

I got to Penn Station and wanted to call somebody but couldn't figure who to call. So I took a cab to the Edmont hotel and shot the breeze with the cabbie...



I checked into a crummy room and out my window I could see all sorts of poverty stuff. Boy, I must've been the most normal guy there - Stradlater'd be king of this joint. I thought I'd call some girl Sally or ol' Jane but couldn't. In the ballroom they wouldnt serve me liquor 'cause I'm a goddam minor.



I took a cab to Ernie's to see the phony guy play. I didn't know what the hell to do.



In Ernie's I was surrounded by jerks. You should've seen em. Joe Yale-lookin' guys. Ol' Ernie was playing and these morons went mad. You would've puked. Ernie was stinkin' it up, being real phony humble and show-off. I don't think he knows when he plays good or bad because of the morons clappin' like mad. I was so depressed I walked forty blocks to my hotel.



This part's kinda awful. The elevator guy got me involved with this prostitute. She was creepy, this kid, and I got depressed and paid her and she left without us doing anything but the lousy elevator guy said I owed more and I said no and called him a moron and a cheat and wound up on the floor.



That morning I called Sally and gave nuns money and this kid sang 'if a body catch a body comin' through the rye.' Sally and me saw a phony play with loads of other phonies, and we got into an argument after ice skating.



I called Jane but she wasn't home. I met this phony guy Luce I know for drinks at Wickers. What a prince. A real phony. He got impatient with me and left and I got drunk. I called Sally to apologize.



I snuck home and danced with my sister Phoebe and she cried when she figured out I flunked Pencey and said I didn't like anything or want to be anything and I said I wanted to catch kids from falling from the Rye off a cliff but ol' Phoebe says I got the poem wrong it's 'meet a body,' not 'catch a body.' Oh well.



I was gonna stay with Mr. Antolini, a teacher I once had, and his wife, but he went and got flirty with me so I left. I slept at Grand Central Station. Don't try it, it'll depress you. I left a note for Phoebe that I was running away, and I broke Little Shirley Beans, a record I got her, and I cried and went to the museum and the school and saw graffiti and Phoebe wanted to run off with me. So I said I'd stay and we went to the carousel and it rained on me but I was happy.



That's all I'm going to tell about. I could tell you what I did after I went home and how I got sick and all, but I don't feel like it. I really don't. A lot of people, especially the psychoanalyst guy here, ask me if I'm going to apply myself when I go back to my new school. How do I know what I'm going to do until I do it? They asked me what I thought about all this stuff I told you. I don't know. I'm sorry I told so many people about it. I sort of miss everyone I talked about. Even ol' Ackley. Don't ever tell anybody anything. If you do you start missing people. H.C.

pros and cons of "Catcher in the Rye" (PROS): it's pretty cool, the guy who wrote it is a nut, you can identify with it (CONS) uncool people think it's cool, you never find out where the ducks go, any shlock thinks they can identify with it!!!



fisher-price
theatre
presents...
"the Catcher in the Rye"
with the little people players... even 'crumby' dorkin 91

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap--but I don't feel like it, if you want to know the truth.



My name's Holden Caulfield and if you read this you can skip it in high school.

Here's what happened. I lost all the fencing equipment for Pencey Prep and got pretty ostracized, which was pretty funny because I got thrown out of Pencey anyway.



It was a crumby school. Full of phonies, too.

I talked to an old teacher of mine who decided to give me some kind of lecture. The whole place smelled like Vicks nose drop and he made me feel lousy about everything and to tell the truth it was pretty depressing.

Life is a game, boy. Life is a game that one plays according to the rules...



yes, sir. I know it is. I know it.

Well, I listened to that crap but I actually wondered about the ducks on the pond in Central Park. Where did they go in the winter? Did a truck come for them or do they just fly away... ducks...



Do you blame me for failing you, boy?

huh? oh, no, no certainly not.

I went back to my room and played with my hat. I'm trying to read when old Ackley comes in and starts touching everything and talking. I wasn't too crazy about him to tell the truth. A real pain. And he never brushed his teeth.

what the hell ya readin'?

a book, Ackley kid.

Don't call me that.

okay, Ackley kid.

you're a prince, Ackley kid.

you know that, Ackley kid.



My roommate Stradlater came in, a real bastard. He had a date with a girl I used to know...

Jean...

Jane-JANE Gallagher...



Boy, I nearly dropped dead when he said that...

I used to play checkers with old Jane when we were neighbors. Boy, old Jane...



She never moved her kings from the back row...

Later me and Stradlater talk about his date and I get all hot and kind of hit him and call him a moron and I end up on the goddam floor.

All morons hate being called morons.



I take a train and go to New York. I hadn't told anyone I got kicked out of that crumby Pencey but I'm not staying in that lousy place. On the train I meet a schoolmate's mom and I lie to her about her crumby son.

I lie like a madman.

