

BEST-SELLERS

HARDCOVER FICTION

1. *Plum Spooky*, Janet Evanovich.
2. *Black Ops*, W.E.B. Griffin.
3. *The Host*, Stephanie Meyer.
4. *Scarpetta*, Patricia Cornwell.
5. *The Story of Edgar Sawtelle*, David Wroblewski.
6. *Mounting Fears*, Stuart Woods.
7. *Cross Country*, James Patterson.
8. *Fire and Ice*, Julie Garwood.
9. *The Hour I First Believed*, Wally Lamb.
10. *Running Hot*, Jayne Ann Krentz.

NON-FICTION

1. *Outliers: The Story of Success*, Malcolm Gladwell.
2. *Guilty*, Ann Coulter.
3. *The Last Lecture*, Randy Pausch and Jeffrey Zaslow.
4. *Dewey*, Vicki Myron, Brett Witter.
5. *Flat Belly Diet*, Liz Vaccariello and Cynthia Sass.
6. *The Power of Soul*, Zhi Gang Sha.
7. *What's Age Got to Do With It?* Robin McGraw.
8. *The Secret*, Rhonda Byrne.
9. *American Lion*, Jon Meacham.
10. *Too Fat to Fish*, Artie Lange with Anthony Bozza.

MASS-MARKET PAPERBACKS

1. *Revolutionary Road*, Richard Yates.
2. *Plum Lucky*, Janet Evanovich.
3. *The Appeal*, John Grisham.
4. *Marley & Me*, John Grogan.
5. *Married in Seattle*, Debbie Macomber.

TRADE PAPERBACKS

1. *The Shack*, William P. Young.
2. *Suze Orman's 2009 Action Plan*, Suze Orman.
3. *Eat This, Not That!* David Zinczenko and Matt Goulding.
4. *Sundays at Tiffany's*, James Paterson and Gabrielle Charbonnet.
5. *Revolutionary Road*, Richard Yates.

Publishers Weekly

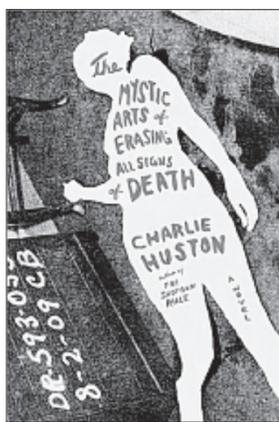
NEW CDS ON TUESDAY

Working on a Dream, Bruce Springsteen.*Tonight*, Franz Ferdinand.*Skylark*, Renee Olstead.*The Empyrean*, John Frusciante.*Ready for the Flood*, Mark Olson, Gary Louris.*Amoeba's Secret*, Paul McCartney.*What I'm For*, Pat Green.*Boombox*, Kylie Minogue.

CD RATINGS

★★★★★
Instant classic
★★★★
Repeat play
★★★
Solid effort
★★
For fans only
★
Use as a coaster

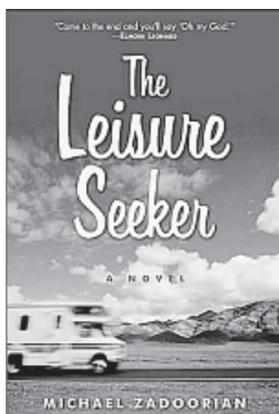
NEW AND NOTABLE



'The Mystic Arts of Erasing All Signs of Death'

Charlie Huston
(Ballantine, \$25)

Maybe you've never heard talk like this before, but that won't make it seem any less real. Charlie Huston is a wizard with dialogue. You'll listen to this book as much as read it — that's how true it is. It's also profane, funny and really, really gross, which is to be expected when the narrator, a former schoolteacher named Web Goodhue, gets a job cleaning up the gore and filth left behind after someone dies, violently or not. His boss is a large and appealing fellow named Po Sin, who calls his company Clean Team Trauma and dispenses wisdom while flicking cockroaches from the sleeves of his hazmat suit. Just imagine the shoptalk. Web's life is already troubled, but it gets worse when, after cleaning up a suicide, he gets sweet on the dead man's daughter. It's a dangerous pursuit, but in the hands of the twisted and talented Huston, life cannot be boring. As Po Sin says at a gruesome cleanup, "No matter how close you look, there's always more."



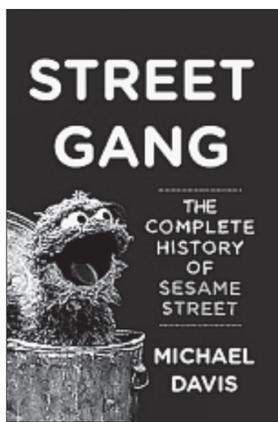
'The Leisure Seeker'

Michael Zadoorian
(Morrow, \$24.99)

John Robina has Alzheimer's disease. Ella, his wife of 60 years, has cancer. The surprise is that they are renegades, setting out (against the wishes of their doctors and without telling their children) from their home in Detroit in their small camper van and heading for Disneyland via Route 66. John can't remember Ella's name, but he's still a credible driver, and his pill-popping wife narrates the story with humor and a bittersweet sense of determination that will be explained only at the end of the journey. "Between the two of us," Ella says, "we are one whole person," and so they proceed, state by state, on a trip that is wacky and difficult, nostalgic yet mysteriously new. Zadoorian walks a fine line as he balances the pace and fragility of two very old people against the urgency of their mission and the demands of the road they follow. Through Ella, he suggests that freedom is not reserved for the young, and that in life's most important matters, triumph is in the eye of the beholder.

— Anne Stephenson/Special for The Republic

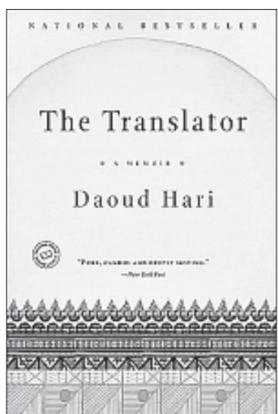
NEW ON TUESDAY

John Grisham, *The Associate*.Steve Harvey, *Act Like a Lady, Think Like a Man: A Foolproof Guide to Getting and Keeping a Man*.

'Street Gang'

Michael Davis
(Viking, \$27.95)

When *Sesame Street* debuted on public television in late 1969, it was banned in Mississippi by officials who were "not yet ready" to watch children of different races play together. The ensuing publicity quickly changed their minds. That alone illustrates the program's impact, not only on television but on a nation's attitudes toward kids and what they are capable of understanding. Davis' history of the show is a great book for *Sesame Street* junkies, especially those who watched during its heyday, when the gifted Jim Henson, Frank Oz and Caroll Spinney gave life to Cookie Monster, Big Bird, Grover, Oscar, Ernie and the unbrowed Bert (a staff member called him "everyone's idea of a blind date"). And when Maria married Luis (after actor Northern Calloway, who played Maria's first boyfriend, succumbed to mental illness) and when Mr. Hooper died. Life evolved on the show as it did behind the scenes. It was an endeavor, Davis writes, that "changed the world, one child at a time."



'The Translator'

Daoud Hari
(Random House, \$13)

This harrowing memoir, new in paperback, will tell you more about what happened in Darfur than you'd learn in any newspaper. Oddly, Hari also will charm you, for although his book is about his efforts to call attention to the genocide in Sudan (in 2006, he was an interpreter for Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Paul Salopek when they were caught by Sudanese forces and held for weeks), there's much more to his story, and he tells it in a way that is nothing less than beguiling, even amid all the violence. He grew up in Darfur, in a loving family and a village with strong traditions. When the killing began, he took reporters, including Nicholas Kristof of the *New York Times*, into Darfur to interview victims. Their statements, he says, were "set before us slowly and quietly like tea. These slow stories were told with understatement that made my eyes and voice fill as I translated; for when people seem to have no emotion remaining for such stories, your own heart must supply it."

ART REVIEW

Talent for pottery runs in the family

By Richard Nilsen
THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

There are dynasties in art. Consider the Carter Family in country music or the Brueghels in painting.

In Germany, there once were so many Bachs in music, the family name became a synonym for musician.

It would be difficult to count the Nampeyos in Hopi pottery.

And among the Santa Clara Pueblo potters, there is the extended Naranjo family, descended from matriarch Rose Naranjo (b. 1915).

It would be hard to find a more accomplished family anywhere: In some ways, they are the Tewa equivalent of J.D. Salinger's Glass family. Of Rose's eight children, you find not only potters but authors, college professors, sculptors and a filmmaker. Among her grandchildren and great-grandchildren are some of the best and most respected artists working today.

The work of two of her children, four of her grandchildren and one great-granddaughter fill the hall at the Heard Museum in an exhibit called "Mothers & Daughters: Stories in Clay."

But what makes the show exceptional isn't that its contributors are related. It's that they all have addressed the wider world, eschewing provincial traditionalism, to make art that has something to say to anyone willing to take the time and notice.

There was a time when Native American art clung to a conservative traditionalism, perhaps in reaction to the federal government's attempt to forcibly assimilate the people. For those who lived through those times, the fierce adherence to language, folkways and art forms is understandable.

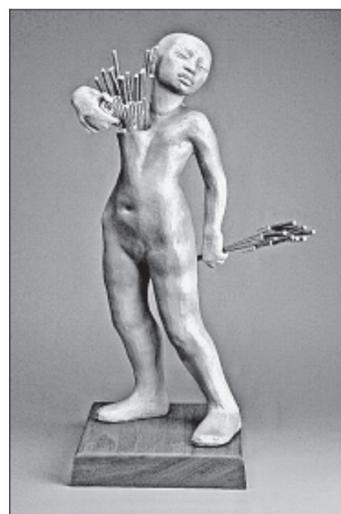
But each new era erases its immediate past, and a new generation — led by members of the Naranjo family at least as far back as two decades ago — has come to see that it needn't give up its essential Indianness, or be subsumed by a dominant Anglo culture, but can take part in a larger, global dialogue, bigger than the Anglo.

There is a style of art that is pan-cultural. Whether you visit a gallery in Berlin, Tokyo or Cape Town, you will find art that shares a visual style: symbolic, created from unconventional materials, addressing political and personal issues. The older art, divided into discrete media, like oil painting or bronze sculpture, has given way to a polymorphism that recognizes that almost anything can be used to express the inner needs of artists.

So, Rose's daughter Nora Naranjo Morse (b. 1952) makes a peculiar installation of giant clay beads, strung along a wall and across the ceiling, looking as much like micro-photographed bacteria as beadwork necklaces.

Her daughter, Eliza Naranjo Morse (b. 1980), uses the natural clay as pigment for paintings.

Potter Jody Folwell (b. 1942), also



HEARD MUSEUM

Ready to Go Off, by Rose B. Simpson, is an example of newer Indian art that has moved away from traditionalism.

Heard Museum: 'Mothers & Daughters: Stories in Clay'

Reviewed Tuesday at the Heard Museum, 2301 N. Central Ave., Phoenix. On view through January 2010. 602-252-8848, heard.org.

Rose's daughter, has long been making politically conscious, almost avant-garde ceramics. I first noticed her in a show at Lee Cohen's old Gallery 10 in Scottsdale almost 20 years ago when she was decorating her pots with the tread marks of pickup-truck tires.

Her two daughters, Polly Rose Folwell (b. 1963) and Susan (b. 1970) have an even more modern take on pot decoration: Polly Rose covers one pot with airplanes and a cityscape of skyscrapers; Susan, who considers herself more painter than potter, covers her work with cars, casinos and gas stations — all part of the contemporary Indian world.

Roxanne Swentzell (b. 1962), Rose's granddaughter, is a popular sculptor whose work is displayed permanently at the Heard Museum. Her figural work — often self-portraits — are surprisingly realistic, if slightly caricatured. Her *Emergence of the Clowns* is a signature work for the Heard, depicting four Pueblo clowns emerging from the ground, one in each compass direction.

But it is perhaps her daughter, and Rose's great-granddaughter, Rose B. Simpson (b. 1983) who is the most distinctive, and perhaps the best.

She uses clay but is primarily a sculptor, and her self-portraits are influenced by African masks, Haitian Vodou votive dolls and Australian fetishes as much as by such paleo-Indian imagery as Mound-builder masks from Mississippian culture.

Yet, they are not merely quotations: They are personal to the level of being dire.

Her *Ready to Go Off* is a figurine pulling bottle rockets from a wound in her chest; each rocket has a name, like "truth," "will" or "honesty," that is an emotional aspiration.

Such things are no longer defensively Indian; they are the insides of all of us made visible.

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THEATER REVIEW

Times may have changed, but 'Other Half' laughs still hold up

By Kerry Lengel
THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

How the Other Half Loves is an old-fashioned sex farce with a story-telling twist. Each scene is actually two intertwined, with the same scenery serving as separate households and the audience forced to track two sets of rapid-fire dialogue at once.

This clever conceit, courtesy of prolific British playwright Alan Ayckbourn, raises the degree of difficulty considerably, and the cast and director of Phoenix Theatre's production rise to the challenge.

The plot hinges on an affair between well-to-do Fiona and one of her husband's employees, Bob. Their efforts to conceal their indiscretion from their spouses kicks off a comedy of errors involving a third couple, straitlaced William and Mary.

All the actors are good, but it's Brian Runbeck, as the absent-minded aristocrat Frank, who makes the show. Playing somewhat of a stereotype — a droll dimwit representing the ineptitude of the upper crust — he delivers the playwright's witty dialogue with impeccable timing. He's assisted by a fine straight-man per-

formance by Sally Jo Bannow as his far more competent wife.

Director Jere Hodgkin keeps the laughs rolling, although his brisk staging, along with the scenery design by Kimb Williamson, obscures the social context of the piece. The play is nearly 40 years old, but here the time is ambiguous — not quite contemporary but not a period piece either. And although Christian Miller and Kaitlin O'Neal deliver the laughs as Bob and his suspicious wife, neither manages to underline the differences of social class implied by the title.

Then again, maybe that facet of the play is less relevant to an audience four decades and 5,000 miles removed from the original setting. In any case, if something is missing from this production, it's certainly not the laughter.

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