

First Time Author

No one over age 14 is a first time author. We write school assignments, diaries, and some of us do more.

I wrote poems and songs all the time in New Jersey. My Thoughts While Flunking a History Test written in 10th grade was published in 11th grade by a girl from the Collingswood High paper who wrote a long article on me regarding my poetry and song writing. I was the butt of jokes after that flattering article by my close friends. To them I was just one of the shallow guys.

I was always a kidder and loved to laugh. For that reason the deeper things had to find their way out onto the most non-judgmental secret keeper I knew Paper.

A blank page upon which I would write became such therapy for me that the mere sight of a blank page and me having time came to represent relief.

I dropped out of high school after just 4 months of having my own apartment while attending. I was an out of control runaway seeking meaning, adventure, escape, answers and laughter. What a mix at 17. I hitch-hiked to California and back abandoning my band. Upon return sold my guitar and amplifier and flew to England alone.

The poetry and music kept flowing. The oddity was that when things went well the creativity stopped. When the negative emotions flowed so did my creativity. The blank paper potential. The friend who I could tell anything, heard it all.

I always thought I would make it big in music. Never came close. Still, my serious passion for music defined my life by influencing my indifference toward all of my jobs. None were important because I was on my way somewhere else musically.

With kids, I never walked away from income for the sake of artistic pursuits and I am glad for that. But nothing materialized except the painfully obvious passage of time.

At 34, I founded a large food co-op in Fresno, CA in 1987. With a 23,000 square foot warehouse I busily worked to provide tons of food to thousands in 6 counties. They paid a small amount plus 2 volunteer hours for every box of food and a monthly newspaper we published. It was exciting, draining, stressful and during this storm of activity I found myself thinking "Someday I'm going to be a writer. That was so absolutely unrelated to everything else in my life. It was a bizarre thought at that time even though I constantly wrote in journal form to keep my sanity. It didn't feel escapist, it felt . . . real.

At age 52, my first book is being published and it is non-fiction. Nothing as story-telling or subjective as this article. I have been writing a column for more than 10 years about nature, its ingenuity and of course I cannot refrain from commentary.

My commentary has always been about the unlikelihood of incredible invention and engineering occurring spontaneously. It caught on. People related. The articles were less about commentary and more about the topic of study like a tulip or salmon or the ability to heal or the structure of our atmospheres. A celebration of how fantastic nature is while winking at the reader like we all know this is no accident. For the book I added more commentary in a law format calling it Alibrando's Laws

Now that my book is being published, I find myself in the thick of a controversy that I was unaware of with its own buzzword Intelligent Design. Even though I never mentioned God and many assumed that is who I was referring to as the intelligence

behind nature, I find my simple observations on a side of the fence that I didn't know was there.

I won't bore you with my rejection stories of trying to get numerous other small newspapers to publish my articles in tandem, like a syndication. For the sake of space, I won't discuss convincing the Department of Social Services of a book project and after 6 months of borrowing money being told it wasn't going to happen in that county due to political reasons. Also, I won't go into detail about spending a couple thousand dollars when I was earning less than \$1000 a month in vain with the notion of setting up a website back in 1998 and 1999. The idea was to self-publish my articles as an e-book online with the hopes of being discovered by some legitimate publisher. The money was spent and additional debts incurred. I was scammed and never did get that website going. No, this is a good news article.

Nearly 3 years ago I approached a publisher in my state of California. These people knew me from the days when I was running the food co-op and I had heard she got into publishing. I wanted to make an in-person inquiry about my chances and my projects. Well, ultimately it led to a contract which was exhilarating although this new publisher had yet to publish even a first book. I knew this person well enough to know her having a high standard and to be a hard working, no games kind of person. Publishing was her vision for years and now I was part of it.

Tsaba House became the name of the publisher and while time passed and I worked my insurance business, Tsaba House pushed the envelope for success. I remember asking if 6 books being published before mine would benefit me or would they be exhausted, out of resources and diminished in their zeal. I was assured that I would benefit from their experience.

I remember in the mid 1970's an elderly Italian couple that rented to me in New Jersey telling me about focused diligence. Mrs. Bonaquisti said, Water is softer than rock but if the water keeps dripping on the rock, the rock cannot stop the water from making a hole in it.

Tsaba House published several authors and won a couple awards gaining the attention of a large book distributor. FaithWorks, the book distributor, became interested in working with Tsaba House. Suddenly, what was happy but small potatoes is huge. I am the beneficiary of the determination, good work and growing wisdom of Tsaba House.

As of August 2006, my first real book hits the stands, but not just in central California. No it will be in most bookstores in the U.S. and Canada.

Oh yeah, the real deal. Editors, drafts, book cover designers, endorsers, reviewers, galleys, advertising, press releases, articles in various magazines, interviews, book signings and a full load of ongoing demands on my time.

Folks and media want me to answer questions regarding my book Nature Never Stops Talking. They want me to discuss the controversy of Intelligent Design. Folks say things like I never met an author before. I smile. I'm just the same as last year.

Publishing not only is a tremendous endorsement to the writer but I have somehow gravitated from artsy to respectable notoriety on a national level arousing strangers to ask for my signature so they can tell their friends and family I met this guy in person.

In the controversial arena of intelligent design, some seek my expert response to various national news headlines having to do with schools, curriculums, debates and more having to do with nature and its origins.

All this because a guy simply enjoys observing the wonder of nature all around him and the therapy of a blank page.

See more about Alibrando's book at the website
www.NatureNeverStopsTalking.com