

**Creative writing, accepting one's own image,
A step towards communication**

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Abstract

This paper is to initiate a reflection on creative writing as a possibility of introspection before becoming a way of revealing one self to the others thus building bridges towards them .Those pathways will be founded on what are common denominators to us and the others . It is an unpretentious trial to understand how one can get near interculturality through mutual understanding and acceptance .

Writing this communication conjured up memories of the past. I remembered that as a teenager I had written a few poems which I destroyed as soon as they were finished. A question then, sprang up in my mind . A question I had never asked myself before. One single question . "Why did I do that" ? May be because I did not want anybody to read them. Or was it as simple as that ? Probably not. Now that I give it a second thought, I remember that I felt uncomfortable about them . I felt as if someone else was lurking in those poems; someone the others did not know , would not accept; a person so cumbersome that I just threw her in the wastepaper basket and forgot about her .

As far as I can remember , I rarely , if ever , recognised myself in the image the others were throwing back at me . I often had that funny feeling they were talking about someone else , someone different . The image they mirrored was not my reality . I just could not draw a picture of myself from the others' words . I had this impression I was not in the right place at the right time. I was much more acting as the other expected me to, than achieving my own aspirations; often working on a kind of automatic piloting mode, in tune with the social background. Deep inside it was lash rebellion ,bitter dissatisfaction and yearning for telling my truth .

I could bear reality only by escaping , whenever possible , into imagination and reading . I kept reading anything and everything, becoming thus a Stakhanovist of reading. I was looking for clues in other people's experiences .

I resumed writing late in life , after a run of bad luck . I just could not remain under the lid anymore . I had to "spit it out" , at least on paper .Now that I think of it , it was not anything planned ; poems seemed to escape my will , coming from "inner brain" or maybe "inner heart" . It was compulsive writing. I felt like someone washed out on the shore , tired but home at last after a very long journey .I was relieved , in step with myself, the pleasure of having reached some kind of achievement would come later on .

It took a long time before I could submit my writing to the others' look ; let them see me . Old inhibitions kept lingering .But now, I feel that who I am and who I look, can very well get on together.

Writing was a kind of therapy . It helped me reach deep in myself for my own image, accept it , and be able to expose myself as they say in fencing . Life is also taking risks, isn't it ? I believe now , that the look the others cast on me, is their own responsibility. I am ready to accept that look and adjust without loosing myself in the process . Writing poems was a way of saving my freedom and the most beautiful adventure is the inward adventure , the inner quest for on the way we might meet our own self and therefore meet the others. One cannot go towards the others if one has not accepted his deep self and not only the illusory social veneer. Writing my own creation revealed me and gave me a better understanding of what is essential in each and every one of us . After that, communication can take place because the points where we could cross other people's path are our common human qualities ; those qualities can help us accept and overcome our differences .

Someone said "to be is to speak". I am sure he/she will agree that to be is to write . In any case , remaining silent is a threat to one's very existence ; I chose to be .