

Novelist | Playwright | Screenwriter | Librettist | Writer

Many writers let their sentences unfold experimentally on the page in order to find out what they are, where they are going and how they can be shaped. I would sit without a pen in my hand, framing a sentence in my mind, often losing the beginning as I reached the end, and only when the thing was secure and complete would I set it down. I would stare suspiciously. Did it really say what I meant? Did it contain an error or an ambiguity that I could not see? Was it making a fool of me?

Mother Tongue

The Guardian, Oct. 2001

READ

ianmcewan.com

intelligent

dazzling

consummate

elegiac

naked

imaginative

tender

daydreamer

First Love, Last Rites | In Between the Sheets | The Cement Garden | The Comfort of Strangers | The Child in Time | The Innocent | Black Dogs | Enduring Love | Amsterdam | Atonement | Saturday | On Chesil Beach | Solar | Sweet Tooth | The Children Act | Rose Blanche | The Daydreamer | For You | Nutshell

I love Ian McEwan—
because he shows how writing
can be an act of atonement

