

## Life stages of ~~writing~~ <sup>a writer</sup>

When I was assigned the topic of "Why I Write", I was relieved to finally be writing about a subject of which I had some knowledge, but after some introspection, I found it to be <sup>of</sup> the most difficult task I have ever undertaken.

After scribbling two pages of varied reasons <sup>on</sup> why I write, I remembered ~~my~~ a conversation with Mr. Register in which he told me that he believed that "what" ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> writes and "how" ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> writes are determined by ~~one's~~ <sup>one's</sup> ~~life~~ stages in life. Following a thorough self-examination of why I have spent endless hours for ~~my~~ the past three years in solitude with a pen and pad, struggling with my emotions, I have concluded that ~~my reasons for writing~~ "why" I write is determined by my life stages as well.

~~The idea of writing for~~  
I conceived the idea of writing initially only as a commercial venture. Others had realized success through the ~~market~~ creative process, and being relatively creative myself, I naturally began grasping for my piece of the pie. This was my opportunistic or compulsive materialistic stage, but the subject of my shallow work soon plunged me into a stage of social consciousness, and I became ~~obsessed~~ <sup>op</sup> obsessed with the ~~prospect~~ prospect of exposing the Southern hypocrisy and corruption involved in racial prejudice, ~~and~~ discrimination, and stagnation.

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It was repulsed by the fact that the separate but equal principle still applies in S. C. It became a one writer task force hell-bent on curing all social ills with a pen. My objective was to force my fellow man to examine his heart for some unrecognized defect, and instead found it in myself. It was soon ~~ob~~ obvious to me that this course was self-defeating, and again naive. One cannot change the world by what ~~they~~ <sup>one</sup> writes - perhaps alter - but never change. I continued working on the same "fiction based on fact" but my depression from the futility led me towards the stage of seeking immortality and justification of my existence. Still determined that I could and must write, leaning ~~for~~ too much on the praise and encouragement of others, I set out to make my mark on the world much like doodling on paper, ~~and~~ <sup>still</sup> seeking approval, until a couple of critical teachers and ~~my~~ myriad examples of great writers halted my quest for greatness - ~~hence~~, my scribbling stage. But I continued scribbling like the object of Pope's satire because I had a need to express myself and order my world by organizing my incoherent thoughts on paper.

Floundering in a sea of ideas ~~can only~~ and emotions can only be resolved and form a meaningful whole by writing them and then going on to other endeavors, assured in the knowledge that ~~the emotion~~ it has been stated in print to the best of one's ability; And so my stage of perspective gaining and acquiring of self knowledge, which was worth the despair in terms of becoming a more objective writer and a better person. ~~That~~ That was my epiphany, and the best part was that in gaining self knowledge, I ~~found~~ <sup>realized that</sup> I would experience many other breakthroughs ~~also~~ during my writing career. I learned many things, <sup>as a result of this stage,</sup> but mostly humility; I am <sup>now</sup> a better audience for the works of others. ~~as~~

Since that time, I have written to escape the tyranny and technology of modern existence. I have the power through pen to control my own life, and can move backwards and forward in time <sup>according to my desire.</sup> For me writing is invaluable <sup>also</sup> as a method of filtering the explosion of information <sup>which</sup> we have fallen heir to and accepting change in our rapidly moving society.

I am presently bound in a literary stage; my quest for Eden <sup>through writing</sup> Materialism has very little space in my life. I write hopefully to make an esthetic contribution, <sup>balanced, harmony,</sup> creating a picture with words, like an artist with paints. I write to find meaning to life, if meaning there be, and presently find my view to be that of William Faulkner's, that meaning can only be found in matters of the heart.

Last week I ~~found~~ discovered that I am in love with the written word. I had hired a professional typist to give an article a finer finish, and she deleted and substituted many words to save <sup>time</sup> space - trivial little words to her like "a" for "the" and "and" for "or" and I became quite angry, not so much because I had a ~~perfect~~ <sup>defective</sup> manuscript to send to a prestigious <sup>journal</sup> ~~paper~~ and would have to spend valuable time revising the project, but because of the typist's failure to show proper respect ~~for~~ the ~~independent little words~~ <sup>unique</sup> uniquely different words.

This assignment, ~~more than any~~ <sup>more than any</sup> my Register's ~~clever~~ <sup>clever</sup> schemes for encouraging writing ~~is~~, has <sup>officially</sup> ~~confirmed~~ <sup>confirmed</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> qualifications ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> a true writer with apologies to none. I have ~~earned~~ <sup>earned</sup> the title, not in published material or money, but in the very fact that I <sup>shall</sup> continue to struggle through the <sup>inevitable</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>accumulating</sup> stages.