

The Great Gatsby

F. Scott Fitzgerald

The Historical Moment and Its Relevance Today

One of the most striking things about returning to The Great Gatsby in the twenty-first century is how little the essential dynamics it describes have changed. *현재와 다른 시대의 모습*

The gap between old money and new money has been replaced, in some ways, by the gap between inherited wealth and tech-industry fortunes — but the social contempt of the established wealthy for the newly rich remains entirely recognizable. *old new*

The culture of surfaces, of carefully curated public images of identity as performance, has been amplified by social media into something Fitzgerald could not have imagined but would have recognized immediately. *아름답게*

The Valley of Ashes — the human cost of spectacular wealth — is still very much with us.

And the American Dream — the belief that anyone can make it, that the green light is within reach of any sufficiently determined hand — continues to animate, inspire, and, for millions of people, to fail. *노력하면 성공한다!*

This is why the novel is not simply a historical document. It is a living argument. And the more carefully you read it, the more clearly you will see the world you are actually living in reflected back at you from a summer that ended more than a hundred years ago.

Key Historical Terms and Concepts

- **The Jazz Age/ Roaring Twenties** — Fitzgerald's own term for the 1920s, capturing the decade's association with jazz music, youth culture, and the spirit of reckless pleasure. *Rich. Dramatic (almost conflicts)*
- **Prohibition** — The constitutional ^{23rd}ban on alcohol from 1920 to 1933, which created the criminal economy that underlies Gatsby's fortune.
- **The Flapper** — The iconic New Woman of the 1920s: short-haired, short-skirted, socially and sexually liberated.
- **Old Money vs. New Money** — The crucial social distinction between inherited wealth (East Egg) and recently acquired wealth (West Egg).
- **The American Dream** — The foundational national belief that talent, ambition, and hard work can lift anyone to success, regardless of birth.
- **The Lost Generation** — Gertrude Stein's term, adopted by Hemingway, for the generation that came of age during World War One and was permanently marked by its disillusionment.
- **Social Darwinism** — The application of Darwin's evolutionary theories to human society, used in the 1920s to justify racial hierarchy and class inequality. Tom Buchanan is its fictional embodiment.

Chapter 1

In my younger and ^{previous years → 이젠 좀 더} more ^{early influenced} vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that ^{Nick} I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

"Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had." → Be humble

He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually ^{inclined to communicate} communicative in a ^{Certain} reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I'm inclined to ^{hold} reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few ^{expert} veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was ^{privately aware of} privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the ^{secret} confidences were ^{can't be the object} unsought — frequently I have ^{faked} feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile ^{insouciant} levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the intimate revelations of young men, or at least the terms in which they express them, are usually ^{unoriginal} plagiaristic and ^{flawed} marred by obvious ^{conscious} 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 ^{distributed} decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

This famous opening establishes Nick's privileged background and moral perspective. It also subtly introduces class consciousness and snobbery, which become central themes in the novel.

Q. How does Nick's father's advice influence the way Nick views other people?

A> Nick tries to be tolerant toward others. However, the advice also reminds him that he has social advantages. This shows the role of class privilege in the story.

Q. Is Nick really someone who avoids judging people?

A> Nick says he avoids judgment, but he still describes people critically. His narration reveals his opinions. This shows that he is not completely neutral.

다들 미안해함.

Q. Does this advice encourage kindness or reinforce social superiority?

A> The advice encourages sympathy for others. However, it also assumes that Nick is socially superior. This reveals hidden class prejudice.

Nick claims honesty as one of his defining qualities. This statement encourages readers to trust his narration, at least at the beginning.

Nick uses this phrase to describe the chaotic event he experienced. It suggests the novel will explore wild social behavior and hidden secrets.

Nick claims Gatsby represents values he dislikes, yet he also admires Gatsby. This contradiction makes Gatsby a complex and unique character.

Nick describes Gatsby's defining trait as hope. This idea connects to the novel's central theme of dreams and ambition.

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 any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No — Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

This is an idea we have to keep in mind for the rest of the novel. Nick is telling us that the story we are about to read is his own journey into cynicism. He also tells us that it was not Gatsby that drove him down that path. Rather, it was "What preyed on Gatsby" that was doing so. We'll have to keep reading to know what preyed on Gatsby.

Q. Why might Fitzgerald begin the novel by emphasizing Nick's honesty?

A> Readers are more likely to believe a narrator who claims honesty. This builds trust between Nick and the reader. It also makes his observations more persuasive.

Q. What might Nick mean by calling these events "riotous excursions?"

A> Nick is describing wild social experiences. These events reveal people's hidden behavior. They also contribute to his growing disillusionment.

Q. Why might Nick admire Gatsby despite criticizing others like him?

A> Nick sees sincerity in Gatsby's dreams. Gatsby believes strongly in his goals. This makes him different from other wealthy characters.

Q. Why is hope such an important quality for Gatsby?

A> Hope allows Gatsby to pursue his dream. It motivates him to work toward his goals. However, it may also prevent him from seeing reality.

Q. Why might Fitzgerald hint at tragedy early in the story?

A> It builds suspense for the reader. The audience becomes curious about Gatsby's fate. It also gives the story a reflective tone.

My family have been ^{remained} prominent, well-to-do people in this Middle Western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan, and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother, who came here in fifty-one, sent a substitute to the Civil War, and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on today.

→ ① privileged. Typical American Rich Family
NAME: 1912, common people 1912.

I never saw this great-uncle, but I'm supposed to look like him — with special reference to the rather ^{tough-looking} hard-boiled painting that hangs in father's office I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre of the world, the Middle West now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe — so I decided to go East and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business, so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep school for me, and finally said, "Why — ye — es," with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year, and after various delays I came East, permanently, I thought, in the spring of twenty-two.

Now we have a firm setting: New York, spring, 1922. The story takes place during the Roaring Twenties, a time of economic growth, social change, and cultural excess.

Q. Why does Nick feel drawn to New York?

A> New York represents excitement and opportunity. The Midwest feels quiet and uneventful to him. He hopes to build a successful career.

Q. Why is the 1920s an important setting for this novel?

A> The 1920s were a time of wealth and social change. Many people pursued money and pleasure. This environment reflects the novel's themes.

Nick refers to Yale University by calling it "New Haven," the Connecticut city where the university has made it home since 1716. A "Teutonic migration" is a sarcastic way of saying "German invasion." Nick fought in WW1.

Nick's move reflects the restlessness of the post-World War 1 generation and the attraction of economic opportunity.

1922

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just *Nick 이 뉴욕에 왔음*. left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town, it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, *잠깐!* a weather-beaten cardboard *cottage* bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington, and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog — at least I had him for a few days until he ran away — and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman, who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.

New Money
“How do you get to West Egg village?” he asked helplessly. *confidence가 떨어-
settled down.*

You're no longer the new guy in town when you can give someone else directions
I told him. And as I walked on, I was lonely no longer. I was a *trailblazer* guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually *bestowed* 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 *belief* conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

The mythical King Midas could turn things to gold with a touch. J. P. Morgan and Gaius Cilnius Maecenas might not have had the literal Midas touch, but like him, they were known for their wealth.

Nick jokes when he calls himself a "limited specialist." He means he knows a little about many things, but true expertise in one field is more valuable.

Nick explains that his house is on Long Island near two peninsulas he calls East Egg and West Egg, which look similar in size and shape from above. However, despite their similarity, the two places are very different in character and social class.

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 ^{witty observation} 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 unusual formations of land. Twenty miles from the city a pair of enormous eggs, identical in ^{curve} contour and separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound. They are not perfect ovals — like the egg in the Columbus story, they are both crushed flat at the contact end — but their physical resemblance must be a source of perpetual confusion to the gulls that fly overhead. To the wingless a more ^{striking} ^{remarkable detail} ^{source of being different from} arresting phenomenon is their dissimilarity in every particular except shape and size.)

Q. Why does Fitzgerald separate wealthy characters into East Egg and West Egg?
A> The two locations represent different types of wealth. Old money families value tradition. New money families seek social acceptance.

There's a lot to unpack here. First, we now know Nick's rental property is on Long Island. He then goes on to mention "a pair of enormous eggs" that stick out of the northern coast of that island. In reality they are not egg-shaped at all. Rather, they are peninsulas, but they are more or less similar in size and shape to one another, as Nick claims. East Egg and West Egg are the author's nicknames for the peninsulas known as Port Washington and Great Neck, respectively. More specifically, this novel is concerned with what today's Long Islanders refer to as Sands Point (East) and Kings Point (West). The "Columbus story" refers to a tall tale that has Christopher Columbus challenging someone to balance an egg on one end. When the other individual cannot do so, Columbus crushes one end of the egg against a table, so it can stand up. It's a silly allusion and not very important. What's matters most here is the final claim in the paragraph. While the Eggs might seem similar in size and shape to birds flying overhead, what's really important about them is the fact that they couldn't be more different from one another at ground level.



In today's dollars for the reader. To get a sense of the cost of renting one of the West Egg mansions Nick mentions here, it would cost you in today's currency somewhere in the range of \$200,000 - \$270,000 just for the summer!

This is a French term for city hall. Imagine a grand place with high windows and towers.

This is our first reference to any other characters except Gatsby. Tom and Daisy Buchanan are central to this story, and we have now completed the hard part of Chapter 1. From this point, the exposition is tapering off, and the plot is ready to begin.

Nick: West Egg이 서쪽
I lived at West Egg, the — well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most *Shallow on the surface only* superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right was a *home* colossal affair by any standard — it was a factual imitation of some *admired the culture of Europe* Hotel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking *new* under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool, and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby's mansion. Or, rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby, it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was *not so fancy as theirs* an eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor's lawn, and the *reassuring* *nearest* consoling proximity of millionaires — all for eighty dollars a month. *Nick: 그들끼리 사이. 관계 between.*

Q. How does Nick's home reflect his role in the story?
A> Nick is close to wealthy society but not fully part of it. This allows him a balanced narrator.
Nick 중간 역할 - Nick 독백자

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 *not too close.* *미친 애? connected.* *Even they don't really share things.* 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 ^{intense} acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward ^{tastes like} savors of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy — even in college his freedom with money was a matter for ^{criticism} 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. ^{Very wealthy Tom}

Q. What does Tom's background suggest about his personality?

A> Tom grew up wealthy and privileged. This makes him confident and arrogant. He believes he has authority over others.

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 permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it — I had no sight into Daisy's heart, but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking, a little ^{longingly} wistfully, for the dramatic ^{turbulence} of some irrecoverable football game.

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens — finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

Q. Why does Nick feel uncomfortable in these social situations?

A> Nick prefers calm and order. Many social events are chaotic and excessive. This makes him feel uneasy.

Tom represents the power and arrogance of inherited wealth. Tom Buchanan is introduced through his wealth. He and Daisy come from old money families, meaning their wealth has existed for generations. This contrasts with West Egg, where many people are newly rich. Tom's love of polo also shows his wealth, since the sport is very expensive.

Nick hints that he will witness many chaotic events among wealthy society

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a ^{disdainful, arrogant} **supercilious** manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate ^{fancies} **swank** of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body — he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage — a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of ^{unwelcomes} **fractiousness** he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal ^{disdain} **contempt** in it, even toward people he liked — and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

“Now, don’t think my opinion on these matters is final,” he seemed to say, “just because I’m stronger and more of a man than you are.” We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant ^{sentimentality} **wistfulness** of his own.

Q. What does this say of Tom?

A> Normally a host would wait for the guest to compliment him on his beautiful home. Tom wastes no time bragging to Nick about how nice his house is.

Q. What does Tom's physical behavior reveal about him?

A> Tom uses physical force to control situations. This shows his dominance and impatience. It also

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

“I’ve got a nice place here,” he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, ^{sharply strong (smell or taste)} **pungent** roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

“It belonged to Demaine, the oil man.” He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. “We’ll go inside.”

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-colored space, fragilely 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.

speechless . The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which *(life)* 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.

This is our first introduction to Miss Jordan Baker, whose name Nick will learn shortly. She is always described in terms of her physical posture, movement, and athleticism, as well as her proud disdain for

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 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 ^{Sincere} **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 ^{family name} **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 ^{unnoticeably} **imperceptibly**, and then quickly tipped her head back again — the object she was balancing had obviously ^{unstable} **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 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 ^{urge, impulse -} compulsion, a whispered "Listen,"** a promise that she had done ^{cheerful} **gay**, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

Q. Why might Fitzgerald focus on Daisy's voice rather than her actions?

A> Her voice creates a sense of charm and beauty. It reflects her social appeal. However, it may hide deeper flaws.

Again, Nick mentions the compelling quantities of Daisy's voice.

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 ^{excitedly} **ecstatically**.

“The whole town is ^{mournful} **desolate**. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there’s a ^{continuous} **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.

“What you doing, Nick?”

“I’m a bond man.”

“Who with?”

I told him.

“Never heard of them,” he remarked **decisively**.
^{firmly}

This annoyed me.

“You will,” I answered shortly. “You will if you stay in the East.”

“Oh, I’ll stay in the East, don’t you worry,” he said, glancing at Daisy and then back at me, as if he were alert for something more. “I’d be a God damned fool to live anywhere else.”

At this point Miss Baker said: “Absolutely!” with such suddenness that I started — it was the first word she uttered since I came into the room. Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned and with a series of rapid, ^{nimble} **deft** movements stood up into the room.

"I'm stiff," she complained, "I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember."

"Don't look at me," Daisy retorted, "I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon."

"No, thanks," said Miss Baker to the four cocktails just in from the pantry, "I'm absolutely in training."

Her host looked at her **incredulously**.

disbelievingly

"You are!" He took down his drink as if it were a drop in the bottom of a glass. "How you ever get anything done is beyond me."

I looked at Miss Baker, wondering what it was she “got done.” I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage, which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her gray sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite ^{mutual} reciprocal curiosity out of a ^{pale} wan, charming, discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

“You live in West Egg,” she remarked ^{disapprovingly} contemptuously. “I know somebody there.”

“I don’t know a single —”

“You must know Gatsby.”

“Gatsby?” demanded Daisy. “What Gatsby?”

*hint ohh...
maybe she has some different experiences
she wants to hide.*

Before I could reply that he was my neighbor dinner was announced; wedging his tense arm ^{urgently} imperatively under mine, Tom Buchanan compelled me from the room as though he were moving a checker to another square.

Slenderly, ^{loosely} languidly, their hands set lightly on their hips, the two young women preceded us out onto a rosy-colored porch, open toward the sunset, where four candles flickered on the table in the diminished wind.

“Why CANDLES?” objected Daisy, frowning. She snapped them out with her fingers. “In two weeks it’ll be the longest day in the year.” She looked at us all radiantly. “Do you always watch for the longest day of the year and then miss it? I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it.”

Q. Why does Fitzgerald reveal Gatsby slowly?

A> The mystery increases reader curiosity. It builds suspense around Gatsby's character. This makes his later appearance more dramatic.

This moment foreshadows Daisy's connection to Gatsby and builds mystery around him.

Miss Baker has heard the name Gatsby before, and Daisy also becomes interested when she hears it. This is the first time someone other than Nick mentions Gatsby. However, the topic quickly changes as they go out to dinner.

For fun, we can pinpoint an exact date here if we take Daisy at her literal word. The longest day of the year, the summer solstice, in 1922 was Thursday, June 22. Two weeks before that would have been Thursday, June 8.

“We ought to plan something,” yawned Miss Baker, sitting down at the table as if she were getting into bed.

“All right,” said Daisy. “What’ll we plan?” She turned to me helplessly: “What do people plan?”

Before I could answer her eyes fastened with an awed expression on her little finger.

“Look!” she complained; “I hurt it.”

We all looked — the knuckle was black and blue.

“You did it, Tom,” she said accusingly. “I know you didn’t mean to, but you DID do it. That’s what I get for marrying a ^{bully}brute of a man, a great, big, ^{massive}hulking physical specimen of a— —”

“I hate that word hulking,” objected Tom crossly, “even in kidding.”

“Hulking,” insisted Daisy.

We can now add "racist" to the growing list of Tom's undesirable qualities. Nick is taken aback by it. The book and author Tom is talking about are not real, but they are based on The Rising Tide of Color Against White World Supremacy and its author, Lothrop Stoddard. Stoddard, unsurprisingly, was an unabashed racist.

Sometimes she and Miss Baker talked at once, ^{discreetly} unobtrusively and with a ^{joking} bantering ^(act of importance) inconsequence that was never quite chatter, that was as cool as their white dresses and their impersonal eyes in the absence of all desire. They were here, and they accepted Tom and me, making only a polite pleasant effort to entertain or to be entertained. They knew that presently dinner would be over and a little later the evening too would be over and casually put away. It was sharply different from the West, where an evening was hurried from phase to phase toward its close, in a continually disappointed anticipation or else in sheer nervous dread of the moment itself.

"You make me feel uncivilized, Daisy," I confessed on my second glass of corky but rather impressive ^{red wine} claret. "Can't you talk about crops or something?"

I meant nothing in particular by this remark, but it was taken up in an unexpected way.

"Civilization's going to pieces," broke out Tom violently. "I've gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things. Have you read 'The Rise of the Colored Empires' by this man Goddard?"

"Why, no," I answered, rather surprised by his tone.

"Well, it's a fine book, and everybody ought to read it. The idea is if we don't look out the white race will be — will be utterly submerged. It's all scientific stuff; it's been proved."

Q. What does Tom's conversation about race reveal about him?

A> It shows his ignorance and prejudice. Tom believes in ideas that justify his superiority. This reveals his moral weakness.

Daisy seizes this as an opportunity to make fun of Tom.

"Tom's getting very profound," said Daisy, with an expression of unthoughtful sadness.

"He reads deep books with long words in them. What was that word we —"

"Well, these books are all scientific," insisted Tom, glancing at her impatiently. "This fellow has worked out the whole thing. It's up to us, who are the dominant race, to watch out or these other races will have control of things."

"We've got to beat them down," whispered Daisy, winking ferociously toward the ^{intense} fervent sun.

"You ought to live in California —" began Miss Baker, but Tom interrupted her by shifting heavily in his chair.

"This idea is that we're Nordics. I am, and you are, and you are, and ——" After an infinitesimal hesitation he included Daisy with a slight nod, and she winked at me again. "— And we've produced all the things that go to make civilization — oh, science and art, and all that. Do you see?"

While Nick would not dream of making fun of his host as Daisy has done, he does reveal his thoughts about Tom to the reader. I personally love picturing Tom's pathetic concentration as he tries to piece together some idea from his deep books with long words.

There was something pathetic in his concentration, as if his ^{CONCENTRATION} complacency, more acute than of old, was not enough to him any more. When, almost immediately, the telephone rang inside and the butler left the porch Daisy seized upon the momentary interruption and leaned toward me.

"I'll tell you a family secret," she whispered enthusiastically.

"It's about the butler's nose. Do you want to hear about the butler's nose?"

"That's why I came over tonight."

"Well, he wasn't always a butler; he used to be the silver polisher for some people in New York that had a silver service for two hundred people. He had to polish it from morning till night, until finally it began to affect his nose —"

"Things went from bad to worse," suggested Miss Baker.

“Yes. Things went from bad to worse, until finally he had to give up his position.”

Here's a characteristic of Fitzgerald's writing. Every now and again, he takes a moment to show off his literary skill. Here, imagery, mood, and smile blend into a single enchanted moment.

This phone call has obviously disturbed Tom, and he would rather not take it, even though he does.

For a moment the last sunshine fell with romantic affection upon her glowing face; her voice compelled me forward breathlessly as I listened — then the glow faded, each light deserting her with lingering regret, like children leaving a pleasant street at dusk.

The butler came back and murmured something close to Tom's ear, whereupon Tom frowned, pushed back his chair, and without a word went inside. As if his absence quickened something within her, Daisy leaned forward again, her voice glowing and singing.

“I love to see you at my table, Nick. You remind me of a — of a rose, an absolute rose. Doesn't he?” She turned to Miss Baker for confirmation: “An absolute rose?”

Evidently, Daisy is none too pleased with Tom's taking the call either.

This was untrue. I am not even faintly like a rose. She was only ^{speaking off the cuff} extemporizing, but a stirring warmth flowed from her, as if her heart was trying to come out to you concealed in one of those breathless, thrilling words. Then suddenly she threw her napkin on the table and excused herself and went into the house.

Miss Baker and I exchanged a short glance consciously ^{lacking} devoid of meaning. I was about to speak when she sat up alertly and said “Sh!” in a warning voice. A ^{calm} subdued impassioned murmur was audible in the room beyond, and Miss Baker leaned forward unashamed, trying to hear. The murmur trembled on the verge of ^{clarity} coherence, sank down, mounted excitedly, and then ceased altogether.

“This Mr. Gatsby you spoke of is my neighbor — —” I said.

“Don't talk. I want to hear what happens.”

“Is something happening?” I inquired innocently.

"You mean to say you don't know?" said Miss Baker, honestly surprised. "I thought everybody knew."

"I don't."

"Why ——" she said hesitantly, "Tom's got some woman in New York."

"Got some woman?" I repeated blankly.

Miss Baker nodded.

This moment shows an important part of Miss Baker's character. Even in a formal and wealthy social setting, she ignores proper manners and secretly listens to Tom and Daisy's conversation. She then casually reveals that Tom has a mistress and suggests that the woman on the phone might be that person.

"She might have the decency not to telephone him at dinner time. Don't you think?"

Almost before I had grasped her meaning there was the flutter of a dress and the crunch of leather boots, and Tom and Daisy were back at the table.

"It couldn't be helped!" cried Daisy with tense ^{merriam-}gaiety.

She sat down, glanced searchingly at Miss Baker and then at me, and continued: "I looked outdoors for a minute, and it's very romantic outdoors. There's a bird on the lawn that I think must be a nightingale come over on the Cunard or White Star Line. He's singing away ——" Her voice sang: "It's romantic, isn't it, Tom?"

The *Cunard Line* and the *White Star Line* were British transatlantic shipping companies that eventually became one entity. *The Titanic* was a *White Star* ship.

“Very romantic,” he said, and then miserably to me: “If it’s light enough after dinner, I want to take you down to the stables.”

The telephone rang inside, startlingly, and as Daisy shook her head decisively at Tom the subject of the stables, in fact all subjects, vanished into air. Among the broken fragments of the last five minutes at table I remember the candles being lit again, pointlessly, and I was conscious of wanting to look squarely at every one, and yet to avoid all eyes. I couldn’t guess what Daisy and Tom were thinking, but I doubt if even Miss Baker, who seemed to have mastered a certain ^{doubt-}hardy ^{harsh}skepticism, was able utterly to put this fifth guest’s shrill metallic urgency out of mind. To a certain temperament the situation might have seemed intriguing — my own instinct was to telephone immediately for the police.

To understand the idea of a “fifth guest,” it helps to know what telephones sounded like about a century ago. Their ringing was loud, sharp, and metallic. Even though only four people are sitting at the table, the person calling on the phone makes her presence felt like an uninvited fifth guest.

Nick's narration often contains humor, so it's worth noticing it here. The novel can be quite funny at times. Tom and Jordan go into the library to give Daisy time to talk with her cousin, Nick. Their walk to the library feels as gloomy as a funeral, and Nick, still embarrassed by the earlier awkward moment, pretends that he heard nothing.

The horses, needless to say, were not mentioned again. Tom and Miss Baker, with several feet of twilight between them, strolled back into the library, as if to a vigil beside a perfectly ^{real} tangible body, while, trying to look pleasantly interested and a little deaf, I followed Daisy around a chain of connecting ^{porches} verandas to the porch in front. In its deep gloom we sat down side by side on a ^{made of drunk heads sofa} wicker settee.

Daisy took her face in her hands as if feeling its lovely shape, and her eyes moved gradually out into the velvet dusk. I saw that ^{frantic} turbulent emotions possessed her, so I asked what I thought would be some ^{calming} sedative questions about her little girl.

"We don't know each other very well, Nick," she said suddenly. "Even if we are cousins. You didn't come to my wedding."

"I wasn't back from the war."

"That's true." She hesitated. "Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty ^{dissonant} cynical about everything."

Evidently she had reason to be. I waited but she didn't say any more, and after a moment I returned rather ^{weakly} feebly to the subject of her daughter.

Only someone who has spent almost no time around children would ask such a pointless question. It's an awkward line, spoken because Nick can think of little to say.

"I suppose she talks, and — eats, and everything."

"Oh, yes." She looked at me absently. "Listen, Nick; let me tell you what I said when she was born. Would you like to hear?"

"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 ^{anesthesia} 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.'"

Q. Why might Daisy believe being a "fool" is best for a woman?

A> Daisy believes intelligent women may see painful truths. A fool might avoid disappointment. This shows Daisy's sadness about her life.

“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 ^{rebellious} **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 ^{as in a contribution} **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.**

Ah, but they do belong to a secret society—the old money upper class

A popular weekly magazine of the time, The Saturday Evening Post is still in circulation, although it is no longer a weekly publication.

From this paragraph to the end of the chapter, Fitzgerald shows great skill in using imagery. His language vividly appeals to the senses and creates strong visual and sensory impressions.

Inside, the crimson room bloomed with light. Tom and Miss Baker sat at either end of the long couch and she read aloud to him from the "*SATURDAY EVENING POST*"—the words, murmurous and ^(without emphasis)uninflected, running together in a soothing tune. The lamp-light, bright on his boots and dull on the autumn-leaf yellow of her hair, glinted along the paper as she turned a page with a flutter of slender muscles in her arms.

When we came in she held us silent for a moment with a lifted hand.

"To be continued," she said, tossing the magazine on the table, "in our very next issue."

Her body asserted itself with a restless movement of her knee, and she stood up.

"Ten o'clock," she remarked, apparently finding the time on the ceiling. "Time for this good girl to go to bed."

"Jordan's going to play in the tournament tomorrow," explained Daisy, "over at Westchester."

"Oh,—you're Jordan Baker."

I knew now why her face was familiar—its pleasing ^{Condescending} contemptuous expression had looked out at me from many ^{an old press for printing images} rotogravure pictures of the sporting life at Asheville and Hot Springs and Palm Beach. I had heard some story of her too, a critical, unpleasant story, but what it was I had forgotten long ago.

"Good night," she said softly. "Wake me at eight, won't you."

"If you'll get up."

"I will. Good night, Mr. Carraway. See you ^{Soon} anon."

"Of course you will," confirmed Daisy. "In fact I think I'll arrange a marriage. Come over often, Nick, and I'll sort of—oh—fling you together. You know—lock you up accidentally in linen closets and push you out to sea in a boat, and all that sort of thing—"

"Good night," called Miss Baker from the stairs. "I haven't heard a word."

"She's a nice girl," said Tom after a moment. "They oughtn't to let her run around the country this way."

"Who oughtn't to?" inquired Daisy coldly.

"Her family."

"Her family is one aunt about a thousand years old. Besides, Nick's going to look after her, aren't you, Nick? She's going to spend lots of week-ends out here this summer. I think the home influence will be very good for her."

Daisy and Tom looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"Is she from New York?" I asked quickly.

"From Louisville. Our white girlhood was passed together there. Our beautiful white—"

"Did you give Nick a little heart to heart talk on the veranda?" demanded Tom suddenly.

"Did I?" She looked at me. "I can't seem to remember, but I think we talked about the Nordic race. Yes, I'm sure we did. It sort of crept up on us and first thing you know—"

"Don't believe everything you hear, Nick," he advised me.

I said lightly that I had heard nothing at all, and a few minutes later I got up to go home. They came to the door with me and stood side by side in a cheerful square of light. As I started my motor Daisy ^{urgently} **peremptorily** called "Wait!

"I forgot to ask you something, and it's important. We heard you were engaged to a girl out West."

"That's right," corroborated Tom kindly. "We heard that you were engaged."

^{defamation}
"It's **libel**. I'm too poor."

"But we heard it," insisted Daisy, surprising me by opening up again in a flower-like way. "We heard it from three people so it must be true."

Of course I knew what they were referring to, but I wasn't even vaguely engaged. The fact that gossip had published the ^{wedding announcements} **banns** was one of the reasons I had come east. **You can't stop going with an old friend on account of rumors and on the other hand I had no intention of being rumored into marriage.**

Rumors often spread in social circles, and wealthy people enjoy gossip just like everyone else. Nick knows they are talking about the rumor that he is engaged to a woman back home, but he denies it because it isn't true. He explains that one reason he came east was to get away from these rumors, since he had only been casually dating her.

Their interest rather touched me and made them less remotely rich—nevertheless, I was confused and a little disgusted as I drove away. It seemed to me that the thing for Daisy to do was to rush out of the house, child in arms—but apparently there were no such intentions in her head. As for Tom, the fact that he "had some woman in New York" was really less surprising than that he had been depressed by a book. Something was making him nibble at the edge of stale ideas as if his sturdy physical ^{avengance} **egotism** no longer nourished his ^{dominating} **peremptory** heart.

Already it was deep summer on roadhouse roofs and in front of wayside garages, where new red gas-pumps sat out in pools of light, and when I reached my estate at West Egg I ran the car under its shed and sat for a while on an abandoned grass roller in the yard. The wind had blown off, leaving a loud bright night with wings beating in the trees and a persistent organ sound as the full bellows of the earth blew the frogs full of life. The silhouette of a moving cat wavered across the moonlight and turning my head to watch it I saw that I was not alone—fifty feet away a figure had emerged from the shadow of my neighbor's mansion and was standing with his hands in his pockets regarding the silver pepper of the stars. **Something in his leisurely**

movements and the secure position of his feet upon the lawn suggested that it was Mr. Gatsby himself, come out to determine what share was his of our local heavens.

I decided to call to him. Miss Baker had mentioned him at dinner, and that would do for an introduction. But I didn't call to him for he gave a sudden ^{intimation} **intimation** that he was content to be alone—he stretched out his arms toward the dark water in a curious way, and far as I was from him I could have sworn he was trembling. **Involuntarily I glanced seaward—and distinguished nothing except a single green light, minute and far away, that might have been the end of a dock. When I looked once more for Gatsby he had vanished, and I was alone again in the unquiet darkness.**

Q. What might the green light represent for Gatsby?

A> The light represents Gatsby's dream. It symbolizes something he longs for but cannot reach. It reflects his hope for the future.

This is our first look at Gatsby, but it's a fleeting one that offers little in the way of a description.

The green light becomes a major symbol of hope, dreams, and unreachable desires.

Chapter 2

About half way between West Egg and New York the motor-road ^{quickly} **hastily** joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain ^{bleak.} **desolate** area of land. ^{poor, grey, but granite grey} This is a valley of ashes—a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and ^{monstrous} grotesque gardens where ashes take the forms of houses and chimneys and rising smoke and finally, with a ^{mystical} transcendent effort, of men who move dimly and already crumbling through the powdery air. Occasionally a line of **grey** cars crawls along an invisible track, gives out a ^{horrific} ghastly creak and comes to rest, and immediately the ash-grey men swarm up with ^{heavy} leaden ^{snarls} spades and stir up an ^{thick} impenetrable cloud which screens their ^{hidden} obscure operations from your sight.

side effect of too greedy economy
Q. Why does Fitzgerald place the Valley of Ashes between the wealthy areas and the city?

A> It highlights the gap between rich and poor. The wealthy ignore the suffering around them.
greediness, selfishness, suffering from economic growth.



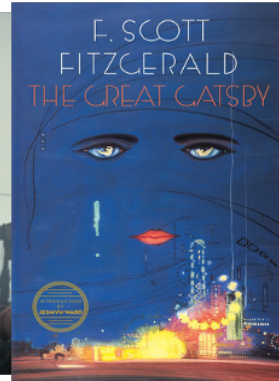
But above the grey land and the ^{ripples} spasms of ^{along} bleak dust which drift endlessly over it, you perceive, after a moment, the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg. The eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg are blue and gigantic—their retinas are one yard high. They look out of no face but, instead, from a pair of enormous yellow ^{eyeglasses} spectacles which pass over a nonexistent nose.

Q. What do the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg represent? ^{(implied) realized}

A> They suggest a watching presence over a corrupt world. They may symbolize lost moral values.
Empty.

→ watching but doing nothing

eyes: moral values 213/64
→ 2001 213/64 213/64



The Valley of Ashes symbolizes poverty, decay, and the moral emptiness of society. It contrasts with the

The billboard advertising an eye doctor's practice features huge blue eyes framed by yellow glasses. It towers over the industrial wasteland as the eye look on and see everything.

Evidently some wild ^{jokester} wag of an ^{eye-bored} oculist set them there to fatten his practice in the borough of Queens, and then sank down himself into eternal blindness or forgot them and moved away. But his eyes, dimmed a little by many paintless days under sun and rain, ^{to think with despair} brood on over the ^{somber} solemn dumping ground.

The valley of ashes is ^{bored} bounded on one side by a small foul river, and when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the ^{miserable} dismal scene for as long as half an hour. There is always a halt there of at least a minute and it was because of this that I first met Tom Buchanan's mistress.

The fact that he had one was insisted upon wherever he was known. His acquaintances ^{disturbed} resented the fact that he turned up in popular restaurants with her and, leaving her at a table, ^{strolled} sauntered about, chatting with whomsoever he knew. Though I was curious to see her I had no desire to meet her—but I did. I went up to New York with Tom on the train one afternoon and when we stopped by the ashheaps he jumped to his feet and taking hold of my elbow literally forced me from the car.

"We're getting off!" he insisted. "I want you to meet my girl."

I think he'd ^{got drunk} tanked up a good deal at luncheon and his determination to have my company bordered on violence. The ^{smug} supercilious assumption was that on Sunday afternoon I had nothing better to do.

I followed him over a low white-washed railroad fence and we walked back a hundred yards along the road under Doctor Eckleburg's persistent stare. The only building in sight was a small block of yellow brick sitting on the edge of the waste land, a sort of compact Main Street ^{serving} ministering to it and ^{adjoining} contiguous to absolutely nothing.

So begins the second of Nick's riotous excursions that summer

One of the three shops it contained was for rent and another was an all-night restaurant approached by a trail of ashes; the third was a garage—Repairs. GEORGE B. WILSON. Cars Bought and Sold—and I followed Tom inside.

The interior was ^{unsuccessful}unprosperous and bare; the only car visible was the dust-covered wreck of a Ford which crouched in a dim corner. It had occurred to me that this shadow of a garage must be a ^{screen}blind and that ^{luxurious}sumptuous and romantic apartments were concealed overhead when the ^{owner}proprietor himself appeared in the door of an office, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He was a blonde, spiritless man, ^{weak}anaemic, and faintly handsome. When he saw us a damp ^{glimmer}gleam of hope sprang into his light blue eyes.

"Hello, Wilson, old man," said Tom, slapping him ^{Cheerfully} jovially on the shoulder. "How's business?"

"I can't complain," answered Wilson unconvincingly. "When are you going to sell me that car?"

"Next week; I've got my man working on it now."

"Works pretty slow, don't he?"

"No, he doesn't," said Tom coldly. "And if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all."

"I don't mean that," explained Wilson quickly. "I just meant—"

His voice faded off and Tom glanced impatiently around the garage. Then I heard footsteps on a stairs and in a moment the thickish figure of a woman blocked out the light from the office door. She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her surplus flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crepe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty but there was an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smouldering.

Q. What does Myrtle's character reveal about social mobility?

A> Myrtle is introduced as bold, energetic, and ambitious. She wants to rise above her class. She believes wealth will change her life.

heavy

excess

sensuously

lightweight cloth

굉장히 단정하고
신분상 어울리는
복합

faceted

vitality

burning

Notice how George Wilson seems to blend with the ash and dust of his surroundings, but Mrs. Wilson stands out in stark contrast in her blue dress.

She smiled slowly and walking through her husband as if he were a ghost shook hands with Tom, ^{directly} looking him ^{directly} flush in the eye. Then she wet her lips and without turning around spoke to her husband in a soft, coarse voice:

"Get some chairs, why don't you, so somebody can sit down."

"Oh, sure," agreed Wilson hurriedly and went toward the little office, mingling immediately with the cement color of the walls. A white ashen dust ^{came} veiled his dark suit and his pale hair as it veiled everything in the ^{the immediate area} vicinity—except his wife, who moved close to Tom.

"I want to see you," said Tom intently. "Get on the next train."

"All right."

"I'll meet you by the news-stand on the lower level."

She nodded and moved away. Perhaps something about that George Wilson emerged with two chairs from his office door.

We waited for her down the ^{sketchy} stairs. It was a few days before the Fourth of July, and a grey, ^{sketchy} scrawny Italian child does in a row along the railroad track.

"Terrible place, isn't it," said Tom frown with Doctor Eckleburg.

"Awful."

"It does her good to get away."

"Doesn't her husband object?"

"Wilson? He thinks she goes to see her sister in New York. He's so dumb he doesn't know he's alive."

So Tom Buchanan and his girl and I went up together to New York—or not quite together, for Mrs. Wilson sat ^{inconspicuously} discreetly in another car. Tom ^{subtly} deferred that much to the ^{feelings} sensibilities of those East Eggers who might be on the train.

On the one hand, he has been known to dine in restaurants with Mrs. Wilson, among his East Egg neighbors. On the other, he won't ride the train with her, lest they be seen together.

Q. What does this reveal about Tom Buchanan?

A> It reveals Tom's hypocrisy and lack of moral responsibility.

city girl
party dresslike → a kind of cotton fabric
from a city girl, Tom's girlfriend
She had changed her dress to a brown figured muslin which stretched tight over her rather wide hips as Tom helped her to the platform in New York. At the news-stand she bought a copy of "Town Tattle" and a moving-picture magazine and, in the station drug store, some cold cream and a small flask of perfume. Upstairs, in the solemn echoing drive she let four taxi cabs drive away before she selected a new one, lavender-colored with grey upholstery, and in this we slid out from the mass of the station into the glowing sunshine. But immediately she turned sharply from the window and leaning forward tapped on the front glass.

Q. How does Myrtle's change in clothing reflect her changing identity?

A>With her change in clothes comes a change in demeanor. She started in the blue dress, when she was "Mrs. Wilson," and what was important for her to stand out from her husband and their surroundings. Now she is playing the role of Tom's girlfriend, spending his money freely on frivolous purchases, even letting four taxis pass them before she chooses one that suits her.

"I want to get one of those dogs," she said earnestly. "I want to get one for the apartment. They're nice to have—a dog."

We backed up to a grey old man who bore an absurd resemblance to John D. Rockefeller. In a basket, swung from his neck, cowered a dozen very recent puppies of an unclear indeterminate breed.

"What kind are they?" asked Mrs. Wilson eagerly as he came to the taxi-window.

"All kinds. What kind do you want, lady?"

"I'd like to get one of those police dogs; I don't suppose you got that kind?"

The man peered doubtfully into the basket, plunged in his hand and drew one up, wriggling, by the back of the neck.

"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." a large breed of terrier
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 feet were startlingly white—changed hands and settled down into Mrs. Wilson's lap, where she ^{cavished} fondled the weather-proof coat with ^{delight} rapture.

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

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

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

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

Perhaps something about that uncomfortable East Egg dinner has taught Nick that the right thing to do in awkward situations is to remove himself from them. He tries unsuccessfully here for the first time to remove himself. Why would Nick want to be a third wheel while an old college acquaintance cheats on his wife, who happens also to be Nick's cousin?

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

"No, you don't," ^{intempered} interposed Tom quickly. "Myrtle'll be hurt if you don't come up to the apartment. Won't you, Myrtle?"

"Come on," she urged. "I'll telephone my sister Catherine. She's said to be very beautiful by people who ought to know."

"Well, I'd like to, but—"

We went on, cutting back again over the Park toward the West Hundreds. At 158th Street the cab stopped at one slice in a long white cake of apartment houses. Throwing a ^{regal} regal homecoming glance around the neighborhood, Mrs. Wilson gathered up her dog and her other purchases and went ^{stomachily} haughtily in.

"I'm going to have the McKees come up," she announced as we rose in the elevator. "And of course I got to call up my sister, too."

The apartment was on the top floor—a small living room, a small dining room, a small bedroom and a bath. The living room was crowded to the doors with a set of tapestried furniture entirely too large for it so that to move about was to stumble continually over scenes of ladies swinging in the gardens of Versailles. The only picture was an over-enlarged photograph, apparently a hen sitting on a blurred rock. Looked at from a distance however the hen resolved itself into a bonnet and the countenance of a stout old lady beamed down into the room. Several old copies of Town Tattle lay on the table together with a copy of Simon Called Peter and some of the small scandal magazines of Broadway. Mrs. Wilson was first concerned with the dog. A reluctant elevator boy went for a box full of straw and some milk to which he added on his own initiative a tin of large hard dog biscuits—one of which decomposed apathetically in the saucer of milk all afternoon. Meanwhile Tom brought out a bottle of whiskey from a locked bureau door.

I have been drunk just twice in my life and the second time was that afternoon so everything that happened has a dim hazy cast over it although until after eight o'clock the apartment was full of cheerful sun. Sitting on Tom's lap Mrs. Wilson called up several people on the telephone; then there were no cigarettes and I went out to buy some at the drug store on the corner. When I came back they had disappeared so I sat down discreetly in the living room and read a chapter of "Simon Called Peter"—either it was terrible stuff or the whiskey distorted things because it didn't make any sense to me.

Versailles is the location of the former French royal residence. Its accompanying gardens are as luxurious as one might expect from French royalty.

This was a popular novel from the year before the story takes place. Written by Robert Keable, Simon Called Peter is about a wartime love affair. It was controversial at the time for its extramarital sexual content, but the character ultimately chooses his faith over love. Its presence in Tom and Myrtle's love nest is ironic.

of the story
the scene

they don't really have a bold text
professional, gossip, love.
(Bourgeois)
↓
chronic mixture of desire

degraded

disintegrated

initiative

chest of drawers

altered

Just as Tom and Myrtle—after the first drink Mrs. Wilson and I called each other by our first names—reappeared, company ^{began} **commenced** to arrive at the apartment door.

The sister, Catherine, was a slender, worldly girl of about thirty with a solid sticky ^{a short hairstyle for women.} **bob** of red hair and a ^{skin tone} **complexion** powdered milky white. Her eyebrows had been plucked and then drawn on again at a more ^{stylish} **rakish** angle but the efforts of nature toward the restoration of the old alignment gave a blurred ^{aura} **air** to her face. When she moved about there was an ^(continual) **incessant** clicking as ^(countless) **innumerable** pottery bracelets jingled up and down upon her arms. She came in with such a ^{possessive} **proprietary** ^(humorous) **haste** and looked around so possessively at the furniture that I wondered if she lived here. But when I asked her she laughed ^{vulgarily} **immoderately**, repeated my question aloud and told me she lived with a girl friend at a hotel.

Mr. McKee was a pale feminine man from the ^{apartment} **flat** below. He had just shaved for there was a white spot of lather on his cheekbone and he was most respectful in his greeting to everyone in the room. He informed me that he was in the "artistic game" and I gathered later that he was a photographer and had made the dim enlargement of Mrs. Wilson's mother which hovered like an ^{a fictional substance said to be associated with spirits.} **ectoplasm** on the wall. His wife was ^{high pitched} **shrill**, ^{lazy} **languid**, handsome and horrible. She told me with pride that her husband had photographed her a hundred and twenty-seven times since they had been married.

Mrs. Wilson had changed her ^{dressed} costume some time before and was now **attired** in an elaborate afternoon dress of cream colored ^{a graceful fabric} **chiffon**, which gave out a continual rustle as she swept about the room. With the influence of the dress her personality had also undergone a change. The intense vitality that had been so remarkable in the garage was converted into impressive ^{superiority} **hauteur**.

(중략 부분)

Her laughter, her gestures, her assertions became more violently ^{forced} affected moment by moment, and as she expanded the room grew smaller around her, until she seemed to be revolving on a noisy, creaking pivot through the smoky air.

"My dear," she told her sister in a high, ^{daintily} mincing shout, "most of these fellas will cheat you every time. All they think of is money. I had a woman up here last week to look at my feet, and when she gave me the bill you'd of thought she had my appendicitis out."

"What was the name of the woman?" asked Mrs. McKee.

"Mrs. Eberhardt. She goes around looking at people's feet in their own homes."

"I like your dress," remarked Mrs. McKee, "I think it's adorable."

Mrs. Wilson rejected the compliment by raising her eyebrow in ^{disdain} disdain.

"It's just a crazy old thing," she said. "I just slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like."

"But it looks wonderful on you, if you know what I mean," pursued Mrs. McKee. "If Chester could only get you in that pose I think he could make something of it."

We all looked in silence at Mrs. Wilson, who 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 ^(poor) 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 ^{joy} 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.

"Two of them we have framed down-stairs."

"Two what?" demanded Tom.

"Two studies. One of them I call MONTAUK POINT— THE GULLS, and the other I call MONTAUK POINT— THE SEA."

The sister Catherine sat down beside me on the couch.

"Do you live down on Long Island, too?" she inquired.

"I live at West Egg."

"Really? I was down there at a party about a month ago. At a man named Gatsby's. Do you know him?"

"I live next door to him."

"Well, they say he's a nephew or a cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's. That's where all his money comes from."

"Really?"

She nodded.

"I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me."

This absorbing information about my neighbor was interrupted by Mrs. McKee's pointing suddenly at Catherine:

"Chester, I think you could do something with HER," she broke out, but Mr. McKee only nodded in a bored way, and turned his attention to Tom.

"I'd like to do more work on Long Island, if I could get the entry. All I ask is that they should give me a start."

"Ask Myrtle," said Tom, breaking into a short shout of laughter as Mrs. Wilson entered with a tray. "She'll give you a letter of introduction, won't you Myrtle?"

"Do what?" she asked, startled.

"You'll give McKee a letter of introduction to your husband, so he can do some studies of him." His lips moved silently for a moment as he invented. "GEORGE B. WILSON AT THE GASOLINE PUMP, or something like that."

Catherine leaned close to me and whispered in my ear: "Neither of them can stand the person they're married to."

"Can't they?"

"Can't STAND them." She looked at Myrtle and then at Tom. "What I say is, why go on living with them if they can't stand them? If I was them I'd get a divorce and get married to each other right away."

"Doesn't she like Wilson either?"

The answer to this was unexpected. It came from Myrtle, who had overheard the question, and it was violent and ^{offensive} **obscene**.

"You see," cried Catherine triumphantly. She lowered her voice again. "It's really his wife that's keeping them apart. She's a Catholic, and they don't believe in divorce."

Daisy was not a Catholic, and I was a little shocked at the elaborateness of the lie.

"When they do get married," continued Catherine, "they're going West to live for a while until it blows over."

"It'd be more ^{prudent} **discreet** to go to Europe."

"Oh, do you like Europe?" she exclaimed surprisingly. "I just got back from Monte Carlo."

"Really."

"Just last year. I went over there with another girl." "Stay long?"

"No, we just went to Monte Carlo and back. We went by way of Marseilles. We had over twelve hundred dollars when we started, but we got ^{cheated} **gypped** out of it all in two days in the private rooms. We had an awful time getting back, I can tell you. God, how I hated that town!"

The late afternoon sky bloomed in the window for a moment like the blue honey of the Mediterranean — then the shrill voice of Mrs. McKee called me back into the room.

"I almost made a mistake, too," she declared ^{passionately} **vigorously**. "I almost married a little kyke who'd been after me for years. I knew he was below me. Everybody kept saying to me: 'Lucille, that man's 'way below you!' But if I hadn't met Chester, he'd of got me sure."

"Yes, but listen," said Myrtle Wilson, nodding her head up and down, "at least you didn't marry him."

"I know I didn't."

"Well, I married him," said Myrtle, ambiguously. "And that's the difference between your case and mine."

"Why did you, Myrtle?" demanded Catherine. "Nobody forced you to."

Myrtle considered.

"I married him because I thought he was a gentleman," she said finally. "I thought he knew something about breeding, but he wasn't fit to lick my shoe."

"You were crazy about him for a while," said ^{Myrtle's sister} Catherine.

"Crazy about him!" cried Myrtle incredulously. "Who said I was crazy about him? I never was any more crazy about him than I was about that man there."

She pointed suddenly at me, and every one looked at me accusingly. I tried to show by my expression that I had played no part in her past.

"The only crazy I was was when I married him. I knew right away I made a mistake. He borrowed somebody's best suit to get married in and never even told me about it, and the man came after it one day when he was out. She looked around to see who was listening: "'Oh, is that your suit?' I said. 'This is the first I ever heard about it.' But I gave it to him and then I lay down and cried to beat the band all afternoon."

"She really ought to get away from him," resumed Catherine to me. "They've been living over that garage for eleven years. And Tom's the first sweetie she ever had."

The bottle of whiskey—a second one—was now in constant demand by all present, excepting Catherine who "felt just as good on nothing at all." Tom rang for the janitor and sent him for some celebrated sandwiches, which were a complete supper in themselves. I wanted to get out and walk eastward toward the park through the soft twilight but each time I tried to go I became entangled in some wild ^{loud} strident argument which pulled me back, as if with ropes, into my chair. Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets, and I was him too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and ^{disgusted} repelled by the ^{inexhaustible} variety of life.

Nick feels "within and without... enchanted and repelled" by it all. He is welcome wherever he goes. Old money people welcome him because he's one of them, and the people old money looks down on—both the new money and working class—welcome him because he doesn't openly judge them. But welcome though he may be, he feels comfortable nowhere and would be much happier as the anonymous watcher from a distance.

party 는 다닌다
→
Nick: 휘둘러준다.

Q. Why is Nick both part of and separate from the group?

A> He is present but emotionally distant. He observes more than he participates.

Nick → old money
New York → new interpretation
↳ Nick's broader view of new/old.
confusing value

(중략 부분)

Myrtle pulled her chair close to mine, and suddenly her warm breath poured over me the story of her first meeting with Tom.

“It was on the two little seats facing each other that are always the last ones left on the train. I was going up to New York to see my sister and spend the night. He had on a dress suit and patent leather shoes, and I couldn’t keep my eyes off him, but every time he looked at me I had to pretend to be looking at the advertisement over his head. When we came into the station he was next to me, and his white shirt-front pressed against my arm, and so I told him I’d have to call a policeman, but he knew I lied. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him I didn’t hardly know I wasn’t getting into a subway train. All I kept thinking about, over and over, was ‘You can’t live forever; you can’t live forever.’”

She turned to Mrs. McKee and the room rang full of her artificial laughter.

“My dear,” she cried, “I’m going to give you this dress as soon as I’m through with it. I’ve got to get another one tomorrow. I’m going to make a list of all the things I’ve got to get. A massage and a wave, and a collar for the dog, and one of those cute little ash-trays where you touch a spring, and a wreath with a black silk bow for mother’s grave that’ll last all summer. I got to write down a list so I won’t forget all the things I got to do.”

It was nine o’clock — almost immediately afterward I looked at my watch and found it was ten. Mr. McKee was asleep on a chair with his fists clenched in his lap, like a photograph of a man of action. Taking out my handkerchief I wiped from his cheek the remains of the spot of dried lather that had worried me all the afternoon. The little dog was sitting on the table looking with blind eyes through the smoke, and from time to time groaning faintly.

People disappeared, reappeared, made plans to go somewhere, and then lost each other, searched for each other, found each other a few feet away. Some time toward midnight Tom Buchanan and Mrs. Wilson stood face to face discussing in impassioned voices whether Mrs. Wilson had any right to mention Daisy's name.

"Daisy! Daisy! Daisy!" shouted Mrs. Wilson. "I'll say it whenever I want to! Daisy! Dai—"

Tom's violence toward Myrtle exposes his cruelty and the destructive nature of power

Making a short ^{injure} **deft** movement Tom Buchanan broke her nose with his open hand.

Q. What does Tom's violence reveal about his relationship with Myrtle?

A> He does not respect her. He treats her as inferior.

Then there were bloody towels upon the bathroom floor, and women's voices scolding, and high over the confusion a long broken wail of pain. Mr. McKee awoke from his doze and started in a daze toward the door. When he had gone half way he turned around and stared at the scene—his wife and Catherine scolding and ^{reassuring} **consoling** as they stumbled here and there among the crowded furniture with articles of aid, and the ^{desperate} **despairing** figure on the couch bleeding ^{effortlessly} **fluently** and trying to spread a copy of "Town Tattle" over the tapestry scenes of Versailles. Then Mr. McKee turned and continued on out the door. **Taking my hat from the chandelier I followed.**

When Nick finally has an accomplice, he can muster the courage to leave!

"Come to lunch some day," he suggested, as we groaned down in the elevator.

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Keep your hands off the lever," snapped the elevator boy.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. McKee with dignity, "I didn't know I was touching it."

"All right," I agreed, "I'll be glad to."

(후략)

... 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.

“Beauty and the Beast ... Loneliness ... Old Grocery Horse ... Brook’n Bridge”

Then I was lying half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania Station, staring at the morning TRIBUNE, and waiting for the four o’clock train.