

Week of April 13 - 17

Each question will need a minimum of two paragraphs each in response. Give examples and be specific:

1. Many AP Literature essay questions feature the word COMPLEX. These prompts ask you to analyze things such as a complex relationship, a complex experience, a complex situation.

Good literature mirrors life. Life is never as simple as it may seem, there are so many competing complexities, and in literature there are always underlying tensions. There are competing forces at play. In literature, it could be as subtle as unspoken character differences or as glaring as a battle between good and evil .

Choose a novel or play that you have read this year and explain one of its complexities. To do the complexity justice, don't make your response simplistic. Make it complex. Examine the tension from all angles.

2. To earn the sophistication point for Q2 (the prose passage), students need "may demonstrate a sophistication of thought or develop a complex literary argument by doing any of the following:
 1. Identifying and exploring complexities or tensions within the passage.
 2. Illuminating the student's interpretation by situating it within a broader context.
 3. Accounting for alternative interpretations of the passage.
 4. Employing a style that is consistently vivid and persuasive

Take each item and explain it in further detail.

3. Many Q2 questions, but not all, focus on characterization. This may be a familiar passage; it is from the first page of *The Great Gatsby*. Do a close reading of this passage. What complexity do you see beginning to emerge between the narrator and the subject that he is discussing.

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

'Whenever you feel like criticizing any one,' he told me, 'just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had.'

He didn't say any more but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of

not a few veteran bores. The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought—frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon for the intimate revelations of young men or at least the terms in which they express them are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction—Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the 'creative temperament'—it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No—Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.