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JANUARY 2011

THE ART
OF CHARCUTERIE

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THE GREAT
FITNESS EXPERIMENT

TAXI DRIVER

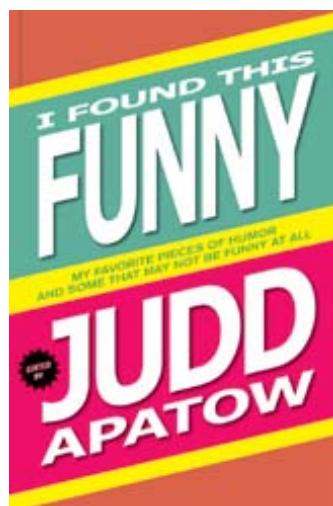
what to read next in independent publishing

JUDD APATOW I FOUND THIS FUNNY

In the new collection I Found This Funny, Judd Apatow presents the work of some of his favorite authors and artists. The book showcases many different styles of writing, from fiction to short humor to essays to comedy sketches to poetry.

Proceeds from the book will go to **826 National**, a nonprofit tutoring, writing, and publishing organization with locations in eight cities across the country.

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ANNOUNCING

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Writing Competition For Self-Published Authors

Wattpad, the world's most popular eBook community, and **Shelf Unbound** indie book review magazine announce the launch of the Wattpad + Shelf Unbound Writing Competition for self-published authors.

The competition is open to any self-published writer who has an active Wattpad account (go to www.wattpad.com/contests for further details). The winner, as selected by Shelf Unbound editors, will have their work published and promoted on Wattpad and featured in an upcoming issue of Shelf Unbound.

Entries may be submitted through January 31, 2011.



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DAILY ARTICLES



A BIG YEAR FOR SMALL PRESSES

It's been a big year for small presses. Bellevue Press published Paul Harding's *Tinkers*, and it won the Pulitzer. Two books on the Booker shortlist were from small presses, as were two Orange Prize finalists. The naming of Johanna Scribner's *The Sentimentalists* as the Giller Prize winner had Gaspereau Press, which initially printed just 800 copies of the book, scrambling to meet newfound demand. Jaimy Gordon's *Lord of Misrule* from McPherson & Co. won the National Book Award, and Karen Tei Yamashita's *I Hotel* from Coffee House Press was a finalist.

It's been a big year for new voices. Three of them made the *Shelf Unbound* Top 10 Books of 2010 list: Grace Krilanovich (*The Orange Eats Creeps*, Two Dollar Radio), Kira Henehan (*Orion You Came and You Took All My Marbles*, Milkweed Editions), and John Jodzio (*If You Lived Here You'd Already Be Home*, Permanent Press).

It's been a big year for book lovers. The conversation has been not just about what we're reading but how. Print or digital? Kindle? Nook? iPad? The digital revolution is changing publishing, but we think for the better, allowing a wider range of writers to reach a global audience of readers.

That's why we launched *Shelf Unbound* magazine. To celebrate small presses, university presses, and self-published authors. To explore new voices and varied voices and singular voices. Because we, like you, are book lovers. It's been a big year, and we're looking forward to all of the great books the next one will bring.

Margaret Brown
publisher

Like what you read? Click on any book cover to purchase from Powell's Books, or click on the publisher website for more information.

ERRATA: Jordan Flaherty's *Floodlines* is published by Haymarket Books, www.haymarketbooks.org



TAXI DRIVER | photographs by Steve Schapiro | **Taschen Books** | www.taschen.com

New York City is as much a character in *Taxi Driver* as Travis Bickle, the post-Vietnam psychopath brilliantly rendered by Robert DeNiro. In the foreword to Taschen's new limited edition collection of behind-the-scene set photographs by Steve Schapiro, director Martin Scorsese reflects on the film, the era, and the city.

—Ben Minton

This is the summer of 2010, and I'm in London shooting a movie. Thirty-five years ago, I was in New York shooting a very different kind of movie, during a very different era.

And it was a very different New York. The city is clean and becalmed now—a nice place to visit with your kids, do some shopping, see the sights. Thirty-five years ago, it wasn't. The city was in dire straits, right on the edge of bankruptcy, and severe cuts had been made in sanitation, police service, and the subways—in fact, the famous issue of the *Daily News* with the headline “Ford to City: Drop Dead” came out when we were editing. For many who lived in the five boroughs, it was a desperate time, and you could feel it out there, day and night. For

us, everything in Paul Schrader's brilliant script—the loneliness, the paranoia, the feeling of barren, dirty streets filled with angry cople—was magnified. New York had become a nightmare version of itself, and we lived and breathed it, walked and drove through it, let our story become infected and overwhelmed by it, just like Travis Bickle.

I put everything of myself into *Taxi Driver*. Many of us did. We wouldn't have had it any other way.

—Martin Scorsese

From *Taxi Driver*, photographs by Steve Schapiro, Taschen Books 2010, www.taschen.com. Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.



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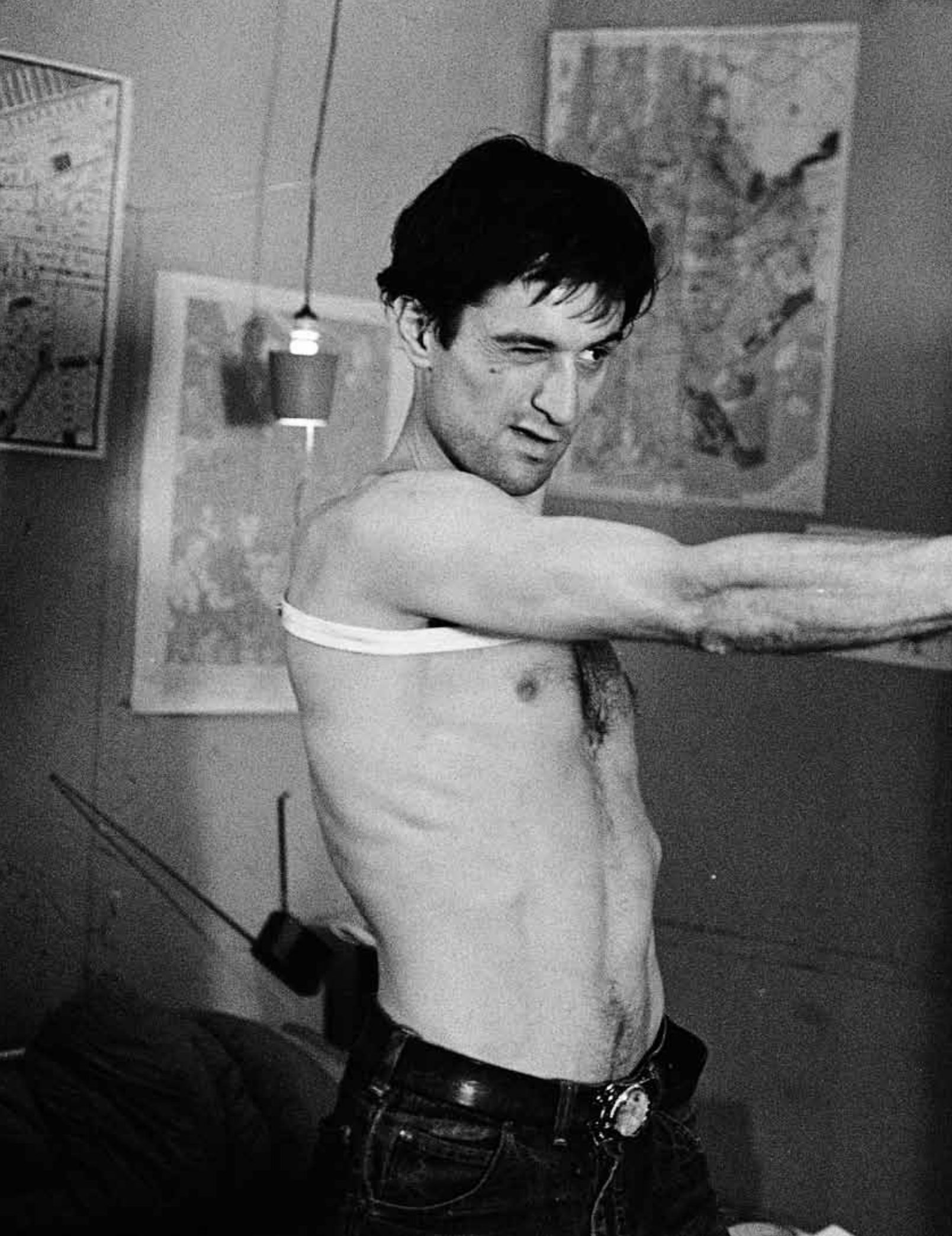




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PALMER

"We Are
the People"

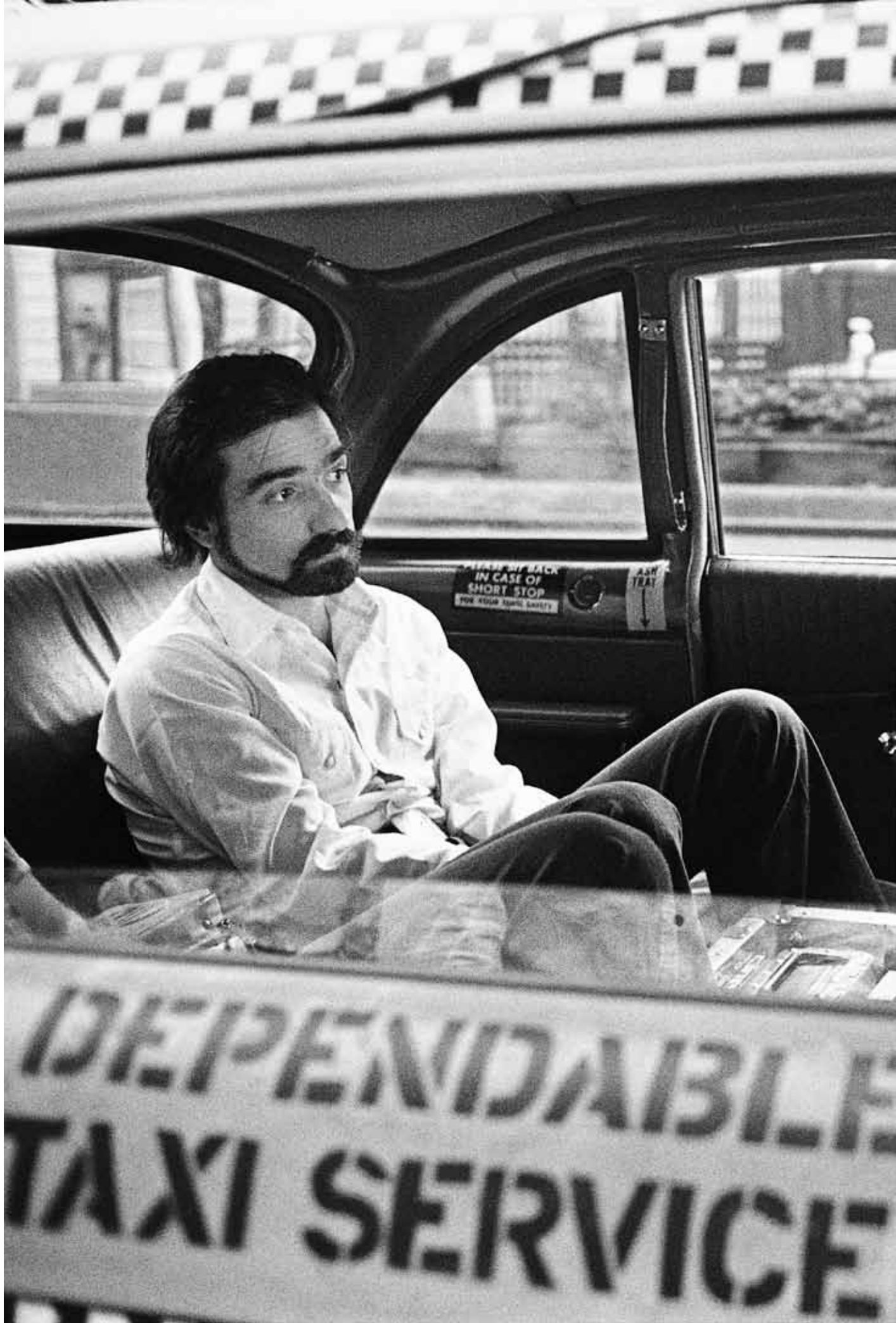
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scorsese.







STORE FRONT

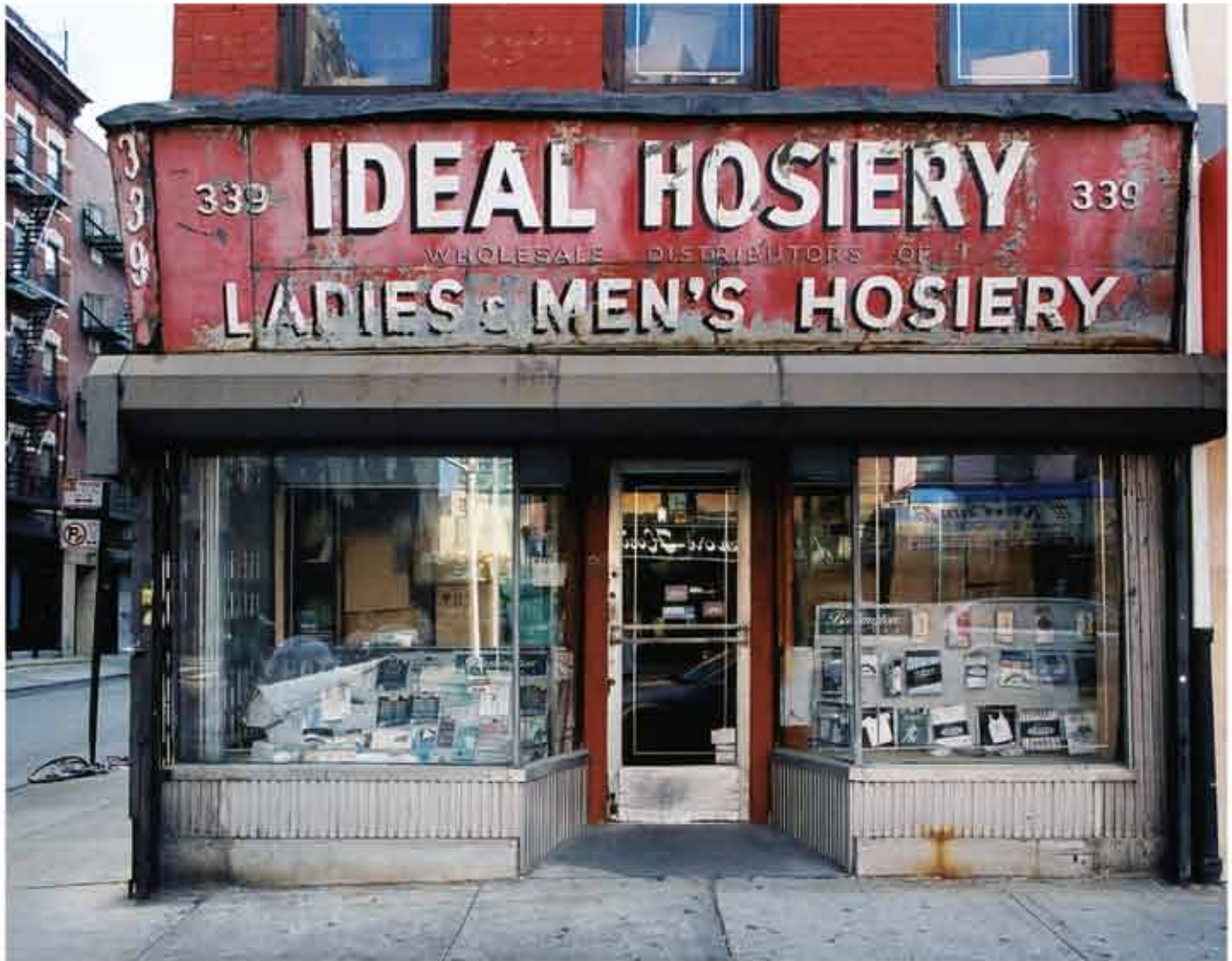
THE DISAPPEARING FACE OF NEW YORK

James T. & Karla L. Murray

Gingko Press | www.gingkopress.com

Sore Front (Mini) is a new, smaller version of the critically acclaimed best-seller *Store Front: The Disappearing Face of New York* by husband and wife photo-journalists James and Karla Murray. From Lower East Side Jewish delis to Harlem chicken shacks to mom and pop shops in Queens, these street-side images, reminiscent of a Richard Estes painting, serve as a perennial tribute to the city's fast-fading facades.

—Michelle Jackson



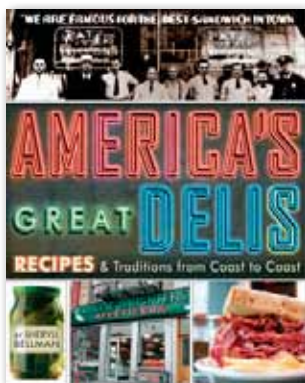
Grand Street at Ludlow Street (2004)

MANHATTAN *The Lower East Side*



Hester Street near Essex Street (2004)

12.13



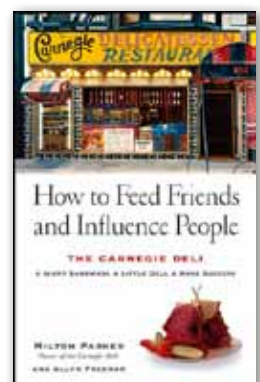
Whether you crave a Zingerman's sandwich, The Ferber Experience, Junior's Famous No. 1 Cheesecake, Katz's Deli Honey Cake, or Canter's Deli Cheese Blintzes, this book has the recipes and the history behind all your faves. *Recipes and Traditions from Coast to Coast* by Sheryll Bellman, Sellers Publishing, www.rsvp.com.



Essex Street near Canal Street (2004)

MANHATTAN The Lower East Side

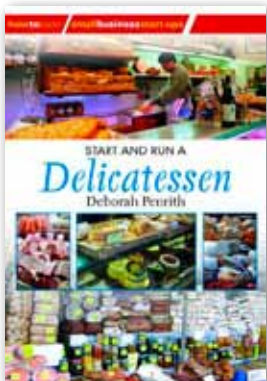
With wit, wisdom, and the occasional recipe, Milton Parker, the recently deceased founder of the Carnegie Deli, shares the story of how he built an icon by piling the pastrami high. *How to Feed Friends and Influence People: The Carnegie Deli...A Giant Sandwich, a Little Deli, a Huge Success* by Milton Parker and Allyn Freeman, Wiley, www.wiley.com.





Grand Street between Essex and Norfolk Streets (2005)

20.21



If your dream is to open your own deli, name your own sandwich, and shout out orders with the requisite attitude, here's everything you need to know to market, manage, and master your business.

Start and Run a Delicatessen by Deborah Penrith, How to Books, www.howtobooks.co.uk.



MANHATTAN The Lower East Side

From a delectable rye in Detroit to the kishke to beat all kishkes in Los Angeles, journalist David Sax doesn't leave a matzo ball unturned in his quest for the best deli delicacies west of the Lower East Side.

Save the Deli by David Sax, Mariner Books, www.hmhbooks.com.

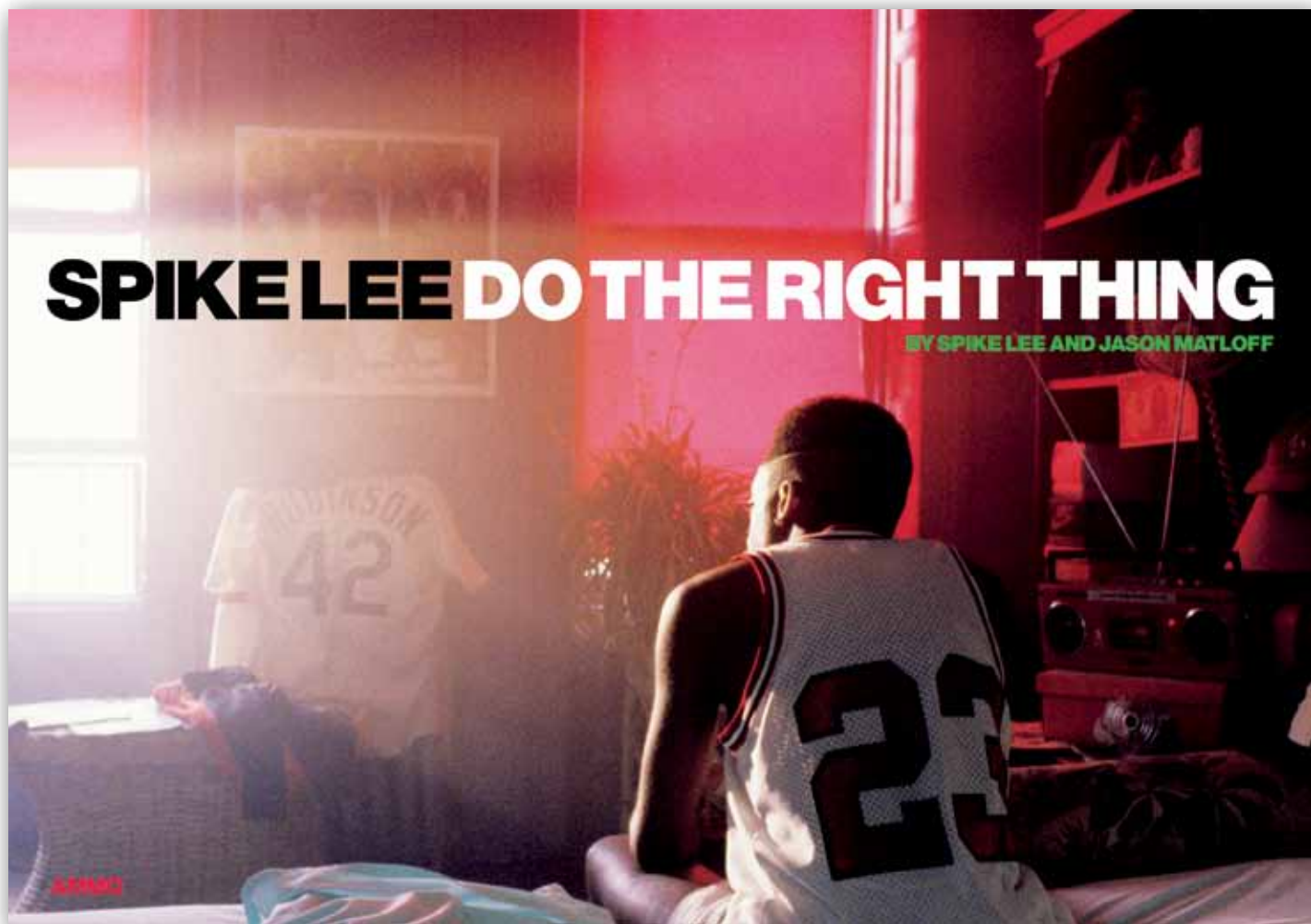




East Houston Street at Ludlow Street (2008)



MANHATTAN *The Lower East Side*

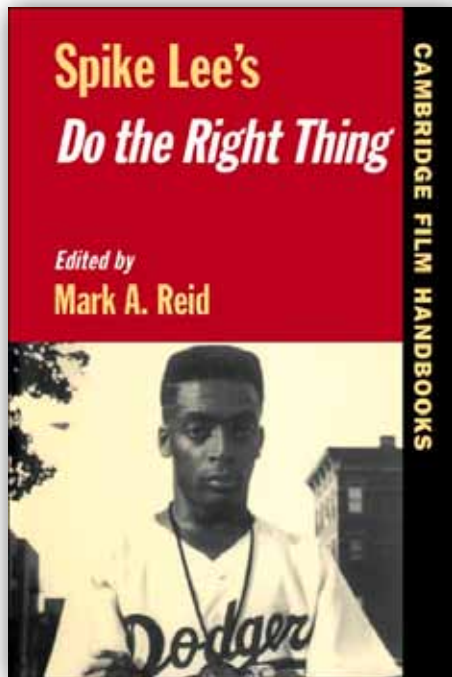


Ammo Books
www.ammobooks.com

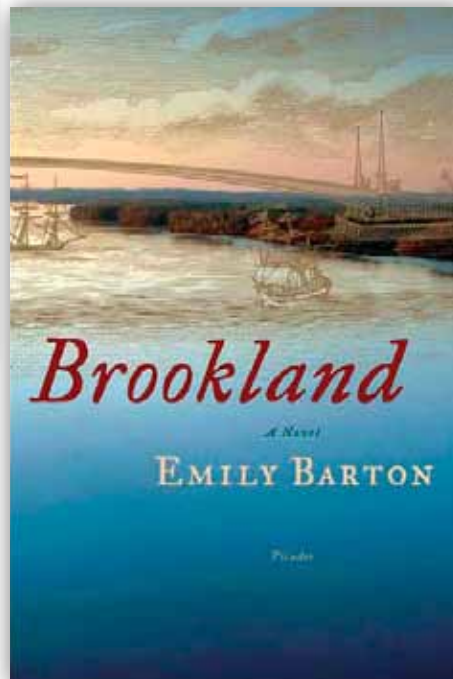
Celebrating two decades since its film-changing debut, *Do the Right Thing* remains an indelible portrayal of a place (Brooklyn), a person (Mookie), a pizzeria (Sal's), a period (the end of the '80s), and a problem (race relations). Not to mention a song—Public Enemy's "Fight the Power." It garnered Spike Lee his first Academy Award nomi-

nation, established Rosie Perez as an actress, and is credited with bringing President Barack Obama and the First Lady together on their first date. This book provides an insider's look at the once controversial film, combining behind-the-scenes visuals, movie stills, and insider interviews to bring that hot summer day back to life in all its sticky, electric, neon glory.

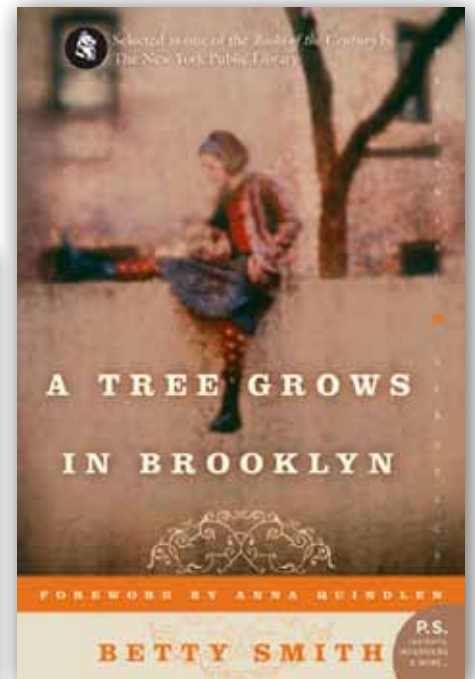
—Jack Rubenstein



The Brits lend an outsider's objectivity to American race relations in this collection of essays on Spike Lee's seminal film. *Spike Lee's Do the Right Thing*, edited by Mark A. Reid, **Cambridge University Press**, www.cambridge.org.



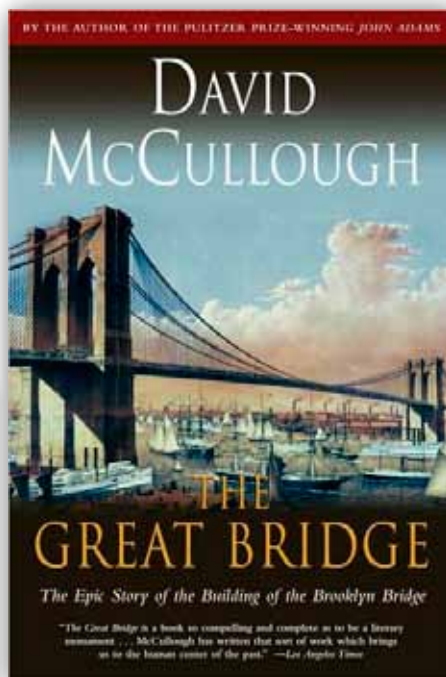
Set in 18th-century Brooklyn, this novel focuses on an attempt by three sisters to use a fortune distilled from gin to build a bridge across the East River. *Brookland* by Emily Barton, **Picador**, us.macmillan.com/picador.aspx.



Francie Nolan lived in the Williamsburg slums of Brooklyn from 1902 until 1919, coming of age and thriving despite privations, like the tree outside her urban window. *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* by Betty Smith, **HarperCollins**, www.harpercollins.com.



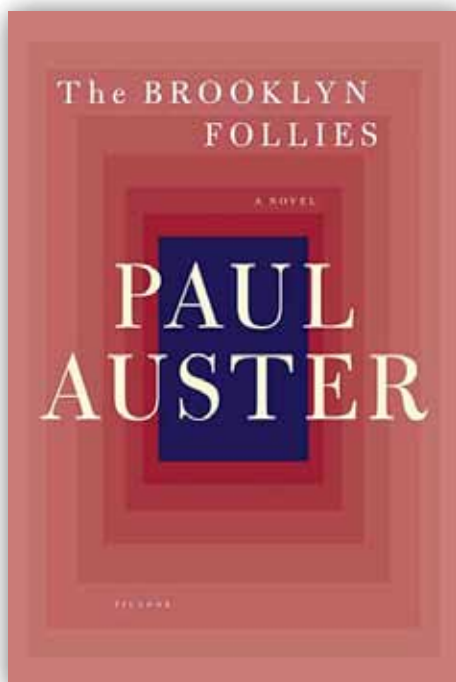
This cookbook celebrates the new tastes of the borough that has become the latest foodie scene. *The New Brooklyn Cookbook: Recipes and Stories from 31 Restaurants that Put Brooklyn on the Culinary Map* by Melissa & Brendan Vaughan, **William Morrow**, www.harpercollins.com.



First published in 1972, *The Great Bridge* is the account of one of the greatest engineering feats of all time. *The Great Bridge: The Epic Story of the Building of the Brooklyn Bridge* by David McCullough, **Simon & Schuster**, books.simonandschuster.com.



This remastered edition restores the original ending while adding four chapters and a new introduction to a triangular tale of hipster romance in Williamsburg. *Half Empty* by Tim Hall, **Undie Press**, www.undiepress.com.



A retired life insurance salesman facing a cancer diagnosis goes “looking for a quiet place to die. Someone recommended Brooklyn.” *The Brooklyn Follies* by Paul Auster, **Picador**, us.macmillan.com/picador.aspx.



Brooklyn Born Music Mix

Hip hop poet laureate Jay-Z’s music is of and about the city that shaped him: “I’m a Brooklyn boy I may take some getting use to.” Jay-Z details his upbringing in Brooklyn’s Marcy Projects in his memoir *Decoded*, just released from Spiegel & Grau. Our Brooklyn Born Music Mix surveys artists from Jay-Z to Woody Guthrie, all of whom have contributed a Brooklyn influence to the musical landscape.

—Debra Pandak



Brooklyn Go Hard
Jay-Z

Anna Bolena: Dal mio corpunita io sono
Beverly Sills

I’ve Got a Right to Sing the Blues
Lena Horne

Let’s Shake
Dan Zanes

Eh Cumpari
Julius Larosa

Caroline
Radio 4

Wipeout
Fat Boys

Empire State of Mind
Jay-Z

Love You
Maxwell

Never Knew Love Like This Before
Stephanie Mills

Brooklyn Roads
Neil Diamond

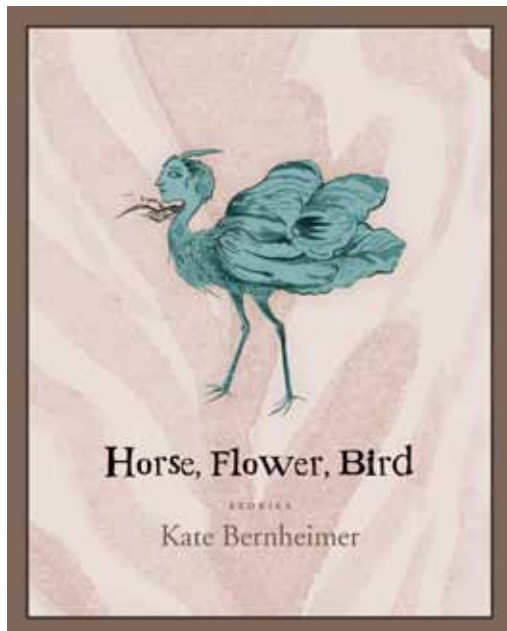
They Want EFX
Das EFX

You Mean Everything to Me
Neil Sedaka

Viene Su
Vic Damone

An Uncommon Love
Carole King

This Land is Your Land
Woody Guthrie



Coffee House Press
www.coffeehousepress.org

HER STORIES HAVE been likened to fairy tales, and the book itself begins “Once upon a time.” There are people cooked in ovens, thick-wooded forests, and talking animals. But each spare “story”—laid out one paragraph per page like stepping stones—will take you to a place you’ve never been on a path you didn’t know was there. When you reach the end, breadcrumbs or not, you’ll be grateful for the beautifully strange journey that will leave you spellbound.

—Anna Nair

EXCERPT

A Doll’s Tale

Once there was a musician who played ukulele, fiddle, accordion, and banjo with a group specializing in country tunes for weddings. At one such wedding, Jewish in style, he met his future bride. Sitting between a spread of lox and onions and another of herring and cream, she watched him play. He had longish blonde hair, a pale blue suit, and an ironic gaze. He looked like a cowboy-cum-criminal-cum-angelic deceiver. How they actually got introduced is not known; and in fact, this is not their story. It is the story of the future bride’s sister, who was neither at this wedding nor at their own. This Astrid herself never married.

As a very young child, Astrid had enjoyed many activities along with her sister. They shared a bedroom and had twin beds, and with a sheet draped over the space between the two they played runaways-in-tents. In summer they gathered frogs in a pail, left them in the sun, and shellacked their dried bodies in the basement. They used a tiny oven to make tiny cakes on numerous occasions. They also had great fun playing “Little Matchbox Girl,” fake-starving.

Yet all this came to a halt on Astrid’s ninth birthday, when she received a life-sized doll from which she quickly became inseparable. Astrid named the doll “Astrid,” too, though Astrid the doll was far less plain than Astrid the girl. The doll had blonde hair made from a horse’s mane, pink undies made of silk, and lengthy limbs of Plasticene. Astrid found the Astrid-doll rather haughty and mean. Confused by this feeling—for Astrid was a kind and gentle being—her ambivalence became a kind of devotion. “Oh, my doll! My precious friend!” she’d say, and press her lips on Astrid’s own.

However, after not very long, Astrid the doll was lost in a hotel on a family trip. This loss was perhaps Astrid’s own fault: a laundry chute was involved. As her mother phoned Miami Beach from home, Astrid held onto the telephone cord, sticking her finger into its coils and drawing it out, keening after the doll. She listened suspiciously as her mother described the scene of the crime as Astrid had described it. “She was in the bed,” Astrid’s mother said. “She is a big doll, the size of my girl.” But although Astrid’s mother attempted quite valiantly to retrieve the lost doll from Housekeeping’s hands, it did not work. Poor Astrid, left alone to swelter in Florida. Poor melting Astrid, Astrid desperately thought, smiling.

Then, out of guilt, or perhaps mere childish loneliness, Astrid soon invented an imaginary friend in exactly the same form as the beautiful doll. This new Astrid accompanied Astrid everywhere she went. Hand in invisible hand, they trundled along in the snow. Eye to unblinking eye, they told tales in bed, tales of madmen and beasts. How Astrid adored this new, imaginary friend! Silently she fell in love. “Oh, Astrid,” she would mouth in bed, nearly writhing with joy. Pressing a little ear to an absent voice, she listened as her very own Astrid mutely crooned of love.

Quite disappointingly, Astrid’s new and fragile happiness only served to bring upon the most unfortunate of consequences. For Astrid’s sister now had her own room with a green shag rug and intercom. After listening through the white box affixed to the wall one afternoon, she broadcast “Now entering the Astrid Freak Zone” through the house over and over again. It was no surprise that soon, a tragedy inexplicably occurred: Astrid ran away quite without warning. Not the girl, but the friend. Invisible to begin with, she vanished again. Frantically, Astrid told her parents about the disappearance. “We were lying in bed, and you tucked us in, and when I fell asleep she leapt out the window, I think.” She paused, gasping for breath. “She’s afraid of the dark,” she said. “Of the men that come in,” she added, elliptically.

Astrid’s parents responded to the disappearance with reason. Her father masterfully guided their luxury sedan throughout their small town, down each and every narrow alley and unpaved road in search of this invisible friend who had been—indeed!—the very best friend for his delicate, odd little girl. Astrid watched her father’s hands on the shift, so strong, so masculine. For a long time he steered them around and around. But at dusk he brought Astrid home, completely forlorn.

This second loss proved too much for her, really.

Doll-less, invisible friend-less, finally more comfortable in fear than in gladness, Astrid began to live in her head. Or rather inside a small tunnel—a hole—in her head, through which she watched everything gaily depart. She nodded this head and pretended to listen. “Bye bye,” she would hear from within, even when grown up and schooled. To outsiders, this inside-conversation lent her a remarkably pleasing air, since she never had reason to interrupt anyone’s talking. “Bye-bye,” she heard over and over. “Bye-bye, little doll, little friend.”

And as you perhaps have gleaned from this story, our Astrid didn’t much thrive.

From Horse, Flower, Bird by Kate Bernheimer, Coffee House Press 2010, www.coffeehousepress.org. Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.



THE HARDCOVER LIVES ON IN these exquisitely designed clothbound classics by British publisher White's Books. David Pearson, the award-winning designer of the Penguin Great Ideas series, commissioned the cover designs from the likes of textile designer Celia Birtwell (*Wuthering Heights*), Japanese designer Kazuko Nomoto (*Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma*), and Swedish fashion designer Petra Börner (*Jane Eyre*). More manly titles include *Sherlock Holmes: His Greatest Cases* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *Sonnets and Poems* by William Shakespeare, and *Treasure Island* by Robert Louis Stevenson. Each is a work of art, from the thickness of the paper and the printed end pages to the colored page tops and silky marker ribbon. Romance re-bound: You'll fall in love all over again.

—Lanelle Corbin

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

EXCERPT

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a large fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered the rightful property of someone or other of their daughters.

“My dear Mr Bennet,” said his lady to him one day, “have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?”

Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

“But it is, returned she; “for Mrs Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.

Mr Bennet made no answer.

“Do you not want to know who has taken it?” cried his wife impatiently.

“You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.”

This was invitation enough.

“Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.”

“What is his name?”

“Bingley.”

“Is he married or single?”

“Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or

five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!”

“How so? How can it affect them?”

“My dear Mr Bennet,” replied his wife, “how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.”

“Is that his design in settling here?”

“Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.”

“I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr Bingley may like you the best of the party.”

“My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.”

“In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.”

“But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.”

“It is more than I engage for, I assure you.

“But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not.”

“You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses

of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.”

“I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.”

“They have none of them much to recommend them,” replied he; “they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.”

“Mr Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion for my poor nerves.”

“You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these last twenty years at least.”

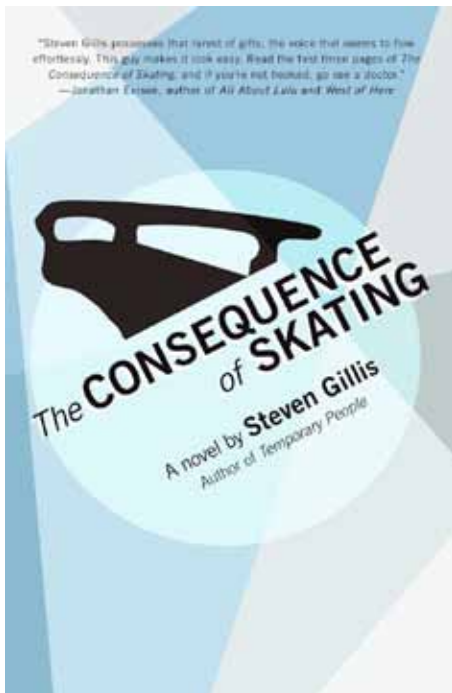
“Ah! you do not know what I suffer.”

“But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a-year come into the neighbourhood.”

“It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.”

“Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.”

Mr Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news. ■



Dzanc Books
www.dzancbooks.org

SOMETIMES CHARACTERS GROW ON YOU. WHEN YOU PUT down the book, you wonder what they're doing, how they're getting along—particularly when the characters seem real, like someone you knew in high school or the in-law that always seemed on the knife's edge of pulling it together, or falling apart. In his new book, *The Consequence of Skating*, Steven Gillis proffers just such a cast. No one is splashy; rather, their appeal is their normalcy. Mick is an everyman, a good guy at heart who is going through a patch of tough sledding at the moment. He's a struggling actor who has just come out of court-ordered rehab and tries to—really, is forced to—live humbly. So he humps through his job, making “prison wages” on a graveyard shift as the guard of a local amusement park, dark for the winter. He does odd jobs for his brother, fixing up low-cost apartment units to rent. Notwithstanding that fraternal relationship, he has cobbled together his real family from an assortment of folks living on the fringes. His best friend Ted is a computer genius obsessed with world injustice, and he picks up Cam, a 12-year-old latchkey kid, along with the tween's ill mother and disabled vet brother. Mick falls into a relationship with Sarah, a bar singer, even as he continues a post-mortem on his recently burned out relationship with Darcie, the narcissistic actress that still consumes his thoughts. One can't help but root for them all to make it, even if “making it” means just suiting up and showing up for one more day.

—Melissa Romig

INTERVIEW

Shelf Unbound: *Your new book, **The Consequence of Skating**, contains running references to a number of plays and playwrights, including Harold Pinter. Are you a live theater fan, or was this just a strategic aspect of the book?*

Steven Gillis: Both. I like to read plays—is that strange?—and see how the writer makes the play work on the page first. I don't get to as many plays as I would like but certainly enjoy them when I do go, and Ann Arbor [Michigan] has some wonderful theater groups. Using theater was also a conscious strategic aspect of *Skating* from the inception, as well as

a way for me to work in Pinter, whom I very much wanted to employ each for his plays, his politics, and his philosophy as a strong voice throughout the novel.

Shelf: *One such reference is the protagonist Mick's obsession with **Moonlight**, a Pinter play from the mid-1990s. It's a play that examines love, death, ghosts (literally and figuratively), and family. Is Mick living his own **Moonlight**, in a way?*

Gillis: Well, certainly, yes. *Moonlight* deals with the disconnect in families, the misapplication of one's own his-

tory, the complications of love and relationships on every level, so yes, I chose *Moonlight* specifically for these reasons. Plus, I wanted to use one of Pinter's more obscure plays as a focal point, to drive home the unique intimacy Mick feels toward Pinter.

Shelf: *To pass the time on the midnight shift, Mick resumes ice-skating and takes up barrel jumping, albeit with picnic tables rather than barrels. Of all the obscure hobbies for Mick, why barrel jumping?*

Gillis: Well, the ice was there and it was something for Mick to do at the park. I've been involved in some form of athletics for 40-plus years, and I remember back as a kid watching *Wide World of Sports* and the ice jumping competitions, so I thought this fit perfectly. It's an absurd and punishing sport, one Mick has no business doing, so it again is perfectly suited for him to toss himself about and punish himself with great joy in this way. And it's beautiful when performed correctly, something Mick tries to impart to Cam.

Shelf: *At the end of the book, Mick methodically undertakes a somewhat surprising task. While executing it, he narrates his vision of a future, including what he hopes for his career, his relationship, and the lives of his friends. I was pulling for Mick and the others, so tell me: Does Mick's vision come true?*

Gillis: Ahh, does it? Should I write a sequel? No, I don't think I will. But I do think the book answers these questions to the extent that it is clear Mick is going to keep trying and that is the ultimate key. How is that for being vague?

Shelf: *Your author's acknowledgment was interesting, sporting a rare "fuck you"—literally—in a space generally reserved for gratitude. May I ask what was going through your head at the time?*

Gillis: My wife was diagnosed with breast cancer, went through chemo, mastectomy, radiation, experimental infusions, meds. A very long two years and we still don't know how things are going to turn out, though she is doing better, thanks. We have two school-age kids, too. It was a rough, rough time, made easier by some truly amazing friends—and just as amazing to me was how utterly callous and distant some people whom we were very close to turned out to be. At crunch time people show their true colors. I didn't want to write the normal acknowledgment; I thought this one worked best to say it all.

Shelf: *In 2006, you and Dan Wickett cofounded Dzanc Books. First of all, how do you pronounce it and what does it mean?*

Gillis: *Daah-zaanck.* The letters are the first letters of Dan and my kids' names. Dan has three—Dalton, Anastassia, and Chase, and I have two—Anna and Zach.

Shelf: *You're a former attorney and Wickett started as a literary blogger with The Emerging Writers Network. Why did the two of you want to start a publishing company? What was your vision?*

Gillis: There is a question I could write a 20-page answer to. Long and short, we are both book lovers, myself as a writer and Dan more the reader.

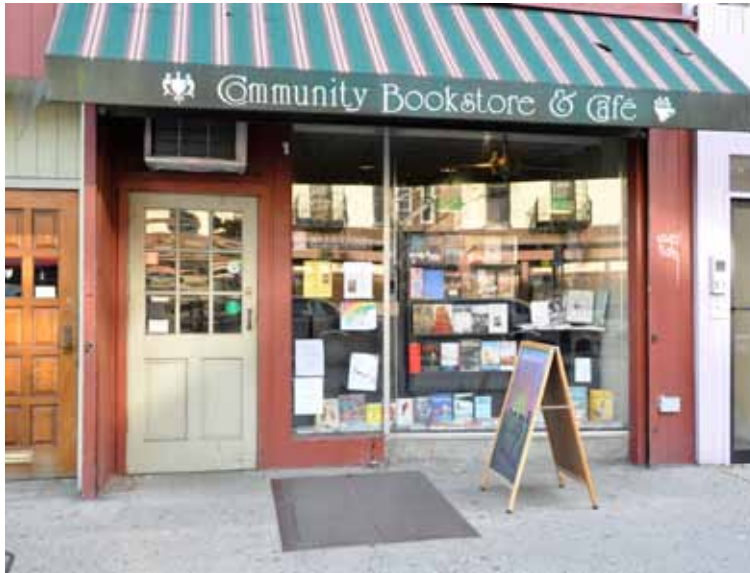
We knew the industry and thought there were things we could do to make use of our knowledge—a politically correct way to say we thought we could do better. We wanted to publish great books and not concern ourselves with how others felt certain books were tough to market. If the writing was great and worthy of publishing, we wanted to take the risk.

Shelf: *Four years later, is the publishing industry what you thought it would be?*

Gillis: Sadly, yes. We knew at the time we started Dzanc that the entire industry was changing. It's a slow and sad death for some—independent book stores, the way books are published. At the same time, it's all very exciting. If you look at the first article written about Dzanc in *Wired* almost 4 years ago [www.wired.com/techbiz/startups/news/2007/10/dzancbooks], you will see we had a vision and saw where publishing was going and needed to go, and we have been pretty much right on the money. Still, at the end of the day, any publisher worth a damn has to have his/her focus on the book. The key is working with great authors and putting out worthy books. That much hasn't changed. It's the how that is evolving, and Dzanc is very much in tune with what is happening with ebooks and online, as well as what needs to be done in order for the printed book to survive.

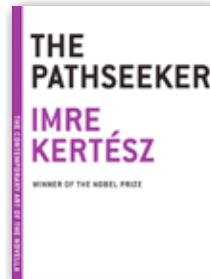
For more about Dzanc, as well as its sponsored writing workshops, residency and online writing programs, and Disquiet, a new international literary venture and award that will launch in Lisbon, Spain, in 2011, visit www.dzancbooks.org.

what's on their shelf



Poet Jen Bervin strips Shakespeare's sonnets down to the "nets" of their structure, creating complex and lyric new poems in the spaces left between the lines. **Nets** by Jen Bervin, Ugly Duckling Presse,

www.uglyducklingpresse.org.



Hungarian Holocaust survivor and Nobel Prize winner Imre Kertész starts his haunting novel with a banal seaside holiday and ends with an examination of the ravages of totalitarianism. **The Pathseeker** by Imre Kertész, translated by Tim Wilkinson, Melville House Press, www.mhpbooks.com.



A modern-day fairy tale about a Québécois novelist with a bad back who, along with his intrepid young translator, follow a stray cat into a mystery set amid the pure beauty of language—not a storyline stretch for the award-winning Canadian author and translator. **Translation Is a Love Affair** by Jacques Poulin, Archipelago Books, www.archipelagobooks.org.

THE COMMUNITY BOOKSTORE

If you find yourself in Park Slope looking for a Bohemian bookstore in which to hide out from the stroller mafia and get your daily dose of the intellectual, head to The Community Bookstore, one of the oldest surviving independent book purveyors in the five boroughs. Curl up on one of the overstuffed couches, warm your hands on a cup of espresso, and "browse" the extensive book selection with someone else's better-behaved cat on your lap (or, if you prefer rabbits, there's also a real-life Pat the Bunny). For the cynics at heart, there's also

the store-sponsored Modernist Book Club, which meets the fourth Wednesday of every month at 7 p.m. Past club selections include J.M. Coetzee's *Elizabeth Costello*, Ford Maddox Ford's *The Good Soldier*, Marcel Proust's *Swann's Way*, Raymond Chandler's *The Long Goodbye*, Rebecca West's *The Fountain Overflows*, and William Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* If you're more of an optimist, their beautifully animated website is cool, too. 143 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, New York, 718.783.3075, www.communitybookstore.net. —Dean Hill

FRANK HUYLER, AUTHOR OF *RIGHT OF THIRST*, CALLS *Tengo Sed* “brilliant.” John Nichols, author of *The Milagro Beanfield War*, calls it “brutal and beautiful.” It is all that and more. I read straight through all 130 pages then started over again with page 1. It is the best piece of medical literature I have read since Atul Gawande’s *Complications* and one of the most insightful and strikingly original books I’ve read in years. If it were a TV show, it would be *ER*’s first season with Dr. Peter Benton’s egoism and John Carter’s earnestness. It would be J.D. Dorian’s imagined alter-reality and Perry Cox’s over-the-top abuse from *Scrubs*. And it would all be mixed with the shadows-in-the-cave philosophy and flash-back/flash-forward character backstory of *Lost* for an Emmy-worthy premiere novel that will leave you thirsty for more.

—Chico Valdez

EXCERPT

Prelude to Morning

I never thought I would know how long a day was. Now I do. Down to the minute. My Jolly Rancher melting away in my mouth at 5:31, followed by a slurp of coffee. Good morning, New Mexico!

I have been up all night with the sick and the lame. They have tubes in their mouths. I don’t. I look at them. They are too tired to roll over and look away.

Day creeps into day. The movement is invisible. Sleep ordinarily breaks the monotony of our lives, gives a false sense of renewal, but really we are there all along. My duties will end with rounds, a presentation of all the patients in the ICU, a good morning and farewell all at once.

While most of the world thinks of rounds as something circular or a cut of steak, here in the medical world it is actually linear. We take the flesh and line it up (that is when the intern pre-rounds), talk about it (that is when the intern learns humility), and then execute it (this is when the patient’s head,

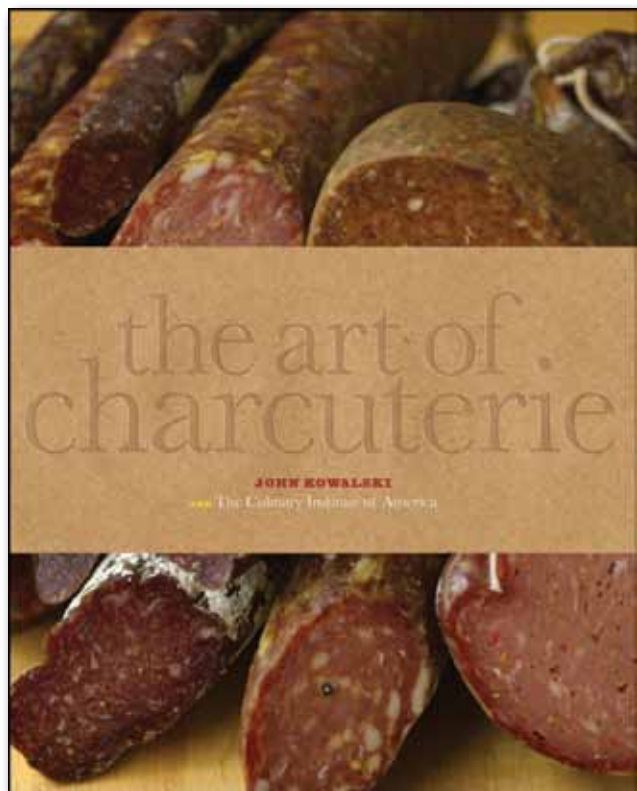
with any luck, stays attached and we learn something). This is called rounds. Rounds are a sacred undertaking, a daily undertaking, a stand-until-you-drop undertaking, and then you come back up to the surface for more. What was I saying? Which system of the body—the holy five: Neuro, Pulmonary, Cardiovascular, FEN/GI/GU and Heme/ID—was I on? And you keep going. Your mouth moving too fast over words you’re too tired to say. And the wind blows, and it does not matter what kind of hell-fire your boss breathes forth or how starched his pantaloons are, nor what brand of coffee he guzzles before he spits on you. You will push through and find yourself on the other side of the day. You are an Israelite in the middle of a psalm. And morning in its mercy always comes.

From Tengo Sed by James Fleming, University of New Mexico Press 2010, www.unmpress.com. Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.



University of New
Mexico Press
www.unmpress.com

CHARCUTERIE



Wiley | www.wiley.com

The ancient art of charcuterie has been getting its groove back in recent years, as hip chefs have taken a renewed interest in this artisanal specialty. Pâtés, cured meats, terrines, and gourmet sausages are appearing on menus at top restaurants, and modern techniques and unusual spice combinations are putting a new spin on the time-honored tradition of preserved meats. *The Art of Charcuterie* offers a comprehensive education from a current perspective, covering equipment, ingredients, sanitation, and, of course, C.I.A.-worthy techniques and processes. With beautiful full-color photography and technical illustrations, this book will have you curing, brining, and smoking with the best.

—Dean Hill





Pastrami (brined, spiced, smoked beef)

1 beef brisket, 10 to 12 lb
1½ gallons water
1 lb to 1 lb 4 oz kosher salt
5 oz granulated sugar
3½ oz Insta Cure No. 1
3 garlic cloves
1 tbsp pickling spice
2 oz coriander seeds, toasted
2 oz black peppercorns, toasted, cracked

1. Trim the external fat on the brisket to ¼-inch thick.
2. In a brining tub, combine the water, salt, sugar, and Insta Cure. Mash the garlic cloves and crush the pickling spice and add to the brine solution.
3. Weigh the brisket and inject the brisket with brine equal to about 10 percent of its weight.
4. Place the brisket in the brining tub and use a plate or rack to keep it completely below the surface.
5. Brine the brisket for 3 days.
6. After 3 days, remove the brisket from the brine and soak it in warm water for 30 minutes. Drain and dry the brisket.
7. Grind the coriander and peppercorns to medium-fine in a spice grinder. Rub the spices over the surface of the brisket on all sides.
8. Cold-smoke the brisket for 2 hours.
9. Hot-smoke the brisket at 185 degrees to an internal temperature of 155 to 160 degrees. The smoke intensity should be about medium; you do not want it to be too strong. Cherry, mesquite, and hickory are woods that go well with meat products.
10. To finish the pastrami, simmer in water until tender, about 2 hours. It may also be cooked, wrapped, and refrigerated for up to 2 weeks. To reheat the brisket, place it in water or stock and reheat to an internal temperature of 165 degrees.

From The Art of Charcuterie by John Kowalski & the Culinary Institute of America, Wiley 2010, www.wiley.com. Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.

EATING ANIMALS

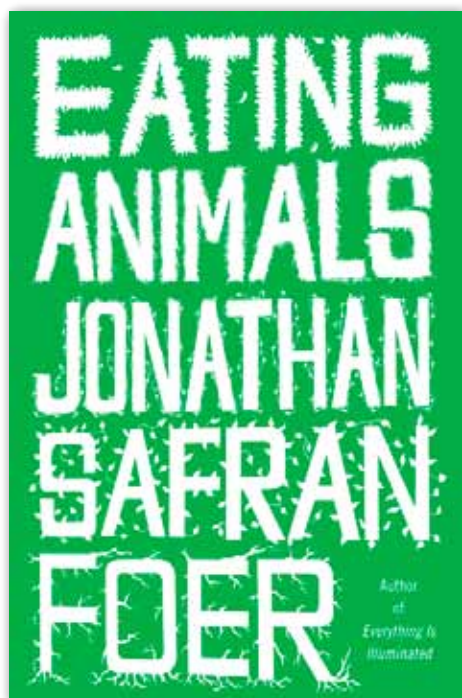
by Jonathan Safran Foer

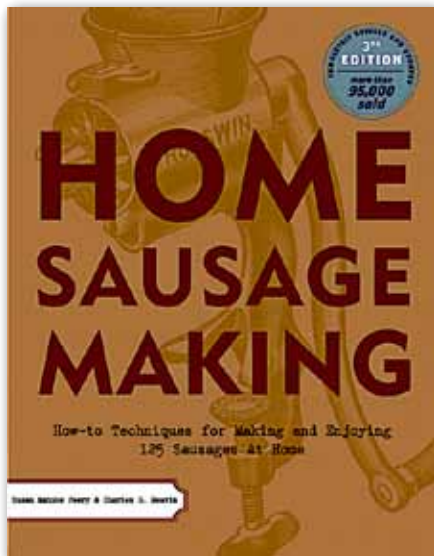
Little Brown & Company

www.hachettebookgroup.com

If the thought of eating sausage actually makes you lose your appetite, Jonathan Safran Foer's *Eating Animals* will give you good reason. With graphic descriptions of factory farming, animal breeding, mass confinement, and assembly-line slaughter, the author of the novels *Everything is Illuminated* and *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close* takes a documentary turn as he explores the inhumane reality of industrialized meat, making us watch just how our bulk sausage is made, and raised. Framed within the story of his recent fatherhood and his Holocaust survivor grandmother's often complex relationship with food, this memoir cum exposé waxes philosophical as it intelligently engages with a difficult topic, reminding us that what is on our plate is never simply a matter of taste.

—Jennifer Wichmann





by Susan Mahnke Peery
& Charles G. Reavis

Storey Publishing
www.storey.com

Wisconsinite Susan Mahnke Peery never missed a Bratwurst Day, and her sausage expertise shows. With chapters on pork, beef, lamb, game, poultry, seafood, and even vegetarian sausages, this cookbook provides a comprehensive guide to flavorful links and patties that can easily be made at home with just a meat grinder

or food processor. Whether you're craving Boudin Blanc, Andouille, Scrapple, Merguez, or Braunschweiger, you'll find well-seasoned recipes for a wide variety of fresh and cured flavors and styles. A must for home cooks looking for creative and healthy ways to make sausage in their own kitchens.

Chicken Sausage with Chardonnay and Apples

The apples and wine add moisture, and the ginger sparks up the taste of this fine-textured sausage. It is delicious as an entrée or sliced and served warm with cheese and crackers.

- 2 feet small hog or sheep casing
- 2 pounds boneless chicken thighs with skin
- 2 teaspoons kosher or coarse salt
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper (medium grind)
- 1 Granny Smith or other firm, tart apple, peeled and chopped
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- ¼ cup Chardonnay

1. Prepare the casing.
2. Grind the chicken and skin through the fine disk of a meat grinder.
3. In a large bowl, combine the chicken, salt, ginger, pepper, apple, onion, and Chardonnay. mix well, using your hands.
4. Grind the seasoned mixture through the fine disk of the meat grinder.
5. Stuff the mixture into the prepared casing. Prick air pockets. Twist off into 3-inch links. Cut the links apart with a sharp knife. Arrange the links on a platter, cover, and refrigerate for at least 2 hours to meld the flavors. Use within 2 to 3 days or freeze for up to 2 months.

From Home Sausage Making by Susan Mahnke Peery & Charles G. Reavis, copyright © 2003 by Storey Publishing, LLC. Used with permission from Storey Publishing, LLC, www.storey.com.

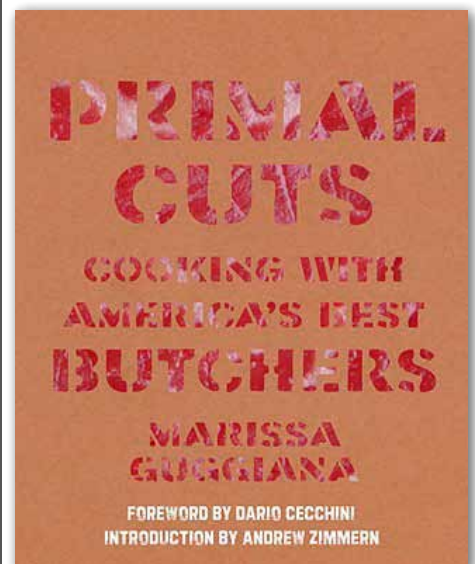
PRIMAL CUTS

by Marissa Guggiana

Welcome Books
www.welcomebooks.com

Really want to get to the heart of the matter? Marissa Guggiana—food activist, writer, and fourth-generation meat purveyor—traveled from coast to coast to find 50 of the nation's best butchers. From starred chefs to free-range farmers, they share favorite stories, cuts of meat, butchery methods, recipes, and cooking techniques. Not so much a cookbook as a means of cultural preservation, *Primal Cuts* is all about making the sinewy connections that bind us to the proteins in our life, in a good way.

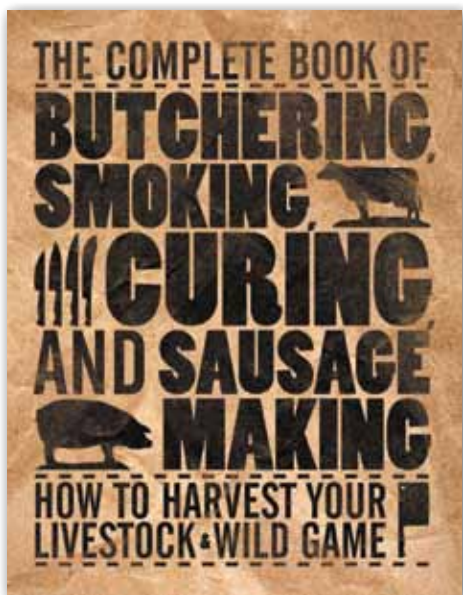
—Jack Rubenstein



**THE COMPLETE BOOK OF
BUTCHERING, SMOKING, CUR-
ING, AND SAUSAGE MAKING**
by Philip Hasheider

Voyageur Press
www.voyageurpress.com

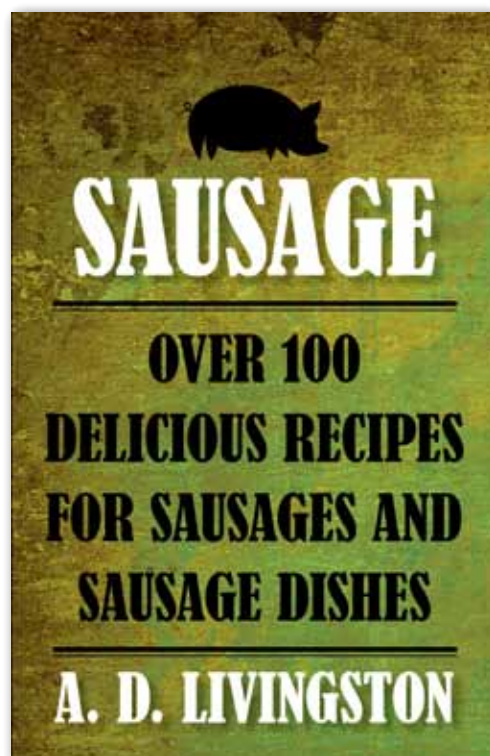
Do you view Cuisinarts with disdain? Find yourself shuddering at the thought of plastic-wrapped, Styrofoam-plated supermarket meats? Feel most at home with your backyard herd and meat saw? Then this Tarrantino-esque guide aimed for the hunter and homesteader is for you. It is certainly not for the faint of heart, with detailed descriptions and photographs describing just how to humanely kill, clean, and process your own meat (from beef to chicken to big game to raccoon). There are even detailed diagrams showing how to build your own backyard smoker. There are recipes for jerky and sausage, but the real meat is in the grisly details, which all add up to a clear guide to building your own backyard butchery business. Neighbors beware.



by A. D. Livingstone

Lyons Press
www.lyonspress.com

A. D. Livingston, a regular food columnist for *Gray's Sporting Journal* and travel editor at *Southern Living*, knows his way around a fishing pole, and a skillet. In his easy-to-use collection of more than 100 recipes, he includes all the classic German styles, as well as sausages from France, Italy, Scandinavia, Africa, Asia, the Middle East, and the British Isles. And, of course, along with recipes for wildfowl, venison, and game sausages, there are a few fish ones, too. Because the recipes are for fresh sausages made from whole ingredients and spices, they are easily made at home.



Mississippi Casserole

This old Mississippi dish calls for a combination of oysters and bulk sausage. It's hard to beat for texture and flavor, especially if you can gather your own fresh oysters. I cook it from time to time when I go oystering, or when I purchase a bag of fresh Appalachia oysters.

- 2 pounds bulk sausage
- 2 pints freshly shucked oysters, drained
- 3 cups uncooked brown rice
- 2 cups chopped onion
- 2 cups chopped celery with tops
- 1 cup chopped fresh parsley or cilantro (divided)

Cook the rice by the directions on the package. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Brown the sausage in a skillet, then pour the drippings into a saucepan or another skillet. Sauté the onion and celery in the sausage drippings for 10 minutes. In a bowl, mix the rice, sausage, onion, celery, cup of the parsley, and all the oysters. Turn the mixture into a casserole dish and sprinkle with the rest of the parsley. Bake for 30 minutes. Feeds 6 to 10.

From Sausage by A. D. Livingston, © 1998, Lyons Press, www.lyonspress.com.



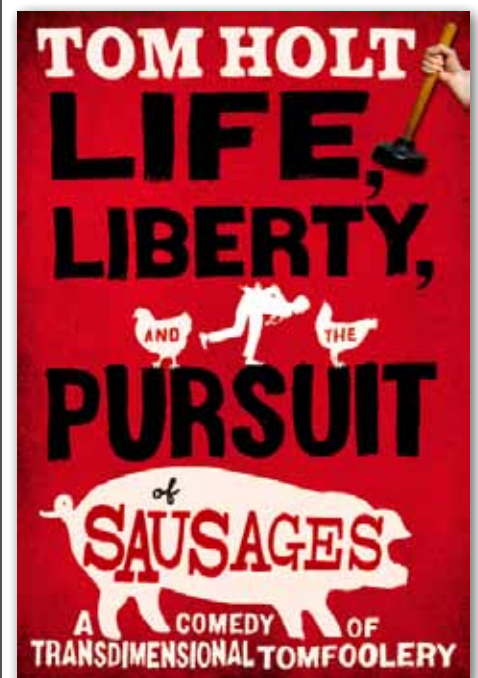
Tom Holt

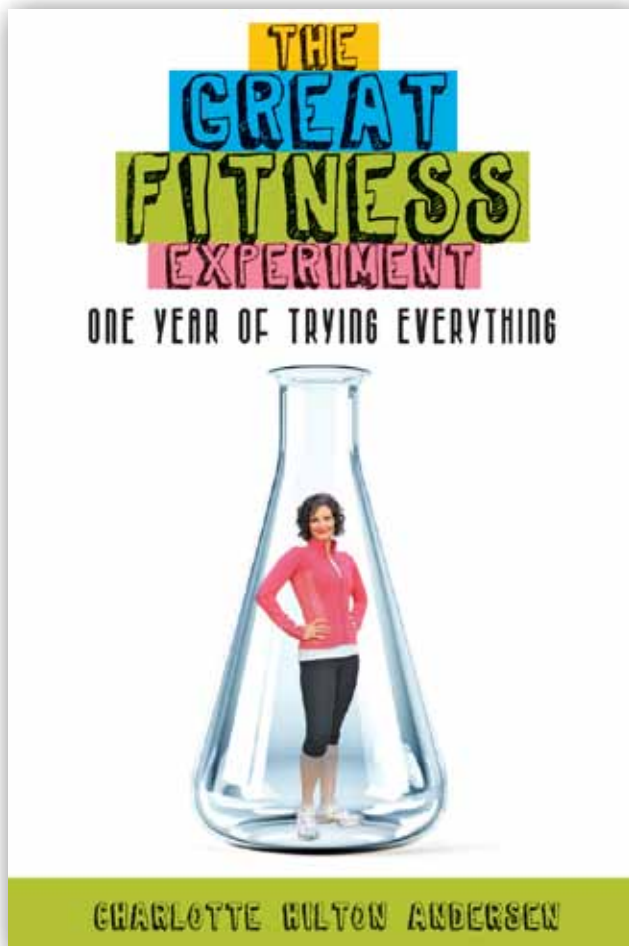
Orbit

www.orbitbooks.net

Comic novelist Tom Holt is back in February with an allegedly hilarious new novel about parallel worlds. Chickens think they're people, people are losing their minds, and one very important pig is at the center of it all. The British Holt, oft likened to Douglas Adams for his previous sci fi novel *Blonde Bombshell*, is sure to keep readers guessing until the twisted end.

—Dean Hill





Clerisy Press | www.clerisypress.com

feeling fat?

I like to work out. And I confess that I've watched entire infomercials for ab gadgets, boot camp videos and—yes, I'll even admit this—I've been this close to ordering P90X. So when I saw Charlotte Hilton Andersen's new book, *The Great Fitness Experiment: One Year of Trying Everything*, it fell right in my wheelhouse.

The premise of the experiment is that Anderson commits to a new diet and exercise regimen each month for a year, sharing her observations as she proceeds.

Anderson admits up front that she's no fitness expert, she's just a regular "girl trying to get a good workout in, and making a lot of mistakes. . . ." But despite the self-deprecation, her reflections are amusing and genuine as she exposes the reader to some intriguing—and sometimes obscure—fitness routines along the way.

The mostly irreverent read is occasionally a bit disturbing. Andersen has struggled with eating disorders for years, publicly and privately, and certain passages in the book convinced the armchair psychiatrist in me that she still battles body image and food issues even as she obsesses over her pursuit of fitness. But in the end, her obsessions and insecurities made me feel better about my own. And she left me with an inspiring new workout routine.

—Rebecca Tressel

If I've learned anything from my day job (i.e.: it's a late-into-the-night job) grading thousands of high school SAT essays—other than that every junior read *The Great Gatsby* this year—it's that life is all about your weaknesses and how you deal with them. Very few seventeen-year-olds are innately good spur-of-the-moment essay writers, and yet the Forces That Be have decreed that if you want to get into a good college, then you'd better be able to crank out something both quasi-meaningful and semi-literate in under thirty minutes. This conundrum forces students to confront one of their weaknesses and deal with it in a high-pressure situation.

Those students who are prepared and/or just talented—about 25 percent by my rough estimation—usually sail through with few problems other than blandness (seriously, I have the most boring job in the world.) It's the rest of the kids who make me alternate between wanting to hug every sad sack in excessive eyeliner and a Hot Topic hoodie. The students unprepared for the exam or perhaps caught up in a clench of testing anxiety usually employ one of several tactics: overconfidence, bluffing, gibberish, or just plain giving up. (Side note: I had a student once who drew me a wonderfully illustrated—yet wordless—cartoon interpretation of the prompt. Sadly, we don't grade for creativity. I still wonder what happened to that kid.) Obviously, the first three irritate me greatly, but it's the last one that breaks my heart. There's usually at least one essay in every batch that is nothing but some eraser marks and tear stains.

Write something! Write anything! I want to scream at them. Even if it's nothing but a tangential recap of last night's *American Idol*, you'll still get some points. But two x-ed out sentences and a damp spot? Nada, you have to at least try.

It makes me think of all the times in my life that I've left nothing but proverbial eraser dribble and tears. I'll be honest: I'm a wuss. I don't have a high pain tolerance or risk tolerance or gore tolerance

or any other tolerance. (Back when I was teaching, one of my classes figured out that they could actually get me to run out of the room with my hands over my ears by recounting the plot line to any of the *Saw* movies. My street cred never quite recovered from that one.) I often joke that if I'd been born a serf or a pioneer or a woman in any other age before feminine hygiene products were invented, I probably would have died before passing on my genes, thus ending the Charlotte lineage of crazy before it could even get going.

There is an upside to my wussitude, however. Having so many weaknesses makes me confront them on a regular basis. And this—while painful and often embarrassing—generally makes for a lot of good learning opportunities. Our society tends to focus on individual strengths—encouraging people to hone their skills, focus on their assets, and trumpet their achievements. But here's the thing: The real growth comes not from doing what you already do well, but from trying what you suck at enough times that you get better. There is little interest for me in reading about people who were born good at what they do (um, hi, Lance Armstrong). I'd much rather hear about those who struggle and fight and earn every inch of what they've got. And if I'm being really honest, those are the things I like best about myself.

I take for granted my speed-reading ability because, frankly, I've always been good at that. I've never had to struggle to learn to read. But on the other hand, for years I was painfully, gut-wrenchingly, awkward-as-Daria-on-MTV shy. It's taken me a lot of work and effort (and, yes, reading) to overcome what I had once seen as an unchangeable personality trait, an accomplishment that holds far more value for me. Another weakness that I'm currently working on overcoming is my obsession with and hatred of my body, in particular my weight. It's so omnipresent in my mind that everyone around me is sick of hearing about it. I get tired of writing it. And thinking it

and crying over it and wasting time on it. I'm not over it yet. But I'm not going to quit confronting it until I've conquered it. (Jelly bean weakness duly noted. It's on the list too. Somewhere. Bottom-ish.)

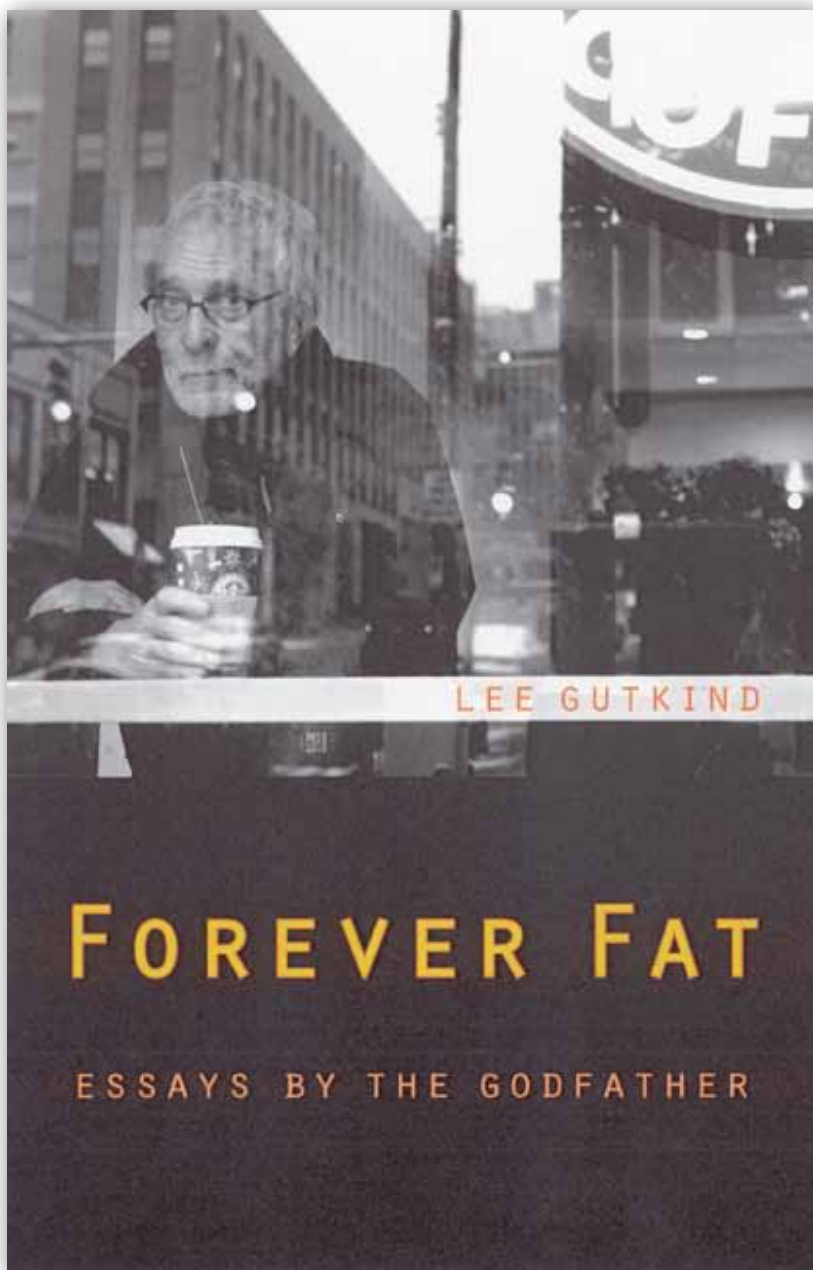
This is the problem I have with most fitness stories. It's all about the “Before” (cue frowny face and big lumpy T-shirt) and the “After!” (bring on the fake tan, three-quarter turn and bikini in heels!). So very little is said about the struggle in the middle. It's not that I don't ever want to hear about what people do right—we all need more positivity—but is it wrong to want to hear the messy middle too?

Thanks to advancements in medicine and eugenics laws, a lot of us weak folk are surviving. But life is about so much more than just surviving it. To thrive you have to learn from your weaknesses, whether they be physical, mental, or spiritual. All of which means that at least my life will never be boring.

One of the best things about working out at my particular YMCA is the big “special” bus that rolls up every morning and unloads a group of handicapped people. Some of them sell homemade cards in the lobby, others congregate around the free coffee, but some of them make it onto the fitness floor. This used to frighten me: They make loud noises, monopolize all the exercise balls, and one of them walks around the track swinging his arms as if caught in an invisible gnat cloud at all times. But as I got to know them, and they started to share their accomplishments with me, I came to love them—even the girl who brings all her beanie babies to yoga and lines them up facing her mat. (You try doing down dog with an audience of fifty-one little plastic eyes!)

They have taught me: There is value in fallibility.

From The Great Exercise Experiment: One Year of Trying Everything by Charlotte Hilton Andersen, Clerisy Press 2010, www.clerisypress.com. Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.



University of Nebraska Press
www.nebraskapress.unl.edu

Hailed the “godfather behind creative nonfiction” by *Vanity Fair*, Lee Gutkind mines the material of his own life as he turns his signature style inward, humorously recounting his experiences as sailor, motorcyclist, college professor, aging father, and literary scapegoat. In the title essay he describes how he sought solace from a difficult childhood in food, even as he found himself heaped with more abuse the fatter he became. A stint in the Coast Guard, the only service branch to accept him at his teenage weight, gives him a new lease on fitness and identity, proving that sometimes the best way to feel at home in body or place is to run away from all that once defined us—in Gutkind’s case, to Cape May, New Jersey.

—Jack Rubenstein

EXCERPT

When I was growing up, food was my first support system. When adults asked about my hobbies, I always spread my arms to show my expansive huskiness before replying: “Eating.” My parents called me “the human garbage can.” Anything they put on my plate, I would devour. Anything left on other plates I would also devour. Eating when I felt tension, excitement, fear—virtually any emotion—was the therapy and comfort I turned to.

For my bar mitzvah at age thirteen, I was fitted in a forty-four “husky” suit at Kaufmann’s Department Store in downtown Pittsburgh. “Husky” was Kaufmann’s polite term for overweight kids. My mother chose brown wool tweed for me—for durability. But it was very scratchy—bulky—which made me feel and look even more ungainly and constricted than I was.

My bar mitzvah was my first—and last time—up on the stage with the bigwigs of the synagogue. The cantor was short and stocky, with a bushy gray mustache, heavily fortified by springy, serpentine nose hair. When I first met him at Hebrew school, when I started preparing for bar mitzvah, he reached under my jacket and poked the fat around my ribs, as if he were checking to see if I was inflated. “What’s your favorite food?” he asked, surveying my lumpy body.

I wasn’t sure how to answer, since foods alone didn’t give me pleasure

and comfort; it was the process of eating I craved. But I picked a type of food I knew would appeal to a Jewish clergyman. “Chopped liver,” I said.

Which is how he had greeted me the morning of my bar mitzvah.

I was called by my Hebrew name to the podium. I left my seat in the front row of the congregation, where my parents were sitting, and walked up the steps. The half-dozen synagogue elders assisting with the services moved aside, allowing me to squeeze into the inner circle with the cantor and the rabbi. We huddled around the holy Torah—a precious scroll with hand-inscribed lettering on which were recorded the ancient words of the Talmud.

It was normally hot in the synagogue—the old people who came for Sabbath services preferred the heat—but up on the stage, under the lights, it was at least twenty degrees warmer. I was sweating in my brown wool suit by the time the three of us wrestled the velvet cover from the Torah and rolled it out on the table in front of us. And I was squirming; annoying little woolly itch-pincers were erupting all over my body.

As I stood staring at the Torah, the cantor leaned into me, his arm around my shoulder, and pinched my cheek between his thumb and forefinger. His mustache tickled my neck as he leaned into our inner circle and whispered loudly to the rabbi and the elders behind us, “Chopped liver.”

I can’t imagine that anyone in that tight little group knew exactly what the cantor was referring to. The elders stared at me, smiling tentatively; traditionally in Jewish culture, any sentence in which the phrase “chopped liver” appears, when it is not specifically related to food, is usually funny and denigrating. Borscht Belt comedians would ask audiences, “What am I, chopped liver?” meaning, “Why are you staring at me as if I am some sort of holiday platter; why aren’t you laughing at my jokes?” At which point the audience would respond with hilarity, even though they could have recited this comeback and every variation by heart.

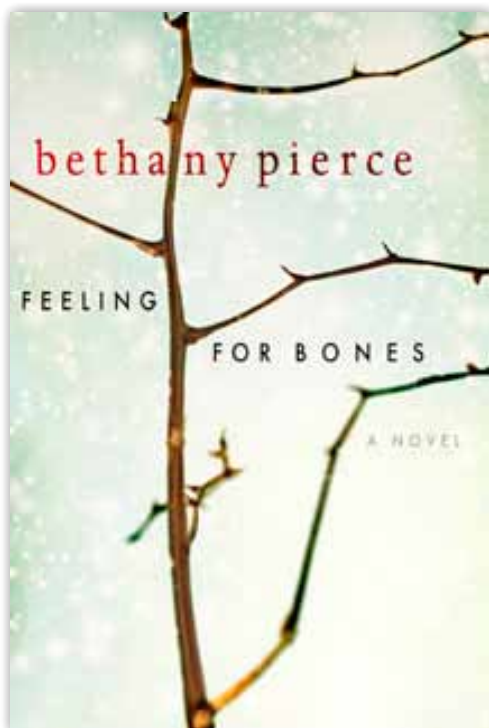
But the rabbi, Dr. Bernard Poupko, a distinguished scholar of Jewish studies with a massive hooked nose and a pointed goatee, was only temporarily amused. A smile flashed across his face, but then his mood shifted—I didn’t know why—and his friendly manner disappeared.

Immediately, he reached out and dug his fingers into my shoulders—and squeezed. At first I thought that he too was feeling to see if my bulkiness was authentic. But the rabbi began to squeeze harder. He wouldn’t let go. I tried to maneuver my shoulder for relief, but his grip was like steel.

I couldn’t understand what was happening. Was this some ancient Hebraic ritual I had missed in my studies—paralyzing the bar mitzvah boy prior to his induction into adulthood? The rabbi’s small black eyes pierced into me, as he squeezed. The pain was intense. I began leaning over; my knees were buckling. Eventually it dawned on me that he was trying to tell me something. I followed the downward direction of his eyes until I recognized the problem. Droplets of sweat were falling from my forehead and cheeks and landing on the sacred parchment of the Torah.

What was I to do? I was confused, about to panic. Was I, suddenly now a man, expected to make a holy connection with God who would somehow make my perspiration, before tainting the parchment of the Torah, disappear? Could I concentrate enough to will myself to stop sweating in my brown wool hothouse of a suit? I couldn’t move my arms to wipe my brow without literally pushing the rabbi away. Clearly, he was not inclined to release me. And I couldn’t step backward because the cantor was behind me and the synagogue elders were behind him; this was a very cramped space.

But the worst part was that I came to realize that it was I was taking up most of the room at the podium. It dawned on me that I was considerably bigger than any of the men with whom I was sharing center stage, although every one of them were at least five times my age.



Moody Publishers
www.moodypublishers.com

Bethany Pierce, who teaches English at Miami University in Ohio—a campus long known both for its beautiful coeds and prevalence of students with eating disorders—introduces Olivia, the 16-year-old aspiring artist and struggling anorexic who narrates this story about family, self-perception, and starting over in a new town. Unable to escape her distorted reflection in every shiny surface she passes by, Olivia tries to hide herself in oversized clothes as she wills her body to wither away. By writing an admittedly fictional account of her own very personal struggle, Pierce succeeds in penning a novel that speaks to women and girls of all ages who may have at one time or another lost their way in the forest of their selves for their short-sighted focus on the saplings they aspire to be.

All of a sudden, I felt humiliated and, worst of all, ridiculous. The word *buffoon* popped into my head at that moment. It had been a vocabulary word we had studied the previous year, in sixth grade, and a word used on television to describe the exploits of the professional wrestlers of the era, as in “Haystack Calhoun, the six-hundred-pound buffoon.” Up to that point, I had been aware that I was a heavy child. But my mother had always assured me that I was “big-boned”—not fat. I had never considered myself unsightly—until that moment.

Throughout this time, the rabbi had not uttered a word. Perhaps he was waiting to see what I would do—or say. But after a while, a nostril curled up in disdain, as he reached into his back pocket with his free hand, took out his handkerchief, and calmly blotted the ancient hand-scribed letters on the parchment that I had contaminated. He wiped his brow and blew his nose with a honk that echoed throughout the synagogue, then released my shoulder and stepped back from the Torah, thus disconnected from me, as if he was washing his hands of my touch and obliterating my presence, then and forever, from his memory.

Relieved, but shaken and embarrassed, I stumbled and squeaked my way through the small section of the Torah I was supposed to read—a two-minute exercise I had practiced for the past six months. I had no idea what the words meant, and I had long ago given up asking my teachers to translate what I was saying. “On your bar mitzvah day you are talking to God,” the cantor once told me. “He will know what you are telling him. It is nothing for you to worry about.”

But if God had understood what I was really praying at that moment, in my heart, behind the words of the Torah, and had been inclined to grant me my bar mitzvah boy wishes, I would have immediately and forever disappeared. I did not want to be a part of the world anymore; nothing would have pleased me more than to have been dead.

Considering what had happened and how terrible and embarrassed I felt, I might have resolved to lose weight. But at the reception after the bar mitzvah, I rushed over to the bagels, the smoked salmon, the herring in sour-cream sauce and, of course, the chopped liver. I should have turned and walked away from all of those delicious deli treats. I did not, after all, want to look or feel like a buffoon. But when I saw the food, sprawling over the tables on heaping platters, beckoning to me, I couldn’t resist.

I continued to feel the expression of outrage in the rabbi’s piercing fingers on my shoulders, as well as my own unceasing humiliation for many months thereafter, but that afternoon, through eating—and eating—my anxiety slowly subsided.

In tenth and eleventh grade I had my first girlfriend, Jane Golomb, who was nearly as chunky as me. My classmates made up a jingle, based on Tennessee Ernie Ford’s hit song:

Sixteen tons and what-do-you-got?
 Jane and Lee lying on a cot.

I weighed 220 pounds the year I graduated high school. I was five feet, nine inches—my full height. In the car on the way to our high school prom, my date, Patsy Guttman—Jane ran away with one of my class-

mates, Irving Wnuk, to Kingston, New York, to have a baby and is now a successful practitioner of electrolysis in Squirrel Hill, the neighborhood where we grew up—confessed she had accepted my invitation because she was madly in love with my friend Steven Mayerstein, with whom we were double-dating. I was a “nice boy,” but too fat to take seriously.

I spent the entire night watching Patsy chase Mayerstein. Late in the evening, I found them in the men’s room, necking, a wing of Patsy’s floor-length evening dress dipped into a urinal.

My only other best friend in high school, Mel Herwald, I met on the first day of chemistry class my junior year. He was new to the school. Herwald immediately befriended me by changing his name to “Hebwald,” thereby displacing Jerome Heffner in the alphabetic order of seating. “Why did you do that?” I asked.

“To sit next to you,” he replied.

I couldn’t understand why Herwald sought out my company. I had absolutely no redeeming qualities. I was not only fat but also unfashionable. Everyone who was anyone in my class wore India madras plaid shirts and khaki pants with buckles on the back—the “Ivy” look—while I came to school every day in white T-shirts and dungarees that, my mother said, were the only trousers available in husky sizes. My grades were below average, I lived on the wrong side of the tracks, and I was frequently sullen. So when Herwald chose me as a friend, seemingly arbitrarily and spontaneously, I was forever grateful—and obedient.

One night Herwald took me for a ride in his father’s V-8 Chrysler with push-button automatic transmission. We smoked cigarettes and talked about the girls in our classes. Suddenly he gunned his engine and drove directly onto the front lawn of a small brick house on a quiet street we had been cruising. We parked on the patio. “Get out and knock on the door,” he said.

“Who lives here?”

“It’s a surprise.”

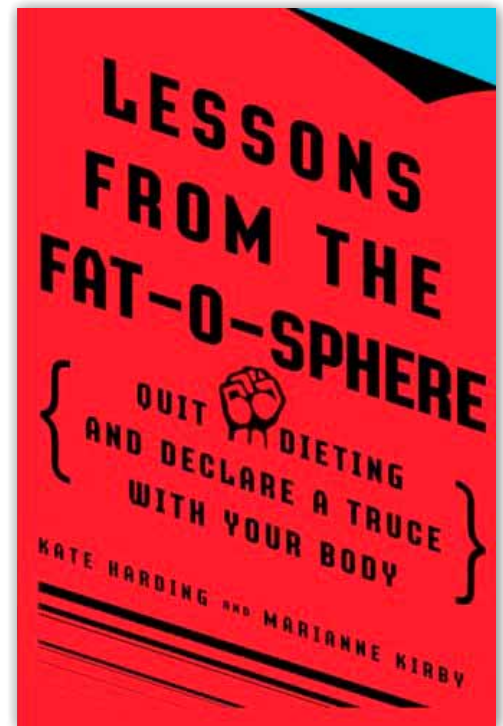
“This doesn’t seem right.”

“I thought we were friends,” he said, a sure way to entice me into doing his bidding. “C’mon, don’t be chicken,” he added. “Knock on the door.”

I felt compelled to do what he asked. I was afraid he would not want to be my friend if I didn’t listen to him. When I got out of the car I noticed that Herwald’s father’s Chrysler had torn a muddy slick through the lawn and smashed the manicured shrubs that encircled the yard. Feeling exposed and victimized, I was about to jump back in the car and demand a quick getaway, when the front door opened. It was Miss Hanlon, our chemistry teacher. When Mel pulled away, leaving me on the porch, laughing hysterically, I knew I was in trouble.

But I couldn’t resist Herwald’s interest in me. Later that year, he asked me to deliver a “surprise” birthday present to his girlfriend’s dad, a gift-wrapped box of horse manure collected at the local riding stable. The man thanked me when I handed him the box with a cheerful “Delivery for you!” and gave me a dollar tip.

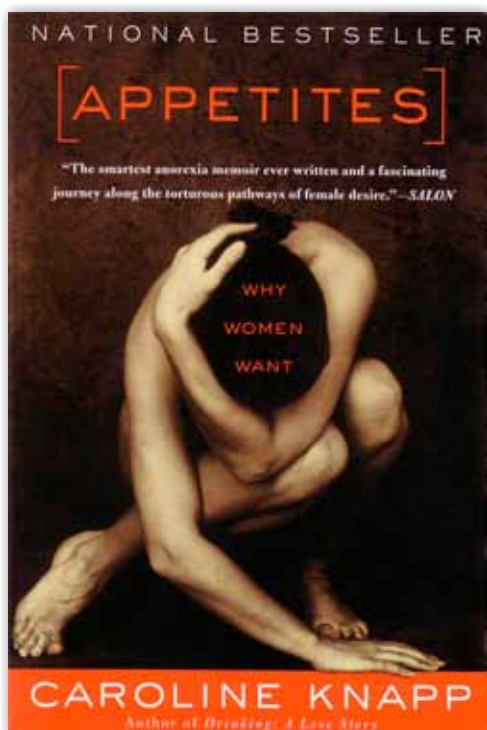
I might have gotten away unidentified, but unfortunately, I was the only kid in high school who wore red Hush Puppies. My father, a “shoe dog,” a person who has devoted his life to the shoe business, had assured me that red Hush Puppies would soon be at the cutting edge of fashion. Everyone would be wearing red Hush Puppies and I would be way out



Perigree

www.penguingroup.com

Kate Harding and Marianne Kirby, leading bloggers in the “fatosphere”—the online community of the fat acceptance movement—have put their postings in a book to help readers achieve if not admiration for then acceptance of their burgeoning bodies. Proponents of the notion of “health at every size,” Harding and Kirby believe that weight does not always strictly correlate with wellness, and that the paradigm needs to shift from skinny to healthy as the ultimate goal. In their trademark no-nonsense blog style, they share more than two dozen methods for reframing the diet debate, from accepting that diets don’t work to finding a hobby that has everything to do with happiness and nothing to do with food, or the lack thereof.



Counterpoint

www.counterpointpress.com

The author of *Drinking: A Love Story* exposes her inner demons once again in this candid memoir about her spiral into anorexia. Published after her death from lung cancer at the age of 42 in 2002, *Appetites* is more than just one woman's tragic story. Featuring interviews with a number of other women suffering from the same disorder, excerpts from feminist texts, and sociological statistics, the book is elevated from simply self-help to cultural study. Positing that the women who emerged from the feminist revolution of the '60s—herself included—were freed to hunger for more in life while being bombarded with social messages stressing restraint, Knapp concludes that it was only natural for women to turn their newfound notions of power and control inward, destroying exactly that which they were intended to revolutionize.

ahead of the pack. Little did he know that it would take forty years for a Hush Puppies renaissance to occur in the United States—and never in Pittsburgh. When Mel's girlfriend's dad reported me to the principal, as did Miss Hanlon after our evening visit to her house, they both referred to me as the fat kid with red feet whom everyone called "Slim."

I hated being called Slim. But it was ten times more acceptable than "Joogie." When I was a baby, my grandmother Ida—my mother's mother—rocked me gently up and down in her lap, chanting repeatedly, "Ah jooga-jooga, ah jooga-jooga," to put me to sleep. It was a song with no meaning. But pretty soon everyone at home was calling me Joogie.

"Lee," a girl's name derived from my grandmother, Leah, my father's mother, who died when my father was a teenager, was the name they used when they were angry. I hated "Lee" as much as I hated "Slim" and "Joogie."

Playing off the pronunciation of my last name (Good-kind), the advisor of the boys club I belonged to in high school, a man called Iggy, a Yiddish reference to his oversized ears, nicknamed me "The Gook"—long before its later reference to the Vietcong. Iggy, who owned Kahn-Morris Beverage Company, which distributed beer and soft drinks to stores and private customers, introduced me to Harry Coke, Paul Pepsi, and Buddy the Squirt Man, truck drivers for the bottling companies licensed in the area to manufacture the beverages they delivered to Iggy to sell. I didn't like being called "The Gook"; it was an ugly word with a distasteful sound. Like "goop"—which was a direct reflection of my fatness—flabby and unsightly, a buffoon, sticky and disgusting. But I loved being with Iggy and his friends and to my great relief and surprise, none of those men ever made reference to my weight or my voracious appetite.

I always tried to arrive at Iggy's for lunch, even if sometimes this would be my second or third lunch of the day. Bundles of orange-brown butcher paper were spread over Iggy's desk which, when opened, exploded in pungent aromas of corned beef, pastrami, pickled tongue, pickles the width of your fist. Conversations focused on women, how to get them, what to do when you succeeded, how to save face when rejected. Other subjects included adventures from World War II and the Korean conflict, and sad stuff about divorce, debt, and death—the "3D's." Frequently, Ray Riddle, the Canada Dry driver, brought in stag films and showed them on Iggy's ancient projector in the Kahn-Morris basement. It was unfortunate that such activities were programmed around lunch—I didn't really need to eat—but the sensory gratification, the taste and smell—enhanced the excitement of the sexual adventures on film. Sharing baskets of French fries smothered in ketchup and chicken salad sandwiches squishing with mayonnaise while watching oral sex was titillating and hilarious; we all screamed and moaned with nervous pleasure.

Iggy said that if I were going to eat, drink, and watch stag films like the big guys, then I would have to be the official bottle sorter at Kahn-Morris. Empty bottles were worth money for recycling. A case of Canada Dry quarts—twelve bottles in a big, heavy, wooden box—was worth sixty cents credit for Iggy. A case of seven- or twelve-ounce Coke bottles netted forty-eight cents. Customers came into the distributorship with a variety of bottles dumped in cases, cardboard boxes, paper bags, and bushel baskets. Piles of bottles were waiting on back porches of Kahn-Morris customers for Ronnie and Clayton, Iggy's drivers, to pick up. Kids brought in

bottles one or two at a time, for pennies and nickels. These were dumped on the floor in the middle of the truck bay.

Beer or soda left at the bottom of the bottles spilled on my hands, pant legs, and shoes. The longer the bottles sat in the truck bay or on customers' back porches, in dank basements, or back alleys, gutters, and garbage cans, the stickier and the more aromatic they got. Flies and hornets, spiders, beetles, and worms concealed themselves inside. I was continuously subject to sneak attacks.

Once a wasp crawled into the Coke bottle from which I was drinking, and I accidentally swallowed it. I looked for it in the toilet every night thereafter for weeks on end, holding my nose and poking my floating feces with a pencil, examining it with great intensity. Eventually I concluded that the wasp wasn't dead; it was feeding inside of me and becoming more abrasive as it ravaged my stomach wall. I could feel its stinger stabbing my insides in repeated angry assaults, like the rabbi's steely fingers, or so I thought, until the doctor told my mother that the pain I was experiencing was unrelated to the swallowed wasp, long ago excreted. I was suffering from a peptic ulcer, a product of emotional stress, an unusual diagnosis for an adolescent. Standard treatment at the time included at least a quart of warm milk a day, plus supplemental milkshakes, custards, and puddings. So I got fatter, while, between meals and snacks, my anxiety increased.

Ronnie was Clayton's nephew. They were both black. I had never associated with black men before. In my grandparents' and parents' world, black people were (in Yiddish) "schvartez" who cleaned your house or did other dirty work. At my father's shoe store, the colored men would come once a week to carry the trash out of the basement and haul it in their truck to the dump. Directed by my father, I stationed myself in the basement, pretending to be taking inventory or sweeping the floor, while I guarded the merchandise on the shelves so that the trash men could not steal anything.

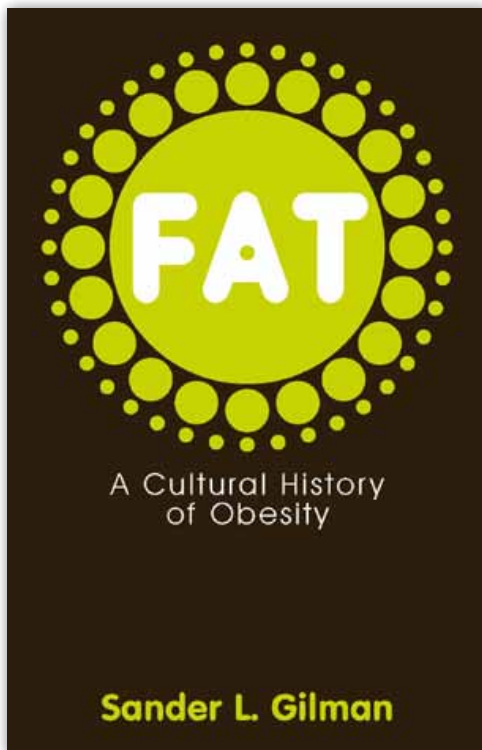
I hated doing this; it was so insulting to the trash men, and there was no evidence that they had any intention of stealing. They seemed nice, rather exotic to a sheltered person like me, singing and joking in a run-on word-scrambled language I could not fully comprehend, breaking out in blasts of laughter that I couldn't help but realize were directed toward me. At the end, their job done, the trash gone, the floor swept clean, their garbled language suddenly and miraculously jelled, ringing with unsettling clarity, as they slammed the door behind them and shouted, "Goodbye watcher-boy. See you next week."

I left Pittsburgh on the Greyhound bus to Atlantic City, New Jersey, a few weeks after high school graduation. From there we would be taken to the United States Coast Guard Training Station at the very tip of Cape May where I would join company Alpha-48. My ID number was 2007-435. My dog tags, my first medal of maturity, jingled and bounced from my neck.

Enlistment not only allowed me to escape from Pittsburgh, but also put to an end all my humiliating high school names. In the military, one becomes anonymous. You are called "private," "cadet," "soldier," "sailor," "seaman." The objective is to fit in—not to be singled out. The Coast Guard had not been my first, second, third, or fourth choice of enlistment; it was the only service to accept me at my weight. The recruiting officers for the marines and the air force had laughed when I told them I wanted to enlist and they looked at me up and down like I was some sort of animal in a zoo.

In the military, I discovered that others, aside from Jews, blacks, and fat people, were resented and hated. My first day in boot camp, I was accosted by one of the largest men I had ever seen, Bob Ezell from Gainesville, Florida, who was lean and muscular and nearly seven feet tall. Ezell grabbed me by the collar and lifted me onto my toes. "I'm a Southern Baptist," he said to me. "What the fuck is your religion?"

"Jewish," I told him. My voice was squeaky. I braced myself and waited



Polity
www.polity.co.uk

Fat is no longer just a social issue; it has become an epidemic disease of obesity that is killing vast populations and costing enormous sums in health care. Sander Gilman's book looks at the facts and fictions surrounding the gelatinous white substance carted around television studios by the likes of Oprah and series-after-series of *The Biggest Loser* contestants. Intended as a cultural history, the book pays particular attention to the cultural meanings attached to obesity over time, from 19th century opera to current dieting obsessions.

for the onslaught of kicks and punches as punishment for the money-lending, Christ-killing sins of my ancestors. But Ezell lowered me slowly and carefully into my bunk and then straightened the collar of my shirt, with a smile and a sigh. "As long as you're not Catholic," he said.

There was one black person in the company, Willard Mixon. Chief Petty Officer O'Reilly, our company commander, used Mixon as an example of how sailors were supposed to exercise self-control, no matter what sort of temptation or provocation occurred. Frequently, during inspection, right before our regular marching drill, O'Reilly, a short, stout Irishman, stuck his face into Mixon's chin, peered up into his eyes and yelled, "You fucking nigger. C'mon, beat my ass. You hate my guts, don't you, you, nigger? You black motherfucker."

O'Reilly went on and on, repeating his taunting war dance a half-dozen times a week, but Mixon never flinched. He stared through Chief Petty Officer O'Reilly's flushed forehead as if the man didn't exist. Mixon had long ago programmed himself to deaden his senses when people were hurtful or abusive. He could not pretend that O'Reilly wasn't abusing him in the most despicable way imaginable, but I admired how Mixon refused to show any anger, weakness, or emotion. He was a rock. I briefly considered trying to befriend Mixon; we might have something in common. But I realized that my own problems paled in the face of the ferocious hatred and disdain Mixon was forced to confront. I was also white and privileged—he would see me that way. Being a fatty, a Jew, and a misfit was hardly comparable to being a nigger motherfucker.

I had read James Baldwin's *Notes of a Native Son* not long before enlisting. I had been a voracious reader throughout high school; my only refuge from the mean-spiritedness of the kids in school was the library. I discovered Baldwin because of news articles concerning his exit from America to Paris—an idea that inspired my enlistment in the Guard. It wasn't Paris, but leaving Pittsburgh that obsessed me—never coming back until I was no longer Lee Gutkind, that fat fucker quintessential victim who sucked up alienation like a sponge.

Baldwin was my age, maybe nineteen or twenty, when he too had run from his family and the shroud of unhappiness that enveloped his life. One day at The American Diner in Trenton, New Jersey, he was denied service—"We don't serve Negroes here"—and it drove him into a rage. With the repetition of that phrase ringing in his head "like a thousand bells of a nightmare," he marched down the block to the fanciest restaurant in town, a place "where not even the intercession of the Virgin would cause me to be served," and staged an anger-crazed sit-in. Eventually, after hurling a pitcher of water at a frightened waitress, who had also recited the "We don't serve Negroes here" mantra, Baldwin regained a measure of emotional equilibrium and fled. I realized that the raging, pent-up hatred Baldwin (and Mixon?) harbored was impenetrable to an outsider—a white person, like me—and it would not have surprised me if Mixon, a time bomb like Baldwin, would have suddenly one day lost control and beaten O'Reilly to the pulp he deserved to be. ■

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SPIKE LEE: DO THE RIGHT THING
by Spike Lee and Jason Matloff

the 20th anniversary book celebrating this groundbreaking film
coming december 2010

www.ammobooks.com



JACKPOT

She Bets Her Life reads like a message in a bottle in reverse: It's a packaged dose of help the author is desperate to deliver to the growing population of female gambling addicts in this increasingly win-based society. Mary Sojourner's book can be read like a novel or, as the author recommends, in various chapter combinations to help addicts, family members, or the simply curious. So intimate and revealing that at times I felt like a gawker at a car crash, the author kindly invites all into her otherwise anonymous classroom as she rants, lectures, and discloses what she has learned about the gambling industry and the particular hold it has on women seeking solace amid the sights and sounds of the casino floor.

—Jennifer Wichmann

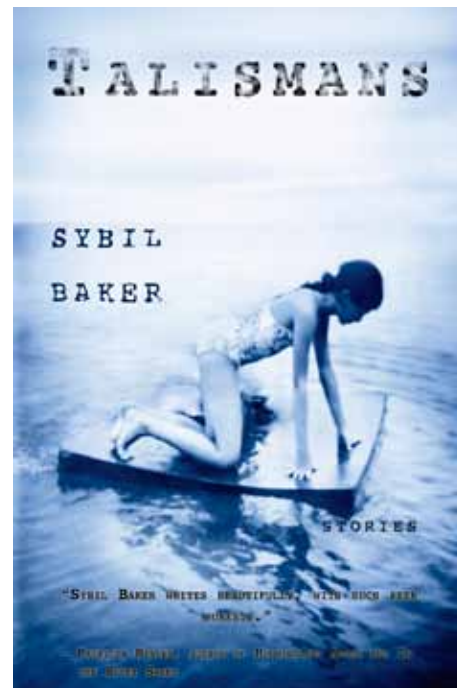
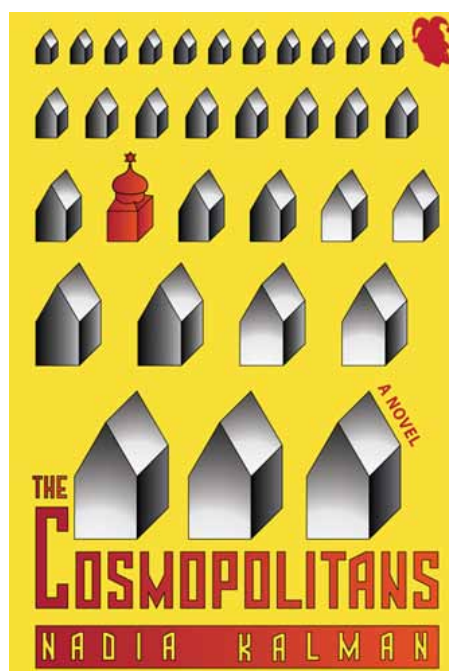
She Bets Her Life by Mary Sojourner, Seal Press 2010, www.sealpress.com.

THE COLD WAR

The *Cosmopolitans* is a little bit *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*, a little bit *Poisonwood Bible*, and a lot of hard truth about the struggles and expectations of the immigrant experience. Told from a variety of viewpoints, the carefully crafted novel follows the struggles of a Russian couple in Connecticut and the lives of their three daughters who bridge the gap between their parents' Russian home and the United States. Nadia Kalman's an experienced short story writer and it shows in her spare and polished chapters. Without wasting words, her quiet but clear voice brings light to the terrible challenge communication can be even among those who love each other dearly.

—Dean Hill

The Cosmopolitans by Nadia Kalman, Livingston Press 2010, www.livingstonpress.uwa.edu.

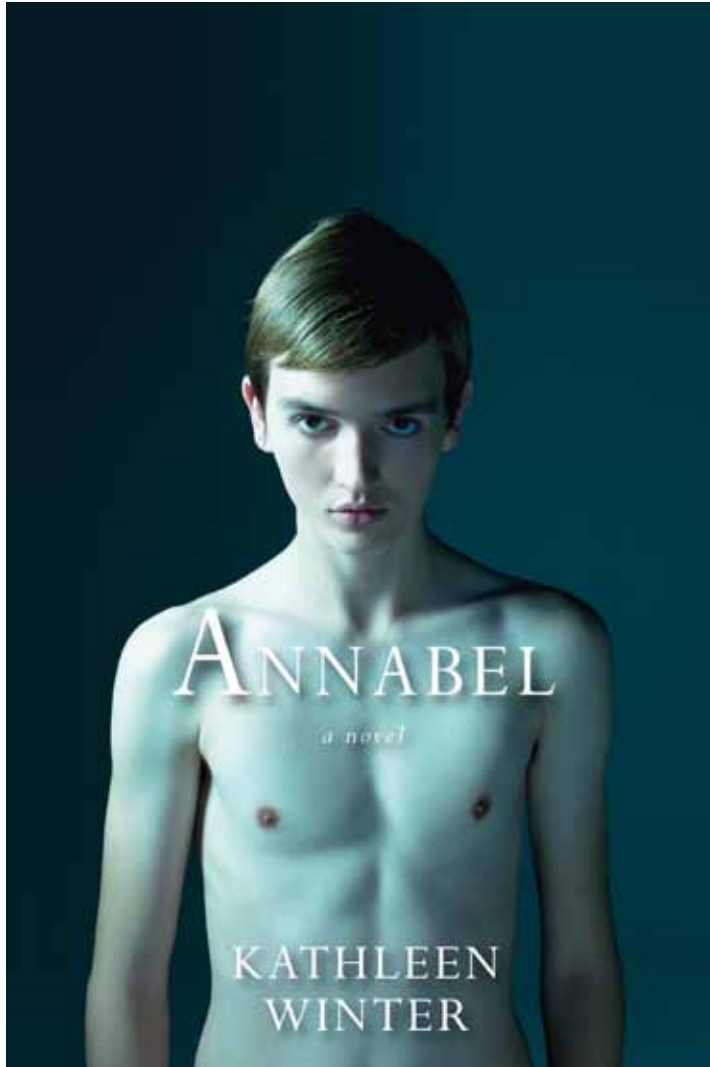


LUCKY CHARMS

Written as a series of linked short stories, *Talismans* reads more like a coming-of-age novel about a girl, her missing Vietnam vet father, and the unresolved daddy issues that take her in-country to Southeast Asia. Once there, she teaches English as a second language, seduces a Korean student, and pretends to be married to a backpacker. *Heart of Darkness* this isn't, but author Sybil Baker writes from experience, having spent more than a decade living and working in South Korea, and it shows in this intriguing tale about a young woman who must leave everything familiar behind before she can figure out where she's going. *Lonely Planet Vietnam* can only get an independent girl so far.

—Anna Nair

Talismans by Sybil Baker, C&R Press 2010, www.wix.com/crpress/crpress.



Annabel

by Kathleen Winter

Grove Press

www.groveatlantic.com

Published last year by Canadian indie press House of Anansi, *Annabel* is Kathleen Winter's first novel and earned her nominations for Canada's Giller Prize, Governor-General's Literary Award, and Writer's Trust Prize. Like Jeffrey Eugenides' Pulitzer-winning *Middlesex*, *Annabel* uses the premise of an intersexed, or hermaphroditic, main character to explore issues of gender, identity, destiny, and familial and social connections and expectations. *Annabel* is a smaller, quieter story than the epic *Middlesex*, but just as compelling and thought-provoking. The setting is the frozen wilderness of the small Newfoundland coastal village of Labrador, where the men are gone much of the year on hunting expeditions and the women are home contending with a hardscrabble domestic life largely less than what they had hoped for. It is 1968, but the social revolutions fomenting

elsewhere are unfelt in Labrador. Men follow the paths of their fathers, and women of their mothers. What to make, then, of a child born both male and female?

Raise him as a male, is the answer determined by the child's father, Treadway, and the local doctor. His mother, Jacinta, follows along but silently mourns the loss of her "daughter" as the baby is christened with the name Wayne. Thus begins Wayne's journey in the male world, being taught woodworking and trap line maintenance by his father from an early age. To Treadway's annoyance, family friend Thomasina, who was present at the child's birth, attempts to nurture an artistic side of Wayne, whom she privately refers to as Annabel, her only daughter who drowned. That Wayne's adolescence will be heart-rending and tragic is a given.

Winters graces her flawed characters and their flawed decisions with a tender humanity. She has said of Treadway, "I tried to walk all around him and look at his motivation and right in front of my own eyes he changed and became somebody that deeply cares about his son." Readers cannot help but care about all of them.

—Margaret Brown

On Tact, & the Made Up World

MICHELE GLAZER



**I didn't think much about what it was
by Michele Glazer**

Something about the evening causes the
walkers-by to walk awkwardly so that the one
watching
watches to see if they might grow more
graceful—

Is it the wet cold earth? Or something in the
child's foot as if sideways was the straightest
way?

The music is background to the children.
To the girl in pink moving lap to lap, lifted,
snuggled, patted, slapped gently. When you
die you exempt yourself, you take your
self with you out of the trouble the world's in.
There was always a face that loved that child.

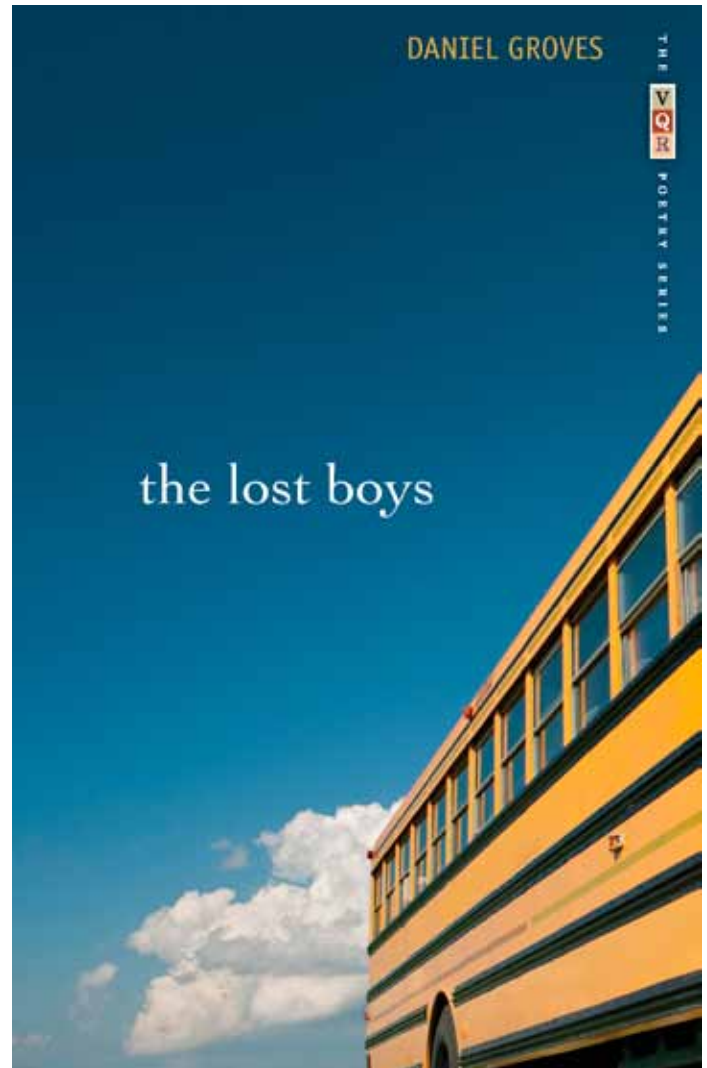
About her, these, now, in their lives: small girl,
old woman, teenager in a tight shirt; "Barbie,"
her chest says and there's a general
stumbling up the tortured grass to the
orchestral War of 1812. Because it's dark.
Because we're brief. A bat flies over head,
squeaking and tangled in no one's hair. As
if it had consequences. Shortly even so the
bridge lights up.

From *On Tact, & the Made Up World* by Michele Glazer, University
of Iowa Press 2010, www.uiowapress.org. Reprinted with permis-
sion. All rights reserved.

See Saw

by Daniel Groves

Remember how we first got on,
 the holding steady, eye to eye,
 each weighted—pried?—on the lever
 and (simple machinery) the fulcrum,
 across the center of our tension?
 The compliments (as one pretends—
c'est sans souci—frivolity)
 eliciting, at length, a titter,
 we started playing teeter totter.
 Our gravity, our hem-and-haw,
 yielded—purely physical law,
 emotion doubly proving true
 the old saw-sequent: *Do unto*
as you would have done unto you.
 Coordinating, x and y,
 we make the fixed point loose a sigh;
 beloved, beau, above, below,
 to opposite extremes we go,
 won over, under (*one*—to, fro—
two)...Does wonder ever cease? Awe
 expire? Imbalanced (as you well saw),
 I see, too late, these views are slanted.
 But, just between us—disenchanted,
 then moved by inequality
 (it *means the same*, to different ends—
 though who's ass-end to whom's ascension?),
 less inclined (so *mechanical*, from
 evening to evening) to stay our leaver
 (one second?), level-headed, I
 to I, not going, coming, gone—
 how, finally, feet on the ground, to stop,
 get off, stand clear, and watch the other drop?



From *The Lost Boys* by Daniel Groves, University of Georgia Press 2010, www.ugapress.org. Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.

Extraordinary Renditions

by Andrew Ervin

Coffee House Press

www.coffeehousepress.org

Andrew Ervin skillfully converges three lives in three stories that make up his new book. He intertwines beautiful, minor details that bring separations into an exquisite whole. His impressive debut is so masterfully composed, it moves the reader not with intrigue or romance, rather with gorgeous simplicity.

In the first story, world-renowned Hungarian composer Harkályi Lajos returns to Budapest for the premiere of his opera, *The Golden Lotus*. This return is emotionally charged because Harkályi emigrated to America as a teenager after surviving a World War II Nazi concentration camp. The melody in the final string quartet of *The Golden Lotus* is a lullaby Harkályi's mother sang to him and his brother on the morning they left for the camp. It's one of those beautiful, minor details that elevate this book into elegance.

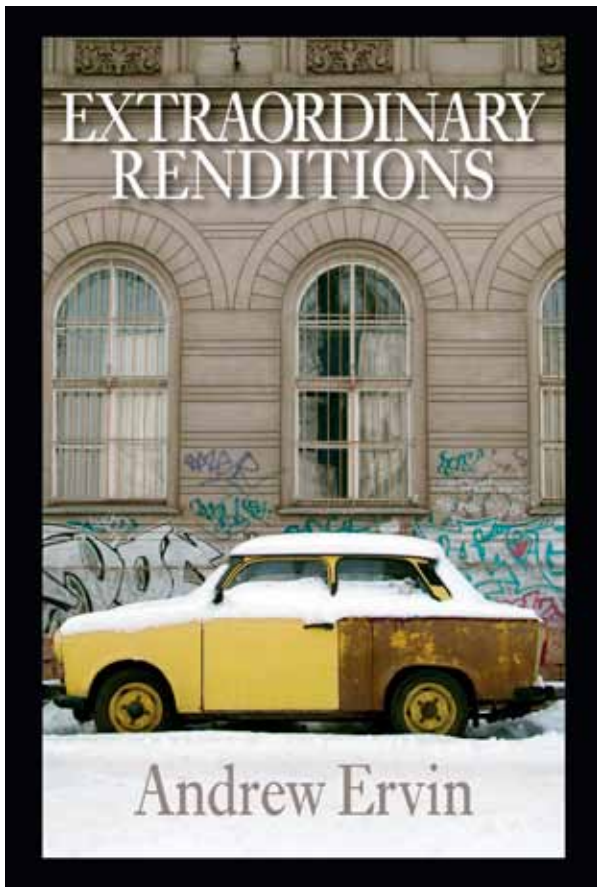
The setting is Independence Day in contemporary Budapest. Harkályi explores the city crowded with revelers in his free time before the opera gala. At one point, he comes upon skinheads attacking an African-American U.S. soldier in the dim hallway of a train station. Back at the hotel, the composer meets his niece Magda, who will be accompanying him to the opera. She's a translator, working for the U.S. military at a nearby base. Over coffee, she casually references her boyfriend. He's the protagonist of the second story. He's also the soldier Harkályi tried to help in the train station.

In the second story, the boyfriend, Private First Class "Brutus" Gibson, is on a gun-running mission that's been forced on him by his commander. Gibson, however, rebels. He hides the weapons and takes a room at the same hotel where Magda and her uncle are staying. In another one of those details that so elegantly tie these stories together, Gibson smells her unique perfume in the hotel and wonders if she's involved in his commander's effort to

frame him. Gibson knows nothing about Magda's presence in Budapest for the opera.

The third story is from the viewpoint of an American violinist in the Budapest Orchestra performing Harkályi's opera. She also passes through the composer's hotel, but her greater connection to the composer is the final notes of the opera, the lullaby's string quartet. She deviates from the score to the horror of her fellow musicians. It would be unfair to reveal more of this powerful moment that transforms both the violinist and the composer. The three stories build to it and come together in a lasting message about courage and self-truth.

—Kassie Rose, *thelongestchapter.com*



Soft Skull Press
www.softskull.com

While undoubtedly trite, the suggestion that this debut novel by an author unafraid to palpate society's dark underbelly is a wild ride falls utterly short in terms of Shaughnessy Bishop-Stall's unnerving subject matter and singular style. *Ghosted* is the kind of book a reader won't soon forget, its characters imbued with the ability to hang around long after their astounding trip is over.

This novel could be overlooked as fractured renderings of a disarming, distorted, and dizzied grouping of scenes culled from the mind of an astoundingly original, yet erratic, author. However, from the first day of protagonist Mason Dubisee's life, during which he was forced to duck a "booze-propelled bullet" in the form of a champagne cork fired by his own father, this young Toronto writer, drinker, drug addict, gambler, and all-around loser proves compelling to the reader on a level likely as frightening as the book's helter-skelter journey to the hell of Bob Seger's heavily referenced "Fire Lake."

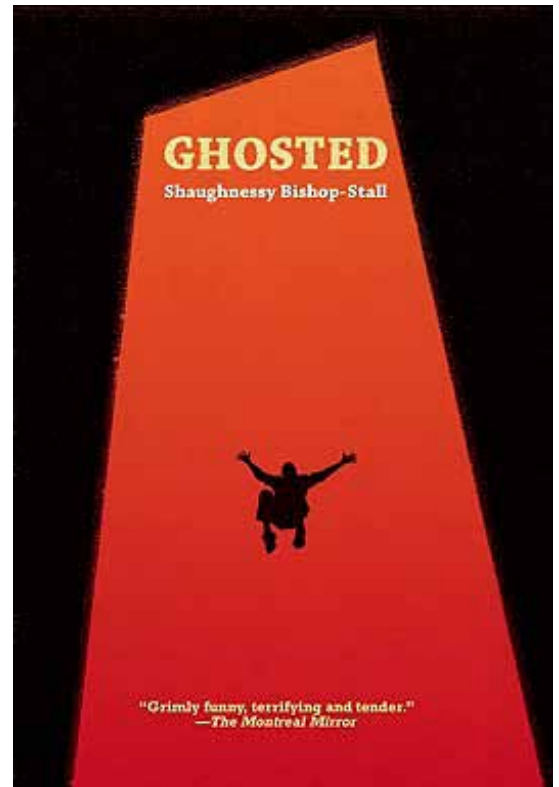
Related to the often unwitting process of shedding imagined and longed-for personae, finding oneself "ghosted" is the result of ceasing to create future, better selves, when "standing there—or, more likely, hunched over and puking—[you] were who you were, who you are...all the [people] you'd envisioned were never going to be." Where Mason's consuming proclivity for self-destruction abides is in the persistence of these long-held reliances, in the extended shelf life of his haunting potential selves.

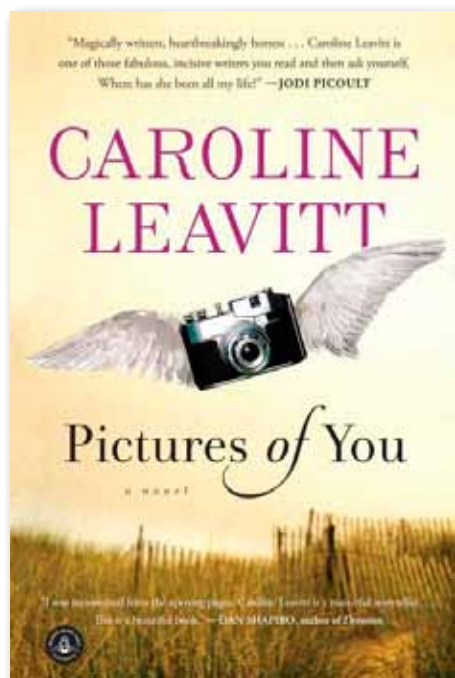
Embodied in the despairing forms of people who hire him after coming across his online classified ad as a "professional ghostwriter available, for notes and letters," Mason's role in detailing the reasons for their subjects' eventual deaths is spelled out not only in the suicide notes he renders, but in their intrusion into his multiple-year novel writing process. Assisted on his precipitous path to sobriety, as well as in locating authorial control over his own existence by a physician specializing in substance abuse, Mason teeters between multiple states of consciousness, representations of reality, and tales too disturbing not to be told, this "in-between" status allowing for the bizarre, frightening, and at times depraved behavior of people the reader would likely rather not encounter—and embarking on anything short of Bishop-Stall's smoldering pages, likely wouldn't.

Yet, it is the spirit of inaccessible potentiality, due largely to the writer's firm grasp on his narrative reins, that makes *Ghosted* a novel successful across the genres of black comedy, love tale, suspense thriller, and horror story detailing a series of almost otherworldly encounters. How else could a suicide-note writer/hot dog vendor be perceived as so damn likeable, his dealer best friend and hemiplegic ("split right down the center") girlfriend so irresistibly placating to the frazzled nerves which fire in response to a novel that seems as capable of catching on fire as it does of slipping through the reader's fingers as nothing more than an apparition: an incendiary phantasm?

The author's mastery of thought and language, his ability to take up Mason's evasive struggle with the realization that the end-of-the-line folks whose lives he chronicles through ambiguously authored final words are "all real, but they're also a story," is nothing short of ferocious in its proclivity for tenderness. This is a writer who appreciates that sometimes self-annihilation is a temporary side effect of getting down and dirty in seeking what was lost, even if such a pursuit results in little more than a gripping at the edges of a dark shape lost to the cruel reality of time—a form never actually capable of any corporeal substantiation.

—Erin McKnight, www.bookslut.com





Algonquin
www.workman.com

A FATAL CAR ACCIDENT on a foggy road is the catalyst for a complicated and inevitable love affair between two survivors. At the center of this beautifully crafted story is a grieving child, trying to come to terms with the mother who both loved and abandoned him. *Pictures of You*, Caroline Leavitt's ninth novel, deftly weaves together the threads of longing, sorrow, desire, love, healing, and letting go.

—Jennifer Haupt

Shelf Unbound: *How did you come up with the concept for this book, two women each running away from their lives who collide on a foggy highway?*

Caroline Leavitt: I tend to write about what obsesses me, and this book began with my own obsession with car crashes. My dirty little secret is I don't drive at all, though I have my license and I renew it every five years. I'm phobic. I keep worrying if I drive, I'll end up killing someone. I hoped that by writing about a car crash, I might understand and heal this phobia, but I didn't! I'm still phobic.

The fog came out of one of the themes of the novel, that we don't really see the whole picture in life, that things are not always what they appear. What better image, I thought, than fog? I'm also partial to the idea of people running away or vanishing. Everyone thinks that a new place or a new identity will jumpstart a new life. Of course, wherever you go, you take your problems with you, but the idea of starting fresh is like a siren song sometimes, and I wanted to explore that.

Shelf: *How difficult was it to write from the perspective of a young boy dealing with the death of his mother?*

Leavitt: Sam, the 10 year old, came out of the blue. It actually wasn't difficult because I have a son myself, and though he is now 14, I remember so vividly what it was like for him at 10 and I wanted to channel that in my writing. As far as dealing with the death of his mother, that was hard, and there were days I would put off writing certain scenes because I knew how upsetting it would be for him and for me.

Shelf: *Did you do any research into how children deal with grief?*

Leavitt: I did a great deal of research. I have two friends who are school psychologists and I showed both of them all the pages and peppered them with dozens of questions: Would a child react this way? Why or why not? Could this happen? I wanted to make sure I got it right.

Shelf: *I love that Sam is obsessed with angels. Do you believe in angels?*

Leavitt: Ha! I'm a big believer in quantum physics, which says that the universe is more incredible and mysterious than any of us can imagine, which is my way of saying anything is possible, including angels.

Shelf: *Have angels or some other sort of higher power played a role in helping you deal with grief?*

Leavitt: That's a really fascinating question. Many years ago, my fiancé died suddenly, two weeks before our wedding, of a heart attack in my arms. It was the first death I had ever dealt with and it changed me. It felt as if a layer of life had been ripped away and everything looked and felt different—I was changed forever, really. I spent a year traveling the country talking to psychics and mediums and rabbis and priests and holy people in a desperate searching attempt to heal my grief and come to grips with what had happened.

The rabbis and the priests didn't really help, and what they said seemed like platitudes to me. Life is mysterious. We all die. Trust in God. About 99 percent of the psychics and mediums were, I thought, frauds who would pretend to talk in my fiancé's voice. One medium had no idea I had suffered a death and actu-

ally told me this was my happiest year yet. She didn't even pick up on the clue of my red, swollen eyes!

But there was one medium in New York City, highly educated with numerous degrees, who refused to get any information from me before I saw her, not even my name. As soon as I walked in, she started talking. She was unsettlingly accurate in what she told me about what had happened. She knew the time of my fiancé's death, how he had died, and what he looked like. She knew things about us that I had told no one, and she predicted very specific things that actually did happen months later. She made it possible for me to feel a lot calmer about the death. She made me believe that there was something after death, that there was some higher order in the universe, and that I, and my fiancé, would be all right.

Shelf: *Your novel poses a fascinating question: How do we forgive a loved one after they have died? Was this inspired by personal experience?*

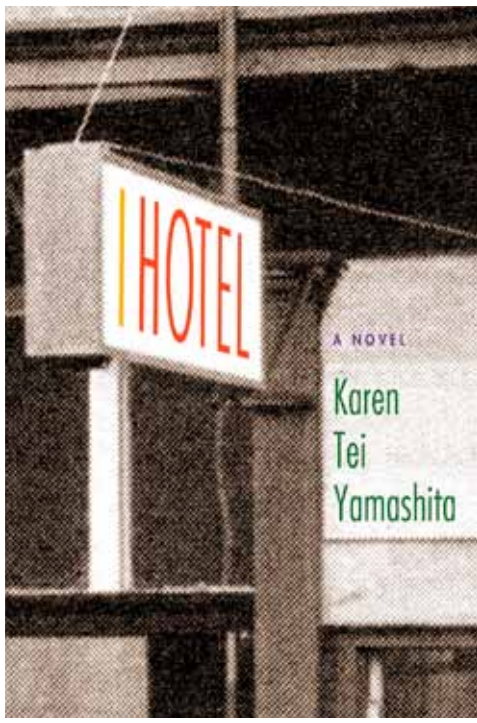
Leavitt: Ah, yes. I had nothing to forgive my fiancé for—he was wonderful—but my father had been a bit of a brute up until the day he died. Although that's the theme of my novel (How do you forgive the unforgivable?), I'm not sure forgiveness is the right word for my father, or for April. Maybe it's acceptance that, yes, this happened, but you also try to understand why it happened, why that person acted the way he or she did and made such terrible mistakes, and then you can start to let go of your own feelings about it.

My father had a horrible childhood and he was a truly unhappy man, and I think he acted out because of that. I had a choice where I could either eat myself up alive feeling furious with him, which wasn't going to change anything since he was dead, or I could come to terms with what had happened and realize it said more about him than it did about me. I began to realize how sorrowful it must have been for him to be so trapped by his life, how sad to not have been able to change and grow and be a better person. I let my anger go to make my life as happy as possible, which I think is the only thing you can do. The dead can't change, but you can.

Shelf: *This is your ninth novel. How do you keep your writing and your ideas fresh?*

Leavitt: I've actually been thinking about that question. So much of writing comes out of the subconscious that I think as I change so does my writing, and that keeps it interesting and fresh for me. The novels I write now are different from the ones I wrote at the beginning of my career. Some of the change is from conscious effort, learning things about more visual storytelling from writing scripts, for example, but some is a complete surprise! I always start with character, because I think out of character comes plot. I don't remember a lot of what happened in *Huckleberry Finn*, but I remember Huck.

I always try to start with something that is obsessing me, some question I want to answer. With *Pictures of You*, I really was interested in how you forgive the unforgivable, in how well you know the ones you love. Those questions were something to hold onto, to keep me writing when I felt lost in a mass of pages. Once I have the questions, I then try to figure out where I'm writing to. I do have a synopsis I work with, which is my lifeline—it's visible proof to me that I have a novel I can write! ■



with

Karen Tei Yamashita

I Hotel

by Karen Tei Yamashita
Coffee House Press
www.coffeehousepress.org

after more than a decade's work, California author Karen Tei Yamashita not only managed to finish her fifth novel but also to have it named a 2010 National Book Award finalist for fiction. *I Hotel* is a remarkable literary feat, telling the story of Asian American lives and activism in early 1970s San Francisco. Through the course of 10 novellas, Yamashita explores numerous perspectives and utilizes a variety of styles, from prose to graphic art. We talked with her about process, bebop, and the indie publisher that has been with her from the start.

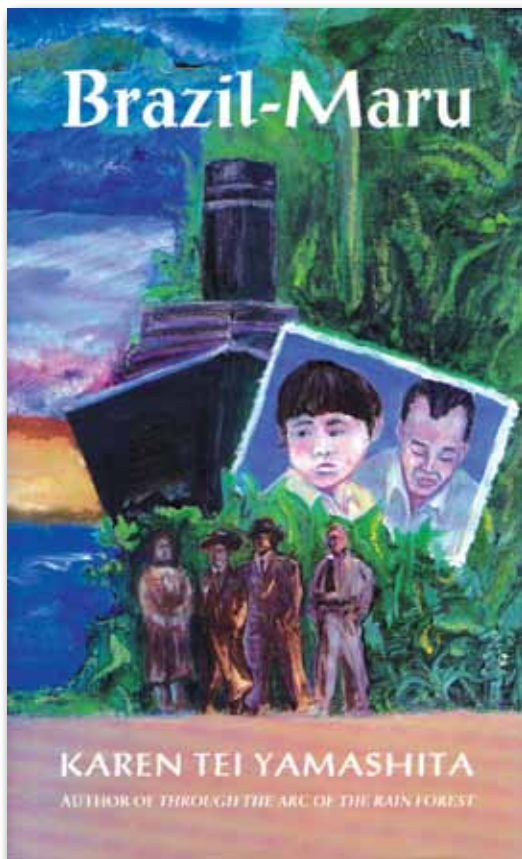
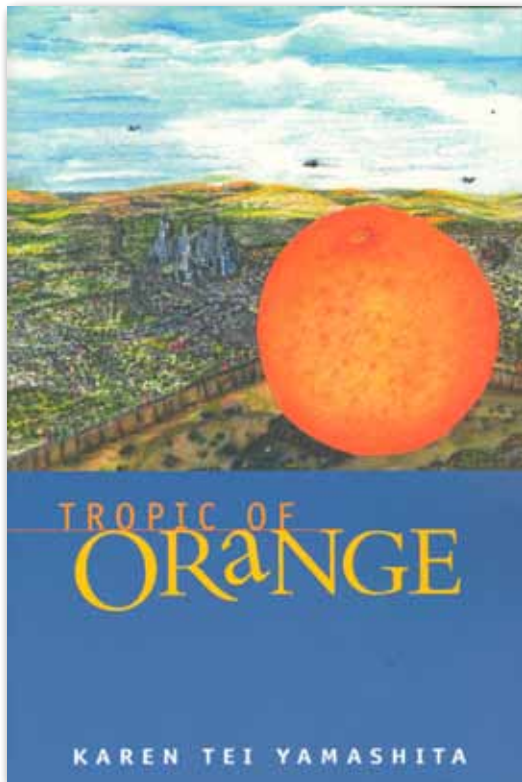
—Margaret Brown

Shelf Unbound: *You take a chapter in Asian American history and break it down into its human elements and stories. Which came first for you in writing the novel—the larger historical structure or the individual concerns and dramas of the participants?*

Karen Tei Yamashita: The process of researching and writing were probably more organic and back-and-forth between the historical and individual, so after so many years of pursuing this project it's hard to say. At first I talked to and gathered stories from anyone who would talk to me. Over time, patterns and a time period emerged, and then I knew or decided what the larger historical context might be. At the same time, I also began to know and think about particular questions, so I could focus and hone my research. Maybe your question is not about what came first time-wise, but what became more important, and in that sense, the stories of individuals rose to the surface. Without those individual stories, there would be no book.

Shelf: *From the novel's start, I was thinking of your writing style as bebop. Fast, breakaway, improv, thematic. Later you have your characters discussing jazz. I assume you're a jazz fan. Is bebop a fair assessment, or would you classify your writing otherwise?*

Yamashita: I like jazz, but my friends know I really know nothing about it. I had to study



and listen enough to write these sections, and I had a lot of help from some very savvy aficionados and musicians. Music and its creative movement and changes are really important to these years, and whether I knew my stuff or not, I knew that the work had to be suffused with the rhythms and cadence of the music. How to employ narrative/text to realize sound—that was my work to solve as a writer. Soul and rock and folk are also there, I hope, but I like your idea of fast, breakaway, improv.

Shelf: *You worked on this novel for 10 years. Did your perspective on the events you write about change significantly over that time?*

Yamashita: Yes, certainly. It was a big project with big questions, so whatever I assumed in the beginning changed or got rearranged. For example, I thought originally about the movement as a youth thing, among very young inexperienced college students, but there was a mentorship by previous generations and a deep history recovered through that legacy. And if the movement was considered a local or national phenomenon confined to American borders, it became evident to me in researching that embedded in the premises and promise of this radical movement for civil rights were international and transnational connections to third world struggles and to immigrant homelands. What I discovered is somehow organized into the structure of the work. It was a long learning process, and I feel I am still learning. Now that the book is a published thing, it has its own life. That is to say, slowly, from readers, I am hearing other stories, the stories in between, the gaps, the goofs, the missing parts, the deeper story below the surface.

Shelf: *How did it feel to finally close the door on the book?*

Yamashita: Well, as I said, the door isn't really closed, at least for the life of the book itself. But yes, it's a relief to have kept a promise to finish a book. I bothered a lot of folks to make this tome. Maybe it's my upbringing, but it's been important to me to keep my promises, to be responsible.

Shelf: *Your research included interviewing more than 150 people who were part of or witness to the story you tell. Tell us about one in particular.*

Yamashita: Al Robles. Al was a Filipino American beat poet who grew up in Japantown and the old Fillmore, known as the Harlem of the West for its jazz houses. He helped to found the Kearny Street Workshop for artists and writers at the I-Hotel, and he was a dedicated activist for

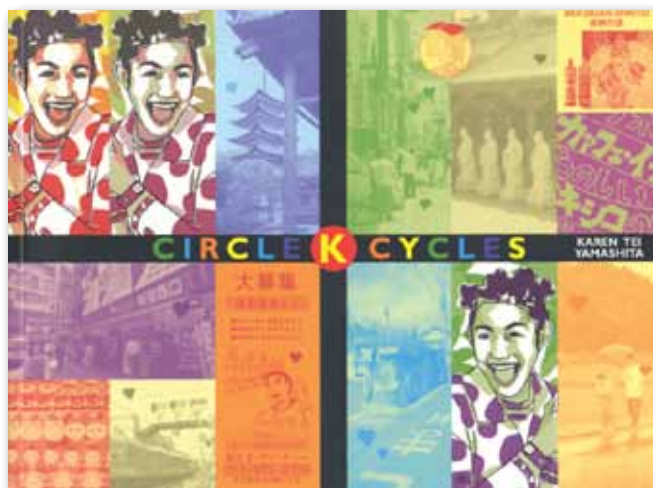
the *manong* and elderly community in the hotel and surrounding neighborhood of Manilatown. Throughout his life and in the 30 years that the hotel was a cavernous open and demolished pit of rubble on Kearny and Jackson Streets, he wrote about and advocated for a community of elders, their stories and wellbeing. His life was an event and expression of his social and artistic beliefs, and his effect as a poet and friend to so many was to contain and give compassion effortlessly, with humor, music, and a kind of rambunctious but purposeful innocence.

Shelf: *Independent publisher Coffee House Press has published all of your books. What does that relationship mean to you?*

Yamashita: I have been blessed. I knew nothing about publishing 20 years ago, and I got trained and mentored by Coffee House. I came to know the importance of independent publishing as a space for new creative work and risk-taking and integrity, but also as a resource that keeps its books in print. This has meant a great deal to me as a writer because my books have taken a long time to stew among and garner over time a readership, and because CHP has kept their books in print, it means that several generations of readers and students in colleges and universities have been able to follow my work. I have known many incarnations of young staffs at CHP, and every one of them has been wonderful and supportive, hardworking, idealistic, and enthusiastic. What more can a writer ask for? The mainstay at CHP has been publisher/founder Allan Kornblum, and he's been a mentor and supporter as no other.

Shelf: *What are you working on now?*

Yamashita: I'm working with my extended Yamashita family on a cache of letters written during the war, when our parents were sent to internment camps and the family was dispersed across the country and finally the world. There were seven Yamashita siblings born in Oakland, California; they are all gone now, but their correspondence reveals in articulate detail their multiple and intense relationships, their desire and deep sense of responsibility to keep the family together, and their understanding of their civil rights denied and prospects for the future. ■



but speaking of higher knowledge, it's only been a couple of days since Gerald had a run-in with the acting president of San Francisco State College. Not only was Gerald high (he's never not high), but he met the president high up in the sky going PSA from LAX to SFO. Imagine Gerald's surprise to find the president-professor in the aisle seat next to him, snapping together the metal pieces of his seatbelt over his middle-aged belly in clear obedience to the sweet tinkling voice of the stewardess in a shocking pink miniskirt with matching polka-dot blouse, scarf, and cap. Aye-aye, Captain!

So Gerald said, "Hey, don't I know you?" This is a completely rhetorical question; who wouldn't recognize the Japanese under the tam-o'-shanter with the pom-pom and the little mustache pasted to his upper lip?

"Oh, hello. Why yes, I'm president of San Francisco State College."

Indeed.

"I'm Gerald. I go to State." He should have said he goes there occasionally, but why go into details.

"Excuse my curiosity, but weren't you the young man in line ahead of me with the saxophones?"

That's me. They're up there." He pointed to the overhead baggage compartments. "How'd you know?"

"The shape of the cases. It's unusual to see someone carrying two. Are you studying music at our fine college?"

"You might say that."

"What's your persuasion?"

"What do you mean?"

"Classical? Bandstand? Rock?"

"Jazz"

The professor smiled approvingly. "You have a lot of luggage. I'm easy, you see." He pulled a harmonica out of his breast pocket. Now he must have thought he'd impress Gerald. "Sonny Boy Williamson, know him? He's my model."

"Cool. Plays with Muddy Waters."

"No, that 's another Sonny Boy. I mean

the original. There were two, you know. I knew the original Sonny Boy in Chicago before he died tragically in 1948."

He tossed this one to Gerald like a throwaway thought: "Then there's the Belgian Toots Thielemans. Once I saws Toots play with the Bird. I can't play sax like you, but that's when I thought maybe I might press my luck with the harp."

"You saw Bird play?" Oh my, now Gerald was trapped. All the president had to say next was he knew Trane, and Gerald was gone over to the other side.

"In Chicago in the forties. You weren't born yet."

"How about Coltrane?"

"I know his work. But I'll admit I'm still back with the old bebop. 'My Favorite Things,' though," he mentioned Coltrane's rendition. "I like that." Gerald nodded.

The pink stewardess rolled up with her cart of goodies. "Gentlemen? Can I interest you in our drinks?"

The professor said, "I'll have scotch on the rocks. You?" he asked Gerald. "Don't worry. It's on me."

"Make that two," said Gerald, and Miss PSA passed over the little bottles of J&B that got poured over ice in glasses. They could have been cozy in a nightclub somewhere in old prewar Fillmore.

The professor imbibed casually. "Before I came to San Francisco, I used to do a jazz radio show in Chicago. I'm most familiar with the Chicago scene in the forties and fifties."

"Oh, interesting." Gerald thought about all of this. If the students knew, would it change anything? He wondered.

"That's when bebop made its appearance. Like anything new, folks hated it at first. It was the same reaction to modern art and Picasso."

"So, what do you think of guys like Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp?"

"That's what I mean. Frankly, I feel they've gone over the edge. Like that fellow Jackson Pollack. I don't like it much at all."

Gerald thought he should test the professor with some other questions that students would like to know. "Do you listen to rock?"

"I have nothing against it. My children listen to it. Let me put it this way: the only electric guitar put to good use was Charlie Christian's."

"Christian played with Miles."

"And Parker and Thelonious Monk. I have a recording of them at Minton's. Do you know it's said that Christian coined the word bebop?"

Gerald took a swig of his J&B and let the rocks settle in small clunks.

He knew the protocol, the way a knowledge of jazz, or just any music, could be a test of your masculinity. Honey, now how did that happen? In any case, he had better even up the score, so he said, "It's the way Christian used the electric guitar that changed the music, used it to augment and diminish chords."

Now the professor nodded in approval. As the French say, *formidable*.

"So," continued Gerald, "you can see how the guitar is used by guys like Hendrix." He was showing he didn't have any musical prejudices, though he probably does.

The professor changed the subject, probably because he hates rock anyway. "When you have time, come by my office. I've got a collection of LPs and a turntable there."

"Thanks."

"By the way, I've been talking to Duke Ellington, and it's almost settled.

I'm bringing Ellington and his band to our college. What do you think?" And this was the same guy who sent the TAC squad in to beat up black students? If only those Negroes would listen to jazz instead of James Brown.

But Gerald kept it mellow and uncomplicated, as if he could hear the indifference of Monk's cool piano over the plane's loudspeakers. Another J&B on the professor almost swindled his mind.

The conversation went on amiably and maturely like that for the duration of the short flight, until the pink stewardess came by with her sweet suggestions to store their tray tables and to reposition their seats to their upright and proper positions. Stiff-backed, Gerald and the professor braced themselves for the landing. The pink stewardess took her own seat, perky and at attention, and PSA dipped into and caressed the fog.

Gerald practiced his circular breathing

and heard a high C blow in his mind forever, heading for SFO's spreading tarmac.

● ■■■■■
I wonder if you would consider a favor on my behalf," he opened up. "I mean as a student at State. It's not every day you talk to the president himself."

The professor pulled onto the freeway and grinned. "It depends. What are you asking?"

"Well, see, I'm on probation, and I need to be reinstated to continue my classes."

"Probation?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"See, I just got out of San Bruno a couple of weeks ago."

The professor's eyebrows raised in alarm. "You were in jail? May I ask why?"

"Well, I could have copped a plea, but I went to court. My mom said, 'See that woman who holds the scales? Well, they're tipped in favor of the money,' but I said, 'No, this is America. We can get justice.' What did I know?"

"What happened?"

"The jury was a bunch of old women. They found me guilty."

"Guilty of what?"

"Of defending this white girl. She was passing out these flyers, and this white guy pushed her over, grabbed her flyers, and threw them all over. So I went after him and tried to get the flyers back, and it got messy."

"Messy?"

"Yeah, he punched me, and nobody punches me." Gerald paused, and the professor waited. "I was defending myself, see."

"So the police arrested you."

"Well, the white guy took off in one direction, and I took off running down Holloway in the other. They didn't go after the white guy. They came after me."

"What were you doing on Holloway?"

"Protesting, like ever yone else."

"You were striking? Then you deserved to be arrested."

"How did I deserve it? What about that white guy with the blue armband?"

The professor said, "Blue armband? Those students were showing their support for the college."

"By attacking a girl with flyers? If she'd been around to be my witness, I would have gotten off."

"She should have been arrested with you. You were blocking the entrance to a public institution and denying the right of other students to their educations. You were disturbing the peace. Being in jail should have given you time to reflect on this."

"Reflect?"

b Back in the silver Oldsmobile, flying down One-oh-one to the city, Gerald turned to the president, who was gripping his power steering. "Reflect?" he repeated. The word stuck in his throat, a huge hungry lump. "You don't know what you're saying."

"The police were just doing their job," said the professor. The Oldsmobile squealed around the off-ramp a little too fast.

"The police didn't have to be there doing their job. You invited them in. See this?" Gerald pointed at the scar over his brow. He practically moved his head in front of the professor's view. "What sort of job is that, bashing an unarmed person?"

"Can you fault the police?" The professor's voice rose in pitch, and it was already high. "How many of you hooligans were throwing rocks?"

"Hooligans?" Gerald jumped in his seat.

"Right, hooligans. You were out there breaking windows!"

"I was not!"

"Starting fires!" The professor waved his fist around at the traffic.

"Flushing books down the toilets!" That was unforgivable, and the professor looked like he was going to cry. "We had to tear out the plumbing system in the entire library! Do you know what that cost?"

"Who you blaming here? Who didn't want to negotiate?"

"Negotiate? What was there to negotiate? All you wanted was to destroy the college!"

"We were trying to build a Third World college. Build, not destroy!"

"Admit it," the professor continued his diatribe, "you were there with the rest of them, out to make trouble. And what for? You were being led around

by the nose by your fascination with a small gang of Negro students, bunch of conmen, neo-Nazis, and common thieves!"

Every time the professor looked at Gerald to make his point, he pushed the wheel to the right, and the car swerved in and out of the lane.

"Shit, watch your driving, old man!"

"Who you calling an old man?"

"You. And who you calling conmen and neo-Nazis? You're the Nazi. You're a fucking fascist pig!" Gerald watched the car run the red light and heard the honking from the cross street.

"You're the fascist!" The professor was screaming now.

By now Gerald was needing a smoke, so he pulled out the toke he was saving under his jacket and lighted up. As he puffed urgently, he yelled, "Fucking fascist pig uncle Tom pig banana!"

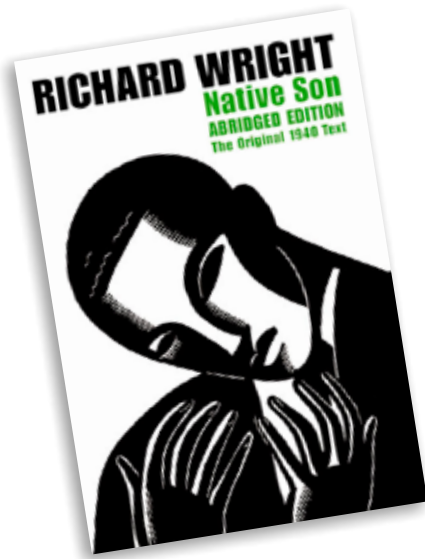
"What's that you're doing?" Even the professor recognized the smell of cannabis. Now, wouldn't that be the scandal. If he would just keep running those red lights, maybe they'd be stopped by a cop, and the president of SFSC would be caught red-handed for possession. What did Gerald care as long as he didn't have to share a cell with him. "That's it!" The professor hit the brakes, and the car screeched into the curb. "Get out! Get out!"

Gerald jumped for his horn cases in the backseat, yanking them away, and kept up his yelling, trying to overcome the litany of *GODDAMN! STUPID! DRUG ADDICT! WORTHLESS! KID! JAIL BIRD! GO TO HELL! GO TO HELL!* "UNCLE TOJO! FASCIST PIG! PUPPET! PIG BANANA!" Gerald tumbled out of the car. He ran and yelled after it like some kind of maniac. "FUCKING BANANA! FUCKING BANANA!"

Suddenly he stopped and looked around. There he was on the corner of Post and Buchanan. Maybe the Olds had an old directional memory of Jimbo's Bop City on the same street, gone for the last five, maybe six years. Gerald shrugged and took his instruments from their cases, hooked them to the straps around his neck, and started to blow, right there on Post Street.

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LAST WORDS



Native Son

by Richard Wright

Harper Perennial

www.harpercollins.com

max groped for his hat like a blind man; he found it and jammed it on his head. He felt for the door, keeping his face averted. He poked his arm through and signaled for the guard. When he was let out he stood for a moment, his back to the steel door. Bigger grasped the bars with both hands.

"Mr. Max"

"Yes, Bigger." He did not turn around.

"I'm all right. For real, I am."

"Good-bye, Bigger."

"Good-bye, Mr. Max."

Max walked down the corridor.

"Mr. Max!"

Max paused, but did not look.

"Tell...Tell Mister...Tell Jan hello..."

"All right, Bigger."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

He still held on to the bars. Then he smiled a faint, wry, bitter smile. He heard the ring of steel against steel as a far door clanged shut.

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