CHAPTER TWO
About halfway between West Egg and New York the motor road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land.

This is a valley of ashes, a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens

...where ashes take the forms of houses and chimneys and rising smoke

...and finally, with a transcendent effort, of ash-grey men who stir up an impenetrable cloud which screens their obscure operations from your sight.
Above the grey land and the spasms of bleak dust that drift endlessly over it, you perceive after a moment the eyes of Dr. T. J. Eckleburg.

Some wild wag of an oculist set them there to fatten his practice in the borough of Queens, and then sank down himself into eternal blindness, or forgot them and moved away.

But his eyes, dimmed a little by many pointless days under sun and rain, brood on over the solemn dumping ground.
It was here that I first met
Buchanan’s mistress.

But I did.

Though I was curious to see her,
I had no desire to meet her.

We’re getting off.
I want you to
meet my girl.

Michael’s Diner

GEORGE E. WILSON
CARS BOUGHT & SOLD
Hello Wilson old man. How's business?

Oh... Can't complain.

When are you going to sell me that car?

Next week. I've got my man working on it now.

Works pretty slow, don't he?

No he doesn't. And if you feel that way about it maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all.

I don't mean that - I just meant...
Well well -

Afternoon, Mister Buchanan

I want to see you. Get on the next train. All right.

Get some chairs why don't you, George, so someone can sit down
So long, George.

Doesn't her husband object?

Wilson? He thinks she goes to see her sister in New York.

He's so dumb he doesn't even know he's alive.
Ooh! I want to get one of those dogs!

How cute! How much is that one?

This dog? This dog will cost you ten dollars.

Is it a... a boy or a girl?

That dog's a boy.

Go and buy ten more dogs with it.

It's a bitch. There's your money.
Hold on—I have to leave you here.

No you don't. Myrtle'll be hurt if you don't come, won't you, Myrtle?

Come on—I'll telephone my sister, Catherine. She's said to be very beautiful by people who ought to know.
Now - I need some milk and straw - and some dog biscuits.

Catherine! Come up! I'm going to have the McKees up, and Tom's here -
Here you go, Nick. Take a shot of this.

I have been drunk just twice in my life, and the second time was that evening...

Wonder where's Tom and Myrtle...

Squeek! Squeek! Squeek...

Oh...

Just as Tom and Myrtle reappeared, company commenced to arrive at the apartment door.

Nice t' meetcha!
My husband has photographed me a hundred and twenty-seven times since we've been married.

We had over twelve hundred dollars when we started, but we got fyped out of it all in two days in the private rooms.

But all I ask is they should give me a start.

And when sheAppendicitis out she had my pound of thought saved me the dye.
Crazy about him? Who said I was crazy about him?

Myrtle's laughter, her gestures, her assertions, became more violently affected moment by moment.

and as she expanded, the room grew smaller around her

I never was more crazy about him than I was about that man there!

The only crazy I was was when I married him. I thought he knew something about breeding.

But he wasn't fit to lick my shoe!

Until she seemed to be revolving on a noisy, creaking pivot through the smoky air.
She really ought to get away from him. They've been living over that garage for eleven years -

and Tom's the first sweetie she ever had.

It's really his wife who's keeping them apart. She's a catholic and they don't believe in divorce.

Daisy was not a catholic, and I was a little shocked by the elaborateness of the lie.
Some time towards midnight, Tom Buchanan and Mrs. Wilson stood face to face, discussing in impassioned voices whether Mrs. Wilson had any right to say Daisy's name...

Daisy
Daisy
Daisy!

I'll say it whenever I want to! Daisy Dai--

CRACK!

[Cartoon images of characters engaged in a dramatic scene]
High over the city, our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets...

And I saw him too, looking up and wondering.
I was within and without...

simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life.
Then I was lying half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania station, waiting for the four o'clock train.