

and red hunting hat,
coat anyway. And my
before I went out, be-
had it with me and all.
as all right. I didn't
ut she wouldn't take it.
tside, but it was get-
go to bed. I sort of tried
rted chattering like
e got through working,
ver to Madison
was old enough to be my
bus because I didn't
ddam gray hair and told
start economizing
ng around, naturally. She
ing on a damn bus.

was supposed to go.

ddam red hunting hat,
he park. I figured

before I went out, be-
till didn't know if

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035-051
ISTD 2017
01 - Banned Books

Background & context	<i>The Catcher in the Rye</i> was written by J.D Salinger in 1951. It was initially intended for an adult audience but has since become a popular book among an adolescent audience. The Book was widely praised and very well received when it was first released and has since been listed as one of the best novels of the 20th century. The book has also received some criticism, with the majority of this criticism aimed at what was considered vulgar language. The book has also become associated with several shootings, most notably the shooting of John Lennon. Between 1961 and 1982 <i>The Catcher in the Rye</i> was the most widely censored book in high schools and librarys in the United States.
Project aim	The aim of this project is to bring new relevance to <i>The Catcher in the Rye</i> and to communicate to the user the mental and emotional state of Holden Caulfield through a typographic simulation.
Objectives	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Outline why <i>The Catcher in the Rye</i> is relevant today - Create a piece which encapsulates the mental state of Holden Caulfield, and communicates it effectively to the user - Create a digitally dynamic piece which allows me to explore narrative quality's not achievable in print.
Stakeholders	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Little, Brown and Company - J.D Salinger - Fans of the book
Target market	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - People who have previously read the book - this is to encourage people who have previously read the book to re-read it and engage them in a way the book previously has not - People who have not read the book - this is to present to a fresh audience the relevance of the book today and engage them in a contemporary medium - Typographers / Typophiles
Key considerations	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - It is important that the piece communicates to the user the emotional and mental state of the protagonist. - Utilise the dynamic properties of the digital realm such as sound, movement and pace. - The piece must engage the audience in a way which has not been done before.

Rationale

The Catcher in the Rye was predominantly banned in the U.S in public schools and libraries, it was banned for the promotion of drinking, smoking and sex before marriage. The book is written by Holden Caulfield from an unidentified institute in California and retrospectively chronicles his mental breakdown. I chose to use *The Catcher in the Rye* as the book documents the mental breakdown of Holden Caulfield, and because of this it addresses the important subject of mental health among teens transitioning into adulthood. The book documents activities of drinking, smoking and (attempting) sex before marriage. These activities are a bi-product of a teen struggling with the reality of adult life, something which many teens faced and continue to face. The book was banned in an attempt to restrict the influence of Holdens illegal drinking, smoking and cursing, the banning of the book due to these activities has also restricted access to a book which would be much better served by being used to inform and educate teens on the importance of mental health.

The overall aim of the piece is to typographically simulate the emotional and mental state of Holden Caulfield in order to evoke feelings of unease, caution and a sense of worry in the user. Chapter 20 in the book is the turning point at which Holden realises he needs help, it is his darkest point both emotionally and mentally until the end of the chapter where he acknowledges his need to go home for the first time. The typography in the piece is set formally and represents Holdens privileged and upper class background and his continual struggle with education. This text is carefully interrupted and distorted to indicate the underlying issues which are beginning to surface and interrupt Holden's mental state. The use of touch in the piece is very important, in order to progress through the chapter it requires you to touch the screen, when this happens the user is met with typographic intrusions and an increase in the regularity and intensity of sound, creating chaos, confusion and disorientation both visually and audibly. These typographic intrusions represent the intrusive thoughts Holden experiences as a result of previous traumas which ultimately lead to his mental breakdown. The sound in the piece is audio recordings of particular emotional or mental states Holden documents in the book, it is predominantly audible during the typographic intrusions but occasionally seeps into other parts of the text, this is to reflect the same way that the problems affecting Holden seep in and affect him in unexpected places and times, the audio also highlights certain reasons as to why the book was initially banned.

Grid & type specs

Heading
Bressay Bold
16pt / 20pt
Range Left
Black

Top margin
55pt margin

Document Size : 768px x 6144px

The Catcher in the Rye

Chapter 20

The Bar

I kept sitting there getting drunk and waiting for old Tina and Janine to come out and do their stuff, but they weren't there. A flitty-looking guy with wavy hair came out and played the piano, and then this new babe, Valencia, came out and sang. She wasn't any good, but she was better than old Tina and Janine, and at least she sang good songs. The piano was right next to the bar where I was sitting and all, and old Valencia was standing practically right next to me. I sort of gave her the old eye, but she pretended she didn't even see me. I probably wouldn't have done it, but I was getting drunk as hell. When she was finished, she beat it out of the room so fast I didn't even get a chance to invite her to join me for a drink, so I called the headwaiter over. I told him to ask old Valencia if she'd care to join me for a drink. He said he would, but he probably didn't even give her my message. People never give your message to anybody. Boy, I sat at that goddam bar till around one o'clock or so, getting drunk as a bastard. I could hardly see straight. The one thing I did, though, I was careful as hell not to get boisterous or anything. I didn't want anybody to notice me or anything or ask how old I was. But, boy, I could hardly see straight. When I was really drunk, I started that stupid business with the bullet in my guts again. I was the only guy at the bar with a bullet in their guts. I kept putting my hand under my jacket, on my stomach and all, to keep the blood from dripping all over the place. I didn't want anybody to know I was even wounded. I was concealing the fact that I was a wounded sonuvabitch. Finally what I felt like, I felt like giving old Jane a buzz and see if she was home yet. So I paid my check and all. Then I left the bar and went out where the telephones were.

The Phone Booth

I kept keeping my hand under my jacket to keep the blood from dripping. Boy, was I drunk. But when I got inside this phone booth, I wasn't much in the mood any more to give old Jane a buzz. I was too drunk, I guess. So what I did, I gave old Sally Hayes a buzz. I had to dial about twenty numbers before I got the right one. Boy, was I blind.

"Hello," I said when somebody answered the goddam phone. I sort of yelled it, I was so drunk.

"Who is this?" this very cold lady's voice said.

"This is me. Holden Caulfield. Lemme speaka Sally, please."

"Sally's asleep. This is Sally's grandmother. Why are you calling at this hour, Holden? Do you know what time it is?"

"Yeah. Wanna talka Sally. Very important. Put her on."

"Sally's asleep, young man. Call her tomorrow. Good night."

"Wake 'er up! Wake 'er up, hey. Attaboy."

Then there was a different voice.

"Holden, this is me." It was old Sally.

Sub Heading
Bressay Italic
15pt / 20pt
Space after 20pt
Range Left
Black

Body Text
Bressay Regular
13pt / 20pt
Left Indent 171pt
Right Indent 130pt
Range Left
Black

Inside margin
55pt margin

Locations
Bressay Italic
15pt / 20pt
Range Left
Black

Inside margin
55pt margin

Baseline Grid
Start 35pt
Every 20pt

Typeface : Bressay

Regular

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y V
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Bold

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y V
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Italic

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y V
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Typeface Rationale

I decided to use Bressay for all of my piece, I have used it in different weights in order to build hierarchy in a subtle but convincing difference. I felt that Bressay suited the book set typography of the piece and reflected Holden Caulfields formal upbringing and struggle with educational institutes.

hey, any-
"Yes. Yes to bed now. Go to bed now. Where are you? Who's
"Nobody. Me, myself and I." Boy was I drunk! I was even
with you?
still holding onto my guts.
Sally: "I'll come over and trimma tree for ya, okay? Okay,
"They got me. Rocky's mob got me. You know that? Sally,
hey?
you know that?"

Yes. Go to bed now. Where are you? Who's with you?"
"I can't hear you. Go to bed now. I have to go. Call me
tomorrow."
"You want me trimma tree for ya? Ya want me
"Huh?"
"Just hear you. Go to bed now. I have to go. Call me
Yes. Good night. Go home and go to bed." She hung up

Hey, Sally! You want me trimma tree for ya? Ya want me
"Huh?"
"Sally baby. Sally sweetheart. I'm drunk. I'm drunk. I
"You imagine how drunk I was? I hung up too, then.
I figured she probably just said "Go home and go to bed."
er out with the Lunts and all somewhere, and she was
on me.

She hung up
jerk. All of them swimming around in a goddam pot of tea
and saying sophisticated stuff to each other and being charm-
ing and phony. I wished to God I hadn't even phoned her.
When I'm drunk, I'm a madman. I stayed in the damn phone
booth for quite a while. I kept holding onto the phone, just
of, so I could hear out. I wasn't feeling too marvelous, to
tell you the truth. Finally, though, I came out and went in the
men's room, staggering around like a moron, and filled one of
the water tubs with cold water.

Yes. Good night. Go home and go to bed." She hung up
Then I dunked my head in it, right up to the ears, I didn't
even bother to dry it or anything. I just let the son of a bitch
drip. Then I walked over to this radiator by the window and
I was nice and warm. I had to be. I had to be.

When I write like a bastard. It's a funny thing. I always shiv-
er like hell when I'm drunk. I don't have anything else to
do, so I kept sitting in a damn chair counting these little
white squares on the floor. I was getting holding onto
gallon of water was dripping down my neck getting
my collar and the bed all, but I didn't give a damn. I was too
drunk to give a damn. Then, pretty soon, the guy that played
drunk to give a damn. Then, pretty soon, the guy that played
the piano for old Valencia, this very wavyhaired, flitty-look-
ing guy, came in to comb his golden locks. We sort of struck
up a conversation while he was combing it, except that he
wasn't too goddam friendly.

He's got a goddam friendly Valencia babe when you go back
"Here. You gonna see that Valencia babe when you go back
in the bar?" I asked him.
"Highly probable," he said. Witty bastard. All I ever
"Highly probable."
"Let's give her my compliments. Ask her if that
goddam waiter gave her my message, willya?"
"Why don't you go home, Mac? How old are you?
goddam waiter gave her my message, willya?"
"Why don't you go home, Mac? How old are you,
anyway?"
"You go home, Mac?"

Not me. Boy, you can play that goddam piano," I told
him. "I was just flattering him. He played the piano
stinking if you want to know the truth." "You oughta go
on the radio," I said. "I can play that goddam piano." I told
him. "I was just flattering him. He played the piano
goddam golden locks." "I'm a good guy. Go home."
"Go home, Mac. You're a good guy. Go home."
"Sack."

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"Sack."

What a mob'd be there. The
the whole goddam stupid
rapid aunt with halitosis
looked lying there, O.B.
the hospital. I had to
band. Anyway, I
with all those
I was