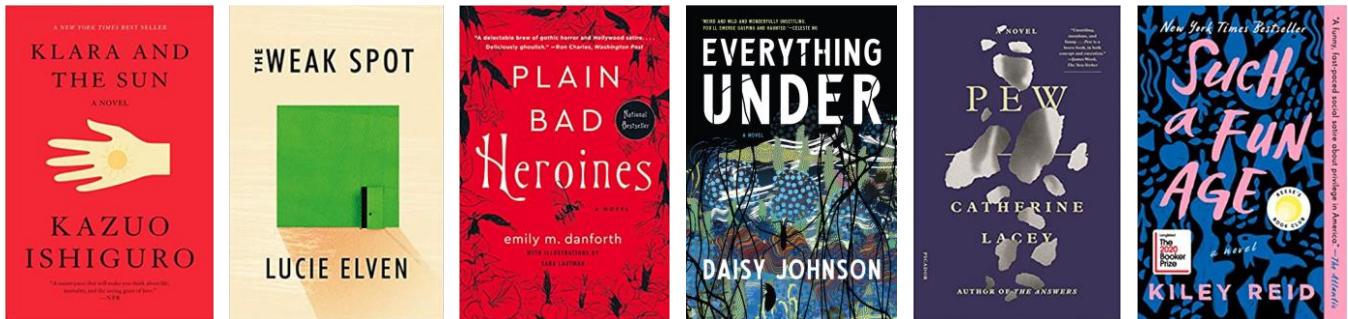


## March 2022

### Featured Recommendations from Dr. Christina Solomon

#### Books I've read recently and loved!



[Pew](#), by Catherine Lacey

[Klara and the Sun](#), by Kazuo Ishiguro

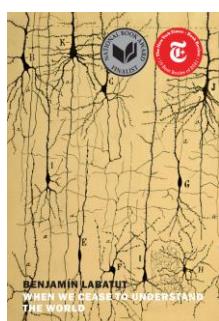
[Such a Fun Age](#), by Kiley Reid

[The Weak Spot](#), by Lucie Elven

[Plain Bad Heroines](#), by Emily M. Danforth

[Everything Under](#), by Daisy Johnson

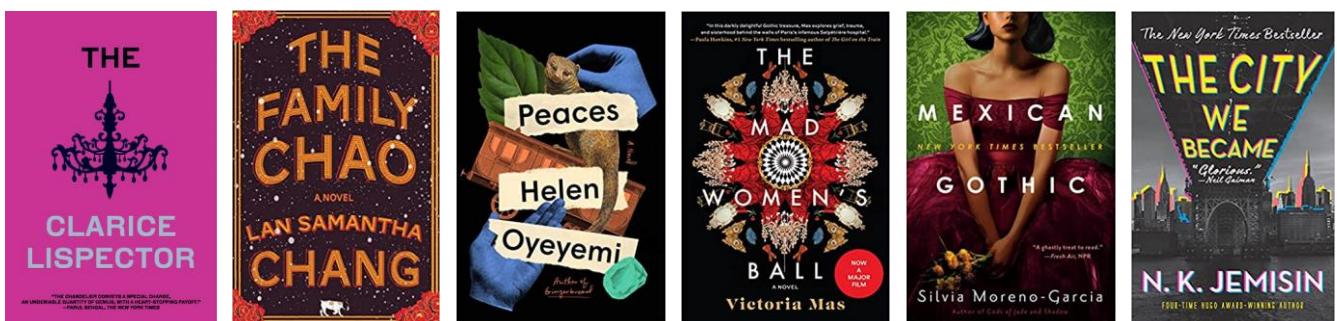
#### Book I read recently and wanted to love...



[When We Cease to Understand the World](#), by Benjamin Labatut (trans. Adrian Nathan West)

This was a National Book Award finalist and was shortlisted for the International Booker Prize in 2021. I was so excited for this book, but now I feel as though I'm owed a personal explanation from the endorsing committees. Parts of this book—the parts about science, math, and history—are great! And then there are the other parts of the book which, I feel, undermine the promise and potential of a really cool project. Read it and tell me what you think!

#### Books I'm excited to read next:



[The Chandelier](#), by Clarice Lispector (trans. Benjamin Moser and Magdalena Edwards)

[The Incendiaries](#), by R. O. Kwon

[The Family Chao](#), by Lan Samantha Chang

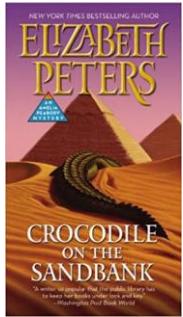
[The Mad Women's Ball](#), by Victoria Mas (trans. Frank Wynne)

[The City We Became](#), by N. K. Jemisin

[Mexican Gothic](#), by Silvia Moreno-Garcia

[Peaces](#), by Helen Oyeyemi

## Comfort genre:



Mystery! I've long enjoyed the [Amelia Peabody series](#) by Elizabeth Peters. They are set mostly in Egypt in the late Victorian period (and, as the series continues, into WWI) as Peabody and her family of British Egyptologists solve murders while working on archaeological digs. The author has a PhD in Egyptology, and the books are enjoyable for their historical details—and for their humor!

## Poem I read recently and loved:

“Built to Wait”  
By [Rachel Betesh](#)

coarse skin, like a laborer;  
shoulders up, like horses;  
made for cold, like fire is,  
a radish holds its heat.  
in winter, we keep  
the least  
becoming, what's not bright,  
what burns your throat,  
these old,  
strong roots.  
black radishes:  
my back ached, i suppose,  
from taking them—  
the way you feel sore  
when you've loved  
with effort. when you've  
stilled your thoughts  
with work.  
bitter flesh, like wanting;  
smoky gray, like coal;  
built to wait, like stones are,  
even winter needs to eat.

Published in *The New Yorker*, November 22, 2021