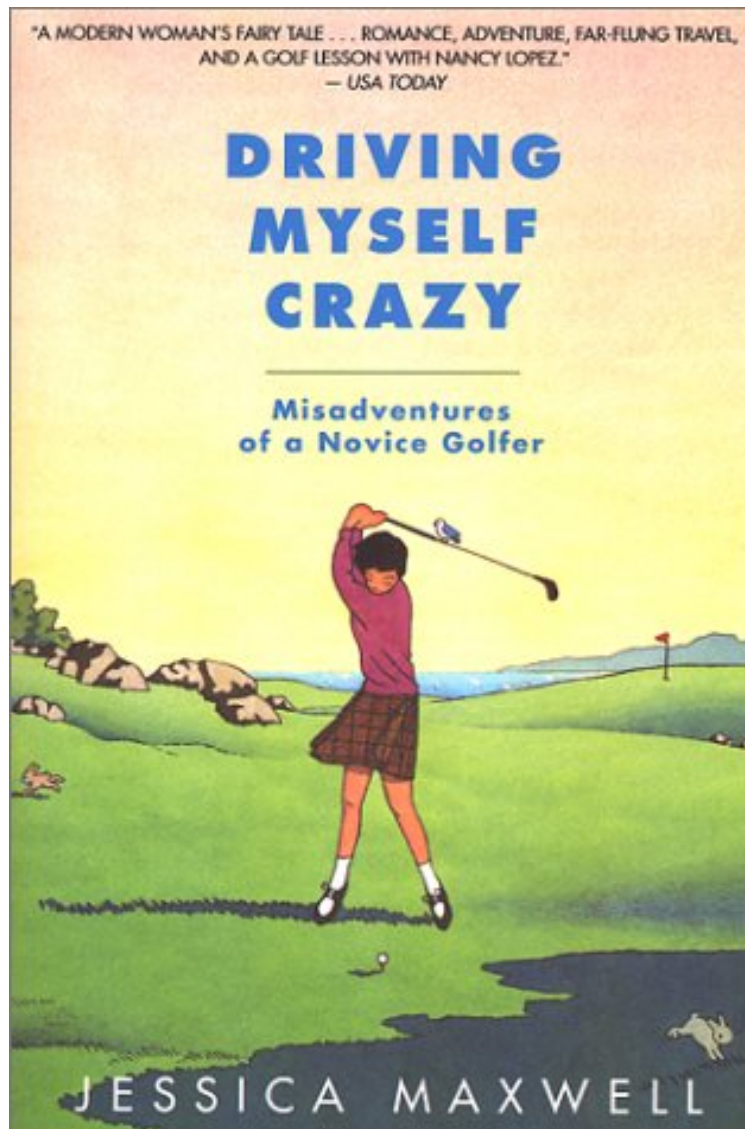


(Read free ebook) Driving Myself Crazy: Misadventures of a Novice Golfer

## Driving Myself Crazy: Misadventures of a Novice Golfer

*Jessica Maxwell*

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**Jessica Maxwell : Driving Myself Crazy: Misadventures of a Novice Golfer** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Driving Myself Crazy: Misadventures of a Novice Golfer:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Four StarsBy LadyHumorous and perfect for the beginner golfer.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Amusing, Non-Threatening Story of Golf IndoctrinationBy John IVWhile attempting to convey the allure and timeless majesty of golf to my just-learning-the-game girlfriend, I chanced to spy this nicely presented short novel. Purchasing it as a gift with her in mind, I definitely wanted something gentle and compelling to hold her attention and not overwhelm. Curiosity got the better of me, and rather than turn it

over, I took three days to pour through it, ostensibly to verify its claim as a humorous anecdotal journey. I found myself laughing along with the author at many of her nascent exploits, showing newbie golf from a woman's point of view [clothing, equipment, and romantic issues abound]. After meeting the mysterious, but benign golfer-Svengali, Graham, she goes through a series of neo-mystical encounters with a variety of teaching pros and golf luminaries like Nancy Lopez. She comes to a deeper understanding of the game and its hold on its practitioners. Parts of this journey have her visiting golf meccas on the East coast, as well as playing her NW home courses. As a fellow north westerner, having played those great courses too, I caught myself nodding with appreciation at her descriptions of Sandpines, Salishan, and Pumpkin Ridge. Eventually she even makes the ultimate pilgrimage to Scotland, to visit St. Andrews, the home and heart of golf. Presented rather whimsically, and with good-natured humour, the book ranges about, just as the author did, touching on various philosophies of golf. She absorbs and assimilates each one, combining and piling them upon each other until she has a two minute litany before each ball address. Her light humor throughout this indoctrination never detracts from her burgeoning respect for the game and its tradition. The Tao of golf inclusion was particularly endearing, as many golfers feel the game fits that line of thought perfectly. So, after smiling many times during the read, I can pass this on without hesitation with a positive recommendation. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars By Harry D. Johnson real comedic and writing talent

Adventure writer Jessica Maxwell loves a challenge and decided to tackle golf the way she had tackled skiing and fly-fishing, two demanding sports she took up in her early thirties after a life as a confirmed "non-jockette." Surely golf couldn't be that much more difficult? could it? In this irreverent memoir we have a front-row seat as Jessica struggles to learn golf's etiquette, traditions, and complex rules -- from her first comical attempts to coax practice balls out of a golf ball machine, to just hitting the damn ball, to acquiring her own set of Nancy Lopez clubs! Among her coaches are Peter Croker, a revolutionary Australian teaching pro, Cindy Swift Jones, his partner and putting guru, and Al Mundle, the Harvey Penick of the Northwest, as well as seventy-eight-year-old American women's golf legend Peggy Kirk Bell and the queen of golf herself, Nancy Lopez. A willful celebration of what one golf coach called "the atrocious first year," *Driving Myself Crazy* is an often hilarious, always inspiring tale of one woman's obsession with proving to herself that golf -- played right -- is a beautiful game ... at least for that moment.

.com In *Driving Myself Crazy*, Jessica Maxwell documents how she learned to play golf and why. Her narration of learning the game, from her first piece of instruction ("The point is not to think... just hit the ball") to her first visit to the driving range, is hilarious. Both novices and experienced golfers with any memory of starting out will relate to her tales of that hapless feeling of "the early days of rookiedom. The utter ignorance of all protocol, etiquette, and nomenclature, not to mention fundamental mechanics." Maxwell mixes the business of golf with pure pleasure; a description of her trip to Scotland to tour eight ladies' golf clubs provides the setting for a discussion of the history--and herstory--of golf. Nearly all of the clubs she visited were founded in the Victorian age, when it seemed easier to play (in whalebone corsets and full skirts, of course) in their own clubs than battle the men for entrance into theirs. These tales are interspersed between loving, almost gushing descriptions of the golf courses she visits in Oregon, Montana, Alabama, and North Carolina: "What especially drew my eye [to Sandpines in Oregon] was its palomino palette of ivory and wheat, the creaminess of vast rhomboids of sand, the feathery gold of its beach grasses. All of it kept fresh by its vivid fairways and greens, and the blueberry summer sky." Maxwell clearly loves to be surrounded by nature, even the carefully choreographed nature of a golf course. Reading about golf--even in a book as charming as this--is only second best to actually playing. Golfers may find themselves dropping the book and grabbing their clubs. --Suzanne Sexton From *Publishers Weekly* Until her mid-30s, Maxwell considered herself a nonathlete. Then she mastered fly-fishing and skiing, gaining enough proficiency to write about these sports. So how difficult could golf be? wonders Maxwell in this chronicle of her first year playing. Initially, she can barely hit the ball and doesn't understand when her coach tells her to "read the ball." (While Maxwell was looking for some philosophical message, the coach simply wanted her to stare at the name on the ball until she made contact with it.) Fortunately, Maxwell has help from some of the most accomplished golfers as she learns the game. She spends time in Hilton Head with one of the first great women golfers, Peggy Kirk Bell, as well as with champion Nancy Lopez. Her coaches include the Australian Peter Croker and Al Mundle, one of the best American golf coaches. Maxwell finds humor and frustration in the game; she admires the beauty of the spectacular championship courses, but she's baffled at the phrase "carry water," which she mistakenly imagines means that she'll have to cart bottles of water along with her clubs. And it takes a while before Maxwell is able to recognize and ask for the appropriate clubs. Fledgling golfers and even some more advanced players will identify with Maxwell's experiences and laugh along with her. For those enamored of the sport, this lighthearted read makes a nice addition to the coming golf season. (June) Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc. From *Library Journal* Having written humorously about learning to fly fish in *I Don't Know Why I Swallowed the Fly* (LJ 4/15/97), outdoors writer Maxwell turns to her rookiedom in golf. Utterly ignorant of golf terms, etiquette, and mechanics, she meanders along the tortuous golf learning curve with help from coaches, friends, and gurus from Alabama to Scotland, including her patron saint, Nancy Lopez. While few readers can enjoy these

opportunities, they will recognize her grasping at all offered advice. In this book, the reader discovers how golf is related to tricksters, boll weevils, Van Morrison songs, the Tao of Pooh, and, especially, fly-fishing ("Fly fishing and golf. Thy rod and thy staff"). Maxwell's colorful writing keeps readers in stitches for most of the book, until she gets bogged down in golf lore during a pilgrimage to Scotland's legendary courses. Recommended for public libraries where readers are seeking an antidote to golf instruction.-Kathryn Ruffle, formerly with Coll. of New Caledonia Lib., Prince George, BC Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.