Flushed with his impassioned gibberish, he saw himself standing alone on the last barrier of civilization.

'We're all white here,' murmured Jordan.

'I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends - in the modern world,'

Angry as I was, as we all were, I was tempted to laugh whenever he opened his mouth.
The transition from libertine to prig was so complete.

'I've got something to tell you, old sport - ' began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed at his intention.

'Please don't!' she interrupted helplessly. 'Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?'

'That's a good idea,' I got up. 'Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink.'

'I want to know what Mr Gatsby has to tell me,'

'Your wife doesn't love you,' said Gatsby. 'She's never loved you. She loves me.'

'You must be crazy!' exclaimed Tom automatically.

Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.

'She never loved you, do you hear?' he cried. 'She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!'

At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain - as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions.

'Sit down, Daisy,' Tom's voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. 'What's been going on? I want to hear all about it.'

'I told you what's been going on,' said Gatsby. 'Going on for five years - and you didn't know.'

Tom turned to Daisy sharply.

'You've been seeing this fellow for five years?'

'Not seeing,' said Gatsby. 'No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes - but there was no laughter in his eyes - to think that you didn't know.'

'Oh - that's all.' Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair.

'You're crazy!' he exploded. 'I can't speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn't know Daisy then - and I'll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you
brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a God damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now.'

'No,' said Gatsby, shaking his head.

'She does, though. The trouble is that sometimes she gets foolish ideas in her head and doesn't know what she's doing.' He nodded sagely. 'And what's more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time.'

'You're revolting,' said Daisy. She turned to me, and her voice, dropping an octave lower, filled the room with thrilling scorn: 'Do you know why we left Chicago? I'm surprised that they didn't treat you to the story of that little spree.'

Gatsby walked over and stood beside her.

'Daisy, that's all over now,' he said earnestly. 'It doesn't matter any more. Just tell him the truth - that you never loved him - and it's all wiped out forever.'

She looked at him blindly. 'Why - how could I love him - possibly?'

'You never loved him.'

She hesitated. Her eyes fell on Jordan and me with a sort of appeal, as though she realized at last what she was doing - and as though she had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.

'I never loved him,' she said, with perceptible reluctance.

'Not at Kapiolani?' demanded Tom suddenly.

'No.'

From the ballroom beneath, muffled and suffocating chords were drifting up on hot waves of air.

'Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry?' There was a husky tenderness in his tone... 'Daisy?'

'Please don't.' Her voice was cold, but the rancour was gone from it. She looked at Gatsby. 'There, Jay,' she said - but her hand as she tried to light a cigarette and the burning match on the carpet.

'Oh, you want too much!' she cried to Gatsby. 'I love you now - isn't that enough? I can't help what's past.' She began to sob helplessly. 'I did love him once - but I loved you too.'

Gatsby's eyes opened and closed.

'You loved me too?' he repeated.

'Even that's a lie,' said Tom savagely. 'She didn't know you were alive. Why - there's things between Daisy and me that you'll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget.'

The words seemed to bite physically into Gatsby.
‘I want to speak to Daisy alone,’ he insisted. ‘She’s all excited now.’
‘Even alone I can’t say I never loved Tom,’ she admitted in a pitiful voice. ‘It wouldn’t be true.’
‘Of course it wouldn’t,’ agreed Tom.
She turned to her husband.
‘As if it mattered to you,’ she said.
‘Of course it matters. I’m going to take better care of you from now on.’
‘You don’t understand,’ said Gatsby, with a touch of panic. ‘You’re not going to take care of her any more.’
‘I’m not?’ Tom opened his eyes wide and laughed. He could afford to control himself now. ‘Why’s that?’
‘Daisy’s leaving you.’
‘Nonsense.’
‘I am, though,’ she said with a visible effort.
‘She’s not leaving me!’ Tom’s words suddenly leaped down over Gatsby. ‘Certainly not for a common swindler who’d have to steal the ring he put on her finger.’
‘I won’t stand this!’ cried Daisy. ‘Oh, please let’s get out.’
‘Who are you, anyhow?’ broke out Tom. ‘You’re one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfshiem – that much I happen to know. I’ve made a little investigation into your affairs – and I’ll carry it further to-morrow.’
‘You can suit yourself about that, old sport,’ said Gatsby steadily.
‘I found out what your “drug-stores” were.’ He turned to us and spoke rapidly. ‘He and this Wolfshiem bought up a lot of side-street drug-stores here and in Chicago and sold grain alcohol over the counter. That’s one of his little stunts. I picked him for a bootlegger the first time I saw him, and I wasn’t far wrong.’
‘What about it?’ said Gatsby politely. ‘I guess your friend Walter Chase wasn’t too proud to come in on it.’
‘And you left him in the lurch, didn’t you? you let him go to jail for a month over in New Jersey. God! You ought to hear Walter on the subject of you.’
‘He came to us dead broke. He was very glad to pick up some money, old sport.’
‘Don’t you call me “old sport”!’ cried Tom. Gatsby said nothing. ‘Walter could have you up on the betting laws too, but Wolfshiem scared him into shutting his mouth.’
That unfamiliar yet recognizable look was back again in Gatsby’s face.
‘That drug-store business was just small change,’ continued Tom slowly, ‘but you’ve got something on now that Walter’s afraid to tell me about.’
I glanced at Daisy, who was staring terrified between Gatsby and her husband, and at Jordan, who had begun to balance an invisible but absorbing object on the tip of her chin. Then I turned back to Gatsby - and was startled at his expression. He looked - and this is said in all contempt for the babbled slander of his garden - as if he had 'killed a man'. For a moment the set of his face could be described in just that fantastic way.

It passed, and he began to talk excitedly to Daisy, denying everything, defending his name against accusations that had not been made. But with every word she was drawing further and further into herself, so he gave that up, and only the dead dream fought on as the afternoon slipped away, trying to touch what was no longer tangible, struggling unhappily, undauntingly, toward that lost voice across the room.

The voice begged again to go.

'Please, Tom! I can't stand this any more.'

Her frightened eyes told that whatever intentions, whatever courage she had had, were definitely gone.

'You two start on home, Daisy,' said Tom. 'In Mr Gatsby's car.'

She looked at Tome, alarmed now, but he insisted with magnanimous scorn.

'Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes that his presumptuous little flirtation is over.'

They were gone, without a word, snapped out, made accidental, isolated, like ghosts, even from our pity.

After a moment Tom got up and began wrapping the unopened bottle of whisky in the towel.

'Want any of this stuff? Jordan?...Nick?'

I didn't answer.

'Nick?' He asked again.

'What?'

'Want any?'

'No...I just remembered that to-day's my birthday.'

I was thirty. Before me stretched the portentous, menacing road of a new decade.

It was seven o'clock when we got into the coupé with him and started for Long Island. Tom talked incessantly, exulting and laughing, but his voice was as remote from Jordan and me as the foreign clamour on the sidewalk or the tumult of the elevated overhead. Human sympathy has its limits, and we were content to let all their tragic arguments fade with the city lights behind. Thirty - the promise of a decade of loneliness, a thinning list of single men to know, a thinning brief-case of enthusiasm, thinning hair. But there was Jordan beside me, who, unlike Daisy, was
too wise ever to carry wellforgotten dreams from age to age. As we passed over the dark bridge her wan face fell lazily against my coat's shoulder and the formidable stroke of thirty died away with the reassuring pressure of her hand.

So we drove on toward death through the cooling twilight.

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

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

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

So naturally Michaelis tried to find out what had happened, but Wilson wouldn't say a word - instead he began to throw curious, suspicious glances at his visitor and ask him what he'd been doing at certain times on certain days. Just as the latter was getting uneasy, some workmen came past the door bound for his restaurant and Michaelis took the opportunity to get away, intending to come back later. But he didn't. He supposed he forgot to, that's all. When he came outside again, a little after seven, he was reminded of the conversation because he heard Mrs Wilson's voice, loud and scolding, downstairs in the garage.

'Beat me!' he heard her cry. 'Throw me down and beat me, you dirty little coward!' A moment later she rushed out into the dusk, waving her hands and shouting - before he could move from his door the business was over.

The 'death car' as the newspapers called it, didn't stop; it came out of the gathering darkness, wavered tragically for a moment, and then disappeared around the next bend. Mavromichaelis wasn't even sure of its colour - he told the first policeman that it was light green. The other car, the one going towards New York, came to rest a hundred yards beyond, and its driver hurried back to where Myrtle Wilson, her life violently extinguished, knelt in the road and mingled her thick dark blood with the dust.
Michaelis and this man reached her first, but when they had torn open her shirtwaist, still damp with perspiration, they saw that her left breast was swinging loose like a flap, and there was no need to listen for the heart beneath. The mouth was wide open and ripped a little at the corners, as though she had choked a little in giving up the tremendous vitality she had stored so long.

* *

We saw the three or four automobiles and the crowd when we were still some distance away.

‘Wreck!’ said Tom. ‘That’s good. Wilson’ll have a little business at last.’

He slowed down, but still without any intention of stopping, until, as we came nearer, the hushed, intent faces of the people at the garage door made him automatically put on the brakes.

‘We’ll take a look,’ he said doubtfully, ‘just a look.’

I became aware now of a hollow, wailing sound which issued incessantly from the garage, a sound which as we got out of the coupé and walked toward the door resolved itself into the words ‘Oh, my God!’ uttered over and over in a gasping moan.

‘There’s some bad trouble here,’ said Tom excitedly.

He reached up on tiptoes and peered over a circle of heads into the garage, which was lit only by a yellow light in a swinging metal basket overhead. Then he made a harsh sound in his throat, and with a violent thrusting movement of his powerful arms pushed his way through.

The circle closed up again with a running murmur of expostulation; it was a minute before I could see anything at all. Then new arrivals deranged the line, and Jordan and I were pushed suddenly inside.

Myrtle Wilson’s body, wrapped in a blanket, and then in another blanket, as though she suffered from a chill in the hot night, lay on a work-table by the wall, and Tom, with his back to us, was bending over it, motionless, Next to him stood a motor-cycle policeman taking down names with much sweat and correction in a little book. At first I couldn’t find the source of the high, groaning words that echoed clamorously through the bare garage - then I saw Wilson standing on the raised threshold of his office, swaying back and forth and holding to the doorposts with both hands. Some man was talking to him in a low voice and attempting, from time to time, to lay a hand on his shoulder, but Wilson neither heard nor saw. His eyes would drop slowly from the swinging light to the laden table by the wall, and then jerk back to the light again, and he gave out incessantly his high, horrible call:

‘Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od!’

Presently Tom lifted his head with a jerk and, after staring around the garage with glazed eyes, addressed a mumbled incoherent remark to the policeman.
"M-a-v - the policeman was saying, ' - o - ' "
"No, r -" corrected the man, 'M-a-v-r-o'
"Listen to me!" muttered Tom fiercely.
"r -" said the policeman, 'o -'
"g -" 
"g -" He looked up as Tom's broad hand fell sharply on his shoulder. "What you want, fella?"

"What happened? - that's what I want to know."
"Auto hit her. Ins' antly killed."
"Instantly killed," repeated Tom, staring.
"She ran out in a road. Son-of-a-bitch didn't even stopus car."
"There was two cars," said Michaelis, 'one comin', one goin', see?"
"Going where?" asked the policeman keenly.
"One goin' each way. Well, she - his hand rose toward the blankets but stopped half-way and fell to his side - 'she ran out there an' the one comin' from N'York knock right into her, goin' thirty or forty miles an hour."
"What's the name of this place here?" demanded the officer.
"Hasn't got any name."
A pale well - dressed negro stepped near.
"It was a yellow car," he said, 'big yellow car. New."
"See the accident?" asked the policeman.
"No, but the car passed me down the road, going faster'n forty. Going fifty, sixty."
"Come here and let's have your name. Look out now. I want to get his name."

Some words of this conversation must have reached Wilson, swaying in the office door, for suddenly a new theme found voice among his grasping cries:

"You don't have to tell me what kind of car it was! I know what kind of car it was!"

Watching Tom, I saw the wad of muscle back of his shoulder tighten under his coat. He walked quickly over to Wilson and, standing, in front of him seized him, firmly by the upper arms.

"You've got to pull yourself together," he said with soothing gruffness.

Wilson's eyes fell upon Tom; he started up on his tiptoes and then would have collapsed to his knees had not Tom held him upright.

"Listen," said Tom, shaking him a little. 'I just got here a minute ago, from New York. I was bringing you that coupé we've been talking about. That yellow car I was driving this afternoon wasn't mine - do you hear? I haven't seen it all afternoon.'
Only the negro and I were near enough to hear what he said, but the policeman caught something in the tone and looked over with truculent eyes.

‘What’s all that?’ he demanded.
‘I’m a friend of his,’ Tom turned his head but kept his hands firm on Wilson’s body.
‘He says he knows the car that did it...It was a yellow car.’
Some dim impulse moved the policeman to look suspiciously at Tom.
‘And what colour’s your car?’
‘It’s a blue car, a coupé.’
‘We’ve come straight from New York,’ I said.
Someone who had been driving a little behind us confirmed this, and the policeman turned away.
‘Now, if you’ll let me have that name again correct.’
Picking up Wilson like a doll, Tom carried him into the office, set him down in a chair, and came back.
‘If somebody’ll come here and sit with him,’ he snapped authoritatively. He watched while the two men standing closest glanced at each other and went unwillingly into the room. Then Tom shut the door on them and came down the single step, his eyes avoiding the table. As he passed close to me he whispered: ‘Let’s get out.’
Self-consciously, with his authoritative arms breaking the way, we pushed through the still gathering crowd, passing a hurried doctor, case in hand who had been sent for in wild hope half an hour ago.
Tom drove slowly until we were beyond the bend - then his foot came down hard, and the coupé raced along through the night. In a little while I heard a low husky sob, and saw that the tears were overflowing down his face.
The God damned coward!’ he whimpered. ‘He didn’t even stop his car.’
The Buchanans’ house floated suddenly toward us through the dark rustling trees. Tom stopped beside the porch and looked up at the second floor, where two windows bloomed with light among the vines.
‘Daisy’s home,’ he said. As we got out of the car he glanced at me and frowned slightly.
‘I ought to have dropped you in West Egg, Nick. There’s nothing we can do to-night.’
A change had come over him, and he spoke gravely, and with decision. As we walked across the moonlight gravel to the porch he disposed of the situation in a few brisk phrases.
‘I’ll telephone for a taxi to take you home, and while you’re waiting you and Jordan better go in the kitchen and have them get you some supper - if you want any.’ He opened the door.
‘Come in.’
‘No, thanks. But I’d be glad if you’d order me the taxi. I’ll wait outside.’

Jordan put her hand on my arm.

‘Won’t you come in, Nick?’

‘No, thanks.’

I was feeling a little sick and I wanted to be alone. But Jordan lingered for a moment more.

‘It’s only half-past nine,’ she said.

I’d be damned if I’d go in; I’d had enough of all of them for one day, and suddenly that included Jordan too. She must have seen something of this in my expression, for she turned abruptly away and ran up the porch steps into the house. I sat down for a few minutes with my head in my hands, until I heard the phone taken up inside and the butler’s voice calling a taxi. Then I walked slowly down the drive away from the house, intending to wait by the gate.

I hadn’t gone twenty yards when I heard my name and Gatsby stepped from between two bushes into the path. I must have felt pretty weird by that time, because I could think of nothing except the luminosity of his pink suit under the moon.

‘What are you doing?’ I inquired.

‘Just standing here, old sport.’

Somehow, that seemed a despicable occupation. For all I knew he was going to rob the house in a moment; I wouldn’t have been surprised to see sinister faces, the faces of ‘Wolfshiem’s people’, behind him in the dark shrubbery.

‘Did you see any trouble on the road?’ he asked after a minute.

‘Yes.’

He hesitated.

‘Was she killed?’

‘Yes’

‘I thought so; I told Daisy I thought so. It’s better that the shock should all come at once. She stood it pretty well.’

He spoke as if Daisy’s reaction was the only thing that mattered.

‘I got to West Egg by a side road,’ he went on, ‘and left the car in my garage. I don’t think anybody saw us, but of course I can’t be sure.’

I disliked him so much by this time that I didn’t find it necessary to tell him he was wrong.

‘Who was the woman?’ he inquired.

‘Her name was Wilson. Her husband owns the garage. How the devil did it happen?’

‘Well, I tried to swing the wheel.’ He broke off, and suddenly I guessed at the truth.

‘Was Daisy driving?’
'Yes,' he said after a moment, 'but of course I'll say I was. You see, when we left New York she was very nervous and she thought it would steady her to drive - and this woman rushed out at us just as we were passing a car coming the other way. It all happened in a minute, but it seemed to me that she wanted to speak to us, thought we were somebody she knew. Well, first Daisy turned away from the woman toward the other car, and then she lost her nerve and turned back. The second my hand reached the wheel I felt the shock - it must have killed her instantly.'

'It ripped her open.'

'Don't tell me, old sport.' He winced. 'Anyhow - Daisy stepped on it. I tried to make her stop, but she couldn't, so I pulled on the emergency brake. Then she fell over into my lap and I drove on.

'She'll be all right to-morrow,' he said presently. 'I'm just going to wait here and see if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon. She's locked herself into her room, and if he tries any brutality she's going to turn the light out and on again.'

'He won't touch her,' I said. 'He's not thinking about her.'

'I don't trust him, old sport.'

'How long are you going to wait?'

'All right, if necessary. Anyhow, till they all go to bed.'

A new point of view occurred to me. Suppose Tom found out that Daisy had been driving. He might think he saw a connexion in it - he might think anything. I looked at the house; there were two or three bright windows downstairs and the pink glow from Daisy's room on the ground floor.

'You wait here,' I said. 'I'll see if there's any sign of a commotion.'

I walked back along the border of the lawn, traversed the gravel softly, and tiptoed up the veranda steps. The drawing-room curtains were open, and I saw that the room was empty. Crossing the porch where we had dined that June night three months before, I came to a small rectangle of light which I guessed was the pantry window. The blind was drawn, but I found a rift as the sill.

Daisy and Tom were sitting opposite each other on the kitchen table, with a plate of cold fried chicken between them, and two bottles of ale. He was talking intently across the table at her, and in his earnestness his hand had fallen upon and covered her own. Once in a while she looked up at him and nodded in agreement.

They weren't happy, and neither of them had touched the chicken or the ale - and yet they weren't unhappy either. There was an unmistakable air of natural intimacy about the picture, and anybody would have said that they were conspiring together.

As I tiptoed from the porch I heard my taxi feeling its way along the dark road towards the house. Gatsby was waiting where I had left him in the drive.
'Is it all quiet up there?' he asked anxiously.

'Yes, it's all quiet.' I hesitated. 'You'd better come home and get some sleep.'

He shook his head.

'I want to wait here till Daisy goes to bed. Good night, old sport.'

He put his hands in his coat pockets and turned back eagerly to his scrutiny of the house, as though my presence marred the sacredness of the vigil. So I walked away and left him standing there in the moonlight - watching over nothing.
แนวคิดเรื่อง

ที่เรื่อง พิทช์เจอร์ล็อค ต้องการสะท้อนให้เห็นสภาพสังคมหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1 ว่า คณธรรมความประชาชนจะประสบความสำเร็จในชีวิตโดยคิดว่า เงิน คือ ลัทธิทางการเมืองและความสำเร็จ เงินช่วยให้เกิดความสุข สมบูรณ์ทุกเรื่อง เงินช่วยให้มีการกระทำความรัก ความปรารถนาเรียกกว่า "ความคิดแบบเยอรมัน" (American Dream) ซึ่งหมายถึงความปรารถนาให้คนอ่อนเปลี่ยนเป็นคนแข็งแกร่งโดยไม่ต้องถึงวิธีการอันน่ามาสุขความตั้งใจที่สุด แต่ที่ยิ่งใหญ่ที่สุด พิทช์เจอร์ล็อคแสดงให้เห็นว่าคนที่อยู่ในโลกแห่งอัลลิเดล์แต่สังคมอยู่กับการกระทำความผิดให้เป็นจริงได้อีกต่อไปไม่สามารถอยู่ในโลกนั้นได้

โครงการ เป็นเรื่องราวของเด็กที่ผู้AppDelegateมาจากรัฐที่ดาโกตาเหนือ (North Dakota) ซึ่ง เจย์ แกทซ์ (Jay Gatz) เข้าห้องรำพุธผู้สำราญทางได้คนหนึ่งเชิญ เดย์ซี (Daisy) ในขณะที่เขาเป็นทาวยู่ในกองทัพ เขาไม่เห็นหรือจะต่างคนกับเธอ แต่เมื่อเขาไปในเสรีนิยม เดย์ซี แห่งานกับเครื่องราชองครักษ์ คือ ทอม บัชนาเนอร์ (Tom Buchanan) ซึ่งต่อมาภายหลังก็เป็นรัฐมนตรี (Myrtle) ภรรยาของ เวลสัน (Wilson) เจ้าของรูปถ่ายของ Gatsby เพียงมากที่สูงสุดติดอยู่ไป และพยายามทุ่มนิ้วนิ้วทำให้เธอต้องทนร่างกาย เพื่อเรียกร้องความสนใจจากเดย์ซี แต่เขาสั่งบังคับ วิลสันมีสาย เพราะเข้าใจวัฒนธรรมเข้าบารุงสมเด็จอย่างเดียว แต่ความเป็นจริงแล้วผู้ผูกขาดค้นคว้า

การดำเนินเรื่อง

1. พิทช์เจอร์ล็อค กำหนดให้สังสรรค์เรื่อง นิค คาราวาจ์ (Nick Caraway) ซึ่งเป็นเพื่อนบ้านของแกทซ์เรื่องที่เกิดขึ้นให้ผู้อ่านได้รับรู้ วิธีการนี้เรียกว่า การเล่าเรื่องโดยใช้สาระบานเรื่องแรก (First Person Narration) และเป็นการเล่าเรื่องของการตัดสินใจที่เกี่ยวกับแกทซ์และแหวนแหวนอื่น ๆ ได้เพราะการเล่าเรื่องโดยให้คนในการตัดสินการกระทำที่ผู้อ่านแสดงตัวจะเห็นจากกิจสิทธิสอนของพวกเขาว่าไม่ควรไว้ใจรายนั้น เพราะว่าคนทุกคนนั้นไม่สามารถครอบคลุมตัวคนได้

'Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone,” he told me,” “just remember that all the people in this world haven’t had the advantages that you’ve had. ’1

1 The Great Gatsby บทที่ 1 หน้า 7
จึงเห็นได้ว่า ผู้อ่านสามารถเชื่อว่าเนื้อเรื่องเกิดขึ้นอยู่กับลักษณะที่มีลักษณะตัวละครต่าง ๆ ได้

2. การเตรียมการเพื่อให้เหตุการณ์อันจะเกิดในอนาคตเกิดอย่างสมเหตุสมผล
พิษพิภพรั้ง รุ่งไพรเกรียงกล้าใจ ความพยายามสร้างฐานะของเกณฑ์น้อยที่เอาชนะใจของ
เจ้าสุนัขแม่สุนัขพันธุ์ เขาเข้ากับใครเรื่องอย่าง คือการมีการลบของคอยม และความรัก
ของนิตร ความรักกับจงใจทัน เนื่องจาก การมีการลบของคอยม เมอร์ริลล์มากับไปสู่คุณณภูมิ
กรรมในตอนที่คิดขึ้นเรื่องการราบรื่นของคอยมแต่ละชิ้น และการเสียชีวิตของเมอร์ริลล์มากับไปสู่
การตายของเกณฑ์

3. โปรดทราบ (Suspense) ที่ทำให้เกิดความสงสัย และชวนให้คิดตาม อาทิ
3.1 การที่เกณฑ์ยืนมองหน้าอยู่ข้างหน้าของเขาแล้วเกิดอาการระคายวัว

I (Nick) 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 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.¹

ต่อมากุณมีัเรื่องร่าบสาระ อาคารวิมุตหรือสิ่งที่เป็นกระดาษในเกณฑ์ เพราะในที่สุด
เขาต้องจับข้อคิด โดยถูกวิปริตสนามของหนอนบราดยอดน้อยกล่าวนาน

3.2 ไม่มีใครรู้ว่าเกณฑ์เป็นใคร มาจากไหน และประสบกิจการอะไร ผู้คนที่มาร่วม
ในการเมืองของเกณฑ์ต่างกันเกณฑ์ในล้านส่วน ๆ กัน บางคนบอกว่าเขาเคยมาคนตายเป็นต้น

“Someone told me they thought he killed a man once.”

A thrill passed over all of us. The three Mr. Mumbles bent forward and listened eagerly.

“I don’t think it’s much that”, argued Lucille sceptically;

“It’s more that he was a German spy during the war.”

One of the men nodded in confirmation.

“I heard that from a man who knew all about him, grew up with him in Germany,” he
assured us positively.

“Oh, no,” said the first girl, “it couldn’t be that, because he was in the American army
during the war.” As our credulity switched back to her she leaned forward with enthusiasm.

“You look at him sometimes when he thinks nobody’s looking at him. I’ll bet he killed a man.”²

¹The Great Batsby บทที่ 1 หน้า 27-28
²Ibid บทที่ 3 หน้า 50
4. จุดสุดยอดของเรื่อง (Climax) ซึ่งนำไปสู่การคลี่คลายปัญหาที่หนังสือของเรื่อง
บทที่ 7 ซึ่งจะจัดคอมมาเป็นตัวอย่าง คือจุดสุดยอดของเรื่อง เนื่องจากทอทบทวนว่าคุณเสียก็เริ่มมี
ใจออกท่านโดยสาบานว่ารักแก่มัน วิลสันเจ้าของลูกชายมรดกภรรยาแม่ของเจ้าของเรื่องและคนรักที่มี
ของอาลีค์แห่งโรงเรียน จึงดีไม่ยอมๆซ่อนร้อนเพื่อฝันไปอยู่ที่อื่น และที่สุดท้ายผู้บรรยาย
แม่รีสเคิลวิลค์ ความตายของแม่รีสเคิลเป็นจุดสุดยอดของเรื่องเพราะนำไปสู่การตายของเก็ปส์
ทอมและเดิคริฟฟ์ไปอยู่ที่อื่น และความลับของเก็ปส์ถูกเปิดเผยในวันที่รั้วแคลิเซียเป็นเพียงลูก
ชาวนาจากจุดนั้นเท่านั้น

"It was Gatsby's father, a solemn old man, very helpless and dismayed, bundled up in a
long cheap ulster against the warm September day. His eyes leaked continuously with excitement,
and when I took the bag and umbrella from his hands he began to pull so incessantly at his sparse
grey beard that I had difficulty in getting off his coat." ¹

ตัวอ่านออก

ตัวอ่านออกของเรื่องคือ เจย์ แก่มัน และเดิคริฟฟ์ ในที่นี้จะขอเรียงแผนการและเนื้อหาของแก่มัน
เป็นตัวอย่างเพื่อเป็นแนวทางในการวิจารณ์ตัวละครตัวอนี้ ๆ ดังนี้

1. เป็นคนอยู่ในโลกของความสิ้น แม้จะพังทลายในขณะที่ขอสัมผัสจากคนอื่น
   เขาไม่เคยทั้งความคิดนั้น แม้ว่าจะจะแต่งงานมีลูกแล้วก็ตาม

¹The Great Gatsby บทที่ 9 หน้า 173-174
"He had intended, probably, to take what he could and go - but now he found that he had committed himself to the following of a grail. He knew that Daisy was extraordinary, but he didn’t realize just how extraordinary a “nice” girl could be. She vanished into her rich house, into her rich, full life, leaving Gatsby - nothing. HE felt married to her, that was all.¹

2. เป็นคนมีความทะเยอทะยานสูง เขาต้องการเป็นคนร่าวทายพายาม لتحقيقความสุขให้ ทั้งเพื่อมุ่งมั่น และปฏิบัติการนั้นที่แท้จริง โดยสร้างเสริมความบั้วที่รักเธอให้ผู้อื่นพัง

“I am the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West - all dead now. I was brought up in America but educated at Oxford, because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It is a family tradition.”²

3. เป็นคนมีความเชื่อมั่นในตนเองสูง เขาเชื่อว่า เด็กรักษาคนเพียงสองคน แต่ว่าจะ แจงเจ้าหน้าที่

"Your wife doesn’t love you," said Gatsby “She’s never loved you. She loves me.”

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed Tom automatically.

Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.

"She never loved you, do you hear?" he cried. "She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!!!"³

การใช้ภาษา

พิทักษ์เจ้าหน้าที่ ใช้ภาษาเชิญให้ผู้อ่านเข้าใจว่า โดยมุ่งแสงให้ผู้อ่านเข้าใจซึ่งกันและกัน การสื่อความหมายได้ อาทิเช่น เมือร์ริสพับก้ม การบรรยายหลากหลายที่มีให้ผู้อ่านเข้าใจว่า เหมือนกับ ชอบก้ม เพราะมีหลักสำหรับการบอกหาของก้มไม่ใช่ยากและมีหลักสำหรับคุณภาพ

“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.”⁴

¹The Great Gatsby บทที่ 8 หน้า 155
²Ibid บทที่ 4 หน้า 71
³Ibid บทที่ 7 หน้า 137
⁴Ibid บทที่ 2 หน้า 42

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"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." \(^1\)

"And inside, as we wandered through Marie Antoinette music - rooms and Restoration Salons, I felt that there were guests concealed behind every couch and table, under orders to be breathlessly silent until we had passed through. As Gatsby closed the door of the Merton College Library "I could have sworn I heard the owl - eyed man break into ghostly laughter..." \(^2\)

เมื่อกำเนิดมิตรความร่วมมือของซานต์ตีโอโวันซึ่งขอเสื้อของแรกมันมาให้เธอคุ้มครอง

"He took out a pile of shirts and began throwing them, one by one, before us, shirts of sheer linen and thick silk and fine flannel, which lost their folds as they fell and covered the table in many coloured disarray. While we admired he brought more the soft rich heap mounted higher - shirts with stripes and scrolls and plaids in coral and apple - green and lavender and faint orange, with monograms of Indian blue." \(^3\)

กิจกรรม
1. ให้นักศึกษาอ่านหน้ายำเรื่อง The Great Gatsby ทั้งเรื่อง
2. ให้นักศึกษาวิเคราะห์ลักษณะธีมด้วยครั้งสิ้นเช้า ปัจจุบัน มีหน้า 25 เป็นต้น
3. ให้นักศึกษาอ่านหน้ายำเรื่องย่อหน้า 5 ที่ได้ไป ที่ผ่านไป การเปรียบเทียบกับเรื่อง หรือการดำเนินเรื่องว่ามีความคล้ายคลึงหรือแตกต่างกันอย่างไร

\(^1\) The Great Gatsby บทที่ 1 หน้า 25
\(^2\) ibid บทที่ 5 หน้า 98
\(^3\) ibid บทที่ 5 หน้า 99
บทสรุป

แนวภาพเปรียบเทียบลักษณะความโดดเด่นของผู้วัยที่ 1 มีแก่นเรื่อง (Theme) เกี่ยวกับการแสวงหาความมั่นคงของประชากร ผลของสงครามที่มีต่อประชากรในทางร่างกายและจิตใจ และการต่อต้านสงคราม นักเรียนแนวภาพในยุคหนึ่งแสดงให้เห็นสภาพสังคมที่ไม่มีแก่นสาระวิสัยทัศน์เหยียวนะ และความแสดงใจในพระเจ้า รวมถึงความก้าวหน้าอย่างรวดเร็วของเทคโนโลยีสมัยใหม่
แบบทดสอบ
1. จงกล่าวถึงผลของสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1 ที่มีผลกระทบกับเรื่องของหนูน้อยในยุคหนึ่ง

แนวตอบ นักเขียนหนังสือหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1 ใช้สงครามและความแหกของสงครามที่มีต่อประชาคมเป็นแก่นเรื่อง แสดงให้เห็นผลกระทบของสงครามที่ทำให้ประชาชนสูญเสียชีวิตและทรัพย์สิน และเกิดความเสียเสียกว่าในบริเวณ ดูจากหน้าจอหน้าหลังมุ่งมั่นกับหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1

2. นักเขียนหนังสือที่มีชื่อเสียงหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1 มีใครบ้าง

แนวตอบ เอริคส์คอล เดอะลอร์ดส์ ซีนแคต เทียร์ เซฟ รกิติติ พิษช่าเจริญ จ่อกัน โอลฟ พาซโซ อี คิมอิน วิลเลียม พอลคิโนร์ เออิเนร์ เอิมเรญ

3. จงกล่าวว่าเปรียบ เซอส รกิติติ พิษช่าเจริญ โดยสังเขป

แนวตอบ ดูจากหน้าจอ ตัวอย่างหนังสือเรื่อง The Great Gatsby, ประวัติผู้แต่ง

4. หลังจากอ่านหนังสือเรื่อง The Great Gatsby ของ เซอส รกิติติ พิษช่าเจริญ คุณตัดสินมาแล้วว่านั้นน่าจะก๊าดมาแล้ว นั้นน่าจะเห็นได้รับความรู้จากเรื่อง เกี่ยวกับสังคมและค่านิยมของประชาชนสมัยหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1

แนวตอบ ประชาชนหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1 ไม่มีความจริงใจกันแม้ นิยมผู้มีฐานฐานโดยไม่สนใจความประพฤติส่วนตัว และประสงค์ความมั่งคั่ง สังเกตได้จากลักษณะเรียกร้องความประพฤติของ เซอส รกิติติ พิษช่าเจริญ และประชาชนที่มาร่วมงานเลี้ยงของแกลบสังข์ ยกตัวอย่างจากหน้าจอที่ไม่เห็นคุณค่าของส่วนตัว

5. จักรวาลจะสูญผลโดยไม่ได้ข้ามหนึ่งในหนังสือเรื่อง The Great Gatsby โดยยึดแนววิเคราะห์ที่ได้ให้เต็มใจ

แนวตอบ เซอส รกิติติ พิษช่าเจริญ บอกว่าอย่างเป็นแนวทาง 2 ข้อ ดังนี้

1. ลักษณะทางออกเป็นคนมากมาย ร้ายพวกเพราะต้องงานกับเศรษฐีมีอาชีพ

จากบทที่ 1

Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion.

ความเศร้าของเจ้าหญิงไม่เสนอในตัวที่ควร

จากบทที่ 1 เมื่อคล้อยลูก

EN 456 · 39
“She (the baby) 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.”

“They’re such beautiful shirts,” she sobbed, her voice muffled in the thick folds. “It makes me sad because I’ve never seen such-such beautiful shirts before.”