

# THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

J.D. Salinger

Книга для чтения на английском языке

Оригинальный текст

Перевод и комментарии Романа Зинзера

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«The catcher in the rye» – учебное издание книги для чтения на английском языке. Суть наших книг – частичный перевод текста на русский язык и его комментарии от преподавателя английского языка Романа Зинзера. Рекомендуемый уровень знания английского языка – Intermediate.

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## Предисловие к учебному изданию

Знаете что? Изю дня в день я вижу, что говорят и пишут про “Над пропастью во ржи”, и меня берет зло. Я вижу, “что книга переоценена”, что “книга ни о чем”, “книга прочел и забыл”. Правда, погуглите сами. Но все это ерунда. “The catcher in the rye” — это культурный пласт и лучшее, что было написано человеком (плюс еще двадцать-тридцать книжек). Просто эту книгу надо читать вовремя, когда вам 16 лет, а не когда хорошо за..., ну хотя бы даже за тридцать, у вас семья, дети и три ипотеки (что прекрасно, не поймите меня неправильно). Вы просто пропустили время для чтения, а значит, эту книгу лучше вообще не брать в руки. Хотя, может быть, я отношусь к этому роману предвзято, ведь «The catcher» был моей первой книгой, которую я прочел по-английски.

“The catcher in the rye” с моим частичным переводом, с моими комментариями и оригинальным текстом Сэлинджера — это третья книга из нашей серии для тех, кто учит английский. Желательный уровень для чтения - Intermediate. В оригинальном тесте Сэлинджера много ругани, чертыханий и сленга. Кого-то это покоробит. Но, с другой стороны, это книга про шестнадцатилетнего подростка, и я ни за что не поверю, что в шестнадцать лет любой из нас выражал свои мысли как-то иначе: без «черт возьми», «чтоб ты сдох» и «вонючий ублюдок».

Текст в этой книге устроен следующим образом: жирным шрифтом выделены сложные грамматические конструкции

(которые, возможно, вам и не покажутся сложными), сложные слова, некоторые фразовые глаголы и сленг. Сразу за жирным текстом в скобках курсивом будет мой перевод и, если надо, его пояснение. Да, мой текст — всегда в скобках и всегда курсивом. Иногда в прямых скобках вы увидите фразу «буквально —» и фразу «лучше —» или «здесь —». Это значит, что я привожу прямой, буквальный перевод отрывка, а затем тот, который более уместен в этом конкретном контексте. Иногда я буду повторять перевод сложных мест, так как понимаю, с первого раза такие вещи не запомнить.

В книге я перевел только трудные места текста. Остальное же — ваша работа. Вам точно потребуется словарь, и место, куда вы будете записывать новые слова и обороты. Тогда с каждым прочитанным рассказом ваш английский будет становиться лучше. Я уверен, что учебные книги с полным переводом текста, будь он построчный или кусками — это плохие учебные книги. Также, как и двуязычные издания, где на одной странице идет английский текст, а на соседней — его дословный перевод. Почему это плохо? Это слишком облегчает задачу читателя. Когда вы не работаете, не ищете в словаре новые слова, не думаете над переводом всего предложения, а просто подсматриваете в готовое, вы не учитесь, не привыкаете к структуре английского языка, а просто считываете. Чтение на английском должно быть достаточно сложным, чтобы оно было полезным. По той же причине в конце книги нет словаря, как это обычно бывает. Это ваша работа, а не моя — записывать новые слова, переводить их и запоминать. Да, времени уйдет больше, это скучно, но, если вы не поленитесь и сделаете это, ваши знания и навыки станут лучше. А словарь в конце книги будет брошен сразу же после прочтения. Я

такое чтение за глаза называю халтурой.

Приятного чтения, главное, установите на вашем телефоне хороший словарь, записывайте новые слова и составляйте с ними предложения, которые тоже лучше записывать. Тогда все запомнится. Удачи и спасибо за чтение.

TO MY MOTHER

1

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my **lousy** |паршивое| childhood was like, and how my parents **were occupied** |чем занимались| and all before they had me, and all that **David Copperfield kind of crap** |и вся такая фигня в духе Дэвида Копперфилда (из романа Ч. Диккенса)|, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. In the first place, **that stuff bores me** |мне скучно от этого|, and in the second place, my parents would have about **two hemorrhages apiece** |по паре кровоизлияний на каждого| if I told anything pretty personal about them. They're quite touchy about anything like that, especially my father. They're nice and all — **I'm not saying that** |я ничего не имею против| — but they're also touchy **as hell** |чертовски|. Besides, I'm not going to tell you my whole **goddam** |чертову| autobiography or anything. I'll just tell you about this madman stuff that happened to me around last Christmas just before **I got pretty run-down** |я чуть концы не отдал| and had to come out here and **take it easy** |отдохнуть|. I mean that's all I told **D.B.** |имя брата главного героя. Обычная история, когда в англоязычных странах человека называют по первым буквам его первого и второго имени.| about, and he's my brother and all. He's in Hollywood. That isn't too far from this **crummy** |хренового| place, and

he comes over and visits me practically every week end. He's going to drive me home when I go home next month maybe. He just got a Jaguar. One of those little English **jobs** |здесь — штык| that can do around two hundred miles an hour. It cost him damn near four thousand bucks. He's got a lot of **dough** |буквально — тесто, но на сленге *dough* значит «деньги»|, now. **He didn't use to** |Раньше у него все было не так|. He used to be just a regular writer, when he was home. He wrote this terrific book of short stories, *The Secret Goldfish*, in case you never heard of him. The best one in it was "The Secret Goldfish." It was about this little kid that wouldn't let anybody look at his goldfish because he'd bought it with his own money. It killed me. Now he's out in Hollywood, D.B., being a prostitute. If there's one thing I hate, it's the movies. **Don't even mention** |Даже не упоминайте| them to me.

Where I want to start telling is the day I left Pencey Prep. Pencey Prep is this school that's in Agerstown, Pennsylvania. You probably heard of it. You've probably seen **the ads** |рекламу|, anyway. They advertise in about a thousand magazines, always showing some **hotshot guy** |крутого чувака| on a horse jumping over a **fence** |забор|. Like as if all you ever did at Pencey was play polo all the time. I never even once saw a horse anywhere near the place. And underneath the guy on the horse's picture, it always says: "Since 1888 we **have been molding** |выковывают| boys into splendid, clear-thinking young men." **Strictly for the birds** |Идиома сродни русской: «чушь собачья»|. They don't do any damn more molding at Pencey than they do at any other school. And I didn't know anybody there that was splendid and clear-thinking and all. Maybe two guys. If that many. And they probably came to Pencey **that way** |уже такими|.

Anyway, it was the Saturday of the football game with Saxon

Hall. The game with Saxon Hall was supposed to be a **very big deal** |очень важное событие| around Pencey. It was the last game of the year, and you were supposed **to commit suicide** |покончить с собой| or something if old Pencey didn't win. I remember around three o'clock that afternoon I was standing **way the hell up on top** |на самом, черт возьми, верху| of Thomsen Hill, right next to this crazy cannon that was in the Revolutionary War and all. You could see the whole field from there, and you could see the two teams **bashing** |лупящих| each other all over the place. You couldn't see **the grandstand too hot** |трибуну очень хорошо|, but you could hear them all yelling, deep and terrific on the Pencey side, because practically the whole school except me was there, and **scrawny and faggy** |вяло и невнятно| on the Saxon Hall side, because the visiting team **hardly** |едва ли| ever brought many people with them.

There were never many girls at all at the football games. Only **seniors** |старшекласникам| were allowed to bring girls with them. It was a terrible school, no matter how you looked at it. I like to be somewhere at least where you can see a few girls around **once in a while** |время от времени|, even if they're only scratching their arms or **blowing their noses** |сморкаются| or even just **giggling or something** |хихикают или что-то типа того|. Old Selma Thurmer — she was the **headmaster's** |директора| daughter — showed up at the games quite often, but she wasn't exactly the type that **drove you mad with desire** |сводит тебя с ума от желания|. She was a pretty nice girl, though. I sat next to her once in the bus from Agerstown and we **sort of struck up a conversation** |вроде как разговорились|. I liked her. She had a big nose and her nails were all bitten down and bloody-looking and she had on those damn **falsies that point all over the place** |в лифчик

*что-то подложено так, что торчит во все стороны* |, but you felt sort of sorry for her. What I liked about her, **she didn't give you a lot of horse manure** |она не впаривала тебе| about what a great guy her father was. She probably knew what a **phony slob** |липовый засранец| he was.

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** |командой фехтовальщиков|. I was **the goddam manager** |чертов глава, лидер| of the fencing team. **Very big deal** |Очень важное дело|. We'd gone in to New York that morning for this fencing meet with McBurney School. Only, we didn't have the meet. I left all **the foils** |рапиры| and equipment and stuff on the goddam subway. It wasn't all my fault. I had to keep getting up to look at this map, so we'd know where to get off. So we got back to Pencey around two-thirty instead of around dinnertime. The whole team **ostracized** |бойкотировали| me the whole way back on the train. It was pretty funny, **in a way** |в некотором смысле|.

The other reason I wasn't down at the game was because I was on my way to say good-bye to old Spencer, my history teacher. He had the grippe, and I figured I probably wouldn't see him again till Christmas vacation started. He wrote me this note saying he wanted to see me before I went home. He knew I wasn't coming back to Pencey.

I forgot to tell you about that. They **kicked me out** |выперли меня|. I wasn't supposed to come back after Christmas vacation on account of I was **flunking** |провалил| four subjects and **not applying myself and all** |не прилагал усилий и все такое|. They gave me frequent warning to start applying myself — especially around **midterms** |между семестрами, в каникулы|, when my



parents came up for a conference with old Thurmer — but I didn't do it. So I got **the ax** |здесь — пинка|. They give guys the ax quite frequently at Pencey. It has a very good academic rating, Pencey. It really does.

Anyway, it was December and all, and it was cold **as a witch's teat** |как у ведьмы за пазухой|, especially on top of that stupid hill. I only had on my **reversible** |двустороннюю куртку| and no gloves or anything. The week before that, somebody'd stolen my camel's-hair coat right out of my room, with my fur-lined gloves right in the pocket and all. Pencey was full of crooks. **Quite a few** |Немало| guys came from these very wealthy families, but it was full of crooks anyway. The more expensive a school is, the more crooks it has — **I'm not kidding** |я не шушу|. Anyway, I kept standing next to that crazy cannon, looking down at the game and **freezing my ass off** |морозя свою задницу|. Only, I wasn't watching the game too much. **What I was really hanging around for** |Зачем я тут на самом деле болтался|, I was trying to feel some kind of a good-bye. I mean I've left schools and places I didn't even know I was leaving them. I hate that. I don't care if it's a sad good-bye or a bad goodbye, but when I leave a place I like to know I'm leaving it. If you don't, you feel even worse.

I was lucky. All of a sudden I thought of something that helped make me know I **was getting the hell out** |сваливаю отсюда|. I suddenly remembered this time, in around October, that I and Robert Tichener and Paul Campbell were **chucking** |гоняли| a football around, in front of the academic building. They were nice guys, especially Tichener. It was just before dinner and it was getting **pretty** |здесь — очень| dark out, but we kept chucking the ball around anyway. It kept getting darker and darker, and we could hardly see the ball any more, but we didn't want to stop doing

what we were doing. Finally we had to. This teacher that taught biology, Mr. Zambesi, stuck his head out of this window in the academic building and told us to go back to **the dorm** |общеежитие| and get ready for dinner. If I get a chance to remember that kind of stuff, I can get a good-by when I need one — at least, most of the time I can. As soon as I got it, I turned around and started running down the other side of the hill, toward old Spencer's house. He didn't live on the campus. He lived on Anthony Wayne Avenue.

I ran all the way to the main gate, and then I waited a second till I **got my breath** |восстановил дыхание|. **I have no wind** |Дыхалка у меня слабая|, if you want to know the truth. I'm quite a heavy smoker, for one thing — **that is, I used to be** |то есть раньше курил|. They **made me cut it out** |заставили меня бросить|. Another thing, I grew six and a half inches last year. That's also how I practically **got t.b** |заболел туберкулезом|. and came out here for all these **goddam checkups** |чертовых медосмотров| and stuff. I'm pretty healthy, **though** |хотя. В русском языке «хотя» обычно ставится в начале предложения или грамматической конструкции, в английском же «хотя» запросто может стоять в конце|.

Anyway, as soon as I got my breath back I ran across Route 204. It was icy as hell and I damn **near fell down** |почти упал|. I don't even know what I was running for — I guess **I just felt like it** |мне просто захотелось|. After I got across the road, **I felt like** |я как будто| I was sort of disappearing. It was that kind of a crazy afternoon, terrifically cold, and no sun out or anything, and you felt like you were disappearing every time you crossed a road.

**Boo** |Привычное английское обращение в никуда, вроде русского «эх» или «блин», «представьте»|, I rang that doorbell

fast when I got to old Spencer's house. I was really frozen. My ears were hurting and I could hardly move my fingers at all. "**C'mon, c'mon,**" |*Давай уже*| I said right out loud, almost, "somebody open the door." Finally old Mrs. Spencer opened. it. They didn't have **a maid** |*прислугу*| or anything, and they always opened the door themselves. They didn't have too much dough.

"Holden!" Mrs. Spencer said. "How lovely to see you! Come in, dear! Are you frozen to death?" I think she was glad to see me. She liked me. At least, I think she did.

Boy, did I get in that house fast. "How are you, Mrs. Spencer?" I said. "How's Mr. Spencer?"

"Let me take your coat, dear," she said. She didn't hear me ask her how Mr. Spencer was. She was **sort of deaf** |*глуховата*|.

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** |*стрижку ёжиком*| quite frequently and I never have to comb it much. "How've you been, Mrs. Spencer?" I said again, only louder, so she'd hear me.

"I've been just fine, Holden." She closed the closet door. "How have you been?" The way she asked me, I knew right away old Spencer'd told her I'd been kicked out.

"Fine," I said. "How's Mr. Spencer? He **over** |*справился с*| his grippe yet?"

"Over it! Holden, he's behaving like a perfect — I don't know what... He's in his room, dear. Go right in."