

GATSBY

PASSAGE

English... 2 (Wallenberg)
Name: _____

Hr. _____ Due date: _____

IMAGERY and TONE PRACTICE -excerpt from The Great Gatsby (chapter 3)

1. By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived--no thin five piece affair but a whole pit full of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive; and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors and hair shorn in strange new ways and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside until the air is alive with chatter and laughter and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.
14. The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier, minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath--already there are wanderers, confident girls who

#1

#2

more

21. weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group and then excited with triumph glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.
22. Suddenly one of these gypsies in trembling opal seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and moving her hands like Frisco dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the "Follies." The party has begun.
33. I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited--they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island and some how they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

also #2

#3

#4

GATSBY

+

The Stranger

PASSAGE

+
More
Asimov

Name _____

Elb

Ex

Prose Analysis from *The Stranger* by Albert Camus

1 It occurred to me that all I had to do was turn around and
 2 that would be the end of it. But the whole beach, throbbing in
 3 the sun, was pressing on my back. I took a few steps toward
 4 the spring. The Arab didn't move. Beside, he was still pretty
 5 far away. Maybe it was the shadows on his face, but it looked
 6 like he was laughing. I waited. The sun was starting to burn
 7 my cheeks, and I could feel drops of sweat gathering in my
 8 eyebrows. The sun was the same as it had been the day I'd
 9 buried Maman, and like then, my forehead especially was
 10 hurting me, all the veins in it throbbing under the skin. It was
 11 this burning, which I couldn't stand anymore, that made me
 12 move forward. I knew that it was stupid, that I wouldn't get
 13 the sun off me by stepping forward. But I took a step, one step,
 14 forward. And this time, without getting up, the Arab drew his
 15 knife and held it up to me in the sun. The light shot off the
 16 steel and it was like a long flashing blade cutting at my forehead.
 17 At the same instant the sweat in my eyebrows dripped down
 18 over my eyelids all at once and covered them with a warm,
 19 thick film. My eyes were blinded behind the curtain of tears
 20 and salt. All I could feel were the cymbals of sunlight crashing
 21 on my forehead and, indistinctly, the dazzling spear flying up
 22 from the knife in front of me. The scorching blade slashed at
 23 my eyelashes and stabbed at my stinging eyes. That's when

24 everything began to reel. The sea carried up a thick, fiery
 25 breath. It seemed to me as if the sky split open from one end to
 26 the other to rain down fire. My whole being tensed and I
 27 squeezed my hand around the revolver. The trigger gave; I felt
 28 the smooth underside of the butt, and there, in that noise, sharp
 29 and deafening at the same time, is where it all started. I shook
 30 off the sweat and sun. I knew that I had shattered the harmony
 31 of the day, the exceptional silence of a beach where I'd been
 32 happy. Then I fired four more times at the motionless body
 33 where the bullets lodged without leaving a trace. And it was
 34 like knocking four quick times on the door of unhappiness.



Group

Asimov Quiz

Score

18

ISAAC ASIMOV'S SUPER QUIZ

Score 1 point for each correct answer on the freshman level
2 points on the graduate level and 3 points on the Ph.D. level.

LITERARY MATTERS

(e.g., Name the only novel written by Margaret Mitchell. Answer: "Gone With the Wind").

FRESHMAN LEVEL

1. What character tilted at windmills?
2. What hero was killed by an arrow wound to his heel?
3. Who said, "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him?"

GRADUATE LEVEL

4. "Brobdingnag" was the land of the _____.
5. Who was the main character created by author A.A. Milne?

6. In what novel is the central male character named Heathcliff?

PH.D. LEVEL

7. What term describes words such as "splash," "gush" and "his?"
8. By what name is the Dickens character Jack Dawkins better known?
9. To what does the line refer: "wee weeit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie"?

Scoring:

- > 18 points: Good job. Doctor
- > 15 to 17 points: Honors graduate
- > 10 to 14 points: You're plenty smart, but no grind!
- > 4 to 9 points: You really should hit the books
- > 1 to 3 points: Enroll in remedial courses immediately!
- > 0 points: Who reads the questions to you?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20 • 2004

Arlo 'N' Janis: By Jimmy Johnson

