

What I read lately

8 August, 2020

I've been reading a lot lately but not my usual fare. In normal times, I read more fiction than non and go through maybe a book every couple, three days. My tastes are fairly diverse, running from classics to emerging writers to Third World to the formula mystery folks. An occasional Steven King, Amy Tan, Grisham. You get the idea.

But of late, I've found my taste for fiction diminished substantially. I've started *Song of Solomon* three times, didn't get more than a page or two into *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Great books. Books that grabbed me in the first paragraph. I just don't have the brain for them at the moment.

What I have been able to read are nonfiction tomes about anything that strikes my fancy. A book about lighthouse keepers. Wood carving tutorials and pattern books. Thomas Moser's reissue of his book on Shaker furniture. Just about anything from Lost Art Press. A cook book. Yes, I was actually *reading* a cookbook the other evening.

Seems like in this time of pandemic, political insanity and the reemergence of rampant racism, I can't allow myself to escape to the world of make-believe. I've entered a phase (Please, Gawd, tell me it's temporary!) in which neither my reading nor my writing embraces the purely imaginary. But escape is precisely the condition for which I yearn.

Just can't seem to turn the key and swing open the door to make believe.

Couldn't tell you why.