

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 10 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 8

NAME (FIRST AND LAST): _____ GRADE: _____

After reading from chapter 21 to 26 of *The Catcher in the Rye*, read the following summary to refresh your memory of the events that have unfolded so far. (Adapted from Sparksnotes)

Holden sneaks into his family's apartment and finds Phoebe sleeping peacefully in D.B.'S room. As he watches Phoebe sleep, he reads through her schoolbooks. He enjoys reading the notes to friends, the curious questions, and the random imaginative jottings she has scribbled on the pages. When he finally wakes Phoebe, and she is overjoyed to see him. Bursting with energy, she talks feverishly about one thing after another: her school play, a movie she has just seen, a movie D. B. is working on, a boy at school who bullies her, and the fact that their parents are at a party and won't come home until later. But upon realizing that Holden is home two days early and must have been kicked out of school, she repeats that their father will "kill" him and covers her head with a pillow.

Holden tells Phoebe all the things he hates about school. She responds by accusing him of hating everything and challenging him to name one thing he likes. He finally tells her that he likes Allie, and she reminds him angrily that Allie is dead. She asks what he wants to do with his life, and his only answer is to mention the lyric, "If a body catch a body comin' through the rye." Holden says that he imagines a gigantic field of rye on a cliff full of children playing. He wants to stand at the edge of the cliff and catch the children when they come too close to falling off—to be "the catcher in the rye." Phoebe points out that Holden has misheard the words—the actual lyric, from the Robert Burns poem, "Coming Thro' the Rye," is "If a body meet a body coming through the rye."

Holden leaves Phoebe's room for a moment to call Mr. Antolini, an English teacher he had at Elkton Hills. Mr. Antolini is shocked that Holden has been kicked out of another school and invites Holden to stay the night at his house. Holden then goes back into Phoebe's room and asks her to dance. After a few numbers, they hear their parents' coming home. Holden lets Phoebe know of his plan to leave New York and move out west alone. She loans him the Christmas money she'd been saving, and he leaves for Mr. Antolini's. On the way out, he gives Phoebe his red hunting hat.

When Holden arrives at Mr. Antolini's, Mr. Antolini and his wife have just wrapped up a dinner party in their apartment. Holden takes a seat, and the two begin talking. As Mrs. Antolini prepares coffee, Mr. Antolini inquires about Holden's expulsion. Holden reveals that he disliked the rules and regulations at Pencey Prep. Mr. Antolini gently challenges Holden, who then becomes uncomfortable. But Mrs. Antolini cuts the tension, bringing coffee for Holden and Mr. Antolini. After this break, Mr. Antolini tells Holden that he is worried about him because he seems primed for a major fall, a fall that will leave him embittered against the rest of the world. When Holden becomes defensive, Mr. Antolini tells Holden that if he applies himself in school, he will learn that many men and women have been similarly disturbed and troubled by the human condition, and he will also learn a great deal about his own mind. Finally, Holden is unable to suppress a yawn. Mr. Antolini chuckles and lets Holden go to sleep. Suddenly, Holden wakes up; he feels Mr. Antolini's hand stroking his head. Holden believes Mr. Antolini is making a homosexual advance and hurries out of the apartment.

After leaving Mr. Antolini's, Holden goes to Grand Central Station and spends the night sleeping in the waiting room. The next day, he walks up and down Fifth Avenue, watching the children and feeling overwhelmed. Every time he crosses a street, he feels like he will disappear, so each time he reaches a curb, he calls to Allie, pleading with his dead brother to let him make it to the other side. He decides to leave New York, hitchhike west, and never go home or to school again.

He goes to Phoebe's school and writes her a note telling her to meet him at the Museum of Art so he can return the money she lent him. Phoebe arrives at the museum and begs Holden to take her with him. They walk to the zoo. After looking at some animals, they walk to the park, now on the same side of the street, although still not quite together. They come to the carousel, and Holden convinces Phoebe to ride it. He sits on a park bench, watching her go around and around. They have reconciled; he is wearing his red hunting hat, and suddenly he feels so happy he thinks he might cry.

Holden concludes his story by refusing to discuss what happened after his day in the park with Phoebe, although he does say that he went home, got sick, and was sent to the rest home from which he now tells his story. He says he is supposed to go to a new school in the fall and thinks that he will apply himself there, but he doesn't feel like talking about it. He wishes he hadn't talked about his experiences so much in the first place, even to D. B., who often comes to visit him in the rest home. Talking about what happened to him makes him miss all the people in his story.

SHORT ANSWER QUESTIONS

Chapter 21

1. What does Holden do to avoid looking suspicious to the new elevator boy?

2. According to Holden, why does Phoebe like to sleep in D.B.'s room?

3. What does Phoebe dislike about her name?

4. What happened to the record, and where does Phoebe put it?

5. What leads Phoebe to find out about Holden's expulsion?

Chapter 22

6. What happens in school that makes Holden think that Mr. Spencer is “phony”?

7. What does Phoebe say that makes Holden more depressed?

8. How does Holden respond to Phoebe when she asks him to name one thing that he likes a lot?

9. Who does Holden like a lot?

10. What does Holden not get right about Robert Burns’ poem?

11. What does Holden picture himself as when he thinks about Burns’ poem?

Chapter 23

12. Who is Mr. Antolini?

13. What does Phoebe do in between numbers?

14. What does Holden do to hide from his parents?

15. According to Holden, when is the best time to leave?

16. What does Holden do that scares Phoebe?

17. What does Holden think Phoebe will do with his red hunting hat?

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Reading Selection 1, from Chapter 24

"Yes. Sure," I said. I did, too. "But you're wrong about that hating business. I mean about hating football players and all. You really are. I don't hate too many guys. What I may do, I may hate them for a little while, like this guy Stradlater I knew at Pencey, and this other boy, Robert Ackley. I hated them once in a while--I admit it--but it doesn't last too long, is what I mean. After a while, if I didn't see them, if they didn't come in the room, or if I didn't see them in the dining room for a couple of meals, I sort of missed them. I mean I sort of missed them."

Mr. Antolini didn't say anything for a while. He got up and got another hunk of ice and put it in his drink, then he sat down again. You could tell he was thinking. I kept wishing, though, that he'd continue the conversation in the morning, instead of now, but he was hot. People are mostly hot to have a discussion when you're not.

"All right. Listen to me a minute now . . . I may not word this as memorably as I'd like to, but I'll write you a letter about it in a day or two. Then you can get it all straight. But listen now, anyway." He started concentrating again. Then he said, "This fall I think you're riding for--it's a special kind of fall, a horrible kind. The man falling isn't permitted to feel or hear himself hit bottom. He just keeps falling and falling. The whole arrangement's designed for men who, at some time or other in their lives, were looking for something their own environment couldn't supply them with. Or they thought their own environment couldn't supply them with. So they gave up looking. They gave it up before they ever really even got started. You follow me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

He got up and poured some more booze in his glass. Then he sat down again. He didn't say anything for a long time.

"I don't want to scare you," he said, "but I can very clearly see you dying nobly, one way or another, for some highly unworthy cause." He gave me a funny look. "If I write something down for you, will you read it carefully? And keep it?"

"Yes. Sure," I said. I did, too. I still have the paper he gave me.

He went over to this desk on the other side of the room, and without sitting down wrote something on a piece of paper. Then he came back and sat down with the paper in his hand.

"Oddly enough, this wasn't written by a practicing poet. It was written by a psychoanalyst named Wilhelm Stekel. Here's what he--Are you still with me?"

"Yes, sure I am."

"Here's what he said: 'The mark of the immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of the mature man is that he wants to live humbly for one.'"

He leaned over and handed it to me. I read it right when he gave it to me, and then I thanked him and all and put it in my pocket. It was nice of him to go to all that trouble. It really was. The thing was, though, I didn't feel much like concentrating. Boy, I felt so damn tired all of a sudden.

You could tell he wasn't tired at all, though. He was pretty oiled up, for one thing. "I think that one of these days," he said, "you're going to have to find out where you want to go. And then you've got to start going there. But immediately. You can't afford to lose a minute. Not you." I nodded, because he was looking right at me and all, but I wasn't too sure what he was talking about. I was pretty sure I knew, but I wasn't too positive at the time. I was too damn tired.

"And I hate to tell you," he said, "but I think that once you have a fair idea where you want to go, your first move will be to apply yourself in school. You'll have to. You're a student--whether the idea appeals to you or not. You're in love with knowledge. And I think you'll find, once you get past all the Mr. Vineses and their Oral Comp--"

"Mr. Vinsons," I said. He meant all the Mr. Vinsons, not all the Mr. Vineses. I shouldn't have interrupted him, though.

"All right--the Mr. Vinsons. Once you get past all the Mr. Vinsons, you're going to start getting closer and closer--that is, if you want to, and if you look for it and wait for it--to the kind of information that will be very, very dear to your heart. Among other things, you'll find that you're not the first person who was ever confused and frightened and even sickened by human behavior. You're by no means alone on that score, you'll be excited and stimulated to know. Many, many men have been just as troubled morally and spiritually as you are right now. Happily, some of them kept records of their troubles. You'll learn from them--if you want to. Just as someday, if you have something to offer, someone will learn something from you. It's a beautiful reciprocal arrangement. And it isn't education. It's history. It's poetry." He stopped and took a big drink out of his highball. Then he started again. Boy, he was really hot. I was glad I didn't try to stop him or anything. "I'm not trying to tell you," he said, "that only educated and scholarly men are able to contribute something valuable to the world. It's not so. But I do say that educated and scholarly men, if they're brilliant and creative to begin with--which, unfortunately, is rarely the case--tend to leave infinitely more valuable records behind them than men do who are merely brilliant and creative. They tend to express themselves more clearly, and they usually have a passion for following their thoughts through to the end. And--most important--nine times out of ten they have more humility than the unscholarly thinker. Do you follow me at all?"

"Yes, sir."

He didn't say anything again for quite a while. I don't know if you've ever done it, but it's sort of hard to sit around waiting for somebody to say something when they're thinking and all. It

really is. I kept trying not to yawn. It wasn't that I was bored or anything--I wasn't--but I was so damn sleepy all of a sudden.

"Something else an academic education will do for you. If you go along with it any considerable distance, it'll begin to give you an idea what size mind you have. What it'll fit and, maybe, what it won't. After a while, you'll have an idea what kind of thoughts your particular size mind should be wearing. For one thing, it may save you an extraordinary amount of time trying on ideas that don't suit you, aren't becoming to you. You'll begin to know your true measurements and dress your mind accordingly."

Then, all of a sudden, I yawned. What a rude bastard, but I couldn't help it!

Mr. Antolini just laughed, though. "C'mon," he said, and got up. "We'll fix up the couch for you."

What does Mr. Antolini mean when he talks about the “fall,” and how may his view of the fall be relevant to Holden’s life? Rephrase his view about the fall in your own words.

What is “history” and “poetry,” according to Mr. Antolini?

Holden notices that Mr. Antolini is having a highball, which is a drink consisting of whiskey and a mixer such as soda or ginger ale, served with ice in a tall glass. Given this fact, to what extent do you question Mr. Antolini's reliability as a person to give Holden important advice? Explain.

Reading Selection 2, from Chapter 24

He went out in the kitchen and I went in the bathroom and got undressed and all. I couldn't brush my teeth because I didn't have any toothbrush with me. I didn't have any pajamas either and Mr. Antolini forgot to lend me some. So I just went back in the living room and turned off this little lamp next to the couch, and then I got in bed with just my shorts on. It was way too short for me, the couch, but I really could've slept standing up without batting an eyelash. I laid awake for just a couple of seconds thinking about all that stuff Mr. Antolini'd told me. About finding out the size of your mind and all. He was really a pretty smart guy. But I couldn't keep my goddam eyes open, and I fell asleep.

Then something happened. I don't even like to talk about it.

I woke up all of a sudden. I don't know what time it was or anything, but I woke up. I felt something on my head, some guy's hand. Boy, it really scared hell out of me. What it was, it was Mr. Antolini's hand. What he was doing was, he was sitting on the floor right next to the couch, in the dark and all, and he was sort of petting me or patting me on the goddam head. Boy, I'll bet I jumped about a thousand feet.

"What the hellyya doing?" I said.

"Nothing! I'm simply sitting here, admiring--"

"What're ya doing, anyway?" I said over again. I didn't know what the hell to say--I mean I was embarrassed as hell.

"How 'bout keeping your voice down? I'm simply sitting here--"

"I have to go, anyway," I said--boy, was I nervous! I started putting on my damn pants in the dark. I could hardly get them on I was so damn nervous. I know more damn perverts, at schools and all, than anybody you ever met, and they're always being pervery when I'm around.

"You have to go where?" Mr. Antolini said. He was trying to act very goddam casual and cool and all, but he wasn't any too goddam cool. Take my word.

"I left my bags and all at the station. I think maybe I'd better go down and get them. I have all my stuff in them."

"They'll be there in the morning. Now, go back to bed. I'm going to bed myself. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter, it's just that all my money and stuff's in one of my bags. I'll be right back. I'll get a cab and be right back," I said. Boy, I was falling all over myself in the dark. "The thing is, it isn't mine, the money. It's my mother's, and I--"

"Don't be ridiculous, Holden. Get back in that bed. I'm going to bed myself. The money will be there safe and sound in the morn--"

"No, no kidding. I gotta get going. I really do." I was damn near all dressed already, except that I couldn't find my tie. I couldn't remember where I'd put my tie. I put on my jacket and all without it. Old Mr. Antolini was sitting now in the big chair a little ways away from me, watching me. It was dark and all and I couldn't see him so hot, but I knew he was watching me, all right. He was still boozing, too. I could see his trusty highball glass in his hand.

"You're a very, very strange boy."

"I know it," I said. I didn't even look around much for my tie. So I went without it. "Good-by, sir," I said, "Thanks a lot. No kidding."

He kept walking right behind me when I went to the front door, and when I rang the elevator bell he stayed in the damn doorway. All he said was that business about my being a "very, very strange boy" again. Strange, my ass. Then he waited in the doorway and all till the goddam elevator came. I never waited so long for an elevator in my whole goddam life. I swear.

I didn't know what the hell to talk about while I was waiting for the elevator, and he kept standing there, so I said, "I'm gonna start reading some good books. I really am." I mean you had to say something. It was very embarrassing.

"You grab your bags and scoot right on back here again. I'll leave the door unlatched."

"Thanks a lot," I said. "G'by!" The elevator was finally there. I got in and went down. Boy, I was shaking like a madman. I was sweating, too. When something pervery like that happens, I start sweating like a bastard. That kind of stuff's happened to me about twenty times since I was a kid. I can't stand it.

What does Holden think has happened? Do you agree with him? Explain by using evidence from the selection, the chapter, or from the novel as a whole.

GRAMMAR

PHRASE AND CLAUSES

- Phrases and clauses are groups of words used in sentences. A **phrase** is a group of closely related words that function together as a single element, such as subject, verb, adjective, or adverb. A **clause** differs from a phrase in that it contains a subject and a **predicate**. Some sentences have only one clause, while others have several.

EXAMPLES: **Phrases**

Maria and Bai [subject]
 should have won [verb]
 with red hair [adjective]
 running through the field [adjective]
 with passion [adverb]

Clauses

whenever I run
 that Mimi **bought**
the boy **ate the apple**
 while you **were sleeping**
Babu **is lost**

Tell whether the underlined words are a phrase or a clause.

1. The skylight in the bathroom is leaking. _____
2. The novels that you like to read are really trashy! _____
3. I've lost the key to my house. _____
4. Cory left his music playing in his room with the door locked. _____
5. I'd love to have a great, big, creamy milkshake right now. _____
6. Marlie and Declan had to be escorted from the movie theatre. _____
7. The windows that you washed are cleaner than mine. _____
8. Kapuskasing, which is in Northern Ontario, gets lots of snow in winter. _____
9. I would have expected more people to come out to see the Prime Minister. _____
10. Talking to my best friend makes me happy. _____

THE END