

Holden caulfield inner journey dramatic monologue



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Holden Caulfield: Dramatic Monologue A world full of iniquity and corruption.

A world inhabited by an insipid, insecure and ??? phony??™ populace. Such a world I concocted in my mind and was immersed in. And such a world I despised and disparaged. So much so, that my negative perception of humanity and judgmental criticisms towards those around me, led to my isolation and withdrawal from society. I forced myself to become a pariah. An outcast. Yet, my egotism, conceit and emotional instability, incited from the traumatic death of my brother Allie, blinded my ability to realise the bitterness and arrogance I was engulfed within.

That was the direction my life was heading towards. A downward-spiral towards nullity and disillusionment. Such was the path, until my expulsion from Pencey Prep??! inducing a chain of events that ultimately compelled me on a physical and psychological journey, inciting an inner transformation and encompassing a change from mental and emotional blindness to self-actualisation and maturation. Yet, don??™t be so gullible as to assume the conventional transformation of the inner self, where the path towards self-discovery is one of joyous and simple change and ascertainment. OH NO! The call to ??? change??™ and the realisation of self was concealed within a callous journey. A journey towards my emotional collapse. Whereby my withdrawal from society heightened and the animosity within me amplified. But all was necessary for my inner transformation.

After the tragic date with Sally Hayes, a failed attempt for human interaction, I realised that I could not deal with the complexity, conflict, and change of real life. I retreated into nostalgic desires to return to childhood. Like the

tableaux at the museum, I desired a life that was frozen, unchanging, placid, and ageless. In the museums world, communication is unidirectional: I can judge the exhibits, but the exhibits cannot judge me. Oh. Such arrogance and fear I rendered.

Then came a point, whereby instead of admitting that adulthood scared and mystified me, I invented a fantasy, becoming the ??? Catcher in the Rye??™, separating the world of adulthood, of superficiality and hypocrisy, and childhood, of innocence, inquisitiveness, and honesty. I imagined childhood as an idyllic field of rye in which children roam and play; and adulthood is the equivalent to death??” a fatal fall over the edge of a cliff. But I, the catcher, would save the children from falling over the cliff.

Oh, such shallowness dwelled within these conceptions. The realisation of my fallibility, the pinnacle phase of inner transformation, was prompted by my encounter with Mr. Antolini, a former teacher. He foresaw a fall that would eventuate from my refusal to grow up, a fall that will leave me frustrated and embittered against the rest of the world. Through his trenchant criticism, I was forced to realise my problems, while the ambiguity of my motives compelled me to encounter the complexity and ambiguity of the adult world. Oh, how I began to realise the painful loneliness and isolation I had engulfed myself within with such largely self-imposed alienation.

For too long I resisted intimacy because the complexities of real-world relationships challenged the simplistic perception of life that I was immersed within. As a result, I made the only decision that seemed logical in such a situation: run away. Unable to deal with the world around me, I came to the

realisation, abet by the premonition of Mr. Antolini, that my cynical view of the world was not grounded in reality. As such, I decided that it was time to leave. And left I would have if not for Phoebe. Oh, I could not defy or betray my 10 year old sister, who blatantly refused to let me leave.

So much care and love I had for her. The heartache I would have caused her and my family??| For the first time, I realised the effects that my plans imposed on those I cared for. For the first time, I demonstrated signs of true maturity. For the first time, I grasped upon the call to ??? change??™. Slowly but surely, I had made the transition from ignorance to maturity. In a world, where I felt like an ephemeral presence, I have finally gained a sense of place, with those whom I loved and cherished.

Finally I was able to shed the impenetrable skin of cynicism that had grown around me. I begun to value, rather than dismiss, the people around me. No longer did I grasp upon a negative demeanor, of bitterness and repression that, for too long, reflected the world as I perceived it, of fraudulence and falsification.

Fellow comrades, in such a world, do not let the fear of the complexities of life restrict your ability to find your place within society. For isolation and pain has accompanied my inept refusal to deal with the world as such. Do not be so persistent as to resist change, for realisation of arrogance will transit to maturity??| For maturity induces the ability to care and love??|Values that were concealed within my skin of cynicism.