Perhaps Seymour id a bananafish? No. Not yet. But he understands he may become, being unable to resist this world of greed, lie, sexual pleasures and spiritual poverty.

Seymore decides it's time to die, tells his legend about the bananafish to the girl, returns back to the hotel and looking at his sleeping wife and commits suicide. He cannot put up with this bananafish world and what is more he understands he won't protect himself from its influence forever *from banana fever*.

. "Well," he said, "you know how those things happen, Sybil. I was sitting there, playing. And you were nowhere in sight. And Sharon Lipschutz came over and sat down next to me. I couldn't push her off, could I?"

He opts for the easiest way to escape.

He got off at the fifth floor, walked down the hall, and let himself into 507. The room smelled of new calfskin luggage and nail-lacquer remover.

He glanced at the girl lying asleep on one of the twin beds. Then he went over to one of the pieces of luggage, opened it, and from under a pile of shorts and undershirts he took out an Ortgies calibre 7.65 automatic. He released the magazine, looked at it, then reinserted it. He cocked the piece. Then he went over and sat down on the unoccupied twin bed, looked at the girl, aimed the pistol, and fired a bullet through his right temple.