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English 201 Prof. Carmen

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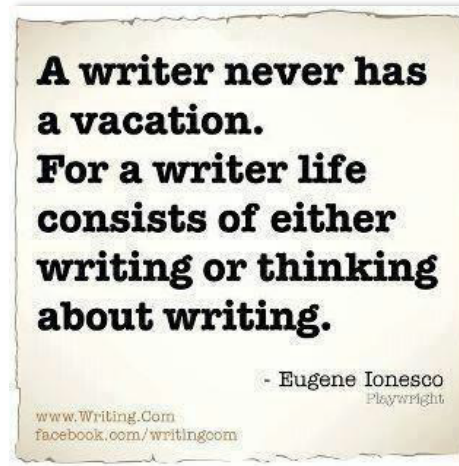
Writing JITSA

When it goes down to writing, I usually feel like the death has come for me. It is a painstaking, brain-exhausting experience. I postpone it to the last, savoring and sorting out all the ideas that have formed in my mind. Like Junot Diaz, I undergo a series of criticism from my own self, and unfortunately, most of the time, I am not satisfied with my writing. I read a book or an article, for instance, which excites me or, better, inspires me, and I read my own piece of writing and come to a conclusion, that probably I have made a right decision to switch my career to forensic science. After reading the article by Junot Diaz, the Pulitzer Prize winner, in which he was describing the agonies of becoming a writer, I feel somewhat relieved and encouraged. He shows that if you have something to say, and it is worth saying, you try and try and try, until you succeed.



What type of writer do I want to be? I do not think that this is the relevant question. How can we choose to be funny, or cynical, or sophisticated? Writing to me is the expression of one's nature. Through reading someone's work, we can tell what sort of person he or she is. I noticed that from reading different novels of the same writer. Even though the novels might be different in genre or style, the essence, the feeling like you have already known this person from somewhere else, is the same.

As a writer, my intentions are not to shock you, or impress you, or keep you at the edge of your seats. What I want from my writing is to make you sense, if not to you, my audience, but at least to me. *David Foster Wallace* once said, that "Fiction's about what it is to be a fucking human being," and this is exactly what I want from my writing. Despite the color of our



skin, language, and

culture, we are the same when it comes to our feelings and thoughts. Sounds like a banal thing to say, but this is what makes us all human. A novel, let's say, from a writer somewhere in Namibia can be understood by a reader in Cambodia, of course, given it is translated. We love, hate, envy the same way as anybody else on this planet.

I guess writing, in a way, is also a self-discovery. We do not just try to deliver a message to people, but we also learn and try to understand ourselves and the world

around us in a process. David Foster Wallace, whom I have quoted previously, is an example. He was an amazing writer and a columnist for *The New Yorker* and *Harper's* magazine, who committed suicide three years after delivering a commencement speech at Kenyon College in 2005. He did not talk about how wonderful life would be for the graduates. He did not say these expected by everyone inspirational clichés. Instead he talked about little, every-day moments in our life and about dealing with them “without wanting to shoot yourself in the head.” It strikes you that it was not just a message to the students, but it was also a way for him to deal with his own issues. He was trying to remind himself as well as the public of “...simple awareness- awareness of what is so real and essential, so hidden in a plain sight all around us...” There is sadness, discontent, but there is also truth in his words.

Essentially, writing means going deeper into your own “self”, analyzing and understanding yourself. And once you do, you write. It is like a painter, who has a picture in his mind, which nobody can see. However, when he tries to recreate this vivid image on the canvass, we are getting closer to understanding his character. And the closer the picture to the image in his head, the closer we are feeling what he feels. The same is with writing. We write what we feel. We could feel like we are the happiest people on earth, or the most unfortunate of all, we could be humorous or sarcastic, but we have to be true to our own feelings and try to deliver the feelings in our writing as closely as possible.

Reference

Blue October “Jump Rope”

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fqh-ucVG510>

Picture 1

http://2.bp.blogspot.com/_VqhCfUv9K3w/TUtBE6pVcoI/AAAAAAAAABI/_bsxPJfRPY4/s760

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Picture 2

http://myquoteshome.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/12/tumblr_m98n7a3Ice1rzpi3eo1_400.jpg

