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FROM **THE ELIMINATION**



© Richard Dumas

Rithy Panh is an internationally and critically acclaimed documentary film director and screenwriter. His films include *S21: The Khmer Rouge Killing Machine* and *Rice People*, the first Cambodian film to be submitted for an Oscar. His newest documentary was inspired by *The Elimination*.

Christophe Bataille is a French novelist. His works include the award-winning *Annam*, *Hourmaster*, and *Absinthe*. He has been an editor at Editions Grasset since 1997.

John Cullen is the translator of many books from Spanish, French, German, and Italian, including Yasmina Khadra's Middle East Trilogy (*The Swallows of Kabul*, *The Attack*, and *The Sirens of Baghdad*), Manuel de Lope's *The Wrong Blood* (Other Press), Eduardo Sacheri's *The Secret in Their Eyes* (Other Press), and Carlos Zanón's *The Barcelona Brothers* (Other Press). He lives in upstate New York.

Kang Kek Iew, known as Comrade Duch, was the commandant of Security Prison 21—the S-21 torture and execution center in Phnom Penh, Cambodia—from 1975 to 1979. He chose his nom de guerre, he explains, from a book he remembers reading in his childhood; in the book, little Duch was a “good boy.”

At least 12,380 people were tortured in that prison. After the victims confessed, they were executed in the “killing field” of Choeung Ek (also under Duch’s command), about ten miles southeast of Phnom Penh. In S-21, no one escaped torture. No one escaped death.

We’re inside the walls of another prison, the one to which Duch was sentenced in 2010 by the Extraordinary Chambers in the Courts of Cambodia, a national court better known as the “Khmer Rouge Tribunal” and backed by the United Nations. He speaks to me in his soft voice: “S-21 was the end of the line. People who got sent there were already corpses. Human or animal? That’s another subject.” I observe his face, the face of an old man, his large, almost dreamy eyes, his ruined left hand. I envision his younger features and discern the cruelty and madness of his thirties. I understand that he may have had the ability to fascinate, but I’m not afraid. I’m at peace.

Some years previously, in preparation for my film *S21: The Khmer Rouge Killing Machine*, I conducted long interviews with guards, torturers, executioners, photographers, nurses, and drivers who had served under Duch’s command. Very few of them have had to face legal proceedings. All of them are now free. Sitting in a former cell in S-21—the torture center has been turned into a museum—one of them blurts out, “The prisoners? They were like pieces of wood.” He laughs nervously.

PRAISE FOR RITHY PANH’S FILM

S21: THE KHMER ROUGE KILLING MACHINE:

“Extraordinary...a portrait of unfathomable evil.”

— **NEW YORK TIMES**

Rithy Panh with Christophe Bataille

THE ELIMINATION

A SURVIVOR OF THE KHMER ROUGE CONFRONTS HIS PAST AND THE COMMANDANT OF THE KILLING FIELDS

At the age of twelve, in the course of a few weeks, Rithy Panh lost his entire family. His big brother, who departed alone and on foot for their house in Phnom Penh. His brother-in-law the physician, executed on the side of the road. His father, who decided to stop eating. His mother, in the hospital bed in Mong, where one of her daughters had just died. His nieces and nephews. All of them carried off by the cruelty and madness of the Khmer Rouge. Rithy Panh writes, "I had no family. I had no name. I had no face. And so, because I was nothing anymore, I was still alive."

Thirty years later, after having become a respected filmmaker, Rithy Panh decided to question one of the men principally responsible for the genocide. Comrade Duch is neither an ordinary person nor a demon—he's an educated organizer, a slaughterer who talks, forgets, lies, explains, and works on his legacy. This confrontation unfolds into an exceptional narrative of human history and an examination of the nature of evil.

The Elimination will join Primo Levi's *If This Is a Man* and Elie Weisel's *Night* as one of the essential works to document the genocidal tragedies of the twentieth century.

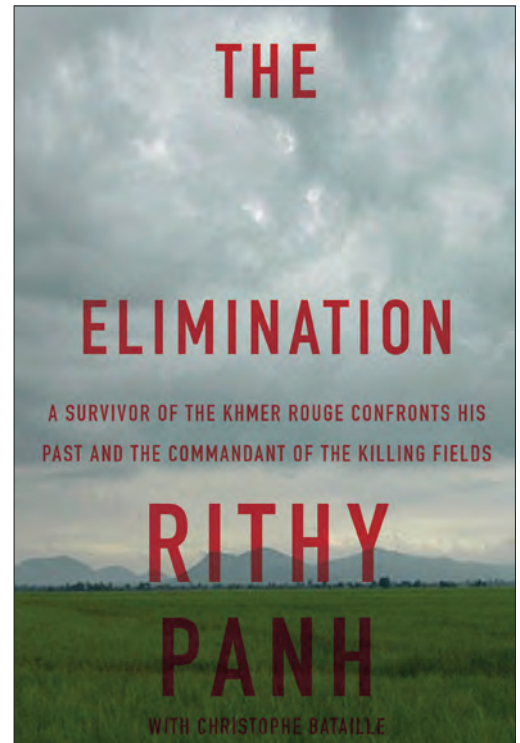
PRAISE FOR *THE ELIMINATION*:

"This is a great text, humble in tone and with universal import. We greet it today in the tradition of Jean Hatzfeld. For his part, Rithy Panh takes his place among those rare figures who have shared Vladimir Jankélévitch's conviction: 'it's not enough to be sublime, one must be faithful and serious.'" — **LE MONDE**

*"Rithy Panh's book, *The Elimination*, through its strength, the starkness of its language, and the depths of its mystery, shows its significance."* — **ELLE**

"In the tradition of a Primo Levi or a Solzhenitsyn, the Franco-Cambodian cinéaste Rithy Panh has published an exceptional testimony in which he tells of how he survived the genocide orchestrated by the Khmer Rouge between 1975 and 1979."

— **LE FIGARO**



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FROM **THE SUITORS**



© Thierry Ruteau

Cécile David-Weill is French and American. She published her first novel, *Beguine* (Grasset, 1996) under the name of Cécile de la Baume, which was released in an English translation, *Crush* (Grove, 1997). She is also the author of *Femme de* (Grasset, 2002). *The Suitors* is her third novel. She was born in New York, where she now lives.

Linda Coverdale has translated more than sixty books. A Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, she won the 2004 International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award, the 2006 Scott Moncrieff Prize, and the 1997 and 2008 French-American Foundation Translation Prize. She was also a finalist for the French-American Foundation Translation Prize for *Life Laid Bare* (Other Press, 2007).

It was a Sunday like any other. My son, Felix, was with his father. My sister and I always arranged to have dinner at least once a month with our parents, and now that May was almost over, the weather was becoming pleasant, so our conversation that night would inevitably focus on our plans for the summer. I must have been really bored given that I was looking forward to an evening I had already been through year after year, like clockwork! I felt a twinge of melancholy; my life was decidedly uneventful. I had Felix's well-being and my patients' anxieties to keep me busy, but no passions of my own. I felt empty. In the end, though, I convinced myself that there was nothing wrong with taking pleasure in a family ritual I knew completely by heart.

I could see it all in detail: Marie and I would meet in the courtyard at five to nine to compliment each other on our outfits before braving the indifference of our mother, who never seemed to notice our efforts to meet with her sartorial approval. Sunday dinners were a contest of couture: we had to appear both stylish and relaxed, in a gently tailored suit, for example, or some chic sportswear. It was a game at which my sister was an acknowledged champion.

We would troop to the kitchen to fetch the light supper the cook had left for us on his day off, and then the table conversation would naturally turn to the approaching summer.

"Always the same guests!" my father would complain with a sigh.

My mother, her chestnut hair in a chignon, elegantly thin in a smart housecoat (that old-fashioned garment halfway between a robe and an evening gown), would protest that she was doing her very best. Wasn't she working hard enough as it was to bring fresh faces to the usual cast of characters? It was much more difficult than it looked to come up, year after year, with people who were well-mannered, interesting, clever conversationalists, but not freeloaders. Then my mother would pause, pretending to surrender.

Cécile David-Weill

THE SUITORS

A comedy of manners that takes a close look at the lives of the rich and famous

After two sisters, Laure and Marie, learn of their parents' plan to sell the family's summer retreat, L' Agapanthe, they devise a scheme for attracting a wealthy suitor who can afford to purchase the estate. Selling it would mean more than just losing a place to go during the summer; for the sisters, it's become a necessary part of their character, their lifestyle, and their past.

L' Agapanthe, a place of nostalgia and charm, is the perfect venue to exercise proper etiquette and intellect, though not all its visitors are socially savvy, especially when it's a matter of understanding the relationships between old money and the nouveau riche. The comedy of manners begins, with stock traders, yogis, fashion designers, models, swindlers, the Mafia, and a number of celebrity guests.

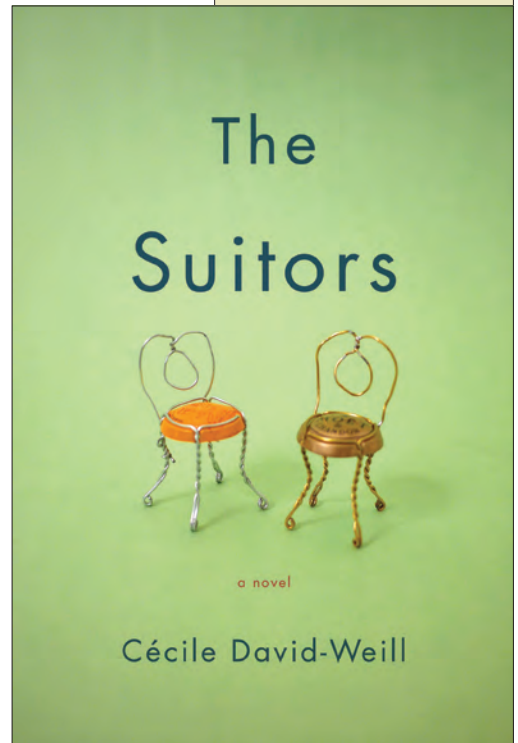
Laure—the witty, disarming, and poignant narrator—guides the reader through elegant dinners, midnight swims in the bay, and conversations about current events, literature, art, and cinema. *The Suitors* is an amusing insider's look at the codes, manners, and morals of French high society.

PRAISE FOR *THE SUITORS*:

"The idea of this 'behind closed doors' among the ultra-rich is excellent and merciless in its charms...we can imagine seeing the film, and the realization is brilliant: it's Vanity Fair meets Rules of the Game. You laugh a lot, you try to guess who is who, and you learn useful things."

—CHRISTOPHE ONO-DIT-BIOT, *LE POINT*

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- Author appearances in New York, Boston, Washington, DC, and by request



© Margaret Loke

Ronald De Feo is the author of *Calling Mr. King* (Other Press). He has written reviews for the *New York Times Book Review*, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the *National Review*. His short fiction has been published widely in national magazines including the *Hudson Review*, the *Massachusetts Review*, and the *North American Review*, and he worked for nine years as senior editor at *ARTnews*. He now serves on the advisory board of *Review Magazine*, which is devoted to Latin American and Canadian literature and the arts.

FROM *SOLO PASS*

I thought that I looked ready now, so I asked for a solo pass. To my surprise, they agreed. Tomorrow would be the day.

It began to feel like an event. Which was understandable. Because I hadn't been outside by myself in nearly two months. It could just as well have been two years.

I had asked twice before, but the doctors had said no, claiming that I wasn't quite ready. Now I suppose they considered me ready enough, though in some ways I felt much the same as I did when I wasn't, except for a tinge of calmness and control that had come over me unexpectedly, strangely, in recent days. The old feelings were still there, the old thoughts and fears, the anger, but more often than not I was able to ignore them or at least stop them before they got out of hand.

I didn't push things. Some patients when they're ready for a solo pass ask for a whole day on the outside. But I told Dr. Petersen, who's been following my case ever since I arrived at Essex and was sent up to the mental ward, that I'd leave after lunch and be back around six, just in time for supper. Fine, she said, no problem, make a good half day of it. You could tell that she was impressed by such a conservative, mature plan.

Yes, I've learned to understand their thinking and how to impress them, which according to my roommate Carl is the first big step toward getting out of here for good. Carl should know. He goes mad periodically and has been in and out of this place as well as in and out of other mental wards and hospitals throughout the city. He thinks of them as specialized hotels. "And this is one of the best," he said. "Nice rooms, wall-to-wall carpeting, decent food. I give it four stars." As he sees it, there's only one problem: it's easy to check in, but not so easy to check out.

Ronald De Feo

SOLO PASS

A mordant account of a psychiatric patient granted an unsupervised leave to roam New York City and return on his own recognizance

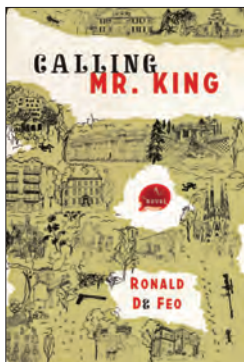
This dark and witty novel is narrated by a man who, for the past two months, has been a patient in a New York City mental ward. Having suffered a breakdown—due to his shattered marriage and an irrational fear of fading away as a human—he now finds himself caught between two worlds, neither of which is a place of comfort or fulfillment: the world of the ward, where abnormality and an odd sort of freedom reign, and the outside world, where convention and restrictive behavior rule. Finally on his way to becoming reasonably “normal” again, he requests and is granted a “solo pass,” which allows him to leave the (locked) ward for several hours and visit the city, with the promise that he will return to the hospital by evening.

As he prepares for his excursion, we get a picture of the ward he will temporarily leave behind—the staff and the patients, notably Mandy Reid, a schizophrenic and nymphomaniac who has become his closest friend there. *Solo Pass* is an unsettling satire that depicts, with inverted logic, the difficulties of madness and normalcy.

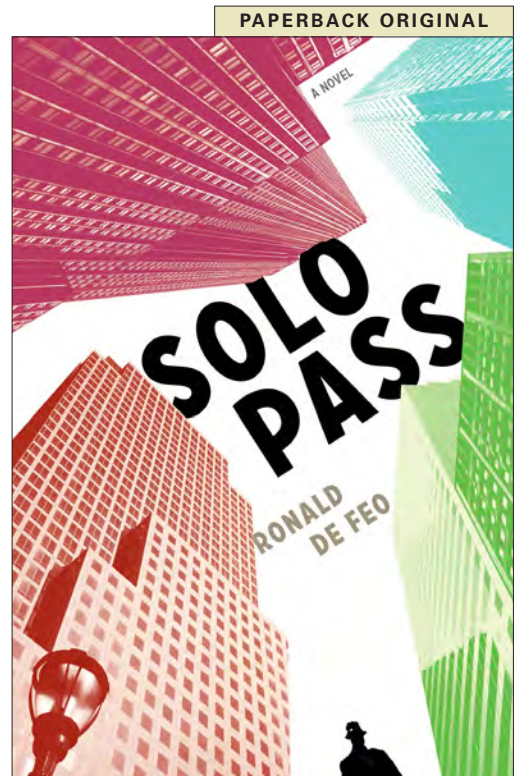
PRAISE FOR *CALLING MR. KING*:

“Calling Mr. King is an entertaining tale built on what happens when a high-end hit man begins to feel the awakening of an intellectual life. Ronald De Feo invites the reader to play for a while in a seldom-explored part of the borderland between sanity and insanity.”

—THOMAS PERRY, author of *The Butcher’s Boy*



Calling Mr. King
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© Patrick Box/Opale

Jean-Marie Blas de Roblès was a lecturer in philosophy at universities in Brazil, China, Italy and, finally, for the Alliance Française in Taiwan. His first literary publication was a volume of short stories in 1982, followed by two novels; soon after he turned to writing full time. An avid traveler, Blas de Roblès also edits a series of books on archaeology and is a member of the French Archaeological Mission.

Mike Mitchell has translated more than fifty titles, including works by Goethe, Gustav Meyrink, Adolf Loos, and Oskar Kokoschka. Many of his translations have been short-listed for awards, including three short listings for the Oxford-Weidenfeld Translation Prize. Most recently Mitchell has been short-listed for the Helen and Kurt Wolff Translator's Prize for Thomas Bernhard's *Over All the Mountain Tops*. In 1998 he was awarded the Schlegel-Tieck Prize for Herbert Rosendorfer's *Letters Back to Ancient China*.

FROM **WHERE TIGERS ARE AT HOME**

ALCÂNTARA: *Whipping-post Square*

"Man's swelling his pointed dick! Squaaawk! Man's swelling his pointed dick!" Heidegger's harsh, nasal, drunken-sounding voice echoed around the room.

Eléazard von Wogau looked up from his reading in sudden exasperation; half swiveling around in his chair, he grabbed the first book his hand lit on and threw it as hard as he could at the bird. At the other end of the room the parrot, with a vigorous, multicolored ruffling of feathers, rose from its perch just enough to avoid the missile. Father Reilly's *Studia Kircheriana* landed with a crash on the table beyond it, overturning the half-full bottle of cachaça. It shattered on the spot, soaking the book that had fallen apart.

"Oh, shit!" Eléazard groaned.

For a brief moment he wondered whether to get up and try to save the book from further damage, but then, catching the Sartrian look of the large macaw, which was pretending to be searching for something in its plumage, its head thrown back in an absurd attitude, its eye crazed, he decided to return to Caspar Schott's manuscript.

It was pretty remarkable, if you thought about it, that such a find was still possible: a completely unpublished manuscript that had come to light in the course of an inventory at the National Library in Palermo. The librarian had not thought the contents worthy of anything more than a brief article in the library's quarterly bulletin, together with a note to the director of the local Goethe Institute. It had taken an exceptional concatenation of circumstances for a photocopy of this handwritten manuscript—the biography, written in French by an obscure German Jesuit, of another, equally forgotten Jesuit—to reach Brazil and Eléazard's desk. In a sudden access of zeal, the director of the Goethe Institute had taken it upon himself to communicate the discovery to Werner Küntzel, the Berliner who for several years had been attempting to demonstrate how the binary language of computers was rooted in the scholasticism of Ramon Llull and its later variants, notably that of Athanasius Kircher.

Jean-Marie Blas de Roblès

WHERE TIGERS ARE AT HOME

Winner of the Prix Médicis

When Eléazard von Wogau, a retired French correspondent living in Brazil, begins editing a strange, unpublished biography of the 17th-century Jesuit scholar Athanasius Kircher, the rest of his life starts to unravel. His ex-wife goes on a dangerous archeological expedition to the western state of Mato Grosso; and his daughter abandons school to travel with her professor and her lesbian lover to a beach town, where the trio use drugs and form interdependent sexual relationships. Eléazard himself feels sanity slipping away, edged on by loneliness and his work on the biography. Patterns begin to emerge from these interwoven narratives, culminating in a mesmerizing climax.

Short-listed for the Goncourt Prize and the European Book Award, and already translated into fourteen languages, *Where Tigers Are At Home* is a multilayered literary epic that belongs in the company of works by Umberto Eco, Haruki Murakami, and David Mitchell.

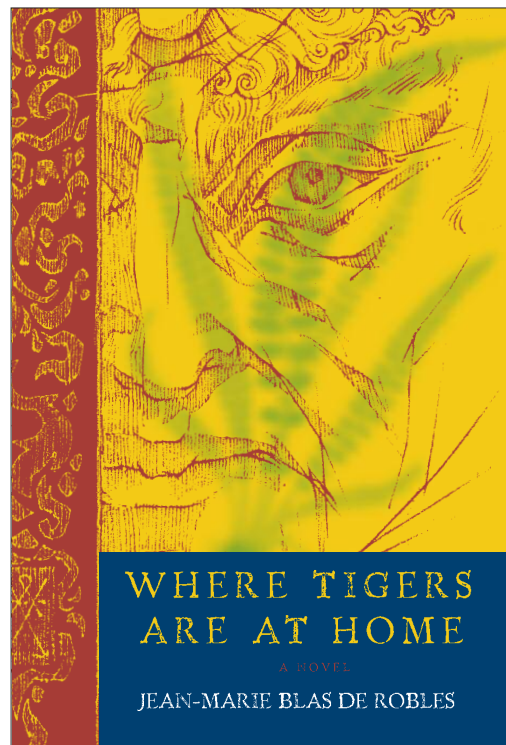
PRAISE FOR **WHERE TIGERS ARE AT HOME**:

"This encyclopedic and mystifying novel, full of picaresque adventures, delights and fascinates...Umberto Eco revised by Malcolm Lowry for Indiana Jones, with a bit of The African Queen and Claude Lévi-Strauss in Amazonia...An 800-page chameleon. A marvelous, dizzying galaxy, spiraling to the end of the novel."

— PATRICK GRAINVILLE, *LE FIGARO LITTÉRAIRE*

"Jean-Marie Blas de Roblès toys with illustrious references and manhandles magical realism with bookish irreverence. Where Tigers Are at Home is a work of erudite horseplay, and an enormously ambitious and amusing palimpsest."

— CLARA DUPONT-MONOD, *MARIANNE*



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© Richard Gilligan

John Boyne was born in Ireland in 1971 and is the author of seven novels for adults and three for children. *The Boy in the Striped Pajamas* won two Irish Book Awards, was short-listed for the British Book Award, reached number one on the *New York Times* Best Sellers list, and was made into an award-winning Miramax feature film. His novels are published in more than forty languages. He lives in Dublin.

FROM ***THE HOUSE OF SPECIAL PURPOSE***

The closest friend of my youth was a boy named Kolek Boryavich Tanksy, whose family had lived in Kashin for as many generations as my own. We had many things in common, Kolek and I. We were born only a few weeks apart, during the late spring of 1899. We spent our childhood playing in the mud together, exploring every corner of our small village, blaming each other when our escapades went wrong. We both came from a family of sisters. I, of course, was blessed with only three, while Kolek was cursed with twice that number.

And we were both frightened of our fathers.

My father, Daniil Vladavich, and Kolek's father, Borys Alexandrovich, had known each other all their lives, probably spending as much of their boyhood in each other's company as their sons would thirty years later. They were passionate men, both of them, filled with degrees of admiration and loathing, but their political opinions diverged considerably.

Daniil treasured the country of his birth. He was patriotic to the point of blindness, believing that man was given life for no other purpose than to obey the dictates of God's messenger on earth, the Russian czar. However, his hatred and resentment of me, his only son, was as incomprehensible as it was upsetting. From the moment of my birth, he treated me with disdain. One day I was too short, the next I was too weak, on another I might be too timid or too stupid. Of course, it was the nature of farm laborers that they wanted to breed, so why my father saw me as such a disappointment after already siring two girls is a mystery. But nevertheless, it was how things were. Having never known anything different, I might have grown up believing that this was how all relationships between fathers and sons were cultivated, were it not for the other example that played out before me.

John Boyne

THE HOUSE OF SPECIAL PURPOSE

From the author of *The Absolutist*, a propulsive novel of the Russian Revolution and the fate of the Romanovs

Part love story, part historical epic, part tragedy, *The House of Special Purpose* illuminates an empire at the end of its reign. Eighty-year-old Georgy Jachmenev is haunted by his past—a past of death, suffering, and scandal that will stay with him until the end of his days. Living in England with his beloved wife, Zoya, Georgy prepares to make one final journey back to the Russia he once knew and loved, the Russia that both destroyed and defined him. As Georgy remembers days gone by, we are transported to St. Petersburg, to the Winter Palace of the czar, in the early twentieth century—a threatening time of bloody revolution. As Georgy overturns the most painful stone of all, we uncover the story of the house of special purpose.

PRAISE FOR *THE HOUSE OF SPECIAL PURPOSE*:

"John Boyne brings a completely fresh eye to the most important stories...He guides us through the realm of history and makes the journey substantial, poignant, real. He is one of the great craftsmen in contemporary literature."

— COLUM McCANN

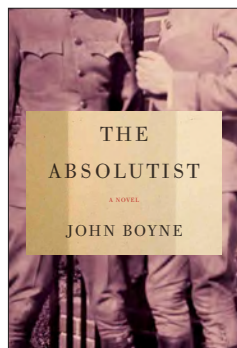
author of *Let the Great World Spin*

PRAISE FOR *THE ABSOLUTIST*:

*"John Boyne has produced a gripping, superbly plotted novel, filled with surprises that are by turns confounding, disturbing, and tremendously moving. For all its spellbinding narrative momentum, *The Absolutist* is, in the end, a sober meditation on the heartbreak that ensues when people and principles collide."*

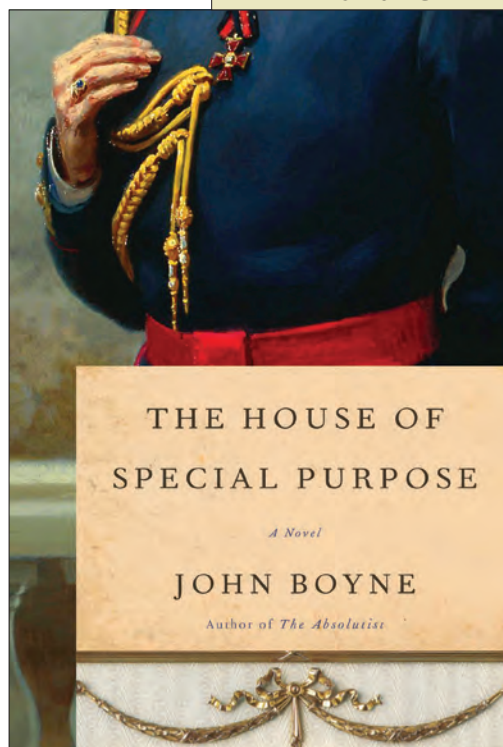
— PAUL RUSSELL

author of *The Unreal Life of Sergey Nabokov*



The Absolutist
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James Kelman, a writer of novels, short stories, plays, and political essays, was born in Glasgow in 1946. He won the Cheltenham Prize (1987) for *Greyhound for Breakfast* and the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for *A Disaffection* (1989), which was also short-listed for the Booker Prize. His fourth novel, *How Late It Was, How Late*, won the Booker Prize in 1994. Kelman was awarded the Scotland on Sunday/Glenfiddich Spirit of Scotland Award in 1998. His short-story collection *The Good Times* (1999) won the Stakis Prize for Scottish Writer of the Year. In 2008 he won Scotland's most prestigious literary award, the Saltire Society Book of the Year Award for *Kieron Smith, Boy*. He is the author of a television screenplay, *The Return* (1991), and has written many plays for radio and theater. Kelman has taught creative writing at the University of Texas, Goldsmiths College of the University of London, and the University of Glasgow.

FROM *MO SAID SHE WAS QUIRKY*

It happened on her way home from the casino one morning, Helen noticed the two men through the side passenger window. A pair of homeless guys. One was tall and skinny, the other smaller, heavier built, and walking with a limp, quite a bad limp. They approached the traffic lights and were going to cross the road in front of her taxi, right in front of its nose. The lights were red but set to change. Surely the men knew that? The tall man was having to walk slowly to stay abreast of the other, almost having to stop. He was full bearded and wearing a woolen cap. Although he was taking small steps Helen could imagine him striding out, his stride would be long and it would be hard keeping up with him. There was something else about him, to do with his shape and the way he walked, just something.

Would they make it across in time? Only if they hurried. They wouldn't hurry, not them. You could tell just by looking. They went at their own pace and that was that. Her workmates Caroline and Jill were beside her in the back seat but hadn't noticed the drama. The lights would change and the taxi would move.

Another car pulled in on the outside lane. Helen was holding her breath. She didn't realize this until suddenly she breathed in and it made a sound. The tension was just—my God, but they walked so slowly. Alkies, muttered Danny, but they didn't look drunk to her. They reached the curb. The small man's limp really was bad, even painful. Then the tall skinny one, there was something about him too the way his elbows crooked, his hands in his side coat pockets. It was him Helen was watching. He was not in the slightest drunk.

The two men stepped out from the pavement onto the road. They were directly in front of the taxi. It lurched forwards a tiny fraction. Danny must have raised his foot on the accelerator pedal for one split moment only but it was enough for the lurch, and the tall skinny guy turned his head and stared in at him and at Helen and the other two women.

Brian, it was Brian, her brother Brian.

James Kelman

MO SAID SHE WAS QUIRKY

The stunning new novel by one of Scotland's greatest living writers

James Kelman, the Booker Prize-winning author of *How Late It Was, How Late*, tells the story of Helen—a sister, a mother, a daughter—a very ordinary young woman. Her boyfriend said she was quirky but she is much more than that. Trust, love, relationships; parents, children, lovers; death, wealth, home: these are the ordinary parts of the everyday that become extraordinary when you think of them as Helen does, each waking hour. *Mo Said She Was Quirky* begins with the strangest of moments, on Helen's way home from work, when the skinny, down-at-heel man she sees crossing the road in front of her appears to be her lost brother. What follows is an inspired and absorbing story of twenty-four hours in the life of a young woman.

PRAISE FOR **JAMES KELMAN**:

"Probably the most influential novelist of the postwar period."

— **THE TIMES (UK)**

"A true original...a real artist...It's now very difficult to see which of his peers can seriously be ranked alongside him without ironic eyebrows being raised."

— **IRVINE WELSH, THE GUARDIAN**

"To call him a great Scottish writer would be accurate; to call him simply a great writer would be more concise."

— **THE HERALD**

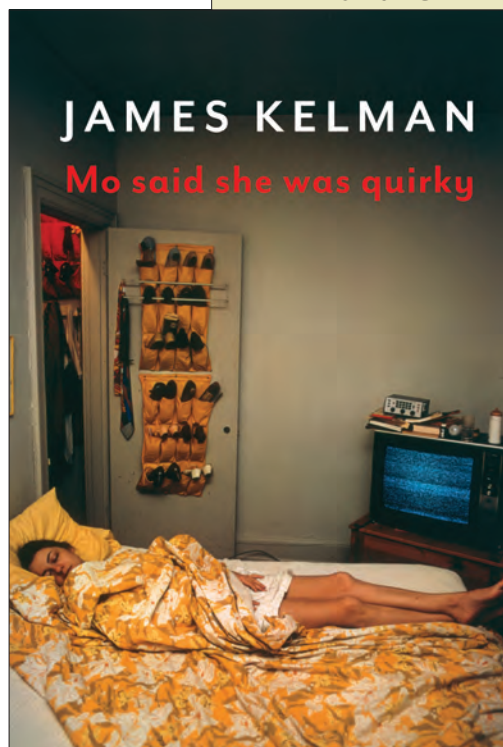
"You only have to read one phrase to recognize his utterly distinctive voice: lyrical, philosophical as a pub stool resident and steeped in the street...The result, for those who take words seriously, is canonical and pure joy."

— **METRO**

"James Kelman possesses an astonishing voice...Read a page of Kelman and you can't help but laud his sheer virtuosity."

— **MICHAEL DIRDA, WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD**

PAPERBACK ORIGINAL



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FICTION

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- Featured title at ABA Winter Institute
- Advertising in the *New York Times Book Review*, the *New York Review of Books*, the *Paris Review*, the *New Yorker*, and *World Literature Today*; and online at LitBreaker.



Edoardo Nesi is an Italian writer, filmmaker, and translator. He began his career translating the work of such authors as Bruce Chatwin, Malcolm Lowry, Stephen King, and Quentin Tarantino. He has written five novels, one of which, *L'età dell'oro*, was a finalist for the 2005 Strega Prize and a winner of the Bruno Cavallini Prize. He wrote and directed the film *Fughe da fermo* (Fandango, 2001), based on his novel of the same name, and has translated David Foster Wallace's *Infinite Jest* into Italian.

Antony Shugaar is an author and translator. His most recent publication, written with the International Spy Museum in Washington DC, is *I Lie for a Living*, and he is the coauthor of *Latitude Zero*. His most recent translations include *I Hadn't Understood*, by Diego De Silva; *The Nun*, by Simonetta Agnello Hornby; and *The Path to Hope*, by Stéphane Hessel and Edgar Morin (Other Press). He is also a freelance journalist who reviews for the *Boston Globe* and the *Washington Post*.

FROM **STORY OF MY PEOPLE**

Because there were times in the life of a young businessman in the late eighties and early to mid-nineties that really could be exciting, like taking off from Florence Airport first thing in the morning, when it was still dark out, aboard a Lufthansa Airbus, and flying to Munich or Frankfurt, where Thomas, Dieter Maschkiwitz's titanic son, would be waiting for me at arrivals, and we'd sail down the Autobahn in his BMW M5 reaching insane speeds, 170 miles per hour at times, to make it in time to appointments with clients where we'd battle ferociously for orders, and then that same evening we'd go sailing in the opposite direction, still at 170 miles per hour, toward the airport, where I'd board the same Lufthansa Airbus and return triumphant to Florence at eleven that night; or on Friday evenings when I'd pull up a chair in the warehouse and watch the dizzying back-and-forth of the workers on the loading dock, scrambling to stow hundreds of articles in the trucks; or when we'd have fabric assortment meetings and we were all focused on trying to select the best items for the coming season, and after a while, Sergio Vari, a fantastic fabric designer and a good friend, would get bored and start talking about his time in Goa in 1964, and how close he'd come to never returning to Italy ("I was there, and Led Zeppelin were there"), and rattling on about the fabulous woolen sweaters worn by Fitzgerald characters, or the linen shirts that Hemingway wore in Africa to go elephant hunting, and then I'd start chiming in excitedly that those were exactly the fabrics we should make, the fabrics that writers wore and wrote about, and I'd hurry out to get their books—because I always had an extra copy of the most important works in my office.

Edoardo Nesi

STORY OF MY PEOPLE

"ON SEPTEMBER 7, 2004, I SOLD MY FAMILY'S TEXTILE COMPANY."

Winner of the 2011 Strega Prize, this blend of essay, social criticism, and memoir is a striking portrait of the effects of globalization on Italy's declining economy. Starting from his family's textile factory in Prato, Tuscany, Edoardo Nesi examines the recent shifts in Italy's manufacturing industry. Only one generation ago, Prato was a thriving industrial center that prided itself on craftsmanship and quality. But during the last decade, cheaply made goods—produced overseas or in Italy by poorly paid immigrants—saturated the market, making it impossible for Italian companies to compete. How could this have happened? Nesi asks, and what are the wider repercussions of losing businesses like his family's, especially on Italian culture?

The Story of My People is a denunciation of big business, corrupt politicians, the arrogance of economists, and cheap manufacturing. It's a must-read for anyone seeking insight into the financial crisis that's battering Europe today.

PRAISE FOR *STORY OF MY PEOPLE*:

"*Story of My People* is one of those knockout punches that literature throws at the world every now and then."

— SANDRO VERONESI, Strega Prize-winning author

"Nesi is one of the few writers who have succeeded in depicting the dark underbelly of globalism."

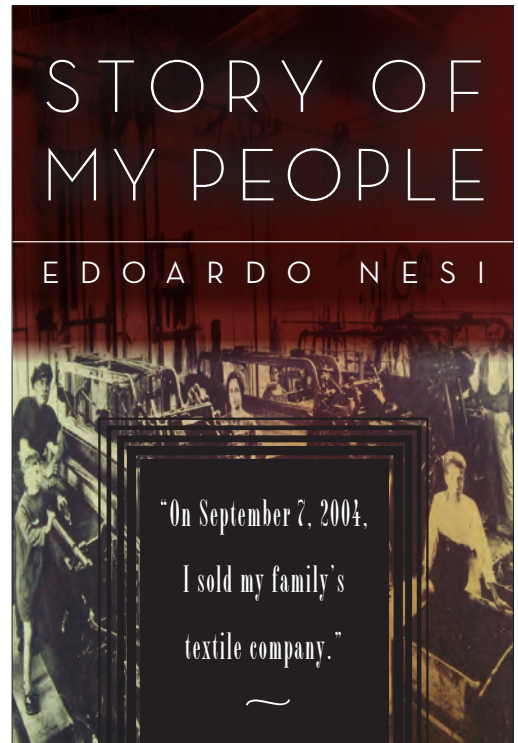
— LUCIANO LANNA, *SECOLO D'ITALIA*

"Do you know what I would do if I became leader of the Democratic Party? I would take this courageous book and turn it into a chapter of my political project. The *Story of My People* is about the love of a people for its roots, a community for its land, and a city for its industry."

— MASSIMO GIANNINI, journalist and writer

"A beautiful and touching book...Whether or not you agree with its message, it has one undeniable virtue: it makes you think."

— GIORGIO MARABINI, *SABATO SERA*



MAY 2013 | on sale 5/7/2013

\$19.95 / \$23.95C

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NONFICTION

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(Manuela Melato, manuela.melato@rcs.it)

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, and online coverage
- Featured title at ABA Winter Institute
- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books*, *Bookforum*, the *New York Times Book Review*, and the *Nation*; and online at the *Paris Review* blog, *LitBreaker*, and *Guernica*



© David Bray

David Margolick is the author of five books, including *Strange Fruit: The Biography of a Song* (Harper Perennial, 2001), *Beyond Glory: Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling and a World on the Brink* (Vintage, 2006), and *Elizabeth and Hazel: Two Women of Little Rock* (Yale University Press, 2011). He is a contributing editor at *Vanity Fair*.

Libraries are generally known best for the books they contain. But when I got to Loomis, a prep school in Windsor, Connecticut, in the fall of 1966, what quickly came to intrigue me most was a book it *didn't* have. Only a few weeks into my time there, another student told me—in the hushed tones of someone disclosing a dormant but still embarrassing scandal—that a man named John Horne Burns had written a scabrous novel about Loomis, one filled with thinly veiled caricatures of its teachers, many of whom were still there. But you wouldn't find the book in the library, I learned: Mrs. Adams had had it banned. Boarding schools like Loomis back then were insular places, and one of those things that could not escape the hermetic seals around them were ghosts: the ghosts of dead students and their teachers. You felt it when you saw the old team photographs on the gymnasium walls, for instance, or walked in the indentations left in the marble stairs by generations of wing-tipped shoes and penny loafers, or in the multiple old copies of *Victory* and *Look Homeward, Angel* in the classroom bookcases, or in the ancient graffiti in the cupola atop Founders. It was even in the musty, sweaty smell that permeated the old dorms.

But to me, the very name John Horne Burns conveyed something particularly sinister, dark, and ultimately tragic. Whether or not I ever explicitly knew it, I sensed that he had come to a prematurely bad end. Why else had he never surfaced again, in something that I heard or read? Not that I ever brought it up: one sensed that at Loomis such questions were best left unasked. More ominous still was the novel's name: *Lucifer with a Book*.

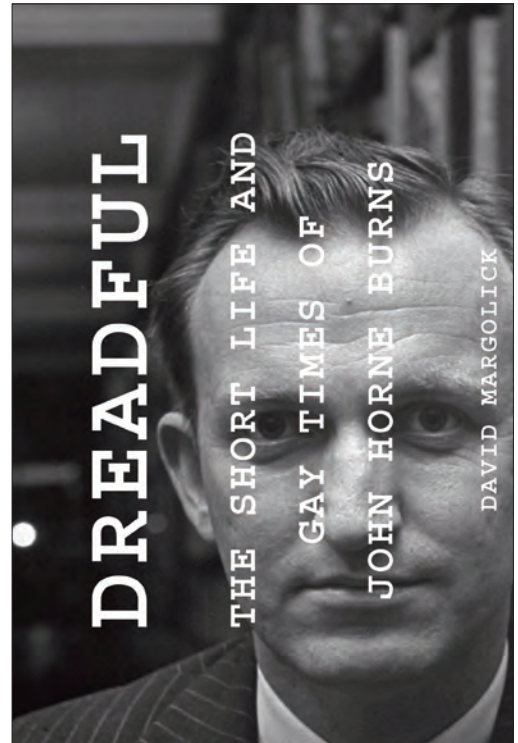
David Margolick

DREADFUL

THE SHORT LIFE AND GAY TIMES OF JOHN HORNE BURNS

American author John Horne Burns (1916–1953) led a brief and controversial life, and as a writer, transformed many of his darkest experiences into literature. Burns was born in Massachusetts, graduated from Phillips Academy (Andover) and Harvard, and went on to teach English at the Loomis School, a boarding school for boys in Windsor, Connecticut. During World War II, he was stationed in Africa and Italy, and worked mainly in military intelligence. His first novel, *The Gallery* (1947), based on his wartime experiences, was critically acclaimed and one of the first books to unflinchingly depict gay life in the military. *The Gallery* sold half a million copies on publication, but never again would Burns receive that kind of critical or popular attention.

Dreadful follows Burns from his education at the best schools to his final years of drinking and depression in Italy. With intelligence and insight, David Margolick examines Burns's moral ambivalence toward the behavior of American soldiers stationed with him in Naples, and the scandal surrounding his second novel, *Lucifer with a Book*, an unflattering portrayal of his experiences at Loomis.



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NONFICTION

Rights: World

PRAISE FOR DAVID MARGOLICK'S
ELIZABETH AND HAZEL:

"The iconic image of Elizabeth and Hazel at age fifteen showed us the terrible burden that nine young Americans had to shoulder to claim our nation's promise of equal opportunity. The pain it caused was deeply personal. David Margolick now tells us the amazing story of how Elizabeth and Hazel, as adults, struggled to find each other across the racial divide and, in so doing, end their pain and find a measure of peace. We all need to know about Elizabeth and Hazel."

— PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, TV, and online coverage
- Outreach to literary and gay interest media
- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books*, *Out*, the *Paris Review*, and the *New York Times*; and online at the *New Yorker's Page-Turner*, *LitBreaker*, and *Poets & Writers*
- Facebook campaign targeting Loomis alumni
- Featured title at ABA Winter Institute



© B. Fishman

Thomas Van Essen graduated from Sarah Lawrence College and earned his PhD in English from Rutgers University. He lives in New Jersey with his family. *The Center of the World* is his first novel.

FROM *THE CENTER OF THE WORLD*

By late afternoon, when the barn was empty, I took a broom and swept out what must have been a hundred years of dirt and dust. The floor was in remarkably good shape, but there were two windows that needed to be cleaned or perhaps replaced. The walls were painted tongue-and-groove boards of the sort that the Mossbachers used in some of their most tasteful renovations.

Deep down, I knew I'd have to take Mossbacher's money, but I gave myself half an hour to indulge in the fantasy that I could make something of myself in this room. Then, as I was considering various locations for my desk, I noticed three small hinges set into the back wall on the left side of a three-by-four-foot rectangle that was formed by an almost imperceptible cut in the wood. This spot had been hidden by an old bedstead that was one of the last things I had taken out of the barn.

I tapped on the center of the rectangle; it sounded about the same as when I tapped elsewhere on the wall. I pressed on the side opposite the hinges. The wood gave slightly; there was a click, and the panel sprang forward.

When I pulled the panel toward me and peered inside, I saw a rectangular bundle wrapped in what appeared to be old sailcloth and tied with coarse twine. I lifted it out of the recess and placed it carefully on the ground. There was no mark or lettering of any kind on the cloth. I undid the twine.

Inside was a painting in an ornate gold frame. As I propped it against the wall and stepped back to get a better look, light poured from the canvas and lit up the barn. I could feel its glow on my face.

I knew at once that it was Helen. And I suddenly knew something of how the world worked. An army of heroes struggled on the vast plain below her window. I could not see the gods, but I knew they moved among the men. Her lover, Paris, was visible on the left, moving toward her as surely as the apple moves toward the earth and each human life moves toward death.

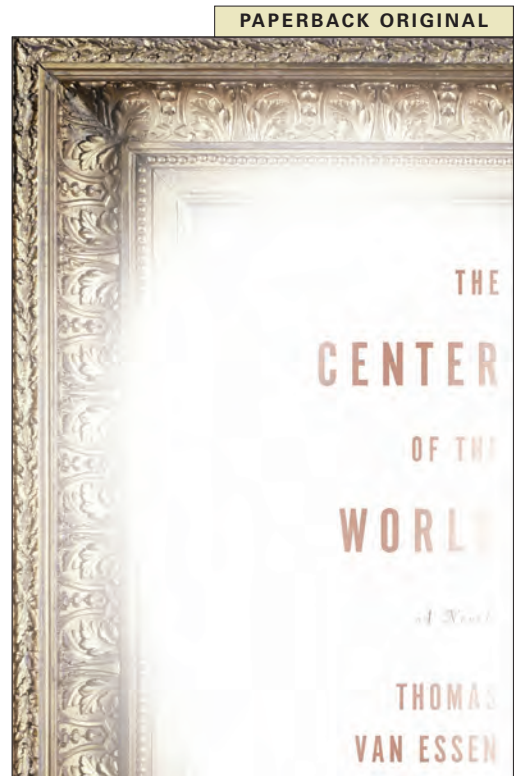
Thomas Van Essen

THE CENTER OF THE WORLD

A startling debut novel about the erotic allure of art

Alternating between nineteenth-century England and present-day New York, this is the story of the great British painter J. M. W. Turner and his circle of patrons and lovers; and Henry, a middle-aged family man whose otherwise mundane existence is transfigured by the discovery of Turner's *The Center of the World*, a mesmerizing and troubling painting of Helen of Troy that was thought to have been lost forever.

This painting has such devastating erotic power that it was kept hidden for almost two centuries, and was even said to have been destroyed...until Henry stumbles upon it in a secret compartment at his summer home in the Adirondacks. Though he knows it is an object of colossal value, the thought of parting with it seems unbearable: he is transfixed by its revelation of a whole other world, one of transcendent light and joy. Returning to the nineteenth century, the reader witnesses Turner's struggles to create the painting, his visionary masterpiece, for Lord Egremont, an aristocrat in whose palatial home Turner talks freely about his art, his beliefs, and his highly irregular love life. Meanwhile, in the present, Henry is being relentlessly trailed by an unscrupulous art dealer determined to get his hands on *The Center of the World* at any cost. Filled with sex, beauty, and love (of all kinds), this richly textured novel explores the transformative role of art in our lives.



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(Chris Calhoun, chris@chriscalhounagency.com)

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, and online coverage
- Review outreach to literary and art interest media
- Featured title at ABA Winter Institute
- Downloadable reading group guide and promotion through Reading Group Choices and ReadingGroupGuides.com
- Advertising in the *New York Times Book Review*, *Bookforum*, and *Book Page*; and online at LitBreaker
- Author tour: New York, Boston, Washington DC

FROM **ELECTRICO W**



© Cathy Bisour

Hervé Le Tellier is a writer, journalist, mathematician, food critic, and teacher. He has been a member of the Oulipo group since 1992 and one of the “papous” of the famous France Culture radio show. He has published fifteen books of stories, essays, and novels, including *Enough About Love* (Other Press, 2011), *The Sextine Chapel* (Dalkey Archive Press, 2011), and *A Thousand Pearls* (Dalkey Archive Press, 2011).

Adriana Hunter studied French and Drama at the University of London. She has translated more than fifty books, including *Enough About Love*, by Hervé Le Tellier. Her work has been short-listed for the Independent Foreign Fiction Prize twice. She lives in Norfolk, England.

At one of the tables is a young woman with brown hair cropped very short, wearing jeans and a white T-shirt; she looks up and gives me a hint of a smile. She brings her coffee to her mouth, the movement ethereal, fine as an italic letter. I catch a glimpse of a tattoo on the inside of her wrist, a tiny turquoise dolphin, small enough to be hidden by a 100-escudos coin, not unlike the dolphin etched onto my black notebooks. That is when, with no plan or idea in mind, I do something that amazes me.

I go over to her. Her lips are thin but they form an O of surprise when I sit in the wicker chair opposite her.

“Excuse me, please let me sit down, I won’t stay long.”

She’s startled, she tenses imperceptibly, looks at me irritably and shrugs. She reaches for her packet of cigarettes, and I can tell she’s going to get up and leave.

“Please,” I say quickly, “I beg you, stay sitting. Don’t be frightened.”

“I’m not frightened.”

She hesitates for a moment, my eyes are beseeching, I’ve no idea what I look like right now.

“Promise me you’ll listen to me just for a minute. Please.”

She takes a cigarette and lights it. Her reaction was only hinted at, Irene can’t have grasped it. She might think the woman’s impatient gesture was because I’m late. The young woman looks at me, hesitant, amazed, no—better—intrigued. She has fine, charmingly irregular features, her nose perhaps not quite straight. I detect a note of amusement in her expression. Anyway, I can’t be that disturbing, dressed in the “sensible student” clothes I’ve never stopped wearing.

“I’ll explain. I don’t know where to start. I’m Vincent, Vincent Balmer. I’m French.”

“That’s obvious, you have a French accent.”

She shrugs, tilts her head to one side prettily.

Hervé Le Tellier

ELECTRICO W

By the author of *Enough About Love*, this brilliant and witty novel set in Lisbon explores love, relationships, and the strange balance between literature and life

Journalist, writer, and translator Vincent Balmer moves to Lisbon to escape from a failing affair. During his first assignment there, he teams up with Antonio—a photographer who has just returned to the city after a ten-year absence—to report for a French newspaper on an infamous serial killer's trial.

While walking around the city together to take notes and photos for the article, they visit the places of Antonio's childhood, swap stories from their pasts, and confide in each other. But the more they learn about each other, the more their lives become inextricably intertwined.

With a structure that parallels Homer's *Odyssey*, *Eléctrico W* recounts their nine days together and the adventures that proliferate to form a constellation of successive ephemeral connections and relationships.

PRAISE FOR *ELECTRICO W*:

"Well served by beautiful classical writing, *Eléctrico W* is a tricky novel in which a brilliant author is continually toying with his reader."

— LIVRES HEBDO

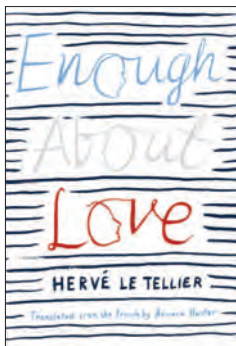
"A damn good book! You follow Le Tellier with every step. You believe in his project and find it admirable."

— LIRE

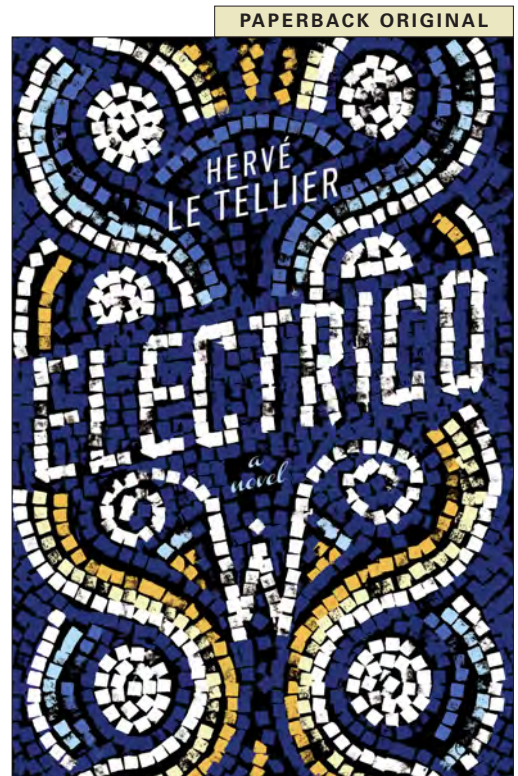
PRAISE FOR *ENOUGH ABOUT LOVE*:

"Enough About Love is awfully cute. It is also absorbing and witty, and the more impressive for its formal constraints."

— LORIN STEIN, *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*



Enough About Love
PB | \$14.95/\$16.95C
978-1-59051-399-6



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- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books*, the *Paris Review*, and *World Literature Today*; and online at LitBreaker, the *New Yorker's Page-Turner*, and *Words Without Borders*



Photo: Olivia Toperoff

Sam Toperoff has published twelve books of fiction and nonfiction, including *Jimmy Dean Prepares* (Granta) and *Queen of Desire* (HarperCollins). His stories and articles have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Granta*, the *New York Times Magazine*, *Town & Country*, and *Sports Illustrated*. He was awarded an Emmy for his documentary work at PBS. He lives in France, in a house he built.

I have to trust my pathetically broken memory here. I remember being struck by the fact that she wore a suit, a mustard-colored suit, and a small cloche hat with feathers. I recall thinking how out of place—this was a major Hollywood soiree and here was a gal dressed for a New York literary luncheon. But I liked her face immediately. Nature had created it. As unforgiving as Mount Rushmore, as beautiful as the Rockies. She hooked my arm, walked along with me, and quoted my line from, I think, “The Girl with the Silver Eyes.” Something like, “*You beast!*” *she spat, and then her smile grew gentle again....*” I have to admit, it struck me as pretty funny. She camped in front of the men’s room, looked absolutely helpless, and waited for my line, which of course I’d forgotten but which I’ve learned from her over the years was supposed to have been, “*You’re beautiful as hell!*” *I shouted crazily into her face, and flung her against the door.*” Instead I think I said something about how surprising it was to run into Bette Davis on my way to the men’s room.

She told me how disappointed she was that I couldn’t remember my own lines. What kind of writer was I anyway? One who got paid by the word, I said. Some would call that a description of a hack, she said.

Acerbic wench, I said.

I am not a bitch.

I didn’t say bitch; I said wench.

O.K., that one I’ll buy, she said.

Who can resist such charm? I suspected even then that talking to a very, very smart woman in Hollywood was going to be as rare as finding an honest man there. Lillian had lots of both, smart and honest.

She came real close then, ran her hand under my jacket, up my stomach to my chest and whispered. “You are not going home with that redhead. No, no, no, no. You will be going home with me. So which of us is going to tell my husband?”

Sam Toperoff

LILLIAN & DASH

An audacious reimaging of the lives of Dashiell Hammett and Lillian Hellman, the twentieth-century writing couple who sparked controversy, commercial success, and endless curiosity

In Sam Toperoff's carefully crafted novel, Dashiell Hammett (*The Maltese Falcon* and *The Thin Man*) and Lillian Hellman (*The Children's Hour* and *Pentimento*) come to life and recount their wild and woolly three-decades-long affair, in alternating narrative voices.

We get inside the heart and soul of this fast-living, hard-drinking literary couple and come to understand the wellsprings of their individual passions, projects, and literary works. Hammett's and Hellman's relationship spanned the great disruptive artistic and political movements of the mid-twentieth century—Hollywood's heyday, Broadway and the new literary scene in New York, the Spanish Civil War, World War II, the rise and fall of Fascism and Communism, and McCarthyism—and each event is depicted with great insight and vividness. With its large cast of characters and sly retelling of history, *Lillian & Dash* is a grand entertainment and a terrific invitation to the novels and plays of these two iconic figures.

PRAISE FOR *LILLIAN & DASH*:

"I have been reading Sam Toperoff's fiction for decades. He is a wonderful writer, shamefully underappreciated...Fascinating and engrossing, one of those rare books that would help you through an airplane flight without insulting your intelligence. In a word, it's literature. It also happens to be dark and sexy and, I would think, ripe for the movies."

—TRACY KIDDER

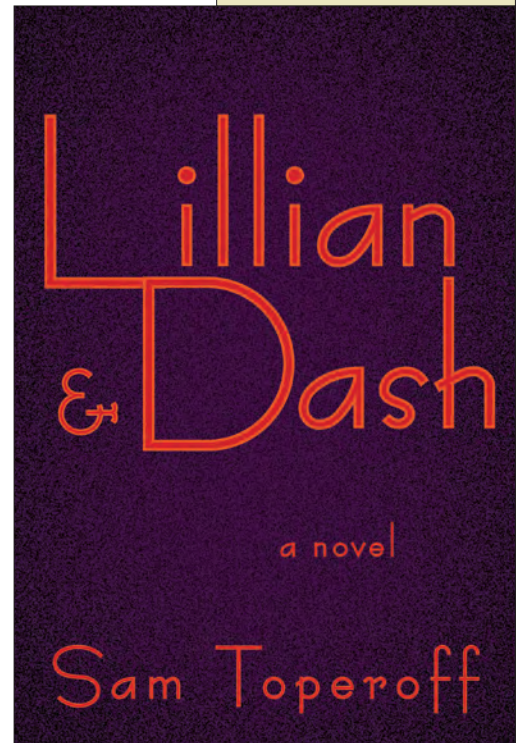
author of *The Soul of a New Machine*, winner of the Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award for nonfiction

"Toperoff captures time and place and, most importantly, two vital people. It is not easy to write about writers, but with energy and wit and skill, Toperoff brings Hellman and Hammett's talent and pain directly into the present."

—GEORGE VECSEY

author and former sports columnist for the *New York Times*

PAPERBACK ORIGINAL



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- Review outreach to literary, mystery, and historical interest media
- Downloadable reading group guide
- Advertising in the *New York Times Book Review*, *Bookforum*, *Book Page*; and online at npr.org, LitBreaker, the *Paris Review*, the *New Yorker's Page-Turner*

Peter Stephan Jungk

translated from the German by Michael Hofmann

THE PERFECT AMERICAN

The Philip Glass opera *The Perfect American* will have its world premiere in Madrid's Teatro Real on January 22, 2013



DECEMBER 2012 | on sale 12/4/2012

\$15.95 / \$18.95C

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FICTION

Rights: World English

Agent: Unted Agents

(Anna Webber, awebber@unitedagents.co.uk)

Peter Stephan Jungk was born in Los Angeles and grew up in the United States and Europe. He has published seven internationally acclaimed books in German, including *Tigor*, a finalist for the British Foreign Book Award in 2003. Currently, Jungk is at work on a documentary about Edith Tudor-Hart.

Michael Hofmann has translated the works of many writers, including Franz Kafka and Joseph Roth. He is also the author of several books of poetry and a book of essays, *Behind the Lines*; he also edited the anthology *Twentieth-Century German Poetry*.

The Perfect American is the fictional chronicle of Walt Disney's final months, as narrated by Wilhelm Dantine, an Austrian cartoonist who worked for Disney in the 1950s, illustrating sequences for *Sleeping Beauty*. It is also the story of Dantine himself, who desperately seeks Walt's approval at the risk of his own ruin.

In Jungk's masterful telling, we see Walt's delusions of immortality via cryogenic preservation, his utopian visions of the EPCOT project, and his backyard labyrinth of toy trains. Yet, if at first Walt seems to have a magic wand granting him all his wishes, we soon discover that he is as tormented as Dantine, who seeks revenge after being prematurely fired from Disney's team.

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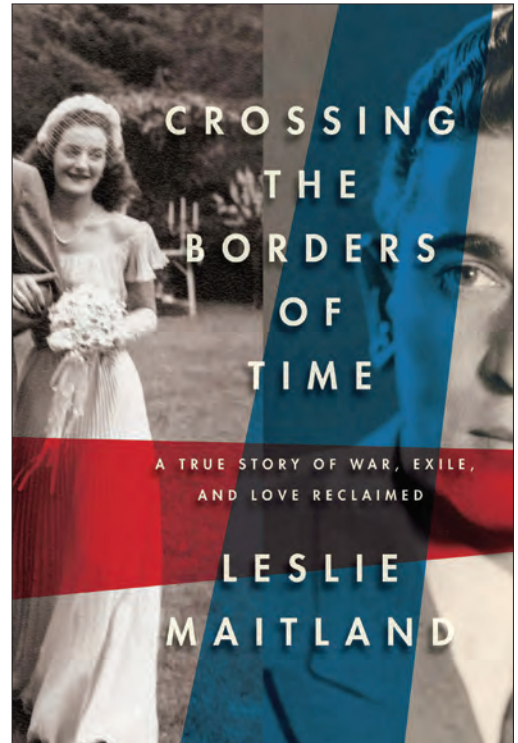
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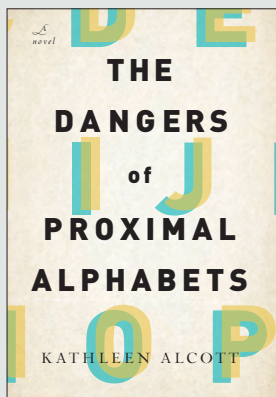
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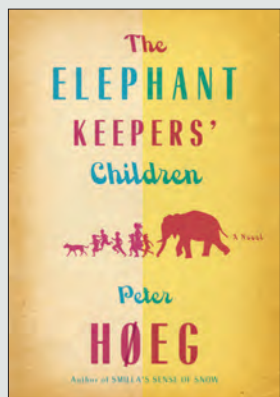
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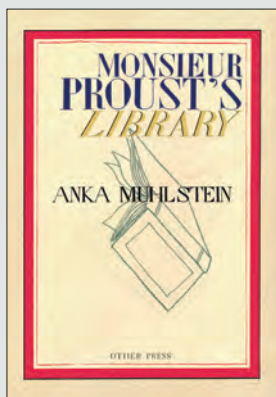
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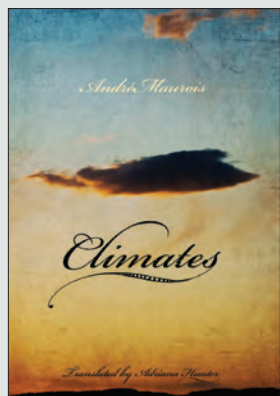
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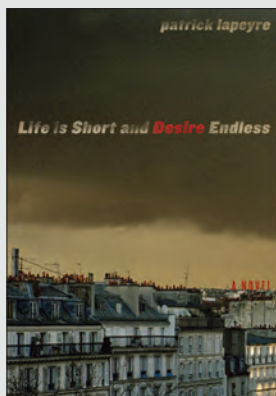
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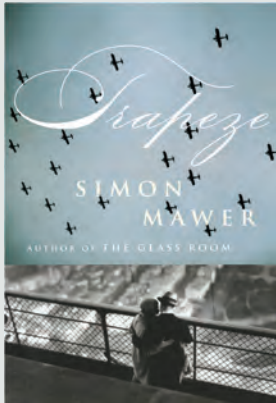


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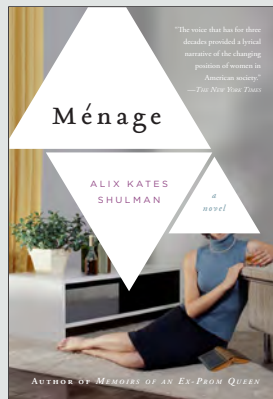


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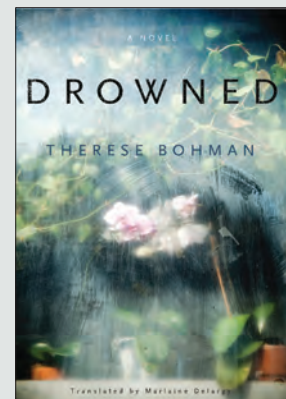
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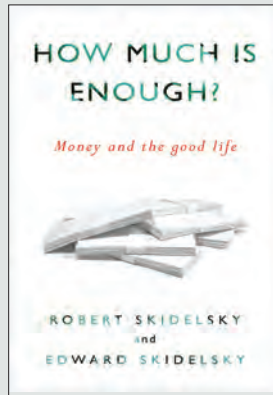
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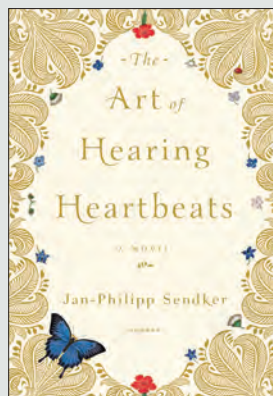
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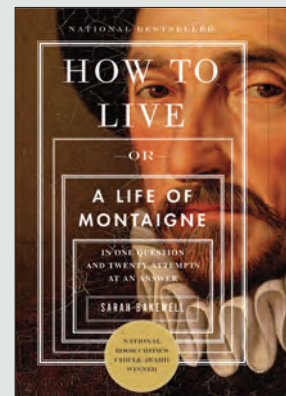
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