

Introduction to World Literature
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Catcher in the Rye - II

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THE CATCHER IN THE RYE
by J.D. Salinger

TO
MY
MOTHER

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If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I've been, so what our lovely childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth, in the first place, that stuff hasn't even happened yet, and in the second place, my parents would have about two hundredth parts of a mind to tell you about it. They're quite touchy about anything like that, especially my father. They're nice and all, I'm not saying that, but they're also touchy as hell. Besides, I'm not going to tell you my whole goddam autobiography or anything. I'll just tell you about this machine stuff that happened in my second year. Christmas just before I got pretty nice shoes and had to come out here and ride a train. I mean that's all I told D.B. about, and he's my brother and all. He's in Hollywood. That isn't too far from this country place, and he comes over and visits me practically every week end. He's going to drive me home when I go home next month maybe. He just got a Jaguar. One of those little English jobs that can do around two hundred miles an hour. It cost him damn near four thousand bucks. He's got a lot of dough, now. He didn't use to. He used to be just a regular writer, which he was before. He wrote this really book of short stories. The name Goldfish. It was about this little kid that wouldn't let anybody look at his picture because he'd brought it with his own money. It killed me. Now he's out in Hollywood, D.B. being a gentleman. If there's one thing I hate, it's the screen. Don't even mention them to me.

When I want to start telling in the first I tell Precy. Precy stays in this school that an American, Pencey House. You probably heard of it. You've probably seen the old screen. They advertise on about a thousand magazines, always showing some kid and you see a horse jumping over a fence. Like as if all you ever did at Pencey was play polo all the time. I haven't even seen a horse anywhere near the place. And underneath the eye on the horse's picture, it always says, "Since 1888 we have been molding boys into gentlemen, their thinking young men." (sighs for the boys). They don't do any damn more molding at Pencey than they do at any other school. And I don't know anybody there that was spoiled and over thinking and all. Maybe one year. If that were. And they probably came to Pencey that way.

Anyway, it was the Saturday of the football game with Simon Hall. The game with Simon Hall was supposed to be a very big deal around Pencey. It was the last game



Hi and welcome to today is session where we continue to look at the novel The Catcher in the Rye by J. D. Salinger. This is an American novel and this is a work that gained popularity across the globe especially with young adults and this was incidentally a work written from the point of view of an adolescent boy, it is like a coming of age work in that sense written entirely from the perspective of an adolescent boy and it uses the first person narrative as we have taken a look at already.

And today having discussed some of the important themes and significant symbols and motives in this novel, we will we also take a look at some of the excerpts through which I hope you will also get a sense of the novel and the sense of the narrative and a hang of where this plot is headed. So what we will do in this session is we will take a look at some of the episodes especially from the first half of the novel and I hope that will also encourage you to go back and read the novel in it is original form.

The novels divided in different chapters and very significantly in a very teenage form of a narrative, this does not have any subtitles and I find it very interesting that the author considered is it not important to give subtitles because none of these chapters talked entirely about a single theme there is an abrupt kind of a jump from one thing to the other as you would begin to see.

And this entire novel is being told in the form of a recollection when Holden Caulfield he is in the hospital, he is getting treated for depression apparently and we also get to know that the kind of thoughts that he has during this time it is the (stoc) this novel is up it is a kind of a documentation of his thoughts, his past life and we do not even know how much of this is true, how much of this is a figment of his imagination but this much we can be very sure of that he is being honest to his own true self they the way he is feeling at the point of this narration that is the that is something that we get the feel of that we get through this entire work as well.

So when the work begins and this is an excerpt that we already had taken a look at in the previous session I talks about how he wants to skip a few details, he does not want to talk about his childhood which he refers to as the lousy child childhood and he straightaway begins to talk about the experience that he had in this public school and we get to know that it is a very prestigious sought after public school from which he is about to get evicted.

So in the first chapter itself we get the sense of the school it is Pencey Prep and the location is Pencey Prep as the school that is in Agerstown, Pennsylvania and he also says he also talks rather sarcastically and very cynically about the various things that the school boast about since 1888 we have had molding boys into splendid clear thinking young men and he is very skeptical about that they do not do any damn (mombo) molding and Pencey than they do at any other school and I did not know anybody there that was splendid and clear thinking and all, maybe two guys if that many and they probably came to Pencey that way.

So this is his attitude to Pencey Prep and the kind of claims that they make for themselves about molding young boys into clear thinking men.

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of the year, and you were supposed to connect suicide or something of old Pracey didn't
was. I remember seeing from a clock that afternoon I was standing over the bell up on
top of Thomson Hill, right next to this crazy cannon that was in the Revolutionary War
and all. You could see the whole field from there, and you could see the two teams
huddled with each other at one place. You couldn't see the positions for sure, but you
could hear them all yelling, deep and terrible on the Pracey side, because practically the
whole school except one was there, and nervous and happy on the Jones Hill side,
because the visiting team hardly ever beats any people with them.

There were seven teams going at all at the football games. Only seven were
allowed to bring girls with them. It was a terrible school, no matter how you looked at it.
I like to be remembered at least where you can see a few girls around once in a while, even
if they're only watching their sons or blowing their noses or cross just peeping or
something. Old Miss Thomson, she was the headmistress's daughter, showed up at the
games quite often, but she wasn't exactly the type that drove you mad with desire. She
was a pretty nice girl, though. I got used to her once on the bus from Amherston and we
went of course to a conversation. I liked her. She had a big nose and her teeth were all
broken down and bleaky-looking and she had on those damn flippers that point all over the
place, but you felt sort of sorry for her. What I liked about her, she didn't give you a lot of
home-coming about what a great girl her father was. She probably knew what a shame
she'd be to.

The reason I was standing was up on Thomson Hill, instead of down at the game
was because I'd just got back from New York with the fencing team. I was the podium
manager of the fencing team. Very big deal. We'd gone to New York that morning for
the fencing game with McManus School. Only, we didn't have the sport. I had all the
fencing equipment and stuff on the podium subway. It wasn't all my fault. I had to keep
getting up to look at this way, so we'd know where to get off. So we got back to Pracey,
and we were instead of around Amherston. The whole was concerned for the whole
was back on the team. It was pretty funny, in a way.

The other reason I wasn't down at the game was because I was on my way to my
pajamas by old Spruce, my biology teacher. He had the stripes and I figured I probably
wouldn't see him again till Christmas vacation started. He wrote me this note saying he
wanted to see me before I went home. He knew I wasn't coming back to Pracey.

I forgot to tell you about that. They kicked me out. I wasn't supposed to come
back after Christmas vacation on account of I was thinking four subjects and not applying
myself at all. They gave me a long time to come applying myself, especially
around Amherston, when my parents came up for a conference with old Thomson. But I
didn't do it. So I got the ax. They give you the ax quite frequently at Pracey. It has a
very good academic rating. Pracey is really nice.

Anyway, it was December and all, and it was cold as a witch's test, especially on
top of the stupid hill. I had had on my overalls and no gloves or anything. The work
before that, somebody'd stolen my coat's hat coat right out of my room, with my
hand gloves right in the pocket and all. Pracey was full of crooks. Once a few girls came
from there one week's holiday, but it was full of crooks anyway. The same happened at
school in the same crooks at bus. I'm not kidding. Anyway, I kept standing next to that
crazy cannon, looking down at the game and hearing my pa and Ma, Ma, I wasn't watching
the game too much. What I was really hoping second for was, well, to get some home



And in the first chapter itself we get to know that more than talking about himself Holden Caulfield is mostly talking about others he is a watcher, he is constantly watching others play and there is a very engaging description of the football game that he is watching and we get to know that he stays isolated, he is not hanging out with anyone, he is just watching the game, he is just watching the others participating in various kinds of actions and he has this inability to mix with others.

We get to know that from the first chapter onwards that he is a loner, he is desperately trying to connect with people but he is unable to make that connection, so he always stays aloof he is this typical adolescent boy. Throughout the normal we find him desperately trying to connect with others but he has this complete inability to do so and when he is talking about the school no matter how involved he seems in many of the activities when I say involved it is always from a distance, he is never part of any group, he is never part of any activity.

He also makes this very clear statement it was a terrible school it was a terrible school no matter how you looked at it and he is talking about he is inventing excuses to dislike the school you will find this critique in this novel almost throughout and some of them may come across as being very flippant but some are very hard hitting as well which is the reason why the novel was banned from the from many of the public schools and the access to this novel was denied in many of the high schools.

And when this novel begins he is about to say goodbye to his school and this is a way in which he begins to talk about saying goodbyes and he also giving us a reason why he tries to

get involved with various activities why he tries to watch and give a description of various activities that is his way of establishing some kind of a connection as well.

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of a good by. I mean I've left schools and places I didn't even know I was leaving them. I hate that I don't care if it's a sad good by or a bad good by, but when I leave a place I like to know I'm leaving it. If you don't, you feel even worse.

I was lucky. All of a sudden I thought of something that helped make me know I was getting the hell out. I suddenly remembered this year, or second October, that I and Robert Fickens and Paul Campbell were checking a football ground, in front of the academic building. They were over grass, especially Fickens. It was just before dinner and it was getting pretty dark out, but we kept checking the ball around anyway. It kept getting darker and darker, and we could hardly see the ball any more, but we didn't want to stop doing what we were doing. Finally we had to. This was the first night looking. Mr. Zerkow, coach has lined out the window in the academic building and told us to go back to the dorm and get ready for dinner. It got a chance to remember that kind of stuff. I can get a good by when I need one—at least, most of the time I can. As soon as I get a, I turned around and started running down the other side of the ball, toward old Spencer's house. He didn't live on the campus. He lived on Anthony Terrace Avenue.

I ran all the way to the main gate, and then I swished a second till I got my breath. I have no mind, if you want to have the truth. I'm quite a heavy smoker. In one thing, that is, I need to be. They think I'm not at all. Another thing, I give on and a half inches last year. That's also how I probably got it, and came out here for all these goddam cigarettes and stuff. It's pretty healthy, though.

Anyway, as soon as I got my breath back I ran across Route 104. It was as if hell and I damn sure felt down. I don't even know what I was running for. I guess I just felt like it. I don't get across the road. I felt like I was out of desperation. It was that kind of a crazy afternoon, terribly cold, and as an out or anything, and you felt like you were dropping every time you crossed a road.

She, I was that dumbest first when I got to old Spencer's house. I was really funny. My eyes were burning and I could hardly move my fingers at all. "Come, come," I said right out loud, almost, "somebody open the door." Finally old Mr. Spencer opened it. They didn't have a maid or anything, and they always opened the door themselves. They didn't have too much sleep.

"Holden?" Mr. Spencer said. "How lovely to see you! Come in, dear! Are you home to drink?" I think she was glad to see me. She liked me. At least, I think she did. She, did I get in that house last? "How are you, Mrs. Spencer?" I said. "How's Mr. Spencer?"

"Let me take your coat, dear," she said. She didn't have one ask her how Mr. Spencer was. She was out of hand.

She hung up my coat in the hall closet, and I sort of brushed my hair back with my hand. I wore a crew cut quite frequently and I never have to comb it much. "How're you, Mrs. Spencer?" I said again, only louder, or did I hear me?

"You been just fine, Holden." She closed the closet door. "How have you been?" The way she asked me, I have right away old Spencer would be. I'd been kicked out.

"I'm fine," I said. "How's Mr. Spencer? He can't be too happy, can't?"

"One of Holden, he's behaving like a perfect. I don't know what. He's in his room, dear. Go right in."



I was trying to feel some kind of a goodbye I mean I have left schools and places I did not even know I was leaving them, I hate that, I do not care if the sad goodbye or a bad goodbye but when I leave a place I like to know I am leaving it if you do not you feel even worse. So throughout this story we get a sense that this is what he is trying to do he has been kicked out of this school, he is being asked to leave, he is forced to leave because he is flunked in all the subjects except English and they see no promising career for a student like Holden Caulfield.

It is a typical successful sought after public school, so he is about to leave for home and he wants to say a proper goodbye these details and the many narratives that he recalls is one way of Holden Caulfield is saying goodbye to his school and what happens in the story is he is supposed to leave Pencey Prep on a particular day and he in fact leaves much earlier than that.

He literally runs away from the school and he spends time in the city loitering around and the story is partly about his recollections from what happened in the school and partly about the experiences that he gathered on the street the hard hitting reality of the adult world, the foreigners of the adult world that he had always been resisting that he had always been hating.

We find him encountering just that out on the streets and he is all the more convinced that the adult world is very phoney when he is made to encounter a more hard hitting reality that the

world which awaits outside, the world that he is resisting so much, the world that he wants to keep all the children away from this no way in which you can avoid them there is an inevitability of maturing, there is an inevitability to of growing up which is what this novel is ultimately all about.

When this story is progressing we also get to know that he is been eye diagnosed with TB and he is hospitalized, so maybe he is going through multiple things at the same time, he is depressed on account of the experiences that he went through, he is also to going under going out serious physical illness his contracted TB and he is being institutionalized for that. So this story when he is recalling this in this form he is in a hospital bed and we get a sense of that on and off and especially more towards the end of this work.

There is a certain paradox that we begin to see when he is saying goodbye to the school it is not as if the it is the first time that he is saying goodbye to any particular school, he himself says at one point that this is a fourth school that he is about to say goodbye to. So we clearly get to know that he is a myth misfit, Holden Caulfield is a misfit in this system of Education and he no matter how hard he tries there is an inability for him to perform well in any of the subjects this does not mean that he is essentially a dumb person he decides to perform well in English and we know that he does exactly that and there is an active and deliberate effort that he makes not to perform in any of the others and it is that it works in the same way with all his relationships as well.

At one level it feels like he is desperately trying to connect to people and he is trying to reach out with people but there is also a certain kind of a choice that he makes in that aspect, he only wants to hang out with, he only wants to connect with certain kind of kinds of people who are not phonies themselves and in this pursuit he gets to zero in on only one person which is his baby sister, his little sister Phoebe and the rest of the world and all the others which are a part of this world that he is inhabiting they all come across as fake and hypocritical and insincere in one form or the other.

If one tries to summarize this novel you would begin to feel that this is an almost an impossible task because there are many details which are not very significant but on when looked at it together they begin to make sense the critique begins to make a lot of sense for instance there is this particular instance in one of the earliest chapters where he talks about the teachers attitude how some teachers come to class and embarrass students for no reason and he talks about that as a very important episode which happened during his school life.

And this is what happens then the teacher wants to read out an essay that he had written and he clearly knows that the intention is not to praise him but to completely embarrass him in front of the others and this is something which this novel also critiques in a very subtle way by alerting the entire system of education by alerting the teachers that there are certain things which are not to be done within a classroom space because you are also dealing with very delicate beings who are trying to mold themselves into rational beings, who are trying to mold themselves into thinking young men and women as the novel itself says but at the same time sometimes the attitudes of the teachers they come across as more destructive, they come across as more delimiting than enabling.

And while talking about the reason for leaving one of the earliest schools he says one of the biggest reasons I left Elton Hills school was because I was surrounded by phonies that is all they were coming in the goddamn window for instance they had this headmaster Mr. Huss that was the phoniest bastard I ever met in my life ten times was an old (10:39) on Sunday is for instance all has went around shaking hands with everybody is parents when they drew up to school he would be charming as hell and all except if some boy had little old funny looking parents.

You should have seen the way he did with my roommates parents I mean if a boy is mother was sort of fat or Connie looking or something and if somebody is father was one of those guys that wear those suits with very big shoulders and Connie black and white shoes then old Huss would just shake hands with them and give them a phoney smile and then he would go talk for maybe half an hour with somebody else is parents I cannot stand that stuff it drives me crazy it makes me so depressed I go crazy I hate at that god damn Elton Hills.

Look at the kind of language that he uses it is a very teenage rant which we find getting manifested over here but look at the details that he gives us, look at the kind of stuff that is making him feel depressed and this is the adult world that a Holden Caulfield would rather not inhabit would rather stay away from with all his myth and this is what he wants to do as the title implies to he wants to be the Catcher in the Rye, he wants to be that boy who would prevent other little girls and boys from crossing over into adulthood because that is a phony world, that is a world which is very fake it has got no sincerity in it and his dissatisfaction with the world around him can also be summed up over here.

It is the dissatisfaction with the phonies that is one of the most used word in this entire work, his dissatisfaction with the fake world that he sees around him and that makes him feel very

upset there is something very honest about this boy as we would begin to see something very appealing about the kind of ethics even an ideal state of affairs that he believes in. Chapter 3 begins with this statement.

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"Wouldn't you like a cup of hot chocolate before you go? Mrs. Spencer would be—"

"I would, I really would, but the thing is, I have to get going. I have to get right to the gym. Thanks, though. Thanks a lot, sir."

"There we should have. And all that crap. It made me feel not so hot, though."

"To keep your a little, sir. Take care of your grapes, now."

"Good-bye, then."

After I shut the door and started back to the living room, he yelled something at me, but I couldn't exactly hear him. The party sure he yelled "Good luck!" at me.

I hope he felt that. I'd never yell "Good luck" at anybody. It sounds terrible, when you think about it.

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I am the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life, so this is very interesting If I'm on my way to the court to help a basketball player and somebody tells me where I'm going, I'm liable to say I'm going to the gym. It's terrible. In school I told old Spencer I had to go to the gym and get my equipment and stuff, but was a dummy for I don't even keep any gym equipment in the gym.

"Where I lived at Proctor, I lived in the Ochsenschlager Memorial Wing of the new dorm. It was only for parents and seniors. I was a junior. My roommate was a senior. It was named after this guy Ochsenschlager that went to Proctor. He made a pile of dough in the underground because when he got out of Proctor. What he did, he started these underground parking all over the country that you could get numbers of your family based for about five bucks apiece. You should see old Ochsenschlager. He probably just drove there in a truck and change tires on the way. Anyway, he gave Proctor a pile of dough, and they named one wing after him. The first football game of the year, he came up to visit in the gymnasium. Well, and we all had to stand up on the grandstand and give him a locomotive—that's a cheer. Then, the next morning, he kept it made a speech that lasted about two hours. He started off with about fifty come-picks, just to show us what a regular guy he was. Very big deal. Then he started telling us how he was never ashamed, when he was in some kind of trouble or something, to get right down his knees and pray to God. He told us we should always pray to God, with to Him and all, whenever we were. He said we were ought to think of Jesus as our buddy and all. He said he talked to Jesus all the time. Even when he was driving his car. That killed me. I just saw the big phone behind the door and five feet and asking Jesus to send him a five more with. The only good part of the speech was when he said that if I was when we all about what a swell guy he was, what a hot shot and all, then all of a sudden this guy sitting in the row in front of me, Edgar Marsello, said this terrible thing. It was a very terrible thing to do, in chapel and all, but it was also quite amazing. Old Marsello. He damn near blew the roof off. He'd suddenly laughed out loud, and old Ochsenschlager made out like he didn't even hear it, but old Spencer, the bookworm, was sitting right next to him on the corners and all, and you could still be heard it. They, was he ever. He didn't say anything then, but the next night he made to have a compulsory study hall in the academic building and he come up and made a speech. He said that the best that had occurred the



I am the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life, so this is very interesting we begin to wonder how reliable the narrator is whether he is telling us the truth after all and given the condition that he is in right now he is in a hospital, he is institutionalized, he is certainly depressed, he is being treated for TB, he must be under a lot of medication there could be a lot of hallucination as well so we have no idea whether he is really telling us the truth or not.

The reliability of this narrative will always remain under question but what comes through is the honesty through which the narratives are placed, what comes through is a critique and the cynicism which completely resonates with the teenage rhetoric completely resonates with the way in which teenagers feel at various points of time especially if they are not doing really well in school, if they are not really doing well in the adult world.

And again in chapter 3 after having said that he is a terrific liar he also tells us about some of his reading habits some of his interest and we get to know that there is a certain kind of intelligence which the others completely failed to understand. He comes across as a boy who is very well read, who can articulate well and at a later point we even get to know that there are a lot of seniors who bullied bully Holden Caulfield in writing their essays and they score really well.

And this is the kind of intelligence that a school like Pencey Prep all the other 4 schools that he had already left they fail to recognize, they fail to identify they all see him as a failure and this is perhaps the most hard hitting kind of a critique against this system of Education. And this incidentally which will hold water in any of the systems and any of the institutions that we see around.

It is in Chapter 4 that he also talks about the phoniness of the other young teenage boys around him he finds that there is one boy that he repeatedly talks about particularly in chapter 4 because he is also going out with a girl that he is interested in Stradlater, Stradlater is hypocrisy comes across is very striking and it is at this point that perhaps Holden Caulfield also begins to realize that the phoniness is not entirely an attribute of the adult world you find that all around you hypocrisy is all around you and Stradlater comes across as this very much a figure but he also needs Holden Caulfield is help for instance he goes and (())(14:59) how about writing a composition for me for English.

So Holden at times realizes the power that he has over language but he just does not know how to use it in the way that the others use various kinds of powers over him to bully him ,to pull him down and in chapter 4 we also get a sense of how good his sense of language is, look at this excerpt.

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dumbness is shaped won't fit to go to Pencey. We tried to get old Morilla to sign off another one, right while old Thomas was making his speech, but he wasn't in the right mood. Anyway, that's where I read at Pencey. Old Dunderberg Memorial Wing in the new dorm.

It was pretty nice to get back to my room, after I had old Spector, because everybody was down at the game, and the best was on in our room. It's a change. It felt sort of cozy. I took off my coat and my tie and undressed my shirt collar, and then I put on this hat that I'd brought in New York that morning. It was this red hunting hat, with one of those very, very long peaks. I was in the middle of this when there was a part of the subway, just after I started I'd lost all the problem fish. It only cost me a buck. The way I wore it, I swung the old peak over toward the back, very cozy. I'd adjust, but I liked it that way. I looked good in that way. Then I put the book I was reading and sat down on my chair. There were two chairs in every room. I had one and my roommate. Well Stradlater had one. The main reason we sat there, because everybody was always sitting on them, but they were pretty comfortable chairs.

The book I was reading was this book I took out of the library by mistake. They gave me the wrong book, and I didn't notice it till I got back to my room. They gave me *Out of Africa*, by Jack Dawson. I thought it was going to stink, but it didn't. It was a very good book. It's quite different, but I read a lot. My favorite author is my brother D.B., and my next favorite is Ray Lushan. My brother gave me a book by Ray Lushan for my birthday, just before I went to Pencey. It had these very funny, crazy plays in it, and then it had this one story about a waffle, says that folks in love with this very rare red that's always smoking. Okay, he's a nutcase, that says so, but it's not really too bad. Then this girl gets killed because she's always smoking. That story just about killed me. What I like best is a book that's at least three or four or a whole lot of classical books, like *The Return of the Native* and all, and I like them, and I read a lot of new books and newspapers and all, but they don't knock me out too much. What really knocks me out is a book that, when you've read four or five pages, you want the author to stay there, to come in and find out you and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it. That doesn't happen much though. I wouldn't read nothing but Jack Dawson or *And Flap* Lushan, except that D.B. and my brother. You know that book *Of Human Bondage*, by Somerset Maugham, though. I read it last summer. It's a pretty good book and all, but I wouldn't want to call Somerset Maugham up. I don't know. He just isn't the kind of guy I'd want to call up, that's all. I'd rather call old Thomas than up. I like the first two books.

Anyway, I put on my new hat and sat down and started reading that book *Out of Africa*. I'd read it already, but I wanted to read certain parts over again. I'd only read about three pages, though, when I heard somebody coming through the shower curtain. Even without looking up, I knew right away who it was. It was Robert Ackley, the guy that seemed right next to me. There was a shower right between every two rooms in our wing, and about eighty-five times a day old Ackley barged in on me. He was probably the only guy at the whole damn, besides me, that wasn't down at the game. He hardly ever went anywhere. He was a very problem guy. He was a waste, and he lived at Pencey the whole four years and all, but nobody ever called him anything except "Ackley." Not even Herb Gold. In one conversation, once called him "That" or even "Jack." The vice-principal, his own name would probably call him "Ackley." He was one of those very, very tall, round-shouldered guys—he was about six feet—with heavy teeth. The whole time he



So Stradlater comes to talk to him about why he would be scoring low (him) in his English papers and he says so I mean do not stick all the commas and stuff in the right place this is Stradlater complaining to him about how lousy he is at writing and Holden Caulfield is

thinking there is something else that gives me a royal pain I mean if you are good at writing compositions and somebody starts talking about commas Stradlater was always doing that he wanted you to think that the only reason he was lousy at writing compositions was because he stuck all the commas in the wrong place.

Here we find him talking like a very intelligent kid he knows what it takes to get good writing done and we find that this is one of the things that he is least appreciated before and he is very clear in his thinking, he is very clear in assessing and evaluating people we get to know that throughout the novel but this is also something that the rest of the world the adult world mostly that he is always engaging when they completely fail to realize that.

So when he talks about his favourite works there is this wish that comes to his mind which is again totally out of the world what really knocks me out is a book what really knocks me out is a book that when you are all done reading it you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it that does not happen much though.

So these are the kind of things that he wishes for and it is very known adolescent like it is very non teenager like when the other boys are chasing up girls when they are always talking about wine and whiskey and women we find that this boy though he misses those things, though he misses on hanging out with the other boys who are doing such seemingly interesting stuff he is into a more serious business and this is a quality which the world which he inhabits completely feels to understand.

And I want to draw your attention again to the title *Catcher in the Rye* what he wants to do is something very noble but he is being kicked out of this fancy school, this prestigious school because he has not really got the right amount of fine thinking but throughout this work when the way we look at it, when we are seeing the other characters from the point of view of Holden Caulfield we find that he is the one who has got the most refined form of thinking, he is the one who has got the clearest form of thinking out of all the others.

There of course a lot of insignificant details that you would find, there are of course a lot of teenage stuff that he does but if respective of that there is a certain clarity, there is a kind of purpose driven thought that we find Holden Caulfield being dominated with. So there is a girl that he is interested in Jane who was also his childhood friend but we find from this point with every single relationship that he had there is a certain kind of a desire in action pattern,

we find that he really never gets to go out or hang out with a girl, he never gets to have a real relation when it looks as if the other boys are having a lot of fun.

And this is something that he always keeps regretting, he always keeps talking about as a significant lack but we also find a certain kind of a pattern in this in terms of this desire and in action and it could be also because he is very different from the others and this certainly is not seen as a quality in the as far as he is concerned he sees that more as a lack, he sees that more as a kind of lowliness from his spot but on the other hand looking at the novel *Fra* as an outsider when we look at all these characters, we find that at certain level Holden Caulfield also thinks that he is too good for the others, he thinks that he is morally way better than the others.

When he is calling the others a phoney the last thing that he realizes is that he is also in the process of becoming phoney by himself that he is also susceptible to all this hypocrisy and these in sincerity is that he sees all around him but for the large part of the novel he is completely aware of that, how he is also getting sucked into this adult world and he thinks that he is always able to stand outside and critique this world that he louts a lot but towards the end of the novel we find that he is also coming to terms with this reality that he needs to live in that world.

The phoniness that he despises gradually becomes a part of himself too and he realizes that unless he begins to deal with it there is no way in which he can grow up or he can allow others like his little sister Phoebe to grow up. We will wrap up today is lecture with one final point which is one of the hard hitting critiques they can the system of education you find that in the chapter 70 he is talking the Sally about the system of education through which he went through and from which he is about to be kicked out.

You ought to go to a boys school sometime, try it sometime it is full of phonies and all you do is to study so that you can learn enough to be smart enough, to be able to buy a goddamn Cadillac someday and you have to keep making believe you give a damn if the football team loses and all you do is to and all you do is talk about girls and liquor and sex all day and everybody sticks together in these dirty little goddamn cliques.

The guys that around the basketball team stick together, the Catholics stick together, the goddamn intellectuals will stick together, the guys that play bridge stick together even the guys that belong to the goddamn Book of the Month Club stick together, if you try to have a little

intelligent and the conversation is interrupted by Sally, so this is the point that the novel tries to make to this system of education, it makes sense if you are trying to buy a goddamn Cadillac as it puts it.

So this novel is about boys like Holden Caulfield who are not interested in buying this goddamn Cadillac and the question that perhaps Holden Caulfield is trying to ask the reader, trying to ask the world outside is what to do with those boys who are not interested in buying this Cadillac what would they get out of this system? It is not that the novel begins to answer that in some form of the other but it does a wonderful thing in the 1950s by critiquing this system the purpose of which seems at the end of the day is just to enable you to buy an expensive car, just to enable you to afford an expensive lifestyle.

So beyond that like they put it in the beginning of the novel in a very cynical way pointing out that the objective of the school is to mold boys into splendid clear thinking young men. We find that though Holden Caulfield is forced to leave Pencey Prep even before his term came to an end, even before he graduated we find that he emerges gradually into a fine clear thinking person.

We may not always agree with the kind of things that he did, the kind of things that he believed in, the kind of they be many suspicions that he has about the world but he learns to think with a lot of clarity in this process he is able to make sense in all midst to a lot of mess as well. So in the next session we shall come back to take one final look at this work and to see how this also impacted the ways in which literature began to be read the ways in which literature began to have a dialogue with these kinds of various institutions which are situated outside the literate framework.

On that note I wrap up today is session and I also encourage you to read the novel or at least begin to read sections of it, I thank you for listening and I look forward to seeing you in the next session.