

Chapter 1 : The Great Gatsby : F. Scott Fitzgerald :

The Great Gatsby is a novel written by American author F. Scott Fitzgerald that follows a cast of characters living in the fictional towns of West Egg and East Egg on prosperous Long Island in the summer of

Zelda Sayre in Fitzgerald was commissioned a second lieutenant in the infantry and assigned to Camp Sheridan outside of Montgomery, Alabama. The war ended in , before Fitzgerald was ever deployed. Upon his discharge he moved to New York City hoping to launch a career in advertising that would be lucrative enough to persuade Zelda to marry him. Zelda accepted his marriage proposal, but after some time and despite working at an advertising firm and writing short stories, he was unable to convince her that he would be able to support her, leading her to break off the engagement. They resumed their engagement and were married at St. Fitzgerald made several excursions to Europe, mostly Paris and the French Riviera , and became friends with many members of the American expatriate community in Paris, notably Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway did not get on well with Zelda, however, and in addition to describing her as "insane" in his memoir *A Moveable Feast* , [31] Hemingway claimed that Zelda "encouraged her husband to drink so as to distract Fitzgerald from his work on his novel", [31] [32] so he could work on the short stories he sold to magazines to help support their lifestyle. When Ober decided not to continue advancing money to Fitzgerald, the author severed ties with his longtime friend and agent. Fitzgerald offered a good-hearted and apologetic tribute to this support in the late short story "Financing Finnegan". Fitzgerald began working on his fourth novel during the late s but was sidetracked by financial difficulties that necessitated his writing commercial short stories, and by the schizophrenia that struck Zelda in Her emotional health remained fragile for the rest of her life. The book went through many versions, the first of which was to be a story of matricide. Indeed, Fitzgerald was extremely protective of his "material" i. His book was finally published in as *Tender Is the Night*. Critics who had waited nine years for the followup to *The Great Gatsby* had mixed opinions about the novel. Most were thrown off by its three-part structure and many felt that Fitzgerald had not lived up to their expectations. He was hospitalized nine times at Johns Hopkins Hospital, and his friend H. Mencken noted in a letter that "The case of F. Scott Fitzgerald has become distressing. He is boozing in a wild manner and has become a nuisance. Scott and Zelda moved into a studio-owned bungalow in January of the following year and Fitzgerald soon met and began an affair with Lois Moran. The starlet became a temporary muse for the author and he rewrote Rosemary Hoyt, one of the central characters in *Tender is the Night*, who had been a male in earlier drafts to closely mirror her. His only screenplay credit is for *Three Comrades* film. He also spent time during this period working on his fifth and final novel, *The Love of the Last Tycoon* , published posthumously as *The Last Tycoon*, based on film executive Irving Thalberg. In , MGM terminated the contract, and Fitzgerald became a freelance screenwriter. **Illness and death**[edit] Fitzgerald, an alcoholic since college, became notorious during the s for his extraordinarily heavy drinking which would undermine his health by the late s. However, Fitzgerald scholar Matthew J. Bruccoli contends that Fitzgerald did in fact have recurring tuberculosis, and according to Milford, Fitzgerald biographer Arthur Mizener said that Fitzgerald suffered a mild attack of tuberculosis in , and in he had "what proved to be a tubercular hemorrhage. She ran to the manager of the building, Harry Culver , founder of Culver City. Fitzgerald was instead buried at Rockville Union Cemetery. Only one photograph of the original gravesite is known to exist. It was taken in by Fitzgerald scholar Richard Anderson and was first published as part of an essay by fellow-scholar Bryant Mangum, "An Affair of Youth: Eliot to write, in a letter to Fitzgerald, "It seems to me to be the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James But if there is, this is it. He might have interpreted them and even guided them, as in their middle years they saw a different and nobler freedom threatened with destruction.

Chapter 2 : The Great Gatsby – A Summary | www.nxgvision.com

Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby follows Jay Gatsby, a man who orders his life around one desire: to be reunited with Daisy Buchanan, the love he lost five years earlier. Gatsby's quest leads him from poverty to wealth, into the arms of his beloved, and eventually to death.

Scott Fitzgerald, one of the foremost twentieth century American writers. His father, Edward, brought breeding, charm, and a sense of elegance to the family, although as a businessman, he experienced only marginal financial success. They possessed what some critics have come to call "a certain genteel shabbiness. Paul where the McQuillan family still lived. From that point, the Fitzgeralds essentially lived off the McQuillan family fortune. Although Scott would call St. Paul home from to , he was often not there. Rather, he spent much of that time at boarding school, at Princeton University, in the army, and in New York City. Prep School and College Although Edward and Mollie Fitzgerald did not mingle much in the society life of their community, they saw to it that Scott met the right people. He attended the prep school and dancing classes where the elite sent their children. In , Fitzgerald entered the St. Paul Academy where he was received with mixed welcome many of the students apparently thought he was too arrogant. He excelled in debate and athletics, pushing himself continually. He would publish three more stories in the next two years. He would also begin writing plays while still a student at St. Here he met Fr. Sigourney Fay who would serve as a mentor, encouraging him to develop his talents and pursue his dreams of personal achievement and distinction. During the years at Newman, Fitzgerald published three stories in the school literary magazine, helping him to realize that despite his interest in athletics, he was more successful in literary endeavors. In , Fitzgerald entered Princeton University. Again, he would not prove himself a top scholar, although his literary achievements began to grow. He wrote scripts and lyrics for the Triangle Club musicals and contributed to Princeton publications. By , Fitzgerald was on academic probation and, given graduation looked unlikely, he joined the army, commissioned as a second lieutenant in the infantry. Marriage and Work In , while assigned to Camp Sheridan, near Montgomery, Alabama, the course of his life changed forever. The year-old Scott met and fell in love with then year-old debutante Zelda Sayre. Zelda, youngest daughter of an Alabama Supreme Court judge, refused marriage, however, until Scott could support her in the manner to which she was accustomed. After being discharged from the army in February , Fitzgerald moved to New York and took up work with an advertising agency, hoping to earn enough money so he and Zelda could be married. By June of , Zelda had tired of waiting for Scott to earn his fortune and broke their engagement. During the summer of , Fitzgerald quit the ad business to return to St. Paul to rewrite *The Romantic Egotist*. One week after its publication, Scott and Zelda were married in New York. The novel meant instant success for the young author and pushed the newlyweds into the limelight. Together, Scott and Zelda became synonymous with life in the s. Stories of their drinking, dancing, and extravagant lifestyle surround the couple. Over the years, they traveled between the United States and Europe especially France extensively, becoming at least for a while part of "The Lost Generation" of American expatriates in Paris. Throughout their marriage, the two went through periods of heavy alcohol consumption. Although Fitzgerald wrote sober, he drank more and more frequently and excessively. Although *This Side of Paradise* did well, the follow-up novel did not meet the same success. In order to maintain their extravagant lifestyle, Scott spent much time working on short stories that ran in widely distributed magazines. This breakdown left her in various care facilities in France and Switzerland from April to September Although he remained married to Zelda until the end, her mental illness redefined their marriage. Scott eventually met and fell in love with Sheilah Graham, a movie columnist, with whom he spent the last few years of his life. Over the course of his career, Fitzgerald wrote four complete novels, while a fifth, partially completed at the time of his death, was published posthumously. While also writing short stories, Fitzgerald completed *The Beautiful and the Damned* , a book first serialized in *Metropolitan Magazine*. *The Great Gatsby* , the novel for which Fitzgerald has become most well known, met only limited success upon its publication. Fitzgerald worked on his fourth novel, *Tender Is the Night* , sporadically for almost ten years after publication of *The Great Gatsby*. Despite favorable reviews, the novel sold even more

poorly than *The Great Gatsby*. At the time of his death in 1940, Fitzgerald was working on *The Last Tycoon*, a novel based upon his experiences in Hollywood. About half the novel was completed at the time of his death and, according to some literary critics, *The Last Tycoon* quite likely could have been his greatest critical success, had it been completed. Aside from his novels, Fitzgerald amassed a considerable collection of short stories, composing over 150. He would also publish three collections of short stories during his lifetime: *Flowers of the Evil* (1925), *Flors and Fables* (1934), and *Winter Dreams* (1942). In addition to his novels and short stories, at three distinct points in his career Fitzgerald earned his living as a screenwriter in Hollywood. His first job was in 1925, when he worked for United Artists for only a few months. He returned to Hollywood again in the fall of 1927 to work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer until the following spring. In December of 1928, however, in keeping with the sort of luck that seemed to plague Fitzgerald, the contract was not renewed. Fitzgerald stayed in Hollywood, however, and between 1928 and 1930 he freelanced with most of the major studios Paramount, Universal, Twentieth Century-Fox, Goldwyn, and Columbia while writing his final novel. At the time of his death in 1940, Fitzgerald had slipped into relative obscurity. His personal life was chaotic and his literary reputation fragile. Despite having once been the golden boy of the Jazz Age, upon his death, many of his obituaries were condescending, capitalizing on his personal hardships. Not one of his books remained in print and every indication suggested he was on his way into obscurity. However, after World War II, interest in his work began to grow. By the 1950s, he had risen from the dustbin to secure a place among the great twentieth century American authors. In the time since, interest in Fitzgerald has remained consistently strong. Together with Zelda, his personal life has become a part of the American landscape, linked forever with the youthful exuberance of the 1920s. Professionally, his works provide a valuable voice for exploring themes of ambition, justice, equity, and the American dream — themes that are still current — affording him with a well-deserved place in the American literary canon.

Chapter 3 : The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald

American short-story writer and novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald is known for his turbulent personal life and his famous novel 'The Great Gatsby.' This website uses cookies for analytics.

As the story opens, Nick has just moved from the Midwest to West Egg, Long Island, seeking his fortune as a bond salesman. Shortly after his arrival, Nick travels across the Sound to the more fashionable East Egg to visit his cousin Daisy Buchanan and her husband, Tom, a hulking, imposing man whom Nick had known in college. There he meets professional golfer Jordan Baker. When Nick returns home that evening, he notices his neighbor, Gatsby, mysteriously standing in the dark and stretching his arms toward the water, and a solitary green light across the Sound. One day, Nick is invited to accompany Tom, a blatant adulterer, to meet his mistress, Myrtle Wilson, a middle-class woman whose husband runs a modest garage and gas station in the valley of ashes, a desolate and run-down section of town that marks the convergence of the city and the suburbs. The afternoon is filled with drunken behavior and ends ominously with Myrtle and Tom fighting over Daisy, his wife. Following the description of this incident, Nick turns his attention to his mysterious neighbor, who hosts weekly parties for the rich and fashionable. There, he bumps into Jordan Baker, as well as Gatsby himself. Gatsby, it turns out, is a gracious host, but yet remains apart from his guest – an observer more than a participant – as if he is seeking something. As the party winds down, Gatsby takes Jordan aside to speak privately. On that same day, while having tea with Jordan Baker, Nick learns the amazing story that Gatsby told her the night of his party. Gatsby, it appears, is in love with Daisy Buchanan. They met years earlier when he was in the army but could not be together because he did not yet have the means to support her. In the intervening years, Gatsby made his fortune, all with the goal of winning Daisy back. He bought his house so that he would be across the Sound from her and hosted the elaborate parties in the hopes that she would notice. It has come time for Gatsby to meet Daisy again, face-to-face, and so, through the intermediary of Jordan Baker, Gatsby asks Nick to invite Daisy to his little house where Gatsby will show up unannounced. The day of the meeting arrives. When the former lovers meet, their reunion is slightly nervous, but shortly, the two are once again comfortable with each other, leaving Nick to feel an outsider in the warmth the two people radiate. At this point, Nick again lapses into memory, relating the story of Jay Gatsby. Born James Gatz to "shiftless and unsuccessful farm people," Gatsby changed his name at seventeen, about the same time he met Dan Cody. Never again would he acknowledge his meager past; from that point on, armed with a fabricated family history, he was Jay Gatsby, entrepreneur. After the Buchanans leave, Gatsby tells Nick of his secret desire: Gatsby, the idealistic dreamer, firmly believes the past can be recaptured in its entirety. Gatsby then goes on to tell what it is about his past with Daisy that has made such an impact on him. On one fateful day, the hottest and most unbearable of the summer, Gatsby and Nick journey to East Egg to have lunch with the Buchanans and Jordan Baker. Oppressed by the heat, Daisy suggests they take solace in a trip to the city. As the party prepares to leave for the city, Tom fetches a bottle of whiskey. Tom has lost a wife and a mistress all in a matter of an hour. Absorbed in his own fears, Tom hastily drives into the city. The group ends up at the Plaza hotel, where they continue drinking, moving the day closer and closer to its tragic end. Tom, always a hot-head, begins to badger Gatsby, questioning him as to his intentions with Daisy. Decidedly tactless and confrontational, Tom keeps harping on Gatsby until the truth comes out: When Daisy is unable to do this, Gatsby declares that Daisy is going to leave Tom. Tom, Nick, and Jordan follow. Tom, Jordan, and Nick continue home to East Egg. With a few well-chosen questions, Nick learns that Daisy, not Gatsby, was driving the car, although Gatsby confesses he will take all the blame. Nick, greatly agitated by all that he has experienced during the day, continues home, but an overarching feeling of dread haunts him. While the two men turn the house upside down looking for cigarettes, Gatsby tells Nick more about how he became the man he is and how Daisy figured into his life. Later that morning, while at work, Nick is unable to concentrate. He receives a phone call from Jordan Baker, but is quick to end the discussion – and thereby the friendship. He plans to take an early train home and check on Gatsby. Wilson murders Gatsby and then turns the gun on himself. Daisy and Tom mysteriously leave on a trip and all the people who so eagerly attended his parties,

drinking his liquor and eating his food, refuse to become involved. A telegram from Henry C. Despite all his popularity during his lifetime, in his death, Gatsby is completely forgotten. Nick, completely disillusioned with what he has experienced in the East, prepares to head back to the Midwest. Before leaving, he sees Tom Buchanan one last time. When Wilson came to his house, he told Wilson that Gatsby owned the car that killed Myrtle. Nick, disgusted by the carelessness and cruel nature of Tom, Daisy, and those like them, leaves Tom, proud of his own integrity. The novel ends prophetically, with Nick noting how we are all a little like Gatsby, boats moving up a river, going forward but continually feeling the pull of the past.

Chapter 4 : The Great Gatsby: Book Summary | CliffsNotes

The Great Gatsby "I want to write something new – something extraordinary and beautiful and simple and intricately patterned." With these words, written to his editor during the summer of , F. Scott Fitzgerald began planning his magnum opus: the great American novel of the 20th century.

Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned and with a series of rapid, deft movements stood up into the room. 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 reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming, discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before. Slenderly, 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. She snapped them out with her fingers. I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it. Sometimes she and Miss Baker talked at once, unobtrusively and with a bantering 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. When, almost immediately, the telephone rang inside and the butler left the porch Daisy seized upon the momentary interruption and leaned toward me. Things went from bad to worse, until finally he had to give up his position. As if his absence quickened something within her, Daisy leaned forward again, her voice glowing and singing. You remind me of a – of a rose, an absolute rose. I am not even faintly like a rose. She was only 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 devoid of meaning. A 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 coherence, sank down, mounted excitedly, and then ceased altogether. I want to hear what happens. She sat down, glanced searchingly at Miss Baker and then at me, and continued: 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. To a certain temperament the situation might have seemed intriguing – my own instinct was to telephone immediately for the police. 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 tangible body, while, trying to look pleasantly interested and a little deaf, I followed Daisy around a chain of connecting verandas to the porch in front. In its deep gloom we sat down side by side on a 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 turbulent emotions possessed her, so I asked what I thought would be some sedative questions about her little girl. Would you like to hear? 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. 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. 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 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. I had heard some story of her too, a critical, unpleasant story, but what it was I had forgotten long ago. I think the

home influence will be very good for her. Our white girlhood was passed together there. 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 peremptorily called: We heard you were engaged to a girl out West. The fact that gossip had published the banns was one of the reasons I had come East. 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. Something was making him nibble at the edge of stale ideas as if his sturdy physical egotism no longer nourished his 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. 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. 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.

Chapter 5 : The Great Gatsby - F. Scott Fitzgerald - [PDF download] - Bookinspector

I found a battered paperback copy of F. Scott Fitzgerald's masterwork The Great Gatsby at a book sale as part of a charity fundraising effort by the Canadian federal government. It only.

Historical context[edit] Set on the prosperous Long Island of , The Great Gatsby provides a critical social history of America during the Roaring Twenties within its fictional narrative. Today, there are a number of theories as to which mansion was the inspiration for the book. Fitzgerald was a young man from Minnesota, and, like Nick, who went to Yale , he was educated at an Ivy League school, Princeton. Fitzgerald is also similar to Jay Gatsby in that he fell in love while stationed far from home in the military and fell into a life of decadence trying to prove himself to the girl he loved. Fitzgerald became a second lieutenant and was stationed at Camp Sheridan in Montgomery, Alabama. There he met and fell in love with a wild year-old beauty named Zelda Sayre. Zelda finally agreed to marry him, but her preference for wealth, fun, and leisure led her to delay their wedding until he could prove a success. Like Gatsby, Fitzgerald was driven by his love for a woman who symbolized everything he wanted, even as she led him toward everything he despised. He rents a small house on Long Island , in the fictional village of West Egg, next door to the lavish mansion of Jay Gatsby , a mysterious multi-millionaire who holds extravagant parties but does not participate in them. They introduce Nick to Jordan Baker, an attractive, cynical young golfer. She reveals to Nick that Tom has a mistress , Myrtle Wilson, who lives in the " valley of ashes ," [11] an industrial dumping ground between West Egg and New York City. Not long after this revelation, Nick travels to New York City with Tom and Myrtle to an apartment that Tom uses like a hotel room for Myrtle, as well as other women whom he also sleeps with. Nick encounters Jordan Baker at the party and they meet Gatsby himself, an aloof and surprisingly young man who recognizes Nick because they were in the same division in the Great War. Through Jordan, Nick later learns that Gatsby knew Daisy through a purely chance meeting in when Daisy and her friends were doing volunteer service work with young officers headed to Europe. From their brief meetings and casual encounters at that time, Gatsby became and still is deeply in love with Daisy. Gatsby had hoped that his wild parties would attract an unsuspecting Daisy, who lived across the bay, to appear at his doorstep and allow him to present himself as a man of wealth and position. Having developed a budding friendship with Nick, Gatsby uses him to arrange a reunion between himself and Daisy. Nick invites Daisy to have tea at his house without telling her that Gatsby will also be there. After an initially awkward reunion, Gatsby and Daisy begin an affair over the summer. He forces the group to drive into New York City and confronts Gatsby in a suite at the Plaza Hotel , asserting that he and Daisy have a history that Gatsby could never understand. In addition to that, he announces to his wife that Gatsby is a criminal whose fortune comes from bootlegging alcohol and other illegal activities. Daisy decides to stay with Tom, and Tom contemptuously sends her back to East Egg with Gatsby, attempting to prove that Gatsby cannot hurt her. Nick later learns from Gatsby that Daisy, not Gatsby himself, was driving the car at the time of the accident. Disillusioned with the East, Nick moves back to the Midwest. Major characters[edit] Nick Carraway â€”a Yale University graduate from the Midwest, a World War I veteran, and, at the start of the plot, a newly arrived resident of West Egg, age 29 later He also serves as the first-person narrator of the novel. He is easy-going, occasionally sarcastic, and somewhat optimistic, although this latter quality fades as the novel progresses. He is more grounded and more practical than the other characters, and is always in awe of their lifestyles and morals. Jay Gatsby originally James "Jimmy" Gatz â€”a young, mysterious millionaire with shady business connections later revealed to be a bootlegger , originally from North Dakota. Scott Fitzgerald, the character is based on the bootlegger and former World War officer, Max Gerlach. Gatsby is also said to have briefly studied at Trinity College, Oxford in England after the end of the war. Before she married Tom, Daisy had a romantic relationship with Gatsby. Her choice between Gatsby and Tom is one of the central conflicts in the novel. Tom is an imposing man of muscular build with a "husky tenor" voice and arrogant demeanor. He was a football star at Yale University. Buchanan and Mitchell were both Chicagoans with an interest in polo. She has a slightly shady reputation amongst the New York social elite, due to her habit of

being evasive and untruthful with her friends and lovers. She established herself as a professional golfer in a predominantly male sport. With great success came criticism as she faced a cheating scandal, which harmed her reputation as a golfer. Wilson is a mechanic and owner of a garage. Myrtle, who possesses a fierce vitality, is desperate to find refuge from her disappointing marriage. The town was used as the scene of *The Great Gatsby*. Some of it, however, resurfaced in the short story "Absolution." Fitzgerald wrote in his ledger, "Out of woods at last and starting novel. A little-known artist named Francis Cugat was commissioned to illustrate the book while Fitzgerald was in the midst of writing it. They look out of no face, but instead, from a pair of enormous yellow spectacles which pass over a non-existent nose. Trimalchio in West Egg," [48] but was eventually persuaded that the reference was too obscure and that people would not be able to pronounce it. On March 19, [51] Fitzgerald expressed intense enthusiasm for the title *Under the Red, White and Blue*, but it was at that stage too late to change. Another difference is that the argument between Tom Buchanan and Gatsby is more even, [58] although Daisy still returns to Tom. Themes[edit] Sarah Churchwell sees *The Great Gatsby* as a "cautionary tale of the decadent downside of the American dream. The book in stark relief through the narrator, Nick Carraway, observes that: Americans from the s to the 21st century have plenty of experience with changing economic and social circumstances. In , Roger Pearson published "Gatsby: He concludes that the American dream pursued by Gatsby "is, in reality, a nightmare," bringing nothing but discontent and disillusionment to those who chase it as they realize that it is unsustainable and ultimately unattainable. As an upper-class white woman living in East Egg during this time period, Daisy must adhere to certain societal expectations, including but certainly not limited to actively filling the role of dutiful wife, mother, keeper of the house, and charming socialite. Fitzgerald called Perkins on the day of publication to monitor reviews: Eliot , Edith Wharton , and Willa Cather regarding the novel; however, this was private opinion, and Fitzgerald feverishly demanded the public recognition of reviewers and readers. Generally the most effusive of the positive reviews was Edwin Clark of *The New York Times* , who felt the novel was "A curious book, a mystical, glamorous [sic] story of today. Ford of the *Los Angeles Times* wrote, "[the novel] leaves the reader in a mood of chastened wonder," calling the book "a revelation of life" and "a work of art. His style fairly scintillates, and with a genuine brilliance; he writes surely and soundly. At the moment, its author seems a bit bored and tired and cynical. Fitzgerald is not one of the great American writers of to-day. Although the novel went through two initial printings, some of these copies remained unsold years later. *The Great Gatsby* was one of these books. It was choreographed by Jimmy Orrante. Nixon also created the scenario and costume designs. It is a famous example of a lost film. Reviews suggest that it may have been the most faithful adaptation of the novel, but a trailer of the film at the National Archives is all that is known to exist.

Chapter 6 : SparkNotes: The Great Gatsby

"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.

Fitzgerald not only coined the term "the jazz age", he lived and wrote about it with the hedonistic delirium expressed in his second novel, *The Beautiful and Damned*. His career as the celebrity spokesman for the inter-war generation brought him money, fame, and the love of women. Looking back, he remembered that "it seemed a romantic business to be a successful literary man". *The Great Gatsby* is the American novel on this list that remains, after many readings, one of my all-time favourites, an unquiet masterpiece whose mystery never fails to exert its power. This is perhaps because, as Fitzgerald himself wrote, he is exploring the geography of regret. In a letter to a friend, he said: The plot, ripped from the pages of a tabloid and crossed with a romantic novelette, has the potency of cheap music. The attraction of *Gatsby* intensifies with the text itself, a glittering diamond of brevity less than 60, words long. If it was just a lurid tale, its appeal would have faded long ago. Not for nothing did Fitzgerald set it in , the year of *The Waste Land*. Put all these elements together, mix in prohibition, bootlegging and the beginnings of celebrity culture, add a soundtrack from Gershwin, plus the creative ambition of a writer tormented by fame, and you have a literary supernova. There was, as Fitzgerald had predicted, no second act in this American life. *The Great Gatsby*, in short, becomes a tantalising metaphor for the eternal mystery of art. A note on the text Fitzgerald began planning his novel in , hoping to write, as he put it, "something new â€” something extraordinary and beautiful and simple and intricately patterned". But he made slow progress and in the winter of worked on magazine stories to pay his debts. One of these, "Winter Dreams", he later described as "a sort of first draft of the *Gatsby* idea". The other impediment to creative progress was his alcoholism. He was, as Sarah Churchwell writes in *Careless People: Murder, Mayhem and the Invention of the Great Gatsby*, consistently "drunk, tearing drunk, roaring drunk". Indeed, in the party season of , Fitzgerald calculated that he averaged barely words a day, and knew he had to get out. In , he and Zelda moved to the Riviera, where he immersed himself in his novel. In the gaudy myth of the novel, there are two further strands: The jacket art for the first printing of *The Great Gatsby*, a disembodied face above a dark blue Manhattan skyline by Francis Cugat, is one of the most famous cover illustrations in American literature. Copies of this edition now sell for tens of thousands of dollars. To the author, "the title is only fair, rather bad than good". While he was writing, he had flirted with many alternatives, including: An early draft of the book has been published by an academic press under the title *Trimalchio*. We were to find out soon enough. She had a breakdown and would end up in an asylum. He went to Hollywood to reverse his fortunes, completed *Tender is the Night*, and sold some confessional *Esquire* pieces, later published as *The Crack-Up*.

Chapter 7 : The best novels: No 51 â€” The Great Gatsby by F Scott Fitzgerald () | Books | The Guardian

by: F. Scott Fitzgerald The Great Gatsby, F. Scott Fitzgerald's Jazz Age novel about the impossibility of recapturing the past, was initially a failure. Today, the story of Gatsby's doomed love for the unattainable Daisy is considered a defining novel of the 20th century.

Chapter 8 : The Great Gatsby, by F. Scott Fitzgerald : Chapter 1

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Chapter 9 : Book Review: The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald

DOWNLOAD PDF THE GREAT GATSBY BY SCOTT FITZGERALD

The book took Fitzgerald two years to write, and he worked on it under a variety of different titles, including Dinner at Trimalchio's and Under the Red, White and Blue. Unfortunately, when it was first released "The Great Gatsby" was neither a commercial nor a critical success.