

Hooray for Hollywood

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Mayor Menino has inked a deal to author a book chronicling his life, career, and long reign in City Hall's corner office in Boston.

This is a recent announcement in the Boston Globe. I have no quarrel with Boston's long-time mayor, and am sorry that his health has become an issue so that he is not running for reelection. But *inking a deal to author a book?* My quarrel is with the creation of verbs from nouns. INK is a noun, people. So is AUTHOR.

I know I am fighting a losing battle here. I lost it a long time ago, the day PARENT turned into a verb.

I am leaving my beloved farm for a week on Monday...and missing one of my most valued times in summer here, the Tuesday night chamber music concert. (Last night's was dazzling: Beethoven and Mendelssohn, both Felix and Fanny) But I have been asked to fly out to Los Angeles...(or, as the Boston Globe would perhaps prefer me to say, I am going to airplane to Los Angeles) for a meeting with the movie-makers as they embark on the film of *The Giver*.

Once, long ago, someone asked me: *if you hadn't become a writer, what would you have become?* And I replied that if I were younger, if I were embarking on an education, I would like to be a filmmaker. Whoever it was (I've forgotten who was asking the questions) then asked what part of filmmaking interested me. I said: *Screenwriting. Cinematography. Directing. Casting. Set design*. And the other person said: Isn't that what you do when you write a book?

And of course he was right. I even do the costumes. I choose the camera angles. Write the dialogue. I get to do it all.

Still....I do love film and the behind-the-scenes part of it. So it will be fun to sit in on a meeting or two next week.

Tags: Untagged