

An Author Submits to an Interview

by Harry Zirkelbach 05-31-2010

In two years at Writer Group, I have written, and read aloud, one Book review.

Today's challenge, the imaginary interview of that author.

This proved a challenge, but was accomplished on a recent night, as we both slept.

I had sent that author my review. Tonight, I was surprised that he began our talk, thanking me for reading my two pages.

Then, before I could reply, these comment, flowing evenly, unemotionally.

“Everyone has a story.
How should it be told? And, Why?”

“I had to consider and resolve these, and other questions. I was young enough to know that I had been privileged, realized that I had a wonderful mother and grandparents, spirited education, travel, opportunities not available to much of the world. I chose to tell this as autobiography.

“So much of the youth of the world do not have access to the opportunities available to every American child. I wanted to stress that message to both parents and children, everywhere. To tell this, the only tool available to me was in writing a book of the events that made my the days of my life possible.

My tenet in writing,
what I could accomplish, was there for any who would strive.

“In an interview with a publisher before writing, I was encouraged to do just that. I did nothing else for a few months, finished an initial draft. Changes were then made for clarity. The approved final craft went to the publisher.

I returned to work in Chicago.

“Results have been more than satisfactory to me. The book, published in 1995, remains popular, is being read around the world. It appeared in English, is now

available in ten other languages. That book's royalty to our family, exceeded three million dollars in 2009. But "Dreams of My Father" represents more than money.

Daily we get letters confirming my belief; America remains the example it has always been to me, that land of Hope, where for everyone willing to make even a modest effort toward that definite goal, will provide for themselves, and all, a better tomorrow.

"I know you wanted to ask questions. My apology. There was only this sliver of time available to us. And I must go"

And before I could say "Thank You Mr President", that image disappeared, and I was left with no notes from his conversation, only the uncertain recall mentioned.



... as if in a dream ...