

**CATCHER IN THE RYE**

LUCE: I can only stay a couple minutes, I have a date.

CAUFIELD: Hey, I got a flit for you. At the end of the bar. Don't look now. I've been saving him for ya.

LUCE: Very funny. Same old Caufield. When are you going to grow up?

CAUFIELD: How's your sex life?

LUCE: Relax. Just sit back and relax, for Chrissake.

CAUFIELD: I'm relaxed. How's Columbia? Ya like it?

LUCE: Certainly I like it. If I didn't like it I wouldn't have gone there.

CAUFIELD: What're you majoring in? Perverts?

LUCE: What are you trying to be -- funny?

CAUFIELD: No. I'm only kidding. Listen, hey, Luce. You're one of these intellectual guys. I need your advice. I'm in a terrific...

LUCE: Listen, Caufield, if you want to sit here and have a quiet peaceful drink, and a quiet, peaceful conversation...

CAUFIELD: All right, all right. Relax. No kidding, how's your sex life? You still going around with that same babe you used to at Whooton? The one with the terrific...

LUCE: Jesus Christ Almighty, no.

CAUFIELD: How come? What happened to her?

LUCE: I haven't the faintest idea. For all I know she's the Official State Whore of New Hampshire by this time.

CAUFIELD: That isn't nice. If shw was decent enough to let you get sexy with her all the time, you at least shouldn't talk about her that way.

LUCE: Oh, god. Is this going to be a typical Caufield conversation? I want to know right now.

CAUFIELD: No, but it isn't nice anyway. If she was decent and nice enough to let you...

LUCE: Must we pursue this horrific trend of thought?

CAUFIELD: Who're you going around with now? You feel like telling me?

LUCE: Nobody you know.

CAUFIELD: Yeah, but who? I might know her.

LUCE: Girl lives in the Village. Sculptress, if you must know.

CAUFIELD: Yeah? No kidding? How old is she?

LUCE: I've never asked her. For God's sake...

CAUFIELD: Well, around how old?

LUCE: I should imagine she's in her late thirties.

CAUFIELD: In her late thirties? Yeah? You like that? You like 'em that old?

LUCE: I like a mature person, if that's what you mean. Certainly.

CAUFIELD: You do? Why? No kidding, they better for sex and all?

LUCE: Listen, let's get one thing straight. I refuse to answer any typical  
Caufield questions tonight.  
When in hell are you going to grow up?

CAUFIELD: Listen, how long you been going around with her, this sculpture babe?  
Did you know her  
when you were at Whooton?

LUCE: Hardly. She just arrived in this country a few months ago.

CAUFIELD: She did? Where's she from?

LUCE: She happens to be from Shanghai.

CAUFIELD: No kidding! She Chinese, for Chrissake?

LUCE: Obviously.

CAUFIELD: No kidding! You like that? Her being Chinese?

LUCE: Obviously.

CAUFIELD: Why? I'd be interested to know, I really would.

LUCE: I simply happen to find Eastern philosophy more satisfactory than Western,  
since you ask.

CAUFIELD: You do? Whaddaya mean philosophy? Ya mean sex and all? You mean it's  
better in China?  
That what you mean?

LUCE: Not necessarily in China, for God's sake. The East, I said. Must we go on  
with this inane  
conversation?

CAUFIELD: Listen, I'm serious. No kidding. Why is it better in the East?

LUCE: It's too involved to go into, for god's sake. They simply happen to regard  
sex as both a physical  
and a spiritual experience. If you think I'm---

CAUFIELD: So do I! So do I regard it as a wuddayacallit -- a physical and

spiritual experience and all.

I really do. But it depends on who the hell I'm going it with. If I'm doing it with somebody I don't even--

LUCE: Not so loud, for God's sake, Caufield. If you can't manage to keep your voice down, let's drop the whole thing.

CAUFIELD: Alright, but listen. This is what I mean, though. I know it's supposed to be physical and spiritual, and artistic and all. But what I mean is, you can't do it with everybody -- every girl you neck with and all, and make it come out that way. Can you?

LUCE: Let's drop it. Do you mind?

CAUFIELD: All right, but listen. Take you and this Chinese babe. What's so good about you two?

LUCE: Drop it, I said.

CAUFIELD: Maybe I'll go to China. My sex life is lousy.

LUCE: Naturally. Your mind is immature.

CAUFIELD: It is. I really is. I know it. You know what the trouble with me is? I can never get really sexy -- I mean really sexy, with a girl I don't like a lot. I mean I have to like her a lot. If I don't I sort of lose my goddamn desire for her and all. Boy, it really screws up my sex life something awful. My sex life stinks.

LUCE: Naturally it does, for god's sake. I told you the last time I saw you what you need.

CAUFIELD: You mean to go to a psychoanalyst and all?

LUCE: It's up to you, for god's sake. It's none of my goddamn business what you do with your life.

CAUFIELD: Supposing I went to your father and had him psychoanalyze me and all. What would he do to me? I mean what would he do to me?

LUCE: He wouldn't do a goddamn thing to you. He'd simply talk to you, and you'd talk to him, for God's sake. For one thing, he'd help you to recognize the patterns of your mind.

CAUFIELD: The what?

LUCE: The patterns of your mind. Your mind runs in--- Listen. I'm not giving an elementary course in psychoanalysis. If you're interested, call him up and make an appointment. If you're not, don't. I couldn't care less, frankly.

CAUFIELD: You're a real friendly bastard, you know that?

LUCE: I have to tear. Nice seeing you.

CAUFIELD: Hey, did your father ever psychoanalyze you?

LUCE: Me? Why do you ask?

CAUFIELD: No reason. Did he, though? Has he?

LUCE: Not exactly. He's helped me to adjust to myself to a certain extent, but an extensive analysis hasn't been necessary. Why do you ask?

CAUFIELD: No reason. I was just wondering.

LUCE: Well. Take it easy.

CAUFIELD: Have just one more drink. Please. I'm lonesome as hell. No kidding.

LUCE: Sorry, I'm late already.