

Evan

Some people might say that in his first six decades, my father has traversed enough ground to fill a book, and someday he just might do so. But imagine all this as a book proposal, and it seems too far-fetched to believe.

Born in Bombay to a family fleeing from Warsaw; his birth certificate listed his caste as Polish. Our hero grew up in the Belmore on 81st and Broadway where he was declared a juvenile delinquent by New York cops for various acts of mischief.

He straightened up and went to Cheshire Academy and Brandeis, though his education didn't begin until a few years later with a man named I.F. Stone who taught him how the world worked.

From there it was London, Washington, and then Vietnam, where he encountered the most amazing plot element of all: a 23-year-old redhead named Susan Sherer whose father had allowed her to go to Saigon on one condition: don't fall in love with any journalists.

Our protagonists went on to Moscow where they produced two major plot twists, named Katherine and Evan.

Around that time, the KGB accused him of being a capitalist. Later, the Wall Street Journal accused him of being a communist. He has published Yeltsin and Clinton, Magic Johnson and Meg Greenfield, Donald Trump and the Pope. People used to say he looked like Prince Charles; now passersby whisper: Is that Joe Lieberman?

Along the way, he has raised two happy kids with the greatest mother on earth, dispensed a lifetime of advice, run a few marathons, and built a company that publishes books like nobody else.

So what would we call a book like this? There's really only one title for it all and I don't think the original authors would mind if we borrowed it. So let's raise a glass to Peter Osnos and the memoirs he might write someday entitled, *The Elements of Style*.