

An abstract graphic design featuring a large, rounded blue oval shape in the center, set against a white background. The entire composition is framed by a black border filled with intricate, white, stylized line art patterns that resemble a mix of calligraphy and geometric shapes. A red curved line is visible on the left side of the image.

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fall 2019

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Judith Gurewich
Publisher



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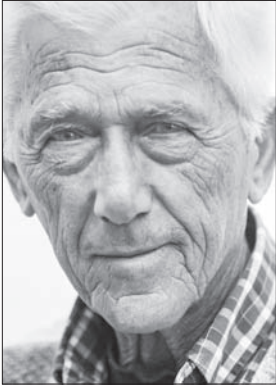
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FROM **THE SIEGE OF TROY**



© Florence Montmaré

Theodor Kallifatides has published more than forty works of fiction, nonfiction, and poetry that have been translated around the world. Born in Greece in 1938, Kallifatides immigrated in 1964 to Sweden, where he began his literary career. As a translator, he has brought August Strindberg and Ingmar Bergman to Greek readers, and Giannis Ritsos and Mikis Theodorakis to Swedish ones. He has received numerous awards for his work in both Greece and Sweden. He lives in Sweden.

Marlaine Delargy is best known for her translations of the work of Henning Mankell, John Ajvide Lindqvist, and Kristina Ohlsson. She is also the translator of Therese Bohman's *Eventide* and *Drowned*. She serves on the editorial board of the *Swedish Book Review*. She lives in Shropshire, England.

It had become a habit now. Each morning we waited for Miss to continue with her story, and she didn't disappoint us. She arrived at school well before us and was waiting with shining eyes, as if we were about to celebrate her name day.

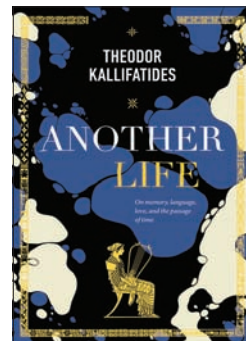
Were we all in love with her? I didn't know. But I was, and I woke up every day terrified that she wouldn't be there, that she would have gone back home. Seeing her was a miracle. I can't put it any other way. It was a miracle.

That day was no exception. She began to speak.

Old King Nestor, whose name lives on in several languages to denote the wisdom that comes with age, was sitting in his tent drinking wine with Machaon, the wounded physician, as the sound of the battle came closer and closer. What was going on? Were the Achaeans being driven out into the sea?

"Stay here and rest. I will make sure you are given a warm bath; that will make you feel better," Nestor said to his friend. Then he picked up his shield of shining bronze and a spear with a sharp point, and left the tent.

Defeat was close. The Achaeans no longer had the strength to resist the Trojans, who were sure of victory. Nestor was considered to be the equal of the gods in terms of wisdom, but how could that wisdom help his countrymen now? Should he join the fray? He was old and weary. Any Trojan stripling could bring him down. He decided to seek out Agamemnon, the supreme commander.



Another Life
HC | \$22.95/\$29.95C
978-1-59051-945-5

Theodor Kallifatides

THE SIEGE OF TROY

A NOVEL

In this perceptive retelling of *The Iliad*, a young Greek teacher draws on the enduring power of myth to help her students cope with the terrors of Nazi occupation.

Bombs fall over a Greek village during World War II, and a teacher takes her students to a cave for shelter. There she tells them about another war—when the Greeks besieged Troy. Day after day, she recounts how the Greeks suffer from thirst, heat, and homesickness, and how the opponents meet—army against army, man against man. Helmets are cleaved, heads fly, blood flows. And everything had begun when Prince Paris of Troy fell in love with king of Sparta Menelaus's wife, the beautiful Helen, and escaped with her to his homeland. Now Helen stands atop the city walls to witness the horrors set in motion by her flight. When her current and former loves face each other in battle, she knows that, whatever happens, she will be losing.

Theodor Kallifatides provides remarkable psychological insight in his version of *The Iliad*, downplaying the role of the gods and delving into the mindsets of its mortal heroes. Homer's epic comes to life with a renewed urgency that allows us to experience events as though firsthand, and reveals timeless truths about the senselessness of war and what it means to be human.

PRAISE FOR **ANOTHER LIFE**:

"Charming...Kallifatides has a novelist's ear for anecdote, a dramatist's for dialogue, and a poet's for aphorism."

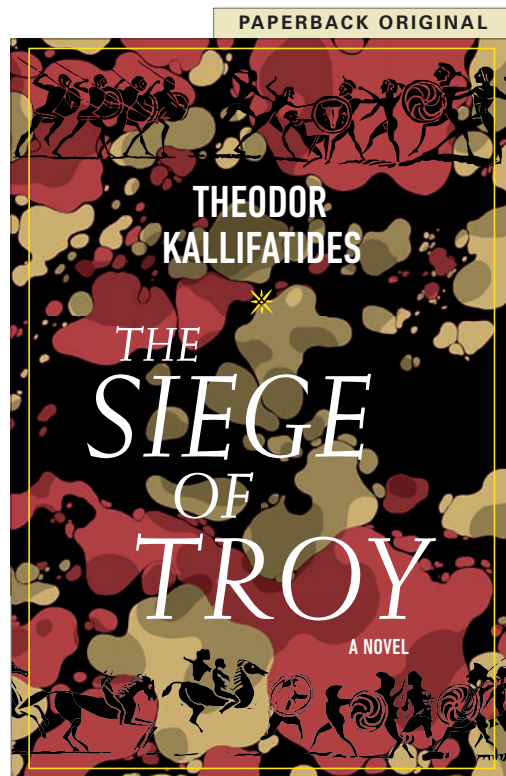
—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

"Kallifatides has written an unusual and refreshing memoir... A fascinating look into a prolific author's mind, especially welcome since there have not been enough English translations of his books."

—KIRKUS REVIEWS

"Slender in size, yet anything but slight in scope, this inviting meditation on age, writing, and sense of place, beautifully translated into English by Marlane Delargy, is witty, profound, and thoroughly captivating."

—BOOKPAGE



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- Author appearances by request
- Promotion at NCTE, academic, and library conferences



© Akos Salfvai

Evelyn Toynton's most recent book was *Jackson Pollock*, published by Yale University Press in 2012. Her novel *Modern Art* was a *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year and was translated into Russian; Other Press published her second novel, *The Oriental Wife*, which has been optioned for a film and published in a Greek translation. Her essays, articles, and reviews have appeared in *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, *American Scholar*, *London Review of Books*, *Times Literary Supplement*, *Salmagundi*, and *Prospect*, among others, and have been reprinted in several anthologies, including *Rereadings*; *Mentors, Muses & Monsters*; and *Table Talk from the Threepenny Review*.

The curtains were drawn, the room was almost dark, but I could make out its size, about four times that of my hotel bedroom, with high ceilings. I could just see his shape in the bed. There was a door to my left, slightly ajar, which I pushed open with the same stealth: sure enough, it was a bathroom, with a lovely big claw-footed tub, painted blue, with old-fashioned taps. I wished I could sink into it and shut my eyes, but I only dabbed at my sticky groin with the washcloth dangling over the side, threw some water at my puffy eyes, and dressed myself hurriedly, smoothing down the wrinkles in my black suit. After that I returned to the bedroom, to locate the door into the hall. And then a light switched on by the bed; he lay there watching me.

"Was it as bad as all that?"

"What?"

"The sex. Was it really that dire?"

"I'm just a little embarrassed," I said, hovering.

"Well, don't be." There was a warning note to his voice, an I-will-not-put-up-with-any-silliness note, that brought me up short. My head felt very clear suddenly. [...]

Rain was splattering the windows on the other side of the room; the panes rattled as the wind struck them. The prospect of battling my way to a bus stop, getting soaked and splashed and whipped by gusts, the thought of the grayish light in my hotel room, the furniture bearing down on me: all that seemed too bleak to bear. Meanwhile the white, high-ceilinged room, with its tiny recessed fireplace surrounded by flowered tiles, its long, faded, chestnut velvet curtains, the oil painting of an old mill over the bed, felt like the very place I had come to find. This, finally, was England. And something about the crispness of his voice, his air of casual command: it seemed like a form of protection, there was so much certainty in it.

Evelyn Toynton

INHERITANCE

A NOVEL

In this luminous novel about romance and illusion—and what's left of love when they're stripped away—an American Anglophile is drawn into the lives of a disintegrating aristocratic family.

After the sudden death of her husband, Annie Devereaux flees to England, site of the nostalgic fantasies her father spun for her before he deserted the family. A chance encounter in London leads Annie to cancel her return to New York and move in with Julian, the disaffected, moody son of Helena Digby, a famous British geneticist. As their relationship progresses, Annie meets Julian's sisters Isabel and Sasha, each of them fragile in her own way, and becomes infatuated with visions of their idyllic childhood in England's West Country. But the more she uncovers about Julian's past, the more he explodes into rage and violence. Finally tearing herself away, Annie winds up adrift in London, rescued from her loneliness only when she and Isabel form an unexpected bond.

Slowly, with Isabel as her reluctant guide, Annie learns of the emotional devastation that Helena's warped arrogance, her monstrous will to dominate, inflicted on her children. The family who once embodied Annie's idealized conception of England is actually caught in a nightmare of betrayal and guilt that spirals inexorably into tragedy.

PRAISE FOR *THE ORIENTAL WIFE*:

"The emotional high points of Louisa's and Emma's life seem to leap from the page. As when Emma goes to bed with Kim, her Cambodian refugee lover, and 'by the end, there was not a single bone in her body, only blind heat and his breath moving through her.' In case you're worried this novel might veer more toward soap opera than superior fiction, consider that last line. No soap opera I know ever made you feel that." —**ALAN CHEUSE**, NPR's *All Things Considered*

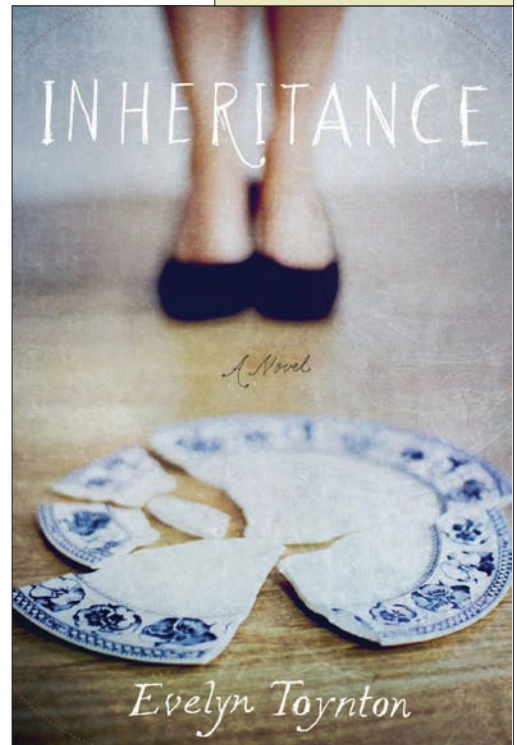
"Masterful...deeply moving."

—**FREE LANCE-STAR**

"Deeply emotional...A first-rate literary work."

—**KIRKUS REVIEWS**

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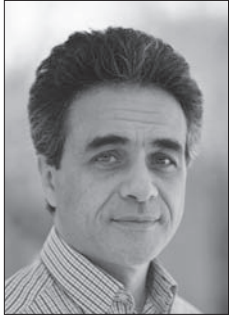
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Proprietor: Other Press

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- Author appearances by request



P. E. Caquet is a senior member of Hughes Hall, Cambridge. His PhD was published as *The Orient, the Liberal Movement, and the Eastern Crisis of 1839–41*. Before studying as a historian at Cambridge, he lived for ten years in Prague. He is fluent in Czech, Slovak, French, and German.

FROM **THE BELL OF TREASON**

The night before the invasion, at a reception at the “airmen’s house,” Goering had taken the Czechoslovak ambassador, Vojtěch Mastný, aside and assured him that “Germany has no unfriendly intentions towards Czechoslovakia and that, on the contrary, after the completion of the Anschluss, it expects an improvement in relations with it—as long as you don’t mobilize.” Goering threw in his “word of honor” and, for good measure, Hitler’s as well. Such assurances were repeated by the German ambassador in Prague and the newly appointed foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop. Ribbentrop’s predecessor, Konstantin von Neurath, even took the trouble to confirm that Germany still considered the 1925 Locarno arbitration treaty as valid—interesting in the light of future developments, as the Czechoslovaks would only be ridiculed when they tried to invoke it a few months later.

In Prague, though, no one rejoiced. Mastný himself was unimpressed, and neither was anyone fooled at the foreign ministry. The shock of Hitler’s February 20 speech, in which he had lumped Austria and Czechoslovakia together, was all too fresh and Nazi hostility too long-standing for Goering’s sudden bonhomie to convince. As was well understood, the Nazis were anxious lest a Czechoslovak mobilization derail their assault on Austria, either by encouraging international resistance to it or simply by throwing a spanner in a military exercise that was not going as smoothly as they liked to pretend. Italy, once the protector of Viennese independence, had furthermore become acquiescent in and even supportive of German expansionism. The Czechoslovak border system of defensive bunkers, finally, now lacked a strong enough section on the south side against the old Austrian frontier.

It was clear to all that Czechoslovakia was only more exposed, and that it was next on the list.

P. E. Caquet

THE BELL OF TREASON

THE 1938 MUNICH AGREEMENT IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Drawing on a wealth of previously unexamined material, this staggering account sheds new light on the Allies' responsibility for a landmark agreement that had dire consequences.

On returning from Germany on September 30, 1938 after signing an agreement with Hitler on the carve-up of Czechoslovakia, Neville Chamberlain addressed the British crowds: "My good friends...I believe it is peace for our time. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts. Go home and get a nice quiet sleep." Winston Churchill rejoined: "You have chosen dishonor and you will have war."

P. E. Caquet's history of the events leading to the Munich Agreement and its aftermath is told for the first time from the point of view of the peoples of Czechoslovakia. Basing his work on previously unexamined sources, including press, memoirs, private journals, army plans, cabinet records, and radio, Caquet presents one of the most shameful episodes in modern European history. Among his most explosive revelations is the strength of the French and Czechoslovak forces before Munich; Germany's dominance turns out to have been an illusion. The case for appeasement never existed.

The result is a nail-biting story of diplomatic intrigue, perhaps the nearest thing to a morality play that history ever furnishes.

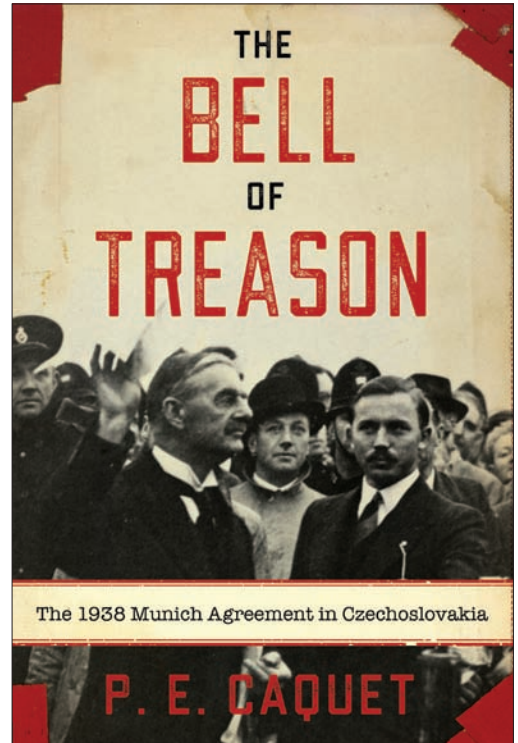
PRAISE FOR **THE BELL OF TREASON**:

"Caquet revisits luminously one of the great 'what-ifs' of history. Carefully documenting every detail, but in white-hot language, he shows how Britain and France let slip at Munich in September 1938 their best chance of stopping Hitler."

— **ROBERT O. PAXTON**, author of *The Anatomy of Fascism*

"Caquet's superb new account restores agency and subjectivity to the Czechoslovaks. Grippingly written with an eye for drama and dialogue, this book shows how close they came to resisting and just how traumatic the outcome was, not only for them but for the German democrats handed over to the Third Reich."

— **BRENDAN SIMMS**, author of *Britain's Europe*



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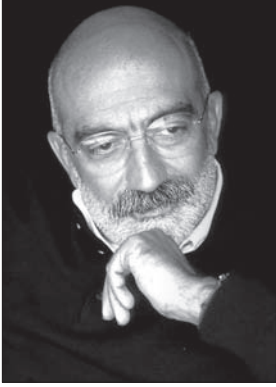
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Ahmet Altan, born in 1950, is one of Turkey's most important writers. In the purge following the failed coup in July 2016, Altan was sent to prison pending trial for giving "subliminal messages" in support of the coup. In February 2018 he was sentenced to life in prison without parole for attempting to overthrow the government. Fifty-one Nobel laureates have signed an open letter to President Erdoğan calling for Altan's release. Altan is the author of seven essay collections and ten novels.

Yasemin Çongar is a journalist, editor, and essayist as well as a translator. She is a cofounder and the general director of P24, a nonprofit platform for independent journalism in Istanbul. She is also the founder of K24, a Turkish literary review, and of the Istanbul Literature House. Çongar is the author of four books in Turkish.

FROM ***I WILL NEVER SEE THE WORLD AGAIN***

I woke up. The doorbell was ringing. I looked at the digital clock by my side, the numbers were blinking 05:42.

"It's the police," I said.

Like all dissidents in this country, I go to bed expecting the ring of the doorbell at dawn.

I knew one day they would come for me. Now they had.

I had even prepared a set of clothes in an overnight bag so that I would be ready for the police raid and what would follow.

A pair of loose black linen trousers tied with a band inside the waist so there would be no need for a belt, black ankle socks, comfortable soft sneakers, a light cotton T-shirt, and a dark-colored shirt to be worn over it.

I put on my "raid uniform" and went to the door.

Through the peephole I could see six policemen on the landing, sporting the vests worn by counterterrorism teams during house raids, the acronym "TEM" stamped in large letters on their chests.

I opened the door.

"We have search and arrest orders," they said as they entered, leaving the door open.

They told me there was a second arrest order for my brother, Mehmet Altan, who lived in the same building. A team had waited at his door, but no one had answered.

When I asked which number apartment they had gone to, it turned out they had rung the wrong bell.

Ahmet Altan

I WILL NEVER SEE THE WORLD AGAIN

THE MEMOIR OF AN IMPRISONED WRITER

A resilient Turkish writer's inspiring account of his imprisonment that provides crucial insight into political censorship amidst the global rise of authoritarianism.

The destiny I put down in my novel has become mine. I am now under arrest like the hero I created years ago. I await the decision that will determine my future, just as he awaited his. I am unaware of my destiny, which has perhaps already been decided, just as he was unaware of his. I suffer the pathetic torment of profound helplessness, just as he did.

Like a cursed oracle, I foresaw my future years ago not knowing that it was my own.

Confined in a cell four meters long, imprisoned on absurd, Kafkaesque charges, novelist Ahmet Altan is one of many writers persecuted by Recep Tayyip Erdoğan's oppressive regime. In this extraordinary memoir, written from his prison cell, Altan reflects on his sentence, on a life whittled down to a courtyard covered by bars, and on the hope and solace a writer's mind can provide, even in the darkest places.

PRAISE FOR AHMET ALTAN:

"I hope that everyone who can read, whatever their politics, reads Ahmet Altan's response to his imprisonment. Repressive regimes hope that if they lock up writers they are also locking up ideas. This will always fail."

—NEIL GAIMAN

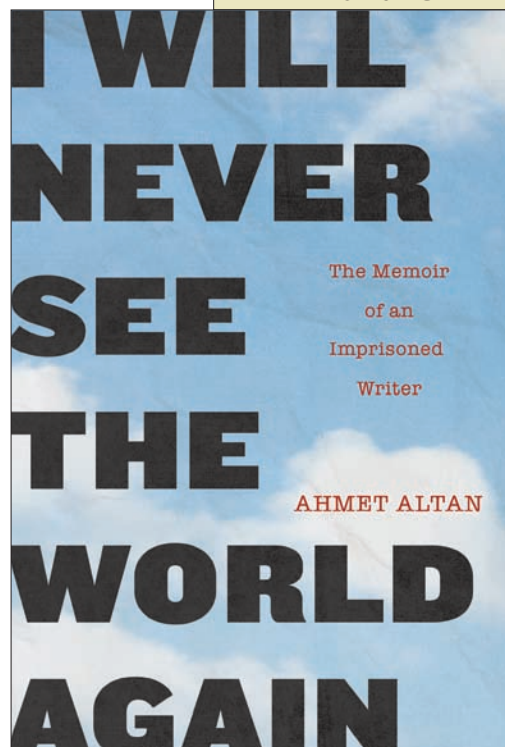
"From the bowels of Erdoğan's prison system emerge these meditations on the vicissitudes of justice, products of a richly stocked mind, engrossing, sometimes profound, and remarkable for their equanimity."

—J. M. COETZEE

"Remember the name Ahmet Altan! Add him to the great voices writing from prison across the centuries—Boethius, Cervantes, Gramsci, Soyinka, Solzhenitsyn—and be moved to tears and indignation by his story."

—ARIEL DORFMAN

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- Major print and online advertising campaign
- Library marketing



© Jackie Neale

Christine Coulson began her career at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1991 as a summer intern in the European Paintings Department. She returned in 1994, and over the next twenty-five years, rose through the ranks of the Museum, working in the Development Office, the Director's Office, and the Department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts. She recently left the Met to write full-time.

FROM *METROPOLITAN STORIES*

“We” are the art, the evidence, the beauty that these walls are built around and that these lights proclaim important. Objects made of everything, anything: yes, paint and marble, bronze and gold, glass, silver, paper, clay, but also steel and ribbons, mud and hair, wood, wire, and bones. We come from everywhere: tombs and closets, palaces and studios, floors and ceilings, fortresses and temples, sometimes with parts of those places still clinging to us. Because so often we were removed by someone, somewhere, when that someone couldn't wait, or we couldn't stay.

“They” are our minders, men and women with a mothering, smothering kind of love for us. They fret over our every inch, every scratch, every wound, every questionable repair. They polish us like it's the school play, every day. Our big moment for the world to see what beaming, glossy children we are.

Every piece of us is testimony: Whose eye chose that shape, whose hand made that line, whose mallet carved that bump? Show us what happened, they beg, so we'll know.

Well, mamas, there's been some mileage since we were made, some action, in slow drips and big splashes. Glory, war, revolution, the tilts of taste and the swags of renaissance. Some dark, dark ages, too. Empire to dirt in the course of a millennium. Slices cut into our sides to fit us into a new room. A century in a cardboard box, woodworms drilling like some unscratchable itch. The goddamn vacuum cleaner banging into our legs. Light bulbs!

Christine Coulson

METROPOLITAN STORIES

A NOVEL

From a writer who worked at the Metropolitan Museum for more than twenty-five years, an enchanting novel that shows us the Met that the public doesn't see.

Hidden behind the Picassos and Vermeers, the Temple of Dendur and the American Wing, exists another world: the hallways and offices, conservation studios, storerooms, and cafeteria that are home to the museum's devoted and peculiar staff of 2,200 people—along with a few ghosts.

A surreal love letter to this private side of the Met, *Metropolitan Stories* unfolds in a series of amusing and poignant vignettes in which we discover larger-than-life characters, and the powerful voices of the art itself. The result is a novel bursting with magic, humor, and energetic detail, but also a beautiful book about introspection, an ode to lives lived for art, ultimately building a powerful collage of human experience and the world of the imagination.

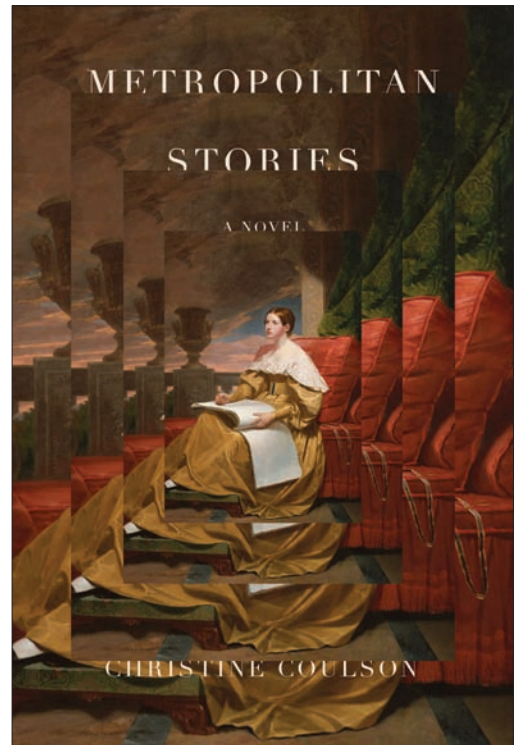
PRAISE FOR *METROPOLITAN STORIES*:

"Written with elegance, wit, and a flair for comic genius, Metropolitan Stories describes the museum world as it is and as it strives to be. Coulson is a brilliant narrator of the fantastical and the all-too-plausible excesses of curators and museum directors. Her infectious sense of fun, her steady flow of insights into the human heart and its foibles, her wanton but beady-eyed attention to blind ambition, her passion for art itself, and most of all her deep sense of human character make this not only a delightful book, but also a deeply rewarding one. It marks the emergence of a major new talent."

—ANDREW SOLOMON,
bestselling author of *The Noontday Demon* and *Far from the Tree*

"Only someone who deeply loves and understands the Metropolitan Museum could deliver such madcap, funny, magical, tender, intimate fables and stories. We are swept away in the museum. Beauty abounds. Yearning too. The art literally comes to life. And it makes perfect sense."

—MAIRA KALMAN,
artist and bestselling author of *The Principles of Uncertainty*



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- Author appearances in New York and by request
- Print and online advertising campaign



© Diana Pridemore

Nina Allan is a novelist and short-story writer. Her previous fiction has won several prizes, including the British Science Fiction Award for Best Novel, the Novella Award, and the Grand Prix de L'Imaginaire for Best Translated Work. She lives and works in Rothesay, on the Isle of Bute, Scotland. *The Dollmaker* is her third novel.

I had been writing to Bramber for more than a year before I understood that we were destined to be together. The next time I wrote, I included my phone number. When Bramber wrote back, she said there was no payphone at West Edge House, and that she didn't have a mobile. I wasn't sure I believed her—who doesn't own a mobile these days?—but on reflection I decided she was simply one of those people who dislikes using the telephone. This small insight into her personality only endeared her to me further. Certainly I didn't perceive it as a problem. Soon she would come to trust me as I trusted her. And in the meantime there were our letters, which I looked forward to as harbingers of a new reality, a reality in which we would confess our togetherness, becoming more fully ourselves in a way that is only possible in the presence of that rarest of human sympathies: mutual love.

The idea that I might go and see her did not occur to me at first. I had not been invited, after all, and I was hardly the sort of person who could present themselves at someone's door in the sure and certain knowledge of being welcomed inside. My life thus far had taught me enough about rejection not to actively court it. But once the initial seed had been planted—a television documentary about the decline of the tourism industry in the West Country—I found myself unable to uproot it. I would go west, I decided. And even if my bravery was not rewarded, at least I would have the satisfaction of knowing where I stood.

Nina Allan

THE DOLLMAKER

A NOVEL

A love story of two very real, unusual people, and a novel rich with wonders that shines a radically different light on society's marginal figures.

Stitch by perfect stitch, Andrew Garvie makes exquisite dolls in the finest antique style. Like him, they are diminutive, but graceful, unique and with surprising depths. Perhaps that's why he answers the enigmatic personal ad in his collector's magazine.

Letter by letter, Bramber Winters reveals more and more of her strange, sheltered life in an institution on Bodmin Moor, and the terrible events that put her there as a child. Andrew knows what it is to be trapped; and as they knit closer together, he weaves a curious plan to rescue her.

On his journey through the old towns of England he reads the fairy tales of Ewa Chaplin—potent, eldritch stories that, like her lifelike dolls, pluck at the edges of reality and thread their way into his mind. When Andrew and Bramber meet at last, they will have a choice: to remain alone with their painful pasts or break free and, unlike their dolls, come to life.

PRAISE FOR *THE DOLLMAKER*:

"[Allan's] literary sensibility fuses the fantastic and the mundane to great effect."

— THE GUARDIAN

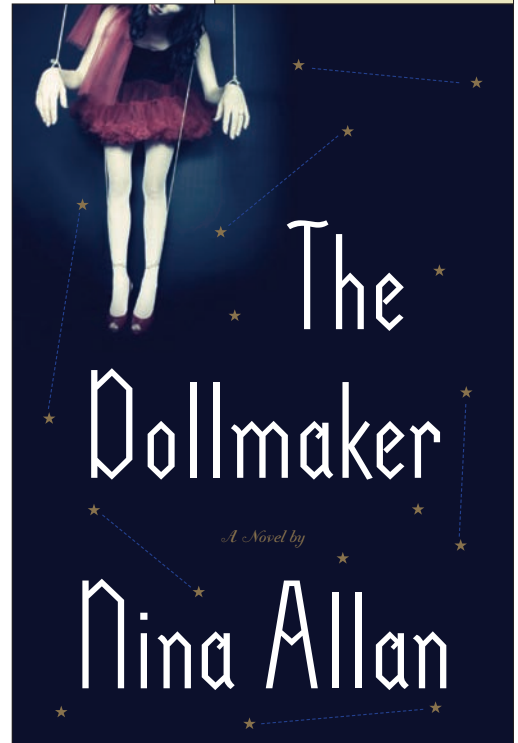
"In clean, beautiful, agile prose, Nina Allan is able to conjure a recognizable England and a place of deep enchantment. The world of The Dollmaker is not only one we know; it seems to know us, and readers will lose and find themselves inside Allan's wonderful creation. A fantastic book, revealing a zone of wonder and a world of truth."

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"Amazing experiments are still possible with the form of the novel! I was deeply impressed by the complexity of this elegant, beautiful, and subtly scary book."

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PAPERBACK ORIGINAL



OCTOBER 2019 | on sale 10/15/2019

\$16.99 / \$22.99C

Paperback Original with Flaps | 5 ½ x 8 ½" | 416 pages

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FICTION

Rights: US & Canada

Agent: Anna Webber, United Agents

(awebber@unitedagents.co.uk)

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, and online coverage
- Targeted outreach to art, gothic, romance, and literary and interest media
- Author appearances by request
- Print, online, and social media advertising campaign

FROM **IF**



Francesca Manovani © Gallimard

Lise Marzouk has published several nonfiction titles in France on myths and the imaginary. *If* is her first memoir and English-language debut.

Adriana Hunter studied French and Drama at the University of London. She has translated more than fifty books including Véronique Olmi's *Bakhita* and Hervé Le Tellier's *Eléctrico W*, winner of the French-American Foundation's 2013 Translation Prize in Fiction. She lives in Kent, England.

You've been told, it's time your brother and sister knew. I can't let them go on believing you just need your tonsils out. Nor can I let them keep hoping that we'll all be going to Morocco in three days as planned. "He has a type of cancer, it's called lymphoma." For a moment I'm blindingly aware how surreal it is to have a conversation like this with such young children. I need to get down to concrete facts quickly and explain, but I don't have time to add anything that might soften the news. Anna has already asked the only real question: "Is he going to die?" I'm not shocked by it, not surprised by it, not even stressed by it. There, I've tipped into another reality, a world where little girls can ask their mothers whether their brothers are going to die. Is Anna even a little girl still as we have this conversation? The three of us in this kitchen are suddenly projected outside time and relative ages. Of course I try to find words that children will understand, but the truth I'm relaying to them has only one name. It will tolerate no lies or concealment. And so I give the apparently innocuous reply that the oncologist gave us yesterday: "it can be treated." This exemplar of the implicit statement, which says everything without saying anything, feels appropriate. By using these words, am I hoping to deceive myself and deceive my children? Am I secretly hoping to leave it at that? But that wouldn't allow for the pertinence of Anna's questions, or their impertinence, a combination of emotional acuity and intellectual rigor. Perhaps, contrariwise, I'm so sure she'll take this further that I've risked an open-ended reply in the subconscious hope of saying the truth. The ball is in my daughter's court; she gets right onto it. "But what if it doesn't work?" "It can be treated," I say again. My intonation is slightly different this time, firmer, more emphatic. I know that Anna has understood the words in their complexity. I know she's glimpsed the abyss of conditionality opening up beneath that "can be." An abyss in which chance can always come and play its part.

IF

A MOTHER'S MEMOIR

An eloquent, heartfelt account of a young boy's fight with cancer and of a mother's determination and resilience, which sees their family through to his recovery.

As her ten-year-old son sits at the kitchen table one evening, Lise Marzouk inspects his mouth and discovers an unusual growth, which doctors later confirm is cancerous. When he is hospitalized at the Curie Institute in Paris for lymphoma treatment, Lise finds herself torn between two worlds, one at his bedside, and the other at home with her two younger children, struggling to maintain a sense of stability in their lives. And so she writes—of their fears and doubts, but also of their moments of tenderness and joy—and through these memories, stories, and reveries, she arrives at a deeper understanding of herself as a woman, a mother, and a writer.

Brimming with a rebellious sense of hope, *If* offers an intimate look at how a mother's love and support enabled her family to come out of a devastating experience stronger and more connected.

PRAISE FOR *IF*:

"Powerful...gripping...takes your breath away."

—LA RÉPUBLIQUE DES LIVRES

"A masterful work, a hymn to love."

—L'INFIRMIÈRE MAGAZINE

"A beautiful story...Admirable in its precision and delicacy."

—LE MONDE DES LIVRES

PAPERBACK ORIGINAL



A Mother's Memoir

LISE MARZOUK

OCTOBER 2019 | on sale 10/29/2019

\$16.99 / \$22.99C

Paperback Original with Flaps | 5 1/4 x 8" | 320 pages

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NONFICTION

Rights: World English

Proprietor: Éditions Gallimard, Anne-Solange Noble

(anne-solange.noble@gallimard.fr)

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, and online coverage
- Targeted outreach to parenting, health & wellness, memoir, and literary interest media
- Author appearances by request



© Itzik Shohet

Zeruya Shalev was born at Kibbutz Kinneret. She is the author of four previous novels, *The Remains of Love*, *Love Life*, *Husband and Wife*, and *Thera*, and a book of poetry and a children's book. Her work has been translated into twenty-five languages and won multiple awards including the Corine International Book Prize and the Welt Literature Award. She lives in Jerusalem.

Sondra Silverston is a native New Yorker who has been living in Israel since 1970. Among her published translations are Amos Oz's *Between Friends*, which won the 2013 National Jewish Book Award for fiction, Eshkol Nevo's *Homesick*, which was long-listed for the Independent Translation prize, and works by Etgar Keret, Ayelet Gundar-Goshen, Alona Frankel, and Savyon Liebrecht.

FROM **PAIN**

Here it is, back again, and although she's been expecting it for years, she is surprised. Back again as if it never let go, as if she didn't live a day without it, a month without it, a year, after all, exactly ten years have passed since then. Mickey asked, "Remember today's date?" as if it was a birthday or an anniversary, and she racked her memory—they were married in winter, met the winter before that, the children were born in winter, nothing noteworthy occurred in their lives in the summer despite its length, which seems to call for countless events—and Mickey looked down, his gaze on her hips, which have thickened since then, and all at once the pain was back and she remembered.

Or did she remember first, and then the pain came back? Because she has never forgotten, so it wasn't actually remembering, but rather existing totally in that burning moment, in the dawning recognition of the cataclysm, in the ghostly storm of panic, the solemn inertness of the silence: no bird tweeted, no fowl soared, no bull mooed, no ministering angels spoke holy words, the sea did not roil, people did not speak—the world was utterly still.

In time, she realized that silence was the one thing that hadn't been there, but nonetheless, only the silence was burned into her memory: mute angels came and bandaged her wounds silently, amputated limbs burned noiselessly and their owners observed them with sealed mouths, white ambulances sailed soundlessly along the streets, a narrow, winged gurney floated towards her and she was lifted up and placed on it, and the moment she was detached from the blazing asphalt was the moment the pain was born.

Zeruya Shalev

PAIN

A NOVEL

A powerful, astute novel that exposes how old passions can return, testing our capacity to make choices about what is most essential in life.

Ten years after she was seriously injured in a terrorist attack, the pain comes back to torment Iris. But that is not all: Eitan, the love of her youth, also comes back into her life. Though their relationship ended many years ago, she was more deeply wounded by his departure than by the suicide bomber who blew himself up next to her.

Iris's marriage is stagnant. Her two children have grown up and are almost independent; she herself has become a dedicated, successful school principal. Now, after years without passion and joy, Eitan brings them back into her life. But she must concoct all sorts of lies to conceal her affair from her family, and the lies become more and more complicated.

Is this an impossible predicament, or on the contrary a scintillating revelation of the many ways life's twists and turns can bring us to a place we would never have expected to be?

PRAISE FOR ZERUYA SHALEV:

"One of the most talented writers of our time."

— LEÏLA SLIMANI,
New York Times bestselling author of *The Perfect Nanny*

"A great book that ends with a therapeutic catharsis."

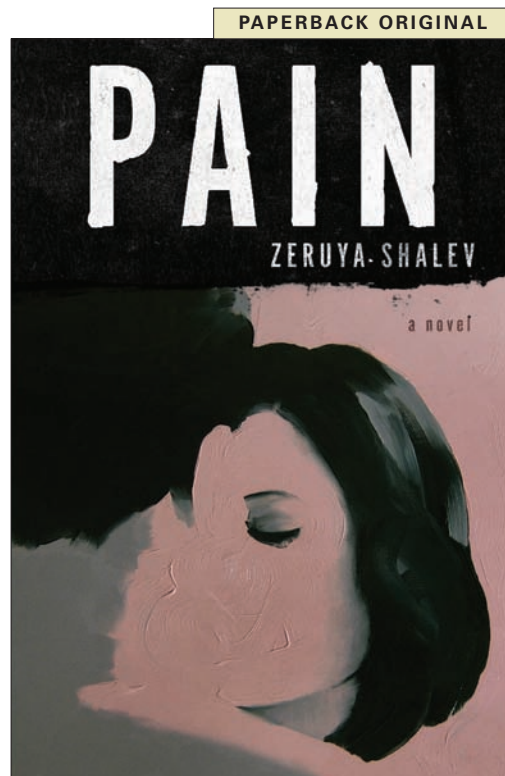
— AMOS OZ, author of *Judas*

"Captivating...a brilliant reflection on the dominance of the past over the present, of the ideal over the real, of the couple over the individual."

— ELLE (FRANCE)

"Shalev does what she does best: telling family tales of love, of redemption, and of disillusion, rich in emotional strength, inviting the reader to be swallowed up by the story and giving a sense of purification when it is over...The novel celebrates pain and sheds light on its role in emotional life."

— HAARETZ



NOVEMBER 2019 | on sale 11/5/2019

\$17.99 / \$23.99C

Paperback Original with Flaps | 5 ½ x 8 ½" | 400 pages

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- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, and online coverage
- Targeted outreach to relationship, translation, health & wellness, family, and women's interest media
- Author appearances by request
- Reading group promotions
- Print and online advertising campaign



© Kate Slininger

Clifford Thompson's work has appeared in publications including *The Best American Essays 2018*, *Washington Post*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Threepenny Review*, and *Village Voice*. He is the recipient of a Whiting Award for nonfiction and teaches at New York University, Sarah Lawrence College, and the Bennington Writing Seminars. He lives in Brooklyn, New York.

FROM **WHAT IT IS**

As I entered my twenties, I felt my sense of rootedness—which I had taken for granted, as one takes for granted the ground beneath one's feet—to be giving way. I no longer lived exclusively or even primarily among blacks, so that source of rootedness was no more. Similarly, I no longer had the comfort of religion. My beliefs in “the possibility of everything” and in the rightness of treating everyone as an individual—the latter reinforced by Baldwin's writing—still made sense to me, but after a time they began to seem pretty thin soil in which to root oneself. My white friends, God bless them, never questioned the way I lived, which could not be said for some of the blacks I knew; these white friends simply let me be myself—and yet, as I laughed and joked in their presence, sitting next to them amid the din of bars or drinking beer from the bottle while standing among clusters of them at one of those countless, dimly remembered parties from my twenties, sometimes a voice whispered, somehow very audibly in those loud gatherings, that I was alone.

Then came my discovery of Albert Murray's work, with its emphasis on the integral place of blacks in America, a legacy of grit, resourcefulness, accomplishment, and improvisation, all symbolized by that signature cultural contribution, jazz, my beloved jazz—and all at once, I felt rootless no more. I felt an invisible barrier between me and others, one I had only dimly perceived, melt away; and I relaxed in a way I never had as an adult.

Clifford Thompson

WHAT IT IS

RACE, FAMILY, AND ONE THINKING BLACK MAN'S BLUES

An African-American writer's concise, heartfelt take on the state of his nation, exploring the war between the values he has always held and the reality with which he is confronted in twenty-first-century America.

In the tradition of James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* and Ta-Nehisi Coates's *Between the World and Me* comes Clifford Thompson's *What It Is*. Thompson was raised to believe in treating every person of every color as an individual, and he decided as a young man that America, despite its history of racial oppression, was his home as much as anyone else's. As a middle-aged, happily married father of biracial children, Thompson finds himself questioning his most deeply held convictions when the race-baiting Donald Trump ascends to the presidency—elected by whites, whom Thompson had refused to judge as a group, and who make up the majority in this country Thompson had called his own.

In the grip of contradictory emotions, Thompson turns for guidance to the wisdom of writers he admires while knowing that the answers to his questions about America ultimately lie in America itself. Through interviews with a small but varied group of Americans, he hears sharply divergent opinions about what is happening in the country while trying to find his own answers—conclusions based not on conventional wisdom or on what he would like to believe, but on what he sees.

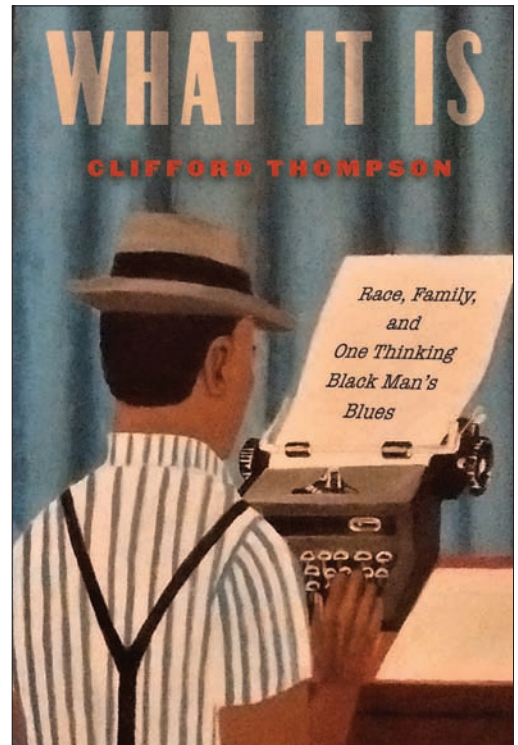
PRAISE FOR CLIFFORD THOMPSON:

"Clifford Thompson is simply one of the wisest, warmest, and most trustworthy essayists writing today."

—**CHARLES R. JOHNSON**, National Book Award winner and author of *Middle Passage* and *Being and Race*

"[Thompson's] prose style is consistently thoughtful, surprising, and unobtrusively elegant, and the voice navigates with remarkable smoothness between personal experience and critical analysis... he vaults to the front ranks of essayists of his generation."

—**PHILLIP LOPATE**



NOVEMBER 2019 | on sale 11/12/2019

\$19.99 / \$25.99C

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NONFICTION

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Agent: Timothy Hays, Hays Media LLC

(tim@haysmedia.net)

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, and online coverage
- Targeted outreach to memoir, race relations, and political interest media
- Author appearances by request
- Library and academic marketing
- Print and online advertising



© Kaan Saganak

Burhan Sönmez is the author of four novels, which have been published in more than thirty languages. He was born in Turkey and grew up speaking Turkish and Kurdish. He worked as a lawyer in Istanbul before moving to Britain as a political exile. Sönmez's writing has appeared in various newspapers, such as *The Guardian*, *Der Spiegel*, *Die Zeit*, and *La Repubblica*. He now divides his time between Istanbul and Cambridge.

Ümit Hussein, of Turkish Cypriot origin, was born and raised in London, where she grew up speaking both Turkish and English. In 1998 she returned briefly to the UK, where she completed an MA in Literary Translation at the University of East Anglia. She lived and worked in Japan, Portugal, and France before settling in Seville, Spain, where she is now based.

FROM **LABYRINTH**

I'm incapable of walking in the street. I want to go home, lock the door, and be by myself. I'm afraid of myself. What if I am not me... While I was in the hospital I watched a news report on television about someone who had escaped from prison. It was about a man who locked people in an underground chamber beneath his house in Istanbul, tied their hands and feet behind them with rope, tortured them, buried their bodies in the soil, then went up one floor and lived an ordinary life with his wife and children. I wasn't amazed by how the man could have done all those things, but by how others could have lived with such a person, how they could have sat at the same table as him and slept in the same bed. After the man was captured he showed no remorse and said he had done it all in the name of God. Fifteen years. In prison terms, that's a long time. Perhaps the years taught him remorse. Then he escaped from prison. He thought the false ID in his pocket would allow him to escape from his past too. The outside world seemed foreign to him. It wasn't his old world. He woke up in the middle of the night, in a taxi stuck halfway across a bridge, with the urge to kill himself. He climbed up to the bridge's railings and held out his arms. He leapt up like a bird, his wings carried him down, to a sea beyond everyone's reach. Wasn't there a song about that? In my sick bed I thought, what if I'm that man. Your words and the reporter's words were the same distance away, Doctor. Everything was the same distance from my body. It was later on that I got to know the crowds in the city. I'm trying to get used to the noise. I have trouble getting words out. When I repeat a word too many times it loses its meaning. When I say I should sleep, the word "sleep" melts away. When I say my childhood, the word "child" crumbles, letter by letter.

Burhan Sönmez

LABYRINTH

A NOVEL

From a prize-winning Turkish novelist, a heady, political tale of one man's search for identity and meaning in Istanbul after the loss of his memory.

A blues singer, Boratin, attempts suicide by jumping off the Bosphorus Bridge, but opens his eyes in the hospital. He has lost his memory, and can't recall why he wished to end his life. He remembers only things that are unrelated to himself, but confuses their timing. He knows that the Ottoman Empire fell, and that the last sultan died, but has no idea when. His mind falters when remembering civilizations, while life, like a labyrinth, leads him down different paths.

From the confusion of his social and individual memory, he is faced with two questions. Does physical recognition provide a sense of identity? Which is more liberating for a man, or a society: knowing the past, or forgetting it?

Embroidered with Borgesian micro-stories, *Labyrinth* flows smoothly on the surface while traversing sharp bends beneath the current.

PRAISE FOR *ISTANBUL, ISTANBUL*:

"A writer of passion, memory, and heart, Sönmez revives not only the stories of a land but also its bruised conscience."

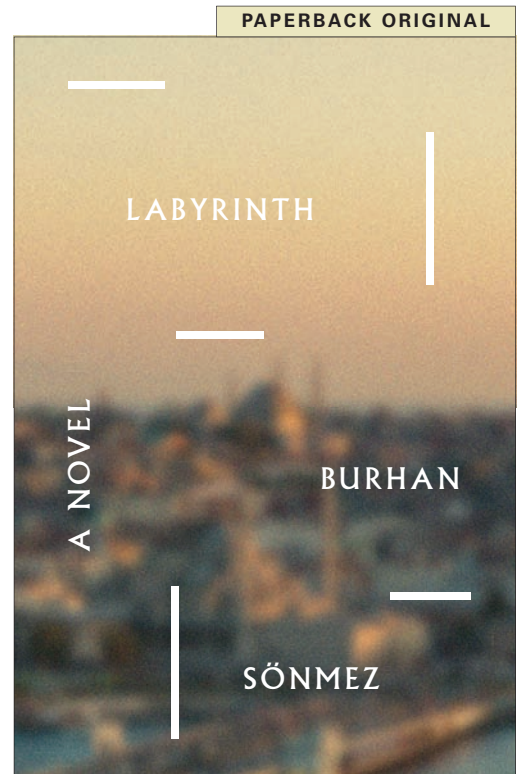
—ELIF SHAFAK, author of *The Bastard of Istanbul*

"Istanbul, Istanbul turns on the tension between the confines of a prison cell and the vastness of the imagination; between the vulnerable borders of the body and the unassailable depths of the mind. This is a harrowing, riveting novel, as unforgettable as it is inescapable."

—DALE PECK, author of *Visions and Revisions*

"A wrenching love poem to Istanbul told between torture sessions by four prisoners in their cell beneath the city. An ode to pain in which Dostoyevsky meets The Decameron."

—JOHN RALSTON SAUL, author of *On Equilibrium*;
former president of PEN International



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FICTION

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(nermin@kalemagency.com)

- National review and feature publicity campaign including radio, print, and online
- Targeted outreach to psychological, translation, and literary interest media
- Author appearances by request

She was standing so close that he could feel her breath against his face. There was a single faint line at the edge of her left eye. Otherwise, her skin was unblemished, clear. He moved his hand to the back of her neck, beneath her hair. Then they were kissing. Once again, he noticed the heat of her mouth. Once again, the wild racing of his heart.

As they took the lift to the lower ground floor, they stood against opposing walls, looking at each other, the space between them charged and tingling, just as it had been earlier, in the car.

Everything they hadn't done as yet.

Everything they might still do.

When the door opened and the car-park lay before them, vast and warm and windowless, he asked if she wanted a lift back to where she lived.

"I'll take a taxi," she said. "It's not so far."

His car was waiting, engine running, but he turned his back on it and walked her up onto the street.

"I'd like to see you again." He reached into his jacket pocket. "Can I give you my card?"

"No need," she said.

"How will you find me? You know nothing about me—" He bit his lip. He hadn't meant to say so much.

"I found you tonight," she said. "I'll find you again."

In a city of more than twenty million, he thought. How was that possible?

Temple Drake

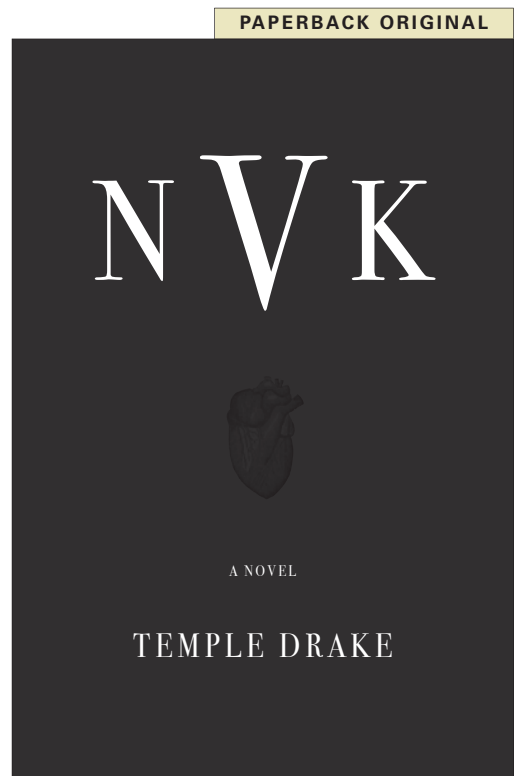
NVK

A NOVEL

Written in high-octane prose of supreme sparseness and clarity, the first in a series of dark, hypnotic novels that represent a completely new take on the vampire genre.

One night in 2012, Zhang Guo Xing takes a group of European clients to a fashionable high-end nightclub in Shanghai. While there, he meets a strikingly beautiful young Western woman called Naemi Vieno Kuusela. The physical attraction between them proves irresistible, and they embark on an intoxicating affair. But Naemi is not what she appears to be...

To Zhang's surprise, she veers between passion and wariness, conducting the relationship entirely on her own terms. He feels driven to find out more about her, and is swiftly drawn into a web of intrigue, mystery, and horror. Is she a ghost? A demon? Do the living dead walk the streets of twenty-first century Shanghai?



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\$15.99 / \$21.99C

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FICTION

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(peters@rcwlitagency.com)

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, and online coverage
- Targeted outreach to supernatural, vampire, fantasy, gothic, and literary interest media
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- Library and book club promotions
- Print and online advertising



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Charles Pépin is a philosopher and novelist whose work has been published in some thirty countries. He is the author of *Philosophers on the Couch*, *When Beauty Saves Us*, and *Joy*. His latest essay, *The Virtues of Failure*, has sold more than 65,000 copies and been translated and published in thirteen countries. With the designer Jul, Pépin published the bestsellers *The Planet of the Wise* and *50 Shades of Greeks*. He is also the organizer of the Lundis Philo lecture series at MK2 Odéon in Paris.

Willard Wood is the winner of the 2002 Lewis Galantière Award for Literary Translation and a 2000 National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship in Translation. He lives in Connecticut.

FROM **SELF-CONFIDENCE**

While working on this book, I met a quite unusual mountain climber, Érik Decamp. A graduate of the prestigious École Polytechnique, he had climbed some of the highest peaks in the world, including Ganesh IV in the Himalayas and Shishapangma in Tibet, with his wife, the well-known climber Catherine Destivelle. But he was also an alpine guide, that is, a professional in the field of self-confidence. To practice this profession, you need to have confidence in yourself and you need to be able to impart it to others, to the clients you are guiding. To help a person overcome his fear, Decamp uses a strategy that might seem risky but that often proves very effective: when someone seems particularly nervous during the preparation and training before departure, Decamp will sometimes pick him to lead the climb. Often that is enough to free the person of his anxiety. Because the guide shows trust in him, the nervous climber suddenly feels stronger. Decamp begins by giving him confidence, through his advice, his explanations, and by rehearsing various moves and protocols until they became second nature. Then he shows that he trusts the climber by asking him to lead off. With the others roped in behind him, the designated leader has to show that he is worthy of the confidence that has been placed in him. [...]

Every parent, every instructor, every teacher, every friend in Aristotle's sense, should keep in mind this two-pronged method of making someone confident: first instill confidence, then show confidence. First, give them a sense of security, then make them a little insecure. We need both sides to be able to go out into the world. And often, these two dimensions are mingled in the gaze that others train on us: seeing the confidence in their eyes, we feel ourselves to be stronger.

Charles Pépin

SELF-CONFIDENCE

A PHILOSOPHY

Inspired by great figures from Emerson and Nietzsche to Madonna and Serena Williams, this engaging philosophical essay explores the workings of self-confidence and how to develop it.

Where does self-confidence come from? How does it work? What makes it stronger or weaker? Why are some people more confident than others? Is it only a question of temperament or the result of conscious self-improvement? How do you get closer to those who stand out thanks entirely to their confidence in themselves?

Drawing on philosophical texts, ancient wisdom, positive psychology, and a wide range of case studies that feature famous thinkers, artists, and athletes, but also unsung heroes such as a fighter pilot and an urgent-care doctor, Charles Pépin brings to light the strange alchemy that is self-confidence. In doing so, he gives us the keys to having more confidence in ourselves.

PRAISE FOR *SELF-CONFIDENCE*:

"Intriguing, profound, and in-depth, Charles Pépin explores every aspect of self-confidence, a central question in our lives that is more mysterious than we like to admit."

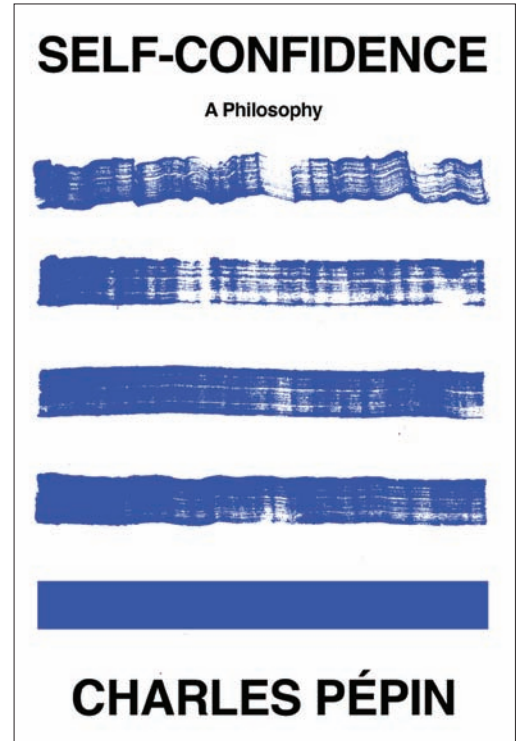
— *ELLE* (FRANCE)

"Charles Pépin explores the reserves of confidence we have within us and shows us all that it is within our grasp."

— *PSYCHOLOGIES MAGAZINE*

"A motivating reflection. A philosophy of action."

— *L'EXPRESS*



DECEMBER 2019 | on sale 12/31/2019

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Hardcover | 5 ½ x 8 ¼" | 224 pages

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NONFICTION

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Agent: Marleen Seegers, 2 Seas Agency

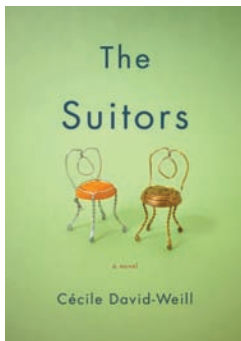
(marleen.seegers@2seasagency.com)

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, and online coverage
- Targeted outreach to philosophy, psychology, self-help, and translation interest media
- Author appearances by request
- Library marketing
- Print, online, and social media advertising campaign



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Cécil David-Weill is French and American. She published her first novel, *Beguine*, under the name of Cécile de la Baume. She is also the author of *Femme de*. *The Suitors*, her third novel, was published by Other Press in 2013. David-Weill is a regular contributor to the online French news magazine *Le Point*, with a column entitled “Letters from New York.” She was born in New York, where she currently lives.



The Suitors

PB | \$19.95/\$25.95C
978-1-59051-573-0

FROM **PARENTS UNDER THE INFLUENCE**

Before I became a mother, I remember people saying, “You’ll see, having children will turn your life upside down,” and I thought I was ready for this change. Far from conforming to what many French people still believe, that “you’ll have to watch out so that motherhood does not take over your whole existence,” I could not wait to see my entire life upended. I was eager to change my habits and way of life so I could devote myself to my children, no matter what I might have to give up. It was this kind of motherhood that I longed for, given how strong I believed my maternal instincts were, and how much meaning I thought having children would give my life.

As we all would probably agree, knowing something intellectually and experiencing it are two utterly different things. When my children were actually born, neither the conversations I’d had nor the books I had read prepared me for the incredibly powerful and contradictory emotions that beset me—primarily love and fear, each on a scale I had never experienced before. It started with the instant bond I felt with them: an age-old, primal, animal attachment. This bond was at once joyful and terrifying as it made me realize that I had just embarked on an adventure that would consume me for the rest of my life. Indeed, the intense love I felt for my children was accompanied by an extraordinarily potent, deep, and visceral fear of any harm that might come to them, and this fear radically transformed me because it tinged with anxiety everything I did and every move I made, and for a long while, this anxiety prevented me from finding joy in being with my children. So much so that, even when I understood that my fear was toxic, it took considerable time and effort for me to disentangle my emotions and break free of it.

Cécile David-Weill

PARENTS UNDER THE INFLUENCE

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM A FORMER BAD MOTHER

Part memoir and part guide, this book offers both insight and remedy to those parents who are unknowingly under the influence of their own childhood experiences, and unwittingly repeat their parents' mistakes while believing they are doing the right thing.

How should we raise our children? It is an intimidating and complex question, and we often address it by deciding to do either exactly what our parents did or just the opposite. After that we rely on a cocktail of love and instinct, hoping it will be enough to overcome the difficulties ahead.

Far from having perfect free will, however, we are all under the influence. The child still within us confuses, influences, or undermines all our aspirations as parents and prevents us from sticking to the philosophy we initially hoped to follow. These unresolved emotions drive us to reproduce the upbringing we received, including the patterns or behaviors that have hurt us the most.

In *Parents Under the Influence*, Cécile David-Weill draws on her own parenting blunders and successes as well as case studies and works of fiction to guide readers, helping us heal from the past and become effective, nurturing parents.

PRAISE FOR *THE SUITORS*:

"A charming peek behind the curtain of French high society... delicious." —**INA GARTEN**, *Barefoot Contessa* cookbooks and TV

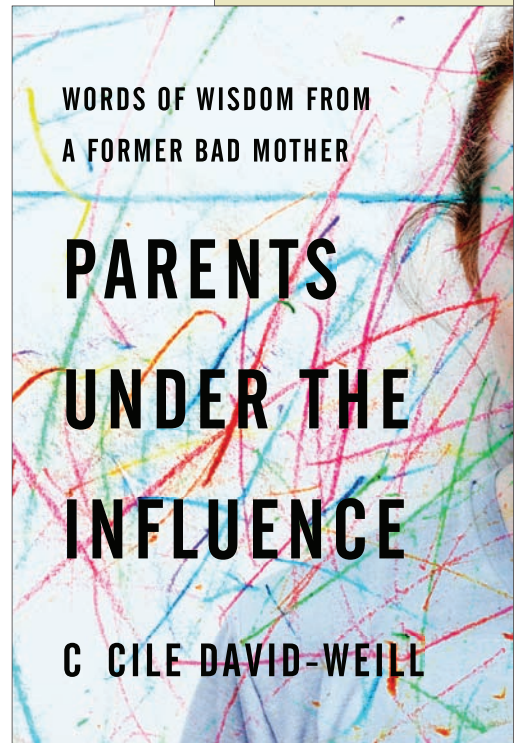
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Elisabeth Åsbrink is a Swedish journalist and the author of *1947: Where Now Begins*, published by Other Press in 2018. Her second book, *And in the Vienna Woods the Trees Remain*, received worldwide attention for revealing new information about IKEA founder Ingvar Kamprad's ties to Nazism. It won several awards, including the August Prize for Best Swedish Non-Fiction Book of the Year, the Danish-Swedish Cultural Fund Prize, and Poland's Ryszard Kapuściński Award for Literary Reportage.

Saskia Vogel is from Los Angeles and lives in Berlin, where she works as a writer and literary translator. She has written on the themes of gender, power, and sexuality for publications such as *Granta*, *The White Review*, *The Offing*, and *The Quietus*. Her translations include work by leading Swedish authors such as Katrine Marçal, Karolina Ramqvist, and the modernist eroticist Rut Hillarp.

FROM **AND IN THE VIENNA WOODS THE TREES REMAIN**

Vienna February 5, 1939

My dear boy. You can't imagine how happy we were yesterday when your first letter from Sweden arrived. [...]

Ever since the train left and we parted we've been thinking of you without pause. In the morning we said: Now he's in Berlin and later in the afternoon we pictured you taking the ferry, seeing the ocean for the first time and watching the seagulls that were probably flying around the ship. And in the evening we went to bed missing you—but also feeling assured—because now you'd arrived in Sweden, that beautiful country with the sympathetic and, above all, good people, and because now you're being given a better future than what you would've had here. [...]

You are a sensible and clever boy, I've always known that, and your way of relating to those last heavy hours of parting more than convinces me that we've made the right choice. I'm sure that you, who knows how to behave, will come to follow our will and always act in a decent and correct manner. Then everything will be fine out in the big world, too, even though you don't have your father's support or your mother's help. But we will always be with you in thought, and then distance is meaningless, and our wishes are with you in all that you do.

[...] A thousand greetings and kisses / your dad

Pepi was full of confidence. Someone had to be, and his usual optimistic disposition was to his benefit, now that he and Elise had been separated from their only child.

Until the day he'd been fired because of the race laws, Pepi had gone to work every day at the *Wiener Tagon* Canisiusgasse 8. Every day for seventeen years, he'd take his seat and write using his typewriter after the morning editorial meeting. Why stop now? With Otto in Sweden, the decision was made. He would write a letter a day.

Elisabeth Åsbrink

AND IN THE VIENNA WOODS THE TREES REMAIN

THE HEARTBREAKING TRUE STORY OF A FAMILY TORN APART BY WAR

Winner of the August Prize, the story of the long-distance relationship between a Jewish child and his forlorn Viennese parents after he was sent to Sweden to escape the Nazis, and his unexpected friendship with the future founder of IKEA, a Nazi activist.

Otto Ullman, a thirteen-year-old Jewish boy, was sent from Austria to Sweden right before the outbreak of World War II. There he became best friends with Ingvar Kamprad, who would grow up to become the founder of IKEA. Otto found work as a farmhand at the Kamprad family's farm in the province of Småland. Ingvar and Otto became very close friends. But at the same time, Ingvar Kamprad was actively engaged in Nazi organizations and a great supporter of the fascist Per Engdahl. Meanwhile, Otto's parents were trapped in Vienna, and the last letters he received were sent from Theresienstadt.

In this thoroughly researched account that includes hundreds of letters from Otto's parents as well as personal files initiated by the predecessor to today's Swedish Security Service, Elisabeth Åsbrink illustrates how Swedish society was infused with anti-Semitism, and how families are shattered by war and asylum politics.

PRAISE FOR **AND IN THE VIENNA WOODS THE TREES REMAIN:**

"One of the most important books of the fall...It must be read not only as history but as living history." — **AFTONBLADET**

"Both a harrowing chronicle and an outrage transformed into breathtakingly beautiful prose...Indispensable reading."

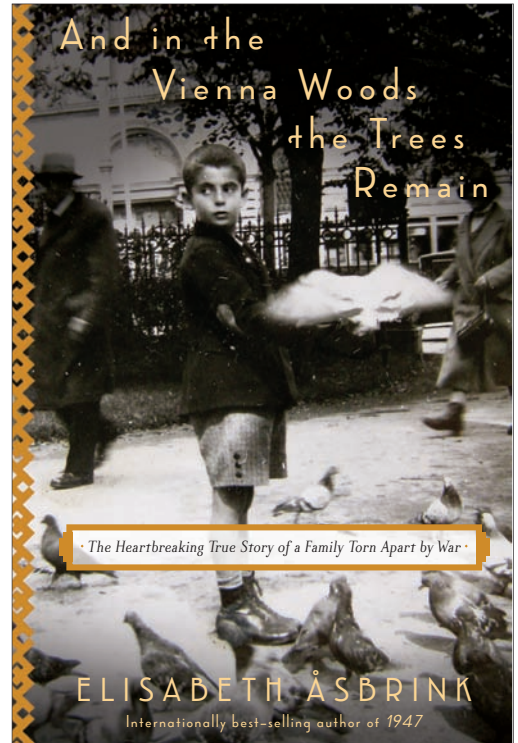
— **UPSALA NYA TIDNING**

"An important and urgent book...on a theme with links to our time."

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"A powerfully moving story."

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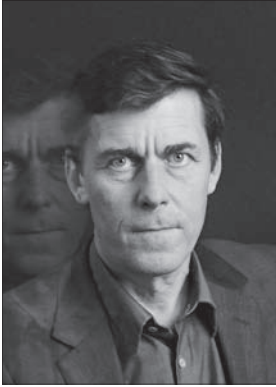
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(Magdalena@hedlundagency.se)

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Peter Stamm is the author of the novels *To the Back of Beyond*, *All Days Are Night*, *Seven Years, On a Day Like This*, *Unformed Landscape*, and *Agnes* and the short-story collections *We're Flying* and *In Strange Gardens and Other Stories*. His award-winning books have been translated into more than thirty languages. For his entire body of work and his accomplishments in fiction, he was short-listed for the Man Booker International Prize in 2013, and in 2014 he won the prestigious Friedrich Hölderlin Prize. He lives in Switzerland.

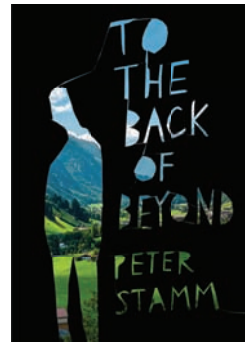
Michael Hofmann has translated the work of Gottfried Benn, Hans Fallada, Franz Kafka, Joseph Roth, and many others. In 2012 he was awarded the Thornton Wilder Prize for Translation by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His *Selected Poems* was published in 2009, and *Where Have You Been? Selected Essays* in 2014. He lives in Florida and London.

FROM **THE SWEET INDIFFERENCE OF THE WORLD**

During the short walk through the dark and empty streets, for the first time that day, I felt a kind of familiarity, but it was less a matter of the place than the time of night, which evoked memories of going home at the end of pub-crawls, endless goodbyes with friends at crossroads, before we each went our separate ways, all our lofty plans, and great expectations.

The hotel entrance was down a dimly lit arcade, the glass door was locked. I pushed the after-hours bell. As I was waiting I noticed I was completely drunk. I pressed one hand against the cold glass. After a while, I rang the bell a second time. I remembered doing my rounds when I used to be night-porter there. With torch in hand I had walked through the theater, across the empty stage, through empty passage-ways and conference rooms, and down to the subterranean carpark.

Finally, I heard a door bang, and shortly afterward saw movement in the corridor, the inner glass door opened, and a young man approached me. While he fiddled around with the lock, I saw his face next to the reflection of my own, but not until he held the door open for me did I realize that he was me.



To the Back of Beyond
PB | \$15.95/\$21.95C
978-1-59051-828-1

Peter Stamm

THE SWEET INDIFFERENCE OF THE WORLD

A NOVEL

In this alluring, melancholic novel—Peter Stamm at his best—a writer haunted by his double blurs the line between past and present, fiction and reality, in his attempt to outrun the unknown.

"Please come to Skogskyrkogården tomorrow at 2. I have a story I want to tell you." Lena agrees to Christoph's out-of-the-blue request, though the two have never met. In Stockholm's Woodland Cemetery, he tells her his story, which is also somehow hers. Twenty years before, he loved a woman named Magdalena—an actress like Lena, with her looks, her personality, her past. Their breakup inspired him to write his first novel, about the time they were together, and in its scenes Lena recognizes the uncanny, intimate details of her own relationship with an aspiring writer, Chris.

Is it possible that she and Chris are living the same lives as Magdalena and Christoph two decades apart? Are they headed toward the same scripted separation? Or, in the fever of writing, has Christoph lost track of what is real and what is imagined?

In this subtle, kaleidoscopic tale, Peter Stamm exposes a fundamental human yearning: to beat life's mysteries by forcing answers on questions that have yet to be fully asked.

PRAISE FOR PETER STAMM:

"One of Europe's most exciting writers...Stamm's talent is palpable, but what makes him a writer to read, and read often, is the way he renders contemporary life as a series of ruptures. Never entirely sure of their position, his characters engage in a constant effort to establish their equilibrium."

— NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Stamm's prose (beautifully translated by Michael Hofmann) is plain but not so simple...A subtle but deadly style." —ZADIE SMITH

"Peter Stamm is an extraordinary author who can make the ordinary absolutely electrifying...Hard to recommend too highly."

— TIM PARKS

"A master writer...His prose...is as sharply illuminating as a surgical light."

— THE ECONOMIST

PAPERBACK ORIGINAL

THE SWEET INDIFFERENCE OF THE WORLD A NOVEL PETER STAMM

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Donna Rifkind's reviews appear frequently in the *Wall Street Journal* and *New York Times Book Review*. She has also been a contributor to the *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Post*, *Times Literary Supplement*, *American Scholar*, and other publications. In 2006, she was a finalist for the Nona Balakian Citation for Excellence in Reviewing from the National Book Critics Circle.

FROM *THE SUN AND HER STARS*

Salka's irritation with Garbo was real but momentary. Certainly it was understandable from someone who was on call, day and night, for the actress's every professional and personal need. Because of the magnitude of Garbo's celebrity, by this point most of the actress's relationships were transactional, revolving around what others could do for her and what she might promise to do for others. Salka had painstakingly earned Garbo's trust and came the closest among Garbo's few intimates to overriding this dynamic, but even she was restricted by its code. According to Salka's son Peter, Garbo was "not all that great a friend. Actually, she used my mother more than my mother used her, which sounds funny, because she was a star and my mother was an oarsman in the galley."

Garbo's enduring relationship with Salka was as complex as a long marriage. Against odds, the two women managed to weather its recurring periods of ebb and flow with their mutual loyalty more or less intact.

In any event, Salka would never have expressed even a hint of her frustrations with Garbo and *The Painted Veil* to anyone other than Berthold or Gottfried. The stakes were too high. Too many people, as she said, were relying on her paycheck. Berthold provided his own reminders. "DO NOT BREAK UP YOUR SITUATION OVER THERE," he wrote in a telegram to Salka in June 1934. His warning extended beyond his personal interest in her studio paycheck to the urgency of the European catastrophe that was beginning to unfold. Even this early, Berthold recognized Salka's role as a munificent figure toward the dispossessed, and he understood the symbolic and practical value of their Santa Monica house as a place of refuge. In February 1934 he had written approvingly to Salka that it was "the instinct of the Mother" that had motivated her to entrench herself in Hollywood and to buy the house.

Donna Rifkind

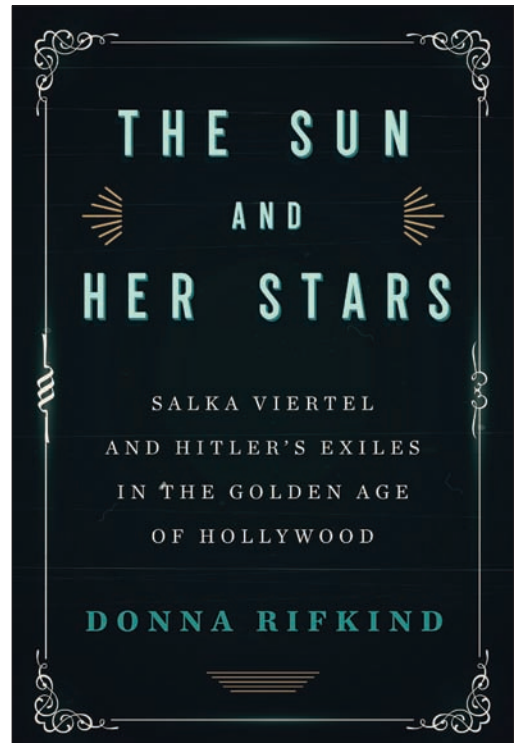
THE SUN AND HER STARS

SALKA VIERTEL AND HITLER'S EXILES IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF HOLLYWOOD

The little-known story of screenwriter Salka Viertel, whose salons in 1930s and 40s Hollywood created a refuge for a multitude of famous figures who had escaped the horrors of World War II.

Hollywood was created by its “others”; that is, by women, Jews, and immigrants. Salka Viertel was all three and so much more. She was the screenwriter for five of Greta Garbo’s movies and also her most intimate friend. At one point during the Irving Thalberg years, Viertel was the highest-paid writer on the MGM lot. Meanwhile, at her house in Santa Monica she opened her door on Sunday afternoons to scores of European émigrés who had fled from Hitler—such as Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, and Arnold Schoenberg—along with every kind of Hollywood star, from Charlie Chaplin to Shelley Winters. In Viertel’s living room (the only one in town with comfortable armchairs, said one Hollywood insider), countless cinematic, theatrical, and musical partnerships were born.

Viertel combined a modern-before-her-time sensibility with the Old-World advantages of a classical European education and fluency in eight languages. She combined great worldliness with great warmth. She was a true bohemian with a complicated erotic life, and at the same time a universal mother figure. A vital presence in the golden age of Hollywood, Salka Viertel is long overdue for her own moment in the spotlight.



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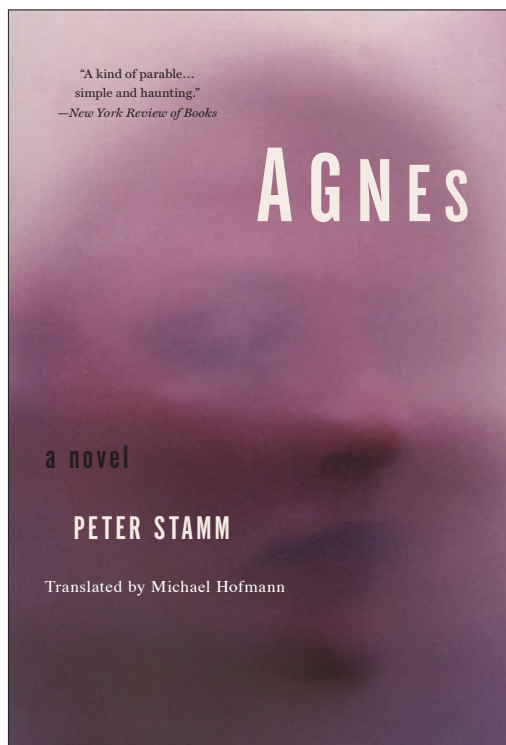
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Peter Stamm

translated from the German by Michael Hofmann

AGNES

A NOVEL



SEPTEMBER 2019 | on sale 9/24/2019

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Paperback | 5 1/4 x 8" | 160 pages

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* See pp 28–9 for Stamm's new novel

Peter Stamm's bestselling debut novel, now available in paperback for the first time in the United States.

"Write a story about me," Agnes said to her lover, "so I know what you think of me." So he started to write the story of everything that had happened to them from the moment they met.

At first, he works with Agnes to create a narrative that is most true to life, but as time passes and he grows more enamored with the narrative he has begun, he continues writing on his own, imagining a future for them after he reaches the present. Happy couples do not necessarily make for compelling reading, and as Agnes sees the unexpected plot he has planned for her, the line between fiction and reality begins to blur.

In this unforgettable and haunting novel, Stamm incisively examines the power of storytelling to influence thought and behavior, reaching a chilling conclusion.

PRAISE FOR **AGNES**:

"A kind of parable...simple and haunting."

— **NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS**

"Agnes is a moody, unsettled, and elusive little fable—and it's always interesting."

— **WALL STREET JOURNAL**

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— **PUBLISHERS WEEKLY**

"An urgent and unsettling read."

— **LIBRARY JOURNAL**

"This short novel should appeal to readers enchanted by [Stamm's] elliptical style...an extended meditation on the interrelationship between life and fiction."

— **KIRKUS REVIEWS**

1947

WHERE NOW BEGINS

An award-winning writer captures a year that defined the modern world, intertwining historical events around the globe with key moments from her personal history.

The year 1947 marks a turning point in the twentieth century. Peace with Germany becomes a tool to fortify the West against the threats of the Cold War. The CIA is created, Israel is about to be born, Simone de Beauvoir experiences the love of her life, an ill George Orwell is writing his last book, and Christian Dior creates the hyperfeminine New Look as women are forced out of jobs and back into the home.

In the midst of it all, a ten-year-old Hungarian Jewish boy resides in a refugee camp for children of parents murdered by the Nazis. This year he has to make the decision of a lifetime, one that will determine his own fate and that of his daughter yet to be born, Elisabeth.

PRAISE FOR **1947**:

"1947 is one of those books that makes you want to major in history. It is one of the best books, certainly the best nonfiction book, that I've read recently. I think the subtitle, Where Now Begins, really speaks to one of the things that makes this book so important: The echoes of 1947 are resonating very, very clearly today."

— **NANCY PEARL**, on NPR's *Morning Edition*

"An extraordinary achievement."

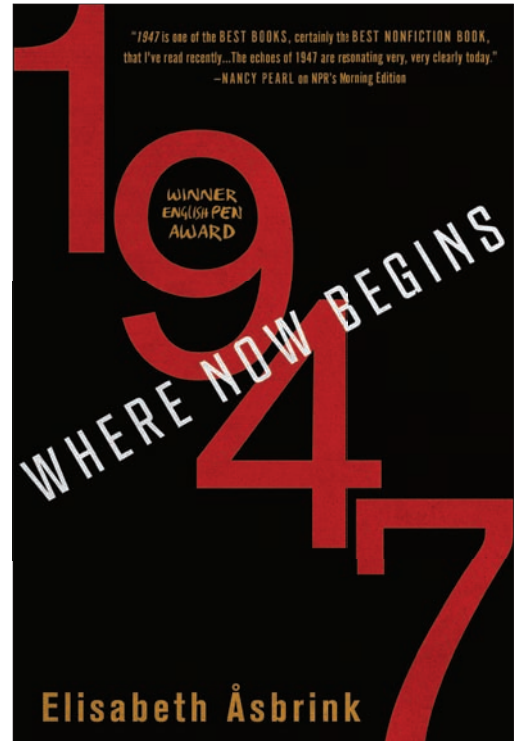
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"[A] gripping history...[Åsbrink's] careful juxtaposition of disparate events highlights an underlying interconnectedness and suggests a new way of thinking about the postwar era."

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* See pp 26–7 for Åsbrink's new title

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E-MAIL: lshekari@otherpress.com

BRAZIL/SPAIN/PORTUGAL/CATALONIA:

Mònica Martín
MB Agencia Literaria
Ronda Sant Pere, 62, 1^a-2^a
08010 Barcelona, Spain
PHONE: +93 265 90 64
FAX: +93 232 72 21
E-MAIL: monica@mbagencialiteraria.es

CHINA AND TAIWAN:

Marysia Juszczakiewicz and Tina Chou
Peony Literary Agency
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FAX: +852 2167 8885
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5th Floor
11070 Belgrade, Serbia
PHONE: +(381-11) 311 9880
FAX: +(381-11) 311 9879
E-MAIL: milena@pravaiprevodi.org

GERMANY:

Günter Berg
Günter Berg Literary Agency
GmbH & Co KG 59
Mittelweg 117, 20149 Hamburg, Germany
PHONE: +49 40 4414 0299 28
FAX: +49 40 4130 8998
E-MAIL: gb@guenterbergagency.com

GREECE:

Catherine Fragou
Iris Literary Agency
18, Komotinis str.
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ITALY:

Vicki Satlow
Vicki Satlow Literary Agency
Via Cenisio, 16
20154 Milano, Italy
PHONE: +39 02 48015553
FAX: +39 02 91390742
E-MAIL: vicki@vickisatlow.com

JAPAN:

Hamish Macaskill
The English Agency Ltd.
4F Sakuragi Building
6-7-3 Minami Aoyama
Minato-Ku, Tokyo 107-0062, Japan
PHONE: +81 3 3046 5385
FAX: +81 3 3046 5387
E-MAIL: hamish@ej.co.jp

KOREA:

Danny Hong
Danny Hong Agency
3F, 395-204 Seogyo-dong,
Mapo-gu, Seoul 121-840, Korea
PHONE: +82-2-6402-889
FAX: +82-2-6402-8891
E-MAIL: danny@dannyhong.co.kr

TURKEY:

Amy Marie Spangler
AnatoliaLit Agency
Gunesli Bahce Sok.
No:48 Or. Ko Apt. B Blok: D
34710 Kadikoy - Istanbul, Turkey
PHONE: +90 216 338 7093
FAX: +90 216 338 5978
E-MAIL: amy@anatolialit.com

UNITED KINGDOM:

Charlotte Seymour
Andrew Nurnberg Associates
20-23 Greville Street, London EC1N 8SS
PHONE: +44 20 3327 0400
E-MAIL: cseymour@nurnberg.co.uk



OTHER PRESS

267 Fifth Avenue, 6th floor
New York, NY 10016
PHONE: (212) 414-0054
TOLL FREE: (877) 843-6843
FAX: (212) 414-0939
E-MAIL: editor@otherpress.com
marketing@otherpress.com
publicity@otherpress.com
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267 Fifth Avenue
6th floor
New York NY 10016

