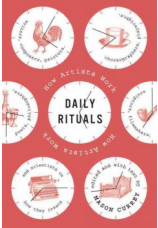


For the Love of Reading

How Artists Work



[view in catalog](#)

Do you believe creative artists should be disciplined? Honor routines? Sit (or stand) at their desks, go to their studio every day? Or do you think they should be free spirits? Explore the world? Pound the pavements; hike in the woods? Visit coffee shops and saloons and meet people? Write or paint or compose as the feeling strikes them? Perhaps after delving into this book of 161 summaries of artists' routines, you will change your mind.

It's surprising how many of these creative spirits rise at sunbreak and commence work quickly. This book gets into the nitty gritty. Did you know that Beethoven made his own coffee every day? He routinely counted out sixty coffee beans. He also loved to bathe before a sink, splashing pitchers full of water over himself, but unfortunately, this water spilled on the floor and dribbled downstairs to his landlord's place, forcing the owner to put a concrete base under the great composer's sink. The esteemed composer's servants also had a laugh-fest each time he bathed because he did so while "bellowing up and down the scales." [Read more](#)

Posted by Dory L. on April 14, 2014

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[Writing](#)

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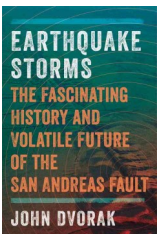
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Earthquake Storms



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This is the kind of interesting read that can make you dream of switching fields. Both the title and subtitle are misleading, it's about much more than earthquake storms (a series of large quakes that strike the same fault close together in time), or even the San Andreas Fault, famous for

being that volatile line that runs from the California redwoods to its southern deserts. Although it does focus on ground shaking in California, it's also a compendium of earthquake lore that describes quakes in Turkey, Italy, and other places. One intriguing section describes how recent research confirms that the famous Delphi of Greek mythology was a site of earthquakes. The priestesses there supposedly sat before a crack in the earth and made prophecies. Scientists have found that the earth nearby released ethylene, a gas that is now known to cause trances.

The book begins with the narrative of a young San Franciscan mechanic who took a daily swim in the ocean. One morning he walked to the beach as always and after being whacked repeatedly by waves, then thrown upon the [Read more](#)

Posted by Dory L. on April 3, 2014

[Earthquake Storms : The Fascinating History and Volatile Future of the San Andreas Fault](#)
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The Flight of a Painting of a Little Yellow Bird



[view in catalog](#)

Bad artists copy, good artists steal. Toward the end of this novel, Hobie, the elderly painter of masterpiece copies, says this to Theo, his sorta-kind adopted son. Is it ironic that Theo has stolen a famous painting, *The Goldfinch*? This long, convoluted, powerful novel tells the story of a young boy whose life was transformed at age 13 by this random act.

And a random bombing in the art galleries of New York's Metropolitan Museum that killed his mother. Theo's mom had left him to buy a present in the museum store when the bombing happened. After the blast, Theo crawls amid bodies on the floor to find one older man alive. With some of his last breaths, the man points to the painting and says, "I beg of you." Theo interprets this as a plea to rescue it. The dying man Welty also gives the boy an elaborate ring and the name of a business in Manhattan: Hobart and Blackwell. "Ring the green bell."

Thus begins the travels/travails of Theo. His dad, an alcoholic is alive, but in no shape to care for him.

Ditto for his one surviving grandparent. [Read more](#)

Posted by Dory L. on March 25, 2014

[The Goldfinch](#)

[Art](#)

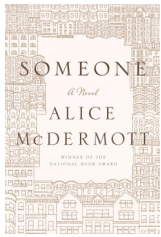
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Someone



[view in catalog](#)

No one else writes with the lyric flow of Alice McDermott. Or covers childhood and adolescence with so much immediacy as though it were happening right now. When I surfaced for breaths while reading this novel, I had to remind myself that I wasn't in a stuffy walk-up in Brooklyn listening to children play ball and jump rope in the street.

The novel tells the story of Marie Commeford as a child, teen, young woman and as an older woman with grown children of her own. Marie is the stubborn second child of Irish Catholics. Her brother Gabe is remarkably obedient and good, already in grade school, on a path for the priesthood, whereas Marie is rebellious, adventurous, and not one for rules.

Her dad takes her on walks to speakeasies and encourages her fiery temperament; her mother tries to discipline her and tamp down her rebellious spirit. Saturday mornings, she runs to her best friend Gerty's house and buries herself in her mother's lap, but Gerty's kind mother dies in childbirth. This tragedy convinces Marie to refuse to learn how to cook. Gerty had learned and look what happened to her. [Read more](#)

Posted by Dory L. on March 19, 2014

[Someone: a novel](#)

[Historical](#)

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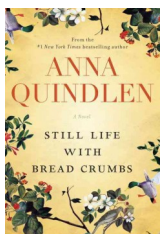
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Still Life with Bread Crumbs



[view in catalog](#)

“Make it new!” Ezra Pound once said about writing and art. Quindlen's seventh novel explores a New York City woman photographer doing just that by relocating temporarily to a small town upstate and taking entirely different kinds of photographs. Rebecca Winter has just turned sixty, gotten divorced, and her 20-something-year-old son hardly needs her anymore.

One of the first people she meets in this unnamed town is Jim Bates, a blond, pink-cheeked roofer, who blushes easily and is very kind. The first thing he helps her with is getting rid of her attic raccoon which he immediately shoots—saying it's the only way to truly get rid of a coon

because otherwise it will keep coming back.

Rebecca always fusses about money. Money only dribbles in from a famous photograph from decades ago, the one that gave this book its title. Rebecca shot the picture after one of her ex's myriad dinner parties that she always had to clean up after. [Read more](#)

Posted by Dory L. on March 10, 2014

[Still Life with Bread Crumbs](#)

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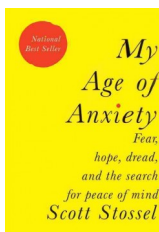
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My Age of Anxiety



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This is both a personal and a historical overview of anxiety, a mental illness that far too many Americans share. In the first decade of this century, the numbers grew to 16.2 million?in fact more Americans see a doctor for anxiety than for back pain and migraine combined. Stossel, who suffers terribly from panic attacks, fear of flying, a nervous stomach, and severe social anxiety, has been remarkably successful as both an author and the editor of *The Atlantic*. My favorite section is the opening one titled "The Riddle of Anxiety." Here he compares how philosophical and psychological greats described the disease. Plato believed that anxiety and other mental problems arose "not from physiological imbalances but from disharmony of the soul." Hippocrates believed that "body juices" caused madness. He said, "You will find the brain humid, full of sweat and smelling badly." This description came very close to the author at his wedding, except that it was his body that sweated profusely. He had such a panic attack at the altar that his best man was afraid he would faint. [Read more](#)

Posted by Dory L. on February 26, 2014

[My age of anxiety : fear, hope, dread, and the search for peace of mind](#)

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