

The Castle on the Gold Dust: *The Great Gatsby* by Francis Scott Fitzgerald

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Introduction

"That ten years had a dramatic death on December, 1929. ... Somebody made a mistake, and the most expensive feast on the history had finished."¹ Francis Scott Fitzgerald, a representative writer from 1920 to 1930, wrote that in his book, *The echoes of Jazz Age*. The ten wild years filled with jazzes and champagnes, finished all of a sudden on 'Black Thursday', December 24, 1929. The slump of the stock market broke out.

People were seized with panic because about twenty thousand bonds turned into only litters and all the economic works dropped rapidly. Unemployment terribly increased. Many laborers only warmed themselves absent-mindedly at the fire at the underpass, and even a well-dressed gentleman asked a passer-by for a silver coin on the street. People who used to be absorbed in grand carousals with fashionable dresses and champagnes, had to worry about their bread for tomorrow.

Sixty-six years have passed by since prosperous America had this "dramatic death". The golden age that was expressed as "the expensive feast" by Fitzgerald, however, has never visited America in those sixty-six years.

"What America needs now is not a heroic action but a rest. Not a fake policy but a normalcy. Not a revolution but a restoration."²

In 1920, Warren Harding who was a handsome, affable and sloppy man, delivered a speech like that, and was inaugurated as President of the United States. It was the beginning of the golden twenties. In August, the same year, women gained suffrage. Changes in women is one of the most important characteristics of the wild twenties, the "Jazz Age".³ Their manners and customs rapidly changed because people resisted the morality present before the World War I. People often drank alcohol paying no attention to the Volstead Act (1920-30). Girls threw away their corset and their skirts shortened to their knees, and they danced all night. Single girls and boys became free to have love affairs.

The output of the Ford T, "the car for all people"⁴ of Henry Ford, reached two million in 1923. Mass production by assemble lines was established and the steel industry, the key industry for car production, made a satisfactory profit. Industrial America became the most profitable all over the world. Television and radio were also popular and the "American life style"⁵ was established at that time.

In this age, Americans knew America was the center of the world, and they wanted to be the best on anything. Wall Street became the money market of the world, and since then the movies and music made in Holly Wood have become fashionable in the whole world. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a jurist, was aware of the atmosphere of this age, and made a treatise as follows.

The knight, the hero of romance, can't be satisfied that a girl he is yearning, is prized only in which 'she is quite beautiful'. If you would not say to him, 'She is a mere goddess I have ever seen', a duel would happen. Everyone wants to get the best, so even a miserable man who has no means to get it, gets drunk and tries to have a dream he can get it.⁶

In 1920, Francis Scott Fitzgerald became a popular writer because young people gave an enthusiastic support to his book, *This Side of Paradise* which showed a vivid image of youth of the new generation. He was overjoyed at his great success. He ran about vigorously on a wave of popularity in the "Jazz Age" with his wife, Zelda whom he regained by his success. Fitzgerald and Zelda often held grand carousals spending their money like water and inviting many celebrities to their parties. They often got drunk and made stupid and childish troubles in speakeasies. Fitzgerald had never lost his intellectual curiosity and his exquisite spirit always aimed at artistic works. His life, however, had become completely silly and reckless. Drinking, a waste of money, debt, many troubles with Zelda, and his wasted ability for earning money - all causes of his tragic degradation in his later days, were piled up one after another.

In 1929, the same year of the great depression, his wife, Zelda became insane. Fitzgerald had to write an enormous amount of short stories in many magazines to pay for the treatment for Zelda. The quality of his works inevitably declined. Most publishing firms refused to accept his works in succession. After the death of Jazz Age, the works written by the popular writer of the golden twenties were out of fashion in the thirties. Fitzgerald was like a miserable fugitive from the Jazz Age. In his thirties while he was afflicted with alcoholism, insomnia, and tuberculosis, he noticed all of a sudden that he was having a "crack-up".⁷

The Great Gatsby, Fitzgerald's masterpiece, was published in 1925. The hero is Jay Gatsby, a man who devoted himself to achieve his dream risking all in 1922, the age of prosperity. Had Fitzgerald predicted the destiny that would visit the United States and himself by presenting the tragic breakdown of Gatsby's dream? What is it that Fitzgerald tried to tell us through the hero Jay Gatsby who always was full of hope?

The Great Vision

Nick Carraway, the narrator of *The Great Gatsby*, comes from the west. When he first saw Gatsby, Gatsby stood in front of his gorgeous mansion that faced “the Sound”⁸ and was trembling as he gazed at a single green light that was shining far on the other side. Probably only Gatsby would have been able to see the golden bridge that was shining over “the Sound” which led him directly to the green light. He believed that his ‘Dream’, Daisy a beautiful goddess, was waiting for him with her fair arms extending, and wearing a smile at the end of the bridge. Gatsby didn’t know that the dream had already sunk in the dark and deep bed of the Sound that separated the two, and was lost eternally.

James Gatz, a boy, born to poor farm parents in North Dakota, always had a yearning for ‘the rich’ in his heart. He often had a dream of a magnificent world night after night. In his dream, he was not a poor and shabby young man devoting himself to physical labor, that is “clam-digging and salmon-fishing” (p.95), but a dazzling man like a “young rajah” (p.64) who collects “rubies” (p.64) and “hunts big game” (p.64). He gave a more suitable name to the vision of himself that was created by his childish, absurd and romantic imagination: Jay Gatsby. This is the name he created. He used this fictitious name when Dan Cody, Gatsby’s employer, asked his name, and when he met Daisy fatefully. He was enthusiastic about acting the vision named ‘Jay Gatsby’ faithfully, risking all, till his last.

One day, a glamorous yacht with Dan Cody an upstart of Gold Rush on board, anchored at Lake Superior. Cody liked ‘Jay Gatsby’ with his charming smile and extravagant ambition, and employed him as a sailor on the yacht. Gatsby had many kinds of works for Cody for five years on his yacht. Cody trusted Gatsby, and left him a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars, but he could not get even a cent because of the trick plotted by Cody’s mistress. Finally, he got nothing but the education for five years by Dan Cody who had been a drunkard with a “hard, empty face” (p.97), and “savage violence of the frontier brothel and saloon” (p.97). After such an experience with Cody in which Gatsby’s ambition was never fulfilled, Gatsby met Daisy.

Daisy Fay was a girl with “bright blue eyes” (p.14), “bright passionate mouth” (p.14), in a white dress, and a charming voice that “rose and fell” (p.115) like the tinkle of a bell and charmed whomever listened to it. She was eighteen. Daisy has been veiled in a beautiful house, white roadstar, dances, and orchestras since her childhood, and grew up breathing only a graceful atmosphere. She depended in a seemingly fragile way on the huge fortune that has been guaranteed for all her life. Gatsby was greatly shocked, charmed, and fascinated by Daisy’s graceful house, “the world of redolent orchids” (p.143) where she has lived, and above all, the mysterious fascination of Daisy, the first “nice” (p.141) girl he had ever known.

Gatsby was overwhelmingly aware of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the freshness of many clothes, and of Daisy, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor. (p.142)

At that time, however, Gatsby was only an officer, not even with any regular clothes except his military uniform. Gatsby became acquainted with Daisy on the pretence that he was a man of the same level as she was, and at last, he won Daisy's heart. The two young people were really intoxicated with each other's love, and had a happy and sweet time. The happiness, however, did not last long because Gatsby went back to the war. Daisy couldn't wait for Gatsby. While Gatsby was in Oxford, Daisy got married to Tom Buchanan who had a huge fortune that would have been able to give stability enough to keep up with Daisy's life. She became 'Mrs. Buchanan', and disappeared from Gatsby, all of a sudden.

Gatsby was completely overwhelmed by the gorgeous personality of Daisy. He had never experienced such a deep emotion before. So he was terribly shocked with the fact that Daisy had not waited for him, and had been married to Tom Buchanan whose fortune was such that it was impossible to imagine for poor Gatsby how much it would be. Then, his aspiration burned up in a distorted way. Gatsby was determined to regain the beautiful princess, Daisy, who had not been able to wait for poor Gatsby and had gotten married 'unwillingly and unhappily' to a rich man, Tom Buchanan. Gatsby was also determined to make a great fortune that would surpass Tom Buchanan by far, at any cost. The means to make money did not matter. Gatsby chose doing an unlawful and dubious job under Meyer Wolfshiem, a big man in an underworld.

The love of Gatsby and Daisy with each other was so short and happy that the image of Daisy in Gatsby's heart was really beautiful, dazzling and flawless. Even when her behavior often looked really irresponsible, and even when there was a sort of 'flattery' in her lovely eyes looking up into Gatsby's face and in her jingly, charming voice, just as somebody said "Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her" (p.14), Gatsby would take no notice at all. Gatsby steadily expanded the image of Daisy in his heart. The way he expanded Daisy's image was as powerful as, if not more than the way he buried his real self, a son of poor farm parents, named 'James Gats', and created himself a new; 'Jay Gatsby'. In his heart, the memory of those sweet days with Daisy was dramatized as romantic and dramatic like a cheap melodrama, and Daisy was transformed to an extremely elegant, pure, beautiful and dazzling princess, a maiden of pure white, and a rare goddess instead of a real person that was only 'a rich, pretty girl'. Gatsby loved 'the Daisy' of the beautiful vision he created with all his heart, risking all for her.

Five years went by.

It was in 1922, the United States of America has really thrived on the highest economy's growth rate they had not ever had. They were intoxicated by their remarkable success and were excited in the carousals that they were holding here and there paying no attention to Volstead Act, and the whole United States was full of wild power.

By then, Gatsby had become a sort of man "who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn" (p.8), as Nick Carraway probably the only "old sport"⁹ in reality, described Gatsby. A gorgeous mansion, a rich cream-coloured car, silver and gold-coloured clothes, the luxurious parties, many "old sports", the rich, the politicians, the actresses, and the producers, and the affected and "elaborate formality of speech" (p.49); the work under Wolfshiem gave Gatsby these gorgeous things that he had been yearning for a long time.

Gatsby now believed he had become a member of "the world of redolent orchids" Daisy has been living in. He greatly glowed with expectation that the time he can retrieve her had finally come now at last. He bought a mansion that faced the Sound, on the other side of Daisy's, and gazed at a single green light at the end of a dock of her mansion with passionate yearning every night. And he held big carousals night after night spending money like water, expecting that Daisy would come to the party by accident. Gatsby kept on waiting for Daisy making these silly, but heart-moving efforts, but Daisy never came to Gatsby's mansion. So he asked Nick Carraway, Daisy's cousin, to set up an occasion to meet her.

Finally, Gatsby and Daisy met again.

At that time, Gatsby was all in a fluster and really tense like a fourteen or fifteen year-old boy. When the moment of his extreme nervousness was finally gone, he was shining with delight, happiness, and deep emotion, and was in high spirit, like a young boy again. He proudly showed Daisy and Nick around his castle that had been built for regaining and inviting Daisy forever. Daisy was tremendously charmed by the beautiful garden like heaven, Marie Antoinette music-room, the bed rooms swathed in rose silk, a toilet set of pure dull gold, and above all, his beautiful, many coloured shirts piled like a mountain in his big cabinet.

He took out a pile of shirts and began throwing them, one by one, before us, shirts of sheer linen and thick silk and fine flannel, Which lost their folds as they fell and covered the table in many coloured disarray. While we admired he brought more and the soft rich heap mounted higher... Suddenly, with a strained sound, Daisy bent her head into the shirts and began to cry. (p.89)

At this moment, Gatsby did display the same pride to Daisy as what he keenly

realized about her when he met Daisy five years ago. It was “the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the freshness of many clothes” (p.142), and he was “gleaming like silver” (p.142) with the enormous fortune.

“It makes me sad because I’ve never seen such—such beautiful shirts before.” (p.89)

Daisy was trembling with emotion by watching Gatsby’s heavenly mansion and his shirt thrown on the floor as if dancing, and by meeting Gatsby unexpectedly again, her former, charming boyfriend. The two, however, could not come into contact with each other the way Gatsby had wanted, even though it was the most emotional and beautiful moment for the two.

For as long as five years, Gatsby ‘worked’ hard as if being possessed by something, while sometimes he endured an insult, and sometimes he was terribly cruel. Bootlegging grain alcohol and still more dubious works; all of these works were done only for Daisy, his goddess. His expression, sometimes passed over his face and made some people shudder, as if “he had killed a man” (p.45), was engraved on his face for Daisy, too. Not only his huge mountain of money but also his very hands that built up the mountain were dirty. However, Gatsby, being filled with a keen yearning for his goddess, and passion for achieving his dream, would not have any feeling of guilt even for a moment. His illegal works were only the quickest means for making money to regain Daisy, and nothing else mattered Gatsby. It seemed to Gatsby that he needed only one thing now that he got everything. “I never loved you.” (p.105) Gatsby wanted Daisy to go to her husband, Tom Buchanan, and simply say so. He had nothing more to want. When the word would be given, at that moment five years would die out, his constant effort would be rewarded, a golden bridge to his dream would be built. And probably Gatsby would be able to transform into a man who has won a goddess, “a son of God” (p.95) he has been yearning for since he was young, and to become the real ‘Jay Gatsby’, he has hoped to be, not a son of poor farm parents or a suspicious gangster. It was just a ‘magic word’ for him.

After meeting again, the couple began to have a secret meeting. Gatsby felt impatient because Daisy “used to be able to understand” but now “she doesn’t understand” (p.106). Gatsby, however, believed from his heart that the realization of his dream was close at hand and he could “repeat the past” (p.106). Because there was a green light, the dream he has been holding valuably as long as five years, shining over the sound, was closer to him, so close that he can touch only if he reached out.

The Princess Who Had a Voice that Is Full of Money

How did Daisy feel when Gatsby, her old, charming boyfriend, with a white

flannel suit, silver shirt, and gold-cloured tie, turned up in front of Daisy unexpectedly in Nick's room, being filled with a sweet fragrance of a lot of flowers floating there?

Daisy's husband, Tom Buchanan, was a man who veiled his arrogance, toughness, and egoism inside his cruel body. Besides, he was so inconstant from the beginning of their marriage, and in the story he is having an affair with Myrtle Wilson, the wife of George B. Wilson who runs a garage at the "valley of ashes" (p.26), which was between West-Egg and New York. Daisy was always irritated because her husband was often unfaithful to her and almost every day Myrtle imprudently called Tom.

In spite of the five years of their marriage, Daisy was as pretty as ever. She was surrounded by only beautiful things, bright parties, a gorgeous mansion, and many dresses of the latest fashion. But—probably Daisy often wondered—where on earth her cheerful, unmarried days when "she was keeping half a dozen dates a day with half a dozen men" (p.144), danced with them to the tone of the saxophones all night, had gone away.

Daisy probably had pity on herself and thought it was unfair to put up with Tom who keeps having an affair with some girl ignoring his wife. Just then, Gatsby turned up, being in love with her as ever.

Jay Gatsby—her old boyfriend, maybe taking the most important part of Daisy's memory among many others. Such a man turned up in front of Daisy holding a bunch of beautiful flowers from a gorgeous mansion, gold and silver coloured clothes, elegant yellow car, or many "old sports" of celebrities, and he told his love to Daisy all of a sudden. Naturally her heart was tickled. She was completely absorbed in the romance that was so dramatic like a movie. It may have been a kind of revenge on Tom who was unfaithful. But above all, it was a real excitement for Daisy to have a meeting with Gatsby, the beautiful, rich man people were talking about. Daisy was thrilled by the enthusiastic words Gatsby said in which she had to separate from Tom and get married to Gatsby. Daisy almost consented to him cheerfully. Daisy almost forgot about Tom in her fascination with Gatsby. Daisy, however, spent five years with Tom. That time had been engraved deeply in herself and could not be cut off from her. Daisy did love Tom Buchanan for five years. For those five years, in her days with Tom, the image of Gatsby, only an old boyfriend of Daisy, would never have passed by in her mind for a moment. For Daisy, Gatsby was just a memory that was far away, sad, but beautiful.

"Her voice is full of money," (p.115) Gatsby said, expressing Daisy's characteristic voice that charmed whomever listened to it. Nick Carraway consented to him.

That was it. I'd never understand before. It was full of money—that was inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals' song of it...High in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl... (p.115)

Her voice was the symbol of her personality and the graceful world Daisy has been living in.

A beautiful girl like a flower, with a voice like the ringing of the jewels, grew up breathing only an elegant atmosphere of "the world of redolent orchids". Daisy was just a 'miracle' for Gatsby that was brought by 'the rich'. Gatsby, however, didn't see that there was an indistinct smell behind the "world of redolent orchids". This dazzling world had a rotten side. There was an ominous shadow not only in the United States of America that enjoyed their material prosperity, and the extravagant parties Gatsby gave almost every night, but in fact also in Daisy.

Gatsby did believe that 'the rich' could bring the 'miracle' to him. Gatsby, adoring Daisy deeply as a golden princess, could not see that the power of 'the rich' he believed in had given Daisy not only the beauty but also vanity. Her exhilarating, ripply voice—that was the ringing of money—charmed everyone, was beautiful, but empty.

Oh, you want too much! I love you now—isn't that enough? I can't help what's past. I did love him once—but I loved you too. (p.126)

In a room of the Plaza Hotel in New York city, where Nick Carraway, Daisy, her friend, Jordan Baker, and Tom Buchanan came, Gatsby urged Daisy to tell her husband: "I never loved you". Daisy, however, did not give him the 'magic word' Gatsby had been yearning for. She gave him word of 'the crack-up' instead.

Gatsby believed with all his heart that for five years Daisy also had been longing for Gatsby and crying bitterly shedding pure tears in a tall tower where she has been confined in by Tom. Daisy, however, hadn't turned her love to Gatsby. For Daisy, Gatsby was just a memory. Tom and Daisy's newlywed life was really sweet till Tom's infidelity became a threat to their marriage. Daisy had been absorbed in her husband, and she gave birth to a girl, a daughter of the man Daisy loved. The little girl was an "absolute little dream" (p.112) for Daisy.

Daisy just was an average woman, not a golden princess. She couldn't say "I never loved Tom". She couldn't get a divorce from Tom. Daisy had never meant to throw away the five years she had spent with Tom. From the beginning she had had no intention to get married to Gatsby. Daisy enjoyed to play only romance with Gatsby that was really romantic and dramatic like a dream.

When Gatsby still insisted on "Daisy's leaving Tom" (p.127), Tom revealed to

all Gatsby's dubious work. He revealed that Gatsby was one of the gangsters that hung around with Meyer Wolfsheimer, and bought up a lot of drug-stores and bootlegged grain alcohol. Daisy looked at Gatsby frightened. There was no longer any ecstatic brightness in her eyes that had been turned upon Gatsby until then. Now there was only a terror against a 'dubious gangster'. At that time, Daisy's romance play was completely finished.

Even if the husband kept having an affair with an uneducated woman and the wife enjoyed having secret meetings with a dubious man, the couple still needed each other. Tom and Daisy had the same sense of values about the upper classes. They both belonged to "the world of redolent orchids". They had been comfortably veiled in the petals of orchid since they were born. They would neither tread on the dirty ground with their own foot, would nor take upon responsibility on anything, at anytime. They would keep flying on the orchid petals leisurely, and throwing the empty bottles of champagne, or empty box of a pearl necklace, singing in the 'voice of money'.

Anyway, it didn't matter to Gatsby whether she loved Tom or not. What he truly loved was not Daisy as a person who loved Tom and gave birth to his daughter. Instead he loved the vision of Daisy he created in his heart—that was a pure and dazzling princess.

After the trouble at the Plaza Hotel, on the way to Long Island, the rich cream-coloured car of Gatsby, hit Myrtle Wilson who ran out into the street. The car ripped Myrtle's body open, didn't stop, and ran away at full speed. The driver of the "death car" (p.131) was Princess Daisy with Gatsby next to her.

"The Crack Up"—The Other Side of Paradise

Hundreds of people always crowded into Gatsby's grand parties that were held every night. The parties were full of the "profusion of champagne" (p.100), girls' shining dresses, the fashionable jazz played by the orchestra, and "many-coloured and many-keyed commotion" (p.100).

One girl was leaning her head on the shoulder of a total stranger. Another girl drunk dead was pulled into the pool. Casual introductions were forgotten on the spot. Conversations were meaningless. There was a man who came only to "sell bonds or automobiles" (p.43), and a married man to make approaches to a single girl or actress in the making. They all aimlessly came to the party like moths gathered around the light. They always talked about Gatsby with open curiosity, the master of the party.

"Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once." (p.45)

"He was a German spy during the war." (p.45)

"He has underground pipe-line to Canada." (p.94)

Gatsby called everyone "old sport"; however, nobody, among hundreds of his rich 'old sports', ever came to Gatsby's funeral. Nobody from his line of work, including Meyer Wolfshiem came to his funeral. On the morning of the day of his funeral, Nick Carraway personally went to New York to ask Meyer Wolfshiem to attend the funeral. Wolfshiem showed Nick tears in his eyes, but said, "Let us learn to show our friendship for a man when he is alive not after he is dead".(p.163)

Tom did determine what he had to do. The love affair with Myrtle was nearly exposed to her husband, George Wilson. His wife, Daisy was meeting Gatsby behind Tom's back although Tom knew his wife would never leave him. After Myrtle was hit by Gatsby's cream-coloured car, George Wilson was driven mad by the accident that had happened before his eyes and came to Tom's house with a gun. Tom lied to Wilson that the murderer was Gatsby, and that Gatsby was the person who had been having an affair with Myrtle.

Daisy also determined to keep the secret of the murderer who actually ran over Myrtle to herself forever.

When Gatsby was shot to death by George Wilson, Tom and Daisy had already gone on a trip. The couple seem to have rebuilt their ties with Gatsby's death as a stepping-stone.

They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made... (p.170)

The couple didn't come to Gatsby's funeral. Only Nick Carraway, and a middle-aged man who had accidentally wandered at Gatsby's study, and a shabbily-dressed man, Mr.Gatz—Gatsby's father who learned his son's death by newspaper and rushed from North Dakota, were present at his funeral were.

This was what the rich' Gatsby has been believing in brought to him.

"God sees everything." (p.152)

The night of the day Myrtle was killed, and the day before he shot Gatsby, George Wilson stood at the window and kept murmuring something looking at the eyes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg that was standing in the darkness.

It was a deserted enormous signboard of some eye doctor called Doctor T.J. Eckleburg. For many years this signboard has been in "valley of ashes", a terribly desolate area located about half-way between New York and West Eggs, where the ash-grey ground was dotted with the ash-grey houses and the ash-grey men was moving dimly. The eyes of T. J. Eckleburg imply something uncanny, standing on

the waste land that has been deserted by the people in the age of the prosperity and entertainment, jazz, dances, champagnes, and gorgeous parties.

That was 'death'.

The eyes of T. J. Eckleburg did see everything: the big carousals at Gatsby's house, the people getting dead drunk, the love affair of Tom and Myrtle, Gatsby's gaudy mansion, the ugly trouble of Tom, Daisy and Gatsby, and the murderer. Also, only the eyes knew the crack up—the 'death' completely drew to all of this. The eyes of T. J. Eckleburg—of 'God' does imply just the destiny that will visit before long to the people who were indulged in the crazy carousals without any sense of morality.

It was George Wilson, far from being rich, who didn't know at all the brightness of the grand party, a kiss with a charming girl except his wife, jazz, or the taste of nectar, champagne, and who worked staggeringly being smeared with ashes and dust, that put these stupid troubles that happened around Gatsby to an end once and for all. The muzzle of his gun, however, was not pointed at Tom Buchanan who looked down and betrayed Wilson, or at Daisy Buchanan who killed Myrtle and put the blame on another, but at Jay Gatsby, a man who just risked all of his life for achieving his dream. The 'dream' was buried unfairly forever and the careless people "let other people clean up the mess they had made" (p.170). This might be the true colour of this age hidden behind the brightness of 'the rich'.

It can be said that for several years later, the whole United States of America was smeared with the ashes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg, as if that had been a punishment for the people who completely lost their morals.

Even when at the Plaza Hotel of New York, Gatsby listened to what Daisy said "I can't say I never loved Tom" (p.126); and when Daisy hit Myrtle in his car and didn't even stop, the beautiful image of Daisy in his heart didn't suffer any injury. When Nick noticed that it was Daisy that had driven the 'death car', Gatsby said to Nick "But I'll say I was" (p.137). Moreover, he watched Daisy's house all night like a knight to "see if Tom tried to bother her about that unpleasantness" (p.137) at the Plaza Hotel, in spite of the fact Tom and Daisy were actually conspiring together to frame Gatsby.

Gatsby did believe only the beautiful brightness of 'the rich', and did love Daisy, as a kind of 'miracle' being brought by the rich. His single green light had never disappeared from his heart to the end. What he believed and loved, however, was nothing but gold dust. He did believe in the eternal brightness of his castle on the gold dust.

Conclusion

"He was always great for that." (p.165)

Gatsby's father who knew nothing about Gatsby's illegal work and was really proud of his son who had come into a large fortune. He often expressed his son as "great" and boasted of him to Nick.

At first, I couldn't understand why Gatsby was 'great' as in the title of this novel, because he was evidently stupid and childish. It was awfully stupid of him to choose an illegal work for achieving his dream and not even feeling any sense of guilt and to be satisfied by collecting many rich "old sports" around him by the power of his money. He was foolish enough to believe he could regain his old girlfriend with his money despite the fact that she had a husband and daughter. Gatsby was not evidently great. Upperclass people had no dream and spent days "as cool as Daisy's expensive white dresses" (p.17), and devoted themselves only to making a "polite pleasant effort" (p.17). However, among such people, only Gatsby aimed to accomplish his dream for retrieving a woman he loved with all his passion, risking all of him, even his life. He is the one who was 'pure'. I can't help thinking what a great purity he had. Yes, it was just such 'purity' that had been lacking in that age. I can't help being impressed by his clear, surprising power to magnificently transform Daisy, only a 'rich, pretty girl' to a 'golden goddess', and also to transform himself, a 'son of a poor farm parents' to a man suitable for the goddess. He was great. Surely he was really a great man.

Gatsby's dream had never suffered any injury although it was crumpled with the corruptions, wrong, and dirty artifices that have been whirling in the "world of redolent orchids", as if there had never been any cloud in his beautiful, characteristic smile that sometimes appeared softly on his face, over his surface smeared with the lies, illegality, and dirty money.

In 1940, Francis Scott Fitzgerald died of a heart attack at the apartment of his mistress. He made a hard effort to rebuild himself after he had a crack-up just before his death. He was engaged in a long novel with the hope he would be able to regain his fame for sure. This work named *The Last Tycoon*, however, never finished. He died at the age of forty-four. Only twenty or thirty people were present at the funeral of the king of the Jazz Age. The forlorn funeral closely resembled Gatsby's.

Fitzgerald wrote as follows in his latter book, *The Crack-Up*, "The Life is a process to a crack-up."¹⁰ It just implied the life of Scott Fitzgerald and Jay Gatsby.

In 1975, Fitzgerald was buried again in a Catholic churchyard. The undertaker who opened his coffin said as follows. "I could recognize he was a man because he was really neatly dressed."¹¹ Fitzgerald often seemed older than his age in his latter days, but he always cared much about his clothes, and dressed well in Brooks Brothers clothes. However, it was surprising that he was still wearing a dress suitable for the gorgeous party although thirty-five years had passed by since he

died. His situation reminded me of Jay Gatsby, who died holding his great dream that had never suffered any injury although it was crumpled in the age of brightness and craziness.

The great writer, Francis Scott Fitzgerald is still sleeping with his wife Zelda under the gravestone at Washington D.C. The sorrowful and hopeful passage, from the last sentence of *The Great Gatsby* is engraved at the gravestone. "So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." (p.172)

Notes

1. F.S. Fitzgerald. Kenji Inoue(tr), "Jazz Age no Kodama", *Fitzgerald Sakuhinshu III*, Kochi-shuppan, 1981, pp.160 and 169.
2. Alistair Cooke. Kenji Suzuki, Moto Sakurai (tr), *Alistair Cooke no America-shi*, NHK Books, 1994, p.123.
3. F.S.Fitzgerald himself gave the name, "Jazz Age", to the prosperity twenties of America.
4. Cooke, p.125
5. Ibid., p.123
6. Ibid., p.126.
7. F.S.Fitzgerald.Yoichi Miyamoto(tr), *Houkai*, Kochi-shuppan, 1981, p.185.
8. F.S.Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*, Eichosha Penguin Books, 1967, p.25. This edition is used throughout this study with page notation given in the texts.
9. Gatsby always called anybody "old sport".
10. Miyamoto(tr), p.184.
11. Yoichi Kobori, *Scott Fitzgerald-Hito to Sakuhin*, Yumishobo, 1986, p.244.

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