impoverished people in Paris is anything but convincing on the part of a healthy young woman (which she has been shown to be) who has a husband whom she loves and a young daughter she adores. In short, Alabama is a poor vehicle for the neuroticism and dissatisfaction which she is suddenly called upon to exemplify. Typical of the other characters as well, this unconvincing motivation is part of the author's general inability to create full-bodied figures.

"Save Me the Waltz" belongs to that vast company of books of which some individual parts are greater than the whole. Particularly good is the episode of Alabama's parents' visit to the Knight home, where Mrs. Fitzgerald achieves a burlesque effect that is as amusing in itself as it is out of harmony with most of the rest of the book. But even here the inevitable metaphors rear their heads, doing their best to deflect attention from the humor that is this book's chief (if only occasional) redeeming feature.

Saturday Review of Literature

THE JUNIOR VAGABONDS

"Scandalabra"

A farce-fantasy in a prologue and two acts by ZELDA FITZGERALD

CHARACTERS

(As you meet them)

Uncle - (Andrew Messogony, Esq.) John Henry Day, Jr.
 Bounds, his manservant William F. Rodgers
 Andrew Messogony, his nephew Zack Macculbin
 His Lawyer Sanders Seaman
 The Doctor Roy T. Sudd
 Flower - (Mrs. Andrew Messogony, II) Gladys Ethelwell Wright
 Peter Consequential E. Emmet Luster
 A maid Anax Tyler Peck
 Anaconda Consequential - (Anne) Peter's wife Kathryn Forsyth
 A Reporter E. Kenneth Albaugh
 A Photographer Earl F. Bursell
 The Leprechaun by himself

Prologue - In Uncle's study

Act I - Scene 1 - The same room, three years later. Some time after midnight.

Scene 2 - Peter Consequential's bedroom, a Long Island house-party, eight o'clock the next morning. (Greenroom intermission)

Act II - Scene 1 - A beach on the Riviera - a few weeks later. Midday.

Scene 2 - The Salon of the Consequential's villa. The following dawn.

Produced and set under the direction of H. A. F. Penniman

Prologue screen by Zelda Fitzgerald.

Bedroom and salon by Zack Macculbin.

Beach scene and furniture by Amanda Brown.

Costume chairman Alice Hall Dobson.

Properties by Dorothea Brinkman.

Lighting and stage management by Robert Dobson and Francis Swann.

Assistants to the director E. Kenneth Albaugh and Theodore Erbe

Beach costumes by Hochschild Kohn and Company.

Beach robes and equipment by May Company.

First page of Zelda's play *Scandalabra* on the bottom right. Reviews of *Save Me the Waltz*.

Appendix 6: Selection of Interviews with the Fitzgeralds



6.2. “Holds ‘Flappers’ Fail as Parents” (*New York Times*, 1933)⁴²

The twelve-year-old daughter of F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose novel *This Side of Paradise* dealt with the American flapper some years ago, thinks that most of the girls and boys about whom her father wrote are rather incompetent parents today.

Mr. Fitzgerald is inclined to agree with that opinion.

“Maybe I’m getting old-fashioned,” he said. “You know the type—old man Fitzgerald telling what’s wrong with the world. But in most sections of the country my crowd aren’t doing so well in the mother and father role.”

“They don’t seem to think a lot about their children,” said Frances Scott Fitzgerald, the daughter. “They think the kids are going to be taught everything at school.”

“Exactly,” put in Fitzgerald. “They sit on their fat hams and leave their own jobs to teachers.”

“How about the fathers?” Frances was asked.

“They don’t see them very often, except when they come home from business and say go upstairs and be quiet or run around to the other side of the house to play.”

“Do children your age respect their parents?”

“Oh, yes, they respect them, I guess. It’s just that they don’t know them so well. The parents are interested in their children, I think, but—well, they seem to want to do something for them and don’t know how.”

“I think one thing she was driving at,” said the author later, “is that my contemporaries have found their own lack of religious and moral convictions makes them incompetent to train their children.”

Perched on the rail of the porch surrounding his rambling old country home, near Baltimore, the novelist continued:

“On the whole, the flappers turned out better than the boys of their age. They are the ones who just missed the war but blame everything that’s wrong with them on the war. It’s an unhappy generation.”

“Right now Zelda (Mrs. Fitzgerald) and I are more interested in the next crop of prom girls than in those of today, or of our day. They are the kids with ex-flappers for mothers and they are having pretty sorry treatment over most of this country. Their mothers will let them do anything just so long as it does not interfere with their own pleasures.

⁴² SOURCE: Bruccoli, and Judith S. Baughman, eds. “Holds ‘Flappers’ Fail as Parents.” *Conversations with F. Scott Fitzgerald*.

“Perhaps in the morning they’ll give some attention to the children, but that afternoon they’ll hunch themselves over a bridge table and pack the kids off to the movies where they’ll get a two-hour dose of the ‘Sins of Susie.’”

Appendix 7: Selection of Zelda's Paintings⁴³



7.1. *Washington Square*



7.2. *Calla Lilies*



7.3. *Hope*



7.4. *Mad Tea Party*

⁴³ SOURCE: "Montgomery: Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald." *Southern Literary Trail*, 2014. Web. Apr. 4 2014. <<http://www.southernliterarytrail.org/montgomery.html>>.