

## Color Symbolism in the Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald (I)

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### PREFACE

This is a study of color symbolism in the five novels written by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Reading through his five novels, it appears that the color words are closely related to the theme and characters of the novels or their way of life, whether or not he wrote the novels paying attention to the color words. And also with some exceptions, since it seems that “none of the recent studies of style deal in any detail with the way in which the smallest units in the language of the novel function as indicators of its meaning as a whole,”<sup>1)</sup> we have examined the color words as one of the small units in the novels in greater detail.

It is not clear whether Fitzgerald had a definite opinion on the color words or not, but it seems inconceivable that he would have been indifferent to them, because, in a letter to Maxwell E. Perkins, he asked if he would “have a light blue background on the jacket,”<sup>2)</sup> as Fitzgerald suggested, or after he received a sample copy of *The Beautiful and Damned*, he took the trouble to send Perkins a telegram saying that he would like to change the color of the jacket into “a deep reddish orange,”<sup>3)</sup> as before, since the jacket for the book was yellow which makes him sick.

Concerning the studies of color symbolism, though some scholars discuss the topic especially as it relates to *The Great Gatsby*, few have so far inquired into that topic in Fitzgerald’s other novels, and therefore we have made a study of color symbolism in his five novels and have compiled a concordance to the color words in them, to make up for the deficiency of the previous studies.

In his five novels, white is most often used ahead of the second color word, and blue, gray, black, yellow, red and green follow after white, and we have also investigated how the above color words function in the novels respectively.

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## Introduction

Since Fitzgerald's revival in the 1950's, there has emerged a wide variety of critical essays which have brought to Fitzgerald's works more permanent crops of criticism. And so when we reread his five novels — *This Side of Paradise* (1920), *The Beautiful and Damned* (1922), *The Great Gatsby* (1925), *Tender Is the Night* (1934) and *The Last Tycoon* (1941) — in chronological order this time, we shall take notice of color words as a new approach, to which our attention has been scarcely called till now. When we consider how those color words function in each novel, we shall probably realize that they have something to do with the theme and the background of the works as well as the personality, the state of mind, the social status, and the way of life, of the characters. As Alfred Kazin once pointed out with respect to the effectiveness of color words, the novelist is occasionally "forced to describe emotions in terms of color because the pressure behind so wholly concentrated a force drives him to seek unexpected and more plastic sources of imagery."<sup>1)</sup> Kazin's opinion means that some authors can heighten the effect of imagery<sup>2)</sup> and suggestion in their works by using color words. Shirley Spencer also says that Fitzgerald's "pen pressure is very heavy and muddy indicating the deep sensuousness so often found in the writing of artists. It shows a response to color and all that appeals to the five senses."<sup>3)</sup> Therefore, we intend to investigate the symbolism of some color words which manifest the high frequency or exercise an important influence upon the novels, relating them to the plot, the characters and the theme of the novels.

In the five novels, we notice that the author likes white most of all, and he gives most of the color words the dual meanings that seem to be opposite to each other, though this dualistic tendency is not necessarily confined to color words. It is also often said that the author had the dualistic use of language ability to permit both to function simultaneously in his mind. Though he led a dissipated life, he could have made a close observation of the objects around him just like a scientist. And in describing the naked truth about upper-class life, he would probably have noticed worthlessness and evanescence in it.

The citations in this book are quoted from the edition published by Hon-no-tomosha in Chapter I~IV and The Bodley Head in Chapter V, and they will be identified in the book by page numbers in parentheses.

## Chapter I Color Imagery in *This Side of Paradise*

### [1]

*This Side of Paradise* (1920) by F. Scott Fitzgerald is his first authentic novel about which he confidently said to us, "My first novel had wide appeal. It pleased young and old, conservatives, liberals, rebels, even the radical press...."<sup>1)</sup> This novel "haunted the decade like a song, popular but perfect. It hung over an entire youth-movement like a banner, somewhat discolored and wind-worn now; the wind has lapsed out of it."<sup>2)</sup>

Fitzgerald finds his other self in Amory Blaine, the protagonist in the story, in which Amory's youthful delight and agony are described, based squarely on Fitzgerald's actual experience from his early life to about twenty-three years old. Gallo speaks highly of this novel as follows:

*This Side of Paradise* is, without question, a searching, vivid portrait of American youth in those years preceding and following World War I. Fitzgerald presents, with rare intimacy, the turbulent emotions of his generation —.... The novel dramatizes the restless groping of a generation "grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken...."<sup>3)</sup>

In the story Amory's life of youth and social conditions of the times are reflected faithfully on the basis of his experiences of life having been involved with women he encountered from fourteen to about twenty-three years old.

The women in his life have been masked destroyers, beginning with Beatrice, whose charm and deceptively youthful beauty mask the dangerous and debilitating feelings for Amory that he knows instinctively he must avoid.<sup>4)</sup> ...And instead of easing Amory's sickness, the women he has known have only contributed to his malaise, for their beauty, which he had hoped to transmute into modes of art, has given him only a sick heart and a few puzzled words to write.<sup>5)</sup>

The main five women that he met are arranged in the form of the following list.

Myra St. Claire, living in Minneapolis, is a girl that Amory met at a dancing school when he was fourteen years old. He is willing to kiss her for the first time, just out of curiosity about girls, but after doing it, on the contrary, he is sunk hopelessly in self-hatred and decides not to kiss all the girls. We notice that Amory has both his adoration for girls and his physical rejection for them. Though Myra feels friendly toward him, their friendship does not develop into mature love, because of their unstable mentality of adolescence and

| Name             | Age      | Color of one's eyes | Color of one's hair |
|------------------|----------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Myra St. Claire  | 13       | black-brown         | yellow              |
| Isabelle Borgé   | 16       |                     | golden              |
| Clara Page       | about 20 | blue                | golden              |
| Rosalind Connage | 19       | gray                | yellow              |
| Eleanor Savage   | 19       | green               | dark                |

misunderstanding between them. Concerning Amory's sexual disgust for girls, Stavola says that "his abnormal closeness and identification with his mother compels Amory to treat every female he gets close to as his mother. He also expects every woman to dominate him as his mother did and therefore he relates to her as an inferior and courts rejection."<sup>6)</sup>

Isabelle Borgé is Amory's childhood friend who has come to the house of her cousin, Sally Weatherby, in Minneapolis to spend the winter vacation, while her parents go abroad. Amory, at eighteen years old, is passionately devoted to Isabelle, but after quarreling with her over a small matter, he becomes aware that he does not love her in the true sense of the word, because he "can love her only as long as their relationship is conducted by mail."<sup>7)</sup> And in this novel "although both Myra St. Claire and Isabelle Borgé are portrayed only as adolescent flirts, they are eventually seen by the hero as destroyers when he needs to rationalize his avoidance of love."<sup>8)</sup>

Clara Page<sup>9)</sup>, whose husband died six months ago, is Amory's third cousin and lives in Philadelphia with her two children. She is a calm woman with a sense of humor and a clear head, though she is about the same age as Amory. He gradually feels attracted to her and wants to get married to her, but when he noticed that she has no intention of marrying anyone but thinks only to live with her two children, he couldn't help giving up the idea of marrying her. She is "an angel, as almost every image describing her insists."<sup>10)</sup> She "helps him clarify his attitudes toward women by becoming a sanctified Madonna figure for his romantic idealism to worship."<sup>11)</sup>

Rosalind Connage is a sister of a friend, Alec, in Amory's college days and Amory met her when he worked for an advertising agency at a weekly wage of 35 dollars in New York, after having his experience in leaving Princeton to go with the army to the front as a second lieutenant in the infantry. When he is almost twenty-three years old, he thinks that she is the most wonderful girl that he has ever met, doing all he could to win her heart. This is the same experience as Fitzgerald got when he was crazy about a young and rich girl. We notice that his experience is available for use in his fiction.

Fitzgerald is so entranced by the beauty and riches he has portrayed that he seems unable to comprehend Rosalind's fundamental selfishness and superficiality.<sup>12)</sup>

Although Rosalind also shows him a friendly attitude, she cannot have the courage to make up her mind and get married to a poor office worker who lives an ordinary life. She likes only what is filled with great pleasure and beauty, and she has not the slightest intention of doing domestic chores.

This facet of Fitzgerald's portrait of Rosalind reflects his view of Zelda, who had broken their engagement just before he set to work on *This Side of Paradise*. He saw money as the first issue between them, as he thought it had been between him and Ginevra King, and the demand for wealth had become firmly established in his concept of the desirable woman.<sup>13)</sup>

Rosalind finally gets married to a businessman, Dawson Ryder, only because Amory is not rich. He "preserves an idealistic image of her in his mind that effectively prevents him from committing himself to any other woman."<sup>14)</sup> This was an entirely new experience for him and his shock was great enough to quit his job and drown his grief in drink. He goes to see Monsignor Darcy<sup>15)</sup> in Washington, D. C., thinking of overcoming his mental anguish, but he was unable to see Monsignor Darcy by two hours, so to calm down his feelings, he had no choice but to visit his uncle at Ramilly County in Maryland. On the way to his uncle's house, he happens to meet the fifth girl, Eleanor Savage,<sup>16)</sup> who is reciting a passage of Verlaine in the shade of a haystack during a heavy thunderstorm and is "the dramatized externalization of Amory as personality."<sup>17)</sup> And soon love has begun to grow between them, but an unhappy incident happened on the night of a bright moon. She was thrown off of her horse, because she tried to jump over a cliff on a horse as if she were mad. At last the shadow of her madness caused him to drift away from Eleanor who is "the emotional and evil force latent in Amory's soul, and she leads him for a time in a life of sensuous drifting."<sup>18)</sup> Although memories filled with agony in his youth gave him a hard time, he had valuable experiences in knowing himself really by fateful encounters with five girls.

The principal concern of the novel is Amory's quest for selfhood, but Fitzgerald does not himself possess the maturity of judgment to evaluate the quality of Amory's experiences.<sup>19)</sup>

In the last page of the novel, we may become aware that he is firmly determined to make use of the rest of his life, trying to make his experiences a steppingstone toward his own good life.

He stretched out his arms to the crystalline, radiant sky. "I know myself," he cried, "but that is all." (305)

"In spite of the bleak and jaded way in which the author sums up the content of college

life, it is evident that he is by no means unimpressed with the sprightliness of conduct and conversation which he assigns to his undergraduate characters, though it is silly conversation and sillier conduct.”<sup>20)</sup> And Amory’s sense that “the world in which he was living was a new and changing one does seem to have touched a sensitive contemporary nerve.”<sup>21)</sup>

The subsequent sections will give careful consideration to the actual situation of Amory’s life of youth in relation to several color words, since it seems that these color words are connected with the theme and characters in the novel.

## [2]

White is most used in the novel. The house where Amory was born was on the premises of the sixty acres in which there were a lot of fountains, “white benches” (22) and “a great ... family of white cats” (22) that go on breeding. Under the influence of these circumstances he is attracted by the white buildings in New York City and deeply impressed by the clean image that is linked with white:

The metropolis, barely glimpsed, made little impression on him, except for the sense of cleanliness he drew from the tall white buildings seen from a Hudson River steamboat in the early morning. (25–26)

New York City holds a special attraction for young people, especially Amory whose sentiments are admirably expressed by using the word whiteness in the following passage:

His glimpse of it as a vivid whiteness against a deep-blue sky had left a picture of splendor that rivalled the dream cities in the Arabian Nights; but this time he saw it by electric light, and romance gleamed from the chariot-race sign on Broadway and.... (32)

He has a tendency to take an interest in “white-stone buildings” (122) and “a tall, white-stone apartment-house” (121) in New York, since he was a country-bred youth. After entering Princeton University, he was under too much tension as one of “white-flannelled, bareheaded youths,” (41) but when he saw the lively and good manners of young students with white shoes on, he has a good impression of them and places his hopes in the coming student life. Whenever the train reaches here, the streets are crowded with students and he has tasted the joys of his entrance into the university:

Those who were too obviously, too nervously at home were freshmen, for as each train brought a new contingent it was immediately absorbed into the hatless, white-shod, book-laden throng, whose function seemed to be to drift endlessly up and down the street,....(42)



Many students who march singing their song on the campus are figuratively described as "the white platoon," (46) as if whiteness which overcomes darkness was emphasized:

Now, far down the shadowy line of University Place a white-clad phalanx broke the gloom, and marching figures, white-shirted, white-trousered, swung rhythmically up the street, with linked arms and heads thrown back: .... (46)

This peaceful view that surrounds Amory also represents a tranquil and happy environment in which the white lilacs bloom. We should pay attention to Eleanor's "small, white hands" (241) as well as her "high white forehead." (256) Because he was disappointed in love with Rosalind a little while ago, Eleanor, who had both intelligence and simplicity in addition to good quality of whiteness, would probably have looked like a neater, cleaner and more innocent girl to him. But he, at the same time, found it difficult to associate with Eleanor who leads such a free and uninhibited life infused with somewhat of a madness as to fail to jump over a cliff on her horse. He got glimpses of the small devilish figure of a girl with black hair, though he felt close to Eleanor who has the same green eyes as he:

Oh, she was magnificent — pale skin, the color of marble in starlight, slender brows, and eyes that glittered green as emeralds in the blinding glare. She was a witch, of perhaps nineteen, he judged, alert and dreamy and with the tell-tale white line over her upper lip that was a weakness and a delight. He sank back with a gasp against the wall of hay. (243)

In the meantime he wonders to himself whether he loved himself reflected on Eleanor's outward appearance and finally parts from her, saying to himself, "Was it the infinite sadness of her eyes that drew him or the mirror of himself that he found in the gorgeous clarity of her mind?" (238) At the same time we would like to note that he "calls himself 'a cynical idealist,' one who is motivated by self-interest and by a belief that his virtue can only be maintained through self-control and independence."<sup>22)</sup> After quite a few years, he looks back on her with nostalgia:

Eleanor was, say, the last time that evil crept close to Amory under the mask of beauty, the last weird mystery that held him with wild fascination and pounded his soul to flakes. (238)

He may intuitively have grasped her nature which implies "a witch" or "that evil" and brought it close to her whiteness. "And when Amory, near the end of the book, attempts to assess the meaning of his experience, he discovers that sex and beauty have become inextricably mixed with evil."<sup>23)</sup> We may also notice that "Amory is surrounded by 'vamps' and 'speeds' and shows an alarming propensity to equate sex with evil."<sup>24)</sup> The ill-omened

image of white comes to stand on a solid basis with a car accident in which Dick Humbird was killed. The tragic affair occurred when in New York Amory and his friends divided up and set out in two cars for Princeton. The car, which Amory did not get in, could not make a turn at the sharp bend in the road, skipped and turned over on its side, since Dick drove the car under the influence of alcohol:

The doctor had arrived, and Amory went over to the couch, where some one handed him a sheet to put over the body. With a sudden hardness, he raised one of the hands and let it fall back inertly. The brow was cold but the face not expressionless. He looked at the shoe-laces — Dick had tied them that morning. *He* had tied them — and now he was this heavy white mass. (95)

Amory was shocked by the fact that a friend with whom he was enjoying a chat with laughter that morning turned to the mute dead body at night. The face of the dead person is described as white which is symbolic of death<sup>25)</sup>:

When Amory was by himself his thoughts zigzagged inevitably to the picture of that red mouth yawning incongruously in the white face, but....(96)

The death of Dick seems to be “Amory’s initiation into the inevitable demise of dream and promise.”<sup>26)</sup> Moreover, when Amory drank too much, Carling, a friend of Amory’s, is advising him by using white, looking at his pale face:

“But listen, Amory, you’re making yourself sick. You’re white as a ghost.” (214)

### [3]

Gray is related to the eyes of Rosalind who is a girl Amory seriously considered getting married to. This color occasionally suggests a selfish or egoistic person.<sup>27)</sup> Rosalind, who has glorious golden hair highly praised by the society of the dye industry which implies money, is recognized to be the most beautiful girl among male students:

*But all criticism of ROSALIND ends in her beauty. There was that shade of glorious yellow hair, the desire to imitate which supports the dye industry. There was the eternal kissable mouth, small, slightly sensual, and utterly disturbing. There were gray eyes and an unimpeachable skin with two spots of vanishing color. She was slender and athletic,....* (183—184)

Although Amory and Rosalind confirm their love, a serious hindrance to their marriage was that he is just a run-of-the-mill employee at an advertising agency. She was not such

a girl as can patiently wait for him to return home from the company, living in a small apartment. Rosalind says to him, "Oh, I'm bright, quite selfish, emotional when aroused, fond of admiration —," (189) which coincides with Daisy's or Jordan's view of life in *The Great Gatsby*. "The large number of women characters in Fitzgerald's early work whose attitude to life could be defined in this way, merge to form a clear fictional type."<sup>28)</sup> At the bottom of her heart Rosalind not only cherished a calculating and practical outlook on life, but also was able to see calmly far ahead into the future rather than start a newly-married life with the momentum of enthusiasm. Her words in the next passage plainly testify to her sentiments on the path of her life:

I like sunshine and pretty things and cheerfulness — and I dread responsibility. I don't want to think about pots and kitchens and brooms. I want to worry whether my legs will get slick and brown when I swim in the summer. (210)

Amory spends a few trying days in drowning his worry in drink to put her completely out of his mind. She soon chooses Dawson Ryder, a very rich man of twenty-six years, as her husband and leads a stable and luxurious life. Her gray eyes that reflect her mind are filled with egoism which has Amory's love utterly baffled and plunges him into the depths of despair. She does not seem to have had an aptitude for the acceptance of his love. He may also have realized her calculation filled with suspicion in her gray eyes.

Further, gray which makes an allusion to the dimness or hopeless darkness<sup>29)</sup> is used as the color of the car which was carrying Amory that witnessed the car accident leading Dick to death. On the way to Princeton the gray car was a little late on account of getting lost, and hurried to catch up with Dick's car:

*So the gray car crept nightward in the dark and there was no life stirred as it went by .... They jolted to a stop, and Amory peered up, startled. A woman was standing beside the road, talking to Alec at the wheel. Afterward he remembered the harpy effect that her old kimono gave her, and the cracked hollowness of her voice as she spoke: ....* (94)

After the accident, Amory is possessed with the illusion that the late Dick appears before him, though he has drunk too much. When he walked on an alley after sunset, it was getting gray around him, and noticing that he was left alone, he was suddenly seized with an uneasy and fearful feeling. We can perfectly understand him getting flustered with the weirdness on the darkish back street:

... and before his eyes a face flashed over the two feet, a face pale and distorted with a sort of infinite evil that twisted it like flame in the wind; *but he knew, for the half instant that the gong tanged and hummed, that it was the face of Dick Humbird.*

Minutes later he sprang to his feet, realizing dimly that there was no more sound, and that he was alone in the graying alley. It was cold, and he started on a steady run for the light that showed the street at the other end. (126)

Moreover, the color gray is used effectively, when Eleanor vanished from sight like a ghost, making him feel uneasy at her sudden disappearance. Concerning fear, Amory has been indescribably terrified by a pale, middle-aged man with gray eyes staring fixedly at him in a café. And he does not know why, but he still trembles with fear remembering the man in the café, even when he visited Phoebe, a friend of his, with some students after going out of the café:

... he [the man who had been in the café] had steady gray eyes that moved slowly from one to the other of their group, with just the shade of a questioning expression. ... Then, suddenly, Amory perceived the feet, and with a rush of blood to the head he realized he was afraid. (123)

We would like to take notice that the color gray appears in the last page in the novel when Amory is lost in meditation, looking back upon his bygone days and imagining the ill-omened tumult which continues till the present time, in his new generation:

Here was a new generation, shouting the old cries, learning the old creeds, through a revery of long days and nights; destined finally to go out into that dirty gray turmoil to follow love and pride; a new generation dedicated more than the last to the fear of poverty and the worship of success; grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken.... (304)

Although gray is also connected with a day, a cloud, a wall, a horse, a book and a dress in the novel, we should direct our attention to “the honest gray eyes” (133) common to the two Holiday brothers who stayed at the same dormitory as Amory, even if there is a difference in color of their hair between the tall elder brother Kerry having black hair and the younger brother Burne having blond hair. Amory and the Holiday brothers got along well and enjoyed their college life, but in April when Amory was a freshman, Kerry left Princeton for France to enlist in the army, while Burne whom Amory liked, as he was both serious and had a sense of humor, also left the University for his own house in Pennsylvania to join the army, two years after Kerry’s departure. According to reliable sources of information, Kerry was killed in battle, and Burne got involved in combat and is still missing, though he never turns up before Amory. The gray eyes of the Holiday brothers may have implied their unhappy future.

[4]

Blue<sup>30)</sup> appears as the color of eyes of Clara Page who is the third girl Amory encounters. She had almost no money, since her husband died on her six months ago, leaving her two children. In spite of her poverty, she was stoutheartedly bringing up two children to be truthful with calmness and a sense of humor, seeing far ahead into the future with her blue eyes:

Sorrow lay lightly around her, and when Amory found her in Philadelphia he thought her steely blue eyes held only happiness; a latent strength, a realism, was brought to its fullest development by the facts that she was compelled to face. (150)

When Amory happened to read her poem written in her school days, he felt admiration for the compact style and the romantic atmosphere that her poem has, imagining Clara in her young days:

... it [her poem] brought a picture of Clara to his mind, of Clara on such a cool, gray day with her keen blue eyes staring out, trying to see her tragedies come marching over the gardens outside. He envied that poem. How he would have loved to have come along and seen her on the wall and talked nonsense or romance to her, perched above him in the air. (153)

He was fascinated by Clara, and began to think seriously of his marriage to her, but he shortly perceives his conceit and recovers self-control by the following statement that she uttered:

"No," she said; "I'd never marry again. I've got my two children and I want myself for them. I like you — I like all clever men, you more than any — but you know me well enough to know that I'd never marry a clever man —" She broke off suddenly. (158)

She is, however, the most wonderful girl that he has ever met and there seems to be no doubt that she was one of only a few good-natured girls who shook him badly.

Another person with blue eyes is Thomas Parke D'Invilliers who liked books and took classes with Amory at Princeton:

He was, perhaps, nineteen, with stooped shoulders, pale blue eyes, and, as Amory could tell from his general appearance, without much conception of social competition and such phenomena of absorbing interest. (56)

And what is more, he is a friend who can express his opinion on Keats<sup>31)</sup> so easily that Amory is filled with joy and happiness. Amory would maybe have seen the image of his own happy present and future in Thomas' blue eyes when Thomas talks about literature. We may also say that students are full of hope for the future in the blue atmosphere which is charged with solemnity when they look up at the steeple on campus:

Amory decided to sit for a while on the front steps, ....The early moon had drenched the arches with pale blue, and, weaving over the night, in and out of the gossamer rifts of moon, .... (45) Princeton of the daytime filtered slowly into his consciousness —... Upper and Lower Pyne, aristocratic Elizabethan ladies not quite content to live among shopkeepers, and, topping all, climbing with clear blue aspiration, the great dreaming spires of Holder and Cleveland towers. (47)

On the other hand, blue makes an allusion to gloom and depression. For example, Amory does not have any confidence to open the envelope which contains the result of an examination in mathematics sent from the registrar's office, because he did not devote himself to his studies. When the slip of paper in the envelope is pink, the result is good, and if it is blue, it signifies his failure, by which he will be certainly driven out of *Princetonian*, a student club. Amory opens it with a pounding heart, saying to his friends, "What is it, blue or pink?" (106) The paper was blue, and though he felt sorry for it, he shouted comically just for pride's sake, "Blue as the sky, gentlemen....," (107) since there are a lot of friends around him, watching them closely. And in addition, he has undergone the two disagreeable happenings which are connected with blue. In the first place, when he drew Isabelle close to him, the button of his shirt scraped against her neck and left "a little blue spot about the size of a pea" (99) on it. As Isabelle worried too much about the public eye, the relationship between the two grew awkward and finally the incident became an underlying cause of their separation. The first slight happening "has the power to fracture their dreamy illusions."<sup>32)</sup> Secondly, on his way to returning to Princeton from New York, when he found a graveyard and opened the door to the underground charnel house as if he was tempted into the place, he happened to find pale blue flowers which might be suggestive of dead people's eyes:

...; a vault washed clean and covered with late-blooming, weepy watery-blue flowers that might have grown from dead eyes, sticky to the touch with a sickening odor. (303)

He seems to begin to imagine the vanity of the end of life in connection with blue.

## [5]

Golden which stands for splendor, happiness, delightfulness and perfection<sup>33)</sup>, is

remarkably used as the color of Clara's hair. While Amory talks with Clara, he touches her brilliant spirit, not to mention the beauty of her golden hair with "the golden radiance," (151) and feels as if he was supremely happy, though he cannot attain his cherished desire for happily married life to her:

... Clara's bright soul still gleamed on the ways they had trod. "Golden, golden is the air —" he chanted to the little pools of water. ... "Golden is the air, golden notes from golden mandolins, golden frets of golden violins, fair, oh, wearily fair ... Skeins from braided basket, mortals may not hold; oh, what young extravagant God, who would know or ask it? ... who could give such gold ..." (160)

This color also implies Amory's enthusiasm for Eleanor. When they had a heated literary discussion, they gradually got into a highly wrought-up state with their imaginative elevation, which filled them with passion:

Their chance was to make everything fine and finished and rich and imaginative; they must bend tiny golden tentacles from his imagination to hers, that would take the place of the great, deep love that was never so near, yet never so much of a dream. (248)

The beautiful brilliance at dusk is depicted as "the golden beauty of four" (303) and Isabelle's beauty is spoken highly of with admiration involving the color golden:

It was Isabelle and from the top of her shining hair to her little golden slippers she had never seemed so beautiful. (98)

Black which represents death, devil, repentance, danger and grief<sup>34)</sup> appears as the color of Dick's hair, though he died young in a car accident:

He was slender but well-built — black curly hair, straight features, and rather a dark skin. (85)

Moreover, this color is used as "the black balls" which suggest negative votes in an election about whether the student who was suspected to be the ringleader of imprudent behavior can gain confidence. Since the suspect who had a lot of black balls is driven out of the club, the color will provide a hint of fear or terror to him:

In his own crowd Amory saw men kept out ... for getting drunk one night "not like a gentleman, by God," or for unfathomable secret reasons known to no one but the wielders of the black balls. (79)

Black sometimes lets us shudder with a weird phenomenon. On the way to his dormitory, after drinking too much, Amory thought he heard footsteps near him and suffered from a great dread of being secretly followed by someone:

... then the scuffling grew suddenly nearer, and a black cloud settled over the moon. ... He began to run, blindly, his heart knocking heavily, his hands clinched. Far ahead a black dot showed itself, resolved slowly into a human shape. ... He twisted down a long, sinuous blackness, where the moonlight was shut away except for tiny glints and patches .... (125)

In Monsignor Darcy's letter to Amory, we can find Darcy's warning statement including black that Amory should take good care of the big black hole waiting for him, because he does occasionally not notice it at his feet when he relies too excessively on only the Church:

I'm sure you would be much safer anchored to the Church, but I won't risk my influence by arguing with you even though I am secretly sure that the "black chasm of Romanism" yawns beneath you. (116)

We can grasp Fitzgerald's disbelief in the Catholicism from the meaning of the above passage, and Phillips, likewise, says to us, "*This Side of Paradise* represents Fitzgerald's own 'definite and permanent' rejection of the Church."<sup>35)</sup>

There is another phrase such as "the blind, black menace umbrellas" (276) that was designed for effect on the association of danger and threat which black suggests, considering the possibility of inflicting an injury on a person with the black umbrella.

Concerning green<sup>36)</sup>, the color represents such a vivid situation filled with hope as "a new shining green auto-bus" (146) Amory took in high good spirits to go to New York where a gorgeous or splendid atmosphere is wafting through the air. We should also note that this color is reflected in "Amory's penetrating green eyes." (5)

She [Myra] regarded him gravely, his intent green eyes, his mouth, that to her thirteen-year-old, arrow-collar taste was the quintessence of romance. (12)

He gives her a youthful and hopeful look, throwing a serious and penetrating glance simultaneously. But there seems to be something implying "the infinite sadness" (238) about his eyes. The sadness is also connected with Eleanor's green eyes that seem to suggest "the lack of real affection between Amory and Eleanor."<sup>37)</sup>

... she [Eleanor] was magnificent — pale skin, the color of marble in starlight, slender brows, and eyes that glittered green as emeralds in the blinding glare. She was a witch, of perhaps nineteen, he judged, alert and dreamy and with the tell-tale white



line over her upper lip that was a weakness and a delight. (243)

Though Eleanor has beautiful, brilliant and fascinating eyes, in a poem Amory sent to her, he gives her a hint that there is a sign of the eerie brilliance in her green eyes:

Now night

Tears from her wetted breast the splattered blouse  
Of day, glides down the dreaming hills, tear-bright,  
To cover with her hair the eerie green ...  
Love for the dusk ... Love for the glistening after;  
Quiet the trees to their last tops ... serene ... (260)

When Amory also imagined poor people's rooms, the precarious and weird situation, where we would not wonder even if anything should happen to us, is expressed in the color green together with yellow which symbolizes ominousness:

He pictured the rooms where these people lived — where the patterns of the blistered wall-papers were heavy reiterated sunflowers on green and yellow backgrounds, where there were tin bathtubs and gloomy hallways and verdureless, unnamable spaces in back of the buildings; where even love dressed as seduction — a sordid murder around the corner, illicit motherhood in the flat above. (275)

Fitzgerald feels a strong hatred for ugliness with which poor people's lives are filled, and feeling attracted to a graceful and aesthetic existence which only rich people are allowed to lead, at the same time he has a deep-rooted repulsion for cold and deliberate cruelty which belongs essentially to wealth.<sup>38)</sup>

Lastly, let us add a passage in which the word "emerald" linked with tragedy instead of green is effectively used to make us foresee a car accident:

Then tragedy's emerald eyes glared suddenly at Amory over the edge of June. On the night after his ride to Lawrenceville a crowd sallied to New York in quest of adventure, and started back to Princeton about twelve o'clock in two machines. ... Amory was in the car behind; they had taken the wrong road and lost the way, and so were hurrying to catch up.

It was a clear night and the exhilaration of the road went to Amory's head. He had the ghost of two stanzas of a poem forming in his mind. ... They jolted to a stop, and Amory peered up, startled. A woman was standing beside the road, talking to Alec at the wheel. (94) ... "Look!" She pointed and they gazed in horror. Under the full light of a roadside arc-light lay a form, face downward in a widening circle of blood. (95)

## [6]

The color yellow which generally stands for gold, cheerfulness, talkativeness and brightness<sup>39)</sup> appears as the color of Myra's hair. She is a thirteen-year-old girl, living in Minneapolis, to whom Amory first spoke in a friendly way. This color is full of warmth and has a shade of bright color which makes people feel relaxed. When Amory regarded love as a sort of game which shows his affection without genuine feeling, she was an ideal girl with whom Amory can feel free and who would pardon him even if he suddenly felt disgust for physical expressions of affection. This color seems to be in connection with the lack of his serious affection as well as her personality which makes himself at home, while the color is also used as that of Rosalind's glorious hair by which Amory is blinded, and finally the difference between the rich and the poor is brought home to him and he is betrayed by her. Therefore this color has an ill-omened atmosphere to him, and it is also closely related to the fearful face of the middle-aged man in a café as if made from "the same yellow wax," (123) which "links the evil Amory senses in the man with that he fears in Axia."<sup>40)</sup> "Dick Humbird's death is preceded by a composition in which yellow is the dominant color."<sup>41)</sup>

*... A moment by an inn of lamps and shades, a yellow inn under a yellow moon — then silence, where crescendo laughter fades ... the car swung out again to the winds of June, mellowed the shadows where the distance grew, then crushed the yellow shadows into blue .... (94)*

And besides, the color includes mysteriousness and puts Amory in a solemn mood when the outlines of the steeple, the entrance and the corridor in Gothic style at Princeton stand out clearly with the yellow light in front of him in the blue rain. He both becomes composed and is well content with this splendid view which is much different from the din and bustle of New York City:

... he nearly cried aloud with joy when the towers of Princeton loomed up beside him and the yellow squares of light filtered through the blue rain. (129)

Seiters tells us in reference to the effectiveness of light as follows:

... light plays across the campus by day and night, an almost whimsical light, elusive, defying definition. It makes mysterious these halls of lore and represents the possibilities from what Amory views as an immemorial campus.<sup>42)</sup>

Amory also, as a student, seems to be fascinated with the scholarly environment in a hall with the light on till late at night:

The Gothic halls and cloisters were infinitely more mysterious as they loomed suddenly out of the darkness, outlined each by myriad faint squares of yellow light. (59) ... the quiet halls with an occasional late-burning scholastic light held his imagination in a strong grasp, and the chastity of the spire became a symbol of this perception. (60)

The homelike atmosphere that the light brings about will be linked with a peaceful and cheerful laugh which comes from "a yellow inn." (94)

Brown which represents simplicity, non-spirituality, poverty and repentance<sup>43)</sup> is used as the color of Isabelle's eyes mixed with black:

Flirt smiled from her large black-brown eyes and shone through her intense physical magnetism. (70)

Since Isabelle has kept company with a lot of men as specified by "flirt" in the above sentence, she is naturally too worldly wise in consequence of her experience, and her sophisticated attitude may be connected with brown. And the time when Amory soon must return to the university has come and he has somehow parted from Isabelle, but then she mutters to herself with a dissatisfied look in her bed:

"Damn!" muttered Isabelle, punching the pillow into a luxurious lump and exploring the cold sheets cautiously. "Damn!" (78)

Judging from the fact that she, handling her pillow roughly, twice uses a vulgar word such as "Damn!" which women usually hesitate to use, it may be said that we caught only a glimpse of her indecent speech and action. Amory was ardently exchanging letters with her, but his affection for her gradually faded away since he lived apart from her.

In addition, brown is used to describe dirtiness, filthiness and weirdness as well as sorrow and barrenness.<sup>44)</sup> Amory's worn-out moccasin changes from yellow to "a dirty, greenish brown." (17) At an unclean restaurant, "hard brown deposits" (275) in a sugar bowl are left, because someone put a spoon used to stir his coffee into it. The dirty river in France is portrayed as "all brown or black." (279) The suspicious-looking middle-aged man in a café wears "darkish brown" (123) shoes and "a brown sack suit." (121) The "brown eyes" (193) of twenty-four-year-old Howard Gillespie who was mad about Rosalind seem to be filled with his sorrow that is absolutely inevitable, because he fell in an impossible love with her, though he distinctly says to her, "You're a vampire." (193)

## [7]

Amory is "an auburn-haired boy" (4) full of vitality, even if he does not have perfect

red hair, and he appears with “a red toboggan cap” (17) on in the first winter at Minneapolis. The color of his hair probably verges on red, as Eleanor says to him, “... you’ve got reddish hair.” (242) Red is the color which an impulsive and indomitable person full of energy likes.<sup>45)</sup> This comment is true of Amory who has the great physical vigor enough to go up the haystack where Eleanor sits wearing a raincoat.

And the room, where Amory keeps on talking alone with Isabelle, even after he turned off the light in it, is kept in a tone of the red light, which implies their passion, shining through the door from the reading-room. “The setting is perfect for romance. Amory becomes sententious, a trifle absurd, and suggests that this may be their last and finest meeting.”<sup>46)</sup>

Amory reached above their heads and turned out the electric light, so that they were in the dark, except for the red glow that fell through the door from the reading-room lamps. (75)

Except for the stale phrases such as “the red hat of a cardinal,” (236) “brick-red,” (47) and “rather red in the face,” (58) there is an expression “the joyful and red battle” (173) which reminds us of blood. In the following passage the red mouth likewise is related to blood which maybe suggests danger or fear in striking contrast to the white face of the dead body, because that sight of Dick’s body stained with blood still haunts Amory and sometimes rises into his mind:

When Amory was by himself his thoughts zigzagged inevitably to the picture of that red mouth yawning incongruously in the white face, but with a determined effort he piled present excitement upon the memory of it and shut it coldly away from his mind. (96)

In the meantime, the first image that the English and Americans bear toward pink will be that of good health. Myra’s cheeks are as fresh and red as roses, suggesting youthfulness:

Myra sprang up, her cheeks pink with bruised vanity, the great bow on the back of her head trembling sympathetically. ... The pout faded, the high pink subsided, and Myra’s voice was placid as a summer lake when she answered her mother. (16)

As to the result of an examination in mathematics sent from the registrar’s office, we can remember the scene conveying to us that if the slip of paper in the envelope is pink, the result is good. And a girl’s room in Alec’s parents’ house in New York City is decorated with a motif of pink which women usually prefer to some other colors. This color has a peculiar female charm and symbolizes smartness and stylishness<sup>47)</sup> once in a while. There are Rosalind to whom Amory was passionately devoted and her sister Cecelia in the room:

*A girl's room: pink walls and curtains and a pink bedspread on a cream-colored bed. Pink and cream are the motifs of the room, but the only article of furniture in full view is a luxurious dressing-table with a glass top and a three-sided mirror. (179)*

Although Cecelia thinks of "a small pink garment" (180) as the most fashionable and wonderful clothes, Amory cannot get Rosalind surrounded by pink but is sadly disillusioned with the glow of pink which only heightens Amory's sad plight. It seems that Fitzgerald represents the sentiments of upper-class people who flaunt their power of money by using pink.

He [Fitzgerald] first describes Rosalind's excessively pink and luxurious bedroom and enumerates the items laid out for Rosalind's debut. ... Fitzgerald obviously expects the reader to be as awed as he by the expensive scene which he has painted. He seems to expect the material wealth displayed to suffice for the reader to invest the characters, not even introduced yet, with intense interest and glamour. He does indeed seem blinded by the glitter of his own costly creation.<sup>48)</sup>

Purple is regarded as a noble and refined color in Britain and the United States, and the color is used as "born to the purple", which means "be born of a noble family," but at the same time it has a derogatory or vulgar meaning.<sup>49)</sup> In the novel, when Amory intended to create a noble atmosphere by purple decorations, his figure looked like an unrefined boy to Amory's mother and she openly showed her contempt for him:

Before he was summoned back to Lake Geneva, he had appeared, shy but inwardly glowing, in his first long trousers, set off by a purple accordion tie and a "Belmont" collar with the edges unassailably meeting, purple socks, and handkerchief with a purple border peeping from his breast pocket. (19)

"But, my dear boy, what odd clothes! They look as if they were a *set* — don't they? Is your underwear purple, too?"

Amory grunted impolitely. (21—22)

Amory thought he was dressed elegantly and skillfully, but in the eyes of his mother who belongs to the older generation, he was only a young boy with odd clothes on. Moreover, a female student, Axia says to her friends, "You mean that purple zebra!" (123) in Phoebe's apartment, recollecting the middle-aged man having watched Amory's party of students in the café. Making a joke, she seems to criticize the weird man who is not ordinary scornfully.

"Look at that man!" cried Amory, pointing toward the corner divan.

"You mean that purple zebra!" shrieked Axia facetiously. "Ooo-ee! Amory's got

a purple zebra watching him!”

Sloane laughed vacantly.

“Ole zebra gotcha, Amory?”

There was a silence .... The man regarded Amory quizzically .... Then the human voices fell faintly on his ear: .... (123–124)

Silver stands for the cold whiteness as well as the moon and the moonlit night.<sup>50)</sup> It goes without saying that the color heightens the effect of romanticism in case a pair of lovers talk together intimately in the moonlight. Even in the novel, the color emphasizes the white brilliance of candlesticks and “silver-snarling trumpets” (93) in addition to the roof of a hut flooded with moonlight:

“A serving lady speaks:

*Black velvet trails its folds over the day,*

*White tapers, prisoned in their silver frames,*

*Wave their thin flames like shadows in the wind,*

*Pia, Pompia, come — come away —”* (51)

Gold which is used as the color of Monsignor Darcy’s and Clara’s hair or as “a little gold Triangle on his watch-chain” (62) has something to do with valuables that imply only a good image, overlapping with golden.

Lastly, the color orange in itself attracts a good deal of attention, and in the novel, the color lays stress on the flamboyance, merriness and liveliness, occasionally making a sharp contrast with black juxtaposed to it. This color is also used in the descriptions of the scene of the students gathering under “the orange-and-black banners” (94) and of the colorful and embarrassing attire of Amory and his friend, Fred Sloane who, because of reluctantly deciding to invite Phyllis, a woman older than themselves, are mischievously aiming to make her regret that she took the trouble to come here:

On their heads were rakish college hats, pinned up in front and sporting bright orange-and-black bands, while from their celluloid collars blossomed flaming orange ties. They wore black arm-bands with orange “P’s,” and carried canes flying Princeton pennants, the effect completed by socks and peeping handkerchiefs in the same color motifs. (138)

And it is said that those who like the color orange lead their life with a will and they are often eloquent, cheerful and amiable people.<sup>51)</sup>

[8]

Following Amory's life of youth, we have investigated his behavior toward girls in relation to the color words.

By the end of the book Amory is convinced that he has grown substantially in self-knowledge and even attained a deeper understanding of life itself as a result of the loss of Rosalind and of the other disappointments and setbacks he has suffered in the course of the novel.<sup>52)</sup>

For reference, let us indicate the frequency<sup>53)</sup> of the color words in the novel.

white 37/ blue 35/ gray 33/ black 27/ golden 24/ green 20/ brown 15/ yellow 14/  
red 14/ purple 10/ pink 9/ gold 6/ silver 5/ orange 4

White implies purity and neatness, as it is linked with Eleanor's hands and forehead. This color is used almost exclusively in reference to New York City and student's clothes which are probably related to the admiration of young people for the City and their innocence respectively. And, more importantly, white also takes on the connotation of an ill omen which appears in the descriptions of Dick's dead face and Eleanor's small devilish figure like a witch.

Gray evinces not only fear that Amory learned by experience, unhappy future of the Holiday brothers and Clara's sad future symbolized with her "tattered gray book out of which fell a yellow sheet" (153) reminding us of her hardship, but it is also connected with the color of the eyes of Rosalind who caused Amory's frustration in his marriage plan and that of a car which Amory witnessing the car accident got into.

Blue is used to describe the eyes of Clara endowed with both beauty and intelligence, and of Thomas absorbed in his literary studies. When Amory has a talk with them, he is filled with happiness. But the color is infused with foreboding in the scenes tied up with the slip of paper conveying the bad results of an examination or the flower at the underground charnel house symbolizing the sad disillusionment that Amory felt in his life.

Golden is important as a desirable color, associated with gold that suggests only a plus image, which depicts that of Clara's and Isabelle's hair or the beauty of the sky at dusk vividly, but after all, as Amory's efforts to get the ladies did not bear fruit, this color may make an allusion to vanity and bleakness to him.

Black is mainly related to fear, an ill omen, weirdness and danger as in a phrase "the black Gothic snake of Little curled down to Cuyler and Patton," (47) sometimes functioning as a foil for orange or white.

Though green appears as the color of Amory's eyes and evokes youth, liveliness, future filled with hope and the throbbing pulse of life, it also involves sterility which is combined

with the lack of genuine affection between Amory and Eleanor or “the girl with the green combs,” (67) sorrow or sadness reflected in Eleanor’s eyes, sharing it with Amory, and unstable weirdness.

Yellow represents calmness, solemnness and peacefulness, since this color lets people feel warm, while it indicates foreboding, eeriness and distortion in the scenes of the middle-aged man in the café and Axia putting her yellow head on Amory’s shoulder makes him feel a hatred for it.

Brown is used to describe the color of Isabelle’s eyes and it may give us a hint that she is too worldly wise. And besides it stands for dirty, uncleanness and unpleasantness, alluding to sorrow for unrequited love reflected in Howard’s eyes.

Red, usually symbolic of blood and a flushed face, is linked with Amory’s passion, vitality and liveliness.

Pink refers to both a healthy complexion and a shade of women’s room in which a fashionable and best dresser loaded with money lives.

Purple associated with nobleness occasionally suggests vulgarity accompanying a derogatory nuance.

Silver, which is linked up with candlesticks, trumpets and the roof of a hut in the moonlight, emphasizes the cold or bright whiteness.

Orange which attracts a lot of attention serves as a foil for the atmosphere producing merriness and flamboyance.

Concerning the use of color words, it seems that some color words such as white, blue, golden, green, yellow, red, pink and purple have an ambivalent nature. This tendency will be related to Stephen Blaine’s “tendency to waver at crucial moments,” (3) though Amory naturally inherits his father’s disposition like this. Gindin also tells us about Amory’s way of speaking as follows:

His language often expresses his doubleness: his charm at parties is “a spiritual tax levied”; he fears his need for money may cause him to “commit moral suicide”; he tells one of his girl friends that “selfish people are in a way terribly capable of great loves.” Fitzgerald’s point of view parallels Amory’s two-sidedness, for the author often switches scenes and interjects comments to inflate, then explode, the romantic bubble.<sup>54)</sup>

One of the themes<sup>55)</sup> in the novel seems to be an inexplicable disquiet beyond the “gray bulwarks of civilization” (261) that young people<sup>56)</sup> hold in their mind, and we would like to point out that the frequency of gray is rather high in the novel, as if there is a correlation between the two. “What Fitzgerald seems to imply is that, although unable to avail himself of the bulwark, Amory succeeds in extricating himself from the decay of morals by renouncing the kind of sensual and erotic beauty lauded by Rupert Brooke,”<sup>57)</sup> who is an English famous poet. And in addition, we should note that in the last page of the novel, Amory tells us that he would like to have blue or brown eyes if he were born again, though



he had green eyes. These colors blue and brown may refer to Clara's and Isabelle's eyes respectively.

(Notes)

PREFACE

- 1) Jackson R. Bryer, "Style as Meaning in *The Great Gatsby*: Notes Toward a New Approach," in *Critical Essays on F. Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby* Edited by Scott Donaldson (Boston, Massachusetts: G. K. Hall & Co., 1984), p. 123.
- 2) Andrew Turnbull (ed.), *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1963), p. 152.
- 3) *Ibid.*, p. 153.

Introduction

- 1) Alfred Kazin, *On Native Grounds: An Interpretation of Modern American Prose Literature* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1942), p. 71.
- 2) Wells mentions that "Fitzgerald's forte is the striking image, the perfect detail, the effective analogy, and such devices can be measured only by critical sensitivity." \_\_\_\_\_ Elizabeth Wells, "A Comparative Statistical Analysis of the Prose Styles of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway," *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual* 1969, p. 66.
- 3) Shirley Spencer, "Handwriting Reveals Character: F. Scott Fitzgerald," in *F. Scott Fitzgerald in His Own Time: A Miscellany* Edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli and Jackson R. Bryer (Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press, 1971), p. 446.

Chapter I

- 1) Tony Buttitta, *The Lost Summer: A Personal Memoir of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (London: Robson Books Ltd., 1987), p. 48.
- 2) Glenway Wescott, "The Moral of F. Scott Fitzgerald," in *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Man and His Work* Edited by Alfred Kazin (New York: Collier Books, 1962), p. 118.
- 3) Rose Adrienne Gallo, *F. Scott Fitzgerald* (New York: Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., 1978), p. 16.
- 4) Joan M. Allen, *Candles and Carnival Lights: The Catholic Sensibility of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (New York: New York University Press, 1978), p. 73.
- 5) *Ibid.*, p.82.
- 6) Thomas J. Stavola, *Scott Fitzgerald: Crisis in an American Identity* (New York: Harper & Row Publishers, Inc., 1979), p. 83.
- 7) Jan Hunt and John M. Suarez, "The Evasion of Adult Love in Fitzgerald's Fiction," *The Centennial Review* 17—2 (Spring 1973), p. 153.
- 8) *Ibid.*, pp. 156—157.
- 9) Clara Page in this novel is modelled on Fitzgerald's cousin, Cecelia Taylor, namely, Mrs. Richard Taylor at Norfolk, Virginia. \_\_\_\_\_ Cf. Joan M. Allen, *op. cit.*, p. 38, p. 78./ Jeffrey Meyers, *Scott Fitzgerald: A Biography* (London: Macmillan Publishers, 1994), p. 58.
- 10) Milton R. Stern, *The Golden Moment: The Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1970), p. 93.
- 11) Thomas J. Stavola, *op. cit.*, p. 95.
- 12) James E. Miller, Jr., *F. Scott Fitzgerald: His Art and His Technique* (New York: New York University Press, 1967), p. 27.

- 13) Joan M. Allen, *op. cit.*, p. 79.
- 14) Jan Hunt and John M. Suarez, *op. cit.*, p. 154.
- 15) Monsignor Darcy in this novel is modelled on Monsignor Sigourney Fay who was "the Headmaster of the Newman school, and a convert to Roman Catholicism." \_\_\_\_\_ The Rev. R. C. Nevius, "A Note on F. Scott Fitzgerald's Monsignor Sigourney Fay and his Early Career as an Episcopalian," *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual* 1971, p. 105.
- 16) The surname "Savage" perfectly coincides with the girl's disposition, and Allen also says that "Savage" is "an apt surname for this wild and curious creature." \_\_\_\_\_ Joan M. Allen, *op. cit.*, p. 80. / Edwards also says that "the Eleanor episode, for instance, is based on an experience of Fay's earlier life, not on anything that happened to Fitzgerald, and Fay went to some pains to ensure that Fitzgerald got it right." \_\_\_\_\_ Owen Dudley Edwards, "The Last Teigueen: F. Scott Fitzgerald's Ethics and Ethnicity," in *Scott Fitzgerald: The Promises of Life* Edited by A. Robert Lee (London: Vision Press Ltd., 1989), p. 193.
- 17) Milton R. Stern, *op. cit.*, p. 88.
- 18) Thomas J. Stavola, *op. cit.*, p. 99.
- 19) Rose Adrienne Gallo, *op. cit.*, p. 17.
- 20) Heywood Brown, "Paradise and Princeton," in *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Man and His Work* Edited by Alfred Kazin, p. 51.
- 21) Andrew Hook, "Cases for Reconsideration: Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise* and *The Beautiful and Damned*," in *Scott Fitzgerald: The Promises of Life* Edited by A. Robert Lee, p. 27.
- 22) Susan Harris Smith, "Some Biographical Aspects of *This Side of Paradise*," *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual* 1970, p. 98.
- 23) James E. Miller, Jr., *op. cit.*, p. 30.  
 Gross says that "Also foreshadowed early in the novel is Amory's later conclusion that the problem of evil has to do with the problem of sex, that evil is inseparably linked with beauty because both beauty and sex have 'too many associations with license and indulgence.' License and indulgence become synonymous with evil, and their contraries — order, restraint, purposefulness — with good."  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Barry Gross, "*This Side of Paradise: The Dominating Intention*," *Studies in the Novel* 1-1 (Spring 1969), p. 53.
- 24) John S. Whitley, "'A Touch of Disaster': Fitzgerald, Spengler and the Decline of the West," in *Scott Fitzgerald: The Promises of Life* Edited by A. Robert Lee, p. 163.
- 25) Kazuichirō Yamashita, *et al.* (trans.) *Dictionary of Symbols and Imagery* by Ad de Vries (Amsterdam: London: North-Holland Publishing Co., 1974) / (Tokyo: Taishukan Shoten, 1984), p. 687.
- 26) Dawn Trouard, "Fitzgerald's Missed Moments: Surrealistic Style in his Major Novels," *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual* 1979, p. 195.
- 27) Kazuichirō Yamashita, *op. cit.*, p. 299.
- 28) Brian Way, *F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Art of Social Fiction* (London: Edward Arnold Ltd., 1980), p. 57.
- 29) Tetsushi Akaike, *Eigoshikisai no Bunkashi* [Cultural Reviews of English Color Words] (Tokyo: Kenkyusha, 1981), p. 187.
- 30) "Blue symbolizes devoutness and sincerity." \_\_\_\_\_ Yoshio Nishikawa, *Shin-Shikisai no Shinri* [Psychology of Color - A Revised Edition] (Tokyo: Housei University Press, 1972), p. 151.
- 31) Concerning the literary works quoted in *This Side of Paradise*, see Dorothy Ballweg Good, "'A Romance and a Reading List': The Literary References in *This Side of Paradise*," *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual* 1976, pp. 35-64. / Kazin says that Fitzgerald's "main literary food was the English romantic poets and the twentieth-century English novelists who were particularly influential here just before the First World War — Conrad, Wells, Compton Mackenzie." \_\_\_\_\_ Alfred Kazin, "Introduction," in *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Man and His Work* Edited by Alfred Kazin, p. 18./Goldhurst also mentions that Fitzgerald "distilled in beautiful prose the spirit of an age, and

- he urged a penetrating criticism of the values that formed its foundation." \_\_\_\_\_ William Goldhurst, *F. Scott Fitzgerald and His Contemporaries* (Cleveland, Ohio: The World Publishing Company, 1963), p. 228.
- 32) Thomas J. Stavola, *op. cit.*, p. 92.
  - 33) Tetsushi Akaike, *op. cit.*, p. 90.
  - 34) Kazuichirō Yamashita, *op. cit.*, pp. 65—66.
  - 35) Gene D. Phillips, *Fiction, Film, and F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Chicago, Illinois: Loyola University Press, 1986), p. 88.
  - 36) Faber Birren, a British psychologist, says to us, "Those who like green are unprejudiced and generous toward everybody and at the same time they are the people who speak with freedom." \_\_\_\_\_ Takao Takimoto and Hideaki Fujisawa, *Nyumon Shikisai Shinrigaku [An Introduction to Psychology of Color]* (Tokyo: Dainippontoshō Ltd., 1977), p. 99.
  - 37) Anne R. Gere, "Color in Fitzgerald's Novels," *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual* 1971, p. 334.
  - 38) Cowley explains that Fitzgerald's "mixture of feelings toward the very rich, which included curiosity and admiration as well as distrust, is revealed in his treatment of a basic situation that reappears in many of his stories." \_\_\_\_\_ Malcolm Cowley, "Fitzgerald: The Romance of Money," in *F. Scott Fitzgerald* Edited by Harold Bloom (New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1985), p. 68.
  - 39) Tetsushi Akaike, *op. cit.*, p. 78.
  - 40) Edwin T. Arnold, "The Motion Picture as Metaphor in the Works of F. Scott Fitzgerald," *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual* 1977, p. 46.
  - 41) Anne R. Gere, *op. cit.*, p. 335.
  - 42) Dan Seitters, *Image Patterns in the Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: UMI Research Press, 1986), p. 28.
  - 43) Kazuichirō Yamashita, *op. cit.*, p. 87.
  - 44) *Ibid.*, p. 87.
  - 45) Yasuo Inamura, *Shikisairon [Arguments about Color]* (Tokyo: Iwanami Shoten, 1983), p. 153.
  - 46) Dan Seitters, *op. cit.*, p. 26.
  - 47) Tetsushi Akaike, *op. cit.*, p. 24.
  - 48) James E. Miller, Jr., *op. cit.*, p. 27.
  - 49) Tetsushi Akaike, *op. cit.*, p. 24.
  - 50) Kazuichirō Yamashita, *op. cit.*, p. 581.
  - 51) Takao Takimoto and Hideaki Fujisawa, *op. cit.*, p. 99.
  - 52) Gene D. Phillips, *op. cit.*, p. 87.
  - 53) The verbs gray 2, blue 1 and whiten 1 are included in the frequency of use of color words, but words of blackness 2, yellowish 1, whiteness 1, bluish 1, greenish 1, reddish 1 and crimson 1 are excluded from the frequency of use of color words.
  - 54) James Gordin, "Gods and Fathers in F. Scott Fitzgerald's Novels" in *F. Scott Fitzgerald* Edited by Harold Bloom (New York: Chelsea House Publishers, 1985), pp. 110—111.
  - 55) Concerning the themes in *This Side of Paradise*, Lehan expresses his opinion as follows:  
 "The themes in *This Side of Paradise* that stayed with Fitzgerald are those of the power of the imagination, the possibilities of youth, the tragedy of misguided commitment, and the destructive nature of time." \_\_\_\_\_ Richard D. Lehan, *F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Craft of Fiction* (Carbondale and Edwardsville, Ill.: Southern Illinois University Press, 1966), p. 74.
  - 56) Wilson says that "their environment and their chief source of stimulation have been the wars, the society, and the commerce of the Age of Confusion itself." \_\_\_\_\_ Edmund Wilson, "Fitzgerald before *The Great Gatsby*," in *F. Scott Fitzgerald : The Man and His Work* Edited by Alfred Kazin, p. 84.
  - 57) Robert Roulston, "This Side of Paradise: The Ghost of Rupert Brooke," *Fitzgerald/ Hemingway Annual* 1975, p. 124.

Appendix 1 : A Concordance to the Color Words in *This Side of Paradise*

|         |   |
|---------|---|
| Page    | (white) 37  |
| 14      | From the Country Club steps the roads stretched away, dark creases on the <u>white</u> blanket; huge heaps of snow lining the sides like the tracks of giant moles. They lingered for a moment on the steps, and watched the <u>white</u> holiday moon.   |
| 22      | The sixty acres of the estate were dotted with old and new summer houses and many fountains and <u>white</u> benches that came suddenly into sight from foliage-hung hiding-places; there was a great and constantly increasing family of <u>white</u> cats that prowled the many flower-beds and were silhouetted suddenly at night against the darkening trees. |
| 25-26   | The metropolis, barely glimpsed, made little impression on him, except for the sense of cleanliness he drew from the tall <u>white</u> buildings seen from a Hudson River steamboat in the early morning.   |
| 32      | He decided, however, that this was a good excuse not to go back to study hall that night, so, comfortably couched up in his room, he munched nabiscos and finished "The <u>White</u> Company."  |
| 41      | He felt unnecessarily stiff and awkward among these <u>white</u> -flannelled, bareheaded youths, who must be juniors and seniors, judging from the savoir faire with which they strolled.   |
| 42      | ..., for as each train brought a new contingent it was immediately absorbed into the hatless, <u>white</u> -shod, book-laden throng, whose function seemed to be to drift endlessly up and down the street, emitting great clouds of smoke from brand-new pipes.  |
| 46      | Now, far down the shadowy line of University Place a <u>white</u> -clad phalanx broke the gloom, and marching figures, <u>white</u> -shirted, <u>white</u> -trousered, swung rhythmically up the street, with linked arms and heads thrown back.  |
| 46      | He sighed eagerly. There at the head of the <u>white</u> platoon marched Allenby, the football captain, slim and defiant, as if aware that this year the hopes of the college rested on him, ....   |
| 51      | "... <i>Black velvet trails its folds over the day,<br/><u>White</u> tapers, prisoned in their silver frames,<br/>Wave their thin flames like shadows in the wind, ....</i> "   |
| 51      | " <i>Her toes are stiffened like a stork's in flight;<br/>She's laid upon her bed, on the <u>white</u> sheets, ....</i> "   |
| 69      | They drew up at a spreading, <u>white</u> -stone building, set back from the snowy street. Mrs. Weatherby greeted her warmly and her various younger cousins were produced from the corners where they skulked politely.  |
| 70      | ..., then she heard Sally's voice repeating a cycle of names, and found herself bowing to a sextet of black and <u>white</u> , terribly stiff, vaguely familiar figures.  |
| 91      | ... and the lilacs were <u>white</u> around tennis-courts, and words gave way to silent cigarettes ....   |
| 95      | He looked at the shoe-laces — Dick had tied them that morning. <i>He</i> had tied them — and now he was this heavy <u>white</u> mass.   |
| 96      | When Amory was by himself his thoughts zigzagged inevitably to the picture of that red mouth yawning incongruously in the <u>white</u> face, but with a determined effort he piled present excitement upon the memory of it and shut it coldly away from his mind.  |
| 100     | A quotation sailed into his head and he couldn't resist repeating it aloud.<br>"All the perfumes of Arabia will not <u>whiten</u> this little hand."  |
| 121     | So he took Axia's arm and, piling intimately into a taxicab, they drove out over the hundreds and drew up at a tall, <u>white</u> -stone apartment-house....  |
| 121-122 | It was a broad street, lined on both sides with just such tall, <u>white</u> -stone buildings, dotted   |

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|         | with dark windows; they stretched along as far as the eye could see, ....  |
| 124—125 | With the instinct of a child Amory edged in under the blue darkness of the <u>white</u> buildings, cleaving the moonlight for haggard seconds, once bursting into a slow run with clumsy stumblings.   |
| 125     | If he met any one good — were there any good people left in the world or did they all live in <u>white</u> apartment-houses now?   |
| 126     | He had sunk through the thin surface of that, now moved in a region where the feet and the fear of <u>white</u> walls were real, living things, things he must accept.   |
| 126     | After that door was slammed there would be only footfalls and <u>white</u> buildings in the moonlight, and perhaps he would be one of the footfalls.   |
| 142     | They set off at a good gait, and for an hour swung along in a brisk argument until the lights of Princeton were luminous <u>white</u> blots behind them.   |
| 173     | His brow is as <u>white</u> as the milk of the cows of Maeve<br>And his cheeks like the cherries of the tree<br>And it bending down to Mary and she feeding the Son of God.  |
| 174     | <i>Those futile years!</i><br><i>See how the sea is white!</i>   |
| 214     | "But listen, Amory, you're making yourself sick. You're <u>white</u> as a ghost."  |
| 228     | ... the lawyer suggested that the whole property was simply a <u>white</u> elephant on Amory's hands.  |
| 241     | He followed directions and as he sprawled up the side, knee-deep in hay, a small, <u>white</u> hand reached out, gripped his, and helped him on to the top.  |
| 242     | ... he saw nothing but a slender figure, dark, damp, bobbed hair, and the small <u>white</u> hands with the thumbs that bent back like his.  |
| 243     | She was a witch, of perhaps nineteen, he judged, alert and dreamy and with the tell-tale <u>white</u> line over her upper lip that was a weakness and a delight.   |
| 254     | Only an occasional negro cabin, silver-gray in the rock-ribbed moonlight, broke the long line of bare ground; behind lay the black edge of the woods like a dark frosting on <u>white</u> cake, and ahead the sharp, high horizon.   |
| 256     | "... I'll tell you there <i>is</i> no God, not even a definite abstract goodness; so it's all got to be worked out for the individual by the individual here in high <u>white</u> foreheads like mine, and you're too much the prig to admit it."                          |
| 285     | Another dawn flung itself across the river; a belated taxi hurried along the street, its lamps still shining like burning eyes in a face <u>white</u> from a night's carouse.  |
| Page    | (blue) 35  |
| 17      | The Count Del Monte ate a box of <u>bluing</u> once, but it didn't hurt him.   |
| 27      | "I don't know why, but I think of all Harvard men as sissies, like I used to be, and all Yale men as wearing big <u>blue</u> sweaters and smoking pipes."  |
| 32      | His glimpse of it as a vivid whiteness against a deep- <u>blue</u> sky had left a picture of splendor that rivalled the dream cities in the Arabian Nights; ....   |
| 45      | The early moon had drenched the arches with pale <u>blue</u> , and, weaving over the night, in and out of the gossamer rifts of moon, swept a song, a song with more than a hint of sadness, infinitely transient, infinitely regretful.                                   |
| 46      | ... his hundred-and-sixty pounds were expected to dodge to victory through the heavy <u>blue</u> and crimson lines.  |
| 47      | Princeton of the daytime filtered slowly into his consciousness — ... aristocratic Elizabethan ladies not quite content to live among shopkeepers, and, topping all, climbing with clear <u>blue</u> aspiration, the great dreaming spires of Holder and Cleveland towers. |

56 He was, perhaps, nineteen, with stooped shoulders, pale blue eyes, and, as Amory could  
tell from his general appearance, without much conception of social competition and such  
phenomena of absorbing interest.

83 ... he began to picture the ocean and long, level stretches of sand and red roofs over blue  
sea.

83 First, he realized that the sea was blue and that there was an enormous quantity of it,  
and that it roared and roared — ....

91 ... talking of long subjects until the sweep of country toward Stony Brook became a blue  
haze and the lilacs were white around tennis-courts, and ....

94 ... *the car swung out again to the winds of June, mellowed the shadows where the distance*  
*grew, then crushed the yellow shadows into blue ....*

99 She was looking down at her neck, where a little blue spot about the size of a pea marred  
its pallor.

106 “Yes, your result’s here.”  
His heart clamored violently.  
“What is it, blue or pink?”

107 “Just to be dramatic, I’ll let you know that if it’s blue, my name is withdrawn from the  
editorial board of the Prince, and my short cateer is over.”

107 He tore it open and held the slip up to the light.  
“Well?”  
“Pink or blue?”

107 “Blue as the sky, gentlemen ....”

124—125 With the instinct of a child Amory edged in under the blue darkness of the white buildings,  
cleaving the moonlight for haggard seconds, once bursting into a slow run with clumsy  
stumbings.

129 ... he nearly cried aloud with joy when the towers of Princeton loomed up beside him and  
the yellow squares of light filtered through the blue rain.

150 Sorrow lay lightly around her, and when Amory found her in Philadelphia he thought her  
steely blue eyes held only happiness; a latent strength, a realism, was brought to its fullest  
development by the facts that she was compelled to face.

153 ... it brought a picture of Clara to his mind, of Clara on such a cool, gray day with her  
keen blue eyes staring out, trying to see her tragedies come marching over the gardens  
outside.

159 And then that wonderful girl and Amory raced to the corner like two mad children gone  
wild with pale-blue twilight.

167 They paused by Little and watched the moon rise, to make silver of the slate roof of Dodd  
and blue the rustling trees.

167 “... We’ve walked arm and arm with Burr and Light-Horse Harry Lee through half these  
deep-blue nights.”  
“That’s what they are,” Tom tangented off, “deep blue — a bit of color would spoil them,  
make them exotic. Spires, against a sky that’s a promise of dawn, and blue light on the  
slate roofs — it hurts ... rather—”

218 He was awakened by a woman clinging to him, a pretty woman, with brown, disarranged  
hair and dark blue eyes.

218 “Fella I was with’s damn fool,” confided the blue-eyed woman. “I hate him. I want to  
go home with you.”

270 Dawn was breking over the sea.  
“It’s getting blue,” she said.

295 — Amory became emphatic — “if there were ten men insured against either wealth or

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|         | starvation, and offered a green ribbon for five hours' work a day and a <u>blue</u> ribbon for ten hours' work a day, nine out of ten of them would be trying for the <u>blue</u> ribbon. That competitive instinct only wants a badge. If the size of their house is the badge they'll sweat their heads off for that. If it's only a <u>blue</u> ribbon, I damn near believe they'll work just as hard. They have in other ages." |
| 297     | "... Men won't work for <u>blue</u> ribbons, that's all rot."   |
| 300     | It was all so far away. What little boys they had been, working for <u>blue</u> ribbons —   |
| 303     | ...; a vault washed clean and covered with late-blooming, weepy watery- <u>blue</u> flowers that might have grown from dead eyes, sticky to the touch with a sickening odor.  |
| 303—304 | He fancied that in a hundred years he would like having young people speculate as to whether his eyes were brown or <u>blue</u> , and he hoped quite passionately that his grave would have about it an air of many, many years ago.  |
| Page    | (gray) 33   |
| 11      | Amory paused and then nodded.<br>"Your uncle?" — alarm.<br>"Oh, no — just a horse — a sorta <u>gray</u> horse."   |
| 17      | ... he wore a <u>gray</u> plaid mackinaw coat, and a red toboggan cap. His dog, Count Del Monte, ate the red cap, so his uncle gave him a <u>gray</u> one that pulled down over his face.   |
| 21      | It was an ancient electric, one of the early types, and painted <u>gray</u> .   |
| 42      | A slim face with <u>gray</u> eyes and a humorous smile appeared in the doorway.   |
| 43      | The <u>gray</u> -eyed man decided to introduce himself.<br>"My name's Holiday."   |
| 43      | At the Kenilworth Amory met Burne Holiday — he of the <u>gray</u> eyes was Kerry — and during a limpid meal of thin soup and anæmic vegetables they stared at the other freshmen,<br>....   |
| 48      | Kerry was tall, with humorous <u>gray</u> eyes, and a sudden, attractive smile; he became at once the mentor of the house, ....   |
| 59—60   | Evening after evening the senior singing had drifted over the campus in melancholy beauty, and through the shell of his undergraduate consciousness had broken a deep and reverent devotion to the <u>gray</u> walls and Gothic peaks and all they symbolized as warehouses of dead ages.   |
| 94      | There a few <u>gray</u> -haired men sat and talked quietly while the classes swept by in panorama of life.  |
| 94      | <i>So the <u>gray</u> car crept nightward in the dark and there was no life stirred as it went by ....</i>  |
| 123     | His mouth was the kind that is called frank, and he had steady <u>gray</u> eyes that moved slowly from one to the other of their group, with just the shade of a questioning expression.  |
| 126     | Minutes later he sprang to his feet, realizing dimly that there was no more sound, and that he was alone in the <u>graying</u> alley.   |
| 127     | If the morning had been cold and <u>gray</u> he could have grasped the reins of the past in an instant, but it was one of those days that New York gets sometimes in May, when the air on Fifth Avenue is a soft, light wine.   |
| 133     | Broad-browed and strong-chinned, with a fineness in the honest <u>gray</u> eyes that were like Kerry's, Burne was a man who gave an immediate impression of bigness and security — stubborn, ....   |
| 153     | Browsing in her library, Amory found a tattered <u>gray</u> book out of which fell a yellow sheet that he impudently opened.  |
| 153     | Is was a poem that she had written at school about a <u>gray</u> convent wall on a <u>gray</u> day, and a girl with her cloak blown by the wind sitting atop of it and thinking about the   |

- many-colored world.
- 153 ... it brought a picture of Clara to his mind, of Clara on such a cool, gray day with her keen blue eyes staring out, trying to see her tragedies come marching over the gardens outside.
- 154 "Over her gray and velvet dress,  
Under her molten, beaten hair, ...."
- 173 His hair is like the golden collar of the Kings at Tara  
And his eyes like the four gray seas of Erin.
- 174 Silent, we filled the still, deserted street,  
A column of dim gray,  
And ghosts rose startled at the muffled beat  
Along the moonless way; ....
- 174 See on the spectre shore  
Shades of a thousand days, poor gray-ribbed wrecks ...  
Oh, shall we then deplore  
Those futile years!
- 183-184 There were gray eyes and an unimpeachable skin with two spots of vanishing color.
- 239 "... If gray shapes drift beneath the foam  
We shall not see."
- 246-247 His paganism soared that night and when she faded out like a gray ghost down the road, a deep singing came out of the fields and filled his way homeward.
- 254 Only an occasional negro cabin, silver-gray in the rock-ribbed moonlight, broke the long line of bare ground; behind lay the black edge of the woods like a dark frosting on white cake, and ahead the sharp, high horizon.
- 259 Our gray blown cloud scurries and lifts above,  
Slides on the sun and flutters there to waft her  
Sisters on. The shadow of a dove ....
- 261 It seemed still to whisper of Norse galleys ploughing the water world under raven-figured flags, of the British dreadnoughts, gray bulwarks of civilization steaming up through the fog of one dark July into the North Sea.
- 273 As dark flies out the graying door;  
And so in quest of creeds to share  
I seek assertive day again ....
- 273 The air became gray and opalescent; a solitary light suddenly outlined a window over the way; then another light; then a hundred more danced and glimmered into vision.
- 287 It was a gray day, that least fleshly of all weathers; a day of dreams and far hopes and clear visions.
- 304 Here was a new generation, shouting the old cries, learning the old creeds, through a reverie of long days and nights; destined finally to go out into that dirty gray turmoil to follow love and pride; ....
- Page (black) 27
- 17 He rubbed snow on his cheek, but it turned bluish-black just the same.
- 46-47 ... Witherspoon brooded like a dark mother over Whig and Clio, her Attic children, where the black Gothic snake of Little curled down to Cuyler and Patton, these in turn flinging the mystery out over the placid slope rolling to the lake.
- 51 Black velvet trails its folds over the day,  
White tapers, prisoned in their silver frames, ....
- 63 At the moment in the show where Firebrand, the Pirate Chief, pointed at his black flag



- and said, "I am a Yale graduate — note my Skull and Bones!" — ....
- 67 Pump-shod in uniform black, they gave no hint of identity, but she wondered eagerly if one pair were attached to Amory Blaine.
- 70 Flirt smiled from her large black-brown eyes and shone through her intense physical magnetism.
- 70 ... she heard Sally's voice repeating a cycle of names, and found herself bowing to a sextet of black and white, terribly stiff, vaguely familiar figures.
- 79 ... for getting drunk one night "not like a gentleman, by God," or for unfathomable secret reasons known to no one but the wielders of the black balls.
- 85 He was slender but well-built — black curly hair, straight features, and rather a dark skin.
- 93-94 ... and in the tents there was great reunion under the orange-and-black banners that curled and strained in the wind.
- 116 ... but I won't risk my influence by arguing with you even though I am secretly sure that the "black chasm of Romanism" yawns beneath you.
- 125 ... then the scuffling grew suddenly nearer, and a black cloud settled over the moon.
- 125 Far ahead a black dot showed itself, resolved slowly into a human shape.
- 126 "I want some one stupid. Oh, send some one stupid!" This to the black fence opposite him, in whose shadows the foot-steps shuffled ... shuffled.
- 138 On their heads were rakish college hats, pinned up in front and sporting bright orange-and-black bands, while from their celluloid collars blossomed flaming orange ties.
- 138 They wore black arm-bands with orange "P's," and carried canes flying Princeton pennants, the effect completed by socks and peeping handkerchiefs in the same color motifs.
- 179 *On the walls there is an expensive print of "Cherry Ripe," a few polite dogs by Landseer, and the "King of the Black Isles," by Max-field Parrish.*
- 221 "Good Lord, Amory, where'd you get the black eye — and the jaw?"
- 240 A passing storm decided to break out, and to his great impatience the sky grew black as pitch and the rain began to splatter down through the trees, become suddenly furtive and ghostly.
- 251 Amory thought how it was only the past that ever seemed strange and unbelievable. The match went out.
- "It's black as pitch."
- 254 ...; behind lay the black edge of the woods like a dark frosting on white cake, and ahead the sharp, high horizon.
- 254 "No, I'm thinking about myself — my black old inside self, the real one, with the fundamental honesty that keeps me from being absolutely wicked by making me realize my own sins."
- 254 Where the fall met the ground a hundred feet below, a black stream made a sharp line, broken by tiny glints in the swift water.
- 259 But I wait ...
- Wait for the mists and for the blacker rain —  
Heavier winds that stir the veil of fate,
- 273 ...; in the street lamps of the taxi-cabs sent out glistening sheens along the already black pavement.
- 276 He walked over to Fifth Avenue, dodging the blind, black menace of umbrellas, and standing in front of Delmonico's hailed an auto-bus.
- 279 What a dirty river — want to go down there and see if it's dirty — French rivers all brown or black, so were Southern rivers.

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| Page  | (golden) 24   |
| 23    | "... — gardens that flaunted coloring against which this would be quite dull, moons that whirled and swayed, paler than winter moons, more <u>golden</u> than harvest moons —"  |
| 33    | Amory was on fire to be an habitué of roof-gardens, to meet a girl who should look like that — better, that very girl; whose hair would be drenched with <u>golden</u> moonlight, while at his elbow sparkling wine was poured by an unintelligible waiter.   |
| 36    | ... Arcady really lay just over the brow of a certain hill, where the brown road dwindled out of sight in a <u>golden</u> dot.  |
| 52    | "... I can't decide whether to cultivate my mind and be a great dramatist, or to thumb my nose at the <u>Golden</u> Treasury and be a Princeton slicker."   |
| 98    | It was Isabelle and from the top of her shining hair to her little <u>golden</u> slippers she had never seemed so beautiful.  |
| 115   | ..., and when you are my age you will give out, as I do, the genial <u>golden</u> warmth of 4 p.m.  |
| 150   | Amory wasn't good enough for Clara, Clara of ripply <u>golden</u> hair, but then no man was.  |
| 151   | Deepest of all in her personality was the <u>golden</u> radiance that she diffused around her.  |
| 153   | She did it constantly, with such a serious enthusiasm that he grew fond of watching her <u>golden</u> hair bent over a book, brow wrinkled ever so little at hunting her sentence.  |
| 157   | ..., and God knows what heights she attained and what strength she drew down to herself when she knelt and bent her <u>golden</u> hair into the stained-glass light.  |
| 160   | ... Clara's bright soul still gleamed on the ways they had trod. " <u>Golden</u> , <u>golden</u> is the air —" he chanted to the little pools of water.... " <u>Golden</u> is the air, <u>golden</u> notes from <u>golden</u> mandolins, <u>golden</u> frets of <u>golden</u> violins, fair, oh, wearily fair ...." |
| 173   | He is gone from me the son of my mind<br>And he in his <u>golden</u> youth like Angus Oge<br>Angus of the bright birds ....   |
| 173   | Aveelia Vrone<br>His hair is like the <u>golden</u> collar of the Kings at Tara<br>And his eyes like the four gray seas of Erin.  |
| 176   | ... but you'd write better poetry if you were linked up to tall <u>golden</u> candlesticks and long, even chants, and ....  |
| 235   | <i>The February streets, wind-washed by night, blow full of strange half-intermittent damps, bearing on wasted walks in shining sight wet snow plashed into gleams under the lamps, like <u>golden</u> oil from some divine machine, in an hour of thaw and stars.</i>  |
| 248   | ... they must bend tiny <u>golden</u> tentacles from his imagination to hers, that would take the place of the great, deep love that was never so near, yet never so much of a dream.   |
| 251   | "... the water in the hidden pools, as glass, fronts the full moon and so inters the <u>golden</u> token in its icy mass," chanted Eleanor to the trees that skeletoned the body of the night.  |
| 303   | The afternoon waned from the purging good of three o'clock to the <u>golden</u> beauty of four.   |
| Page  | (green) 20  |
| 5     | Amory's penetrating <u>green</u> eyes would look out through tangled hair at his mother.  |
| 12    | She regarded him gravely, his intent <u>green</u> eyes, his mouth, that to her thirteen-year-old, arrow-collar taste was the quintessence of romance.   |
| 13    | Myra was quite overcome. He turned the <u>green</u> eyes on her again.  |
| 24    | ... and she sighed — "I feel my life should have drowsed away close to an older, mellower civilization, a land of <u>greens</u> and autumnal browns —"  |
| 26—27 | He and Amory took to each other at first sight — the jovial, impressive prelate who could dazzle an embassy ball, and the <u>green</u> -eyed, intent youth, in his first long trousers, ....  |

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| 41   | At first Amory noticed only the wealth of sunshine creeping across the long, <u>green</u> swards, dancing on the leaded window-panes, and swimming around the tops of spires and towers and battlemented walls.                    |
| 60   | The silent stretches of <u>green</u> , the quiet halls with an occasional late-burning scholastic light held his imagination in a strong grasp, and the chastity of the spire became a symbol of this perception.                  |
| 66   | "Why on earth are we here?" he asked the girl with the <u>green</u> combs one night as they sat in some one's limousine, outside the Country Club in Louisville.   |
| 67   | He had rather a young face, the ingenuousness of which was marred by the penetrating <u>green</u> eyes, fringed with long dark eyelashes.  |
| 71   | Froggy was fascinated and quite unconscious that this was being done, not for him, but for the <u>green</u> eyes that glistened under the shining carefully watered hair, a little to her left, for Isabelle had discovered Amory. |
| 79   | In his own crowd Amory saw men kept out for wearing <u>green</u> hats, for being "a damn tailor's dummy," for having "too much pull in heaven," for getting drunk one night "not like a gentleman, by God," ....                   |
| 82   | <i>And in green underwood and cover,<br/>Blossom by blossom the spring begins.</i>   |
| 146  | Amory wandered occasionally to New York on the chance of finding a new shining <u>green</u> auto-bus, that its stick-of-candy glamour might penetrate his disposition.   |
| 187  | "The trees are <u>green</u> ,<br>The birds are singing in the trees, ...."   |
| 243  | ... she was magnificent — pale skin, the color of marble in starlight, slender brows, and eyes that glittered <u>green</u> as emeralds in the blinding glare.  |
| 243  | "Now you've seen me," she said calmly, "and I suppose you're about to say that my <u>green</u> eyes are burning into your brain."  |
| 246  | ... — she was a feast and a folly and he wished it had been his destiny to sit forever on a haystack and see life through her <u>green</u> eyes.   |
| 260  | Tears from her wetted breast the splattered blouse<br>Of day, glides down the dreaming hills, tear-bright,<br>To cover with her hair the eerie <u>green</u> ...  |
| 275  | He pictured the rooms where these people lived — where the patterns of the blistered wall-papers were heavy reiterated sunflowers on <u>green</u> and yellow backgrounds, where ....   |
| 295  | ... — Amory became emphatic — "if there were ten men insured against either wealth or starvation, and offered a <u>green</u> ribbon for five hours' work a day and a blue ribbon for ten hours' work a day, ...."                  |
| Page | (brown) 15   |
| 17   | The first winter he wore moccasins that were born yellow, but after many applications of oil and dirt assumed their mature color, a dirty, greenish <u>brown</u> ; he wore a gray plaid mackinaw coat, ....                        |
| 24   | — and she sighed — "I feel my life should have drowsed away close to an older, mellower civilization, a land of greens and autumnal <u>browns</u> —"   |
| 36   | ... Arcady really lay just over the brow of a certain hill, where the <u>brown</u> road dwindled out of sight in a golden dot.   |
| 58   | ... , for he knew that this poet was really more conventional than he, and needed merely watered hair, a smaller range of conversation, and a darker <u>brown</u> hat to become quite regular.                                     |
| 70   | Flirt smiled from her large black- <u>brown</u> eyes and shone through her intense physical  |

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|         | magnetism.   |
| 121     | He turned and glanced casually ... a middle-aged man dressed in a <u>brown</u> sack suit, it was, sitting a little apart at a table by himself and watching their party intently.  |
| 123     | They were a darkish <u>brown</u> and his toes seemed to fill them to the end .... They were unutterably terrible ....  |
| 164     | So he sat one day in an English lecture and heard "Locksley Hall" quoted and fell into a <u>brown</u> study with contempt for Tennyson and all he stood for — ....   |
| 193     | I used to like you because you had <u>brown</u> eyes and thin legs.  |
| 193     | They're still thin and <u>brown</u> . You're a vampire, that's all.  |
| 210     | I want to worry whether my legs will get slick and <u>brown</u> when I swim in the summer.   |
| 218     | He was awakened by a woman clinging to him, a pretty woman, with <u>brown</u> , disarranged hair and dark blue eyes.   |
| 275     | ... dirty restaurants where careless, tired people helped themselves to sugar with their own used coffee-spoons, leaving hard <u>brown</u> deposits in the bowl.   |
| 278-279 | Anyway, in 12 Univee they were straight back and to the left. What a dirty river — want to go down there and see if it's dirty — French rivers all <u>brown</u> or black, so were Southern rivers.   |
| 303-304 | He fancied that in a hundred years he would like having young people speculate as to whether his eyes were <u>brown</u> or blue, and he hoped quite passionately that his grave would have about it an air of many, many years ago.  |
| Page    | (yellow) 14  |
| 13      | Myra, a little bundle of clothes, with strands of <u>yellow</u> hair curling out from under her skating cap.   |
| 17      | The first winter he wore moccasins that were born <u>yellow</u> , but after many applications of oil and dirt assumed their mature color, a dirty, greenish brown; ....  |
| 59      | The Gothic halls and cloisters were infinitely more mysterious as they loomed suddenly out of the darkness, outlined each by myriad faint squares of <u>yellow</u> light.  |
| 94      | <i>A moment by an inn of lamps and shades, a <u>yellow</u> inn under a <u>yellow</u> moon — then silence, where crescendo laughter fades ... the car swung out again to the winds of June, mellowed the shadows where the distance grew, then crushed the <u>yellow</u> shadows into blue ....</i> |
| 106     | Alec's head appeared against the <u>yellow</u> square of light.  |
| 122     | She sat down beside him and laid her <u>yellow</u> head on his shoulder.   |
| 123     | His face was cast in the same <u>yellow</u> wax as in the café, neither the dull, pasty color of a dead man —....  |
| 129     | ... , and he nearly cried aloud with joy when the towers of Princeton loomed up beside him and the <u>yellow</u> squares of light filtered through the blue rain.  |
| 153     | ... Amory found a tattered gray book out of which fell a <u>yellow</u> sheet that he impudently opened.  |
| 183     | <i>But all criticism of ROSALIND ends in her beauty. There was that shade of glorious <u>yellow</u> hair, the desire to imitate which supports the dye industry.</i>   |
| 273     | Under his feet a thick, iron-studded skylight turned <u>yellow</u> ; in the street the lamps of the taxi-cabs sent out glistening sheens along the already black pavement.   |
| 275     | ... — where the patterns of the blistered wall-papers were heavy reiterated sunflowers on green and <u>yellow</u> backgrounds, where ....  |
| Page    | (red) 14   |
| 5       | "I want you to take a <u>red</u> -hot bath — as hot as you can bear it, and just relax your nerves. You can read in the tub if you wish."  |

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| 17      | ... he wore a gray plaid mackinaw coat, and a red toboggan cap. His dog, Count Del Monte, ate the <u>red</u> cap, so his uncle gave him a gray one that pulled down over his face.  |
| 47      | ... — West and Reunion, redolent of the sixties, Seventy-nine Hall, brick-red and arrogant, Upper and Lower Pyne, aristocratic Elizabethan ladies not quite content to live among shopkeepers, ....   |
| 53      | ... they played <u>red-dog</u> and twenty-one and jack-pot from dinner to dawn, and ....  |
| 58      | "Shut off the damn graphophone," Amory cried, rather <u>red</u> in the face.  |
| 74      | ...; most of them were twenty or so, and drove alluring <u>red</u> Stutzes.   |
| 75      | ..., so that they were in the dark, except for the <u>red</u> glow that fell through the door from the reading-room lamps.  |
| 83      | ... he began to picture the ocean and long, level stretches of sand and <u>red</u> roofs over blue sea.   |
| 96      | When Amory was by himself his thoughts zigzagged inevitably to the picture of that <u>red</u> mouth yawning incongruously in the white face, but ....   |
| 157     | "St. Cecilia," he cried aloud one day, quite involuntarily, and the people turned and peered, and the priest paused in his sermon and Clara and Amory turned to fiery <u>red</u> .  |
| 173     | Mavrone go Gudyo<br>He to be in the joyful and <u>red</u> battle ....   |
| 236     | Absolutely between ourselves I should not be surprised to see the <u>red</u> hat of a cardinal descend upon my unworthy head within the next eight months.  |
| 296     | Socialism may not be progress, but the threat of the <u>red</u> flag is certainly the inspiring force of all reform.  |
| Page    | (purple) 10   |
| 19      | ... he had appeared, shy but inwardly glowing, in his first long trousers, set off by a <u>purple</u> accordion tie and a "Belmont" collar with the edges unassailably meeting, <u>purple</u> socks, and handkerchief with a <u>purple</u> border peeping from his breast pocket. |
| 21—22   | "But, my dear boy, what odd clothes! They look as if they were a <i>set</i> — don't they? Is your underwear <u>purple</u> , too?"   |
| 26      | When he came into a room clad in his full <u>purple</u> regalia from thatch to toe, he resembled a Turner sunset, and attracted both admiration and attention.  |
| 58      | <i>"Asleep or waking is it? for her neck<br/>Kissed over close, wears yet a <u>purple</u> speck<br/>Wherein the pained blood falters and goes out; ....</i>   |
| 123—124 | "You mean that <u>purple</u> zebra!" shrieked Axia facetiously.<br>"Ooo-ee! Amory's got a <u>purple</u> zebra watching him!"  |
| 286     | To Amory it was a haunting grief to see him lying in his coffin, with closed hands upon his <u>purple</u> vestments.  |
| 297     | The little man leaned back against the seat, his face <u>purple</u> with rage.  |
| Page    | (pink) 9  |
| 16      | Myra sprang up, her cheeks <u>pink</u> with bruised vanity, the great bow on the back of her head trembling sympathetically.  |
| 16      | The pout faded, the high <u>pink</u> subsided, and Myra's voice was placid as a summer lake when she answered her mother.   |
| 106     | His heart clamored violently.<br>"What is it, blue or <u>pink</u> ?"  |
| 107     | " <u>Pink</u> or blue?"<br>"Say what it is."  |

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|       | "We're all ears, Amory."  |
| 179   | <i>A girl's room: <u>pink</u> walls and curtains and a <u>pink</u> bedspread on a cream-colored bed. <u>Pink</u> and cream are the motifs of the room, but the only article of furniture in full view is a luxurious dressing-table with a glass top and a three-sided mirror.</i>  |
| 180   | <i>She goes to the nearest pile, selects a small <u>pink</u> garment and holds it up appraisingly.</i><br>CECELIA: <u>Pink</u> ?<br>ROSALIND: ( <i>Outside</i> ) Yes!   |
| Page  | (gold) 6  |
| 26    | Monsignor was forty-four then, and bustling — a trifle too stout for symmetry, with hair the color of spun <u>gold</u> , and a brilliant, enveloping personality.   |
| 34    | "No, <i>sir</i> , not by a darn sight," said the worldly youth with emphasis, "and I know that girl's as good as <u>gold</u> . I can tell."   |
| 62    | ..., but it was a riotous mystery, anyway, whether or not one did enough service to wear a little <u>gold</u> Triangle on his watch-chain.  |
| 154   | ... , for in his dream she had been a silly, flaxen Clara, with the <u>gold</u> gone out of her hair and platitudes falling insipidly from her changeling tongue.   |
| 160   | ...; <i>oh, what young extravagant God, who would know or ask it? ... who could give such <u>gold</u> ....</i>  |
| 295   | The idea that to make a man work you've got to hold <u>gold</u> in front of his eyes is a growth, not an axiom.   |
| Page  | (silver) 5  |
| 51    | <i>Black velvet trails its folds over the day,<br/>White tapers, prisoned in their <u>silver</u> frames,<br/>Wave their thin flames like shadows in the wind, ....</i>  |
| 93    | "...; I don't catch the subtle things like ' <u>silver</u> -snarling trumpets.' I may turn out an intellectual, but I'll never write anything but mediocre poetry."   |
| 167   | They paused by Little and watched the moon rise, to make <u>silver</u> of the slate roof of Dodd and blue the rustling trees.   |
| 247   | ...; all night large looming sounds swayed in mystic revery through the <u>silver</u> grain — and he lay awake in the clear darkness.   |
| 254   | Only an occasional negro cabin, <u>silver</u> -gray in the rock-ribbed moonlight, broke the long line of bare ground; ....  |
| Page  | (orange) 4  |
| 93-94 | ..., and in the tents there was great reunion under the <u>orange</u> -and-black banners that curled and strained in the wind.  |
| 138   | On their heads were rakish college hats, pinned up in front and sporting bright <u>orange</u> -and-black bands, while from their celluloid collars blossomed flaming <u>orange</u> ties. They wore black arm-bands with <u>orange</u> "P's," and carried canes flying Princeton pennants, the effect completed by socks and peeping handkerchiefs in the same color motifs. |
| Page  | (auburn) 3  |
| 4     | He was an <u>auburn</u> -haired boy, with great, handsome eyes which he would grow up to in time, a facile imaginative mind and a taste for fancy dress.  |
| 25    | She stroked his <u>auburn</u> hair gently. "Dear Amory, dear Amory —"   |
| 71    | First, he had <u>auburn</u> hair, and from her feeling of disappointment she knew that she had  |

Color Symbolism in the Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald (I)

|      |  |
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|      | expected him to be dark and of garter-advertisement slenderness ....   |
| Page | (blackness) 2  |
| 125  | He twisted down a long, sinuous <u>blackness</u> , where the moonlight was shut away except for tiny glints and patches ....   |
| 128  | In the doorway of his room a sudden <u>blackness</u> flowed around him like a divided river.   |
| Page | (cream) 2  |
| 179  | ... <i>pink walls and curtains and a pink bedspread on a <u>cream</u>-colored bed. Pink and <u>cream</u> are the motifs of the room, but ....</i>                          |
| Page | (emerald) 2  |
| 94   | Then tragedy's emerald eyes glared suddenly at Amory over the edge of June.  |
| 243  | Oh, she was magnificent — pale skin, the color of marble in starlight, slender brows, and eyes that glittered green as <u>emeralds</u> in the blinding glare.              |
| page | (rose) 2   |
| 154  | <i>"... Color of <u>rose</u> in mock distress<br/>Flushes and fades and makes her fair; ...."</i>  |
| 154  | <i>"... With light and languor and little sighs,<br/>Just so subtly he scarcely knows ...<br/>Laughing lightning, color of <u>rose</u>."</i>                               |
| Page | (vermilion) 2  |
| 262  | Amory squeezed into the back seat beside a gaudy, <u>vermilion</u> -lipped blonde.   |
| 264  | Suddenly a steady, insistent knocking began at Amory's hall door and simultaneously out of the bathroom came Alec, followed by the <u>vermilion</u> -lipped girl.          |
| Page | (bluish) 1   |
| 17   | He rubbed snow on his cheek, but it turned <u>bluish</u> -black just the same.   |
| Page | (carmine) 1  |
| 282  | ... an olive-skinned, <u>carmine</u> -lipped girl caressed his hair.   |
| Page | (crimson) 1  |
| 46   | ... his hundred-and-sixty pounds were expected to dodge to victory through the heavy blue and <u>crimson</u> lines.  |
| Page | (greenish) 1   |
| 17   | The first winter he wore moccasins that were born yellow, but after many applications of oil and dirt assumed their mature color, a dirty, <u>greenish</u> brown; ....     |
| Page | (ivory) 1  |
| 36   | Many nights he lay there dreaming awake of secret cafés in Mont Martre, where <u>ivory</u> women delved in romantic mysteries with diplomats and soldiers of fortune, .... |
| Page | (mauve) 1  |
| 234  | "... If only as names,<br>Sinuous, <u>mauve</u> -colored names,  |

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|      | In the Juvenalia ....”  |
| Page | (olive) 1   |
| 282  | ... an <u>olive</u> -skinned, carmine-lipped girl caressed his hair.  |
| Page | (reddish) 1   |
| 242  | “Don Juan always manages that,” she said, laughing, “but I shan’t call you that any more, because you’ve got <u>reddish</u> hair. ...”  |
| Page | (scarlet) 1   |
| 6    | ...; when he took <u>scarlet</u> fever the number of attendants, including physicians and nurses, totalled fourteen.  |
| Page | (yellowish) 1   |
| 304  | It seemed strange that out of a row of Union soldiers two or three made him think of dead loves and dead lovers, when they were exactly like the rest, even to the <u>yellowish</u> moss. |
| Page | (whiteness) 1   |
| 32   | His glimpse of it as a vivid <u>whiteness</u> against a deep-blue sky had left a picture of splendor that rivalled the dream cities in the Arabian Nights; ....                           |

(The Frequency of the Color Words in *This Side of Paradise*)

|                      | white | blue | gray | black | golden | green | brown | yellow | red | purple | pink | gold | silver | orange |
|----------------------|-------|------|------|-------|--------|-------|-------|--------|-----|--------|------|------|--------|--------|
| Book I<br>(3-176)    | 29    | 25   | 23   | 16    | 20     | 13    | 8     | 11     | 12  | 8      | 4    | 5    | 3      | 4      |
| Book II<br>(179-305) | 8     | 10   | 10   | 11    | 4      | 7     | 7     | 3      | 2   | 2      | 5    | 1    | 2      | 0      |
| TOTAL                | 37    | 35   | 33   | 27    | 24     | 20    | 15    | 14     | 14  | 10     | 9    | 6    | 5      | 4      |

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