

BookMark

Life Changing Secrets I've Learned From Interviewing Authors

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Excerpt: Chapter One

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Chapter One: The Writer Enters / Attract Whatever You Want

The stage is set. A stool, which The Writer will not use. A glass of water and a pitcher on a table, which he will use, at just the right pause-setting moment. And on the table, his books, the hardcovers fanned and standing. The paperbacks stacked, a handful of each of his more recent titles. He will create a great show out of matching each of these books with one lucky person in the audience. It is carefully choreographed spontaneity. I've caught his act.

I open the door of the convention hall, crowned by this stage. Female tittering, voices higher pitched with the excitement of seeing him in action, of meeting him, of maybe even touching him, meet my ears. Waves of perfume slam into me, weakening my knees. A sensory collision of fragrance – floral, with notes of citrus and vanilla, and wannabe celebrity.

The Writer, this man I had just interviewed privately in his hotel room, will reveal to his mostly female audience what he knows of the ancient wisdom, spun for our lives today, and then he will whip this sense of proximity to abundance and joy into a frenzy he can direct. These women whose left ring-fingers boast elegance and wealth want what the Writer sells. They want him. All five-hundred of them.

At that very first interview, that evocative first time we met, I felt like I had known The Writer forever. I chalked up the eerie sense to having read several of his books from the time I was a teenager. He was tall enough, attractive enough, but not remarkable physically in any way. Except for his voice, which had that gentle and persuasive power, a tomcat purring to come inside. The voice had a richness

and resonance that could rock a baby to sleep and the intensity to awaken latent thoughts in minds that had snapped shut decades ago.

I had his cell phone number. When he answered my calls, I felt calm and assured at the sound of his voice. Saying my name. And then the wisdom would come. The Writer was blessed with wisdom that would pour forth. Each witness would know he was talking just to them. It was his gift.

Then, I called two, three times a year. Now I don't. Hardly. Not much.

In the hotel room earlier that afternoon, The Writer had given me a ticket. Two hours later, I had moved through the crowd, intuiting the gaps. I found a seat in the center, just five rows back.

The Writer strides onto the stage, his simple crisp white shirt – no tie – catching the lights, teasing a rainbow hue across the fabric. The hundreds of women and sprinkling of men rise as one to greet him with a passionate roar. Stunning, the contrast to the peacefulness of his hotel room where, hours before, we had spoken. That hotel room, one woman, one man. One bed that remained unused. On stage, he had that Bill Clinton thing. Not classically handsome, but galvanizing. Not unlike my stepfather. Trim and muscular, my stepfather towered above most men, even more captivating with his movie-star handsome face and thick dark hair. Nose just a bit bent to the left, gait just crooked enough to convey the physical prowess that precedes football injuries.

The stage seems to pulse. The crowd sways to an unheard rhythm. Within me, the journalist – who has covered murderers to rappers -- keeps focus and observes The Writer in his element, engaging the throng with his mystical ideas and stories. I observe a shift in the program, which then shivers to a pitch. The Writer bends in half from his position on the stage, as he hands out his books and CDs to women he calls to him, based on their hands waving wildly, a storm of choices. Their heads tip up to him, as they stand three-feet lower, on the concrete floor. My heart pounds, stirred by my earlier connection with The Writer and with the music. I soak in that moment, watching the women go wide-eyed when he calls them out of the masses to come to center stage and collect their books.

The music that amps the moment came from a CD he had recently produced, with special readings accompanying haunting instrumentals, and I amuse myself, realizing that I too have risen to this feverish pitch. A giddiness tickles my throat. My thighs seem damp. My fingers dance across my knees to the music I sense more than hear. In my mind, I see a vision of that blue-black square, accompanied by an unexpected desire for the CD. A flurry of hands grasp for the Writer's attention. I can see that mystical CD in my own hands.

He looks at me as if he has heard the words I had not spoken, waving the CD in the air, "Diana," he says.

He had seen me. Knew where I was seated the entire show.

I melt into the warm energy he sends to me. I look up, rising on that wave, not startled at all that he has called my name. "You would like this transformational CD, wouldn't you," he states matter of factly, scribbling on its cover in a blue Sharpie.

I feel as if I am his lover, but he has never so much as kissed me.

Trancelike, I gracefully slide past a dozen knees and float to the foot of the stage, unaware of the hundreds of women, their eyes just on me and the narrowing distance to the stage. There, The Writer bows, and bestows the desired CD gently in my hands, cupped to receive my gift. I look up again, smiling with my eyes, my lips, my heart -- my body hanging there in abeyance for a moment, an hour, an eternity – our two hands joined through his electric work of art.

I don't remember returning to my seat.

Once in my plush chair, I read the words he had dashed down – "a gift of love" he has written, "Love," and then his name.

Is this the power he has so often described to me in more than half-a-dozen interviews we have done over the years? Surely hundreds of women had tried to press their desire for that CD on the Writer's consciousness. How had he read my desire above theirs? I let those questions buzz in my mind, at once answered and unanswered.

Our duet is well-noticed. People grab at me as I leave the convention hall. By touching me, they can touch him. I gently pull away.

I am in a state of awe. I want to live in this place every moment of every day! This moment simultaneously presented, then unwrapped, the Gift of which The Writer has spoken, magnificently illustrating his words from the interview earlier in the day, "Always keep your mind on what it is that you intend to create, and always do it with love, with kindness, with peace, no thoughts of judgment toward anybody else, a total acceptance, living in Love."

What I didn't know. Before I can accomplish what The Writer describes, the impenetrable wall between my personal persona and my career persona will have to crescendo down. And I will be terribly exposed.