The Carraways have been a respected family for three generations in the Midwestern city where we live. My father runs a hardware business that has been in the family since 1851.

I graduated from Yale University in 1915, and then fought in World War I. After that I decided to go to New York to work in the finance business. It was 1922.

I rented a small, ugly house on Long Island. It was on one of a pair of large egg-shaped pieces of land that faced Long Island Sound. My house was at the end of West Egg, the less fashionable of the two ‘eggs’, and only 50 metres from the sea. It was between two huge houses that were rented for fifteen thousand dollars a year. The one on my right was especially grand and had 40 acres of garden. A gentleman called Gatsby lived there. The story of the summer really begins on the evening I went to have dinner with the Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin, and I’d known Tom at university. He was an athletic type and had played in the football team at Yale. His family was extremely rich. The couple had spent a year in France, and then had drifted here and there, always mixing with rich people. This was a permanent move, Daisy said to me on the telephone, but I didn’t believe her. Tom wasn’t the kind of person to stay in one place for very long.
Anyway I drove to East Egg to see two people that I didn’t really know very well. Their house was grander than I imagined – a red and white mansion with a lawn that stretched all the way down to the beach. Tom had changed since I last saw him. He looked hard and arrogant now. The body under his riding clothes was muscular and powerful. It was a body that could hurt people, I thought. We talked for a while on the porch and then we went inside. Two young women were sitting on a couch. I didn’t recognise the younger one but Daisy got up and came over to greet me. She held my hand and looked into my face. ‘I’m so happy to see you,’ she said. She told me that the other girl’s surname was Baker and that she was staying with them. Daisy’s face was sad and lovely, with bright eyes and a passionate mouth. ‘You must see the baby,’ she said.

Lifestyle and Atmosphere

1 Describe and discuss the atmosphere of the trailer.
   What are the first words that come to your mind?

2 When you have finished speaking, read the extract from the reader.
   Compare it with the scenes from the film.

3 How would you describe Gatsby’s lifestyle?

4 What do you think of the music of the trailer? It is different from the music of the 1920s.
   Why do you think the director changed the style of the music?

There was music from Gatsby’s house most nights. People came and went all the time. In the afternoons his guests swam in the sea or sunbathed on his beach while his two motorboats raced on the Sound. His Rolls Royce became a bus, carrying groups to and from the city, and his station wagon met every train. On Mondays eight servants came to clean up the mess from the weekend. Caterers came regularly with coloured lights to decorate the garden. They put up tables and filled them with cold meats, many different salads and pies. They set up a bar in the house. At seven o’clock the orchestra arrived. The swimmers had already left the beach and were changing into their evening clothes. More people arrived in their cars and soon the party was in full swing. I believe that the first time I went to Gatsby’s house, I was one of the few invited guests. People weren’t invited – they arrived. But Gatsby had sent me a note in the morning. He would be honoured to see me at his party he wrote.