

The burning book essay

[Experience](#), [Belief](#)



This is my reaction to the article ‘ The Burning Book’ by Chuck Klosterman published in New York Times on August 31 2012. An anonymous person writes to the author asking for an opinion as, what to do with his mothers’ journal, which had disturbing contents in it, which she had kept during her last days. “ Should I burn it?” was the question and Klosterman’s first reaction was a yes. Later he analyzes the matter and suggests the person, who was the woman’s eldest child, to show the diary to his/her siblings, if the content mattered, no matter how painful and depressing they were. The author thinks it would help all of them to know their mother better as a person and enable them to learn more about life and people, so that their perspective on life may get changed.

I feel what Klosterman had suggested was the right thing. Without knowing the contents and how it would affect them and their family, no one could give a better opinion. It is clear that the contents are quite upsetting and surprising at the same time, and displayed the dead woman’s personality in a way none of them had known before. I feel that the woman might have been going through a terrible period, due to a possible and serious illness, which might have changed her way of thinking. Medications might have added. Or, it can be the ‘ hidden self’ in the woman that was active (things she knew about herself, but others didn’t). She wasn’t angry in real life but was so in her writings. I feel she might have had depression and low self – esteem due to her ill health. An outsider can never know what her feelings and desires were how much love, care and support she had expected and how much she had received. I feel knowing about the journal would help the family to understand her better and even others who might be going through

a similar situation. I strongly believe that she wanted others to know all those things, at least after her death. May be she had wanted to tell them all, but lacked the guts or never had the chance. The woman had pain and knowing about it may be painful too. That's the truth. But, in no way, I think that pain is more important than truth or reality, it isn't. So the realities and the truths are to be known, to be told and to be seen or discovered, always.