

# DREAM CATCHER: A MEMOIR

Margaret A. Salinger

## Chapter One: "Sometimes Thro' the Mirror Blue"

Mama said that when she was a little girl, before her house in London was bombed, she would often creep out of her bed at night and open the door between her nursery and the top of the back staircase that led down to the kitchen. She'd tiptoe downstairs to make sure the door was closed  
5 and no servants were around. Then, spreading her white nightgown around her and slowly rising off the ground, she would fly up and down the passageway. She knew she hadn't been dreaming because when she awoke on mornings after flight, there would be dust on her fingertips where she had touched the ceiling.

My mother was a child hidden away. She, like many upper-class and upper-middle-class English  
10 children of her day, was raised by staff in the nursery. I grew up hearing grim tales of nursery life. The one brief, bright spot was a nice governess, Nurse Reed, who took little Claire home with her on visits to her family. Nurse Reed's replacement, a Swiss-German who, among her many delightful qualities, used to force Claire, after lunch, to sit on the toilet until she  
15 "produced," or until suppertime, whichever came first, was more the norm. I knew, too, that she was sent to convent boarding school when she was only five years old and that she was taught to bathe her little body under a sheet so God wouldn't be offended by her nakedness. I used to think about that when I was a little girl sitting in the tub, how scary a wet sheet over you would feel, as if you'd get caught under the immensity of it and sucked down the drain. Once, when I was in the  
20 hospital with poison ivy, my mother told me that when she was at the convent and got poison ivy, the nuns scrubbed her head to toe, beneath the sheet of course, with a bristle brush and lye soap to remove the evil ivy boils.

What I didn't understand was why she was there. I didn't wonder about it when I was little and assumed that things just happen to children as inexorably as the catechism. But now, as an adult,  
25 it no longer made sense to me, and I asked her about it. My mother explained that at the time, in the fall of 1939, the fact that loomed largest in most Londoners' lives was that there was a war on. During the Blitz, parents with the means and "any sense at all," she said, took their families out of London and went to stay with friends or relatives in the country. The Douglas family had both country relations and money; nevertheless, Claire and her brother, Gavin, were packed on a train, unaccompanied, "with all the poor children," and evacuated to a convent at St.  
30 Leonard's-by-the-Sea. St. Leonard's had the unfortunate geographical attribute of being opposite Dunkirk, and they were soon evacuated again, this time inland to a sister convent in what my mother only remembers as a red-bricked city. She was five years old.

There was no comfort to be found in her elder brother, who, at seven, had a well-developed  
35 penchant for torturing animals and small girls. "He liked to cause pain, poor boy, it confused him terribly." "Why?" I asked, grateful that she had never let "the poor boy" anywhere near her daughter while he was alive. "Mom, what was wrong with Gavin?" The answer came back flat and blunt: "The man my mother got her black market meat from was a pederast. When he came to the house, he bothered me a couple of times, but it was mostly my brother he was interested in, not me, thank God. I don't think he ever recovered from it."

40 In the fall of 1941, as Jerome Salinger had his first story, "The Young Folks," published, Claire, age seven, and her nine-year-old brother, Gavin, were put on a train to Southampton, where they were met by a governess. She informed them that their family's house had been bombed and had burnt to the ground. The Douglases had been out for the evening when the bomb struck, but

Claire's beloved kitten, Tiger Lily, was nowhere to be found. The governess deposited Claire and Gavin on a ship, the Scythia, offering the children no explanation. Her duty accomplished, she turned and marched off the ship.

5 The ship was packed with stunned, weeping children headed for the safety of the United States to sit out the war. One bit of contact, which Claire clung to like a life preserver, was to stand on the deck each day and wave to the children on the deck of their sister ship, The City of Benares, which carried the same cargo of unaccompanied children and sailed alongside them in close  
10 convoy. The children would wave back to her. Several days out of Southampton, as Claire was exchanging waves, a German torpedo ripped into the side of the Benares. It exploded into flames. Claire watched in mute horror as it sank, children screaming and dancing as they burned.

15 The Scythia disembarked at Halifax, Nova Scotia. From Halifax, Claire and Gavin traveled alone by train to Waycross, Georgia, to meet their first host family. They were in Georgia when, on December 7 of that year, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Before the war's end, they would be removed from eight different American foster homes because of Gavin's behavior. "And you know what happens to little girls in foster care...," my mother said, as though we were both in on some kind of secret not to be mentioned, only hinted at.

20 Their second placement was in Tampa, Florida. She remembers being terribly sunburned and attributes her midlife melanoma to her Tampa stay. The next stop, about the time Staff Sergeant Jerome Salinger was preparing to take Utah Beach on D-Day, was Wilmington, Delaware, where she attended the Tower Hill School for about a year. This was followed by placements with families in Allentown, Pennsylvania; Sea Girt, New Jersey; and Glens Falls, New York.

25 I never heard about these places growing up. My mother didn't have to think for two seconds, though, to remember. The towns, and the order in which the placements occurred, were literally at her fingertips as she ticked them off, counting on her fingers the way my son, at age four, might display his mastery of the days of the week. "Waycross, Tampa, Wilmington..."

30 "Where were your parents?" I asked, assuming they must have been unable to leave England. She told me that her father, an art dealer, came to America shortly after she did, in 1941, to sell some pictures in New York. He was stuck there while the shipping passage was blocked by German U-boats. When it opened, he sent for his wife and they spent the duration of the war in New York City building up the business at Duveen Brothers and getting established.

35 When the war ended, the foster program ended, too, and the Douglasses had to collect their children, at which point Claire was sent off to the Convent of the Holy Child in Suffern, New York, where she stayed until the end of eighth grade; Gavin went to Milton Academy. "How were they able to have their children taken care of by American families on that war program when they were in the country themselves?" I asked her as she told me this story. She shook her head and said, "God only knows what story my mother told them."

40 She stayed with her parents in their New York apartment on the occasional school holiday, sleeping under the dining room table --- for reasons unknown and probably unquestioned. In eighth grade, she refused to go back to the convent. "They were doing a number on my head, trying to coerce me into becoming a nun. The whole school was ordered to shun me, not to speak to me, until I had declared my decision. I was going mad." Her parents did not, or could not, force her to return, and in the fall of 1947 they enrolled her, instead, at Shipley, a girls' boarding

school in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Three years later, in the fall of 1950, she met a writer named Jerry Salinger at a party in New York given by Bee Stein, an artist, and her husband, Francis Steegmuller, a writer for The New Yorker. Claire's parents lived in the same apartment building as the Steegmullers on East  
 5 Sixty-sixth Street, and through their shared interest in the arts, they had become good friends as well as neighbors. Claire was sixteen and had just begun her senior year at Shipley. She arrived at the party looking strikingly beautiful, with the wide-eyed, vulnerable, on-the-brink look of Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* or Leslie Caron in *Gigi*, a movie my father loved so much that he bought a reel-to-reel copy and played it for us so many times when I was growing  
 10 up that, to this day, I can still sing the lyrics beginning to end. As a child, I never heard the names Holden Caulfield or Seymour Glass, but even now I can't hold a glass of champagne without hearing in my mind the song "The Night They Invented Champagne" from *Gigi*.

Our shared world was not books, but rather, my father's collection of reel-to-reel movies. During the long winters, our human visitors were, essentially, supplied courtesy of MGM. My father  
 15 would set up the screen in front of the fireplace in the living room, and I'd lie on the rug watching Hitchcock's *The 39 Steps*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Foreign Correspondent*; *Laurel and Hardy*; *W. C. Fields*; and the *Marx Brothers*, to name a few of our favorites. The neat, plastic videocassettes he now owns are a sterile substitute for the sensuous delight I remember then. My father would take the reel from the round metal case, as though unwrapping a present, and place  
 20 it on the projector spindle. I watched him thread the film through the maze of the projector in a lovely over and under hide-and-peek; his hands knew the special moves and codes for each location. When I threaded my old treadle Singer sewing machine for my 4-H class, I felt the same thrill of competence, of secrets mastered.

When he secured the tail of the film in the empty reel, he was ready for me to turn off the lights.  
 25 A thin blue stream of light beamed from the projector, widening as it moved toward the screen, smoke and dust playing in the flickering light. First the leader tape passed through with its strange hieroglyphics of bull's-eyes and numbers and scratches, absent the dire modern video warnings about the FBI, imprisonment, and fines written in legalese. Then the title appeared with the movie's music and opening credits.

30 Most of his movies were on two or three reels, so in the middle of the movie we had to stop, turn on the lights, and wait while my father rewound the spent reel and threaded the next. I liked the sound of the film at the end of each reel slapping against my father's hand as it pulled free of the projector. I'd never stick my hand in the midst of all that flapping. He wasn't scared of getting cut at all, even when he had to stop the movie and splice the film together where it broke.

35 Rewinding the film at intervals was also a chance for me to rewind, have a drink of juice or some peanuts, reassurance that the world, as I knew it, still existed. Some of the Hitchcock movies scared me half to death, and not in a fun way. Much to my father's disgust, I always had to leave the room in the middle of *Foreign Correspondent* and put my head under a pillow to block out the screams of that sweet old man, Van Meer, when the Nazis tortured him in a windmill,  
 40 offscreen, to get him to talk. Of my flights to the next room, my father would say, "Christ, all you and your mother want to see are sentimental pictures about Thanksgiving and puppy dogs." In my father's vocabulary, sentimental was a very damning word indeed.

Old Hitchcock movies, especially, became our secret language. As late as my senior year of high

school, I'd receive a postcard saying simply, "There is a man in Scotland I must meet if anything is to be done. These men act quickly, quickly" --- signed, in my dad's handwriting, "Annabella Smith, Alt-na Shelloch, Scotland" (from *The 39 Steps*). When my brother was at boarding school, I received many a letter from him signed "Huntley Haverstock" (Foreign Correspondent).  
 5 In short, we'd all light on the choice of Leslie Caron or Audrey Hepburn, rather than some literary character, to describe the young Claire when they first met.

Claire wore her chestnut hair smoothed back from her lovely forehead. Pretty mouth, fullish lips, and the kind of high cheekbones that promise a beauty that does not fade with youth. Claire's large eyes are a limpid, liquid blue that reflect the ambient world, the way only hazel or green  
 10 eyes are supposed to do. On a stormy day her eyes look gray and wind-tossed; on a bright day at the beach, like blue sea glass and white sails. When her eyes became the color of a burnt match, it was a signal to her children to run and hide, fast. When her eyes became opaque, like those of a dead fish belly-up at the pond, it was time for me, the elder of her children, to take charge and do whatever needed to be done to survive, because she could no more see us than a dead fish can  
 15 see the flies buzzing around its eyes.

Those little eyes so helpless and appealing,  
 one day will flash and send you crashing through the ceiling.  
 ("Thank Heaven for Little Girls," from *Gigi*)

The night my parents met, her eyes shone like a beacon across the room. She was wearing a  
 20 midblue linen dress with a darker blue velvet collar, simple and elegant as a wild iris. "God, I loved that dress. I was a model for a designer called Nan Duskin that summer in New York. She let me keep it at the end of the season...said it was made for me. And it was, it matched my eyes perfectly. I've never worn anything more beautiful in my life."

"You wore a gown of gold..."  
 25 "I wore blue that night, and the month was June."  
 ("I Remember It Well," from *Gigi*)

Jerry, at thirty-one, was nearly twice her age and was quite simply, or rather, quite complicatedly, tall, dark, and handsome. My father captures his own image, refracted through the eyes of his beloved, fictional Glass family. Under the guise of Buddy Glass as the purported  
 30 author of *Seymour: An Introduction*, he writes that several members of the Glass family, including himself, have eyes that "could all be rather bashfully described as extra-dark oxtail in color, or Plaintive Jewish Brown." What I can tell you as his daughter, without the bashfulness of a male narrator, or the self-consciousness of a person looking at his own image in the mirror, is that my father's eyes are absolutely beautiful, with thick, long, black eyelashes --- inherited by  
 35 my brother and, a generation later, by my son; the kind that women in the park, peeking into a carriage, click their tongues over and say, "Why is it always the boys who get those gorgeous long lashes?"

Buddy, continuing to describe or "introduce" his revered, dead brother, Seymour, writes: "...he had very wiry black hair. The word is almost kinky, but not quite;...It was most exceedingly  
 40 pullable-looking hair, and pulled it surely got; the babies in the family always automatically reached for it, even before the nose, which, God wot, was also Outstanding

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## Book Discusses Affair With J.D. Salinger

By DINITIA SMITH

5 NEW YORK -- The novelist and journalist Joyce Maynard said Thursday that she would publish a memoir in which she would describe her relationship with the famously reclusive writer J.D. Salinger, the author of "The Catcher in the Rye," breaking a 25-year silence about the affair.

10 In the spring of 1972, Ms. Maynard, flushed with success from the publication of her first magazine article, "An 18-Year-Old Looks Back on Life," in The New York Times Magazine, received a letter from Salinger, who had read her article and seen the photograph that accompanied it. That summer, Ms. Maynard went to visit him at his home in Cornish, N.H., and stayed. When spring broke, their nine-month relationship ended.

15 Ms. Maynard said she would publish her book about Salinger, the man she refers to as "Jerry," in the winter of 1999 with Picador U.S.A. "I viewed him as my mentor and teacher and the person I trusted most in the world," Ms. Maynard said Thursday in a telephone interview from her home north of San Francisco. "He was the first man I ever loved. My purpose is not to divulge his story. I'm sticking to my own story."

20 Salinger has been protective of his privacy, preventing the biographer Ian Hamilton from using portions of his unpublished correspondence in Hamilton's 1988 book "J.D. Salinger: A Writing Life," after suing the biographer in a case that went to the Supreme Court. A man who answered the phone at Salinger's literary agency, Harold Ober Associates, would not comment when asked to speak to the author about Ms. Maynard's project.

Ms. Maynard is 44 now, a divorced mother of three, the author of seven books. She has made her career in journalism, writing about her own life. Salinger, however, has been called "the most private man in America."

25 In a telephone conversation Thursday, Ms. Maynard was circumspect about Salinger, who was 53 when they first met. The relationship began, she said, with Salinger's writing her "a deeply thoughtful, very moving, one-page letter." She added, "That precipitated a correspondence that remained through my freshman year at Yale."

30 Ms. Maynard said she had 20 to 30 letters from Salinger. She will not quote from them in her book, she said, mentioning the legal decision in the Hamilton case, though "I will refer to the ideas and thoughts in the letters."

35 In 1972, when she arrived at Salinger's house, which sits on a rocky hilltop in Cornish, screened by a wall of trees, Ms. Maynard said she had never read the author's work. The couple lived together through a harsh New Hampshire winter, she said, both of them writing. She was working on a memoir, "Looking Back." Salinger was presumably writing work that has never been published. Ms. Maynard also read "Catcher in the Rye" for the first time that winter, she said.

Just before "Looking Back" was published, in 1973, she said, they broke up. Ms. Maynard's editor, Diane Higgins, called the breakup "abrupt and damaging." After Ms. Maynard left Cornish, she wrote to Salinger, she said, but he never answered.

5 Salinger's first marriage -- to Claire Douglas, a Jungian analyst and the mother of his two children, Peggy and Matt, an actor -- ended in divorce. He is said to have married for a second time.

Last spring, a small publisher, Orchises Press, in Alexandria, Va., announced publication of Salinger's first book in 34 years, "Hapworth 16, 1924," actually a reprint of an old story first published in the New Yorker in 1965. But publication has been delayed.

10 Ms. Maynard's decision to write her book, she said, came when her daughter, Audrey, turned 18 last year.

"I watched her struggling with becoming a young woman in the world," she said. "I remembered who I used to be."

Last week, Ms. Maynard said, she went to see Salinger for the first time in 25 years.

15 Did he mind that she was writing about him?

"You better ask him that," Ms. Maynard replied. "I don't for a moment think he would want me to write this."

Source: <http://www.nytimes.com/library/review/archive/salinger-memoir.html>

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20 Salinger's Daughter's Truths as Mesmerizing as His Fiction  
By DINITIA SMITH

Sara Krulwich/The New York Times  
Margaret A. Salinger, daughter of J. D. Salinger.

25 Pocket Books  
Book cover of "Dream Catcher" by Margaret A. Salinger.

30 J. D. Salinger's daughter, Margaret, is visiting New York from Boston and staying at the Plaza Hotel, under an assumed name. There are Salinger "crazies" out there, Ms. Salinger says, who have written menacing letters to her family. And then there is the possibility that her famously private father will try to stop her from publishing her memoir, "Dream Catcher," due out on Wednesday from Pocket Books.

Mr. Salinger, 81, who has not published anything since 1965 and has not spoken publicly for years, is so determined in his seclusion that he successfully delayed the publication of a biography by Ian Hamilton because Mr. Hamilton had sought to use some of his letters.

35 "Ian Hamilton thought my dad would be so proud of him and sent him the galleys," said Ms. Salinger. "I know better."

Ms. Salinger has written a book that reveals not only her own life but previously unknown and deeply intimate aspects of her father's life. Her motivation in breaching his zealously guarded privacy is likely to be questioned by many who criticized Joyce Maynard's 1998

memoir, which included details of her romance with Mr. Salinger when she was 18 and he was 53. Last year's auction of letters that Mr. Salinger wrote to Ms. Maynard in the early 1970's also prompted criticism. The letters were bought by the California software entrepreneur and philanthropist Peter Norton, who returned them to Mr. Salinger.

5 Ms. Salinger says she is willing to take the risk that her father might not speak to her again. And then of course there is the possibility that the public might see her book as an attempt to trade on his name. In any case she has written it, Ms. Salinger says, to make sense of her strange childhood. And she has come to New York to promote the book.

10 The Plaza is a place of happy memories, where she used to stay with her father when they visited her godfather, William Shawn, the editor of the New Yorker. She is looking at photographs in her book about her handsome young father, beaming as she learns to walk, as she sits on his shoulders, plays the piano.

"He loves me," said Ms. Salinger, as if surprised. "Isn't he sexy! How funny he was." And she looks like him, too, tall, with the same long face and dark eyes.

15 Her father loved her, but he was also pathologically self-centered, Ms. Salinger says.

Nothing could interrupt his work, which he likened to a quest for enlightenment. He was also abusive toward her mother, Claire Douglas, Ms. Salinger says, keeping her a virtual prisoner in his house in Cornish, N.H., refusing to allow her to see friends and family. Ms. Salinger said that her father feared the female body and that when Ms. Douglas was pregnant, he found her  
20 abhorrent. She said that since her parents rarely had sex, she feels her birth was almost an accident.

Mr. Salinger's agent, Phyllis Westberg of Harold Ober Associates, said he would not comment on his daughter's book.

25 Ms. Salinger also says that when she was 13 months old, her mother planned to kill her and commit suicide, and did indeed burn the house down later. Ms. Salinger said her mother denied setting the fire. Ms. Douglas is now a Jungian analyst in California and "a terrific grandma," Ms. Salinger said.

Ms. Douglas did not respond to messages left on her answering machine in California.

30 Meanwhile Mr. Salinger pursued Scientology, homeopathy and Christian Science. He drank urine, his daughter writes, and sat in an orgone box.

Intrusive or Interesting?

Should family and friends respect an author's wish for privacy? Should reading be free from biographical context? Add your thoughts and see what other readers are saying. Or ask your own question about Books, in Abuzz.

35 He spoke in tongues, fasted until he turned greenish and as an older man had pen pal relationships with teenage girls.

After her parents divorced in 1966, her father continued to be part of her life. She stayed with him at times in Cornish.

40 Does he know about her book? "He does now," said Ms. Salinger, because of newspaper articles.

Has she spoken to him since them? She laughs.

"I may be 44," she said. "But I still don't want to get yelled at."

Still, "it's not unusual at all to not speak for several months," said Ms. Salinger.

45 "Particularly because he's very deaf," and for a long time refused to wear a hearing aid, she added.

"We're not officially estranged," she said.

"What other people might call weird is just regular for us."

Considering Ms. Salinger's accounts of her childhood and teenage years -- bulimia, "severe

perceptual distortions," "panic attacks, chronic fatigue syndrome and fibromyalgia" -- she seems quite jolly.

She laughs, makes fun of herself

Her father loves her, she said, but "he probably hates my guts, too, I would say,  
5 operatically."

Ms. Salinger said she wrote "Dream Catcher" because "I was absolutely determined not to repeat with my son what had been done with me."

"There is something to be said for the examined life," she said.

Lotte Jacobi/ UP Newspictures

10 J. D. Salinger in 1953.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

"Mr. Salinger, whose work has appeared in The New Yorker and elsewhere, tells a story well, in this case under the special difficulties of casting it in the form of Holden's first- person narrative. This was a perilous undertaking, but one that has been successfully achieved. Mr.  
15 Salinger's rendering of teen-age speech is wonderful: the unconscious humor, the repetitions, the slang and profanity, the emphasis, all are just right. Holden's mercurial changes of mood, his stubborn refusal to admit his own sensitiveness and emotions, his cheerful disregard of what is sometimes known as reality are typically and heart breakingly adolescent."

-- from the original New York Times Review of "The Catcher in the Rye," July 16, 1951.

20 There is one moment that stands out above all, she said. "It is so horrible, it's so powerful." When she was pregnant and sick, instead of offering help, her father "said I had no right to bring a child into this lousy world," she writes, "and he hoped I was considering an abortion."

The book, she says, is her struggle to make sense of it all.

25 The Salingers have always been secretive, she said. It is embodied in "Catcher in the Rye": "My parents would have about two hemorrhages apiece if I told anything pretty personal about them.

They're quite touchy about anything like that."

30 From her Aunt Doris, her father's sister who is six years older and in failing health, Ms. Salinger said she learned about her father's childhood as Jerome David Salinger, son of Miriam and Sol Salinger, who became a prosperous food merchant in New York. Jerome grew up on the Upper West Side and Park Avenue and attended Valley Forge Military Academy. He was the center of his mother's life, Ms. Salinger said her aunt told her.

But Miriam was also overprotective. Mr. Salinger once wrote in a letter to Hemingway that his mother walked him to school until he was 24, Ms. Salinger said.

35 He had always thought his parents were Jewish, Ms. Salinger writes, but when he was a teenager he discovered that they hid from him that his mother was Irish Catholic. Still, he experienced anti-Semitism, from which he developed his aversion, expressed by his characters, for the Ivy League, for "phonies."

40 During World War II he was a counterintelligence agent assigned to the Twelfth Regiment of the Fourth Division, interrogating POW's.

He served in the most brutal campaigns of the European theater, including D-Day and the Battle of the Bulge. In 1945 in Germany he was hospitalized for "battle fatigue."

45 In one of the book's surprises, Ms. Salinger writes that her father arrested a young Nazi Party functionary, Sylvia, then married her. The marriage was brief, and forever after he referred to her as Saliva.



Ms. Salinger's parents met in 1950 when Ms. Douglas was about 16 and Mr. Salinger about 31, at the writer Francis Steegmuller's apartment. Ms. Douglas was born in England, the daughter of the art critic and dealer Robert Langton Douglas. Her stepfather was a partner in Duveen Brothers.

5 At the time Ms. Douglas and Mr. Salinger met, he abstained from sex, her mother told Ms. Salinger, because he was studying with an Indian mystic who taught that it interfered with enlightenment.

Ms. Salinger quotes from "The Gospels of Sri Ramakrishna," written by the guru's guru. An acolyte announces that he and his wife have had intercourse: "Don't you hate yourself for dallying with a body which contains only blood phlegm, filth and excreta?" Ramakrishna asks.

10 Ms. Salinger noted that in Mr. Salinger's story "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," the character Seymour shoots himself on his honeymoon.

Just months before her high school graduation, Ms. Douglas married Mr. Salinger and moved with him to Cornish. Ms. Douglas told her daughter that he demanded elaborate meals and that the sheets had to be laundered twice weekly, though there was no heat or hot water. When her mother became pregnant, Ms. Salinger writes, she had "a suicidal depression when she realized that her pregnancy only repulsed him."

Ms. Salinger was born in 1955, the year her father's stories "Franny" and "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters" were published in *The New Yorker*.

20 Mr. Salinger wrote letters about his joy in her, Ms. Salinger said.

He was a playful father who seemed easier in the magic world of childhood. Her imaginary friends were real to him, too, she says, as were the characters in his books. "The world of fiction and reality were very blurred," she writes.

25 But, her mother felt "jealousy and rage over my replacement of her in my father's affections."

In 1960 the Salingers had a son, Matthew, who is now an actor and producer in California.

Last month *The Sunday Times* of London quoted him as saying of his sister: "I guess she's got a lot of anger. But to write a book just isn't right.

30 It's kind of pathetic." Ms. Salinger says she does not believe he said it: "I love my brother dearly.

It just doesn't sound like him."

Attempts to reach him telephone or through friends were not successful.

After his divorce in 1972 Mr. Salinger had a relationship with Ms. Maynard, the journalist, who was two years older than his daughter.

35 To Ms. Salinger it was a repeat of his relationship with her mother.

He induced her to leave college and live in isolation with him, Ms. Maynard wrote her own memoir of Mr. Salinger, "At Home in the World" (Picador U.S.A., 1998).

40 After a brief "impulsive" marriage to her karate instructor, Ms. Salinger began pulling her life together. She graduated from Brandeis University with honors and received a degree in management from Oxford University. She attended Harvard Divinity School and trained as a nondenominational hospital chaplain. She is married to an opera singer and actor -- she refuses to give his name, or that of her son, or her son's age. She wants to write more books, she said, though she would not say on what topics.

45 Today Mr. Salinger is married to his third wife, Colleen, a nurse, some 50 years younger than he. "She's lovely," Ms. Salinger said.

She cared for Ms. Salinger for a time during her pregnancy, she said, though Mr. Salinger constantly asked her to come home.

Ms. Salinger writes that Mr. Salinger berates Colleen, as he did her mother.

At one point the couple was trying to have a child, Ms. Salinger said.

Mr. Salinger still lives in Cornish. The curtains in the house are drawn nearly all the time, said Ms. Salinger. She has seen his bedroom and study, "probably twice in my life." Mr. Salinger is still writing, and lives on royalties. "Catcher in the Rye" sells "at least" 250,000 copies annually, she said.

5 She said she did not know why Mr. Salinger refused to publish his work. "My aunt thinks he can't stand any criticism," she said. "He sure does it out."

Ms. Salinger speaks with affection of her father's early "lovely stories in magazines he won't allow to be published in books."

"He's stopped lecturing enough and was telling a good story," she said.

10 Later stories, like "Hapworth 16, 1924," are simply lectures, she says, that she heard as a child. "He has opinions on everything from how to chew your food to proper breathing techniques."

Toward the end of "Dream Catcher," Ms. Salinger writes that in giving up her dream of a perfect father, memories of happy times with him have returned.

15 "When I was a kid, he was just so funny," Ms. Salinger said.  
"The world just lit up when Daddy came home."

source: <http://partners.nytimes.com/library/books/083000salinger-daughter.html>

#### J.D. SALINGER TIMELINE

- 20 • January 1, 1919 – J.D. Salinger born in New York City. Older sister is 7½ years older.
- 1932 – Salinger Attends McBurney School. Salinger's parents enroll him in Manhattan's exclusive McBurney School for ninth and tenth grades. He begins his writing career as a reporter for the school newspaper.
- 25 • 1934 – Transfer to Valley Forge Military Academy. At age fifteen, Salinger transfers from McBurney to Valley Forge Military Academy in Wayne, Pennsylvania. He later uses the school as the model for Pencey Prep, Holden Caulfield's alma mater in *The Catcher in the Rye*.
- 1936 – Graduated from Valley Forge Military Academy in Wayne, Pennsylvania. Enter NYU as freshman.
- 30 • 1937 – Drops out of NYU. Salinger drops out of NYU in the spring of his freshman year. In the fall he moves to Vienna, Austria, to study the meatpacking business.
- Feb 1938 – With war looming in Europe, Salinger leaves Vienna and returns to the United States. A month later, on March 12, the Nazis take over Austria.
- 35 • 1939 – Writing Courses at Columbia. Salinger enrolls in a writing course at Columbia University that is taught by Whit Burnett, the editor of *Story* magazine. Burnett encourages the young writer's career, and becomes a friend and mentor.
- 1940 – First short story, "The Young Folks," published in Whit Burnett's magazine, *Story*.
- 40 • December 1941 – "Slight Rebellion Off Madison." After several rejections, *The New Yorker* finally accepts one of Salinger's stories. "Slight Rebellion Off Madison," the first Salinger story to feature Holden Caulfield, does not appear in the magazine until five years later.
- 45 • 1942 – Salinger Gets Drafted. Salinger is drafted into the U.S. Army, where he has a distinguished military career as an interrogator. Among other accomplishments, he takes part in the Battle of the Bulge and, later, the liberation of the concentration camps. He also forges a friendship with war correspondent Ernest Hemingway. Salinger continues his writing career during the war, carting his typewriter around in his Jeep. His

experiences in the war leave a deep impression on him.

- June 6, 1944 – D-Day. On D-Day, Salinger lands on Utah Beach to participate in the invasion of Normandy, France.
- 1944 – Fights with the 4th Infantry Division during the Battle of Hurtgen Forest and the Battle of the Bulge. He arrests a German spy, Sylvia and has a nervous breakdown.
- 1945 – Salinger Marries **Sylvia**. Salinger marries a German woman named Sylvia (her last name and other personal details are not known). They live together only eight months, and the marriage officially ends in 1947. In 1945 he is honorably discharged from the Army.
- 1946 – Returns to U.S.
- 1948 – "A Perfect Day for Bananafish." After rejecting Salinger dozens of times, The New Yorker jumps on his story "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," the first to feature a character from the fictional Glass family. He signs a contract with the magazine, promising to let them have first crack at publishing any of his future stories.
- 1949 – "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut" Heads to Film. My Foolish Heart, a film adaptation of Salinger's story "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut," premieres. The movie is torn apart by critics. Salinger is so dissatisfied with the filmmakers' interpretation of his work that he never authorizes another film version of his work.
- 1951 – **The Catcher in the Rye** is published by Little, Brown. The novel's success offers Salinger instant fame, just when he decides he doesn't want it. He begins to retreat from public life.
- 1952 – Interest in religion. After practicing Buddhism for several years, Salinger becomes deeply interested in the texts of Advaita Vedanta Hinduism. His interest in religion spans his adult life, and he also dabbles in Christian Science and Dianetics, the precursor to Scientology. He is also drawn to yoga, acupuncture, homeopathy, speaking in tongues, using a Wilhelm Reich orgone box, and fasting. He follows a macrobiotic diet and meditates an hour a day.
- 1953 – *Nine Stories*, a book of short stories (including "Teddy") about the Glass family, is published. In the same year, Salinger moves from New York City to Cornish, New Hampshire, the small town where he still lives.
- February 17, 1955 – Salinger (36) Marries **Claire Douglas** (21), a student at Radcliffe College (which was the sister school of all-male Harvard). As a wedding present, he gives her a copy of a story about the character Franny Glass, who is based on her.
- December 10, 1955 – The couple's daughter Margaret is born.
- circa 1956 – Salinger builds a cement bunker a quarter mile from his house and retreats to it for up to 2 weeks at a time to write. His wife complains bitterly about his absences.
- February 13, 1960 – The couple's son Matt is born.
- 1961 – *Franny and Zooey* is published. The book consists of two long stories, one about Franny Glass (based on Salinger's wife, Claire) and the other about her sister Zooey.
- 1963 – Salinger publishes his last book – two novellas entitled *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters* and *Seymour: An Introduction*.
- June 19, 1965 – Salinger's short story "Hapworth 16, 1924" appears in The New Yorker. The story remains his last published work.
- October 3, 1967 – Salinger and Claire Douglas divorce after twelve years of marriage, finalizing a long separation.
- 1972 – Love Affair with **Joyce Maynard**. Salinger reads an essay in The New York Times Magazine by a Yale University freshman named Joyce Maynard. Impressed, he begins a correspondence with her and the two begin a love affair. At the time of their relationship, Maynard is 18 and Salinger 53. Joyce lives with him for 10 months in

Cornish.

- 1986 – After learning that critic Ian Hamilton is preparing to write a biography about him, Salinger sues Hamilton to block the book's publication. The biography, *In Search of J.D. Salinger*, eventually appears in 1988.
- 5 • 1988 – Salinger Marries Colleen O'Neill. Salinger marries his third and current wife, **Colleen O'Neill**, who is 47 years his junior.
- 1998 – Joyce Maynard auctions off letters Salinger wrote to her during their courtship. In the same year, she publishes her memoir *At Home in the World*, which contains detailed descriptions of her relationship with the extremely private writer.
- 10 • 1999 – *Salinger: A Biography* by Paul Alexander is published.
- 2000 – Salinger's daughter Margaret publishes a memoir of growing up with the writer. The book, *Dream Catcher*, is sharply critical of Salinger, who cut off contact with his daughter when he learned she was writing the book.
- 15 • June 2009 – Salinger sues to block the publication of *60 Years Later: Coming Through the Rye*, an unauthorized sequel to *The Catcher in the Rye*. The book is written by an author named John David California, who was apparently less familiar with Salinger's litigious nature than with the book.