



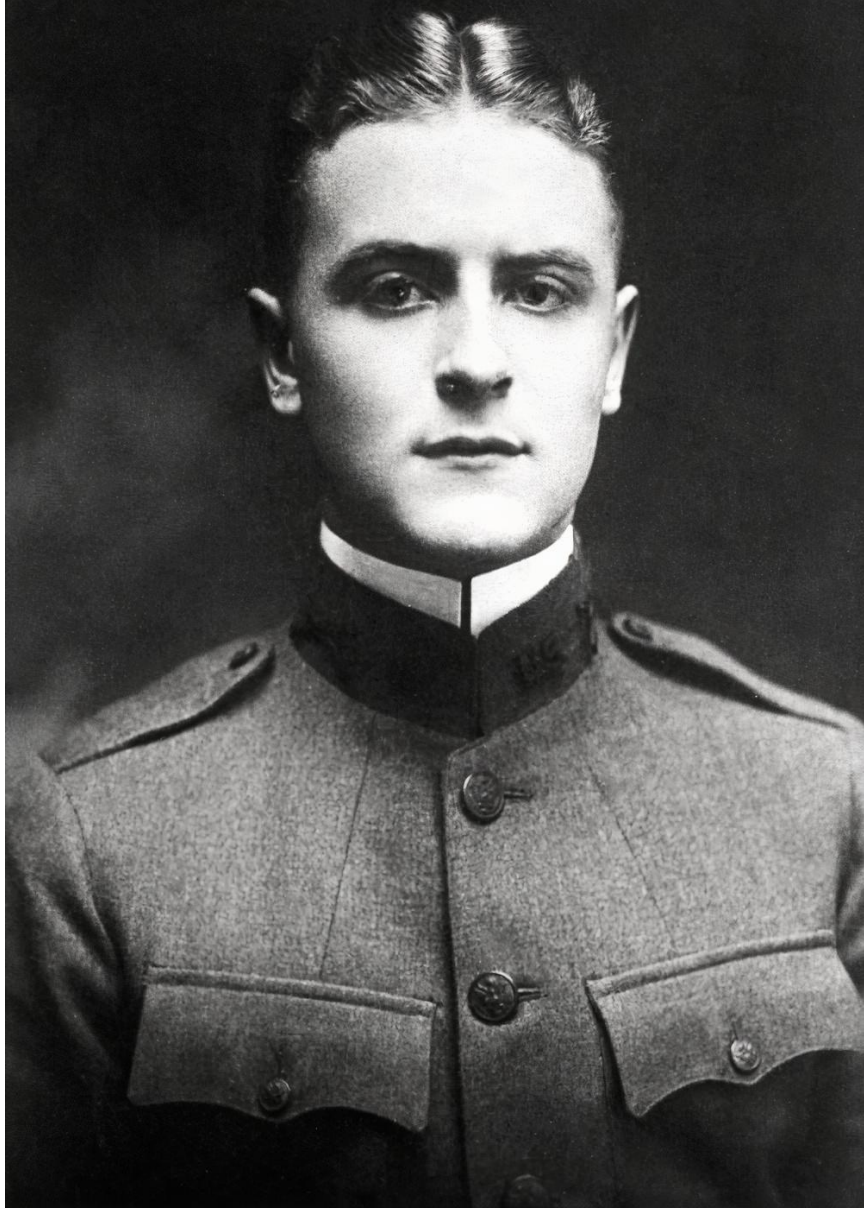
F Scott Fitzgerald



Zelda Fitzgerald



Zelda and F Scott Fitzgerald



F Scott Fitzgerald Army Uniform



The fountain in Downtown Montgomery that Zelda was rumored to skinny dip in!



Fitzgerald Home in Montgomery, Alabama



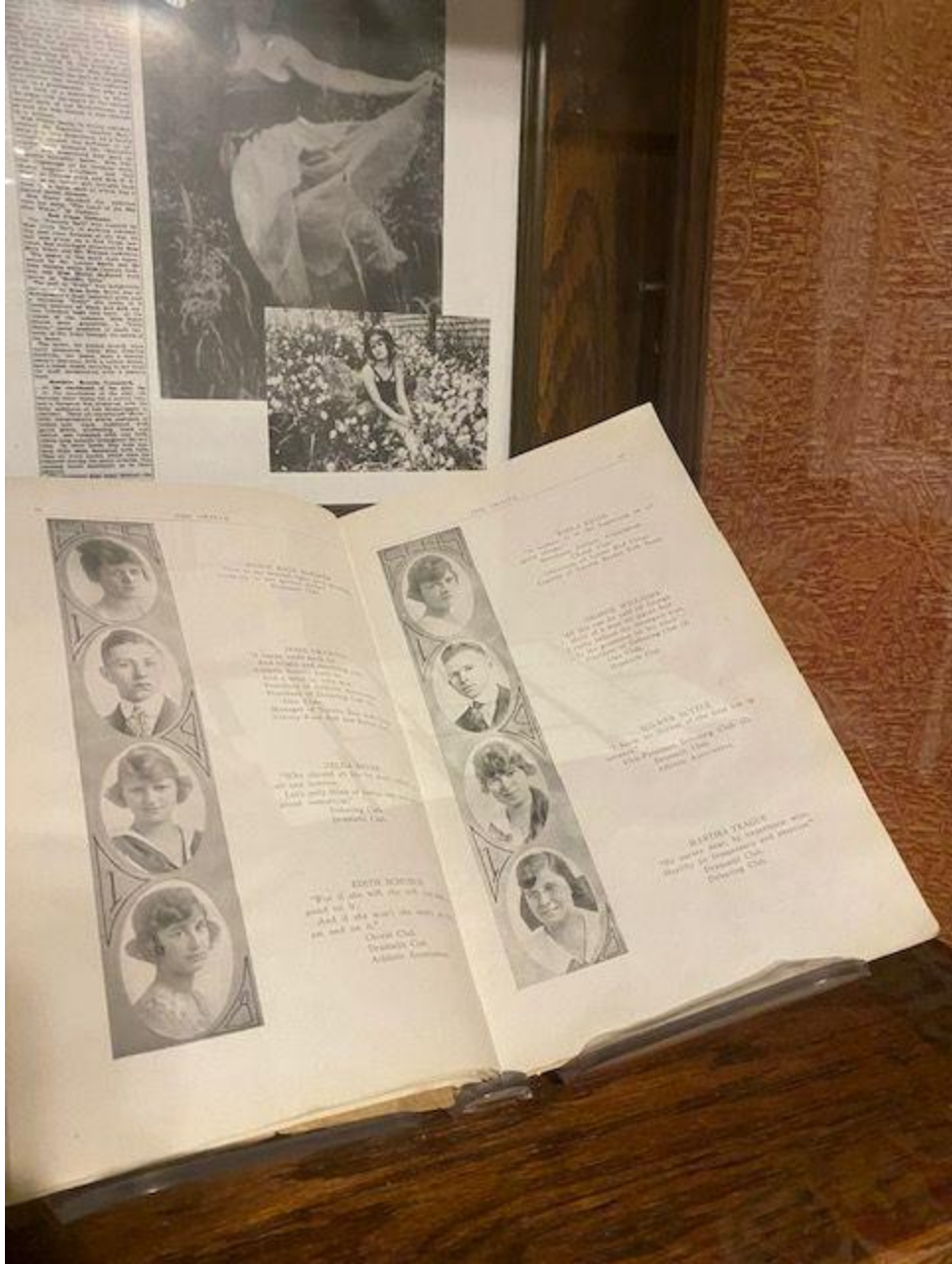
Historical Marker at Fitzgerald Home



Zelda's Flapper Dress



F Scott's Suit Coat, Shirt, and Tie



F Scott's Princeton Yearbook



Flask of F Scott, Book of Zelda's from when she was young



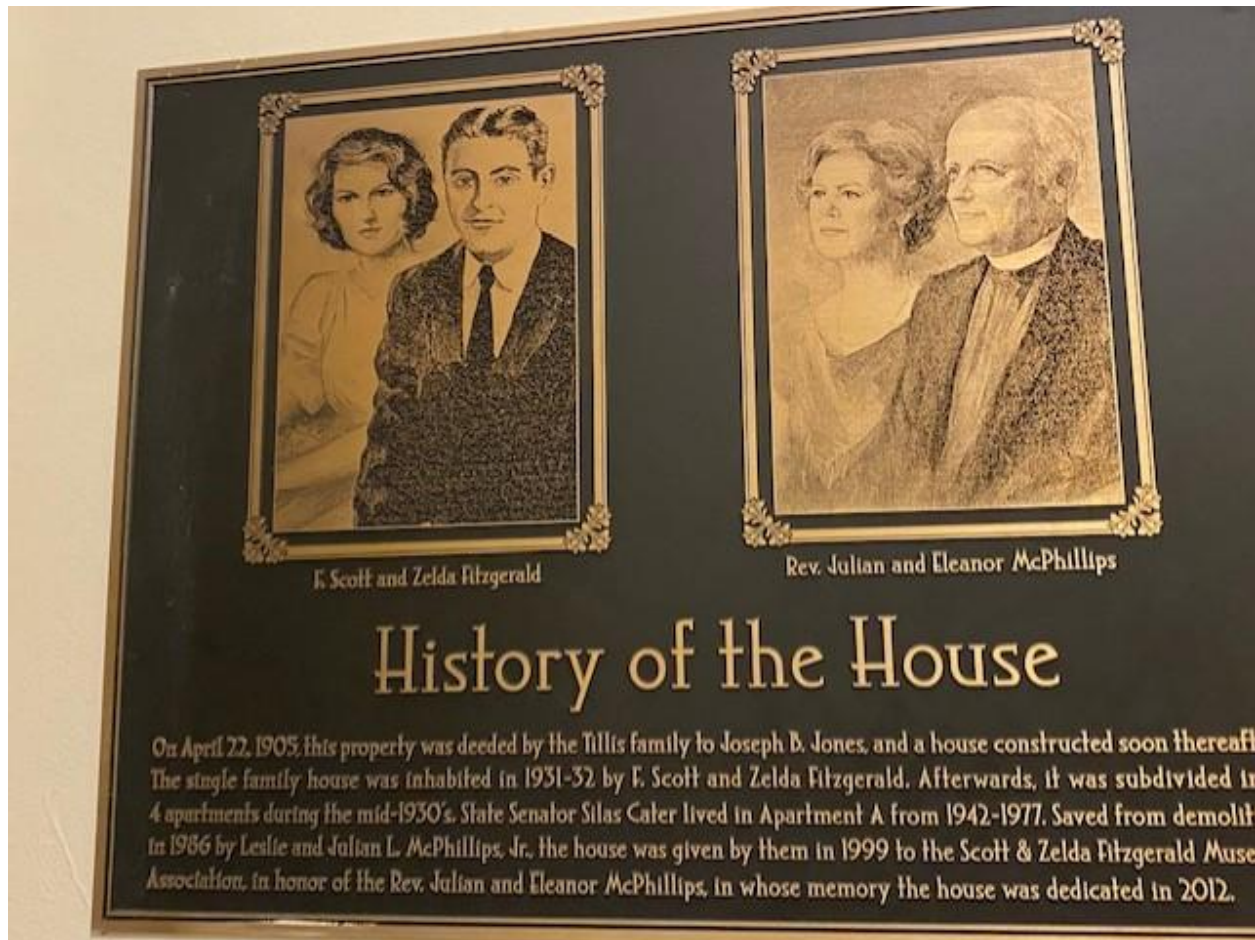
Portrait Painting of F Scott in the Scott Suite of the Home



Pillow in Scott Suite



Pillow in the Zelda Suite



Plaque in the home as you walk in. It is now a museum.



Photo of Scott with the publication of This Side of Paradise

sweetness—To breathe and know you loved the smell—I think I like breathing twilight gardens and moths more than beautiful pictures or good books—It seems the most sensual of all the senses. Something in me vibrates to a dusky, dreamy smell—a smell of dying moons and shadows—

I've spent to-day in the grave-yard. It really isn't a cemetery, you know,—trying to unlock a rusty iron vault built in the side of the hill. It's all washed and covered with weepy, watery blue flowers that might have grown from dead eyes—sticky to touch with a sickening odor—The boys wanted to get in to test my nerve—to-night—I wanted to *feel* "William Wreford, 1864." Why should graves make people feel in vain? I've heard that so much, and Grey is so convincing, but somehow I can't find anything hopeless in having lived—All the broken columns and clasped hands and doves and angels mean romances—and in an hundred years I think I shall like having young people speculate on whether my eyes were brown or blue—of course, they are neither—I hope my grave has an air of many, many years ago about it—Isn't it funny how, out of a row of Confederate soldiers, two or three will make you think of dead lovers and dead loves—when they're exactly like the others, even to the yellowish moss? Old death is so beautiful—so very beautiful—We will die together—I know—

Sweetheart—

Zelda to Scott
Spring 1919

Letter from Zelda to Scott, Spring 1919



First Edition of This Side of Paradise



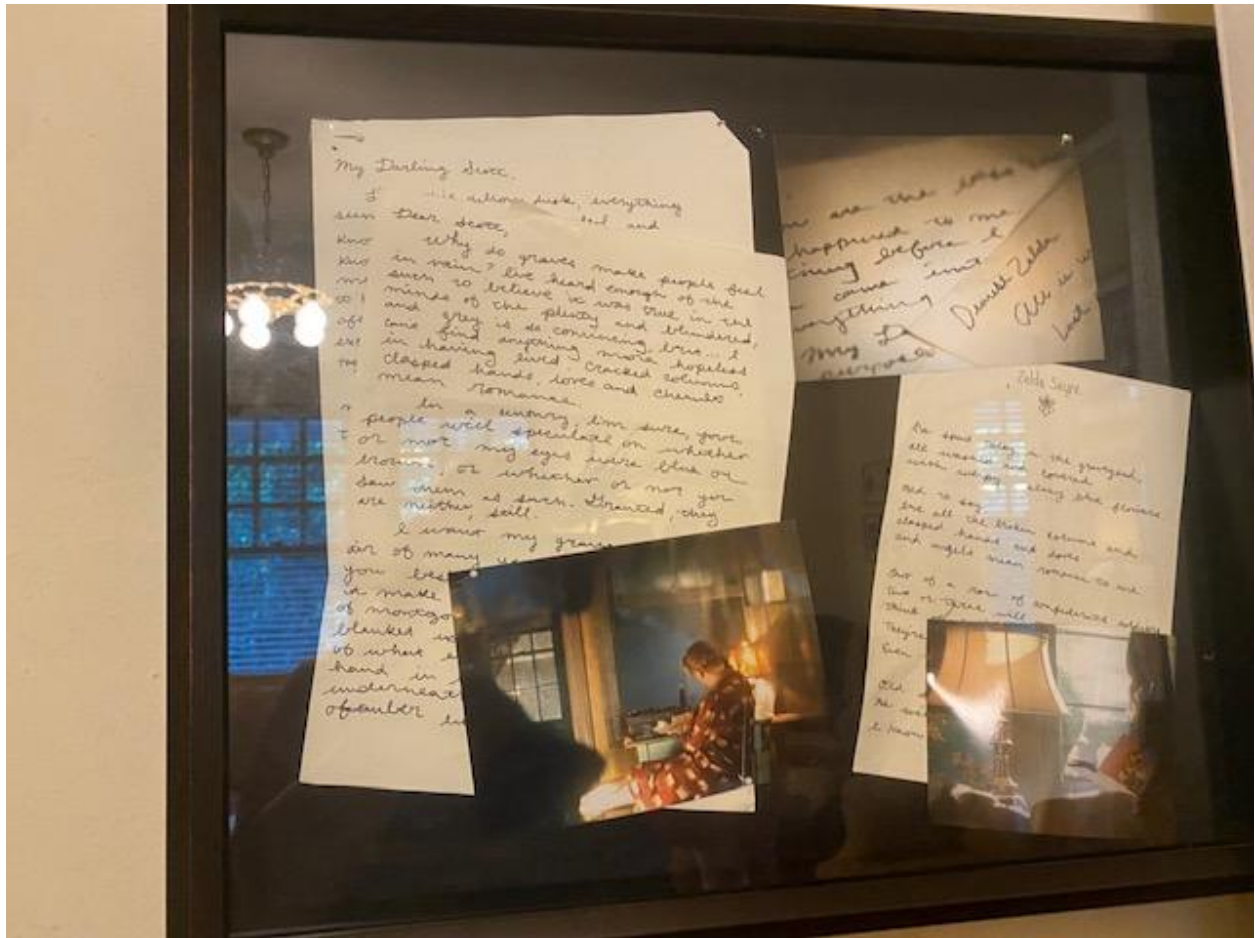
Zelda's paintings hanging in the Zelda Suite



Painting of Zelda in the Zelda Suite



Shelf in Zelda's room...notice the old typewriter



Letters from Zelda and Scott to one another



Zelda's paintings (and the suit Leo DiCaprio wore in Gatsby)



A toast to Scott and Zelda...That's a glass from Scott's personal collection!