

EXHIBIT C

Chart 1
Similarities Between "Holden Caulfield" in *The Catcher in the Rye* and "Mr. C" in *60 Years Later: Coming Through the Rye*

Similarity	<i>The Catcher in the Rye</i>	<i>60 Years Later</i>
Personality Attributes		
Protagonist's name	Holden Caulfield	Mr. C. (33 <i>et al.</i>)
Holden is 16 years old in <i>Catcher</i>	I was sixteen then, and I'm seventeen now, and sometimes I act like I'm about thirteen. (9) He was always telling me I was a goddam kid, because I was sixteen and he was eighteen. (21) He never missed a chance to let you know you were sixteen and he was eighteen. (25)	This is about the weirdest I have ever felt in my whole crummy 16-year life. (26)
Holden lies a lot	I'M THE MOST terrific liar you ever saw in your life. (16) So when I told old Spencer I had to go to the gym to get my equipment and stuff, that was a sheer lie. (16) Then I <i>really</i> started chucking the old crap around. "Did he tell you about the elections?" I asked her. "The class elections?" (56) Then I started reading this timetable I had in my pocket. Just to stop lying. Once I get started, I can go on for hours if I feel like it. No kidding. <i>Hours.</i> (58) I just thanked her and told her I was going. to South America with my grandmother. Which was really a hot one, because my grandmother hardly ever goes out of the <i>house</i> , except maybe to go to a goddam matinee or something. (58) The only way I could even half enjoy myself dragging her around was if I amused myself a little. So I told her I just saw Gary Cooper, the movie star, on the other side of the floor. (74) Then, just to show you how crazy I am, when we were coming out of this big clinch, I told her I loved her and all. It was a lie, of course, but the thing is, I <i>meant</i> it when I said it. (125)	[To J.D. Salinger, the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life. (Dedication)] I hope you don't think I'm making this up or anything, I'm really past that, even though I confess that I used to do it all the time before. (15) I just had surgery, I say and magazines slide off my body. A new pacemaker. I guess they didn't tune it properly. (243) I don't really know why I lie, it's been that way all my life. I lie about the silliest things in the world, and once I start there's no stopping. (244)

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Personality Attributes		
Complains about teacher Mr. Spencer wearing a robe with his hairy chest showing	What made it even more depressing, old Spencer had on this very sad, ratty old bathrobe that he was probably born in or something. I don't much like to see old guys in their pajamas and bathrobes anyway. Their bumpy old chests are always showing. (7) ... and his sad old bathrobe with his chest showing.... (15)	Even so, when I get as old as Mr. Spencer, I will still never walk around in nothing but a crummy robe showing the whole goddamned world my wrinkled chest. (29)
Holden shies away from having sex with a woman	"Look," I said. "I don't feel very much like myself tonight I've had a rough night Honest. to God. I'll pay you and all, but do you mind very much if we don't do it? Do you mind very much?" The trouble was, I just didn't want to do it I felt more depressed than sexy, if you want to know the truth. (96)	I shake my head from side to side and roll my body to get free.... When I open my eyes I see Charlie propped against the wall, her chest heaving violently. She rubs the back of her head and looks at me with a wild stare. I..I can't, I say and let go of my grip. (180)
Holden fears that man accompanying potential female sex partner will punch him	Then he smacked me. I didn't even try to get out of the way or duck or anything. All I felt was this terrific punch in my stomach. (103)	The boy gets up and comes over to me while Charlie goes and stands by the window, and for a moment I have this crazy thought that he's going to take a swing at me. (181)
Holden is very sarcastic/cynical	Anyway, what a gorgeous job for a guy around sixty-five years old. Carrying people's suitcases and waiting around for a tip. (61) Et al.	If you want to be cynical about it, the truth is we are here for practical reasons. (55) I sure did pick one hell of a day to come to the cemetery. (111) Et al.
Holden complains about a lot of things	God, I hate that stuff. (87) It isn't important, I know, but I hate it when somebody has cheap suitcases. (108)	Usually it drives me nuts, but now somehow it doesn't bother me anymore. (57) You'd think God would have come up with some other color for gray. I mean, what good does it do anyone? (111)

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Personality Attributes		
Holden is drawn to Central Park	I could hardly wait to get to the park to see if old Phoebe was around so that I could give it to her. (116) After I got the tickets to the Lunts' show, I took a cab up to the park. (118) So what I did, I started walking over to the park. I figured I'd go by that little lake and see what the hell the ducks were doing, see if they were around or not. (153) I didn't follow her, though. I knew she'd follow me, so I started walking downtown toward the zoo, on the park side of the street, and she started walking downtown on the other goddam side of the street. (208)	I walk north towards the park, because that's about the only place I can think of, and by the time I get there it has stopped raining. (74-75) I walk towards the park again, not really because I want to, but that's sort of where I happen to end up. (99) We take a cab over to the park and in the corner of my eye I watch her yawn. (155) No matter where I go, eventually I always end up in Central Park. It must be the center of my universe or something. (155) I'm not sure why but I decide to go back to the park again and I take another cab to get there. (189) Phoebe keeps quiet and we walk on. I can see the park now, how it spreads out between the buildings up ahead. (263)

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Physical Attributes / Possessions		
Out of shape	I ran all the way to the main gate, and then I waited a second till I got my breath. I have no wind, if you want to know the truth. (5) I was getting out of breath. I have hardly any wind at all. (29)	I think it's because I don't exercise enough. I don't, I really don't. I've never been very athletic but lately it's been even worse.... I should really start exercising. (11-12)
Adolescent Holden smoked	I'm quite a heavy smoker, for one thing-that is, I used to be. (5) After a while I sat down in a chair and smoked a couple of cigarettes. (63) "Would you care for a cigarette now?" I said. (95) After Old Sunny was gone, I sat in the chair for a while and smoked a couple of cigarettes. (98) Finally, I sat up in bed and smoked another cigarette.... I must've smoked around two packs since I left Pencey. (100) <i>Et al.</i>	But I did quit smoking. I haven't had a cigarette since I came here, so in one way it can't be all bad. At least not when you think of how much I used to smoke just the other week. (12) I was really on my way to say goodbye to an old acquaintance, but I stopped on the way to smoke a cigarette and watch the players for a minute. (60-61) She looks at me with genuine concern, the same way she used to look when she was little and she saw me smoking or doing some other madcap thing. (251) You shouldn't smoke, you know, she says, and her voice has turned into something very delicate and girly. (263-64)
Holden is clumsy in the bathroom and struggles to find light switches	It was pretty dark, and I stepped on somebody's shoe on the floor and damn near fell on my head. (46) "Where's the light?" I couldn't find the light. I was sliding my hand all over the wall. (46) I finally found the switch and turned it on. (46)	When I reach out to turn on the light, my hand moves over the top of the table where I put my notebook last night, but I can't find the light switch. (12) I sweep my hand around the entire table again, still without finding it. It's so dark I can't even find my notebook and all I end up doing is knocking something over. I hear it crash to the floor and break into about a million pieces. (12)
References to Holden's hair and brushing it	She hung up my coat in the hall closet, and I sort of brushed my hair back with my hand. I wear a crew cut quite frequently and I never have to comb it much. (6)	I brush my hair to the side and wonder if I shouldn't get a haircut soon. It's not really growing that much anymore, like the last 30 years or so, but it still feels good to get a haircut. At least for a couple of hours, a haircut makes you feel brand new. (40)

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Physical Attributes / Possessions		
Holden combs his hair with his hand	She hung up my coat in the hall closet, and I sort of brushed my hair back with my hand. I wear a crew cut quite frequently and I never have to comb it much. (6) It's really ironical because I'm six foot two and a half and I have gray hair. I really do. The one side of my head—the right side—is full of millions of gray hairs. (9)	I look at my face in the mirror and without thinking about it my hand goes up and pushes a piece of white hair to the side. For a second I feel like myself, because that's my gesture; I do that with my hair. (31)
Holden has a huge breakfast	I went into this little sandwich bar and had breakfast. I had quite a large breakfast, for me—orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Usually I just drink some orange juice. I'm a very light eater. I really am. That's why I'm so damn skinny. (107)	I close my eyes and picture a plate filled with warm toast, scrambled eggs and bacon, along with a big glass of orange juice. I see it so clearly that I can almost smell it, but when I open my eyes I can't catch sight of it. (29) But now that I'm here I might as well take advantage of the breakfast that is served in a parade of bowls on a long counter. I grab a plate and I start by filling it with scrambled eggs about halfway up. I continue with a layer of bacon, and then I take a stack of toast on the side and about a bucketful of butter. To go with it all I pour myself a tall glass of orange juice. (32-33)
Holden has a prized red hunting cap	I took off my coat and my tie and unbuttoned my shirt collar, and then I put on this hat that I'd bought in New York that morning. It was this red hunting hat, with one of those very, very long peaks. (17) What I did was, I pulled the old peak of my hunting hat around to the front, then pulled it way down over my eyes. (21) I still had my red hunting hat on, with the peak around to the back and all I really got a bang out of that hat. (27) <i>Et al.</i>	I look around the room and in a blur I see my red hunting cap hanging from the side of my bed and, one by one, tears wet the pile of notebooks in my lap. (130) Behind Charlie, on a shelf above the register, between a Sgt. Pepper's album and a ceramic bear with a rainbow-striped belly, is a red hunting hat. (153)

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Thoughts		
<p>Holden fixates on question about birds flying south in winter</p>	<p>I was wondering if it would be frozen over when I got home, and if it was; where did the ducks go. I was wondering where the ducks went when the lagoon got all icy and frozen over. I wondered if some guy came in a truck and took them away to a zoo or something. Or if they just flew away. (13) "You know those ducks in that lagoon right near Central Park South? That little lake?" By any chance, do you happen to know where they go, the ducks, when it gets all frozen over? Do you happen to know, by any chance?" (60) Anyway, I thought maybe he might know about the ducks. "Hey, Horwitz," I said. "You ever pass by the lagoon in Central Park? Down by Central Park South?" "The <i>what?</i>" "The lagoon. That little lake, like, there. Where the ducks are. You know." "Yeah, what about it?" "Well, you know the ducks that swim around in it? In the springtime and all? Do you happen to know where they go in the wintertime, by any chance?" (81) I figured I'd go by that little lake and see what the hell the ducks were doing, see if they were</p>	<p>Harry, do sparrows fly south in the winter? Before he even has a chance to answer me I continue. I mean, why do some birds decide to leave while others stay?" (38) Shucks, I don't know, C, he says. There could be a bunch of reasons why sparrows don't fly south in the winter, but I bet you one of them is that they are just too goddamned small. (39) I'm just about to pull my head back in when I see a sparrow on the ground below my window. It's dark red and painfully perfect, and it seems to be riding on a small wave of green grass. It looks so peaceful; this is how I imagine sparrows go to sleep at night. Its beak is slightly open and its wings are folded in neatly along the sides as if it's holding onto itself. Except this sparrow isn't sleeping. (45) Do sparrows fly south in the winter? I don't know why I want to know about the sparrows, there's no particular reason, the words just come out that way. (48)</p>

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Thoughts		
Holden talks about ducks in frozen lake	<p>I was wondering if it would be frozen over when I got home, and if it was; where did the ducks go. I was wondering where the ducks went when the lagoon got all icy and frozen over. I wondered if some guy came in a truck and took them away to a zoo or something. Or if they just flew away. (13) "You know those ducks in that lagoon right near Central Park South? That little lake? By any chance, do you happen to know where they go, the ducks, when it gets all frozen over? Do you happen to know, by any chance?" (60) Anyway, I thought maybe he might know about the ducks. "Hey, Horwitz," I said. "You ever pass by the lagoon in Central Park? Down by Central Park South?" "The <i>what?</i>" "The lagoon. That little lake, like, there. Where the ducks are. You know." "Yeah, what about it?" "Well, you know the ducks that swim around in it? In the springtime and all? Do you happen to know where they go in the wintertime, by any chance?" (81) I figured I'd go by that little lake and see what the hell the ducks were doing, see if they were</p>	<p>For a moment I feel the sadness inside me stir and I concentrate on the story. It's the one about the ducks that are surprised by the sudden cold of the winter, and they all freeze to the lake as the water turns to ice. The only way out for them is to fly away with the entire lake stuck to their feet and land someplace warm. So they do, and where it once was a lake became a hollow, and wherever they landed became a lake. (252)</p>

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Thoughts		
Young Holden thinks that time stands still in museums	The best thing, though, in that museum was that everything always stayed right where it was. Nobody'd move. You could go there a hundred thousand times, and that Eskimo would still be just finished catching those two fish, the birds would still be on their way south, the deers would still be drinking out of that water hole, with their pretty antlers and their pretty, skinny legs, and that squaw with the naked bosom would still be weaving that same blanket. Nobody'd be different. The only thing that would be different would be <i>you</i> . Not that you'd be so much older or anything. It wouldn't be that, exactly. You'd just be different, that's all. (121) I kept thinking .about old Phoebe going to that museum on Saturdays the way I used to. I thought how she'd see the same stuff I used to see, and how <i>she'd</i> be different every time she saw it. It didn't exactly depress me to think about it, but it didn't make me feel gay as hell, either. Certain things they should stay the way they are. You ought to be able to stick them in one of those big glass cases and just leave them alone. I know that's impossible, but it's too bad anyway. Anyway. I kept thinking about all that while I walked. (122)	By the way, it's not true what they say, that time stands still in a museum, because when I let my head drop backwards I see a map of the world painted on the ceiling and I don't remember ever seeing it there before. (195)

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Activities & Life Story		
Holden went to a prep school called "Pencey"	Where I want to start telling is the day I left Pencey Prep. Pencey Prep is this school that's in Agerstown, Pennsylvania. (2) <i>Et al.</i> "You mean about my flunking out of Pencey and all?" I said. (13) "Do you have any particular <i>qualms</i> about leaving Pencey?" (14) He said that the boy that had created the disturbance in chapel wasn't fit to go to Pencey. (17) <i>Et al.</i>	Well, that's not really true since I still have the same tapping dream that I've had ever since the day I left Pencey a couple of weeks ago, but that's not really something new. (21) I place one on my own head and walk behind her very slowly. Good old Pencey. Seems like a million years ago. (176) They're small printed letters and the letters create words I recognize so very well. Pencey. Mr. Spencer. Stradlater. Phoebe. D.B. Prostitute. Maurice. Museum of Natural History. Rye. Merry-go-round. Even Allie. It's all here. My entire life is here. (228)
Holden was on the fencing team in high school	The reason I was standing way up on Thomsen Hill instead of down at the game, was because I'd just got back from New York with the fencing team. (3) "It is. I was. Only, I just got back from New York with the fencing team," I said. (8)	Remember? I used to be on the fencing team. (96)
Holden left Pencey prematurely	Where I want to start telling is the day I left Pencey Prep. Pencey Prep is this school that's in Agerstown, Pennsylvania. (2) <i>Et al.</i> "You mean about my flunking out of Pencey and all?" I said. (13) "Do you have any particular <i>qualms</i> about leaving Pencey?" <i>Et al.</i>	Well, that's not really true since I still have the same tapping dream that I've had ever since the day I left Pencey a couple of weeks ago, but that's not really something new. (21)

