

Just right, err write

A constant phobia of some deadly pitfall ahead, lets the clenched muscles in the mouth never rest, the teeth clenched, and that ticking sensation in the mind, never goes away. It is this primal fear that probably got introduced in childhood. A thought or an incident probably that tends to impinge and create a definite imprint on the mind of a human being at a young impressionable age. Or a residue of previous births ?

That phobia, probably overcome by what would be an attempt to assert, to prove, justify oneself, to be taken seriously. Why people write, is the topic of discussion of one of George Orwell's essays 'Why I write'. He rightly points out a desire or want for fame, money etc; a passion for recording history, a want to convey something and show off 'literary skills', or project one's agenda - a political propaganda of sorts.

There are other reasons as well, maybe leaping ahead of reality and transcending it through imagination, fiction especially focusses on the same, the realms of fantasy as strong from early days of literature as today, be it mythology that is definitely nothing other than fantastic tales, that wrap in them a subtle message that needs to be grasped or subtle and nuanced or jarring and odd prose from novels and lucid thought-provoking short stories or crazy fairy tales.

Alternately a hankering for fame or a little bit of appreciation that was so rare, except for parents and a few kind teachers in school, a want for a larger audience and greater applause, the destructive depression on not getting it all; an acute sensation of not wanting to yet not being able to be like the rest. So carefree and outgoing, the vibrant, exuberant, extrovert – so admired by society and called a 'success' – reflections in the mirror show the exact opposite, so to express that angst, that 'failure' that is in such a plain view in the mirror, what do you do ? You just write; twist, poke, stab and squeeze out words that are approximates of the thoughts that would otherwise be unexpressed.

Viewing it in positive light, it could just be a subtle flow of thoughts, being recorded – what else could capture it better than writing. An ability to capture thoughts well and also help in preserving it and conveying it to others at a later point in time. Some people call it in a disgustingly blunt way as 'documentation skills', as if writers were components of some office productivity suite.

Expressing something itself may not be the key reasons, sometimes to cater to what the readers are interested and what is 'in' is also important, market demands after all, do crop up. Sometimes it is simply that inexplicable itch to type away, just a compelling passion to write, which propels you forward ... And at other times it is a fear of losing the powers of spinning tales or not being able to say what you want to, as dreadful as reaching literary impotency that also triggers the brain to keep the practice going; it is an addiction worth getting and very rarely leaves the possessed. Every type of writer exists, the weak to assert himself and the strong to impress his ideas on the rest, and also those who like to create a reconciliation among these types and some write purely to obtain a livelihood – a wonderful profession indeed.

So long as the fastest means of thought conversion is available, writing is here to stay, unless in future some kind of thought photography is available – though a picture is worth a thousand words, a thousand words can be imagined in multiple ways that adds the real fun behind reading those words - a kind of puzzle that a writer delights in putting forth for the readers to lap up. However sometimes, words may be like brutal piercing laser guns, that hit the bullseye; when they are not meant to be prone to myriad interpretations. The process of writing is like practice, in the field of intellectual gymnastics – to ask whether it is worthwhile, in a sense invalid.

That is why languages, scripts and writing are so important, it is said that the universe was created based on the word 'Om' and signifies the sound aspect or the aural essence of it. Unless expressed or stated, an idea or a thought is still enveloped in the womb of the mind, like viscera inside the sheath of the body, and until then does not even get created; and so is the extrapolation for the universe. The universe - full of thoughts which are the subtle form of words ... Grasp, capture, spread the word.