

OHIO *and* QUARTERLY

FALL 2017 | VOL. 60 NO. 4

76th
Annual

LITTLE
NOTHING
A NOVEL

OHIOANA
AWARDS

RIGHTFUL HERITAGE

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
IN THE LAND OF AMERICA

Haint
Teri Ellen Cross Davis

THE TRUE STORY OF SPORTSWRITER MARY GARDNER
MISS MARY
REPORTING

JUMP BACK,
PAUL
THE LIFE AND POEMS OF PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
Hillbilly Elegy

*A Memoir of a Family and
Culture in Crisis*

J. D. VANCE

THE
SUMMER
THAT A NOVEL
MELTED
EVERYTHING

"A bold and surprising debut . . . warning us . . .
of a future we can't see."

Collecting, Preserving, and Celebrating Ohio Literature

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OHIOana QUARTERLY

FALL 2017

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From the Director

Dear Friends,



Another autumn is here, bringing with it not just falling leaves and football games, but a new season of literary delights. It's a time when many new books are released, and events with authors dot the landscape. If you don't believe me, just check out the Coming Events calendar on page 41.

Naturally for Ohioana the highlight of the season is the presentation of the annual Ohioana Awards. In this issue, you'll meet the seven outstanding Ohio authors whose books were selected as this year's winners. We'll also introduce you to Ashley Bethard, the 2017 recipient of the Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant, a competitive prize for

Ohio writers age thirty or younger who have not yet published a book. We're pleased to share a winning story by Ashley, a talented writer with a promising future.

Speaking of the Marvin Grant, this year marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of the award, named for Ohioana's second director. We're celebrating with a special article in which nine past Marvin recipients, including Pulitzer Prize laureate Anthony Doerr, talk about the grant and its impact on their lives and careers.

Dr. Marvin was also the founding editor of the *Ohioana Quarterly*, and with this issue we come to the close of our sixtieth year of publication. It's remarkable how the periodical has grown and changed over the past six decades, from a small booklet to the full-color magazine you hold in your hands. However it may have changed in look, size, and format, its purpose has never wavered—to promote Ohio authors and books. We think Dr. Marvin would be pleased and proud.

Finally, fall brings with it the holidays, for which we wish you all the best. May I say a heartfelt thanks for your ongoing support, particularly in this year of unique challenges. We exist for you, and we exist because of you. Thank you.

Happy reading, happy holidays, and we'll see you in 2018!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'David Weaver'.

David Weaver
Executive Director

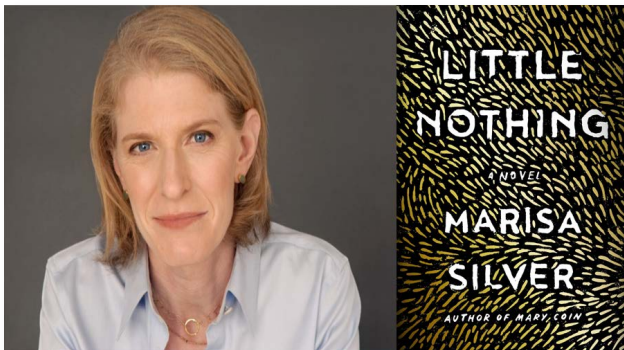
ON THE COVER

This issue's cover features images of the 2017 Ohioana Award-winning books. To learn more about this year's award winners, see the article on the next page.



The Ohioana Book Awards were established in 1942 to recognize excellence in writing by Ohioans and about Ohio, and are the second oldest state literary prizes in the nation. Each year awards are given to outstanding books in the categories of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, juvenile literature, middle grade and young adult literature, and books about Ohio or an Ohioan. This year's awards also include the second annual Reader's Choice award, selected by readers across the state.

Fiction

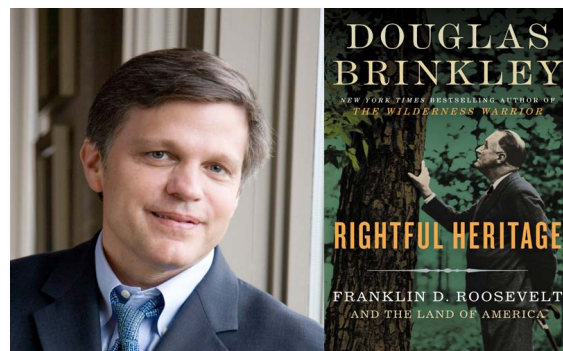


Marisa Silver, *Little Nothing*, Blue Rider Press. In an unnamed country at the beginning of the last century, a child called Pavla is born to peasant parents. Pavla has been born a dwarf, beautiful in face, but as the years pass, she grows no farther than the edge of her crib. When her parents turn to the treatments of a local charlatan, his terrifying cure opens the floodgates of persecution for Pavla. Part allegory about the shifting nature of being, part subversive fairy tale of love in all its uncanny guises, *Little Nothing* spans the beginning of a new century, the

disintegration of ancient superstitions, and the adoption of industry and invention.

Marisa Silver is the author of the novels *Little Nothing* and *Mary Coin*, a *New York Times* bestseller and winner of the Southern California Independent Bookseller's Award. She is also the author of *The God of War* (a *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize finalist); *No Direction Home*; and two story collections, *Alone with You* and *Babe in Paradise* (a *New York Times* Notable Book and *Los Angeles Times* Best Book of the Year). Silver is the winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship in the Creative Arts, and her short fiction has won the O. Henry Award and been included in *The Best American Short Stories*, *The O. Henry Prize Stories*, and other anthologies. A native of Shaker Heights, she lives in Los Angeles.

Nonfiction

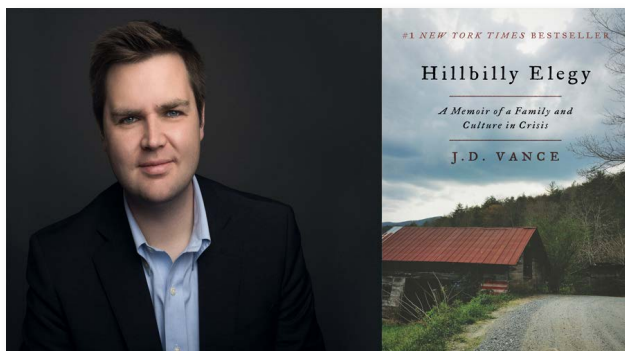


Douglas Brinkley, *Rightful Heritage: Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Land of America*, Harper. Brinkley turns his attention to Franklin Delano Roosevelt,

chronicling his under-sung legacy as the founder of the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) and protector of America's public lands. FDR built from scratch dozens of state park systems and scenic roadways. Pristine landscapes such as the Great Smokies, the Everglades, and Mammoth Cave were saved by his leadership. Brinkley traces FDR's love for the natural world from his youth spent exploring the Hudson River Valley and bird watching. *Rightful Heritage* is an epic chronicle that is both an irresistible portrait of FDR's unrivaled passion and drive and an indispensable analysis that skillfully illuminates the tension between business and nature.

Douglas Brinkley is a professor of history at Rice University, the CNN Presidential Historian, and a contributing editor at *Vanity Fair* and *Audubon*. The *Chicago Tribune* has dubbed him "America's new past master." His recent book *Cronkite* won the Sperber Prize for Best Book in Journalism and was a *Washington Post* Notable Book of the Year. *The Great Deluge* won the Robert F. Kennedy Book Award. He is a member of the Society of American Historians and the Council on Foreign Relations. He lives in Austin, Texas, with his wife and three children.

About Ohio or an Ohioan

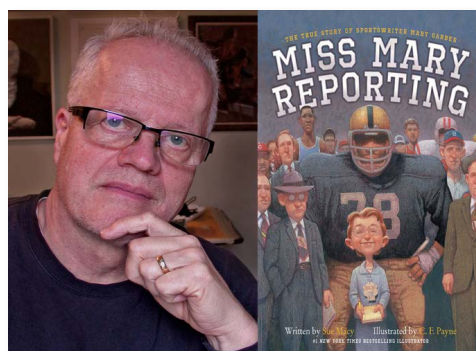


J.D. Vance, *Hillbilly Elegy: A Memoir of a Family and Culture in Crisis*, Harper. Vance tells what social, regional, and class decline feels like when you were born with it hung around your neck. The story began in postwar America when J.D.'s grandparents moved from Kentucky to Ohio to escape the poverty around them. They raised a middle-class family, and eventually their grandchild (the author) would graduate from Yale Law School. But as the saga of *Hillbilly Elegy* plays out,

we learn that Vance's grandparents, aunt, uncle, sister, and—most of all—his mother struggled profoundly with the demands of middle-class life and were never able to fully escape the legacy of abuse, alcoholism, poverty, and trauma so characteristic of their part of America.

J.D. Vance grew up in the Rust Belt city of Middletown, Ohio, and the Appalachian town of Jackson, Kentucky. He enlisted in the Marine Corps after high school and served in Iraq. A graduate of the Ohio State University and Yale Law School, he has contributed to the *National Review* and is a principal at a leading Silicon Valley investment firm. Vance has recently relocated back to Ohio.

Juvenile Literature

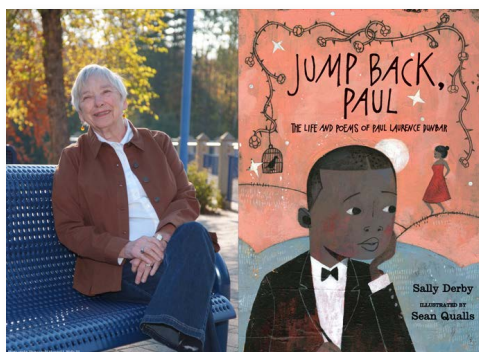


C.F. Payne (illustrator) and Sue Macy (author), *Miss Mary Reporting: The True Story of Sportswriter Mary Garber*, Paula Wiseman Books. *Miss Mary Reporting* is an illustrated biography of Mary Garber, one of the first female sports journalists in American history. Garber was a pioneering sports journalist in a time when women were rarely a part of the newspaper business. Women weren't even allowed to sit in the press boxes at sporting events, but that didn't stop her. In a time when African-American sports were not routinely covered, Mary went to the games and wrote about them. Garber was a sportswriter for fifty-six years and was the first woman to receive the Associated Press Sports Editors' Red Smith Award, presented for major contributions in sports journalism.

C.F. Payne is an artist-illustrator whose work has graced the covers of *Time Magazine*, *Readers Digest*, *Sports Illustrated*, *The New York Times Book Review* and *Sunday*

Magazine, MAD Magazine, der Spiegel, U.S. News and World Report, The Atlantic Monthly, Texas Monthly, Boys Life, and more. He has been commissioned to paint countless politicians, authors, and entertainers. He has illustrated ten children's picture books, including *The Remarkable Farkle McBride* and *Micawber*, written by John Lithgow. His artwork has been exhibited at the Cincinnati Art Museum, the National Portrait Gallery, the Norman Rockwell Museum, the Society of Illustrators Museum of American Illustration, the Selby Gallery at Ringling College of Art and Design, and numerous college and university galleries.

Middle Grade/Young Adult Literature



Sally Derby, *Jump Back Paul*, Candlewick. Did you know that Paul Laurence Dunbar originated such famous lines as “I know why the caged bird sings” and “We wear the mask that grins and lies”? From his childhood in poverty and his early promise as a poet to his immense fame and his untimely death, Dunbar’s story is one of triumph and tragedy. But his legacy remains in his much-beloved poetry—told in both Standard English and in dialect—which continues to delight and inspire readers today. More than two dozen of Dunbar’s poems are woven throughout this volume, illuminating the phases of his life and serving as examples of dialect, imagery, and tone. Narrating in a voice full of admiration and respect, Sally Derby introduces Paul Laurence Dunbar’s life and poetry to readers young and old.

Sally Derby is the author of several books for young readers, including *Kyle’s Island* and *No Mush Today*. She says, “For years, I wanted to write a book about Paul Laurence Dunbar, the famous poet from Dayton, Ohio, but I didn’t know how. Then one day, I heard a

voice saying ‘You never heard of the poet Paul Laurence Dunbar? Child, where’ve you been?’ And once I’d heard that voice, I knew how to write the story.” Derby is a Cincinnati native and resident.

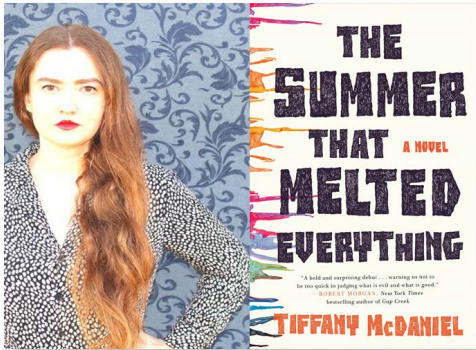
Poetry



Teri Ellen Cross Davis, *Haint: Poems*, Gival Press. Reviewer and poet Sharan Strange says of *Haint*: “Exploring the psychic interstices of coming-of-age, love, marriage, and motherhood, these meditations on desire, hunger, loss, birth, nurture, and violence raise questions and challenge assumptions about Black woman’s selfhood under the sign of *haint*...Teri Ellen Cross Davis conveys a grown woman’s hard-won wisdom, acknowledging the snares of seeking acceptance or understanding, much less abiding love, in a world where one might be rendered spectral, indecent, or crazy, even. Ultimately, the vulnerabilities, boldness, passion, and fears on display in this moving collection forge a new song of self-affirmation.”

Teri Ellen Cross Davis is a Cave Canem fellow and has attended the Soul Mountain Writer’s Retreat, the Virginia Center for Creative Arts, and the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown. Her work has been published in many anthologies including *Bum Rush The Page: A Def Poetry Jam*; *Gathering Ground: A Reader Celebrating Cave Canem’s First Decade*; *Growing Up Girl*; *Full Moon on K Street: Poems About Washington, D.C.*; and *Check the Rhyme: An Anthology of Female Poets & Emcees*. Her work can also be read in publications such as *Beltway Poetry Quarterly*, *Natural Bridge*, *The Sligo Journal*, *ArLiJo*, *Mi Poesias*, and *Torch*, and is forthcoming in the *North American Review*. She lives in Silver Spring, MD, with her husband and two children.

Reader's Choice



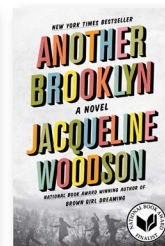
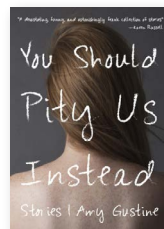
Tiffany McDaniel, *The Summer That Melted Everything*, St. Martin's Press. The *Akron Beacon Journal* called *The Summer That Melted Everthing* “a haunting Appalachian Gothic novel that calls into question the nature of good and evil.” For narrator Fielding Bliss, the summer of 1984 is the summer he became friends with the devil—who appears out of nowhere as a bruised and tattered thirteen-year-old boy named Sal and who claims to be the devil himself. When word spreads that the devil has come to Breathed, not everyone is happy to welcome this self-proclaimed fallen angel. Tensions rise along with the temperature as an unbearable heat wave rolls into town right along with Sal. As strange accidents start to occur, some in the town start to believe that Sal is exactly who he claims to be.

Tiffany McDaniel is an Ohio native whose writing is inspired by the rolling hills and buckeye woods of the land she knows. Also a poet and artist, she is the winner of *The Guardian's* 2016 “Not-the-Booker Prize.” The novel was also a Goodreads Choice Award double nominee in both fiction and debut categories, is a current nominee for the Lillian Smith Book Award, and is a finalist for the Women’s Fiction Writers Association Star Award for Outstanding Debut.

Congratulations also to the 2017 Ohioana Book Award finalists! Among this year's finalists are winners of the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, the Newbery Medal, and the Pushcart Prize; a Guggenheim Fellow; two U.S. Children's Poet Laureates; and eight previous Ohioana Award winners. Look for these titles at your local library or bookstore.

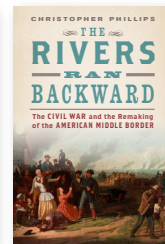
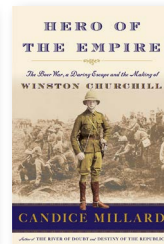
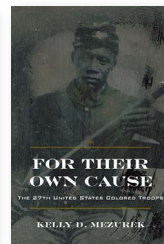
FICTION

Amy Gustine, *You Should Pity Us Instead*
 Donald Ray Pollock, *The Heavenly Table*
 Jacqueline Woodson, *Another Brooklyn*



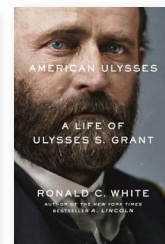
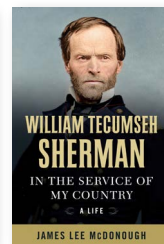
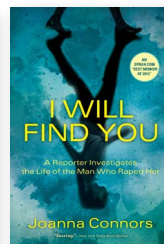
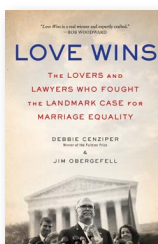
NONFICTION

Beth Macy, *Truevine*
 Kelly D. Mezurek, *For Their Own Cause*
 Candice Millard, *Hero of the Empire*
 Christopher Phillips, *The Rivers Ran Backward*



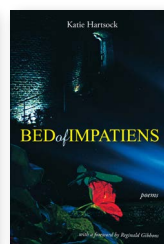
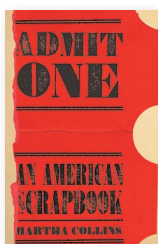
ABOUT OHIO OR AN OHIOAN

Debbie Cenziper & Jim Obergefell, *Love Wins*
 Joanna Connors, *I Will Find You*
 James Lee McDonough, *William Tecumseh Sherman*
 Ronald C. White, *American Ulysses*



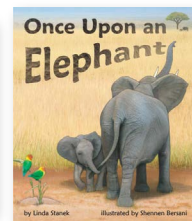
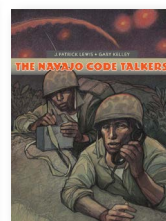
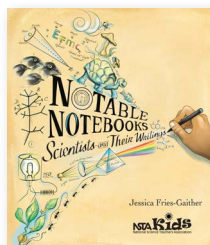
POETRY

Martha Collins, *Admit One*
 Katie Hartsock, *Bed of Impatiens*
 John Matthias, *Complayntes for Doctor Neuro*
 James J. Siegel, *How Ghosts Travel*



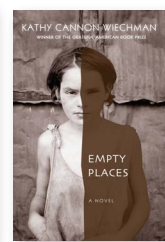
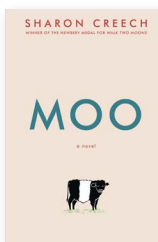
JUVENILE LITERATURE

Jessica Fries-Gaither, *Notable Notebooks*
 J. Patrick Lewis, *The Navajo Code Talkers*
 Loren Long, *Otis and the Kittens*
 Linda Stanek, *Once Upon an Elephant*



MIDDLE GRADE & YOUNG ADULT LITERATURE

Sharon Creech, *Moo*
 Mary Knight, *Saving Wonder*
 Julie Salamon, *Mutt's Promise*
 Kathy Cannon Wiechman, *Empty Places*



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"Validation"

Ohioana's Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant at Thirty-Five

Dr. Walter Rumsey Marvin was a man of many talents—newspaperman, railroad historian, educator, public official. From 1954 to 1965, he served as the second Executive Director of the Ohioana Library Association, founding and serving as the first editor of the Ohioana Quarterly.

The Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant, created by his family after his death in 1980, is a competitive prize for an Ohio writer age thirty or younger who has not yet published a book. First presented in 1982, the grant was given every other year until 1998, when it became an annual award.

Nearly 1,000 Ohio writers have competed for the prize during its history—twenty-eight have been chosen as winners. To celebrate the 35th anniversary of the Marvin Grant, we've gone back to talk with nine of these past recipients.

How did winning the Marvin Grant impact you: your life, your career, your writing?

Elizabeth Adams, first Marvin recipient, 1982: At the time I had completed my Master of Fine Arts in Arkansas and was living a rather monastic life...I became a secretary at the University of Massachusetts, working in the Psychology Department. While in the Arkansas MFA program, it was easy to think of myself as a writer: we were around other writers all the time, went to writing

workshop once a week, and talked about contemporary fiction all day long. It was harder out in the world, when I was typing up psychology papers all day. Winning the Marvin grant allowed me to think of myself as a writer, and to feel I was recognized as such.

Robin Hemley, 1984: The Marvin Grant came at a crucial time in my professional life. I had just quit a full-time job to write freelance in Chicago and I was about to go to one of my first writing residencies, at Edward Albee's "Barn" in Montauk, Long Island. The grant gave me a much-needed cushion and more importantly, some much-needed confidence that I had something of value to write.

Susan Tekulve, 1990: I was twenty-one, and I'd just entered the MFA program at Wichita State University. The story I submitted for the grant, called "Venial Sins," was the first short story I wrote for James Lee Burke's fiction workshop during my first semester of graduate school. He championed the story, sent it to the Association of Writing and Writing Programs Intro Awards on my behalf. At the same time, another faculty member at WSU, Elizabeth Adams (the first Marvin winner), suggested that I send the story to the Ohioana Award. That spring, the story won an AWP Intro Award, and then I heard that it had also won the Marvin Grant! I felt validation because this was the first time anyone outside of my parents and a few kind teachers had acknowledged my writing.

Elizabeth Adams



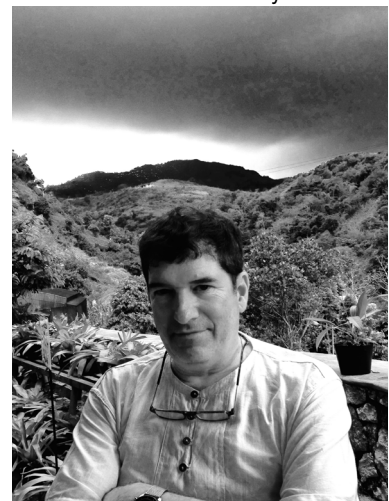
Anthony Doerr (by Shauna Doerr)



Shari Goldhagen (by ISOWM)



Robin Hemley



Samrat Upadhyay, 1992: I had barely started my writing career in 1992 when I won the award. I was enrolled in the Creative Writing Program at Ohio University and was studying under the renowned teacher Eve Shelnutt. I was working on a bunch of stories, and Eve was always encouraging me to send them out. While I had received strong encouragement from Eve and other teachers about my talent for writing stories, winning the Marvin Grant gave me the confidence that I could indeed be an artist with something valuable to say. Some of the stories in the winning manuscript for the Marvin Grant found their way into my first published collection, *Arresting God in Kathmandu* (2001).

Margaret Young, 1994: It made me want to keep going—at writing, at trying to get published, at entering contests. I was living in a small town with not many other writers around, working on many different things. Winning the grant was validation at a time when I didn't have much, during that stretch (far longer than I'd imagined) between the energy of graduate school and getting my first book published.

Anthony Doerr, 2000: The grant came to me when I was in grad school and bringing home about \$12,000 a year. It meant rent would be easier to pay; it meant I could bring home a few more bags of rice from FoodTown; it meant I could keep writing. And, of course, it meant ratification: To receive that kind of validation, particularly when you still haven't published a book, and still don't fully believe you will ever be able to publish a book, means everything. The grant not only validates all those hours you spend, alone in a room, fighting through dead ends and failures of nerve, but it makes you feel as if your sentences are

actually reaching readers, strangers who live far away, people who might not even be related to you.

Shari Goldhagen, 2005: Winning the Marvin Grant was a huge boost. I'd recently finished grad school (at OSU) and wondered if I'd be able to continue to write without the structure of a program. Nothing I was working on was under contract, nothing was on deadline and it was hard not to feel like I was just typing away in obscurity for no real reason with no real plan.

Being recognized with the Marvin Grant changed that. It made me feel like a writer, like someone who wasn't just talking about writing the great American novel but you know was actually making some progress toward writing one.

And the prize money was nice, too. I actually ended up selling my first novel—*Family and Other Accidents*—shortly after, and the extra money bought me a month of time to get things in order for a final push before sending it out.

Jordan McMullin, 2006: It let me know that publishing a book wasn't just a pipe dream after all—that I might have something to say and some craft and talent to back it up. Although I have not yet published a major work, it keeps me going even now.

Jeannie Vanasco, 2014: Before receiving the Marvin Grant, I was in a revision loop. I'd get stuck on a single sentence for an hour, diagramming all the syntactical options. It was absurd. But the Marvin Grant encouraged me to move forward, to stop second-guessing myself, to

Jordan McMullin



Susan Tekulve (by Greg Becker)



Samrat Upadhyay (by Daniel Pickett)



Margaret Young



take more risks with my writing. I think Gertrude Stein nailed it when she wrote: “It is what a writer needs. Praise is. Not criticism. Praise.”

Do you recall how you felt when you learned you had won the grant?

Adams: Of course I was thrilled to receive the award, mainly for the recognition. I felt validated as a writer, and felt all those hours working at four o'clock in the morning had paid off. I took the money I won to go to Europe and do some of the things I had always dreamed of, such as walking through Shakespeare and Company bookstore in Paris, or the old used bookstores in London.

Hemley: I remember a couple of phone calls about winning the award—in those days, good news came on the phone, bad news by mail. I don't recall the exact moment I heard that I had won but I tend to get very quiet when good news comes my way, so much so that one editor was a bit offended once when she told me I'd won a prize and I barely reacted. I tend to think there must be some kind of mistake and I don't want to over react just to have my moment of glory dashed.

Tekulve: I felt a mixture of wonder, gratitude, validation, and relief. I felt wonder because the story came to me mysteriously, and I wrote it in about two sittings, and here it was being given two prestigious awards. I felt relief because I was in graduate school, I had no health insurance, and I had four impacted wisdom teeth when I received news of the award. I recall writing a thank you note to the Ohioana Association, thanking them for funding my dental bill so that I could get my wisdom teeth pulled. My note must have seemed strange to the woman who received it because she wrote back and said, “Well, I hope you use the prize in good health!”

Upadhyay: I remember the disbelief when I learned about winning the grant. At Ohio University, I was

surrounded by incredibly talented and dedicated peers, and I felt humbled to have been singled out by Ohioana for the Marvin Grant.

Young: The exact details are lost in the haze of time, but I remember the awards ceremony. My father David Young was able to attend—he's picked up a few writing prizes himself, and was proud to see me getting recognized.

Winning the Marvin Grant was a huge moment for me—mentally more so than monetarily. It made me feel validated as a writer.

—Shari Goldhagen

Doerr: What it felt like was this: When my mail was populated with rejection slips, day after day, someone back home understood my work and thought it was worth supporting. Nothing could be more important to a young writer than that kind of encouragement.

Goldhagen: As I said above, winning the Marvin Grant was a huge moment for me—mentally more so than monetarily. It made me feel validated as a writer.

McMullin: I remember that I was on a break from work on the beautiful University of Maryland campus, I and saw that there was a voicemail on my phone from a 614 number. I had a weird (and very good) feeling about it. When I listened, I remember pumping my fist at the sky in victory. It was a Rocky Balboa moment for sure.

Vanasco: I was writing in a coffee shop, ready to call it a day, when my phone rang and I received the news. I think I asked more than once: “I did get the grant?” After hanging up, instead of calling it a day, I ordered more coffee and wrote until the café closed. The recognition gave me some much-needed confidence.

What advice do you give young writers when they're trying to break in? Are prizes such as the Marvin Grant helpful in giving a writer's career a boost?

Adams: I would urge beginning writers to make time for their craft, even at the risk of being a lone wolf. Trust it, listen to it in silence, and share only with other writers

you trust. And yes, prizes such as the Marvin Grant are very helpful. For one, they provide external validation for a task which can be very solitary. The rewards are quiet, not public, and it is nice to be able to point to something and say, "I did that."

Hemley: My best advice to writers, young and old, is that it's a matter of persistence. You write and write and it's not always good and it won't always receive accolades, but you can't just write for the accolades or the publication. As with anything, writing is a tough profession and you have to love the doing of it because the outcomes are unpredictable. And of course, prizes like the Marvin grant are invaluable, worth so much to a young writer in terms of self-esteem.

Tekulve: Winning the prize was a boost to my career. It came at a time when I had few publications and no notoriety. I could say to an editor, as well as a potential employer, that I had been published and had won a prestigious award. Those credits helped me get a job, and also, from time to time, persuaded editors at journals to dig my future fiction submissions out from beneath their slush piles.

My advice for young writers: go to the writing every day, and treat it like an apprenticeship. Set up rituals that make you feel like writing, what Flannery O'Connor calls "The Habit of Art." Don't be in a hurry to publish—study and learn your craft first, and make your mistakes in private. Finally, be a kind, giving person to all your writing peers and teachers, as well as to the people who publish and promote your books. I believe that the catch phrase for this is now called being a "good literary citizen."

Upadhyay: Both prizes and journal publications are crucial to aspiring writers. I am always exhorting my students to submit, both to prizes and to publications. After winning the Marvin Grant, I was approached by a

couple of agents, and good things can be anticipated for young writers who land a prize or a journal acceptance.

Young: Get ready for lots of rejection, and look out sharply for any ways you can narrow your odds, like prizes limited by age, geography, gender, etc.! Any recognition young writers can get is a boost, even if it's mostly psychological, giving you a reason to sit down and keep writing.

Nothing could be
more important
to a young writer
than that kind of
encouragement.

—Anthony Doerr

Doerr: To young writers, I always say, read, read, read. Read everything that's out there. Are prizes helpful? Of course. The career boost is certainly part of it, but more importantly, the grant buys an artist a bit more time to keep making art.

Goldhagen: I don't know that I should be giving anyone advice since I question what I'm doing at least three times a day. I guess I would say you really have to write for yourself and not worry about market trends and things like that. When I say that,

I don't mean avoid criticism and vow not to edit; I just mean write the kind of stories you want to read (and if you say you want to be a writer, you damn well should be reading!).

Things like the Marvin Grant can be a huge boost; it certainly was for me. But the writing should always be your focus. I wrote the piece I submitted for the grant long before I even knew about Ohioana. By the time I sent it off, it was in pretty good shape. I guess what I'm saying is that contests, grants, and publications in general are great end goals, but the most important part of being a writer is the writing. You should spend the energy on that and worry about the rest once you've finished something.

McMullin: I would say, naturally, submit, submit, submit. Don't take the rejections too much to heart. And if you get a rejection letter that is personalized, it's basically an acceptance. KEEP GOING! Also know that even when

and if you take a break from writing, you're still a writer if you're looking at the world and gathering material.

Vanasco: Prize recognition can help. But my advice to young writers: awards or no awards, keep writing. And read as much as you can. Treat your books as experiences as opposed to objects. Write inside them: fill the margins, highlight sentences, dog-ear pages. But don't do that to library books! Speaking of which, visit your local library. Get to know the librarians. And if there's an independent bookstore near you, spend time there. Writing can be a very lonely thing, and it's important to remember that what you're doing matters in the world. I go to bookstores and libraries because I want my reading recommendations to come from people whose opinions I trust, not an online-shopping algorithm. My last piece of advice: email your favorite authors. You may think they're out of reach, but writers are some of the most insecure people I know. Writers are more likely to trust praise from a stranger than from a friend.

Ohioana is proud of you as a winner of the Marvin Grant! Do you still have ties to the state? What does it mean to you to be claimed as "an Ohio writer"?

Adams: I still have strong ties to Ohio...I grew up there, went to university there, and went back to live there in my thirties and work for a bookstore (the first Borders in Ohio at Beachwood Place). My mother still lives there, so I visit her at least every other year. I still feel a sense of nostalgia when I go home...for Cleveland in particular. I love to see the old houses I grew up in. I love the Cleveland Indians and the Cavaliers still (I never forgave the Browns for going to Miami). I even feel sentimental occasionally for Cleveland Heights High, although it was a big and scary place for a shy girl in high school. So I definitely still feel I am a Cleveland girl at heart.

Hemley: While I was born in New York, I grew up in the Midwest, and Athens, Ohio, was a particularly wonderful place to grow up. Yes, I have ties to the state, a lot of old friends. While I didn't graduate from Athens High School and had moved out of state in sixth grade, a lot of my friends graduated from there and they have been kind enough to invite me in recent years to their reunions. I've gone on two separate occasions and had a wonderful time. Also, in my new novel, which is mostly set in the Philippines, the main character grew up in Coshocton. I find that Ohio is still very much a place I identify with.

I even dream sometimes of Athens and I could probably still navigate the streets with my eyes closed.

Tekulve: I am completely grateful and excited to be claimed as an Ohio writer because it is such an inclusive community, and because Ohio is my first home, the place I always return to—in memory, or in the flesh. Though I have lived in South Carolina for twenty-five years now, I grew up just above the Ohio River, on a green incline beside one of the

four old-growth forests in Cincinnati. I spent most of my childhood rambling in the woods, sitting on the banks of a tributary or a river, or checking out books from my local library. So even when I'm writing about my adult home in South Carolina, or my husband's home in Southern Appalachia, or countries as far flung as Italy and Ireland, I ultimately find myself returning to a green incline, a river, or a room full of library books.

Upadhyay: Not only did most of my American education happen in Ohio (first for my undergraduate at the College of Wooster, then for my M.A. at Ohio University), but my first tenure-track job as a professor also landed me in Ohio, at Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea. So I have a great deal of affection for Ohio, and I still have many friends who live there. I am an "Ohio writer" in the sense that I began my artistic journey in earnest in that state.



Yolanda Danyi Szuch (r) presents the Marvin Grant to Jeannie Vanasco. Photo by Mary Rathke.

Young: I just did a panel at the Massachusetts Poetry Festival with my dad in which we talked about being father and daughter poets of place. I've lived away from Ohio now more than I've lived there, but it's still very much part of who I am. My first book—watch for those geographically limited contests—was in the Cleveland Poets Series, chosen by Bruce Weigl while I was living in Oberlin for a while in my thirties. I rode my bike over to his house to get his excellent editing suggestions. I also really loved being part of the Ohio Arts Council's education programs—the training conferences, the community. I did residencies in Steubenville and Bexley. My dad still lives in the house where I grew up, and also has a place on Lake Erie where we go nearly every summer. I'm still writing Ohio poems out here in Massachusetts.

Doerr: My parents, brother and sister-in-law, and nieces and nephews still live in the Cleveland area; I still root for all the Cleveland sports teams; I still feel like Ohio is home. And I'm very proud to be a tiny part of the amazing tradition (from Lee K. Abbott to Michael Cunningham to Dan Chaon to Toni Morrison) of Ohio fiction writers who have been honored by Ohioana.

Goldhagen: I was born and raised in Cincinnati, graduated from Sycamore High School, and did my M.F.A. at The Ohio State University. Heck, even when I was in Chicago for undergrad, I was always coming back to the Buckeye State because my boyfriend went to Ohio State University. I've lived in New York for fifteen years now, but I'll always be an Ohioan and an Ohio writer. My parents and closest friends all still live in Ohio, and my first two novels have huge sections that take place in Ohio. It's kind of in my blood.

McMullin: I'm not so sure that I thought of myself as "an Ohio writer" until I won the Marvin Grant! Up until then, I saw my writing shaped more greatly by other factors of my identity: my gender, my race, my sexuality. Winning the Marvin Grant made me realize how much my own identity truly was shaped by my childhood in Ohio and the very Ohio landscape that shaped my family's livelihood and destiny.

Vanasco: I live in Baltimore now, but I still care deeply about Ohio. That's why I bug its politicians every month or so, calling and emailing their offices. And that's why Sandusky, my hometown, appears in my author bio. I'm

happy to be claimed as "an Ohio writer." As a teenager, I loved learning about writers from Ohio. It made writing a book seem so much more possible. And Ohio plays a significant role in my book. I have so many great childhood memories of Sandusky—from Cedar Point to the library to the landfill. To be honest, I liked the landfill a lot more than Cedar Point when I was a kid. But the library beat the landfill, hands-down.

THE MARVIN INTERVIEWEES

Elizabeth Adams was the first Marvin Grant recipient in 1982. Her writing has appeared in periodicals including *Alaska Quarterly Review* and *Massachusetts Review*. Adams has devoted her career to education both in the United States and abroad. She currently teaches English at the International School of Luxembourg, where she has lived since 2011 with her two sons.

Robin Hemley is an international writer who has published a dozen books as well as essays and short stories around the world. He is the founder and past president of NonfictionNOW, the leading international conference for literary nonfiction. He lives in Singapore, where he is Professor of Humanities/Writer-in-Residence and Director of the Writing Program and Writers' Center at Yale/UNS College, a collaboration between Yale University and the University of Singapore.

Susan Tekulve is the author of two story collections, *My Mother's War Stories* and *Savage Pilgrims*, and the novel *In the Garden of Stone*, which won the 2012 South Carolina First Novel Prize. Her short stories and essays have appeared in journals such as *Denver Quarterly*, *Indiana Review*, *The Georgia Review*, *Connecticut Review*, and *Shenandoah*. Originally from Cincinnati, Tekulve lives in South Carolina, where she teaches writing at Converse College in Spartanburg.

Samrat Upadhyay is the author of three novels and four short story collections, the most recent of which, *Mad Country*, was published in April, 2017. His essays have appeared in the *New York Times* and *Huffington Post*. Born in Nepal, Upadhyay came to the United States at age twenty-one. The winner of a \$25,000 NEA fellowship in 2015, he lives in Bloomington, Indiana, where he holds the Margaret C. Kraft Professorship in Humanities at Indiana University.

Margaret Young is a native of Oberlin and a graduate of Yale and the University of California-Davis. She has taught and done residencies in many settings and is the winner of an Ohio Arts Council Individual Artist Grant. She is the author of three collections of poetry, including *Blight Summer*, to be published in the fall of 2017. She now lives in Massachusetts.

Anthony Doerr is the author of the story collections *The Shell Collector* and *Memory Wall*, the memoir *Four Seasons in Rome*, and the novels *About Grace* and the New York Times #1 best-seller *All the Light We Cannot See*, which was awarded the 2015 Pulitzer Prize for fiction and the 2015 Andrew Carnegie Medal for Excellence in Fiction. The winner of many other literary prizes, Doerr's work has been translated into more than forty languages. A Cleveland native, Doerr now lives in Idaho with his wife and twin sons.

Shari Goldhagen is the author of three books, including 2016's *100 Days of Cake*, her first novel for young adults. She has worked as a gossip writer for publications including *The National Enquirer*, *Us Weekly*, and *Life & Style Weekly*. Her articles on pop culture, travel, and relationships have appeared in such magazines as *Cosmopolitan* and *Penthouse*. Born and raised in Cincinnati, Goldhagen now lives in New York City with her husband and daughter.

Jordan McMullin has written both fiction and creative nonfiction; her work has appeared in periodicals including *Best New American Voices* and the *Tampa Review*. A graduate of Vassar, Miami, and the University of Maryland, McMullin recently returned to Ohio after spending the past decade as a teacher of English, American literature, and contemporary world literature in Virginia and Maryland.

Jeannie Vanasco won the 2014 Marvin Grant for an excerpt from her memoir, *The Glass Eye*. The book of that same name is being published by Tin House in October, 2017. Her writing has appeared in the *Believer*, *NewYorker.com*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, and elsewhere. Born and raised in Sandusky, Ohio, she now lives in Baltimore and teaches at Towson University.

THE WALTER RUMSEY MARVIN GRANT WINNERS

Name	Year	County
Ashley Bethard	2017	Montgomery
Eliese Colette Golbach	2016	Cuyahoga
Negesti Kaudo	2015	Franklin
Jeannie Vanasco	2014	Erie
Bernard Fatai Matambo	2013	Lorain
Sarah Menkedick	2012	Hamilton/Franklin
Laura Maylene Walter	2011	Cuyahoga
Daniel Pribble	2010	Butler
Valerie Cumming	2009	Franklin
Nicholas Kowalcyk	2008	Lorain
Nicole McClelland	2007	Cuyahoga/Lake
Jordan McMullin	2006	Trumbull
Margot Kahn	2005	Hamilton/Cuyahoga
Shari Goldhagen	2004	Hamilton
Jen Hirt	2003	Cuyahoga
Ellis Avery	2002	Franklin
Amy Sickels	2001	Butler
Anthony Doerr	2000	Geauga
Victoria Crane	1999	Cuyahoga
Salvatore Scibona	1998	Cuyahoga
Jennifer Lynn Jackson	1996	Franklin
Margaret Young	1994	Lorain
Samrat Upadhyay	1992	Wayne
Susan Tekulve	1990	Hamilton
David E. Edick	1988	Lorain
Ann Hinkle	1986	Butler
Robin Hemley	1984	Athens
Elizabeth Adams	1982	Cuyahoga

Of Blood

by Ashley Bethard, 2017 Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant Winner

One of the Ohioana judges wrote of Ashley's essay, "Often moving and powerful, the writing is accomplished" while a second wrote, "Elegant, sensitive, sensuous writing . . . heartbreaking."

August, 1997

We bob in the muddy green water of the Chesapeake Bay, off the shore of a private beach where our father works long hours in the sun on a rich lady's summer home. Because dad has agreed to take us to work with him, we've gotten out of summer camp for a week, which we hate anyway. It is hot and the sun is high for hours but for some reason it feels like just the three of us exist here in this quiet place of sand and water and forest. There are no children. Waterside in the summer, and there's no one here. The houses are nice, with fancy landscaping and boat ramps. When the water's low the ramps rise, thick concrete spines jutting from the earth, their ridges caked with clumps of algae and tarry black slime.

The swimming area is a rectangle marked off with plastic bobbers and polypropylene rope, once white but now a dull brown. In the center there's a wooden pallet tethered to the sand beneath and buoyed by a fat tire. For hours, we pull ourselves up and leap off. We have jumping contests. We warm ourselves in the sun.

One day I plant my hands on the edge and heave my body straight up from the water on the wrong side: I catch my thigh on a rusty nail sticking out two inches from the slimy wood. It tears open the flesh above my right knee and I panic: blood and rust mean tetanus. You are more upset than me, but work hard to stay calm. You look at the jagged cut spilling my blood. You take my hand and help me back into the water. We walk to shore to find our father.

In the bathroom, I sit down as my father rummages in the cupboard for peroxide. You are quiet, holding my hand as dad pours peroxide onto the wound, but your flushed skin and the puffiness around your eyes tell me

you're worried. I squeeze your hand. I'm glad you're there. The peroxide burns and I squeeze harder. Tiny white bubbles froth up from the bright blood, a tiny chemical volcano on my skin.

Later that week we go fishing. Summer is officially drawing to a close. We've gotten out of day camp for the last time, but soon school will start. Your tackle box sits open in the shade, its corners resting in cool sand. It's cream and green, painted with two thick red first-aid crosses left over from when it was our mother's nursing kit. In it there are meticulously wrapped coils of clear and green fishing line. There are metal hooks, single and triple, with barbed edges to tear through a fish's lip and take hold there. There are the lures, a kaleidoscopic burst of all sizes and colors. There are yellow and orange feathers, tufts of green and red, strands of blue. Sardine-sized decoys with precise detail: eyes, scales, fins. Shiny metal discs of gold, silver and copper glint at me. Jigs, surface lures, spoon lures, flies, spinnerbaits. My favorites are the swimbaits. I flatten their squishy bodies between my thumb and index finger and let go, watch them spring back to a tubular shape. They are transparent and flecked with glitter, a curly tail dangling from their plump bodies. I like the feeling of sliding them onto the hook, the pressure beneath my fingers as I urge them past the barb, snug into place.

You stand at the edge of the water with your fishing rod, the line twenty feet out. No luck. You reel in, check the lure, pinch the end of the line to the pole and cast again. There is a scream. I look up before realizing it is you, your hand clasped to the side of your head, your mouth wet and open. The line—it went too soon, and the barbed triple hook lodged in your scalp.

I grab the rod and your free hand and walk you back to the house, glancing at the blood running down your fingers. Our father cuts the line. Under the harsh yellow bathroom light, I watch his calloused fingers prod the area. You are crying and I am holding your hand, waiting for dad's instructions. I hand him the bottle of peroxide and you squeeze until my knuckles are white.

After minutes of trying, dad can't remove it. I get you into the pickup truck and we head to the emergency room. There, they removed the hook and gave you a tetanus shot, but I remember nothing of the visit—just the sterile examination room with cupboards of light, grainy wood.

After, you burrow your head against my shoulder, eyes closed for the ride home.

Years later when I ask, you tell a more detailed version of events: "I was running to the edge of the shore towards the water and I was casting at the same time. The forward momentum with the cast motion pulled it straight ahead and then upwards after the treble hook on my lure met my skin."

Basic laws of physics: how to lodge a hook in your head. Treble means three. Simple motions. Hold, run, cast. You tell the story for show now, choosing words carefully, measuring impact, showing ownership of memory. I can tell it too, that is the subtext of what you're saying. But you're not trying to compete. You are sharing. This is our memory. You should have some say in its resurrection.

In the emergency room: "I was terrified of (the) hospital but I didn't feel a thing when they did it. You and dad were right there watching. He was sitting, you were standing. When they clamped forceps on the hook they twisted so much dad was wincing as he watched. You were watching him more than me."

This surprises me but I realize it's probably true and I feel guilty.

November, 2010

My brother and I hadn't spoken for months until one day in late fall.

"Hey, come over, just for a minute," he said on the phone. He sounded almost giddy.

"Andrew, I can't."

"Just for a second. I have something for you. Real quick. I'll run right out and you can leave right away."

I pulled into the driveway. He walked outside barefoot in

a t-shirt and pajama bottoms, a huge plastic Indians cup filled with bright red Kool-Aid in his hand. He smiled and handed me a plastic bag.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Memory. For your computer."

I opened it. Inside there were small cartridges, additional memory sticks for a specific model of Dell laptop I didn't own.

"These are Dell," I said. "I can't use them."

"Oh."

I thanked him and left as it started to rain.

A week later, he's arrested for drug possession and sentenced to three years in prison. Suddenly everything is so obvious, and my simple observations are now clues I missed: bare feet. Tired face. The strange gift. The thought that somehow, the random computer parts would have meaning to me, would be some consolation for something. Or maybe there was nothing strange about these things at all. Maybe it was just unbearably sad, the way he stood on the porch watching me pull away, one arm crossed over his chest as the other dangled a cigarette, its orange ember the only color against the grey of everything else.

Anne Carson writes *Antigone* in *Antigonick* (*Sophokles*): "You ask would I have done it for a husband or a child my answer is no I would not. A husband or a child can be replaced but who can grow me a new brother. Is this a weird argument, Kreon thought so but I don't know. The words go wrong they call my piety impiety, I'm alone on my insides I died long ago."

Antigone. Anti-gone. Do not leave, do not go.

In the weeks after his sentencing I am lost. I don't know whether to grieve or mourn, to push or scream. I do it all, alone and in a vacuum, and nothing works. This is how I begin to learn the word "gone." Where I start to translate its strange implications. Here is my formal initiation: I struggle. I push against it. My tongue doesn't want to cooperate, is dry, cemented to the roof of my mouth. I try to let it be. I ask the universe to tell me: what is the proper

state of being for this? How do I survive this? Each time the answer is a silent one. I search and search for what it means and each time I come up empty.

There's something about exile that seems worse than total loss. The object of desire, practically and completely unreachable, still appears deceptively within reach. The reality is that he is a three-hour drive away, but three hours might as well be thousands of light years. Our communication is reduced to one or two letters a month. Written words and phrases become interchangeable with my dreams of him, and the two become nearly indistinguishable from one another. I'm alone on my insides.

The dreams are the only way I feel truly close to him. Sometimes I think I hear his voice, his laughter, but I'm not sure if I remember the way he sounds. I don't trust my own memory, it's so informed by my longing. I am suspended.

July, 2012

My brother writes from prison:

*Dear Ashley,
Mom and dad definitely rely on you as the co-dependent glue holding them together. Maybe your moving out will force them into learning how to communicate. You would think after over two decades of marriage that they would be better at it by now. Anyway prison life is okay. I don't like it but I can handle it...*

I am falling into a bout of depression. I am stumbling through my days in a daze. There is no rest. Anxiety rules me over all else. I just try to remember to breathe...

I have to keep reminding myself that I am down to a year. Only one more year and I will be out of here. July 29, 2013, I will be out. I'm scared. I know that right at this moment I am not prepared to re-enter the free world. This time has branded me—left a mark on me. A scar of a memory I'll never forget. This time is like the proverbial belt notching ritual...

I've written some things but none of them makes any sense. There is a drought within me. No creativity has been spared. I feel flat. Numb. Plastic.

They assigned me to work as a shower porter. Several of us go in the showers every day and scrub everything for a half hour. It's hard work but it is over before I know it and once I'm done I have the rest of the day to do whatever I want...

I am really happy for you. You are accomplishing great things in life and as always I am proud of my big sister...I hope to hear from you again soon.

Love, Andrew.

July, 2013

Because it is hellishly hot, there are more sirens in the city than usual. In seconds the puppy is at the window, tail poker straight, ears peaked. I am thinking about all the ways I will fail her, the ways I have failed others.

I am thinking about failure, obsessing really, because my brother gets out of prison in two weeks and I am counting the ways I have let him down. Here is my list: I didn't write to him enough. I'm not writing him now. I didn't visit him in Lorain. I didn't visit him in Mansfield. I didn't visit him in St. Clairsville. And now, to top it all off, I've started smoking again, weeks before his release.

It's been almost three years since he went away and I haven't kept track of time well. My brain is muddy: things are not linear, do not follow from A to B to C. The only thing I know is someone who is there-but-not-there will suddenly be there again.

I go home to spend time in his childhood room. It's in general disarray, filled with clutter he's known for. There are signs of my mother's attempts to clear some of the debris: trash stuffed in contractor bags, boxes full of items he might want to keep. But soon she stopped trying and for the past two years, most of the mess is just as he left it.

The metal bed frame is missing a mattress. My mother removed it, hauled down the hall, down the stairs, through the living room doorway and out onto the front lawn by herself. Things seem to be in a calculated state of askew—each imbalance, every assault to symmetry carefully orchestrated in a gross violation of the laws of physics. The curtains are gone. The rod is crooked and hangs awkwardly, its grooved end rusted metal, undone. I try to

put it back, but the places where things once fit together don't match anymore. The windowpanes are surrounded by pale, unfinished wood and the color reminds me of sickness, nausea. Frayed edges of black builder's paper stick out. The light, the edges—everything is so exposed. I sit down. I think. I cannot remember when he last had curtains.

I am afraid to touch things so I move through the room slowly, my fingertips barely grazing the surfaces. Notebooks, half-full dented tubes of paint, sketch pencils and loose sheets of paper look like they've been caught in a bout of tornadic activity then settled like dust. There are opened books and boxes with cheap jewelry chains dangling out, making it seem like he disappeared while in the middle of something—searching for an answer, casting a spell, like he was raptured without time to wrap things up here.

There are photos of him and our family taken when he was young, frameless and flimsy, leaning against a jar of marbles. Tucked between trinkets. Sticking out from the headboard of his bed. The sketchpads on the floor, fanned out into a jagged white half-circle. Seashells. Witching hour. Magick. I touch these, I can't help it, because of all the things in this room I know he touched these last. I leaf through the pages while I half-heartedly look for clues, for some concrete revelation to satisfy a myriad of curiosities and doubts. What led him here, was he crazy, what he was scared of, will any of us be okay? I trace over the marks of graphite and smudges of pastels, learn the thick ridges of dried acrylics. A map of his brain. I know my questions are unanswerable. I close my eyes and my throat tightens, the threat of wet tears. I rock back and forth, locking my body into a slow rhythm, my sobs a thick quiet hum deep in my chest. All animal. Nothing vocal. My mouth breaks open and no sound comes out, but I hear every word in my head. I don't believe in God but this is how I pray.

The closest I've come to him was on a highway to Pittsburgh to visit my boyfriend's family. I held my breath and stared out the window as we passed signs from St. Clairsville. From my limited vantage point the town looks like nothing, stuffed down into small pockets between tree peaks. I've made the drive enough to know there are four visible vistas of the town from the road, but only remember one: tiny, sleepy homes yellow-lit in the dark, tucked close in a valley, telephone lines dan-

gling naked overhead. I've seen it in snow and in thaw and in the warm burst that is summer. It is the closest I've been to him in three years, and he doesn't even know it.

The air in my body feels sharp, like it's trying to punch its way out of my lungs, and this is how it feels to not cry. I want to say stop, I want to say let me out, but the impossibility of the situation—my inability to stop, the constant hurtling forward of time, the linear trumping anything in memory—overwhelms me. What would I do? Show up at the gate and hope someone lets me in?

Three years is the longest I've gone without my brother. The longest I've held my breath.

Two weeks later, in late July, my brother is released from prison. He takes a bus from Belmont Correctional Institution in St. Clairsville three hours north to Sandusky. Before his release, I have several conversations with my mother, all with the same refrain.

"I hope he can get his life together," she says. Her voice is soft and close to crying. She repeats this phrase every time we speak on the phone. Finally I tell her I cannot do anything more than I am doing: providing moral support, offering him advice on setting goals and making lists and trying to get it all on track.

"Just be the good sister. Be the sister. You don't have to be the mother, just be the sister," she said. She sighs. "He'll be mad at me forever."

I think, I don't know how anymore.

The first time I see him I'm parked at Dick's Carryout, waiting. I fiddle with my phone. And then there he is, taller than I remember, walking down the sidewalk in the bright August heat. He's wearing khaki shorts that hit mid-thigh, a fitted t-shirt and running shoes, a purse over his shoulder. His stride is confident, self-assured. My first thought: his legs, tanned, toned and smooth, are nicer than mine.

He's dressing like a woman now and wants to be referred to as female. My mother officially broke the news to me, a week earlier, calling me in hysterics after she saw him for the first time post-prison.

"He was wearing makeup, Ashley. He was wearing a dress." She practically spits the words.

I admit that part of me is not surprised.

He tells me he's felt this way for a long time: that being female feels right, he's more confident than he's ever been. It's your lit-tle SIS-ter, call me ba-ack, he says sing-song into my voicemail. Letters he sent me from prison expressed some of these feelings—he mentioned wanting to do drag, going to beauty school. He signed some of his letters "Star." I am now trying to understand what "living as a woman" means: I don't have a brother. I have a sister. Once I had a brother. Now I don't.

I get out of the car and walk toward him, my walk decidedly less confident than his. His face breaks out into a grin and he hugs me and despite the clothes, the manicure, the walk, it feels like the same Andrew.

"It's so good to see you," he says.

I take him to Taco Bell to get something to eat. I can tell he feels somewhat uncomfortable around me, like he's trying to gauge my reaction. Mostly I feel protective of him. I watch the clerk's facial expressions as he takes my brother's order. I make eye contact with the other workers as I watch them for signs of ridicule or disgust. I am preemptively angry because I know he'll be dealing with more prejudice than he's ever experienced in his life.

We spend the rest of the evening sitting in the grass and talking and laughing at the park overlooking the bay. He picks at scabs on his legs and I tell him I will always support him in whatever he chooses, whether he wants to live as a man or a woman. I am sad, but not for myself. I am sad to know that the path ahead for him will be hard and unforgiving, that he will see the prejudices of many people come to light in ugly, forceful ways.

I tell him I just want him to be happy.

Later, my mother asks me how he was dressed.

"How do you think?" I ask. I don't want to have the conversation again.

"Well, I guess your father is going to have to be informed of your brother's new life at some point."

I nod, careful not to convey the idea that I might volunteer for such a task.

"I'm not sure I can be the emotional broker for this," I tell her.

"That's a good way to put it," she says.

November, 2013

It's the beginning of November and the birds have flown south for the winter. My brother tells me he has HIV.

I take him to a neighborhood bar and he is sweating, beads dotting half his forehead. His face is red and puffy. He looks like he's sleepwalking, here but not, mind elsewhere. I order drinks: Christmas Ale for me, Jack and Coke for him. He takes a long drink.

"Am I sweating anymore?" he asks, nodding to his half empty glass.

I shake my head.

"Anxiety," he says.

Later, we go to the park. This time it is cold and the wind is brutal. We smoke cigarettes on a bench next to the marina. The shapes of gulls circle overhead, perch on park lamps, coast across the dark sky. He puts his arms around me and begins to sob.

"I miss having you in my life," he says.

"But I am in your life," I say. "I'm right here."

"I feel like you're so far away and it's not just the distance." His body shakes and I wrap my arms around him. "I missed three years of your life," he said.

"Sometimes I feel like I don't even know you and I hate that."

"I feel completely disconnected, not part of anything."

"Sometimes I feel like I should be back in prison, because that's the only structure I've had in my life."

“I just need someone to tell me what to do.”

“I am so lost, Ashley.”

My responses don’t matter. I just hold him there: rub his back in slow circles, stroke his hair, rock him back and forth.

When we get up to leave, I link my arm through his.
“Are your hands cold?” he asks.

“Yes.”

He clasped my hand, locked my fingers in his, and put it in his pocket.

When I return to my parents’ house that night, I am exhausted. The hole in my chest that had been there for a week was overflowing with loss and dread. I didn’t know what I was mourning, just that I was, and now the mourning made sense. I went upstairs to my brother’s old room. I stepped into the middle of the metal bed-frame, the only thing left of his bed, and laid down on the floor. I curled into the fetal position.

My brother’s blood is my blood, too. The body knows when something goes bad. And although the disease isn’t a death sentence anymore, I bawl. Not for my own loss but for his, that he will never be—or even know—what he could become. I consider going to the bathroom to throw up.

The paint on his bedroom ceiling at our parents’ house: “Take my will and my life.” A reminder of recovery, a prayerful surrender. “Show me how to live, Amen” it finishes. Since I feel I can’t any longer, show me indeed. Amen.

December, 2013

This Christmas is the first Christmas my entire family is together in over three years. My brother shows up in a faded long-sleeve shirt, jeans too loose for his frame and worn out tennis shoes he got from the Care and Share. As soon as he walks through the door, our parents fuss around the house in search of clothes to give him. Our father hands him some flannel shirts, tells him to try them on. He struggles to get his arms through the sleeves. He shuffles through the house slowly, his body stiff, a side effect from the antiretroviral drugs he’s taking.

After dinner, he lies down on the couch and is asleep in minutes. Our father covers him with a blanket, tucking the edges in around him. I settle back in front of the woodstove and watch his face, light from the flames casting shadows over him. His mouth is slightly open and he looks peaceful.

Later, after he leaves, I go up to his room. I sit down inside the naked metal bed frame and draw my knees to my chest. I cannot tell the future, but for the first time in three years I can laugh in the center of chaos, tears streaming down my cheeks. Later, I will tell him about all of this and he will laugh with me.

A graduate of Ashland University’s Master of Fine Arts program, Ashley Bethard’s writing has appeared in *PANK Magazine*, *The Rumpus*, *Hobart*, *Fanzine*, and others. Bethard’s essay “Of Blood” was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. A digital and new media specialist and winner of a Newspaper Association of America’s “30 Under 30” Award, she is currently working on a book that doubles as a love letter to her late brother. For more information visit <https://ashleybethard.com>.



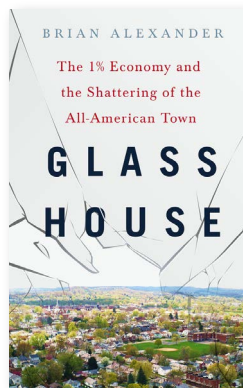
Book Reviews

NONFICTION

Alexander, Brian. *Glass House: The 1% Economy and the Shattering of the All-American Town.*

St. Martin's Press (New York, NY) 2017 HB \$26.99.

The news is full of towns, large and small, that are struggling to survive, where the major industry closes and the all-too-common opioid epidemic rages. Brian Alexander, born and raised in Lancaster, Ohio, chronicles the rise and very long fall of Anchor Hocking, an old established glass company, and the effect of this fall on the town. Interspersed with the history and long discussions of civic pride is a picture of how American towns and skilled blue-collar workers slid into low-wage jobs.



Alexander digs into the economic collapse of a viable, vibrant company purchased by one venture capital company after another, companies that sucked the life out of Anchor Hocking. These companies used various financing schemes that pushed Anchor Hocking into more and more debt while letting the company disintegrate. According to Alexander, the company didn't have to fail, didn't have to slide into disrepair. Mismanagement and greed caused Anchor Hocking and many other companies to fail.

As the economy of Lancaster stutters, so do civic pride, well-paying jobs, and the quality of life. Alexander describes the rise of the opioid epidemic that is running rampant in cities large and small. In the midst of this fascinating economic history, Alexander also describes the predatory lending schemes that push the poor deeper and deeper into debt.

This book touches upon politics, the economy, health care, predatory lending, and addiction. It's a sad picture of once-thriving, small-town America that will leave readers questioning whether large corporations are

really thriving or just leveraging loans until the illusion crumbles.

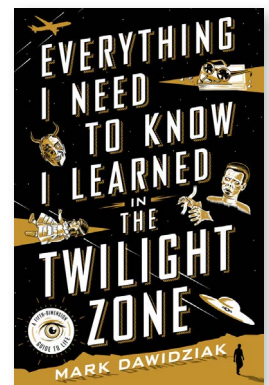
Once you pick up the book, you'll want to read to the end.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN, LIBRARIAN, COLUMBUS, OH

Dawidziak, Mark. *Everything I Need to Know I Learned in the Twilight Zone: A Fifth-Dimension Guide to Life.*

Thomas Dunne Books (New York, NY) 2017 HC \$26.99.

I had a very personal reaction to prolific pop-culture critic and biographer Mark Dawidziak's latest book. I have been a massive fan of Rod Serling's *The Twilight Zone* for as long as I could remember. Delving into Dawidziak's tale of introducing the series to his fifteen-year-old daughter Becky brought back some very similar memories for me. I was about ten when my own father "figured it was time" to introduce me to the classic show, which originally ran from 1959-1964 and has been repeated countless times on television ever since.



Like Becky Dawidziak, I found myself immediately fascinated with the anthology show. Sometimes terrifying, sometimes funny, there always seemed to be a distinct moral to every episode. Mark Dawidziak delves deeply into the mythology of the show, evoking vivid memories of classic episodes like "To Serve Man" and "Eye of the Beholder." Featuring quotes from famous fans of Serling's work, including Neil Degrasse Tyson, Harlan Ellison, and Dick Van Dyke, *Everything I Need to Know* delves into the serious themes presented by Serling's writing, from confronting your own inner demons ("The Howling Man") to recognizing how the horror of fear, suspicion, and paranoia tear apart communities and families ("The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street"). Other episodes consider more amusing, but no less empathetic, stories, such as remembering your "happy place" ("Kick the Can") and knowing that

dogs are man's best friend ("The Hunt"). A frequent motif in *The Twilight Zone* is the adage "be careful what you wish for," which is illustrated in one of the most famous episodes, "Time Enough at Last," which still scares this viewer to her very core.

Presented as a series of "lessons," Dawidziak's affectionate survey is a grand introduction to new viewers of *The Twilight Zone*. His enthusiasm for sharing his favorite program with his daughter is palpable. When you have viewed a television show as many times as Dawidziak has, looking at it with new eyes can be a difficult endeavor. In sharing his love and appreciation for the show with Becky, Dawidziak manages to capture a sense of newness and nostalgia at the same time. I found myself actually jealous of Becky and wishing I could have the experience that she had with her dad once again, with my own. This book is not only about *The Twilight Zone*; it is a look at the relationship between fathers and their daughters (the foreword was written by Rod Serling's daughter Anne) and a contemplation of the nature of love.

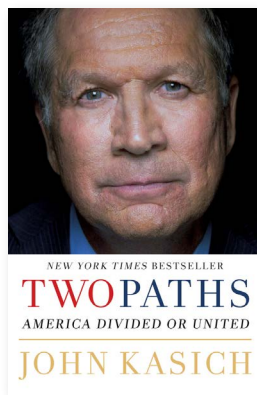
REVIEWED BY COURTNEY BROWN, OHIOANA LIBRARY'S LIBRARY SPECIALIST

Kasich, John. *Two Paths: America Divided or United*.

Thomas Dunne Books,) 2017 HB \$27.99.

The title of the most recent book by Ohio governor John Kasich is the same as the speech he delivered in April of 2016. At the time of the speech, the presidential campaign had already spun itself into increasing divisiveness and a level of conflict and rhetoric from which America has not yet begun to heal.

In a transcript of the speech, Kasich states that the two paths are 1) a decision to "turn our backs on the ideals of America" or, quoting Ronald Reagan, 2) to reaffirm that America is "this last best hope for man on earth." The choice is to follow a path hewn by fear and anger or one paved with optimism.



Two Paths is also an account of Governor Kasich's run for the highest office in the land during the tumultuous 2016 election by a man who truly loves politics. It's a great primer for anyone thinking of entering the fray themselves, at any level. There's plenty of nuts-and-bolts to satisfy the most die-hard political wonk. (Do: hire an advance man to book venues. Don't: fly in heavy weather if you have the slightest doubt about making it to your destination.) Kasich's admirable self-confidence, along with a willingness to take advice from more experienced hands, helped him make his first contacts as he learned the ropes of a life in politics. It serves him well now as the first year of a new president's term winds down and Mr. Kasich reaffirms his ideals and goals going forward.

The insights are worthwhile, especially the insights into the debates. They were plenty painful to watch. News outlets and commentators referred to the debates as a "food fight," with insulting nicknames and worthless insinuations serving as whatever ammo the kids could grab from the cafeteria warming trays. The pain extended to the participants, who had to endure a whole new level of belittlement and negativity. As the governor said after one particularly horrendous evening on the stage, "You know, if I were at home, I'd turn off my television."

Kasich shines in this book when he kicks back and tells stories of working on the campaign trail. And even though we know how the whole thing turned out in 2016, it's still exciting to read along as the campaign gathers steam, funding, and an army of dedicated volunteers. It's also wonderful to read about the camaraderie on the campaign bus, described as a "clubhouse for our team, a place to unwind at the end of each long day."

Kasich displays a refreshing humility on more than one occasion, reminding readers that "leaders can't lead unless they are servants first," and that "the job of a leader is to first slow down and listen." Those with aspirations, presidential or otherwise, would be wise to take these words to heart.

On a recent Sunday morning news program, when asked if he was ready to challenge the incumbent on a presidential unity ticket in 2020 with Governor John Hickenlooper of Colorado (D), Governor Kasich said that the names wouldn't fit on a bumper sticker or ever

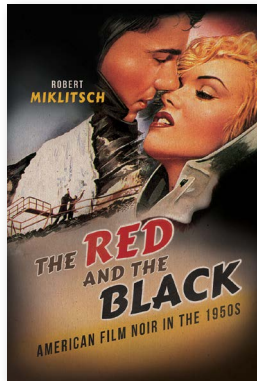
be pronounced correctly—and that the answer is no. Like all of America, Ohio will have to wait and see what's next.

REVIEWED BY LESLIE SHORTLIDGE, OHIOANA QUARTERLY EDITOR

Miklitch, Robert. *The Red and the Black: American Film Noir in the 1950s*.

University of Illinois Press (Champaign, IL) 2017 PB \$28.00.

Nearly every critical claim made about film noir wrestles as much with questions of historical context as with formal/aesthetic concerns. Emerging as it does in 1940s Hollywood, noir sets stories of lost innocence, power, and sex against the backdrop of the evolving Cold War. Mirroring the Cold War zeitgeist, the world of noir pits its characters against dark social forces that invariably overwhelm and often destroy them. Richly and historically situated, the genre is conventionally assumed to have reached its natural end by the early 1950s.



Ohio University professor Robert Miklitch's *The Red and the Black* argues that these historical parameters are too narrow and limit our appreciation of the genre, which, he argues convincingly, continued into the next decade. His preface leaves no question: "The major premise of [this book]" is "that there is such a thing as '50s noir'" (my emphasis). Put so boldly, the statement may surprise non-specialists, who likely do not know how strongly conventional notions of film noir are felt in the field. Rejecting the conventional history of American noir—that it rose in the 1940s and fell in the 1950s—Miklitch claims that noir continued through the 1950s until the economics of film making began to change and film technology advanced. While some will point to these changes as cause for the 'fall' of noir at this time, Miklitch sees the opposite.

Miklitch teases the reader that he will deploy a detailed approach in reading the "texts" of the films, and that such "rack-focusing"—in fact, a kind of close reading—allows greater understanding of the films by bringing the reader closer and closer to the text. His exhaustive readings of key moments of these films do

just that: enlighten the reader and make noir fans of us all. For example, in examining the use of color in *A Kiss Before Dying*, he leads the reader smartly through his claim that noir's move into color allows for the same expressionist effects as black and white:

"The title card for *A Kiss Before Dying* is both mimetic and evocative: a pair of red lips floats to the right of the title, all the letters of which are aquamarine except for the letter 'K,' which is orange or, more precisely, copper [...] the 'cool' aquamarine letters—again, with the exception of the copper letter 'K'—contrast the red 'hot' lips."

The "chromatic clues" offered in the opening, and repeated in the murder scene, return in a key scene in which the victim's sister, Ellen, lies "facedown in the sun in a black, one-piece bathing suit next to an aquamarine pool." Miklitch interprets these clues thusly:

"The expressive use of DeLuxe color demonstrates the way '50s noir [...] subtly evince the genre in the process of reinventing it. For example, if the cool blue sky and pool [...] recall the preceding murder sequence, Ellen's black bathing suit implies that she's still mourning her sister's death even as it recalls, since she's wearing a white bathing cap when she dives into the pool, the dominant black-and-white palette of classic noir." (191)

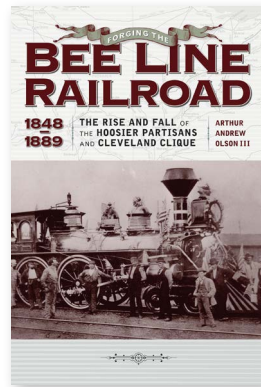
Close readings like this, while perhaps striking the reader as overdetermined, do the job, demonstrating the formal/aesthetic integrity of 1950s noir on which his thesis relies. Miklitch makes a sometimes too-strong case, but more often the work makes a charming, enlightening read—available to scholars and film buffs alike. His own engagement with his subject is catching; and his thesis, likewise, I found myself increasingly willing to buy.

REVIEWED BY KELLIE BEAN, DEAN OF ACADEMIC AFFAIRS, HARTWICK COLLEGE

Olson, Arthur Andrew III. *Forging the Bee Line Railroad 1848-1889: The Rise and Fall of the Hoosier Partisans and Cleveland Clique*.

Kent State University Press (Kent, OH) 2017 HB \$44.95.

This is the tale of two small railroads: the Indianapolis & Bellefontaine in Indiana and the Bellefontaine & Indiana in Ohio. Both were built to carry goods from Midwestern markets to larger cities and eventually to the East Coast. These railroads were absorbed into larger and larger railroad lines until they lost their identities in 1889.



Arthur Andrew Olson III recounts the long and detailed history of the two Bee Lines and other railroads in Ohio and Indiana. It's a long, complex history full of dates, facts, figures, laws, and too many names to remember. The narrative is often bogged down in details and minutiae, which are essential for understanding the rise and spread of railroads across this country between 1877 and 1889.

Olson sets each chapter within a national historical and economic context without excessive emphasis on military campaigns or the Civil War. Indeed, the Civil War and its dependence on railroads for moving troops and supplies is barely mentioned. Rather, Olson stays focused on the building and economic success, or failure, of each of the Bee Lines and the larger rail lines.

The book is divided into ten chapters of uneven length, seventeen maps and illustrations, biographical sketches of each railroad person mentioned in the book, notes, bibliography, and index. It is perfect for upperclass undergraduates and graduate students and railroad historians. It touches upon the history of transportation, the industrial revolution in America, economic history, and, most especially, the rise of railroads in the Midwest as a means to get goods from the interior of the country to Atlantic ports.

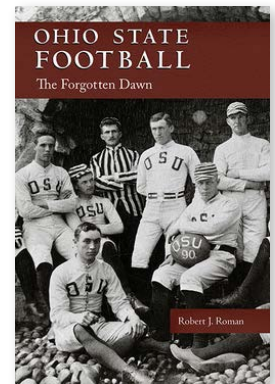
If you want to know the nitty-gritty details of the rise of railroads in the Midwest, this book is perfect for you.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN, LIBRARIAN, COLUMBUS, OH

Roman, Robert J. *Ohio State Football: The Forgotten Dawn*.

University of Akron Press (Akron, OH) 2017 PB \$24.95.

Ohio State fans have a reputation for being some of the most outspoken, outlandish, and unruly fans in college sports. They put the “fan” in *fanataics*. Mr. Roman delves into how exactly that happened.



Not just a book about football, this is a book about history—the history of sports, sure, but also the history of Ohio and the history of its people. Many books of this type can be little more than a string of trivia points loosely tied together to create a narrative. This is an exhaustively researched, full-blown history.

Most histories of Ohio State football start with Chic Harley. Harley was the first three-time All-American selection in college football, starting his career at Ohio State in 1916. Roman starts his history a full three decades earlier, in the 1880s. There we discover a cavalcade of colorful characters, including Harry “Jumbo” Hedges and Chester Aldrich, the two men most responsible for turning rivalries between the freshman and sophomore classes, and then the sophomore and junior classes, into a varsity football team and a tradition that endures to this day.

Through them, we see the structure and machinations of what was then a new university. We are also introduced to what life was like—in both Columbus, Ohio, and America, in general—in the late 1800s. We see events and how those events are reported to the public in the *Columbus Dispatch* and the *Lantern*, and how those differ, sometimes drastically, from the events themselves.

Roman shows us how the game itself changed, from a hodge-podge of rules and positions played at North Dorm pickup games to the game we see today. We see a game struggling to gain acceptance in a world dominated by baseball. We see its acceptance take root, take hold, and rise to become the collegiate (and professional) juggernaut that it is.

We see a campus divided by sophomore vs. junior classes, by geographical differences and social standing, brought together by a single, weekly event: football.

C.C. Sharp, Fred Ball, Joe Firestone, Professor Lazenby—some names lost and now remembered—and even United States president Rutherford B. Hayes play a part in this complex story, the story of men struggling to prove themselves, people trying to create a sense of belonging and worth, all pitted against more popular pursuits, school indifference, and even oratory contests. What we're left with is a very human story—the story of people trying to build a foundation for school and civic pride. It is the story of many people, very different people in all respects, working towards a common goal—to create something bigger than themselves, something to strive for and hold up, a microcosm of our own virtues and failings, something that would endure the ages.

Roman paints a wonderful story of everyday Ohio/American people. Even if you don't like football, it is a story well worth reading.

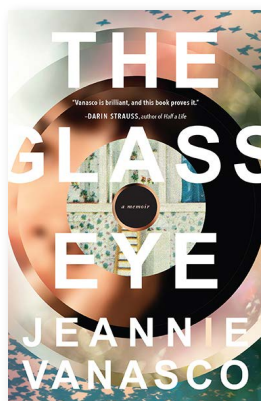
REVIEWED BY P.M. BRADSHAW, POET AND LIBRARIAN AT THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO LAW LIBRARY

Vanasco, Jeannie. *The Glass Eye: A Memoir*.

Tin House Books (Portland, OR) 2017 PB \$15.95.

Jeannie Vanasco grew up happy in a small house in Sandusky, Ohio, with her doting mother and loving father, but there was a shadow over her. Her father had been previously married, and had lost a daughter—a daughter also named Jeanne.

The night before Vanasco's father died, she promised him she would write a book about him. What results is *The Glass Eye* (named after her father's own prosthetic eye, which alternately fascinates and repels Vanasco)—which is not quite the book then-18-year-old Jeannie imagined she'd write. Devastated by his loss, Vanasco would spend the next decade in and out of hospitals. As her mania increases, so does her obsession with the "other" Jeanne. The narrative is best described as experimental; she talks



about her writing process, where she vacillates between binders labeled "Mom," "Dad," "Jeanne," and "Mental Illness." "Mental Illness" is also "Jeannie Vanasco." Her illness consumes her to the point that she cannot even think of herself outside of it. Her doctors even tell her to stop writing about Jeanne and her father.

"'You don't understand this need,' I told them. 'It's a way to spend time with him."

But when I again worsened—crying at the supermarket, the ATM, the sight of a girl with someone resembling a father—I practiced not writing.

Not writing was worse."

To understand herself and her grief over her father's death, Vanasco sets off on a quest to know Jeanne. What was she like? Why were there so many mysterious questions about her death? In the process, Vanasco comes to know more about herself. Though she knows she will never get over the devastating loss of her father, she learns to cope with it through her writing and pursuit of the truth surrounding the circumstances of her sister's short life.

Jeannie Vanasco pulls the reader into her mind with an intimacy that is almost too much to bear. Describing her mother's memories, her father's hopes and dreams, and her meetings with friends of the sister she never knew, Vanasco unravels a narrative as complex as her own thoughts. Her mental process and her hospital visits spare no details. At times, the reader feels the detachment Vanasco sometimes describes, while in other instances, such as Vanasco's assault by a boyfriend in college, her sense of panic and despair is palpable.

Vanasco was awarded the 2014 Ohioana Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant for writers under the age of thirty, based on an excerpt from *The Glass Eye*. It is a difficult read, but ultimately a satisfying one. Jeannie Vanasco's journey is heartbreaking, but the familiarity of grief and loss is universal to us all. Vanasco's path to recovery and discovering her own voice is one that will resonate with many readers.

REVIEWED BY COURTNEY BROWN, OHIOANA LIBRARY'S LIBRARY SPECIALIST

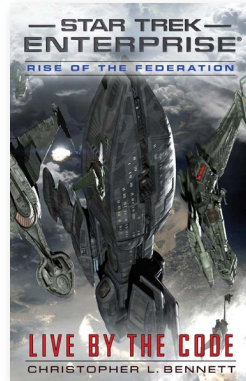
FICTION

Bennett, Christopher L. *Live by the Code (Star Trek: Enterprise – Rise of the Federation #4)*.

Pocket Books/Simon & Shuster (New York, NY) 2016.

PB \$7.99.

Live by the Code is Bennett's fourth novel in his *Rise of the Federation* series (a fifth book is due shortly). Each book is a stand-alone story, so you don't need to read the previous books to read and enjoy this one. That being said, a synopsis of all the books in the series can be found at the following website: <http://bit.ly/2vswfeX>.



This book contains many of the major characters from the *Star Trek: Enterprise* TV show, including Captain Jonathan Archer, T'Pol, Trip, Phlox, and Malcolm Reed. Again, you don't need to have seen the show to understand the characters. Bennett does more than an adequate job in introducing and explaining them all.

Here, a century before the Kirk and Spock adventures, Captain Archer of the earthship Enterprise is now Admiral Archer, Chief of Staff to the new Starfleet. Archer is trying to make Starfleet more than just the military arm of the fledgling Federation of Planets. Along the way, an alien faction takes prisoners, and the Klingons add themselves to the mix, raising the potential for war.

Bennett is obviously a huge *Star Trek* fan. He uses elements from both the Enterprise show and *Star Trek* (the original series) in creating the plot and explaining the differences in the Klingons' appearance from the original series and the movies. The author has an exceedingly deep understanding of these characters and the *Star Trek* universe. And like the original show, he uses this fictional universe as a springboard for social commentary. He discusses nation-building, war, racism, interracial and gay marriage, hate groups, politics, and political agendas, just to name a few. Taking responsibility for our actions and forgiveness are themes that run throughout the story. And it even

delves into the power of large corporations, corporate culture, and the ever-increasing automation of our daily lives.

Bennett manages to detail opposing viewpoints again and again, showing that our first impression of a person or a situation may not always be the best view of it in the end. By doing so, he interjects the need for dialogue and reason, and rational diplomacy ends up ruling the day.

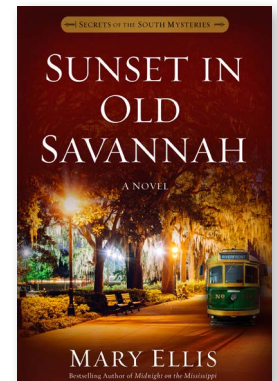
Very *Star Trek*, indeed.

REVIEWED BY P.M. BRADSHAW, POET AND LIBRARIAN AT THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO LAW LIBRARY

Ellis, Mary. *Sunset in Old Savannah (Secrets of the South Mysteries # 4)*.

Harvest House (Eugene, OR) 2017. PB \$14.99.

P.I.s Michael Preston and Elizabeth Kirby, the newest operatives for Price Investigations, travel from Natchez, Mississippi to Savannah to investigate the activities of Evelyn Doyle's straying husband—and then his murder. Once in Savannah, Preston and Kirby find that Evelyn Doyle lives in a ritzy community on Tybee Island. Her husband sells insurance in Old Savannah at a relaxed rate and seems to be involved in some shady activities. After Evelyn is shot at one night, Preston and Kirby are pressed into service to learn who fired the gun. When Doyle is murdered, all fingers point to the widow, but our intrepid investigators are on the hunt for the real culprit.



Preston and Kirby spat and spark as they turn over rocks including unusual business at the insurance agency and secret motives of Doyle's financially strapped brother. It's a tangled web of lies, intrigue, and more lies. The more they dig, the more dirt Preston and Kirby uncover.

As is fitting for a series, Ellis continues to flesh out the characters in her books. Michael Preston and Elizabeth Kirby are drawn together in work and in leisure. Sparks fly as they disagree with one another professionally, only to find they like one another. This added dimension builds a foundation for the ever-expanding geographic

scope of Price Investigations. Undoubtedly, Ellis is working on the next installment of this charming, Southern series expanding out from Savannah with new characters and old. If you read the series in order, you'll be familiar with the investigators. Newcomers to the series will enjoy the snappy dialogue and tension that drives the mystery ever forward.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN, LIBRARIAN

Valente, Catherynne M. Illus. by Annie Wu. *The Refrigerator Monologues*.

Saga Press (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$19.99.

"It's a funny thing. You go your whole life thinking you're the protagonist, but really, you're just backstory."

Prolific comic book writer Gail Simone observed the phenomena of "Women in Refrigerators" (or "being fridged")—an undeniably frustrating and indisputably enduring aspect of pop culture, particularly in comics: female characters are killed, raped, brainwashed, driven mad, disabled, or have their powers taken so that a male character's storyline will progress. The name comes from an actual story in which superhero Green Lantern's girlfriend is murdered and her body stuffed into a refrigerator.

Justifiably frustrated by this and other grossly misogynistic aspects of comics, author Catherynne M. Valente puts her unique spin on the phenomenon by giving these marginalized women a voice. *The Refrigerator Monologues* is both a fiery indictment of comic book sexism and a clever homage to Eve Ensler's enduring feminist play *The Vagina Monologues*.

Told in a series of linked stories illustrated by Annie Wu, *The Refrigerator Monologues* creates a superhero universe that is distinctive, but each character easily recalls a well-known sidelined comic character. There's Mr. Punch and Polly, whose abusive affair calls out the inherent violence present in the Joker/Harley Quinn relationship (and their nemesis Grindark hilariously parodies Batman). Paige Embry's fate echoes that of Gwen Stacy, a tragic girlfriend of Spider-Man's.



Samantha Dane is "food for a superhero," her death granting him the power to become an icon.

The stories are familiar, but these ladies are uniquely their own. "There's a lot of us. We're mostly very beautiful and well-read and very angry. We have seen some shit," Paige tells us. They are justifiably angry, but they tell their tales with humor. This book is a vibrant combination of both incredibly entertaining stories and unfortunate realities about how female characters are often written. Valente's prose, used in her *Fairyland* books that also tell stories of amazing women, shines bright here. Each character has an independent voice that engrosses the reader in her particular tale. Ensler's project has always been a performance piece; hopefully soon someone snaps up these new *Monologues* for the stage or screen.

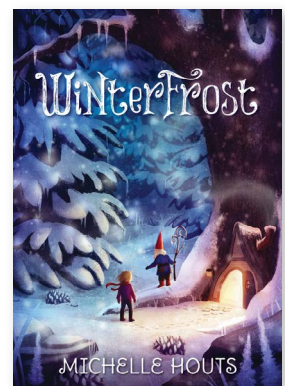
REVIEWED BY COURTNEY BROWN, OHIOANA LIBRARY'S LIBRARY SPECIALIST

MIDDLE GRADE & CHILDREN'S

Houts, Michelle. *Winterfrost*.

Candlewick (Somerville, MA) 2014. HB \$16.99.

Winterfrost by Michelle Houts is a Danish fantasy book about a twelve-year-old girl named Bettina and her baby sister Pia. It is an average Christmas on the Larsen family farm when they suddenly find out that their mormor (grandma) has hurt her hip and is in the hospital. Their dad is visiting their uncle and their mom needs to go to the hospital for their mormor, so the kids are home alone for about a week. In all the commotion, they forget to put out the traditional rice pudding for their nisse (which is like an elf or a gnome). Their nisse, Klarkke, gets upset and makes some mischief around the barn. That day when Bettina puts baby Pia outside to nap and get some fresh air, something terrible happens. Klarkke takes baby Pia! He takes her to his Uncle Gammel's house and leaves her at the bottom of the tree where his house is. While Klarkke is inside talking to his uncle, a wayward nisse



comes along and takes Pia with him. Will Bettina be able to go on the adventure to get her baby sister before her parents get home? Read the book to find out.

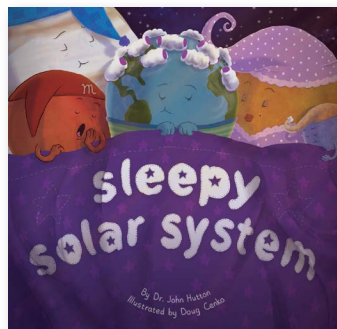
The book was interesting and well written. It could be very suspenseful at some points. *Winterfrost* has some tough vocabulary and Danish sayings like *mormor* (grandma), *mor* (mom), *farfar* (grandpa), *far* (dad), and Danish songs that can be hard to understand. I would recommend this book to kids fourth grade and older. This was a really interesting book.

REVIEWED BY KATHERINE NIVEN, GRADE 4

Hutton, John. *Sleepy Solar System*. Illus. by Doug Cenko.

Blue Manatee Press (Cincinnati, OH) 2016. HB \$17.95.

Sleepy Solar System is a picture book about all the planets in our solar system going to bed. The pictures in the book are illustrated by Doug Cenko. On each page, there is a small rhyme about all the planets getting ready to go to bed (some even have pets!).



For example, on the page about Earth, there is a rhyme about our planet putting on green and blue pajamas. At the end of the book there is a "Did you Know?" section that has facts about each of the planets.

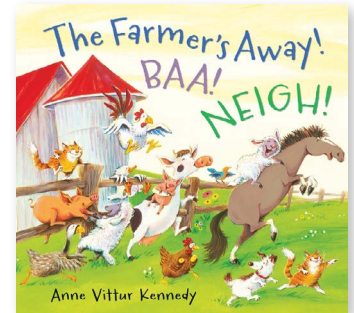
This book would be good for first or second graders to read themselves and for parents to read to preschoolers and kindergartners. I liked *Sleepy Solar System* because it was cute and funny and the illustrations are clever. The planets' pets were adorable and the illustration of Neptune snuggling under a comforter with its kittens was my favorite. I enjoyed the book very much and I especially liked that the author made the planets have human characteristics.

REVIEWED BY AUDREY NORRIS, GRADE 4

Kennedy, Anne Vittur. *The Farmer's Away! Baa! Neigh!*

Candlewick Press (Somerville, MA) 2014. HB \$15.99.

The Farmer's Away is a book written by Anne Vittur Kennedy. It is a silly, fun book about animals who can't wait until their farmer leaves so they can do some things you normally wouldn't see an animal do, such as water skiing and having a picnic. In this book, the animals put on clothing together and they laugh and giggle. However, when the farmer returns, all of the animals run back to their stalls and throw off their clothes so the farmer will never know what kind of day they had.



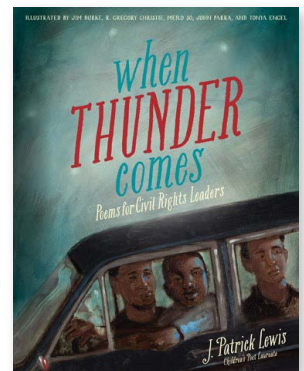
I think this book would be good for children ages 3-5 because the pictures are bright, the words are easy to read, and you can really get what is going on. This book is good for kids who like farm animals, and I hope that sometime you will be able to sit down and enjoy the book!

REVIEWED BY SAMMY KLEINMAN, GRADE 4

Lewis, J. Patrick. *When Thunder Comes: Poems for Civil Rights Leaders*. Illus. by R. Gregory Christie, Meilo So, Jim Burke, John Parra, and Tonya Engle.

Chronicle Books (San Francisco, CA) 2012. HB \$16.99.

When Thunder Comes is a poetry book. It is full of poems about civil rights leaders. It has stories about people such as Josh Gibson, Aung San Suu Kyie, Coretta Scott King, Mitsuye Endo, Mamie Carthan Till, and Mohandas Gandhi. *When Thunder Comes* explains what happened to the person whom the poem is about and how they are civil rights leaders.



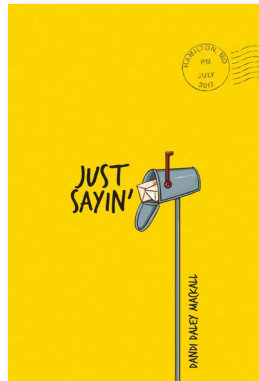
I liked *When Thunder Comes* because of how descriptive the poems are and how the author captures so much feeling in the text. I thought that the pictures were very detailed. Many illustrators contributed to this book. This includes Jim Burke, R. Gregory Christie, Meilo So, and Tonya Engel. This book made me feel so much passion for the people. The theme is that even though things may stand in your way, keep working and you will make it. I would recommend this book to grades 4-5 because this book is very truthful, and the truth can be harsh sometimes, even scary if you are little. *When Thunder Comes* is a wonderful book, and I hope you try it.

REVIEWED BY VICTORIA LEE, GRADE 4

Mackall, Dandi Daley. *Just Sayin'.*

Tyndale House Publishers (Carol Stream, IL) 2017. PB \$9.99.

I love epistolary novels. This one features two eleven-year-olds, Nick and Cassie, living next door to one another in Hamilton, Missouri. Their parents were supposed to get married but the wedding was called off. Nick's father, Travis, moved the family (Nick and his sister Julie) to Chicago, where they are living with his grandfather at the retirement home. Cassie's mother, Jen, took off for California, leaving her with her Grandmother Emma in Hamilton.



Cassie, who doesn't own a smart phone or have an email account and has a phobia about telephones, begins writing letters to Nick. They write about life without their parents and each other, and more importantly, about their favorite show, *The Hour of Insult*, hosted by none other than Jonathan Kirby, the King of Insults. Thus begins a series of amazing, sad, and exciting letters back and forth between Nick and Cassie as they first write letters full of comments about insults to Kirby. They plot how they'll become contestants on "The Last Insult Standing," which will be in Hannibal, Missouri, birthplace of Mark Twain, a master of wit and some insults.

Readers can keep track of the letter writer because there's a different font for each person. Some look typed, while others use perfect kid-like handwriting. Emma,

of course, writes in a beautiful script as she gets to know Kirby. None of the letters are written in elaborate cursive, just imitations of handwriting. Phone and text conversations between Jen and Emma, and Jen and Travis, are facsimiles of smart phone "conversations."

As the story progresses, readers will come to understand that words and trust are just two of the themes wrapped around love and belief. There's a Christian undertone about belief in oneself and religion, which isn't surprising as Tyndale House is a Christian publisher.

Mackall brings the world of single-parent families, friendships, and love together for an enjoyable story. You'll root for Cassie and Nick and hope for the rekindling of their parents' relationship.

Written for a middle-grade audience, this book is perfect for readers nine and older. Adults may have to help younger readers with some of the vocabulary and the stylized handwriting.

REVIEWED BY MIRIAM KAHN, LIBRARIAN, COLUMBUS, OH

Maschari, Jennifer. *Things That Surprise You.*

Balzer & Bray, an imprint of HarperCollins (New York, NY) 2017. HB \$16.99.

Emily Murphy has a lot on her mind as she enters sixth grade. Her mom is always stressed and busy; her dad is moving on with his new girlfriend; and her sister, Mina, is at a treatment center for an eating disorder. But as long as her best friend, Hazel, is by her side, Emily knows she can face her problems and tackle the middle school hallways, too.



Then Hazel joins the field hockey team and meets new girls. Suddenly boys and teenage magazines are at the front of Hazel's mind, while Emily would rather craft equine-themed costumes and talk about their favorite book series, *The Unicorn Chronicles*. Emily goes along with Hazel's plan to "reinvent themselves," but soon feels like she's falling behind. Why is Joey Peters suddenly the main topic of conversation? Why does she need to change her name to 'Em' to sound cool? And why does

she have the sinking feeling that Hazel would rather hang out with the field hockey girls than her?

Emily feels more and more lost until she sees a late-night infomercial for self-help CDs. Surely Dr. Franklington-Morehouse's *Be the Best You* series can solve all her problems, and for the low, low price of \$40.00! With the CDs as her guide, Emily embarks on a journey to become a superior person—one who has the ideal family and wins back her perfect best friend. But maybe 'Em's' life isn't as great as she imagines.

Things That Surprise You is a charming novel by Jennifer Maschari. Emily is a delightful and quirky narrator with real-world problems that she tackles inventively. The story doesn't shy away from serious issues including family separation, eating disorders, and the overwhelming emotions a person feels when dealing with a loved one's illness. These topics are presented respectfully, with an emphasis on hope and healing. Friendship, change, and growing up are also at the core of the story. It's easy to empathize with Emily through her struggles and triumphs, and her honest, humorous narration keeps readers turning the pages. (Who hasn't wondered if those infomercial products are all they're cracked up to be?) Emily may not get everything she thinks she wants in the end, but her story will remind readers to keep their chins up and always be true to themselves.

Things That Surprise You is equal parts serious and fun, full of lovable characters and themes to inspire all ages. I enjoyed every page of this heartfelt book.

REVIEWED BY KATHRYN POWERS, OHIOANA LIBRARY OFFICE
MANAGER AND SOCIETY OF CHILDREN'S BOOK WRITERS AND
ILLUSTRATORS VOLUNTEER

Book List

The following books were added to Ohioana's collection between June and August, 2017. Look for them at your local library or bookstore!

NONFICTION

Harvey, Charles H., annotated by Edmund F. Ball. ***California Gold Rush: Diary of Charles H. Harvey February 12-November 12, 1852***. Indiana Historical Society (Indianapolis, IN) 1983. PB \$20.00. The diary of Charles H. Harvey and his journey from his home in Ohio to San Francisco in the California Gold Rush of 1852.

Johnson, Bill. ***Raising Fathers: How Nurturing and Encouraging Fatherhood Helps Strengthen Families and Our Nation***. RaisingFathers.org (Marietta, OH) 2017. PB \$19.95.

In *Raising Fathers*, Bill Johnson uses his own life experiences as a son to an alcoholic father and as a father himself to begin a national conversation about the issue. He speaks of the innate desire of every child to have a good relationship with their father and of the societal impacts facing America due to generations of fatherless children.

Lauck, Jon K. ***From Warm Center to Ragged Edge: The Erosion of Midwestern Literary and Historical Regionalism 1920-1965***. University of Iowa Press (Iowa City, IA) 2017. PB \$27.50.

During the half-century after the Civil War, intellectuals and politicians assumed the Midwest to be the font and heart of American culture. Despite the persistence

of strong currents of midwestern regionalism during the 1920s and 1930s, the region went into eclipse during the post-World War II era. In the apt language of Minnesota's F. Scott Fitzgerald, the Midwest slid from being the "warm center" of the republic to its "ragged edge." This book explains the factors that triggered the demise of the Midwest's regionalist energies, from anti-midwestern machinations in the literary world and the inability of midwestern writers to break through the cultural politics of the era to the growing dominance of a coastal, urban culture. These developments paved the way for the proliferation of images of the Midwest as flyover country, the Rust Belt, and a staid and decaying region. Yet Lauck urges readers to recognize persistent and evolving forms of midwestern identity and to resist the forces that squelch the nation's interior voices.

Mangini, Cara. ***The Vegetable Butcher: How to Select, Prep, Slice, Dice, and Masterfully Cook Vegetables from Artichokes to Zucchini***. Workman Publishing (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$29.95. The skills of butchery meet the world of fresh produce in this essential, inspiring guide that demystifies the world of vegetables. In step-by-step photographs, "vegetable butcher" Cara Mangini shows how to break down a butternut squash, cut a cauliflower into steaks, peel a tomato properly, chiffonade kale, turn carrots into coins and parsnips into matchsticks, and find the meaty heart of an artichoke. Additionally, more than 150 original, simple recipes put

vegetables front and center, from Kohlrabi Carpaccio to Zucchini, Sweet Corn, and Basil Penne to a Parsnip-Ginger Layer Cake to sweeten a winter meal.

O'Rourke, P.J. ***How the Hell Did This Happen? The Election of 2016***. Atlantic Monthly Press (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$25.00.

This election cycle was so absurd that celebrated political satirist, journalist, and die-hard Republican P. J. O'Rourke endorsed Democratic candidate Hillary Clinton. As O'Rourke put it, "America is experiencing the most severe outbreak of mass psychosis since the Salem witch trials of 1692. So why not put Hillary on the dunking stool?" In *How the Hell Did This Happen?*, O'Rourke brings his critical eye and inimitable voice to some seriously risky business. Starting in June 2015, he asks, "Who are these jacklegs, high-binders, wire-pullers, mountebanks, swellheads, buncombe spigots, four-flushers and animated spittoons offering themselves as worthy of America's highest office?" and surveys the full cast of presidential candidates, including everyone you've already forgotten and everyone you wish you could forget. O'Rourke offers a brief history of how our insane process for picking who will run for president evolved, from the very first nominating convention through the reforms of the Progressive era to the present. He takes us through the debates and key primaries and analyzes everything from the campaign platforms (or lack thereof) to presidential style. And he rises from the depths of despair to come

up with a better way to choose a president.

Paulson, George W. ***Courage: Reminders and Remembrances.*** George W. Paulson (Columbus, OH) 2014. PB \$10.00.

This book reviews patient examples and discusses the fact that courage is the most significant factor in caregiving and in being a patient. The major motivation for caregiving is benevolent love.

Paulson, George W. ***James Fairchild Baldwin, M.D. 1850-1936: An Extraordinary Surgeon.*** The Ohio State University Medical Center (Columbus, OH) 2005. PB \$12.00. This book documents the life of James Fairchild Baldwin, M.D., the founder of Grant Hospital in Columbus.

Paulson, George W. ***In Pursuit of Excellence: The Ohio State University Medical Center from 1834 to 2010.*** The Ohio State University Medical Center (Columbus, OH) 2010. HC \$20.00. The history of The Ohio State University Medical Center from 1834 to 2010.

Scheurer, Michael. ***Signature Scheurer: The Art of Michael Scheurer.*** Weston Art Gallery (Cincinnati, OH) 2017. HC \$10.00. A catalog produced for the exhibition Signature Scheurer: The Art of Michael Scheurer at the Alice F. and Harris K. Weston Art Gallery in the Aronoff Center for the Arts from April 28-June 18, 2017.

Smith, William, edited by Martin West. ***Bouquet's Expedition Against the Ohio Indians in 1764 by William Smith.*** Kent State University Press (Kent, OH) 2017.

HC \$39.95. In the fall of 1764, Col. Henry Bouquet led a British-American army into what is today eastern Ohio with the intention of ending the border conflict called "Pontiac's War." Brokering a peaceful truce through negotiations, he ordered the Delawares and Shawnees to release all of their European and Colonial American captives. For the indigenous Ohio peoples, nothing was more wrenching and sorrowful than returning children from mixed parentage and adopted members of their families, many of whom had no memory of their former status or were unwilling to relinquish Native American culture. Provost William Smith of the College of Philadelphia wrote a history of these events in 1765 titled Bouquet's Expedition Against the Ohio Indians in 1764. This fully annotated edition of Smith's remarkable book, drawn from 1765-1778 versions, includes a new introduction with essays on Smith and his contributors and sources, such as Bouquet, Benjamin Franklin, and Edmund Burke, in addition to a new history of the publication. Numerous eighteenth-century sketches, drawings, engravings, and paintings are reproduced, and for the first time Benjamin West's two original drawings depicting Ohio leaders negotiating with Bouquet and the return of the captives are featured. Also included are impressive maps drawn by Thomas Hutchins, Bouquet's engineer, of the Ohio country and the battle of Bushy Run in 1763.

Ricca, Brad. ***Mrs. Sherlock Holmes: The True Story of New York City's Greatest Female Detective and the 1917 Missing Girl Case That Captivated a Nation.*** St. Martin's

Press (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$27.99.

Mrs. Sherlock Holmes tells the true story of Mrs. Grace Humiston, the detective and lawyer who turned her back on New York society life to become one of the nation's greatest crime fighters during an era when women weren't even allowed to vote. After graduating from N.Y.U. law school, Grace opened a legal clinic in the city for low-income immigrant clients and quickly established a reputation as a fierce but fair lawyer who was always on the side of the disenfranchised. Grace's motto, "Justice for those of limited means," led her to strange cases all over the city and eventually the world. From defending an innocent giant on death row to investigating an island in Arkansas with a terrible secret about slavery, from the warring halls of Congress to a crumbling medieval tower in Italy, Grace solved crimes between shopping at Bergdorf Goodman and being marked for death by the sinister Black Hand. But despite her many successes in social and criminal justice, Grace began to see chilling connections in the cases she had solved, leading to a final showdown with her most fearsome adversary of all and one of the most powerful men of the twentieth century. The great mystery of *Mrs. Sherlock Holmes*—and its haunting twist ending—is how could one woman with so much power disappear so completely?

Turner-Yamamoto, Shinji. ***Sidereal Silence.*** Weston Art Gallery (Cincinnati, OH) 2016. PB \$10.00. A catalog produced for the exhibition Shinji Turner-Yamamoto: Sidereal Silence at the Alice F. and Harris K. Weston Art Gallery in the Aronoff Center for the Arts from April 8-June 5, 2016.

Vanasco, Jeannie. *The Glass Eye: A Memoir*. TinHouse Books (Portland, OR) 2017. PB \$15.95.

The night before her father dies, eighteen-year-old Jeannie Vanasco promises she will write a book for him. But this isn't the book she imagined. *The Glass Eye* is Jeannie's struggle to honor her father, her larger-than-life hero but also the man who named her after his daughter from a previous marriage, a daughter who died. After his funeral, Jeannie spends the next decade in escalating mania, in and out of hospitals, increasingly obsessed with the other Jeanne. Obsession turns to investigation as Jeannie plumbs her childhood awareness of her dead half sibling and hunts for clues into the mysterious circumstances of her death. It becomes a puzzle Jeannie feels she must solve to better understand herself and her father.

Weaver, Mark R. *A Wordsmith's Work: Three Decades of Writing to Persuade, Inform, and Amuse*. CreateSpace (Charleston, SC) 2017. PB \$17.76.

Author Mark Weaver has counseled thousands of clients all across America. He worked one-on-one with the Great Communicator himself, President Ronald Reagan. NBC News in Charlotte, North Carolina, called Weaver "one of the nation's foremost experts in crisis communications." His weapon of choice: powerful words. Words that persuade, inspire, and amuse. This book offers useful insights into how to make your writing more persuasive and memorable.

FICTION

Hetzel, Dennis. *Season of Lies: When Sports and Politics Collide*. Headline Books (Terra Alta, WV) 2017. PB \$19.95.

A pitcher. A president. Two men become linked by events when the stakes are highest. The Chicago Cubs have finally won a World Series for the first time since 1908. Now they want to build a baseball dynasty. To do so, they trade for star pitcher Trey Van Ohmann. Meanwhile, the Cubs' biggest and best-known fan, Luke Murphy, is running for re-election as president of the United States. But world events and powerful, unknown forces conspire against the two men. To succeed, they must overcome terrorism, scandals, and threats to their lives and those around them. The baseball season and a presidential campaign that could be ripped out of today's headlines intertwine in one fateful October.

Klages, Ellen. *Wicked Wonders*. Tachyon Publishing (San Francisco, CA) 2017. PB \$15.95.

A rebellious child identifies with wicked Maleficent instead of Sleeping Beauty. Best friends Anna and Corry share one last morning on Earth. A solitary woman inherits a penny arcade haunted by a beautiful stranger. A prep-school student requires more than luck when playing dice with a faerie. Ladies who lunch—dividing one last bite of dessert—delve into new dimensions of quantum politeness. Whether on a habitat on Mars or in a boardinghouse in London, Ellen Klages presents stories full of wicked, wondrous adventures.

Kuhlman, Evan. *Wolf Boy*. Shayne Areheart Books (New York, NY) 2006. HC \$23.00.

On a frosty winter's day, Francis—the sweet, generous, responsible eldest child of the Harrelson family—dies in a car accident on an ice-covered highway, and Wolf Boy is born. The earth doesn't rumble, no angels descend, and the sun doesn't weep. Nothing happens, in short, to signify the deep change that each member of the Harrelson household will undergo. Parents Gene and Helen turn away from each other and look inward, losing themselves in private fantasies. Ten-year-old Crispy devises elaborate strategies for her escape from the suffocating clutch of the Harrelson home and into the waiting arms of pop star Marky Mark. But the heart of this family portrait is younger brother Stephen, who, along with his quirky and creative friend Nicole, crafts an alternative reality in which their comic book hero, Wolf Boy, battles the forces of evil, champions the powers of good, and fights to keep his family intact. Through Wolf Boy, Stephen finds an outlet for his grief, a concrete expression for his place in a family spiraling out of control, and a way to express all the natural yearnings and hopes of a typical thirteen-year-old. Wolf Boy's adventures are featured throughout the book, introducing a graphic-novel subplot.

Money, Nicholas P. *The Mycologist: The Diary of Bartholomew Leach, Professor of Natural Philosophy (a novel)*. Wooster Book Company (Wooster, OH) 2017. PB \$16.00. This is the fictional diary of Professor Bartholomew Leach (1823-1913), who taught at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Leach

formulated his theory of Creation by Natural Perfection in the late 1850s, but discovered, to his great disappointment, that he had been trumped by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace. In southwestern Ohio, Leach became known for his rejection of biblical teachings on creation and was vilified by many in his community. History is kinder to his memory as a conductor on the Underground Railroad.

Ng, Celeste. ***Little Fires Everywhere***. Penguin Press (New York, NY) 2017. PB \$27.00. In Shaker Heights, a placid, progressive suburb of Cleveland, everything is planned, from the layout of the winding roads, to the colors of the houses, to the successful lives its residents lead. No one embodies this spirit more than Elena Richardson, whose guiding principle is playing by the rules. Enter Mia Warren—an enigmatic artist and single mother—who arrives in this idyllic bubble with her teenaged daughter Pearl and rents a house from the Richardsons. Soon Mia and Pearl become more than tenants: all four Richardson children are drawn to the mother-daughter pair. But Mia carries with her a mysterious past and a disregard for the status quo that threatens to upend this carefully ordered community. When old family friends of the Richardsons attempt to adopt a Chinese-American baby, a custody battle erupts that dramatically divides the town—and puts Mia and Elena on opposing sides. Suspicious of Mia and her motives, Elena is determined to uncover the secrets in Mia’s past. But her obsession will come at unexpected and devastating costs.

Little Fires Everywhere explores the weight of secrets, the nature of art and identity, the ferocious pull of motherhood, and the danger of believing that following the rules can avert disaster.

Putnam, Douglas. ***Stadium***. Maverick Publications (Bend, OR) 2016. PB \$16.00. In 1920, as a university and city launch a campaign to build a magnificent new football stadium, Anna Cormany’s neighbor in the village of Upper Arlington raises his voice to protest what he calls “a monument to megalomania.” Karl Nace is a man with grievances against many people, including the professors and civic leaders who have spurned him and Anna’s husband, Willy, the stadium’s most zealous supporter. As the campaign proceeds from the crowning of “Stadium Girl” through groundbreaking and construction and on to the dedication game, the giant concrete horseshoe becomes the focus of Nace’s hatred, and he plans a horrific act of violence to express his outrage.

Turzillo, Mary. ***Bonsai Babies: A Short Story Collection***. Omnium Gatherum (Los Angeles, CA) 2016. PB \$12.99. A collection of short stories by prolific author Mary Turzillo, including “Pigeon Drop,” which begins with “A cat told me this story,” as well as “Bloodtide” (about a mother and her gift from the sea), and “Bottle Babies,” about a boy who literally grows up within a bottle and whose little sister communes with fairies.

Valente, Catherynne M. ***The Refrigerator Monologues***. Saga Press (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$19.99.

From the *New York Times* bestselling author Catherynne Valente comes a series of linked stories told from the points of view of the wives and girlfriends of superheroes, female heroes, and anyone who’s ever been “fridged”: comic book women who are killed, raped, brainwashed, driven mad, disabled, or had their powers taken so that a male superhero’s storyline will progress. In an entirely new and original superhero universe, Valente subversively explores these ideas and themes in the superhero genre, treating them with the same love and humor as her fairy tales. After all, superheroes are our new fairy tales, and these six women have their own stories to share.

White, Nick. ***How to Survive A Summer***. Blue Rider Press (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$26.00. Camp Levi, nestled in the Mississippi countryside, is designed to “cure” young teenage boys of their budding homosexuality. Will Dillard, a midwestern graduate student, spent a summer at the camp as a teenager, and has since tried to erase the experience from his mind. But when a fellow student alerts him that a slasher movie based on the camp is being released, he is forced to confront his troubled history and possible culpability in the death of a fellow camper. As past and present are woven together, Will recounts his “rehabilitation,” eventually returning to the abandoned campground to solve the mysteries of that pivotal summer and to reclaim his story from those who have stolen it.

POETRY

Abbott, Steve. ***The Incoherent Pull of Want: Poems***. NightBallet Press (Elyria, OH) 2016. PB \$10.00.

A collection of poems by prolific poet and educator Steve Abbott, including “The Present Doesn’t Last as Long as It Used To,” “Dead Man at the Centerfold Lounge,” “Death Is a Waffle Iron,” and “Dorothy’s Other Dream.”

Andrews, Nin. ***Miss August: Poems***. CavanKerry Press (Fort Lee, NJ) 2017. PB \$16.00.

In her latest collection, *Miss August*, Nin Andrews takes on difficult topics: racism, segregation, child abuse, mental illness, and sexual identity. Told from the viewpoints of three different characters, the poems take place in a small town in the Jim Crow South, where opposition to racial integration is still strong. The book presents a tale of a boy’s discovery of his sexual identity, of profound love and friendship, and of racism in a specific time and place in American history.

Arcangelini, M.J. ***Room Enough: Poems***. NightBallet Press (Elyria, OH) 2016. PB \$10.00.

A collection of poetry addressing a variety of subjects, from meeting Bob Kauffman (“Bob at the Bank”) to speaking at International Women’s Day (“Written for the Occasion”) to having “Room Enough” for the loves in his life.

Borsenik, Dianne, ed. ***Delirious: A Poetic Celebration of Prince***. NightBallet Press (Elyria, OH) 2016. PB \$10.00.

Delirious contains ninety-eight pages of poems written by seventy different poets. The poems range

from a five-word haiku to a three-page crown of sonnets. Also included are shape-poems, abecedarians, a poem written in java script, a conversation with a ninety-seven-year-old mom, poems with lines meant to be sung, a touching tribute to a “best friend,” a smile in turquoise, and reminiscences about the soundtracks of younger selves. Each poem is a distinct facet of the glittering world of Prince: his music, his words, his art, his sexuality, his fashion, his convictions, and his impact on an entire generation. Prince influenced lives on multiple levels, giving face and voice to nonconformity and self-expression, encouraging and validating creativity and sensitivity. This book celebrates the remarkable life of a very special man.

Carpathios, Neil. ***Far Out Factoids: Poems***. FutureCycle Press (Athens, GA) 2017. HC \$15.95.

Welcome to the wild world of factoids. Using a different factoid as the starting point and title for each of his musings, award-winning poet Neil Carpathios offers up thirty poems in this unique collection that explore sexuality, relationships, culture, metaphysics, and many other corners of our universe. Carpathios takes full advantage of the mental springboard that is the factoid. Included are original drawings by artist Carole Carpathios, the poet’s wife.

Fagan, Kathy. ***Sycamore: Poems***. Milkweed Editions (Minneapolis, MN) 2017. PB \$16.00.

A collection of poems that takes the sycamore as its inspiration, providing insights on lost love, nature, and the process of recovery.

Hassler, Donald Mack. ***High Latitudes: A Selection of Poems***. Blurb Press (San Francisco, CA) 2016. HC \$22.95.

High Latitudes is a selection of poetry written by Donald “Mack” Hassler and collected over a fifty-year period between 1966 and 2016. These poems provide a snapshot of various influences and periods in the author’s life, as well as the lives of his family, as seen through his eyes.

Howey, Christine. ***Playing Tennis with the Net Down: Poems***. NightBallet Press (Elyria, OH) 2016. PB \$10.00.

A collection of poems by Cleveland Heights Poet Laureate Christine Howey. With a folksy, conversational tone, Howey leads the reader through adventures including the childhood experiences of X-rayed shoe selection, glow-in-the-dark watches, and tick-borne diseases, and the decidedly adult experiences of things found in a meadow, receiving your Life™ (and how to get it out of that pesky package), and “why you don’t like reading poetry.”

Roberts, Andy. ***Yeasayer: Poems***. NightBallet Press (Elyria, OH) 2016. PB \$5.00.

A philosophical poetry reflection on the questions human beings encounter as we age.

Shaheed, Margie. ***Dream Catcher: Poems***. NightBallet Press (Elyria, OH) 2017. PB \$10.00.

A collection of poetry from the past year of Shaheed’s life: conversations, lovemaking, triumph in aging, political and historical happenings, friends’ influences, and anger at injustices, all steeped in the rich tradition of African-American storytelling.

Wood, Rebecca. *Black-Socket Sky: Poems*. NightBallet Press (Elyria, OH) 2016. PB \$5.00.

A collection of poetry that explores themes of winter, loss, belonging, religion, and night.

YOUNG ADULT

Brice, Debra Sue. *Danni Girl Mysteries: The Complete Series*. CreateSpace (New York, NY) 2017. PB \$9.99.

Danni is just an average girl, trying to make her way through college, not completely sure what she really wants to do in life once she graduates. Enjoying workouts with hot men and hanging out with her handsome neighbor, her calm and peaceful lifestyle is quickly turned upside down when unexpected murders fall in her path. With two handsome men at her side, Danni finds her own ways of solving these crimes.

Haddix, Margaret Peterson. *In Over Their Heads: Under Their Skin Book 2*. Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$16.99.

In *Under Their Skin*, twins Nick and Eryn met their new stepsiblings, Ava and Jackson. But doing so sets them on a mission to discover how to prevent humanity from facing certain doom. Now their two families are joined together to save not only themselves, but everyone—human and robotic. If they can only figure out how. The conclusion to the *Under Their Skin* duet.

Keenan, Josephine Rascoe. *In Those Dazzling Days of Elvis: The Days of Elvis Book II*. Pen-L Publishing (Fayetteville, AR) 2017. PB \$14.97.

In the days when Elvis Presley dazzled the nation, his “good luck charm,” Julie Morgan, a small-town girl bound by the social code of the 1950s, makes a serious mistake in a bungled attempt to cope with her broken home and bolster her self-esteem. A seemingly innocent decision to attend a concert proves to be a misstep that leads to another, and another, and yet another, ultimately catapulting her into a horrible dilemma with no apparent way out. In desperation, Julie agrees to a scheme that Carmen, her lookalike, insists will be Julie’s salvation. Their plan is risky, and Julie’s resolve wavers, but Elvis’s long-distance friendship and support give her strength. Renewed, she moves on, until fate intervenes in this perfect plan to turn back time and restore her innocence, leaving Julie alone in the heap of rubble that was once her life. How will she be able to escape the tragic consequences of her choices?

Lawson, Tracy. *Revolt: The Resistance Series Book Four*. DysCovered Publishing (Dallas, TX) 2017. PB \$12.95.

To deny freedom is to deny the human spirit. Fugitive Resistance fighter Tommy Bailey has come out of hiding to help rescue Careen Catecher from the clutches of the Office of Civilian Safety and Defense, where she’s been held and interrogated for information about the rebel group. The OCSD is poised to launch the Cerberean Link, a security device that will put all minors under constant surveillance under the guise of protecting them. Fearful that OCSD director Madalyn Davies’s bid for control won’t stop there, the Resistance puts its own plan in motion to sabotage the

Link and oust Madalyn from the directorship. Just when everything seems leveraged in the Resistance’s favor, treachery, lies, and long-held secrets threaten to derail it all. Will even a life together on the run be impossible for Tommy and Careen? Or will the Resistance’s efforts convince the public to put their fears aside and demand freedom?

Mackall, Dandi Daley. *Just Sayin’*. Tyndale House Publishers (Carol Stream, IL) 2017. PB \$9.99.

Nick and Cassie almost had their perfect family: their parents were getting married, and that meant best friends would be brother and sister. When their parents mysteriously call off the wedding and Cassie is left in her Gram’s care, Cassie and Nick become “almost-step” pen pals. Told through letters, *Just Sayin’* is the story of scheming to get parents back together even as their friendship deepens and brings them closer together.

McGinnis, Mindy. *This Darkness Mine*. Katherine Tegen Books (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$17.99.

Sasha Stone knows her place—first-chair clarinet, top of her class, and at the side of her Oxford-wearing boyfriend. She’s worked her entire life to ensure her path to Oberlin Conservatory as a star musician is perfectly paved. But suddenly there’s a fork in the road in the shape of Isaac Harver. Her body shifts toward him when he walks by, and her skin misses his touch even though she’s never known it. Why does he act like he knows her so well—too well—when she doesn’t know him at all? Sasha discovers that her by-the-book life began by ending the chapter of another: the twin sister she absorbed in the womb. But that doesn’t explain

the gaps of missing time in her practice schedule, or the memories she has of things she certainly never did with Isaac. Armed with the knowledge that her heart might not be hers alone, Sasha must decide what she's willing to do—and who she's willing to hurt—to take it back.

MIDDLE GRADE & CHILDREN'S

Clark, Kent, and Brandon T. Snider. Illus. by Dave Bardin. ***Peter Powers and the Itchy Insect Invasion!*** Little, Brown and Company (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$15.99. Everyone in Peter Powers' family has super awesome superpowers—except Peter. All he can do is make ice cubes and freeze little stuff. He's also afraid of insects. (And why wouldn't he be? The pests are creepy and crawly and like to bite.) Two new villains have come to town, bringing swarms of bugs with them. With the town overrun by hordes of insects, will Peter be able to chill out and conquer his fear? Or will he let the insects—and his fears—get the best of him? Join Peter Powers and his fantastic family for their third action-packed and fun-filled adventure to find out!

Clark, Kent, and Brandon T. Snider. Illus. by Dave Bardin. ***Peter Powers and the League of Lying Lizards!*** Little, Brown and Company (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$15.99. Everyone in Peter Powers' family has super awesome superpowers—except Peter. All he can do is make ice cubes and freeze stuff. But when Peter fibs to his teacher, the lies begin to snowball. Before he has time to tell the truth, Boulder City encounters earthquakes and

a friendly group of lizard people! But soon, the lizard people reveal their lying colors and take over the town. Now it's up to Peter and his super-powered family to save their hometown. Will they be able to defeat the League of Lizards' giant Gila monster, or will they be stomped flat?

Clark, Kent, and Brandon T. Snider. Illus. by Dave Bardin. ***Peter Powers and the Rowdy Robot Raiders!*** Little, Brown and Company (New York, NY) 2016. HC \$15.99. Everyone in Peter Powers' family has super awesome superpowers—except Peter. All he can do is make ice cubes and freeze little stuff. At least his brother and sister have finally stopped picking on him—mostly. But at school, an even more menacing bully has it out for Peter and his friends. As if that wasn't enough, Boulder City is being raided by robots! When his parents are captured, will Peter and his siblings be able to work together and save the day? Or will the town—and possibly the world—be iced? Join Peter Powers and his fantastic family for their second action-packed and fun-filled adventure to find out!

Mackall, Dandi Daley. Illus. by Annabel Tempest. ***Wow! The Good News in Four Words.*** Tyndale House Publishers (Carol Stream, IL) 2017. HC \$14.99. The gospel is now called “the Good News,” and that's because it's the best news ever! Using four words: “Wow! Uh-Oh. Yes! Ahh,” Wow! uses rhymes and illustrations to walk kids through God's whole story.

Maschari, Jennifer. ***Things That Surprise You.*** Balzer + Bray (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$16.99. Emily Murphy is about to enter middle school. She's sort of excited... though not nearly as much as her best friend Hazel, who is ready for everything to be new. Emily wishes she and Hazel could just continue on as they always have, being the biggest fans ever of the *Unicorn Chronicles*, making up dance moves, and getting their regular order at The Slice. But things are changing. At home, Emily and her mom are learning to move on after her parents' divorce. Hardest of all, her beloved sister Mina has been in a treatment facility to deal with her anorexia. Emily is eager to have her back, but anxious about her sister getting sick again. Hazel is changing too. She has new friends from the field hockey team and is starting to wear makeup and have crushes on boys. Emily is trying to keep up, but she keeps doing and saying the wrong thing. She wants to be the perfect new Emily. But who is that really?

Ward, Lindsay. ***Don't Forget Dexter!*** Two Lions (New York, NY) 2017. HC \$17.99.

When his best friend, Jack, leaves him behind at the doctor's office, Dexter T. Rexter panics. First he tries to find Jack. Then he sings their special song. Then he sings their special song even louder. But when Jack still doesn't appear, Dexter starts to wonder. What if he's being replaced by another toy? It can't be—after all, he can STOMP, RAWR, and CHOMP! Right? Right?! This hilariously neurotic dinosaur will do whatever it takes to get his friend back—even asking the reader's advice—in this first book of a brand-new series.

Coming Soon

Brews + Prose

October 4, 2017
Market Garden Brewery,
Cleveland, Ohio

The sixth season of monthly literary readings kicks off with comedian/writer Dave Hill and poet Tomás Q. Morin. For more information, visit www.brewsandprose.com.

Ohioana Book Awards

October 6, 2017
6:00 p.m. – 9:00 p.m.
Ohio Statehouse Atrium, Columbus

Join us as we celebrate the winners of the 2017 Ohioana Book Awards. The event begins at 6:00 p.m. with a reception followed by the awards presentations and book signing. For more information and to purchase tickets, visit www.ohioana.org.

Ohio Poetry Day 80th Anniversary

October 7, 2017
9:00 a.m.
Troy Hayner Cultural Center, Troy, Ohio

This Ohio Poetry Association event features a book room, readings, and a luncheon with Ohio Poet of the Year and past Ohioana Award winner Kathy Fagan as guest speaker. For more information, contact Amy Zook at 937-834-2666.

Jeannie Vanasco: The Glass Eye

October 8, 2017
3:00 p.m., Gramercy Books,
Bexley, Ohio

The Sandusky native and 2014 winner of the Ohioana Walter Rumsey Marvin Grant introduces her debut memoir, *The Glass Eye*. For more information, visit www.gramercybooksbexley.com.

James Willis: A Special Event

October 26, 2017
7:00 - 8:00 p.m.
Thurber Center, Columbus, Ohio

Ohio author and paranormal researcher Willis talks about his latest book, *Central Ohio Legends and Lore*, a riveting collection of tales of the strange and unusual. Guests can also win a chance for a private ghost tour of Thurber House. For more information and tickets, visit www.thurberhouse.com.

Books by the Banks

October 28, 2017
10:00 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Duke Energy Convention Center,
Cincinnati, Ohio

This regional book fair features a book sale, author signings, children's and teen activities, panels and workshops, a writing contest, and author awards. For more information visit <http://booksbythebanks.org>.

Buckeye Book Fair

November 4, 2017
9:30 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Fisher Auditorium, Wooster, Ohio

The 30th annual book fair is a great chance to get a jump on holiday shopping, with more than 100 authors and illustrators. For more information, visit www.buckeyebookfair.com.

Ohioana Book Club

November 15, 2017
10:00 a.m. – noon
Ohioana Library, Columbus, Ohio

The book for November is *The People's House* by David Pepper. The club meets in the Ohioana reading room from 10:00 a.m. to noon. If you would like to attend, please e-mail us at ohioana@ohioana.org.

Do you have a literary event you'd like to list in the next edition of the *Ohioana Quarterly*? Contact us at ohioana@ohioana.org.

Thank You!

The Ohioana Library wouldn't be the unique organization it is without our many generous supporters. Listed below are those who have given from June 1 through August 31, 2017. Special thanks to Governor John Kasich and the Ohio General Assembly for the state's ongoing support.

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I am passionate about igniting the love of reading in others, and the Ohioana Library helps me achieve my goals while creating a positive, statewide impact. Ohioana is an incredible public/private partnership between the State of Ohio and a not-for-profit organization that serves over 150,000 people a year. Ohioana connects with a broad and diverse audience through author visits, events such as the Ohioana Book Festival and the Ohioana Awards, online exhibits, and publications including the *Ohioana Quarterly*.

I love that Ohioana partners with primary and secondary schools, Nationwide Children's Hospital in underserved areas, VOICECorps serving the blind and visually impaired, Bounce23, and Telemundo. Further, through its awards, Ohioana fosters literary excellence and the careers of burgeoning writers. As an Ohioana Board Trustee and Ohioana Book Awards reviewer, I am amazed by the talent that Ohioana nurtures and encourages.

In so many ways, Ohioana improves the quality of life for Ohio citizens and beyond and ensures that Ohio's rich literary legacy thrives. That's why I'm proud to support Ohioana with time and treasure to accomplish its mission to collect, preserve, and celebrate Ohio literature. Thanks, Ohioana—and thank YOU for being or becoming a supporter!

Bryan Loar

Librarian & Cbus Libraries Co-Founder



Staffing the Cbus Libraries table at one of my favorite events—the Ohioana Book Festival, which is FREE and offers something for readers of all ages!

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