

The Book Without Title



Dylan Baeckelandt

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An Untitled Introduction

The wind feels like a sigh when I open up my laptop. Maybe I should have put on a sweater and gone to write outside. Oh well, it's too late turn back. Or maybe I'm just lazy... Where was I?

Nowhere.

Again!

"I am Dylan and I am a writer," I say every time I introduce myself. But what defines 'a writer' when nothing is being written?

It's been radio silence for over a year now... I'm not creating anything anymore and I certainly don't talk about new projects. Perhaps that's okay. Sometimes it's okay to just 'be'.

They often say there is nothing better than living in the moment. My moment has just been lasting a little longer than I originally intended it to.

While I'm in the moment however, I am still working on a sequel. Ironic, isn't it? I glorify something, only to do the exact opposite of the thing I'm glorifying.

If scientists were to translate the word 'contradiction' into a living person, it would be me. Yet, there is something beautiful hidden in writing about futilities... It is a quest for the reason why I stopped writing.

Is it burnout?

Is it writer's block?

Is it laziness?

More importantly: will I ever get out of it?

I want to explore that, together with you. Welcome to The Book Without Title, a quest for a new source of inspiration. A quest for more motivation, self-confidence, and the book that lies before you now. With a special thanks to Goan Allebosch for the supporting illustrations.



What Came Before

Not so long ago, I published two books. Actually, I've been writing my whole life, but my two publications are still my favourite works. But I digress.

I used to make comics in class. Perhaps that was the reason I never excelled at school, yet I continued to grow in this area. I remember very proudly letting classmates read my comics in the third grade.

The comics featured well-known characters, around whom I created my own little stories. One of the stories revolved around a volcanic eruption starring SpongeBob Squarepants. Only afterwards did I realise that I hadn't executed this realistically, since SpongeBob lived underwater. Now I know that an underwater eruption causes new islands to form.

Step up your game, mini-Dylan! All that potential wasted...

A few years later, I stopped drawing. To be honest, I wasn't very good at it. I evolved towards stories that consisted solely of written text. I remember two stories I wrote on the computer at home. A story about a boy trapped in a dream, with a lot of repetitive elements. Maybe a little too much...

But also a story about a vampire hunter who discovers that his adopted brother is a half-vampire! Back then, I was proud of those stories, but as you can already tell from my current views, I am not very good at writing fiction.

Maybe I am too hard on myself, but in a world where everything has already been made up and thought of

before, I find it difficult to come across as original and authentic.

Then there was also the time when I dreamed of becoming an actor. I really don't like looking back on this, but to do justice to my story, I have to share something about it. I spent six months at an art school, where I studied 'Drama'. As if singing and dancing weren't bad enough, I also failed my drama exam called 'Fragile Like Paper'. My teacher decided that I was better behind a camera than in front of one. And after (trying to) make an online series, I was able to see where she was coming from.

Meanwhile, here we are... I have already published two books: an autobiography and a poetry bundle. One did a bit better than the other, but as a 20-year-old man from Grammont, it is surely an achievement to be proud of!

Or so I thought...

I don't know where the problem lies, but I don't feel satisfied with my achievements. A bitter feeling that I never do enough. Yep, that's it.

BUT

as a walking contradiction, I am going to give you a message of hope anyway:

There is no 'right or wrong' in creating.
Simply trying is more than enough.

And that is something to be proud of!