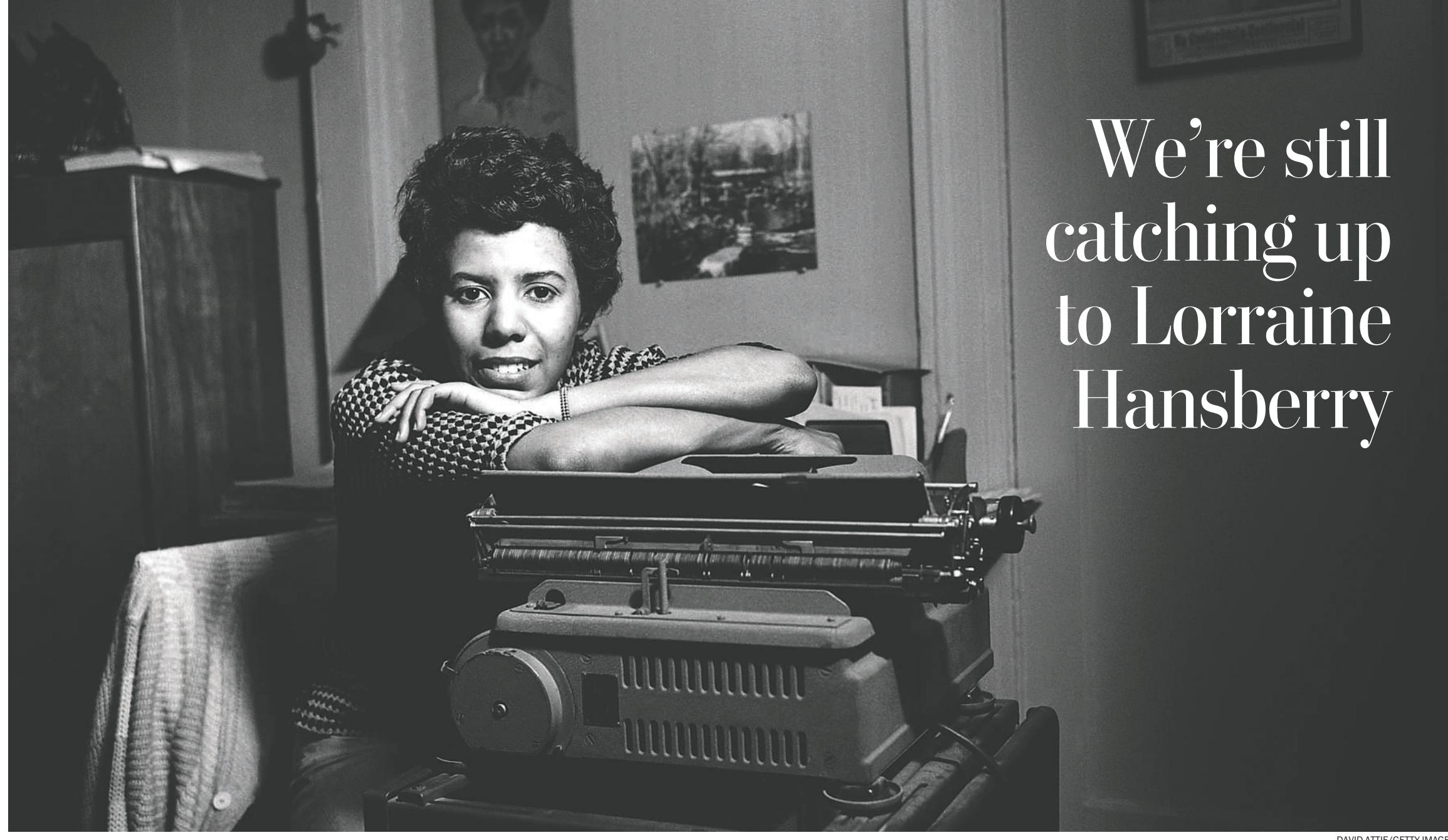


## BOOK WORLD



DAVID ATTIE/GETTY IMAGES

BY WENDY SMITH

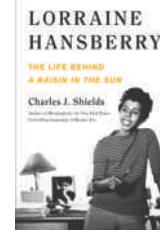
**Y**ears before anyone used the term “intersectionality,” Lorraine Hansberry (1930-1965) saw, wrote and spoke about the ways class, race and gender discrimination were intertwined in the United States. Unsurprisingly, there’s been a resurgence of interest in her in recent years, with increasing attention paid to Hansberry’s journalism and political activism, in addition to her best-known achievement, the play “*A Raisin in the Sun*.” Charles J. Shields’s Hansberry biography is the third in little more than three years: Imani Perry blended biography with a personal tribute in “*Looking for Lorraine*,” and Soyica Diggs Colbert took a more scholarly approach in “*Radical Vision*,” making detailed analyses of Hansberry’s writings. Shields, also the author of biographies of Harper Lee and Kurt Vonnegut, offers general readers a well-researched account of Hansberry’s life and conscientious summaries of her literary and political work.

Making good use of private papers as well as published materials, Shields paints an evocative portrait of Hansberry’s child-

hood in Chicago. She grew up in affluence, “smart but spoiled” in the opinion of her older sister’s best friend, “fond of getting attention.” She may have been reacting to her mother’s rigid notions of gentility and propriety. Nannie Hansberry sent her 5-year-old daughter to her first day at a nearly all-White elementary school dressed in ermine, to show that “we were better than no one but infinitely superior to everyone.” (Lorraine got pushed in the mud by her tough, streetwise classmates.)

In her youth, Lorraine lived the contradiction between her parents’ cosmopolitan world of African American culture and achievement and the hostile White society around them, which did its best to keep upward strivers like the Hansberrys in their designated place. Lorraine’s family was even sued after her father bought their house through a White frontman in a neighborhood with restrictive racial covenants.

Carl Hansberry was a real estate speculator; his victory in court enabled him to continue buying buildings in White neighborhoods, chopping apartments into one-room, notoriously over-crowded and unsanitary “kitch-



LORRAINE HANSBERRY  
*The Life Behind  
'A Raisin  
in the Sun'*  
By Charles J.  
Shields  
Henry Holt, 384  
pp., \$29.99

Lorraine  
Hansberry in  
1959 in the  
New York  
apartment  
where she  
wrote the play  
*"A Raisin in  
the Sun."*

ettes,” and renting them at an enormous profit to African American families eager to move up. The glaring disconnect between her family’s civil rights activism and their fortune, made by exploiting other Black people, probably played a role in Lorraine’s move toward Marxist politics, but Shields doesn’t explore it. By contrast, his depiction of her intellectual development is substantive, from her teenage readings in Harlem Renaissance literature through her discovery, at the University of Wisconsin, of theater, in particular Sean O’Casey’s Irish folk dramas. Shields also revisits a summer workshop in Mexico that cemented her commitment to social realism in art and her tenure as a journalist at the radical monthly *Freedom* after she dropped out of college.

When it comes to her personal and emotional life, however, Shields is regrettably hands-off. He mentions a “crush” on college classmate Edythe Anne Cohen and includes a few excerpts from Hansberry’s letters to Cohen that raise intriguing questions about how intimate they were. One refers to Lorraine’s interest in a “very wonderful young man. (I never thought it possible.)” Given her subsequent marriage to

Marxist activist Robert Nemiroff and later lesbian affairs, this moment cries out for consideration of Hansberry’s complicated sexuality. Instead, Shields jumps to the fact that she met the “wonderful young man” through a left-wing group supporting Progressive Party presidential candidate Henry Wallace.

Shields’s capable account of her journalism reminds us just how radical Hansberry was, presciently seeing the struggles of African Americans as part of the global battle by people of color against colonialism. She was an unabashed Marxist and fellow traveler of the Communist Party during the Cold War years, when it was very unpopular and dangerous, and her marriage to Nemiroff was at least, in part, an alliance of politically like-minded people. She also came to rely on him to keep her focused on the literary and dramatic work that she saw as her true calling, and here, too, Shields presents provocative source material without offering much in the way of analysis. He describes as “indulgent” an excerpt from a letter by Nemiroff urging Hansberry to stick to her writing, advice that might well strike other readers, especially female readers, as patronizing and controlling.

The chapters on “*A Raisin in the Sun*” are Shields’s best, detailing an engrossing narrative of the creation and production of an American classic. Later chapters that chronicle Hansberry’s declining health and difficulties with later plays — “*The Sign in Sidney Brustein’s Window*” and “*Les Blancs*” — are also compelling. But Shields dodges the question voiced by several of how extensively Nemiroff revised Hansberry’s work when she was dying and after her death. Shields’s statement, “Whether he exceeded his mandate as her literary executor will be left to theater historians and scholars to determine,” feels disingenuous, given that he had access to Hansberry’s manuscripts and the published versions.

Rich in detail if short on commentary, “*Lorraine Hansberry: The Life Behind a Raisin in the Sun*” fills a niche on the growing shelf of books devoted to her by offering a solid introduction to this important American artist and social critic.

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## Lan Samantha Chang on her blend of vivid Chinese American, classic Russian

BY MEREDITH MARAN

**T**here are as many wacky ideas for novels as there are novelists. More, actually; many novelists move closer to the outer edges of imagination (theirs; ours) with each book. As proof, I submit “*The Family Chao*,” the third novel by Lan Samantha Chang, in which she reimagines Fyodor Dostoevsky’s epic “*The Brothers Karamazov*” as a contemporary Chinese American family drama.

Say what?

“Couldn’t you have given yourself a more ambitious challenge?” I asked Chang during a lively transatlantic conversation, and we both laughed. Truth be told, I wasn’t surprised by the length or the success of her reach. If you’ve read Chang — and I strongly suggest you do — you know that she lives and writes to push the boundaries of her craft and her world.

Raised by Chinese immigrant parents in Appleton, Wis., Chang received her BA from Yale, her MFA from the Iowa Writers’ Workshop, and was awarded creative writing fellowships by Stanford, Princeton, the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, the Guggenheim Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts. In 2005, Chang returned to the Iowa Writers’ Workshop, this time as its director, becoming the first woman, and the first Asian American, to hold that job.

While publishing short stories in prestigious literary outlets, including two issues of “*Best American Short Stories*,” Chang wrote “*Hunger: A Novella and Stories*” (1998) and the novels “*Inheritance*” (2004) and “*All Is Forgotten, Nothing Is Lost*” (2010).

Her new novel is a genre bender: a murder story whose prose sings and snickers and soars as engagingly as Chang’s literary fiction. The victim is Leo Chao, owner of the Fine Chao Chinese Restaurant in Haven, Wis., and tyrannical father of adult sons Dagou, Ming and James.

No one could have believed that such good food was cooked by a bad person,” Chang writes in the novel’s prologue.

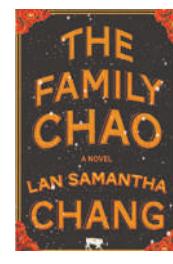
Here, Chang dives deep into the hot topics that inspired and shaped “*The Family Chao*”: fiction writing in the era of racial and gender reckoning, literary trends, and the joys and travails of writing a book that is an homage — to one’s own people, and to a literary giant who lived 142 years earlier and 5,000 miles away.

*This interview has been edited for length and clarity.*

**Q:** Secular Jew here. I’ve eaten in restaurants like Fine Chao all my life, knowing nothing about the people who fry my pot stickers. As a Chinese American writer, do you feel a responsibility to educate your non-Chinese readers about your experience, especially in this wannabe-woke era?

**A:** I don’t want to speak on behalf of Chinese Americans. I want to speak about what it felt like to grow up in the first Chinese immigrant family, my family, in Appleton, Wis., in the mid-1960s.

Much of the attention paid to my first book, “*Hunger*,” related to the way the characters fit the acceptable stereotype of the quietly suffering Chinese American family. But I actually grew up in a noisy Chinese American family. There were too many of us, and not enough space. We were always short on



THE FAMILY CHAO  
By Lan  
Samantha  
Chang  
W.W. Norton &  
Company.  
320 pp., \$28

money, we ate a lot and laughed and yelled a lot. In my early work, I was unable to portray this. I was so inexperienced, I didn’t understand that I was trying to write according to a set of rules that were standard at the time, rules that required the use of as few words as possible. People accepted my portrayal of quiet Chinese families with their repressed suffering because this fit with the way immigrant families were expected to be. In 2021, I could write my characters in a more candid way.

**Q:** What changed?  
**A:** Society. People are working really hard, as writers and as humans, to change the kinds of stories we get to tell and how we tell them. Writing “*The Family Chao*,” I felt an incredible urge to create characters who were true to the vivid lives of people I know. I wanted to portray a Chinese man as strong and lively as my late father, a larger-than-life character. My father was a much more moral person than Leo Chao. But some things about Leo Chao are taken straight from home.

**Q:** Where’d you get the somewhat wacky idea to model “*The Family Chao*” on “*The Brothers Karamazov*”?

**A:** Fifteen years ago, in my first semester at the Writers’ Workshop, I started teaching a noncredit discussion group in which a bunch of us read “*The Brothers Karamazov*,” then got together and talked about it for six to eight hours. It was such a pleasure.

Years later I was trying to come up with something to work on. I was overwhelmed with running

the workshop and having a child. Then, while I was in a residency at Yaddo [a retreat for artists in Upstate New York], I reread the bits and scraps I’d been jotting down, and I started writing a novel from close third person in present tense, from the different points of view in a family.

That’s when I realized that the voice in the novel I was working on matched, in some ways, the unfolding quality of “*The Brothers Karamazov*.” It wasn’t the plot that interested me most. It was the sense of time unfolding as characters are moving through it. This gives the reader space to assume things and to not know what’s going to happen.

**Q:** Now tell us how you did it: I mean, no pressure. It’s just Dostoevsky.

**A:** When you love a book enough to write an homage to it, you can get overwhelmed. “*The Brothers Karamazov*” is so great, it would have snuffed out my effort if I’d looked at it while I was writing. I consulted the five-volume Dostoevsky bio by Joseph Frank instead.

I remember the moment “*The Family Chao*” stopped being an homage, a dialogue with Dostoevsky, and started being its own book. Suddenly I was making work that was coherently itself. In that moment it became irrelevant how well I recapitulated Dostoevsky, as long as I kept his element of surprise. When you hurtle yourself into a work of his, there’s something so surprising about it. For me, using the present tense to create unfolding action was part of that. Allowing characters to have long monologues was part of that. Allowing characters to ... swear

and masturbate and ejaculate was part of that.

**Q:** The book’s velocity and dramatic tension are palpable, and not just because it’s a mystery.

**A:** In the past I’ve been a quiet writer. Some of my work felt flat to me. This time I wanted to escalate the conflict, using the kinds of impulses that make people shout at each other. My characters behave absurdly. They feel self-pity. Their emotional palettes are much more far-ranging than in my early work.

Even the food we ate growing up was interesting, and I put that into “*The Family Chao*.” When our parents arrived in the U.S., Americans were eating peanut butter and jelly, and cake from a box and Cool Whip. My parents couldn’t buy the ingredients they needed to make Chinese food, and so they improvised. They made stir-fry out of iceberg lettuce. After the Vietnam War, supermarkets became more diverse. My parents couldn’t believe their good fortune! We ate bean sprouts for weeks.

**Q:** What’s next for fans of Sam Chang?

**A:** I’ve got 200 pages of a new thing. I’m at that phase where I read it and realize it’s horrible. I’m going to give it a little distance, and then I’m going to go back to my thing that was good and now is terrible and try to make it good again. What else is there to do?

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