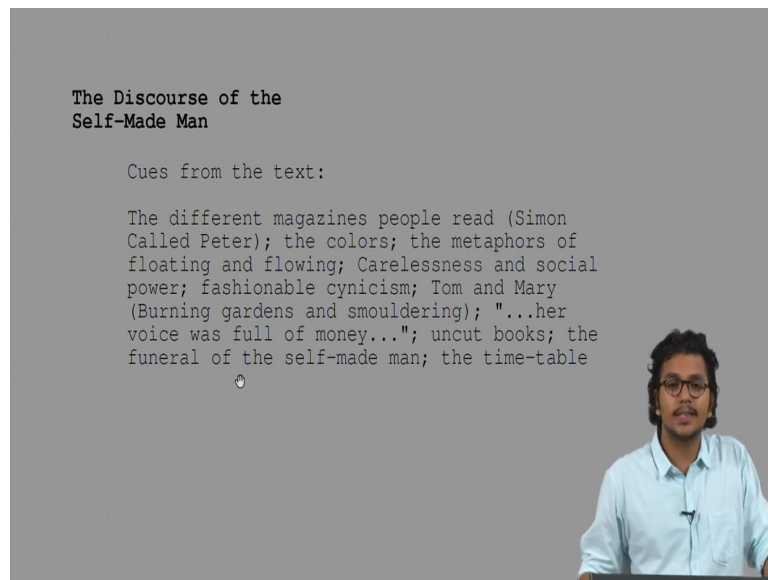


Introduction to World Literature
Indian Institute of Technology Madras
Department of Humanities and Social Sciences
The Great Gatsby – II
F. Scott Fitzgerald

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Hello, welcome to the second session on the Great Gatsby and we will be continuing from the discourse of the self-made man with references to the text. So here we have some of the cues from the text which will help us explain and understand the discourse of the self-made man. So the different magazines people read, we see in for example in the parties seen in the early sections of the novel were Tom Brittle And Nick Carraway having in that vulgar party we see that there are so many magazines thrown over all over the floor including a novel called as Simon Called Peter.

So Fitzgerald was known to have called Simon Called Peter a piece of trash and we see that the non-successful people the people who get killed Myrtle and George for example are the (())(1:15) of such magazines of such vulgar magazines and vulgar (())(1:20) lacked any (())(1:23) any cultural value.

So oppose to these people we see in great in (())(1:30) house that there is a huge library within the mansion which (())(1:37) so many books but very ironically the lease of these books are uncut showing us that this is all a faded of this self-made man character. So the colors for example, we see that Gatsby's car which is which symbolizes the new rich the new richness of 1926 very (())(2:01), it is cream, it is variously described as cream, variously

described as yellow in color as oppose to Tom's car which is a coupe which is light blue which symbolizes the class this upper social class of his standing.

And the colors are also very important because the suits which Tom wear and the suits which Gatsby wears are very very different. So Gatsby is always shown in such (())(2:36) colors say pink and yellow and so on and so forth, while Tom's (())(2:42) is very neutral very calm and composed colors. So this is one of those metaphors which frequently pop up in the text and there are also the metaphors of floating and flowing.

So whenever Daisy or Tom or say Jordan Baker is introduced to us in the novel, we always see that the metaphors are always about floating about as if there were balloons floating above the ground who were anger to the ground by some unknown unknown attachment. So it is basically saying that the (())(3:21) of Daisy and Tom are very much above the reality of the age.

So for example in the seen when Nick is introduced to Daisy, Tom and Jordan we see that there is lot of movement in scene, there is wind coming through the window and curtains are flowing around and it is Tom who seizes the movement by shutting the window so such metaphors of colors of floating also give us an idea of the new rich versus the old rich and both the new and old rich versus the others.

And when we see say for example Nick Carraway's cottage it is always raining in his when we are discussing the text in terms of the cottage for example, it is very earthy, it is very grounded. So this is also a metaphor which kind of gives us a certain hint of what Fitzgerald aiming at what his critic of this decadence as oppose to the weld is all about. So carelessness and social power is another important theme here because when Daisy and Gatsby driving back to (())(4:43) after the heated discussion in the New York City hotel, we see that Daisy is very careless in driving and (())(4:51) very careless in driving when you read the original text you will see that the idea of carelessness is very obvious, very explicitly used by Jordan, Daisy and Nick also.

Nick says that Tom and Daisy were careless people because of the social power they had, they could afford to be careless about other people, about other people's lives. For example we see so many people dying in the novel which can be traced back to the carelessness of Daisy and Tom about other people's lives, so cynicism is also very fashionable. So Jordan

Baker is a very ((5:29)) person, she lies a lot, her approach to world and life is very disinterested and she is always cynical about things.

So this is also one of those cultural moral characteristics of the 1920 and we have Tom and Mary described in various metaphors of burning and smouldering as if the vitality of life was coming from within themselves, so this is also kind of ironical because Tom while a huge man a man of much physical strength is also careless in the sense that the fire in him is not so much as the fire in Myrtle who is a very ordinary woman although she aspires to become one of those rich woman.

So the vitality of life is also shown through so many of these characters, so we can see Fitzgerald almost regretting about his own choices kind of in a sense because of how he kind of suppressed his own artistic genius to so that he could have ((6:49)). So we can read the text in such terms also.

So we see that it is Gatsby who says that her voice was full of money, so Nick was Nick in this scene in this specific scene which I am referring to Nick is talking about Daisy's voice how it captures people, so Nick is struggling to place Daisy's voice as to explain how Daisy manages to capture so many people, so it is Gatsby who comes up with his sudden realization that her voice is full of money which is kind of drawing people into her.

So the idea of the uncut books which we see in the party scene as explained earlier is another example of how the self-made man is actually a façade although there are so many real people who are self-made man they are they can be thought of as marginal outline cases. So we also see the funeral of self-made man in the end. So while the attendance of Gatsby's extravagant parties were so high we see that for the funeral although Nick tries to get hold of all those important people who came for Gatsby parties, there is nobody who turns up for the funeral, it is only Henry Gatz who is Gatsby's real father who comes for the funeral and there is one more guy, there is one more person who comes for the funeral and this person is also very important here.

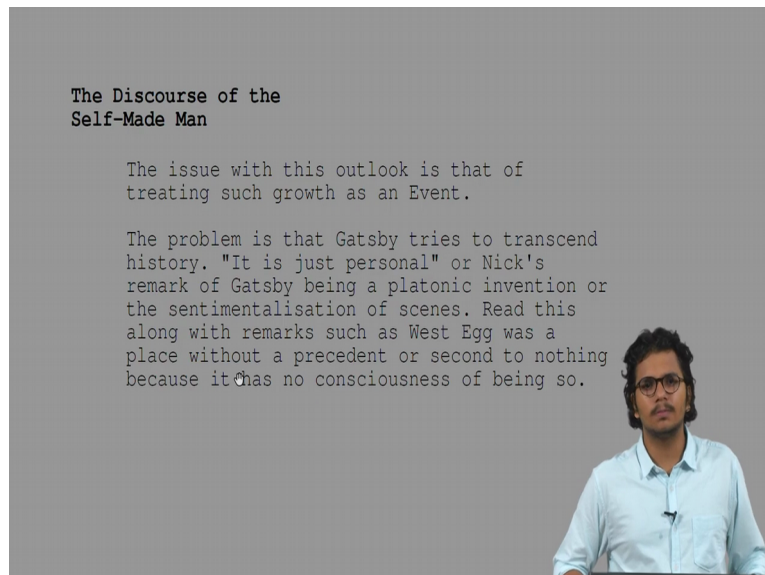
So we see that in one of those early party scenes, this person who comes for the funeral in the end is alone sitting in the library while Nick and Jordan Baker tries to go through Gatsby's mansion to figure out where Gatsby's is? So we see that in the phase of such extravagant there is hidden something which is important something of substance which is a library. So it

is the person who shies away from the party and goes to the library, goes to the place of some substance is also the one who comes for the funeral.

So he is one of those people who is anchored to reality and who keeps revisiting the non-dream part of this, so that idea that the Fitzgerald including the same person in both scenes is also very interesting and the time table is for another example. For example when we read the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin we see that Benjamin Franklin wrote out a daily itinerary for himself a daily time table for himself to follow, so that he could rise from the social class where he was and go to a much much more upper social class.

So Gatsby also discussing so this idea of having a time table of living a ordered life and so on and so forth is also coming from this discourse of the self-made man. To be the self-made man one has to stay away from alcohol, stay away from all those all those things which will drive you down, so we see that Gatsby is practicing elocution so that his voice is words and etc comes across us very refined, so we see that Nick observes Gatsby trying to pick his words when he speak so these ideas are also very much suggestive of how the discourse of the self-made man is discussed and also critic in Great Gatsby.

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The Discourse of the Self-Made Man

The issue with this outlook is that of treating such growth as an Event.

The problem is that Gatsby tries to transcend history. "It is just personal" or Nick's remark of Gatsby being a platonic invention or the sentimentalisation of scenes. Read this along with remarks such as West Egg was a place without a precedent or second to nothing because it has no consciousness of being so.

The slide features a presenter, a man with glasses and a light blue shirt, in the bottom right corner. The text is displayed in a typewriter-style font on a dark grey background.

But the issue with this outlook of the self-made man is that this idea that a person regardless of his social class can become somebody from a somebody who belongs to an upper class solely through the through his own industry is treating this progression as an event. So when a person who is the self-made man turns back and in retrospect when he examines the path he came through he will most probably see that he had so many obstacles but he had managed to

come through these many things, while he is actually being blind to so many of those particular circumstances which actually helped him or her to grow up the social ladder.

So once he turns back and look at his past else seem as if it was not a (())(11:49) but he managed to go through all these things so other people should also be able to go through the same things but what we actually see is that person in retrospect is actually lying a blanket claim over all of these things because there are so many people who might not have the same chances, the same circumstances, the same luck, these people would have had.

So this is a main problem which we see in this discourse of the self-made man. And also this discourse also tries to transcend material realities. So for example the time and space from which such a man grows up, such a woman grows up is always tied very much to material circumstances to conditions and to history itself. So to be able to achieve this success of the self-made man, one has to transcend it (())(12:51) so one has to kind of go beyond history go beyond the material conditions if they had to succeed in the way Gatsby succeeded.

So Gatsby tries to transcend time and space and history by kind of sentimentalizing everything. So for him every dream is so much invested with emotions. So by the idea of sentimentalizing is also very important here because by sentimentalizing we invest a lot of emotions to character which makes the more human in a liberal humanist sense which makes them have a constant character of being human as oppose to being a human in 1920 in America in this age, so the specificities are forgotten and becomes a kind of a persona which is built out of so many dreams.

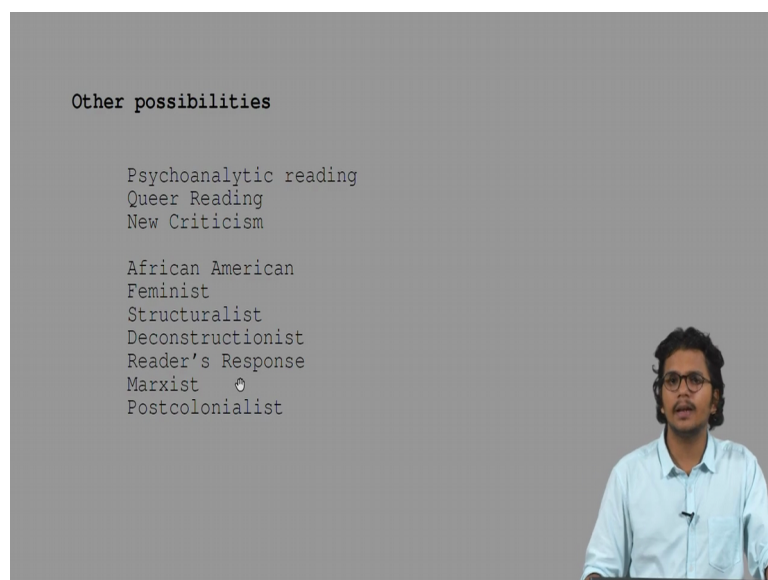
So for example when Daisy says that she always love Tom, Gatsby says that it is just personal as if it is this love for Tom by Daisy is very personal in the sense that it is very material, it is very linked to history and by transcending it through his platonic idea of love and desire which went through so many years which went through so many troubles but still he manage to hold on to is kind of transcending all the material, all the specificities of Daisy's love and hence Gatsby has a moral upper hand that is his idea, so or when Nick remarks that Gatsby is an platonic invention of himself of that Gatsby whose earlier name as we come to see is Jimmy Gatz, so Gatsby is a platonic invention of Jimmy Gatz of what he wanted to be.

So this is a dream like person, dream like in the sense of the person himself is a dream as well as he dreams a lot, so it is very much removed from reality so or the sentimentalization of scenes as I explained earlier. So these elements are contribute into ones thinking of ones

existence as transcending history which is not actually possible, just like how pure art or pure aesthetic is not possible because there is always a material anchor which holds all of us to ground reality.

So when we read this along such remarks in the novel that West Egg was a place without the precedent as if the history there is no history a historically it is suspended in ether as if it is so pure or second to nothing because it has now consciousness of being so that West Egg is second to nothing because it has no consciousness of being so. So it is the place as a memory loss of whatever happened, whatever had actually come into play to make this place such a wonderful place of the new (())(16:07) is conveniently forgotten, it is a loss of memory, so this is also another attempt that trying to transcend history which is in real terms impossible. So these are the problems we have with this discourse of the self-made man.

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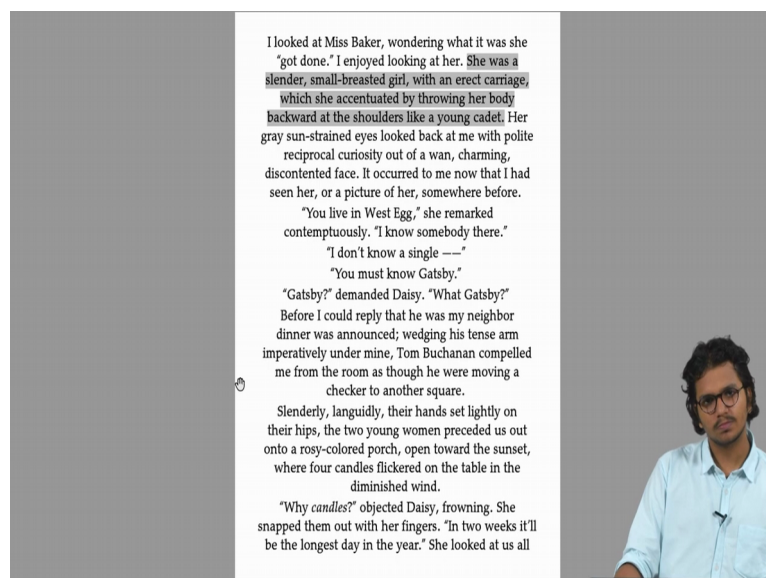


So there are numerous possibilities for reading Great Gatsby, for example so in a book on an introductory book on critical theory by Lois Tyson, we see that she takes Great Gatsby as a text to explain all this all these critical lenses. For example she does a psychoanalytic reading, of Gatsby of Queer Reading of new criticism African American criticism, Feminist, Structuralist, Reconstructionist or post-modernist, Reader's Response and Marxist and Postcolonialist criticism of Great Gatsby it is a text which lenses so many readings for of which we have considered a new historicist reading now by referring to such manuals of success manuals of 1920's by trying to think of the text as not so literary but just like how the other success manuals also embodied this discourse of the self-made man.

So we took such an such a approach now also we have Psychoanalytic readings which treats this as a story of dysfunctional love as a story of a girl wanting a relationship which is which does not have any intimacy, so fear of intimacy there is a Queer Reading which tries to read (Gatsby) sorry Nick Carraway and Jordan Baker as gay people by reading into how their behaviour is and there is a new criticism reading which deals only with the text and so on and so forth.



So it will be very good if we can consult that book and try to read through how Lois Tyson treats Gatsby through all these text, it is a very good source of looking at both theory and also practice.

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So these are some of the few excerpts which are taken from the book. So for example this particular paragraph is about Jordan Baker, so this is a portrait of the (())(18:39) and also Lois Tyson treats this as a manifestation of Jordan as a lesbian, so this is one of those examples.

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	<p>articles of aid, and the despairing figure on the couch, bleeding fluently, and trying to spread a copy of <i>Town Tattle</i> over the tapestry scenes of Versailles. Then Mr. McKee turned and continued on out the door. Taking my hat from the chandelier, I followed.</p> <p>"Come to lunch some day," he suggested, as we groaned down in the elevator.</p> <p>"Where?"</p> <p>"Anywhere."</p> <p>"Keep your hands off the lever," snapped the elevator boy.</p> <p>"I beg your pardon," said Mr. McKee with dignity, "I didn't know I was touching it."</p> <p>"All right," I agreed, "I'll be glad to."</p> <p>... I was standing beside his bed and he was sitting up between the sheets, clad in his underwear, with a great portfolio in his hands.</p> <p>"Beauty and the Beast . . . Loneliness . . . Old Grocery Horse . . . Brook'n Bridge. . ."</p> <p>Then I was lying half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania Station, staring at the morning <i>Tribune</i>, and waiting for the four o'clock train.</p>	
	<p>them was that, after she was free, they were to go back to Louisville and be married from her house — just as if it were five years ago.</p> <p>"And she doesn't understand," he said. "She used to be able to understand. We'd sit for hours —"</p> <p>He broke off and began to walk up and down a desolate path of fruit rinds and discarded favors and crushed flowers.</p> <p>"I wouldn't ask too much of her," I ventured.</p> <p>"You can't repeat the past."</p> <p>"Can't repeat the past?" he cried incredulously.</p> <p>"Why of course you can!"</p> <p>He looked around him wildly, as if the past were lurking here in the shadow of his house, just out of reach of his hand.</p> <p>"I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before," he said, nodding determinedly. "She'll see."</p> <p>He talked a lot about the past, and I gathered that he wanted to recover something, some idea of himself perhaps, that had gone into loving Daisy. His life had been confused and disordered since then, but if he could once return to a certain starting place and go over it all slowly, he could find out what that thing was. . . .</p> <p>... One autumn night, five years before, they had been walking down the street when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there</p>	

And this is another example which Tyson takes to explain how Nick Carraway can be thought of as a gay character again the same just as if it were five years ago so this is an instance where Gatsby is trying to recreate the entire history tries for repeat entire history as if history can be transcended and plagued around, it was his personal remark.

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	<p>remark.</p> <p><u>"In any case," he said, "it was just personal."</u></p> <p><u>What could you make of that, except to suspect some intensity in his conception of the affair that couldn't be measured?</u></p> <p>He came back from France when Tom and Daisy were still on their wedding trip, and made a miserable but irresistible journey to Louisville on the last of his army pay. He stayed there a week, walking the streets where their footsteps had clicked together through the November night and revisiting the out-of-the-way places to which they had driven in her white car. Just as Daisy's house had always seemed to him more mysterious and gay than other houses, so his idea of the city itself, even though she was gone from it, was pervaded with a melancholy beauty.</p> <p>He left feeling that if he had searched harder, he might have found her — that he was leaving her behind. The day-coach — he was penniless now — was hot. He went out to the open vestibule and sat down on a folding-chair, and the station slid away and the backs of unfamiliar buildings moved by. Then out into the spring fields, where a yellow trolley raced them for a minute with people in it who might once have seen the pale magic of her face along the casual street.</p> <p>The track curved and now it was going away</p>	
	<p>and sprawled out on the sand.</p> <p>Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes — a fresh, green breast of the new world. <u>Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.</u></p> <p>And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.</p> <p>Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter — to-morrow we will run</p>	

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These are some of examples of the transcendence of history.

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house —" He broke off defiantly. "What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's, but he was a tough one. He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car."

There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.

"And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering — look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By God it was awful —"

I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. 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. . . .

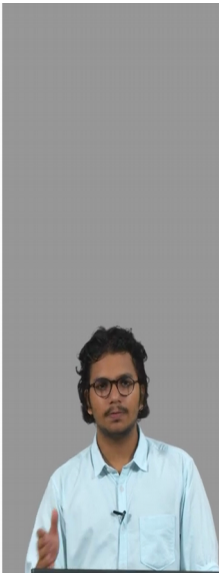
I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace — or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons — rid of my provincial squeamishness forever.



orchids on the floor beside her bed. And all the time something within her was crying for a decision. She wanted her life shaped now, immediately — and the decision must be made by some force — of love, of money, of unquestionable practicality — that was close at hand.

That force took shape in the middle of spring with the arrival of Tom Buchanan. There was a wholesome bulkiness about his person and his position, and Daisy was flattered. Doubtless there was a certain struggle and a certain relief. The letter reached Gatsby while he was still at Oxford.

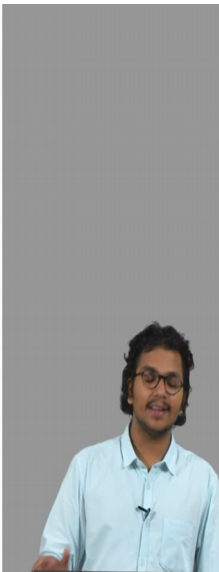
It was dawn now on Long Island and we went about opening the rest of the windows down-stairs, filling the house with gray-turning, gold-turning light. The shadow of a tree fell abruptly across the dew and ghostly birds began to sing among the blue leaves. There was a slow, pleasant movement in the air, scarcely a wind, promising a cool, lovely day. "I don't think she ever loved him," Gatsby turned around from a window and looked at me challengingly. "You must remember, old sport, she was very excited this afternoon. He told her those things in a way that frightened her — that made it look as if I was some kind of cheap sharper. And the



Daisy, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

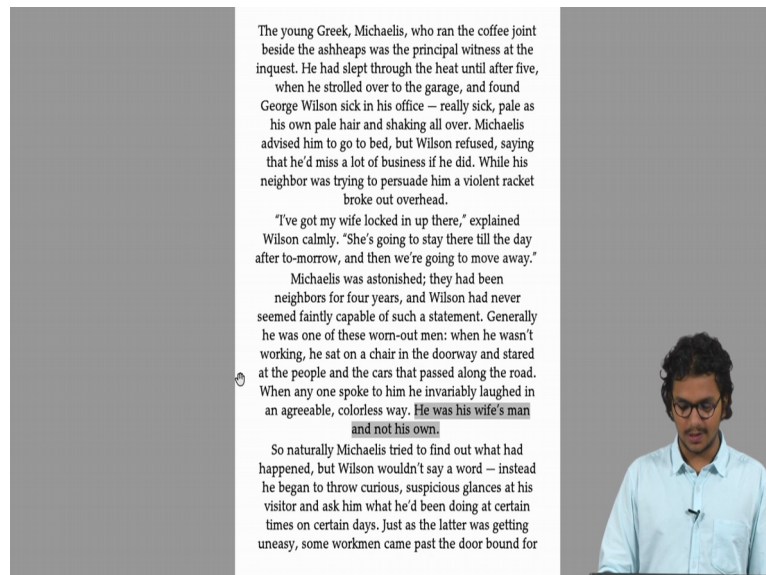
"I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out I loved her, old sport. I even hoped for a while that she'd throw me over, but she didn't, because she was in love with me too. She thought I knew a lot because I knew different things from her. . . . Well, there I was, 'way off my ambitions, getting deeper in love every minute, and all of a sudden I didn't care. What was the use of doing great things if I could have a better time telling her what I was going to do?" On the last afternoon before he went abroad, he sat with Daisy in his arms for a long, silent time. It was a cold fall day, with fire in the room and her cheeks flushed. Now and then she moved and he changed his arm a little, and once he kissed her dark shining hair. The afternoon had made them tranquil for a while, as if to give them a deep memory for the long parting the next day promised. They had never been closer in their month of love, nor communicated more profoundly one with another, than when she brushed silent lips against his coat's shoulder or when he touched the end of her fingers, gently, as though she were asleep.

He did extraordinarily well in the war. He was a



This is one of those main places where the careless people dialogue comes in, again of Daisy better time telling her what I was going to do. So this can be equally applied to (())(19:46) and also to Fitzgerald as in Fitzgerald could marry (())(19:51) after he had actually achieved something.

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The young Greek, Michaelis, who ran the coffee joint beside the ashheaps was the principal witness at the inquest. He had slept through the heat until after five, when he strolled over to the garage, and found George Wilson sick in his office — really sick, pale as his own pale hair and shaking all over. Michaelis advised him to go to bed, but Wilson refused, saying that he'd miss a lot of business if he did. While his neighbor was trying to persuade him a violent racket broke out overhead.

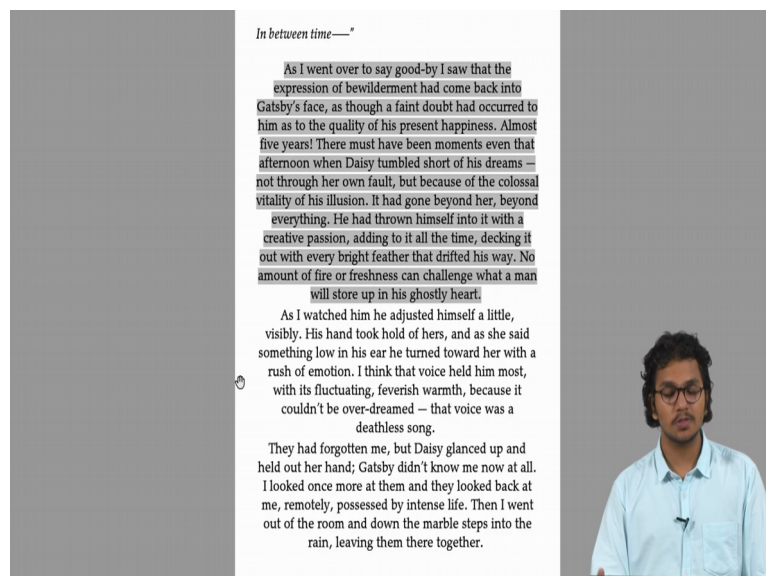
"I've got my wife locked in up there," explained Wilson calmly. "She's going to stay there till the day after to-morrow, and then we're going to move away."

Michaelis was astonished; they had been neighbors for four years, and Wilson had never seemed faintly capable of such a statement. Generally he was one of these worn-out men: when he wasn't working, he sat on a chair in the doorway and stared at the people and the cars that passed along the road. When any one spoke to him he invariably laughed in an agreeable, colorless way. He was his wife's man and not his own.

So naturally Michaelis tried to find out what had happened, but Wilson wouldn't say a word — instead he began to throw curious, suspicious glances at his visitor and ask him what he'd been doing at certain times on certain days. Just as the latter was getting uneasy, some workmen came past the door bound for

This is about George Wilson.

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In between time—"

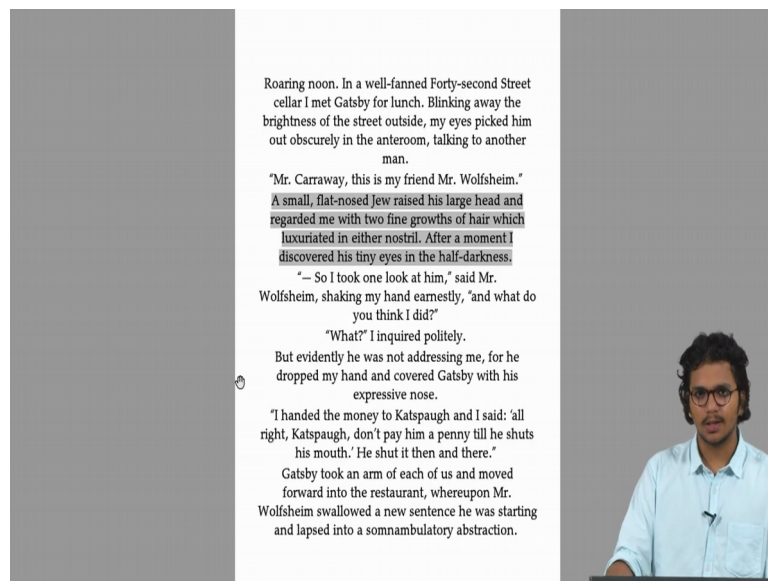
As I went over to say good-by I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby's face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams — not through her own fault, but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart.

As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers, and as she said something low in his ear he turned toward her with a rush of emotion. I think that voice held him most, with its fluctuating, feverish warmth, because it couldn't be over-dreamed — that voice was a deathless song.

They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand; Gatsby didn't know me now at all. I looked once more at them and they looked back at me, remotely, possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.

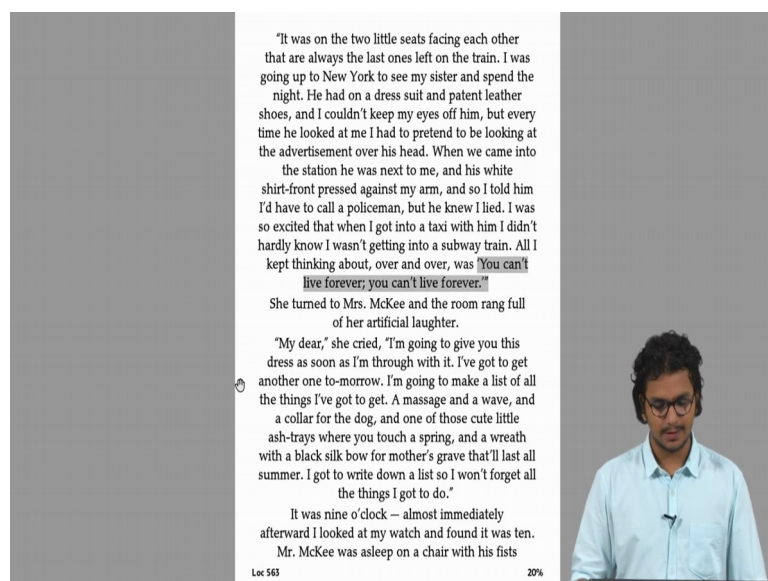
This is also the colossal vitality of exclusion, so the dream which the self-made man Gatsby tries to inculcate is such huge dreams which does not actually correlate with reality.

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This is one of those particular places where critics have had a problem with Gatsby because here it is a Jew character Mr Wolfsheim who is kind of displayed in a not so good light and also the 2013 film adaptation of Great Gatsby, Amitabh Bachhan played this role.

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removed a strand of hair from over her eyes and looked back at us with a brilliant smile. Mr. McKee regarded her intently with his head on one side, and then moved his hand back and forth slowly in front of his face.

"I should change the light," he said after a moment. "I'd like to bring out the modelling of the features. And I'd try to get hold of all the back hair."

"I wouldn't think of changing the light," cried Mrs. McKee. "I think it's —"

Her husband said "sh!" and we all looked at the subject again, whereupon Tom Buchanan yawned audibly and got to his feet.


"You McKees have something to drink," he said. "Get some more ice and mineral water, Myrtle, before everybody goes to sleep."


"I told that boy about the ice," Myrtle raised her eyebrows in despair at the shiftlessness of the lower orders. "These people! You have to keep after them all the time."

She looked at me and laughed pointlessly. Then she flounced over to the dog, kissed it with ecstasy, and swept into the kitchen, implying that a dozen chefs awaited her orders there.

"I've done some nice things out on Long Island," asserted Mr. McKee.

Tom looked at him blankly.





This is what Myrtle is thinking. So Myrtle is trying to kind of a `()()`(20:46) class, so it is another example of how she wants to go up in class.

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"That's no police dog," said Tom.

"No, it's not exactly a police dog," said the man with disappointment in his voice. "It's more of an Airedale." He passed his hand over the brown wash-rag of a back. "Look at that coat. Some coat. That's a dog that'll never bother you with catching cold."

"I think it's cute," said Mrs. Wilson enthusiastically. "How much is it?"

"That dog?" He looked at it admiringly. "That dog will cost you ten dollars."

The Airedale — undoubtedly there was an Airedale concerned in it somewhere, though its feet were startlingly white — changed hands and settled down into Mrs. Wilson's lap, where she fondled the weather-proof coat with rapture.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" she asked delicately.

"That dog? That dog's a boy."


"It's a bitch," said Tom decisively. "Here's your money. Go and buy ten more dogs with it."


We drove over to Fifth Avenue, so warm and soft, almost pastoral, on the summer Sunday afternoon that I wouldn't have been surprised to see a great flock of white sheep turn the corner.

"Hold on," I said, "I have to leave you here."

"No, you don't," interposed Tom quickly.

"Myrtle'll be hurt if you don't come up to the





"Very much."

"It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about — things. Well, she was less than an hour old and Tom was God knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling, and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. 'all right,' I said, 'I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool — that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool.'

"You see I think everything's terrible anyhow," she went on in a convinced way. "Everybody thinks so — the most advanced people. And I *know*. I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything." Her eyes flashed around her in a defiant way, rather like Tom's, and she laughed with thrilling scorn. "Sophisticated — God, I'm sophisticated!"

The instant her voice broke off, ceasing to compel my attention, my belief, I felt the basic insincerity of what she had said. It made me uneasy, as though the whole evening had been a trick of some sort to exact a contributory emotion from me. I waited, and sure enough, in a moment she looked at me with an absolute smirk on her lovely face, as if she had asserted her membership in a rather distinguished secret society to which she and Tom belonged.




This is another example where Fitzgerald is trying to (())(20:57) give us an idea of the internal characteristics of each character about the police dog is another interesting places in the story which we can see Fitzgerald is showing us things, so it is I am glad it is a girl and I hope she will be (())(21:18) that is the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little (())(21:22) this is another places where so many feminist scholars have tried to interpret Gatsby from such a perspective, so the promise of things yet to come.

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played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion, a whispered "Listen," a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

I told her how I had stopped off in Chicago for a day on my way East, and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

"Do they miss me?" she cried ecstatically.

"The whole town is desolate. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there's a persistent wail all night along the north shore."

"How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom. To-morrow!" Then she added irrelevantly: "You ought to see the baby."



"I'd like to."

"She's asleep. She's three years old. Haven't you ever seen her?"

"Never."

"Well, you ought to see her. She's —"

Tom Buchanan, who had been hovering restlessly about the room, stopped and rested his hand on my shoulder.

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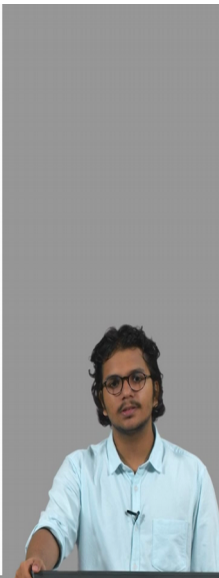
of her eyes she gave no hint of it — indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in.

The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise — she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression — then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.

“I’m p-paralyzed with happiness.” She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I’ve heard it said that Daisy’s murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)

At any rate, Miss Baker’s lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly, and then quickly tipped her head back again — the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright. Again a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

I looked back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be



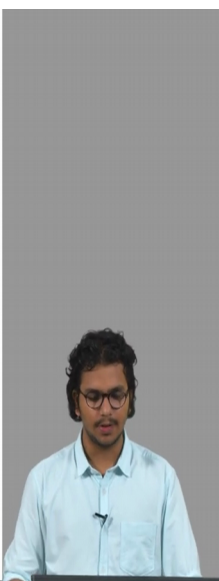
This is also very much in tandem with the idea of the discourse of this self-made person.

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We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-colored space, fragily bound into the house by French windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-colored rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea.

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room, and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless, and with her chin raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner



This is one of those things where we can see the craft of Fitzgerald coming in play, so were the it is one of those beginning scenes where (Nick and) Nick is invited to Daisy’s place and where we are introduced to Tom, Jordan and Daisy. So it is movement, so much of movement shown by particular objects in the story.

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overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires — all for eighty dollars a month.

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven — a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savors of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy — even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach — but now he'd left Chicago and come East in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance, he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a

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longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighborhood.

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees, just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

There was so much to read, for one thing, and so much fine health to be pulled down out of the young breath-giving air. I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities, and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas and Morgan and Maecenas knew. And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides. I was rather literary in college — one year I wrote a series of very solemn and obvious editorials for the "Yale News." — and now I was going to bring back all such things into my life and become again that most limited of all specialists, the "well-rounded man." This isn't just an epigram — life is much more successfully looked at from a single window, after all.


It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York — and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two

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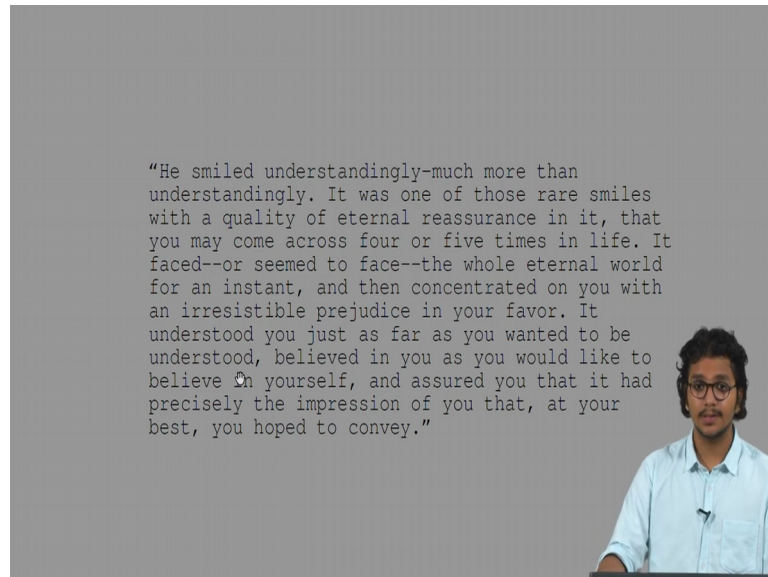
terms in which they express them, are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction — Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the "creative temperament." — it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in



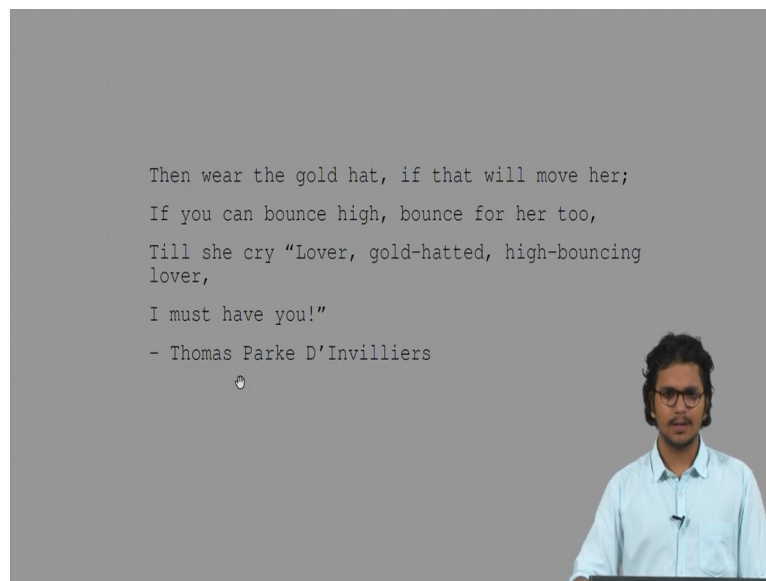
It is highly recommended that we rate the original text because most of the things which we try to find out from the text will not become visible unless we have actually went through the entire text and it is a fairly short text.

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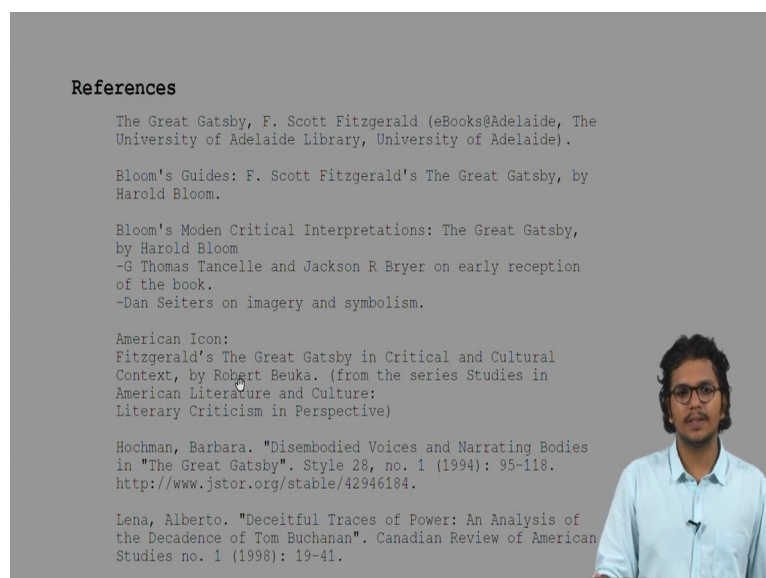
So yeah this is one of those famous paragraphs from Gatsby which is a portrait of Gatsby, it was one of those rarest mails we can call it of eternal reassurance in it. So this is a kind of very positive thinking attitude which the success manuals always recommended that you may come across four or five times in life, very rare. The whole eternal world for an instant and then concentrated on you with an irresistible prejudice in your favour. It understood you just as far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to be believed in yourself and assure you that it had preciousely the impression of you that at your best you hope to convey, so it is a very customized reaction which these success manuals always wanted a person to have.

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This is given in the beginning of the text the then wear the golden hat, if that will move her, so this author whom Fitzgerald is quoting is a fictional other whom Fitzgerald invented himself and Thomas Parke D'Invilliers in his in one of his older novels. So it is a perfect introduction to Gatsby and also to Fitzgerald who kind of when chasing the dreams and in the fashion of this self-made man.

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So these are the references, Great Gatsby I think is out of is in the public domain in so many countries and Harold Bloom (24:05) so many essays and critical perspectives and there are so many works of criticism on Great Gatsby trying to look at it mainly through the American dream perspective and also as I mentioned earlier through many other perspectives,

thank you and I hope that you will take the time to read through the entire novel so that so as to gain much more clearer understanding. So why this particular American novel has been placed in world literature and so on and so forth, so I hope you enjoyed this video, thank you.