



Quintessence

Writing is a real outlet. It's there in black and white: Writing is exorcism. Words are both disease and remedy of our intense excitement. [...]

People compare white with light and purity. Heaven's colour. But in front of it, I'm just afraid, because it's as if I was stricken by a black hole. So it petrifies me deeply. I'm devoid and I feel empty... I think I'm seized with the blank page syndrome.

But writing is a necessity. I need to breathe, I need to drink and I need to sleep to live, but I need writing to exist, because I feel alive when I have a quill and a sheet between the hands. The matter is gobbledegook as are my thoughts mixed with my hypersensitivity. They burst out in all directions. And we can say there's a kaleidoscope in my mind, fireworks in my head.

But when inspiration arrives like an early-morning fog which lifts, when like a dewdrop, ink touches the page and wakes it with suddenness and gentleness at the same time, it's as if I had appeased an old desire, a firmly-rooted desire. Euphoria. That's the right word. Writing elates me. I'm ecstatic. And suddenly a crazy laugh has gained possession of me, then I'm out of control. It's as if all my silences, all my repressed emotions reappeared all of a sudden, without any filter, in the rough. Next comes loud laughter. And that's the summit. That's the summit because I like roaring of laughter, only I've forgotten the definition of the word «laugh», because it's fallen to pieces. Writing is synonymous with travelling. Both are my reasons to be; «writing to travel, travelling to write», this is my philosophy. That's why it's so important. That's why it's vital.

Besides, that's not blood which flows in my veins, that's ink. And my entire body is a blotting paper which harnesses and becomes immersed in all what my senses could feel. I let them run away with me, because I can't go against the tide. Against this fever. Well, I'm almost as manhandled by this powerful roller which is passion of words. By this pursuit of perfection, this pursuit of aptness. I want to know the essence of everything. Quintessence. I want to reach and extract the word's quintessence. That's why the writer's block is my biggest fear. I can't stand imprecision, and I'm sure that nothing can't be inexpressible, nameless or ineffable...

Each thing can be expressed. Each thing must be expressed. Sometimes it would be thought-provoking, or even distressing. Because since the beginning of time, words have been our humanity mark. Freedom's allegory. But they could be a double-edged blade. In our History, writing has been a psychological weapon, for example with propaganda, or more recently with ads. They could be compared with modelling clay. We can shape them in our own image. And that's interesting, because there're as many words, as there are men. But some of them can't tolerate the others, and burn books, the most unspeakable crime. And I assume to use the word «unspeakable», even if I will not deny that I found it very difficult. Killing a book is killing its author, his values and his ideas. It's also killing terms, because they are living. Behind each word, there's a story.

Thinking, writing, rubbing out, beginning again... A writer is a goldsmith; he polishes up each word and his work is meticulous, detailed and rigorous. He sculpts them like we carve diamonds, crystal, ruby, emeralds, quartz, lapis lazuli, opals or whatever..! A dictionary is a treasure chest because words are precious stones; they're my biggest wealth. All of them are exalted. Exacerbated. Beauty is revealed and matter, sublimated. He can give words their full scope and all the meaning to them. Everything is symphony, everything is harmonious, a writer is an absolute orchestrator. Each rustling, murmuring, humming or even flapping is stepped up, and every shiver and sigh are intensified. Sentences are made prettier, embellished. Behaviours, moods and feelings are ennobled. Prodigious, his work glorifies and multiplies hundredfold the power of words...

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