

Jay McInerney, *Bright Lights, Big City*, 1984

Richard Wright, *Native Son*, 1940

Norman Mailer, *The Naked and the Dead*, 1948

James M. Cain, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, 1934

Bernard Malamud, *The Natural*, 1952

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*, 1925

Bernard Malamud, *The Fixer*, 1966

George Orwell, 1984, 1949

Woody Allen, "Selections From the Allen Notebooks,"
Without Feathers, 1972

Robert A. Heinlein, *The Cat Who Walks Through Walls*, 1985

Albert Camus, *The Stranger*, 1942
Trans. by Stuart Gilbert, 1946

J. D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*, 1951

Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*, 1953

Samuel Beckett, *Malone Dies*, 1951

Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*, 1952

Alice Walker, *The Color Purple*, 1982

**Gabriel García Márquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, 1967
Trans. by Gregory Rabassa, 1970**

Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*, 1952

Evelyn Waugh, *A Handful of Dust*, 1934

Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*, 1957

Erica Jong, *Fear of Flying*, 1973

William Golding, *Lord of the Flies*, 1955

Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*, 1847

J. M. Barrie, *Peter Pan* [*Peter Pan and Wendy*], 1911

Joseph Heller, *Something Happened*, 1974

Salman Rushdie, *The Satanic Verses*, 1988

Günter Grass, *Dog Years*, 1963

Trans. by Ralph Manheim, 1965

"Well, I'm back," he said.

J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Return of the King*, 1955

He drew in a breath, broke off in the middle of it, stretched himself out, and died.

Leo Tolstoy, *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, 1864-69
Trans. by Lynn Solotaroff, 1981

"I never knew who my father was."

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Tarzan of the Apes*, 1914

"No good . . . no bueno . . . hustling myself"

"No glot . . . C'lom Fliday"

William S. Burroughs, *Naked Lunch*, 1959

Happy Birthday Me.

Larry Kramer, *Faggots*, 1978

That was the last thing he ever saw.

Milan Kundera, *Life Is Elsewhere*, 1973
Trans. by Peter Kussi, 1974

The strains of the piano and violin rose up weakly from below.

Milan Kundera, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, 1984
Trans. by Michael Henry Heim, 1984

The inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

Edgar Allan Poe, "The Pit and the Pendulum," 1843

Then I walked back between the graves to the car and drove away.

Chalm Potok, *In the Beginning*, 1975

But he would think of something.

Arthur C. Clarke, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, 1968

The eyes and the faces all turned themselves toward me, and guiding myself by them, as by a magical thread, I stepped into the room.

Sylvia Plath, *The Bell Jar*, 1963

"Do you think he will ever find it?" I asked.

James Hilton, *Lost Horizon*, 1933

But in the world according to Garp, we are all terminal cases.

John Irving, *The World According to Garp*, 1978

Then he went into his house through the back door that had been open since six and fell on his face in the kitchen.

Gabriel García Márquez, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, 1981
Trans. by Gregory Rabassa, 1981

Another nail in his coffin. His.

John Updike, *Rabbit Is Rich*, 1981

I been away a long time.

Ken Kesey, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, 1962

The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

George Orwell, *Animal Farm*, 1945

He loved Big Brother.

George Orwell, *1984*, 1949

"He feels it himself, and says often that he is, 'preparing to leave all this; preparing to leave . . . ' while he waves his hand sadly at his butterflies."

Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim*, 1900

"She's never found peace since she left his arms, and never will again till she's as he is now!"

Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*, 1895

For now he knew what Shalimar knew: If you surrendered to the air, you could ride it.

Toni Morrison, *Song of Solomon*, 1977

"Maama, Maama, Maamaa!"

Jean M. Auel, *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, 1980

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*, 1859

One bird said to Billy Pilgrim, "Poo-tee-weet?"

Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, 1969

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

Shirley Jackson, "The Lottery," 1948

The old man was dreaming about the lions.

Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*, 1952

When they tried to release him from the skeleton he was embracing, he crumbled into dust.

Victor Hugo, *Notre-Dame of Paris*, 1831
Trans. by John Sturrock, 1978

Each of us bathes by himself.
Günter Grass, *Dog Years*, 1963
Trans. by Ralph Manheim, 1965

It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan.

Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick*, 1851

Amen.

Alice Walker, *The Color Purple*, 1982