

Monologue from *The Right Words*:

Aren Haun
arenhaun@gmail.com

Dave: male, 40s-50s

DAVE

Well, I read your book. Then I put it away for a couple days and I read it again. And that's when I knew, for *certain*, that not only does this book fail, but it made me question your ability to ever write another book again. The truth is ... you are a troubled, neurotic person, Harry, and that's carried over into your writing. You've made a mess of this book the same way you've made a mess of your marriages ... your whole life. You give the illusion of depth, but in reality it's just as confused and disoriented as you are. On a technical level, you've become lazy. This book is by far the worst you've ever written. It's almost amateurish. Any of my students could do better, and probably have. Your knowledge of love and women is adolescent. Your insights on life and death are oversimplified and preachy. Your wit is contrived. And your thinly disguised autobiographical narrative is awkward and cringeworthy. You're right. It ... it's shit. But of course that's only one opinion.