

Moby-Dick

Herman Melville

THE GREAT GATSBY



Call me Ishmael.

From hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last
breath at thee.

The Great Gatsby

Here is a novel, glamorous, beautiful, compelling—a marvel of technique and humanity of the rarest—our recognition of the life of the period—which creates a hero like no other—one who could live at no other time and in no other place. But he will live as a character, we surmise, as long as the currency of any reader lasts.

“There was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, which was not autumnal yet, his hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which is not likely I shall ever find again.”

It is the story of this Jay Gatsby who came so mysteriously to West Egg, of his extravagant entertainments, and of his love for Daisy Buchanan—a love that moves from romantic beauty to