

Dec. 4, 2011

Dear Suzy,

Thanks for the letter, love the turkey drawing by the way. I started a letter last week but something about the week didn't seem right for letter writing. As we talked about, I think Kerouac should be the first writer we discuss. Should we read his book first or his letters? Or both at the same time? I'll just need to find them some place.

I was glad to hear "Brave New World" is one of your favorite books! I was reading it while writing my thesis and I wish I would have finished it before my final draft. Near the end of the book there was a quote that took me by surprise. I reread it over and over. It's one of those quotes that sums up your existence, one with every fiber you wish you'd written.

"In fact," Mustapha Mond said, "you're claiming the right to be unhappy."

"All right then," said the Savage defiantly, "I'm claiming the right to be unhappy."

"Not to mention the right to grow old and ugly and impotent; the right to have syphilis and cancer; the right to have too little to eat; the right to be lousy; the right to live in constant apprehension of what may come tomorrow; the right to catch typhoid; the right to be tortured by unspeakable pains of every kind."

There was a long silence.

"I claim them all," said the Savage at last.

Mustapha Mond shrugged his shoulders "You're welcome," he said.

It seemed to sum up a writer for me, how most of us choose to be unhappy, we choose not to turn away. It's our life and we've made our choice. Have you ever imagined the world being perfect?



I had a TCOMM teacher who asked a similar question about a year ago. He asked the class what we thought about Heaven, about utter peace and tranquility. I told him it sounded boring. I don't think we'd have much to write about then. Of course, if I could still write about characters who had troubles, maybe I'd be alright. But then who could relate to them? What do you think?

I'm with you on the soma issue; I wouldn't take it either. I couldn't swallow pills until I was about twelve. I hated the idea of it. I can remember the day I finally learned. I was always getting ear infections, and the only medication that would help fast was a pill. They were small and pink, of course then they looked like horse pills to me. I told myself I couldn't do anything else until I got that pill down. It took me an hour and two full glasses of water but I did it. My mouth was probably so slippery from all the water the pill just slid down, but it sticks in my memory for some reason.

I'm with you too on not taking anything for pain and commend you for sticking it out. I think people rely too much on pills. I hate taking any medication. As a kid, I was always sick and have seen too many doctors in my life. I tend to distrust the medical field and have to be dragged to a hospital now a days.

I hope your finger is feeling better. At least the splint is gone though! It must have been a pain.

Right now, I'm reading "In This Light," a short story collection by Melanie Rae Thon. It's really good and I swear I've read one of the stories before, but I can't for the life of me think of where or why I might have read it.

How was your Thanksgiving? Mine was good, although I wish my sister could have come home. You have a lot of siblings, is that better or worse for the holidays?

I can't wait for mail art! After graduation you might receive



some in the mail too! Ü Oh, and envelopes don't like me because they never seem to close right. Maybe they're just too complicated for the likes of me, ha!

What are you doing for your Christmas break? Is it weird that my favorite things about preparing for X-mas is sending out cards (which I did this weekend) and wrapping presents? I go all out on wrapping, it's one of my favorite things. Well, I hope this letter finds you in good spirits!

Whitney

P.S. I loved the letter eating monster on the envelope!

