

## About This Volume

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Peter J. Bailey

As I will shortly demonstrate, the contributors to this volume approach the work of J.D. Salinger from a variety of perspectives—historical, formalist, biographical, feminist. What they share with each other and with readers everywhere is that none of them knows the answers to the questions that have haunted Salinger studies since the author’s death on January 27, 2010: what are the contents of the Salinger vault, how much material does it contain, and when will its contents be released to the public?

Salinger’s son Matthew is the Literary Estate representative editing the manuscripts that his father left behind. In an interview with *The Guardian* in 2019, he confirmed the existence of a vault containing manuscripts on his father’s Cornish, NH, property in sufficient numbers to require of him years more of editing because he has determined not to release the work serially. Among the many questions his *Guardian* interview does not answer are the nature of the editing instructions that were his bequest from his editor-phobic father or whether the manuscripts all depict the Glass or Caulfield families. Consequently, we know only that Matthew has conjectured that the material is unlikely to be published sooner than 2029. That means that between Salinger’s last publication, “Hapworth 16, 1924” in the June 19, 1965, issue of *The New Yorker*, and his son’s projected publication date, sixty-five years and innumerable Salinger fans will have passed. The work he was doing, Salinger told interviewer Betty Eppes in 1980, “is of far more significance than anything I ever wrote about Holden. I have really serious issues I am trying to tackle with these new writing projects.” But he added, more discordantly, “If I wanted to write, I should write it all, put it in a drawer, and save it. The only important thing was the writing” (Shields and Salerno, 298, 300).

Salinger vault questions remain unanswerable, then, but there are nonetheless significant Salinger issues that this volume's contributors effectively address.

Salinger's second publication in *The New Yorker*, "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" (1948), is generally construed as the real inception of his literary career, and in my Author Introductory essay, "From 'The Male Goodbye' to 'Bananafish': The Evolution of 'A Perfect Day for Bananafish' and Beyond," I attempt to show how Salinger came to improve the opening narrative of *Nine Stories* by taking the counsel of a savvy *New Yorker* editor. That essay's conclusion poses questions about Seymour's suicide and the Glass family that the Salinger vault materials might resolve.

That essay is followed by a summary of Salinger's life drawn largely from recent biographical texts: "J.D. Salinger: Biographical Sketch of a Reluctant Biographical Subject." Those full-length biographies of Salinger—Kenneth Slawenski's *J.D. Salinger: A Life* (2010), and David Shields and Shane Salerno's *Salinger* (2013)—largely ascribe Salinger's literary withdrawal and public seclusion to what his generation called battle fatigue, and what we term post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). Frederic Glover's historical context essay follows the lead of these biographers, perceiving *The Catcher in the Rye* as a text so intensely affected by Salinger's World War II experiences that it can be described as a "War Novel with No Combat." "In some ways, Holden appears to be like a young soldier about to go into battle with a society that will surely destroy him," Glover maintains. "Holden's long dark night in New York City of alcohol, cigarettes, and endless phonies who are either indifferent, deluded, or outright cruel takes a harsh toll on him, leading to his inevitable breakdown as his illusions and innocence smash head on into the stone indifference all around him in Manhattan."

Robert C. Evans's critical reception essay on *Catcher* conveys how very few contemporary reviewers noticed any connection between Holden and the war, while also pointing to how often the predominantly positive reviews of the novel in 1951 expressed serious reservations about Holden's pervasive profanity. One reviewer, invoking her era with pinpoint accuracy, was "saddened

# From “The Male Goodbye” to “Bananafish”: The Evolution of “A Perfect Day for Bananafish” and Beyond

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Peter J. Bailey

In 1948, the situation at *The New Yorker* magazine was something like this: its readers, exhausted by harrowing retrospective accounts of WWII and gradually emerging descriptions of the Holocaust, sought in the magazine’s pages positive images of the *haute bourgeoisie* they believed themselves to comprise; in the years since the war, however, there had been perhaps too many such stories in America’s most respected literary magazine, too many narratives of sophisticated cocktail parties ending in modest epiphanies or trailing off into urbane ambiguity. Ben Yagoda’s history of the magazine, *About Town: The New Yorker and the World It Made* (2000), identified a story published in the magazine in 1947 confirming that a change was in the air.

In John Cheever’s “The Enormous Radio” (May 17, 1947), The Westcotts, a sophisticated Manhattan couple described as “the kind of people who strike that satisfactory average of income, endeavor, and respectability that is reached by the statistical reports in college alumni bulletins” (41), purchase a radio that suddenly and inexplicably broadcasts conversations and other goings-on in apartments in their building. Irene becomes particularly addicted to overhearing their neighbors’ financial struggles, marital deceptions and betrayals, tearfully confessing to her husband, “Life is too terrible, too sordid and awful. But we’ve never been like that, have we, darling? Have we? I mean, we’ve always been good and decent and loving to one another, haven’t we? . . . Our lives aren’t sordid, are they darling? Are they?” (49). Jim initially reassures her that sordidness is not them, but he subsequently returns from work after a sobering conversation with his boss about languishing

sales, expressing to her his anxieties about their family finances, upbraiding Irene for not paying her clothing bills, and complaining that his youth has been wasted in providing the family with “fur coats and radios and slippers and . . . .”

“Please, Jim,” [Irene] said, “Please. They’ll hear us.”

“Who’ll hear us? . . . .”

“The radio” (51).

If other radios in other apartments work as does the Westcotts’, those listening in on Jim and Irene’s conversation on their radios would discover that Irene appropriated her mother’s jewelry before the will was probated, sharing none of the proceeds with her sister, and that she coolly decided to undergo an abortion when there was no necessity for having one. Superficially, the Westcotts strike “the average of income, endeavor, and respectability” (41) valued by college alumni magazines (as well as by *The New Yorker*), but “The Enormous Radio” reveals their lives to be no less “terrible, sordid and awful” (49) than those of the neighbors the Westcotts have monitored on their radio.

“The Enormous Radio” creates a thoroughly compelling illusion of well-bred stability and conventionality before violently puncturing it by exposing the dark reality underlying the lives of this putative alumni magazine couple. Although J.D. Salinger had begun a first draft of “Perfect Day” titled “The Male Goodbye” in 1946 (Shields and Salerno, 187), and, therefore, could not initially have been influenced by Cheever’s story, “The Enormous Radio” helped prepare *New Yorker* readers for “A Perfect Day for Bananafish” (published 31 Jan. 1948) with its surface equanimity culminating in a thoroughly unexpected, shocking act of violence. Before Salinger’s story was accepted by the magazine, however, the author and editors engaged in a substantial debate about what a short story is.

*About Town* author Ben Yagoda explained that there was a period in which *The New Yorker* editorial board, while acknowledging Salinger’s talent (in 1946 they had already published his “A Slight Rebellion off Madison,” which, with revisions, would constitute a partial chapter of *The Catcher in the Rye*), nonetheless rejected his

CRITICAL  
CONTEXTS

## A War Novel with No Combat

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Frederic Glover

*The Catcher in the Rye* can be read as an indictment of the conformity and hypocrisy of postwar American culture during the 1950s. This culture was shaped by the financial aftermath of World War II and by a changing society that had suffered the harsh economic effects of a long Great Depression previous to the upheavals of World War II. The novel was forged in war. Salinger wrote chapters of his novel during breaks in combat with a unit that invaded Europe on D-Day and was engaged in some of the harshest combat in the European theater. He also witnessed the horrors of Nazi cruelty and extermination camps. His themes of hypocrisy and phoniness may well have voiced his frustrations with a society he saw as mired in commercialism and denial of the emotional cruelties faced by those who did not feel they fit into such a society. The harsh experiences of combat may have shaped the novel, while the postwar economic boom and resulting materialism and consumer ethos shaped its reception. For many critics and readers, these themes of a society that is essentially a lie to cover deeper injustices was perfectly reflected in the adolescent observations of young protagonist and narrator Holden Caulfield—the final irony of it all being that our narrator may be a complete liar and phony himself. The end result of this emotional journey is one of the most read, most assigned, and most banned books in U.S. literary history.

“I’m the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life. It’s awful,” Holden Caulfield admits (19). From the start, Salinger establishes a narrator who may or may not be telling the truth about his experiences. Told in one long flashback from a psychiatric center in California, 17-year-old Holden recalls his painful journey as a 16-year-old precocious teenager who has been expelled from yet another rural boarding school and is about to embark on a painful

journey to a home in New York City that he dreads having to return to. Holden describes himself as being over six feet tall and having grey hair. He seems to appear more of a man, though his inner life is one of a boy—confused, insecure, uncertain, and questioning. Starting in the boarding school he despises, Holden is faced with difficult, overbearing roommates with poor hygiene and pompous, clueless adult instructors such as “old Spencer” who give him useless advice such as “Life is a game, boy. Life is a game that one plays according to the rules.” For Holden, this applies only to the “hot-shots.” If you are on the side where all the hot-shots are—life is a game. “But if you get on the other side, where they aren’t any hot-shots, then what’s a game about it? Nothing. No game”(11).

From there, young Holden travels by train to a New York City that is filled with troubled adults and fellow boarding school students who appear, to him, to cling to phony beliefs. Still grieving the death of his younger brother Allie to leukemia on July 18, 1946, Holden emerges as a passive young man terrified of conflict and given to inner bursts of anxiety. He introduces us to people who lord it over those they feel superior to and speak in ways that are generally the complete opposite of what they really think and feel. He is also double-crossed by adults, as when his deal with a pimp at a hotel he is staying in is reneged upon. When Holden refuses to pay more than the agreed upon price for Sunny, the young prostitute he does not have sex with, he ends up getting punched in the gut by the much tougher, more ruthless pimp. Even the most sympathetic adult in the book, a kindly English teacher who takes Holden in near the end of the narrative when Holden is exhausted, turns out to be a potential “pervert”: Holden awakes to find the much older man stroking his hair. To Holden, all adults are to be distrusted. This is a sentiment that will be picked up by generations of young readers.

A growing body of critical thought believes that *The Catcher in the Rye* is a war novel that never depicts actual combat. David Shields makes this point in his *Salinger* biography when he speculates: “When you think of World War II authors, you generally think of Norman Mailer and James Jones, but is it possible that J.D. Salinger wrote in the same book the last novel of the war and the first novel of

the counterculture?” (263). Today, this sentiment might be referred to by some as a “culture war.” Salinger’s wartime experiences with officers who routinely made mistakes that sent young men to their deaths might have influenced his already dim view of authority and adult hypocrisy. The novel itself was crafted during Salinger’s tour of duty in World War II. He wrote many short stories during his time in Europe that would later be revised and combined into the novel. According to biographer Kenneth Slawenski, writing in *Vanity Fair Magazine* in January of 2011:

Pages of *The Catcher in the Rye* had stormed the beaches at Normandy; they had paraded down the streets of Paris, had been present at the deaths of countless soldiers in countless places, and been carried through the concentration camps of Nazi Germany.

In his biography, *J.D. Salinger: A Life*, Slawenski reveals that Salinger was a counterintelligence officer with the 4th Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC) Detachment. He was placed within the 12th Infantry. His landing on D-Day with his unit began a hellish experience that would be Salinger’s life for the next eleven months. Having grown up a wealthy young man on Park Avenue, given to anxiety and introspection, nothing in Salinger’s background could have prepared him for the violence and slaughter he would encounter in the ensuing Allied struggle to retake Europe from Nazi occupation. After various tedious placements around the United States, Salinger was sent to England to prepare for the Allied invasion of Nazi-occupied Europe on D-day. From the beginning, the massive military operation was often marred by changes in the weather, bad military information, mistakes by commanding officers, and the random sudden violence of armed conflict. For a young man already prone to fear and depression, the sudden horrors became overwhelming. One respite seems to have been his continued writing, which he reportedly did even in foxholes during breaks in the fighting.

As Salinger was a recluse for most of his adult life, saying little about his experiences, biographers often have to fill in what holes

they can in his war experiences. Slawenski imagines “somehow (and he must have realized this on the very first night), [Salinger] would have to find the strength to survive and emerge with his soul intact” (93). Salinger was forced “to become a leader of men, responsible for the safety and actions of squadrons and platoons” (93). According to Slawenski, Salinger met that responsibility with “an unflinching sense of duty” (93). Salinger’s adult daughter Margaret seems to echo that belief about her father in her autobiography, *Dream Catcher*, where she recalled:

What I was never in doubt about was that my father was a soldier. The stories he told, the clothes he wore, the bend of his nose from where he’d broken it diving out of a Jeep under sniper fire, his deaf ear from a mortar shell exploding too near, the Jeep he drove, his older friends such as John Keenan, who had been his Jeep partner throughout five campaigns of the war, the guns we used when he taught me how to shoot, his GI watch, the army surplus water and green cans of emergency supplies we kept in the cellar, the medals he showed my brother and me when we begged him to, nearly everything I could see and touch and hear about my father said soldier (43).

Salinger’s intense life and death experiences in the war marked him in countless ways. Slawenski discusses Salinger’s description of the liberation of Paris as “filled with delight” (100). They were welcomed as liberators by the grateful French citizens. However, part of his work as a CI officer was to seek out Nazi collaborators. According to John Keenan, Salinger’s CIC partner and best friend through the war, they had “captured such a collaborator when a nearby crowd caught wind of the arrest and descended upon them” (Slawenski, 100). The crowd beat the man to death. Salinger and Keenan were unwilling or unable to stop the violence. Salinger seems to have experienced this event with a growing sense of detachment

caused by the violence and death he had already witnessed since landing in Europe.

Yet, all during this time, he wrote stories—sometimes even in the midst of bombing or shelling. For Salinger, the act of writing might have been an escape from the hellish scenes he witnessed. He continued to write stories during and after the war, but, according to Slawenski, predicted that his wartime stories would “not be published for generations” (104). His frank depictions of the cruelty of war, the sheer waste of battle, and what it did to the men who fought it would be deemed too depressing in a postwar America that wished to celebrate its victories and move on to a more prosperous time. WWII came on the heels (and ended) the Great Depression, so the vast majority of Americans had lived through two cataclysmic historical events and were eager for better days.

Salinger, however, was unable to move beyond the realities that he and other combat veterans experienced; he had no romantic illusions about the war that he and others had fought. Later in the Slawenski biography, Salinger is quoted as saying, “There is no glory in this fight, only the steel determination of its men and the mad scramble to survive” (104). Indeed, the heroic, victorious U.S. Army is portrayed by Salinger as a “cold, faceless entity devoid of compassion” (105). Throughout *The Catcher in the Rye*, the society around Holden is seen as equally callous and dangerous, as when one of the few kind, thoughtful adults Holden encounters, Mr. Antolini, says, “I can very clearly see you dying nobly, one way or another, for some highly unworthy cause” (207). In some ways, Holden appears to be like a young soldier about to go into battle with a society that will surely destroy him. Holden’s long dark night in New York City of alcohol, cigarettes, and endless phonies who are either indifferent, deluded, or outright cruel takes a harsh toll on him, leading to his inevitable breakdown as his illusions and innocence smash head on into the stone indifference all around him in Manhattan.

According to Slawenski, “It was Salinger’s intelligence duties that delivered the final horrors of the war” (131). CIC officers were instructed that upon entering areas that might contain concentration

# CRITICAL READINGS

Grief over the death of a family member is a prominent theme in Salinger's work. This essay explores the impact of grief upon three well-known characters (Holden Caulfield in *The Catcher in the Rye*, Esmé in "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor," and Buddy Glass in "Seymour: An Introduction"), contrasting how each deals with his/her pain and to what effect. Prefacing these stories is a brief overview of the subject of death in Salinger's early work. Tying them together is the assertion that Salinger drew upon his own trauma, incurred during the war, to inform the grief of his characters.

John Updike once accused J.D. Salinger of loving his characters too much. "Salinger loves [them] more than God loves them," Updike charged. "He loves them too exclusively. He loves them to the detriment of artistic moderation" ("Anxious Days" 17). The gist of Updike's rebuke may have been valid, but it also begs a question. If Salinger loved his characters to such excess, why did he kill so many of them?

Salinger's stories overflow with doomed characters condemned to painful, often bizarre, deaths. They succumb to gunshot, disease, and suicide. They tumble from windows, are pushed into empty swimming pools, fall victim to bombs, mortar fire, and exploding Japanese stoves. Between 1940 and 1965, J.D. Salinger published thirty-one short stories, four novellas, and one novel. Of these, twenty-four portray a death or are haunted by dead characters.

The first Salinger character to meet a tragic end appeared, but briefly, in "The Long Debut of Lois Taggett," a short story published in 1942. The tale of a former debutante and her bad decisions, the death occurs when her infant son "tossed peculiarly in his sleep and a fuzzy woolen blanket snuffed out his little life" (32). It's a disturbing image, potentially jarring, but its impact is countered by

the dispassionate, even callous, voice that relays it. A disappointing attempt, void of emotion; exactly how the child's death figures into the plot is never revealed.

Several of Salinger's earliest characters suffer similar fates. Sergeant Burke dies a heroic but kitschy death in "Soft Boiled Sergeant," and Joe Varioni, mistaken for his unscrupulous sibling, is gunned down in "The Varioni Brothers." These scenes are presented in a manner so vaudevillian as to defy credibility and are as ineffective as the anemic depiction of death in "Lois Taggett."

Salinger's early stories evince a talented writer on the rise. They display a gift for dialogue, are often humorous, and possess a singular charm. But when engaging the deaths of their characters, they too often fail. The events lack authenticity. Rather than climactic scenes that draw us in and enhance the plot, they sit adrift on the page in search of purpose.

Salinger's difficulty incorporating death into his novice work is not surprising. Still in his early twenties, his background offered nothing in the way of first-hand experience that might inform him. He had lost no parent, no sibling, or close companion when he took these stories on. Lacking real life examples, he turned to dubious resources instead, mimicking the theater, radio programs, and melodramatic movies of the day.

In the 1940s, Salinger frequently published in popular but commercial magazines known as "the slicks" that pandered to the lowest expectations of readers. But he was also striving to craft serious literature. He wrote for the reputable *Story* magazine and, with stubborn ambition, incessantly submitted stories to *The New Yorker* despite a blizzard of rejections. It must have been demoralizing to miss the mark on an element as crucial to fiction as death. Confiding in an editor, Salinger considered taking his writing in a different, less injurious, direction. "I'm beginning to feel that no author has the right to tear his characters apart," he said. "I'm tired—my God, so tired—of leaving them all broken on the page with just 'The End' written underneath."

Eventually, Salinger's dead characters did find purpose, but it would require years of storytelling and the impact of war before they could find that place.

In April 1942, five months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Salinger was drafted into the army. For the next twenty months he served in a series of boot camps across the United States before being shipped to England, where he trained for the D-Day landing.

Most notable among the stories Salinger wrote while in military training was a series that centered on the fictional Caulfield family, including episodes he would later fuse together to create *The Catcher in the Rye*. Between 1941 and 1945, Salinger penned eight Caulfield stories in all (including two that remain unpublished). Death is prevalent in this series, but also indecisive. Moving between segments, Salinger vacillated on which Caulfield character to kill. His initial victim was Holden, who is subsequently mourned by his brother, Vincent. Salinger then killed Vincent in turn, to be grieved by his best friend, Babe. In an unpublished work, Salinger resurrected both Vincent and Holden in order to kill a new family member, a youngest brother named Kenneth. It's a confusing chronology of death that doubtless perplexed readers, but each successive attempt displayed a maturing of Salinger's talents as the specter of death drew closer to finding an effective place in his work.

Staff Sergeant Salinger landed on Utah Beach with the second wave on D-Day. Attached to the 12th Regiment of the Fourth Infantry Division, he was awarded five battle stars, representing some of the deadliest engagements of the war. He fought through the Normandy Campaign, the battle for Saint-Lô, "Bloody Hürtgen," and the Battle of the Bulge. For eleven consecutive months he was either in the thick of battle or at arm's length from the front. He helped to liberate Paris, nearly froze to death in Hürtgen Forest, and during the Battle of the Bulge his family feared he had lost his life. He witnessed some of the fiercest fighting—and the most inconceivable of atrocities. Throughout it all, Salinger continued to write.

Not until the author had experienced combat did the true purpose of death in his stories begin to emerge. As Salinger witnessed the death of his fellow soldiers with increasing frequency,

death ceased to be an abstract concept. It became something very real and personal, a constant stalking menace. As a consequence, a major change occurred after D-Day. The presence of death in his work finally found its place—not in depictions of death itself, but in the grief of those left behind. It was a change that improved the quality of his writing exponentially and one that grew in prominence over time.

Two wartime stories, both written during combat and both published in the closing months of 1945, herald this transformation and lay track for significant works to come. Published in *Esquire*, “This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise” is a close examination of Vincent Caulfield’s grief as he strains to process the news that his brother Holden is M.I.A. and presumed dead. Lyrical and well-written, it is an interior narrative that takes place almost completely in Vincent’s mind. His grief is palpable throughout as he psychologically struggles to deny the possibility of Holden’s death while flipping through memories of his brother in happier times. The story is saturated in grief and, despite being a Caulfield installment, is a direct forerunner of “Seymour: An Introduction.”

Another Caulfield story, “The Stranger,” takes place in New York and cleaves closely to *The Catcher in the Rye*. Published two months after “Mayonnaise,” it features Vincent’s friend Babe, who has just returned home from the war, beset by a debilitating sorrow over the death of Vincent during the battle of Hürtgen Forest.

While expressing his anguish over Vincent, an emotion easily accessible to readers, Babe delivers a sorrowful tribute to the lost soldiers of their—and Salinger’s—regiment. The lines are an important statement in Salinger’s work. Their presence can be understood as a disclosure by the author himself, an acknowledgement that he is speaking to his own grief, obtained through the war, through his characters. From this point on, Salinger will occasionally insert himself into his stories to share his innermost feelings of loss, the long shadow of grief that too often plagues veterans of war: he longs for “the unrecoverable years; the little unhistorical, pretty good years when all the dead boys in the 12th Regiment had been living and cutting in on other dead boys on lost dance floors; the years when no

one who could dance worth a damn had ever heard of Cherbourg or Saint Lô, or Hürtgen Forest or Luxembourg” (“The Stranger” 77).

Vincent’s grief over the loss of a family member and Babe’s grief over the loss of his comrades dovetail in “For Esmé—with Love and Squalor.” In a short introduction contemporaneous to its 1950 publication date, readers are told the story is intended “to edify, to instruct” (87). Highly nuanced and well crafted, it also manages to inspire, perhaps more so than any other Salinger story dealing with death.

The story shifts in time. Indeed, time is the underlying thread that binds its pieces together. It first transitions from 1950 to Devon, England in April 1944, where, like the author, the unnamed narrator was stationed while training for the D-Day landing. A staff sergeant serving in U.S. Army Intelligence, the main character’s accumulating circumstances leave little doubt that he is a thinly veiled depiction of Salinger himself.

“For Esmé” is divided into two major parts. The first displays the character and mindset of the narrator before his combat experiences. The second occurs at the war’s end and portrays him in the throes of emotional collapse. These parts are separated by a wordless chasm, a black void of missing time in which unspeakable horrors have occurred.

The story begins on a rainy afternoon in Devon. The narrator, on leave for the day and intensely lonely, travels into town, where he finds refuge from the rain in a small tearoom. The space is nearly empty, until a young girl, aged about thirteen, enters with her little brother in tow. She soon asks if she can join the narrator. Through their conversation, readers learn that the girl’s name is Esmé, and her brother is Charles. The narrator never reveals his name. Esmé says that she joined the narrator because he appeared lonely. “I’m training myself to be more compassionate,” she explains. “My aunt says I’m a terribly cold person” (“For Esmé” 95). This is an odd speech coming from an adolescent, although Esmé repeatedly claims to possess an advanced maturity. Initially, she seems pretentious. Yet, beneath her affectation and “enviable poise,” is an indisputable child dealing with very adult pain.

# RESOURCES

## Chronology of J.D. Salinger's Life

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- January 1, 1919 Jerome David Salinger born to Marie (later Muriel) and Solomon Salinger, an exporter of ham and cheeses, in Manhattan.
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- 1928 The Salingers move to upscale apartment at 215 82nd Street, close to Central Park. Sonny (Jerome's family nickname) continues in public school.
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- 1932 The Salinger family moves to 1133 Park Avenue. Jerome is enrolled in the McBurney school on the assumption that upper-class families send their sons to private schools. Jerome captains the fencing team but receives substandard grades.
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- 1934 Believing that discipline would improve his academic performance, his parents enroll Jerome in the Valley Forge Military Academy. He works on the school newspaper and the yearbook, *Crossed Swords*.
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- 1936 Jerome graduates from Valley Forge Military Academy, earning his last diploma. He enters Washington Square College of New York University, leaving before the end of the second semester.
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- 1937 Perceiving his son's withdrawal from NYU as a refutation of Jerome's theatrical and literary aspirations, Sol Salinger dispatches him to Europe to learn the family business.
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- 1938 Salinger works in a Bydgoszcz, Poland, slaughterhouse, which alienates him from the export business; he lives in Vienna, Austria, falling in love with a woman who would become a concentration camp victim. Returning to the United States, Salinger enrolls in Ursinus College, where he writes a column for the student paper and withdraws before the semester's end.
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## Works by J.D. Salinger

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### Novel

*The Catcher in the Rye*. Little, Brown, 1951.

### Short Stories

“A Boy in France.” *Saturday Evening Post*, March 31, 1945, 21, 92.

“A Girl I Knew.” *Good Housekeeping*, February, 1948, 36-7, 186, 188, 191-6.

“A Perfect Day for Bananafish.” *The New Yorker*, January 31, 1948, 21-5. *Nine Stories*. Little, Brown, 2010, 3-26.

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“Blue Melody.” *Cosmopolitan*, December, 1948, 50-51, 112-19.

“Both Parties Concerned.” *Saturday Evening Post*, February 26, 1944, 14, 47-8.

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“Down at the Dinghy.” *Harper’s*, April, 1949, 87-91. *Nine Stories*. Little, Brown, 2010, 111-30.

“Elaine.” *Story*, March-April, 1945, 38-47.

“For Esmé—with Love and Squalor.” *The New Yorker*, April 8, 1950, 28-36. *Nine Stories*. Little, Brown, 2010, 131-73.

“Franny.” *The New Yorker*, January 29, 1955, 24-32, 35-43.

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“I’m Crazy.” *Collier’s*, December 22, 1945, 36, 48, 51.

“Just Before the War with the Eskimos.” *The New Yorker*, June 5, 1948, 37-40, 42, 44, 46.

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## About the Editor

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Peter J. Bailey is the author of *Reading Stanley Elkin* (1985), *The Reluctant Film Art of Woody Allen* (2001; second edition, 2016), and *Rabbit (Un)Redeemed: The Drama of Belief in John Updike's Fiction* (2006). With Sam B. Girgus, he co-edited *The Woody Allen Companion* (2013) and edited *Critical Insights: Stanley Kubrick* (2016). He is a member of the Board of Directors of the John Updike Society as well as the organization Secretary and a regular contributor to *The John Updike Review*. Bailey is Piskor Professor of English Emeritus at St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, where he and two colleagues created in 1989 the Special Hearing Board on Sexual Assault and Harassment; he continues to serve as a Title IX investigator at the university.

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