



[Letters to Thomas Boyd](#)

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Villa Marie, Valence
St. Raphael, Var, France
June 23^d, 1924

Dear Tom:

Nyeres proved too hot for summer. I loved it but the bathing was bad + we couldn't find a new clean villa. So we're up the coast between St. Maxime + Cannes in a charming villa we've got until November 1st.

I saw a lot of Nyeres during the week we were there — the castle on the hill I liked especially — then one day I met a twelve year old girl on the street whose faces had been eaten off with congenital syphilis. She had the back of her head and in front of that nothing but a scab slit three times for her mouth and eyes. It rather spoiled the streets for us.

Anyway after seeing Cannes, Nyeres, Nice, St. Maxime + Antibes I think St. Raphael (where we are) is the loveliest spot I've ever seen. It's simply saturated with Shelley — tho he never lived here. I mean it's like the "Eugenean Hills" + "Lines written in Dejection" — cooler than Nyeres, less tropical, less somnolent, perhaps less Romanesque — still Frejus which has aqueducts + is both Roman + Romanesque is in ~~the~~ sight of my window.

We have bought a little Renault car + Lella + the Baby + the Governess swim every day on a sandy beach — in fact everything's idyllic and for the first time since I ~~went~~ to St. Paul in 1921 (the worst move I ever made in my life) I'm perfectly happy.

Lewis' prosperity makes me boil with envy. I am only asking \$25,000 or \$20,000 for my novel. It's almost done. The man who sent the remembrance was the manager of ~~the~~ your hotel at La Plage d'Nyeres. I spoke to Paul H. Reynolds about your work (he's my agent + the best in New York — The Post people come to see him every week. I write isn't any good) and he said he'd like to try your stuff. Explain to him in your letter if you write him (70 5th ave.) that you wrote Through the Wheat + are the man I spoke of. And if you send him

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anything that Swaine's had be sure to tell him everywhere its
been. Send me The Dark Cloud please when it appears.

We expect to be in Europe three or four years - maybe
longer.

Yours Ever

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Guaranty Trust Co. Paris.

Dear Tom:

I like the book enormously. First I'll say that. Not quite as well as the first because the style bothered me. It's not as simple as the first — "shore line like a woman's neck!" for example.

On the other hand it's far bigger feat of imagination — something quite new + more in line with a big development. You might have been a one book man + written the other, but in this you show you have the novelist's temperament of sticking within your own concepts conceived scene — instead of my ^{accidental} talent which is merely to interest people, in the form of ~~the~~ writing novels. I want to write you more but die in the middle of my own last revision + die about crazy with nervousness. I'll write again next week. Anyway the book interested us from beginning to end — the fight, the beautifully done idea of the slaves caught in Detroit — all of it. Many congratulations.

As ever
Scott