

## And There's Something Else

The written word is in itself a Great Equalizer, a way to get at the soul and the mind behind the face, the timbre, the physio-socio-race-and-sex-based walls. With words, pure words, you can bypass stereotypes, shed as if a mask the bushy, slanting brows and forehead with five creases that give you the resting rage face, the faint or faraway, pitiable, peanut-shell vocalization that brings a dying man to mind, the ethnicity teeming with an oft-poorly-educated, oft-poor proletariat that forever prevents people from taking you seriously, the gender that predesignates you gentle or weak, self-assured or vain, debonair or a drama queen. When you write, you are the unique spectrum of thoughts rattling around your brain-case. That is all. The externals can be forgotten. Because of this, writing serves as an eternal refuge for the lost and the marginalized. It is a crosser of cultures. On the page, anybody can be anybody. A great story can come from anyone.

The written word is flexible and powerful, like an infinitely-keyed instrument of communication, a piano over a continuous domain. You are in charge of pacing, subject, symbolism, wordiness, imagery, metaphor, syntax, characterization, tone, rhythm and flow. Write a maximalist novel with essay-length footnotes. Turn an IM chat log into a book. Comma-chain fragments for a thousand pages. Written language is a wide-open world. Explore! If you want. Established constructs are established for a reason; they will articulate your point clearly and concisely and familiarly. With even a small subset of English you can express almost anything.

The written word is yours. Sit in a state of silence and let the morphemes expose your thought processes. Rip your self out of your chest, inflate it, see it diffuse against the backdrop of a tranquil dappled light, a shaded, shimmering circus of memories and dreams dancing in the patchy glow of possibility, interreflections illuminating an idea laid bare, a chunk of stone that is yours to carve, you with the tools arrayed within you which drive your fingers as you type, your wrist as you scribble, blunt and fine implements with boundless potential to excite the senses. Chronicle the exploits of your characters-come-to-life. Illustrate your theories in life-sized Impressionist prose. Make the words your own. Hello imagination –