

PHILIP

ROTH

Everyman

**'A human story  
for our times'**

*A.S. Byatt*

VINTAGE

PHILIP  
ROTH  
*The Professor  
of Desire*

'Philip Roth is a great historian  
of modern eroticism'  
*Milan Kundera*

BOOKS & ARTS

PHILIP  
ROTH  
*When She  
Was Good*

'Roth is a living master'  
*Harold Blum, New York Times Book Review*

BOOKS & ARTS

PHILIP  
ROTH  
*Operation  
Shylock*

'Subtle, funny and furious'  
*Observer*

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PHILIP  
ROTH  
*Letting  
Go*

'Letting Go seethes with life'  
*New York Times*

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PHILIP  
ROTH  
*Our Gang*

'The uncontested master  
of comic irony'  
*Time*

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ROTH  
*The Human  
Stain*

'An extraordinary book - bursting with  
rage, humming with ideas, full of  
dazzling sleights of hand'  
*Sunday Telegraph*

BOOKS & ARTS

PHILIP  
ROTH  
*Portnoy's  
Complaint*

'The most outrageously funny  
book about sex yet written'  
*Guardian*

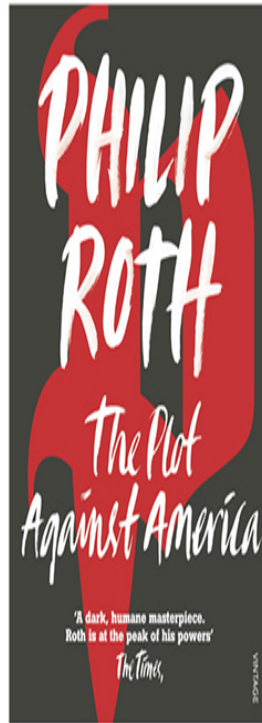
BOOKS & ARTS

PHILIP  
ROTH  
*The Anatomy  
Lesson*

'Scorchingly funny,  
gravely disconcerting'  
*Harold Porter*

BOOKS & ARTS





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## ABOUT THE BOOK

***Everyman* is a candidly intimate yet universal story of loss, regret and stoicism.**

The novel takes its title from a classic of early English drama, whose theme is the summoning of the living to death.

The fate of Roth's everyman is traced from his first shocking confrontation with death on the idyllic beaches of his childhood summers, through the family trials and professional achievements of his vigorous adulthood, and into his old age when he is stalked with physical woes.

The terrain of this powerful novel is the human body. Its subject is the common experience that terrifies us all.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

In 1997 Philip Roth won the Pulitzer Prize for *American Pastoral*. In 1998 he received the National Medal of Arts at the White House, and in 2002 the highest award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Gold Medal in Fiction, previously awarded to John Dos Passos, William Faulkner and Saul Bellow, among others. He has twice won the National Book Award and the National Book Critics Circle Award. He has won the PEN/Faulkner Award three times. In 2005 *The Plot Against America* received the Society of American Historians' Prize for 'the outstanding historical novel on an American theme for 2003-2004'.

Recently Roth received PEN's two most prestigious prizes: in 2006 the PEN/Nabokov Award 'for a body of work ... of enduring originality and consummate craftsmanship' and in 2007 the PEN/Saul Bellow Award for Achievement in American Fiction, given to a writer whose 'scale of achievement over a sustained career ... places him or her in the highest rank of American literature'. In 2011 Roth won the International Man Booker Prize.

Roth is the only living American writer to have his work published in a comprehensive, definitive edition by the Library of America.

ALSO BY PHILIP ROTH

Zuckerman Books

*The Ghost Writer*

*Zuckerman Unbound*

*The Anatomy Lesson*

*The Prague Orgy*

*The Counterlife*

*American Pastoral*

*I Married a Communist*

*The Human Stain*

*Exit Ghost*

Roth Books

*The Facts*

*Deception*

*Patrimony*

*Operation Shylock*

*The Plot Against America*

Kepesh Books

*The Breast*

*The Professor of Desire*

*The Dying Animal*

Nemeses: Short Novels

*Indignation*

*The Humbling*

*Nemesis*

Miscellany

*Reading Myself and Others*

*Shop Talk*

Other Books

*Goodbye, Columbus*

*Letting Go*

*When She Was Good*

*Portnoy's Complaint*

*Our Gang*

*The Great American Novel*

*My Life as a Man*

*Sabbath's Theater*



To J. C.

PHILIP ROTH

# Everyman

VINTAGE BOOKS  
London

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and  
dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow . . .

—John Keats, “Ode to a Nightingale”

Around the grave in the rundown cemetery were a few of his former advertising colleagues from New York, who recalled his energy and originality and told his daughter, Nancy, what a pleasure it had been to work with him. There were also people who'd driven up from Starfish Beach, the residential retirement village at the Jersey Shore where he'd been living since Thanksgiving of 2001—the elderly to whom only recently he'd been giving art classes. And there were his two sons, Randy and Lonny, middle-aged men from his turbulent first marriage, very much their mother's children, who as a consequence knew little of him that was praiseworthy and much that was beastly and who were present out of duty and nothing more. His older brother, Howie, and his sister-in-law were there, having flown in from California the night before, and there was one of his three ex-wives, the middle one, Nancy's mother, Phoebe, a tall, very thin white-haired woman whose right arm hung limply at her side. When asked by Nancy if she wanted to say anything, Phoebe shyly shook her head but then went ahead to speak in a soft voice, her speech faintly slurred. "It's just so hard to believe. I keep thinking of him swimming the bay—that's all. I just keep seeing him swimming the bay." And then Nancy, who had made her father's funeral arrangements and placed the phone calls to those who'd showed up so that the mourners wouldn't consist of just her mother, herself, and his brother and sister-in-law. There was only one person whose presence hadn't to do with having been invited, a heavysset woman with a pleasant round face and dyed red hair who had simply appeared at the cemetery and introduced herself as Maureen, the private duty nurse who had looked after him following his heart surgery years back. Howie remembered her and went up to kiss her cheek.

Nancy told everyone, “I can begin by saying something to you about this cemetery, because I’ve discovered that my father’s grandfather, my great-grandfather, is not only buried in the original few acres alongside my great-grandmother but was one of its founders in 1888. The association that first financed and erected the cemetery was composed of the burial societies of Jewish benevolent organizations and congregations scattered across Union and Essex counties. My great-grandfather owned and ran a boarding house in Elizabeth that catered especially to newly arrived immigrants, and he was concerned with their well-being as more than a mere landlord. That’s why he was among the original members who purchased the open field that was here and who themselves graded and landscaped it, and why he served as the first cemetery chairman. He was relatively young then but in his full vigor, and it’s his name alone that is signed to the document specifying that the cemetery was for ‘burying deceased members in accordance with Jewish law and ritual.’ As is all too obvious, the maintenance of individual plots and of the fencing and the gates is no longer what it should be. Things have rotted and toppled over, the gates are rusted, the locks are gone, there’s been vandalism. By now the place has become the butt end of the airport and what you’re hearing from a few miles away is the steady din of the New Jersey Turnpike. Of course I thought first of the truly beautiful places where my father might be buried, the places where he and my mother used to swim together when they were young, and the places where he loved to swim at the shore. Yet despite the fact that looking around at the deterioration here breaks my heart—as it probably does yours, and perhaps even makes you wonder why we’re assembled on grounds so badly scarred by time—I wanted him to lie close to those who loved him and from whom he descended. My father loved his parents and he should be near them. I didn’t want him to be somewhere alone.” She