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Фрэнсис Скотт  
Фицджеральд

НОЧЬ НЕЖНА

Francis Scott Fitzgerald  
TENDER IS THE NIGHT

*Адаптация текста,  
комментарии и словарь  
Н. И. Кролик*

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«Ночь нежна» — знаменитый роман классика американской литературы Фрэнсиса Скотта Фицджеральда. Удивительно тонкое, красивое, глубоко психологическое произведение рисует жизнь богемной молодежи 20-х–30-х гг. прошлого столетия, в центре повествования сложные отношения врача-психиатра Дика Дайвера с женой Николь, страдающей психическим расстройством.

Текст романа значительно сокращен, снабжен комментариями и словарем.

Издание предназначено для всех, кто учит английский язык и стремится читать художественную литературу на языке оригинала.

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

John Keats *Ode to a Nightingale*<sup>1</sup>

# BOOK I

## CHAPTER 1

On the shore of the French Riviera, about half way between Marseilles and the Italian border, stands a large, proud, rose-colored hotel. Palms cool its flushed façade, and before it stretches a short dazzling beach. Now it has become a summer resort of notable and fashionable people; in 1925 it was almost deserted after its English clientele went north in April. Only a dozen old villas rotted like water lilies among the massed pines between Gause's Hôtel and Cannes, five miles away.

A mile from the sea, where pines give way to dusty poplars, is an isolated railroad stop, whence one June morning in 1925 an open auto brought a woman and her daughter down to Gause's Hôtel. The mother's face was of a fading prettiness; its expression was both tranquil and pleasant. However, one's eye moved on quickly to her daughter, whose fine forehead sloped gently up to where her hair, bordering it like an armorial shield, burst into lovelocks and waves and curlicues of ash blonde and gold. Her eyes were bright, big, clear, wet, and shining, the color of her cheeks was natural, made from the strong young pump of her heart. She was almost eighteen, nearly complete, but the morning dew was still on her.

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

“Something tells me we’re not going to like this place.”

“I want to go home,” the girl answered.

“We’ll stay three days and then go home. I’ll wire right away for steamer tickets.”

When they were installed on the ground floor she walked into the glare of the **French windows**<sup>1</sup> and out a few steps onto the stone veranda that ran the length of the hotel. Fifty yards away the Mediterranean yielded up its blue pigments to the brutal sunshine; below the balustrade a faded **Buick**<sup>2</sup> cooked on the hotel drive.

Indeed, of all the region only the beach stirred with activity. Three British nannies sat knitting sweaters and socks. Closer to the sea a dozen persons kept house under striped umbrellas, while their dozen children pursued fish through the shallows or lay naked and glistening with coconut oil out in the sun.

Rosemary came onto the beach and dashed into the sea with exultant cries. She took off her bathrobe and floated face down for a few yards; then finding it shallow staggered to her feet and plodded forward, dragging slim legs against the resistance of the water. When it was about breast high, she glanced back toward shore: a bald man in a monocle and a pair of tights was regarding her attentively. As Rosemary returned the gaze the man dislodged the monocle and poured himself a glass of something from a bottle in his hand.

Rosemary laid her face on the water and swam to the raft. She turned round and round in the water, embracing it, wallowing in it. Reaching the raft she was

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

“I say – they have sharks out behind the raft.” He spoke English with a slow Oxford drawl. “Yesterday they devoured two British sailors from the flotte at Golfe Juan.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed Rosemary.

“**They come in for the refuse from the flotte.**”<sup>3</sup>”

He minced off two steps and poured himself another drink.

Rosemary looked for a place to sit. Obviously each family possessed the strip of sand immediately in front of its umbrella; there was much talking back and forth – the atmosphere of a community upon which it would be presumptuous to intrude. Farther up, where the beach was strewn with pebbles and dead sea-weed, sat a group with flesh as white as her own. They lay under small hand-parasols instead of beach umbrellas and were obviously **less indigenous**<sup>4</sup> to the place. Between the dark people and the light, Rosemary found room and spread out her peignoir on the sand.

Nearest her, on the other side, a young woman lay under a roof of umbrellas making out a list of things from a book open on the sand. Her bathing suit was pulled off her shoulders and her back, orange brown, set off by a string of creamy pearls, shone in the sun. Her face was hard but lovely and helpless. Her eyes met Rosemary’s but did not see her. Beyond her was a fine man in a jockey cap and red-striped tights; then the woman Rosemary

had seen on the raft, and who looked back at her, seeing her; then a man with a long face and a golden, **leonine head**<sup>5</sup>, with blue tights and no hat, talking very seriously to a young man in black tights. Rosemary thought they were mostly Americans, but something made them unlike the Americans she had known of late.

After a while she realized that the man in the jockey cap was giving a quiet little performance for this group; he moved gravely about with a rake, removing gravel and meanwhile **developing some esoteric burlesque held in suspension by his grave face**<sup>6</sup>. Whatever he said released a burst of laughter.

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

“You are an excellent swimmer.”

She protested.

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

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

“Mrs. Abrams – Mrs. McKisco – Mr. McKisco – Mr. North –”

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

Mr. McKisco, a freckle-and-red man of thirty, turned to Rosemary and demanded aggressively:

“Been here long?”

“Only a day.”

“Oh.”

He got up to go in the water, followed by his wife and Rosemary joined them.

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

“I was afraid it hit you.” His voice was slow and shy; he had one of the saddest faces Rosemary had ever seen, the high cheekbones of an Indian, a long upper lip, and enormous deep-set dark golden eyes. In a minute he had shoved off into the water and his long body lay motionless toward shore.

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

“He’s a good swimmer,” Rosemary said.

Mrs. McKisco’s answer came with surprising violence.

“Well, he’s a rotten musician.” She turned to her husband, who after two unsuccessful attempts had managed to climb on the raft. “I was just saying that Abe North may be a good swimmer but he’s a rotten musician.”

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

Mrs. McKisco turned challengingly to Rosemary, "My husband wrote the first criticism of *Ulysses*<sup>7</sup> that ever appeared in America."

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

"**Joice's got insides**<sup>8</sup> – don't you think so, Albert?"

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

"Is that his wife?" Rosemary asked.

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

"Have you been abroad before?"

"Yes – I went to school in Paris."

"Oh! Well, then you probably know that if you want to enjoy yourself here the thing is to get to know some real French families. Of course, we had letters of introduction and met all the best French artists and writers in Paris. My husband is finishing his first novel, you see."

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

"It's on the idea of *Ulysses*," continued Mrs. McKisco. "He takes a decayed old French aristocrat and puts him in contrast with the mechanical age –"

"Oh, for God's sake, Violet, don't go telling everybody the idea," protested McKisco. "I don't want it to get all around before the book's published."

## CHAPTER 2

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

It seemed that there was no life anywhere in all this expanse of coast except under the filtered sunlight of those umbrellas.

Rosemary fell really asleep.

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

“I was going to wake you before I left. It’s not good to get too burned right away.”

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

She laughed cheerfully, inviting him to talk, but Dick Diver was already carrying a tent and a beach umbrella up to a waiting car, so she went into the water to wash off the sweat. He came back, gathered up a rake, a shovel, and a sieve and stowed them in a crevice of a rock. He glanced up and down the beach to see if he had left anything.

“Do you know what time it is?” Rosemary asked.

“It’s about half-past one.”

They faced the seascape together momentarily.

“It’s not a bad time,” said Dick Diver. “It’s not one of worst times of the day.”

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

It was almost two when Rosemary and her mother went into the dining-room. Two waiters, piling plates and talking loud Italian, fell silent when they came in and brought them a version of the **table d’hôte**<sup>1</sup> lunch.

“I fell in love on the beach,” said Rosemary.

“Who with?”

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

“Did you talk to him?”

“Just a little. Very handsome. With reddish hair.” She was eating, ravenously. “He’s married though – it’s usually the way.”

**Her mother** was her best friend and **had put every last possibility into the guiding of her**<sup>2</sup>, not so rare a thing in the theatrical profession.

“Then you like it here?” she asked.

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

After lunch they were both overwhelmed by the sudden flatness that comes over American travelers in

quiet foreign places. No stimuli worked upon them and they felt that life was not continuing here.

“Let’s only stay three days, Mother,” Rosemary said when they were back in their rooms.

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

“I don’t love anybody but you, Mother, darling.”

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

Rosemary’s shoulders were too burned to swim with the next day, so she and her mother hired a car and drove along the Riviera, the delta of many rivers. The chauffeur, a Russian boyar of the period of Ivan the Terrible, was a self-appointed guide, and such names as Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo began to glow through their camouflage, whispering of old kings, that came here to dine or die, and of rajahs throwing Buddha’s eyes to English ballerinas. Most of all, there was the scent of the Russians along the coast – their closed bookshops and grocery stores. Eleven years before, when the season ended in April, the doors of the Orthodox Church were locked, and the sweet champagnes they avored were put away until their return. “We’ll be back next season,” they said, but they were never coming back any more.

It was pleasant to drive back to the hotel in the late afternoon, above a sea as mysteriously colored as the agates and cornelians of childhood. It was pleasant to pass people eating outside their doors, and to hear the mechanical pianos behind the vines of country inns. When they turned down to Gausse's Hôtel through the darkening banks of trees, the moon already hovered over the ruins of the aqueducts.

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

### CHAPTER 3

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

“Good morning,” said Dick Diver. “Look – sunburn or no sunburn, why did you stay away yesterday? We worried about you.”

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