

## Revision Process for The White Page

When the first draft for the *Why I Write* assignment was due, I was not particularly fond of my piece. I had written the latter half of it in the morning before class and it was much too cliché and expected. It was empty and missed a genuine connection to why I write. So when I gave it to my peer group to workshop, I had written “Awful” in the left margins of the entire second page of the paper and expected them to think it so as well. The group loved it, but how were they to know if the piece meant something to me or not? I took it to T’s office hours a few days later and addressed some of my concerns. I read some of the paper and she confirmed that it was okay to have the reason for why I write be ambiguous. She recommended that I use white space to my advantage and read Paul Auster’s *Why Write*, and said that it was similar to mine in ways and would help me solidify thoughts.

I read the piece and loved it. In a way, it was exactly what I was trying to write. I believe mine to be a bit more abstract than Paul’s, but I strove for something that would read with a similar tone. I wrote for three hours that day, give or take, and had written one paragraph (it begins with “Then, at sixteen, motivations changed...”). I felt as if I had revealed some great secret of mine. In fact, it is something that I’ve only told to a few people and, for that reason, is most likely why I it was absolutely necessary for me to include in the piece. I went from there, used more space, changed my Kerouac excerpt to something that maybe sounds less meaningful to the writer but meant more to me. It resonated. I then used some of the specific lines that my peers had loved from my draft to construct a conclusion.

The weirdest thing about this paper was that at first, I was not at all confident in myself and thought that though I had written before, I had never written anything that actually mattered to me. Nothing was genuine enough to be proud of. So initially my main thought was something like “I’ve never written anything genuine and I am searching for something to write about, but I still consider myself a writer. Why?” But, as the revision process progressed, I felt that I actually was creating something of meaning. I was becoming very passionate about my *Why I Write* essay as I wrote and as I opened up. At the end of the now “Remembrance” part, I felt that my initial main thought (“A Requiem”) was outdated in ways. However, I appreciated that it got me to reveal more about myself and for that reason it was necessary to include. Thus, I termed this section “A Requiem”.

The rest blossomed from there.