

Romancing the Word

Many well-intentioned writers try to create an atmosphere conducive to writing. After all, writers develop deep passions about their craft, and as far as they're concerned, writing time is serious alone time. It's the time to kindle that fire between you and the page and become the wordsmith you were born to be. Fair enough.

Sometimes though, "setting the mood" can rapidly escalate into a colossal waste of time and become the ultimate procrastination technique.

I believe writing is an act of seduction and you certainly can't rush into things. First of all, the lighting has to be just right. If my words are not bathed in a gentle glow from some manner of posterior lighting arrangement, then



something is amiss. The harsh glare of an overhead light source will not do and is simply unflattering.

Secondly, the background music must be chosen carefully to complement and romance the particular masterpiece in progress. I would never, for example, play a symphonic orchestral piece when the genre calls for splashes of edgy, staccato prose. That would do my creative sensibilities a serious disservice. Acid jazz would be a far superior choice in this case.

I think you get the idea.

Some time later, as I lie sprawled across my fluffy pillows in silky pajamas, beside a half-drunken glass of chardonnay, scented candles, some Belgium chocolate wrappers and a jilted work in progress, I have to ask myself the question: Will I respect myself in the morning? The answer, sadly, is no.

By Antoine Giraud