



thisweek

Readings & signings on LI

Today

Linda Fairstein discusses and signs copies of her novel "Death Angel" (Dutton). Registration required. At 4 p.m., Westhampton Free Library, 7 Library Ave., Westhampton Beach; 631-998-3260, booksandbookshwb.com



David Gilbert discusses his new novel, "& Sons" (Random House; see review on C19). Registration required; tickets \$15. At 5 p.m., Quogue Library, 90 Quogue St., Quogue; 631-653-4224, ext. 4, quoguelibrary.org

Friday

Long Island author **Patty Blount** signs copies of her new book for young adults, "TMI" (Sourcebooks Fire). At 7 p.m., Book Revue, 313 New York Ave., Huntington; 631-271-1442, bookrevue.com



Sylvia Day signs copies of "Entwined With You" (Berkley Trade), the new book in her "Crossfire" romance series. At 7 p.m., Shelter Island Library, 37 N. Ferry Rd., Shelter Island; 631-749-0042, shelterislandpubliclibrary.org



Saturday

Author **Louis Begley** reads from and signs copies of "Memories of a Marriage" (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday). At 5 p.m., Book-Hampton, 16 Hampton Rd., Southampton; 631-283-0270, bookhampton.com



reviews

Love, with a side of murder

THE SILENT WIFE.
by A.S.A. Harrison.
Penguin, 326 pp., \$16 paper.

BY MARION WINIK
Special to Newsday

A clever psychological thriller about marriage and murder told in chapters that alternate between male and female points of view, A.S.A. Harrison's "The Silent Wife" is this year's "Gone Girl." But where Gillian Flynn's twisted bestseller was essentially about control, "The Silent Wife" is about money. While "Gone Girl" was a circus of are-you-kidding-me fictional devices, "The Silent Wife" is a boning knife of a novel, sharp and quick.

Jodi Brett is a soignée Chicago psychotherapist who lives in a luxurious waterfront condo with her partner, Todd, a real estate developer, and their golden retriever, Freud. As the book opens, we learn that Jodi is "deeply



A.S.A. Harrison didn't live to see her first novel published.

unaware that her life is now peaking . . . that a few short months are all it will take to make a killer out of her."

After this attention-getting overture, murder does not come up again for quite a while. Instead, we get inside the heads of the impulsive, adulterous Todd and the self-contained Jodi much as a

psychoanalyst would, combining accounts of their current habits and schedules with details of their childhoods, including excerpts from the transcripts of the psychoanalysis Jodi underwent when training to become an Adlerian therapist. For Jodi, and for her creator, "the unconscious mind is not just a theory in a book, not some trumped-up paradigm or overblown fancy, but as real as the nose on your face, as real as a pickle jar."

Jodi is addicted to her high-dollar lifestyle, walking the dog, seeing a few hand-picked clients, straightening her exquisitely appointed apartment. The main expression of her feelings for Todd is culinary. He comes home each day to carefully prepared appetizers and meals, "a smoked trout on a plate with a fan of crackers," "tiny crustaceans on a platter." Harrison is marvelous on the pleasures of preparing food: "What's tough and impenetrable becomes yielding and

permeable."

Todd's part in the domestic pas de deux is to pay the bills and make the martinis. The rituals of drinking play the same role in Todd's life as cooking does in Jodi's: He "succumbs to a tender devotion, a reverence for this welcoming sanctuary with its quaint accoutrements and rituals . . . its bustling congregation, and the secular priest behind the bar performing the time-honored rites."

Todd's last betrayal of Jodi is crazily flamboyant, defying her ability to turn a blind eye as it threatens the most important thing — her rigid lifestyle. It lets loose the dogs of hell, and the beautifully steered plot twists of the denouement.

Like Stieg Larsson ("The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo"), Harrison died on the eve of publication and the success that will surely follow it (cancer, age 65). That this was her first novel after several works of nonfiction makes it all the sadder. Damn, she was good.

Thawing out heroic tales of WWII

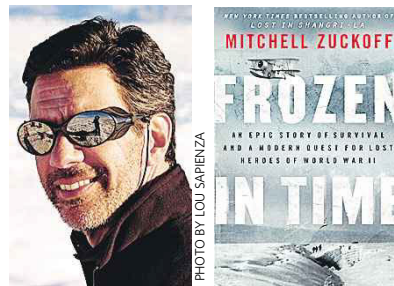
FROZEN IN TIME: An Epic Story of Survival and a Modern Quest for Lost Heroes of World War II. by Mitchell Zuckoff. Harper, 391 pp., \$28.99.

BY JOSEPH KANON
Washington Post Book World Service

Korea, Vietnam, Iraq and Afghanistan have come and (mostly) gone, but World War II remains the mother lode of war adventure stories. Mitchell Zuckoff has found another one, and what a story it is.

Zuckoff's last book, the best-selling "Lost in Shangri-La," was about a downed plane in Stone Age New Guinea. Now he takes us to an even more inhospitable environment, the Greenland winter ice cap of subzero temperatures, (literally) blinding snow and 150 mph winds. On Nov. 5, 1942, a C-53 Skytrooper cargo plane with a crew of five crashed on the ice cap, inland from Koge Bay. What were thought to be signal flares were seen. Rescue flights went out immediately, with no success.

Four days later, a B-17 bomber en route to Britain that had joined the



Mitchell Zuckoff takes us to Greenland.

search parties encountered a blizzard so intense that the horizon became invisible. It flew into the glacier with nine men onboard, all of whom miraculously survived the crash, huddled in the broken-off tail section of the plane, teetering toward a gaping crevasse (later, they carved out caves in the ice). "Frozen in Time" is the story of how they managed to stay alive (or not) for an astonishing 148 days. Eventually spotted and supplied by airdrop, they could not be reached by dogsled or plane — a Coast Guard rescue attempt in a Grumman Duck ended on Nov. 29, 1942, when it, too, crashed on the ice cap.

Everything that could happen, did happen: Blizzards raged for days on end, eyelids froze together in the cold, fingernails fell off, frostbite turned to gangrene, snow bridges collapsed into unseen crevasses, rescue sled dogs ran off, hypothermia caused delusions. This is the stuff of great survivalist drama, and Zuckoff, a good storyteller, makes the most of it. He even manages to add a contemporary story — the 2012 search for the downed Grumman Duck and its crew, now buried in the ice.

But what gives the book its weight is his genuine interest in, and respect for, the men themselves. We learn how they got through the days, what they talked about, what they did for each other. The period flavor is strong and appealing. Everyone seems to have a nickname — "Tick" Morgan, "Dutch" Dolleman, "Pappy" Turner and even Coast Guard Rear Adm. Edward "Iceberg" Smith — and thoughts of home have a kind of Norman Rockwell naivete. These are selfless and modest heroes, their simple faith in God and country perhaps, in the end, their secret strength. In an often moving coda to the book, we learn what the survivors did after their adventure on the ice: They became ordinary Americans.