You don't want to miss this funny unconventional writer!
Thursday, February 8th at 7pm in the Bridger Room of the Logan Library.
Tony Roegiers is a lifelong writer and self-reflector who has lived most of his life in the second half of the 20th Century. He spent a good deal of that time on someone’s carpet, with those in authority over him shaking their heads over some transgression of which he was automatically assumed to be guilty. Almost thirty years ago at the ripe age of forty-five, he began writing retrospective essays about some of these occasions. He has accumulated some of them in a short book the title of which—They Were Not Amused—reflects the attitude of these erstwhile authority figures. He has been a rigger in one of our ubiquitous wars, a newspaper reporter and editor, a magazine editor, a downhill ski racer, ski instructor, truck driver, vacuum cleaner salesman, carpenter, building contractor, cabinet maker, ski shop owner, mountain climber, sailor, pilot, sky diver, whitewater rafter, high school teacher, college teacher—and these are just the activities his fading brain can recall on the spur of the moment. He has also found the time to marry twice, beget four children, go to law school, be ABD on two PhDs, and write four historical fiction novels, one of which is published and has never even been considered for inclusion on a New York Times best-seller list. He has visited some forty countries, including a few referred to euphemistically as “hot spots.” As a fetus, he was sent to London in a German V-2 rocket which destroyed the corner pub a few doors away from where his future mother was in labor. At least, so she claimed, not wanting to accept any genetic responsibility for such a child. In fact, as soon as she could she sent him to live in the countryside, as far away from her as possible—ostensibly for the purpose of keeping him safe from future rockets. He believes her actual words on parting were “good-bye you little Nazi” as she put him on the train at Paddington Station, but he has no actual memory of that.