

OTHER PRESS

spring
2014



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Judith Gurewich
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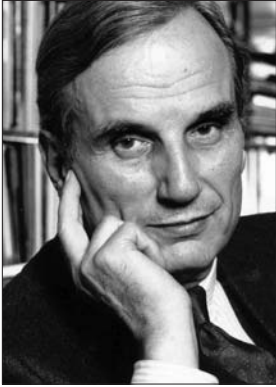
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Joachim Fest was one of the most important authors and historians of the Federal Republic of Germany. From 1963 he worked as chief editor of Norddeutscher Rundfunk (North German Broadcasting), and from 1973 to 1993 as editor of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. His biography *Hitler* (1974) has been translated into more than twenty languages. His other works include *Inside Hitler's Bunker* (2005), *Speer: The Final Verdict* (2002), and *Plotting Hitler's Death* (1996).

Herbert A. Arnold holds a PhD from the University of Würzburg and is a professor emeritus of German and Letters at Wesleyan University.

Martin Chalmers's recent translations include *Summer Resort* by Esther Kinsky and *Brussels, the Gentle Monster: or the Disenfranchisement of Europe* by Hans Magnus Enzensberger. In 2004 he was awarded the Schlegel-Tieck Prize for *The Lesser Evil*, his translation of the post-1945 diaries of Victor Klemperer.

FROM **NOT I**

In early 1936, from our place by the wall, Wolfgang and I eavesdropped on a rare argument between our parents. There had been a strangely irritable atmosphere all day. My mother evidently started it, reminding my father in a few short sentences what she had put up with, politically and personally, in the last three years. She said she wasn't complaining, but she had never dreamt of such a future. From morning to night she was standing in front of pots, pans, and washboards, and when the day was over she had to attend to the torn clothes of the children, patched five times over. And then, after what seemed like a hesitant pause, she asked whether my father did not, after all, want to reconsider joining the Party. The gentlemen from the education authority had called twice in the course of the year to persuade him to give way; at the last visit they had even held out the prospect of rapid promotion. In any case, she couldn't cope anymore ... And to indicate the end of her plea, after a long pause she added a simple "Please!"

My father replied a little too wordily (as I sometimes thought in the years to come), but at the same time revealed how uneasy he had been about the question for a long time. He said something about the readjustments that she, like many others, had been forced to make. He spoke about habit, which after often difficult beginnings provides a certain degree of stability. He spoke about conscience and trust in God. Also that he himself, as well as my brothers and I, could gradually relieve her of some of the work in the household, and so on. But my mother insisted on an answer, suggesting that joining the Party would not change anything: "After all, we remain who we are!" It did not take long for my father to retort: "Precisely not! It would change everything!"

NOT I

MEMOIRS OF A GERMAN CHILDHOOD

A portrait of an intellectually rigorous German household opposed to the Nazis and how its members suffered for their political stance

Few writers have deepened our understanding of the Third Reich as much as German historian, biographer, journalist, and critic Joachim Fest. His biography of Adolf Hitler has reached millions of readers around the world. Born in 1926, Fest experienced firsthand the rise of the Nazis, the Second World War, and a catastrophically defeated Germany, thus becoming a vital witness to these difficult years.

In this memoir of his childhood and youth, Fest offers a far-reaching view of how he experienced the war and National Socialism. True to the German *Bildung* tradition, Fest grows up immersed in the works of Goethe, Schiller, Mörike, Rilke, Kleist, Mozart, and Beethoven. His father, a conservative Catholic teacher, opposes the Nazi regime and as a result loses his job and status. Fest is forced to move to a boarding school in the countryside that he despises, and in his effort to come to terms with his father's strong political convictions, he embarks on a tireless quest for knowledge and moral integrity that will shape the rest of his life and writing career.

PRAISE FOR **NOT I**:

"Exceptional...it tells in a modest, believable, quietly bitter, and totally proud way of a family's extraordinary decency... Strong and unique. Without it, the English language these days is short a very good book."

— **NEW YORK TIMES** (GLOBAL EDITION)

"Fest's accounts of being called up, of trying to avoid military service, fighting, seeing comrades die, and being caught and kept as a prisoner of war are engrossing."

— **INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY**

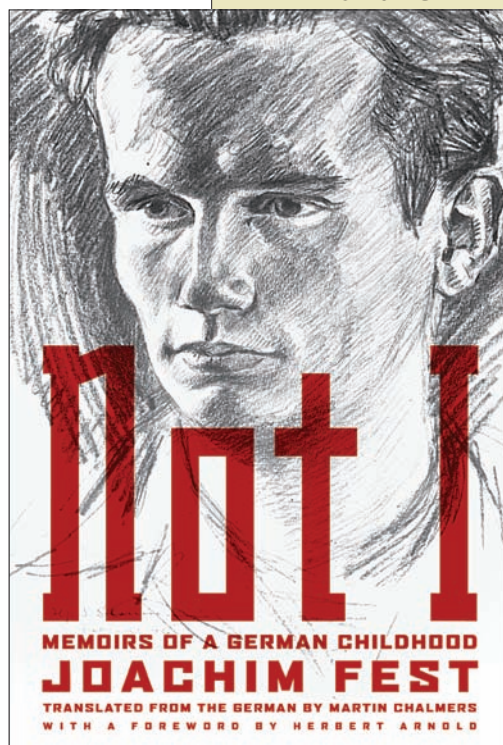
"A heroic interrogation of Germany's past."

— **SUNDAY TELEGRAPH**

"[Fest] makes it hard to think about those blighted years, and it should be hard. His book is a glory, but only if you dare."

— **THE SCOTSMAN**

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- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books*



© Hélène Bamberger/Opale

Atiq Rahimi was born in Afghanistan in 1962 and fled to France in 1984, where he has become an award-winning author (2008 Prix Goncourt) and filmmaker (2004 Prix un certain regard, Cannes). The film adaptation of his novel *The Patience Stone*, which he co-wrote and directed, was selected as the Afghan entry for the 2012 Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film. In recent years, he has returned to Afghanistan many times to set up a writers' house in Kabul and offer support and training to young writers and filmmakers. He lives in Paris.

Polly McLean is a freelance translator from Oxford, England. Winner of the 2009 Scott Moncrieff Prize, she has translated titles by Catherine Deneuve and Sylvia Kristel, as well as the award-winning *Secret* by Philippe Grimbert.

FROM **A CURSE ON DOSTOEVSKY:**

The moment Rassoul lifts the axe to bring it down on the old woman's head, he thinks of *Crime and Punishment*. He is thunderstruck. His arms shake; his legs tremble. And the axe slips from his hands. It splits open the old woman's head, and sinks into her skull. She collapses without a sound on the red and black rug. Her apple-blossom patterned headscarf floats in the air before landing on her fat, flabby body. She convulses. Another breath, perhaps two. Her staring eyes fix on Rassoul standing in the middle of the room, not breathing, whiter than a corpse. His *patou* falls from his bony shoulders. His terrified gaze is lost in the pool of blood, blood that streams from the old woman's skull, merges with the red of the rug obscuring its black pattern, then trickles toward the woman's fleshy hand, which still grips a wad of notes. The money will be bloodstained.

Move, Rassoul, move!

Total inertia.

Rassoul?

What's the matter with him? What is he thinking about?

Crime and Punishment. That's right—Raskolnikov, and what became of him.

But didn't he think of that before, when he was planning the crime?

Apparently not.

Or perhaps it was that story, buried deep within, which incited him to murder.

Or perhaps...

Or perhaps...what? Is this really the time to consider it? Now that he's killed the old woman, he must take her money and jewels, and run.

Run!

He doesn't move. He just stands there. Rooted to the spot, like a tree. A dead tree, planted in the flagstones of the house. Still staring at the trickle of blood that has almost reached the woman's hand.

Atiq Rahimi

A CURSE ON DOSTOEVSKY

Reading Dostoevsky in Afghanistan becomes “crime without punishment”

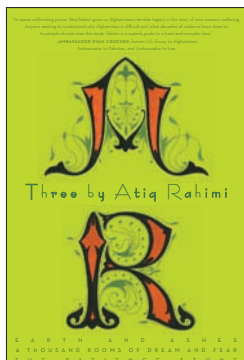
Rassoul remembers reading *Crime and Punishment* as a student of Russian literature in Leningrad, so when, with axe in hand, he kills the wealthy old lady who prostitutes his beloved Sophia, he thinks twice before taking her money or killing the woman whose voice he hears from another room. He wishes only to expiate his crime and be rightfully punished. Out of principle, he gives himself up to the police. But his country, after years of civil war, has fallen into chaos. In Kabul there is only violence, absurdity, and deafness, and Rassoul's desperate attempt to be heard turns into a farce.

This is a novel that not only flirts with literature but also ponders the roles of sin, guilt, and redemption in the Muslim world. At once a nostalgic ode to the magic of Persian tales and a satire on the dire reality of now, *A Curse on Dostoevsky* also portrays the resilience and wit of Afghani women, an aspect of his culture that Rahimi never forgets.

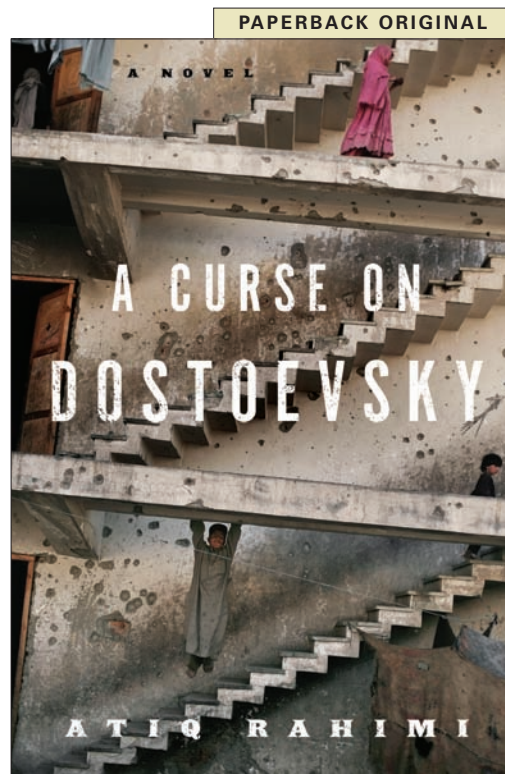
PRAISE FOR *A CURSE ON DOSTOEVSKY*:

“Here, Atiq Rahimi sings an incandescent, raging story, which dissects, in a highly sensitive way, the chaos of his homeland and the contradictions of his people.” — **L'EXPRESS**

“In the light of the Russian writer, [Rahimi] describes his country so that we may understand it like we never have before. His latest novel isn't only breathless, beautiful, and strong, it is indispensable...He dared—and succeeded.” — **LE POINT**



Three by Atiq Rahimi
PB | \$17.95/\$19.95C
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© Karel Gullin

Lipika Pelham was born and raised on the border between Bangladesh and India, and in the past twenty years has lived in England, Morocco, Jordan, and Israel. In her early twenties she joined the BBC World Service and reported from India, Bangladesh, the Philippines, Morocco, and Israel. In 2005 Lipika moved with her family to Jerusalem, where she became a documentary filmmaker, winning among other prizes the prestigious Centre Méditerranéen de la Communication Audiovisuelle Prix Spécial du Jury in 2010.

FROM *THE UNLIKELY SETTLER*

During our fifth year in Jerusalem, I was faced with a dilemma: where to give birth to our third child. In London, where my two older children were born and where my husband wanted me to go? In Bethlehem, because my friends recommended the Holy Family Hospital there? Or in Jerusalem, where I had met a Jewish orthodox obstetrician I really liked?

I tried not to rule out Bethlehem. Many of our expatriate friends—journalists and diplomats—went to Palestinian cities to deliver their babies to avoid probable future difficulties for their work life in the Middle East. I went to see the hospital in Bethlehem. It had a beautiful setting, amid lovely gardens, and a state-of-the-art neonatal unit. The delivery rooms were spacious and airy with a view of the primordial hills. But it sounded so clichéd. Born in Bethlehem. Implicated in too much compassion and sacrifice. A birth loaded with expectations. Given that Bethlehem had one of the highest birth rates in Palestine, the land should have been inundated by now with hundreds of thousands of compassionate Apostles. If only forgiveness had been the core value of this place, peace would have flourished in the hills around Jesus's birthplace, rather than outposts of hate. I could not help my eye being drawn to the ugly architecture of the Israeli settlements that dotted the landscape around Bethlehem. It was too ominous a place to give birth.

I carried on seeing my doctor, who traveled from his home in a Jewish settlement in the West Bank to his practice in Jerusalem's ultra-orthodox neighborhood of Mea Shearim.

"How can you compromise your politics by seeing a settler doctor? Don't you think you are implicitly supporting the Israeli occupation?" said Leo, my husband, an expert on Middle East affairs.

"It's up to the mother of the baby to decide where she feels comfortable to give birth," I replied.

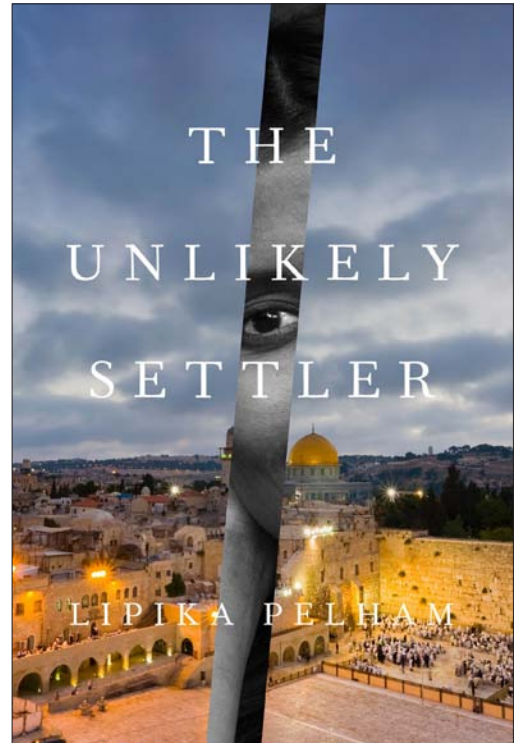
THE UNLIKELY SETTLER

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict seen by an outsider who craves to make sense of herself, her marriage, and the city she lives in

The Unlikely Settler is none other than a young Bengali journalist who moves to Jerusalem with her English-Jewish husband and two children. He speaks Arabic and is an arch believer in the peace process; she leaves her career behind to follow his dream. Jerusalem propels Pelham into a world where freedom from tribal allegiance is a challenging prospect. From the school you choose for your children to the wine you buy, you take sides at every turn.

Pelham's complicated relationship with her husband, Leo, is as emotive as the city she lives in, as full of energy, pain, and contradictions. As she tries to navigate the complexities and absurdities of daily life in Jerusalem, often with hilarious results, Pelham achieves deep insights into the respective woes and guilt of her Palestinian and Israeli friends.

Her intelligent analysis suggests a very different approach to a potential resolution of the conflict.



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- **Reading group guide online**

FROM **A FAIRY TALE**



© Robin Sjøldborg

Jonas T. Bengtsson has published two previous novels: his 2005 literary debut, *Amina's Letters*, winner of the Danish Debutant Award and BG Bank First Book Award; and *Submarino*, the film adaptation of which took the 2010 Nordic Council Film Prize. He has also received the P. O. Enquist Literary Prize and was nominated for the Weekendavisen Literature Prize. He lives in Copenhagen.

Charlotte Barslund was born in Denmark and has lived in the UK since 1984. She has translated novels by Peter Adolphsen, Karin Fossum, Per Petterson, Carsten Jensen, Sissel-Jo Gazan, Thomas Enger, and Mikkel Birkegaard, as well as a wide range of classic and contemporary plays.

The television shows images of a dark street, road signs, and snow. Stockholm. A sidewalk has been cordoned off with red-and-white plastic tape, people have gathered behind it. They, too, are standing very still. Some are clasp their mouths. The woman on the television speaks very slowly as if she has just woken up. She says that Olof Palme came out of a cinema not far from there. That he was with his wife, that they had been to see the film *The Mozart Brothers* and were on their way home.

On the gray sidewalk are dark stains that look like paint. The camera zooms in on them. "It's blood," my dad says, never once taking his eyes off the screen.

We're back on the street. We walk quickly as if rushing away from the images on the television.

I think we're heading home until we turn right by the closed-down butcher's. Toward the harbor, down a narrow, cobbled street.

My dad sits down on an iron girder; I sit down beside him, as close to him as I can get. The water in front of us is black. A couple of fishing boats are sailing into the harbor; there's a huge crane to our right, its hook hangs just above the surface of the water. The sky is gray.

My dad hides his face in his coat sleeve. I hear loud sobs through the thick fabric. He squeezes my hand so hard that it hurts.

"So they got him," he says. "The bastards finally got him."

I don't remember ever seeing my dad cry. I ask him if Palme was someone he knew, but he makes no reply. He holds me tight. My feet are freezing in the rain boots.

"They got him," he says again.

The wind whips the sea into foam.

"I think we're going to have to move again."

Jonas T. Bengtsson

A FAIRY TALE

In a Europe without borders, where social norms have become fragile, a son must confront the sins of his father and grandfather, and invent new strategies for survival

A young boy grows up with a loving father who has little respect for the law. They are always on the run, and as they move from place to place, the boy is often distraught to leave behind new friendships. Because it would be dicey for him to go to school, his anarchistic father gives him an unconventional education intended to contradict as much as possible the teachings of his own father, a preacher and a pervert. Ten years later, when the boy is entering adulthood, with a fake name and a monotonous job, he tries to conform to the demands of ordinary life, but the lessons of the past thwart his efforts, and questions about his father's childhood cannot be left unanswered.

Spanning the mid-1980s to early-twenty-first-century in Copenhagen, this coming-of-age novel examines what it means to be a stranger in the modern world, and how, for better or for worse, a father's legacy is never passed on in any predictable fashion.

PRAISE FOR **A FAIRY TALE**:

"With this highly moving, symbolic, psychological, and realistic fairy tale about a peculiar otherness, he consolidates the special tone of his prose—something which floors me completely."

— **WEEKENDAVISEN (DENMARK)**

"A beautifully original novel with a lot of charm. Absolutely recommended."

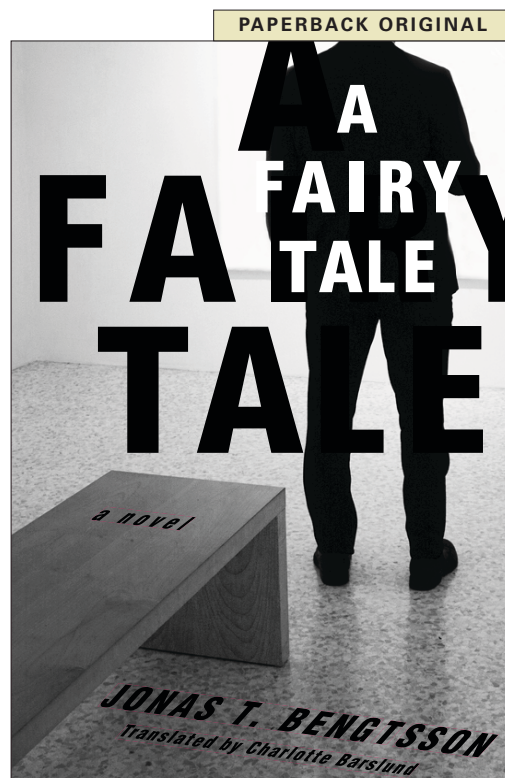
— **LA QUINZAINE LITTÉRAIRE (FRANCE)**

"A brilliant novel about survival, love, and legacy."

— **LIBÉRATION CHAMPAGNE DIMANCHE (FRANCE)**

"Jonas T. Bengtsson's new novel plays with the classic theme of the coming-of-age novel. The young Danish writer creates a convincing portrait of a son: fleeing like his father, fleeing because of his father."

— **LE MONDE DES LIVRES (FRANCE)**



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FROM **THE COLD SONG**



© Agnere Bruun

Linn Ullmann is an author, journalist, and literary critic who writes a column for Norway's leading morning newspaper and has published four other novels: *Before You Sleep*, *Stella Descending*, *Grace*, and *A Blessed Child*. Ullmann is a cofounder and former artistic director of the international artist residency foundation of The Bergman Estate on Fårö. She lives in Oslo.

Barbara J. Haveland translates fiction, poetry, and drama by leading Danish and Norwegian writers such as Peter Høeg, Ib Michael, and Jan Kjærstad. Recent projects include new translations of Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, *Little Eyolf*, and *A Doll's House*. She lives in Denmark.

But something was wrong. Siri held her breath. It had to do with Milla. Or something else. But Milla definitely had something to do with it. Her presence here at Mailund. The slightly lumpish body, the long dark hair (long dark hairs on the kitchen counter, in the bathroom sink, between the sofa and the sofa cushions, on the baseboards and doorframes), her face, sometimes pretty, sometimes not, beseeching eyes.

More and more Siri found herself having to concentrate in order to keep herself in check—was that the expression? Keep oneself in check? Be one. One body, one voice, one mouth, one thread, and not fall apart, dissolve, collapse in a heap.

“Your main responsibility,” Siri said, “will be to look after Liv for five hours or so every day. But we’d be grateful if you’d keep an eye on Alma as well. Alma’s twelve. She’s”—Siri searched for the right word—“a bit of a loner.”

Milla laughed hesitantly, brushed the hair back from her pretty moon face and said that she thought it all sounded really great.

It was a mild, bright day in May and Siri had invited Milla to the house in Oslo. The idea was for them to get to know each other a little better before the summer. Alma was at school, Liv was at nursery school, and Jon had gone for a long walk with Leopold. Something about a chapter he was having trouble writing.

Milla had replied to the ad on the Internet for a summer job and Siri had been taken with her application. In her e-mail she came across as a happy, friendly, reliable girl. *It would be fantastic to get to know all of you and be able to be part of your family this summer. If I get the job I’ll do my best to be a good “big sister” to your daughters so that you and your husband won’t have to worry when you’re at work.*

Linn Ullmann

THE COLD SONG

Ullmann's characters are complex and paradoxical: neither fully guilty nor fully innocent

Siri Brodal, a chef and restaurant owner, is married to Jon Dreyer, a famous novelist plagued by writer's block. Siri and Jon have two daughters, and together they spend their summers on the coast of Norway, in a mansion belonging to Jenny Brodal, Siri's stylish and unforgiving mother.

Siri and Jon's marriage is loving but difficult, and troubled by painful secrets. They have a strained relationship with their elder daughter, Alma, who struggles to find her place in the family constellation. When Milla is hired as a nanny to allow Siri to work her long hours at the restaurant and Jon to supposedly meet the deadline on his book, life in the idyllic summer community takes a dire turn. One rainy July night, Milla disappears without a trace. After her remains are discovered and a suspect is identified, everyone who had any connection with her feels implicated in her tragedy and haunted by what they could have done to prevent it.

The Cold Song is a story about telling stories and about how life is continually invented and reinvented.

PRAISE FOR *THE COLD SONG*:

"The story of a family, in a class of its own."

—SØLVI WÆRHAUG, VG

"A story that lives and breathes. The novel can be interpreted as an attempt to understand the patterns in our lives: what has shaped us and why we do what we do. Ullmann writes about human relationships with near psychological X-ray vision. She scrutinizes the most wretched and painful sides of our existence, holding them up to the light and pressing our tender spots with her gentle touch."

—ELLEN SOFIE LAURITZEN, DAGSAVISEN

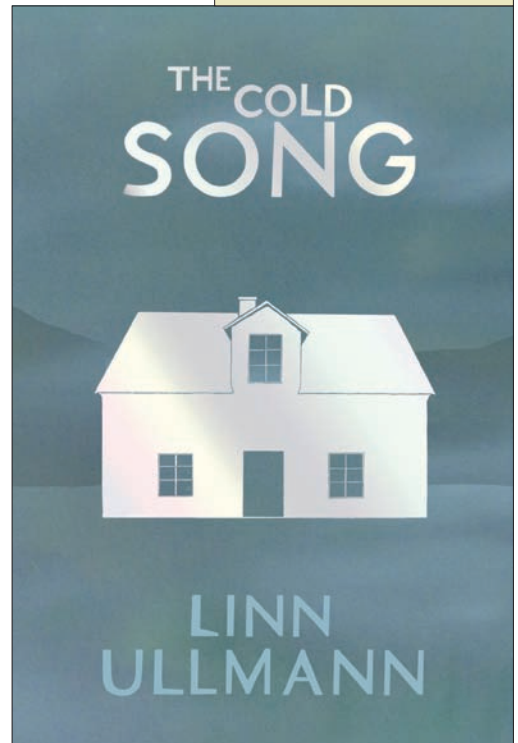
"Linn Ullmann's precise and distinctive prose is the stuff that makes a novel come alive."

—ANDREAS WIESE, DAGBLADET

"World-class literary craft"

—BJARNE TVEITEN, FÆDRELANDSVENNER

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© Lee Byungyul

Kyung-sook Shin, the author of seventeen works of fiction, is one of South Korea's most widely read and acclaimed novelists. Her best seller *Please Look After Mom* has been translated into more than thirty languages. She has been honored with the Man Asian Literary Prize, the Manhae Prize, the Dong-in Literary Award, the Yi Sang Literary Prize, and France's Prix de l'Inaperçu, as well as the Ho-Am Prize in the Arts, awarded for her body of work for general achievement in Korean culture and the arts.

Sora Kim-Russell is a poet and translator originally from California and now living in Seoul, South Korea. Her work has appeared in *Words Without Borders*, *Azalea: A Journal of Korean Literature and Culture*, *Drunken Boat*, *Pebble Lake Review*, *The Diagram*, and other publications. She teaches at Ewha Womans University.

FROM *I'LL BE RIGHT THERE*

It was my first phone call from him in eight years.

I recognized his voice right away. As soon as he said, "Hello?" I asked, "Where are you?" He didn't say anything. Eight years—it was not a short length of time. Broken down into hours, the number would be unimaginable. I say it had been eight years, but we had stopped talking even before then. Once, at some get-together with friends, we had avoided each other's eyes the whole time, and only when everyone was parting ways did we briefly take each other's hand without the others seeing. That was it.

I don't remember where we were. Only that it was after midnight, summer, and we were standing in front of some steep staircase in a hidden corner of the city. There must have been a fruit stand nearby. The scent floating in the humid air reminded me of biting into a plum. Taking his hand and letting it go was my way of saying goodbye. I did not know what he was thinking, but for me, all of the words I wanted to say to him had collected inside of me like pearls. I could not bring myself to say *goodbye* or *see you later*. If I had opened my mouth to say a single word, all of the other expired words would have followed and spilled to the ground, as if the string that held them together had snapped. Since I still clung to the memory of how we had grown and matured together, I was vexed by the thought that there would be no controlling my feelings once they came undone. But outwardly I feigned a look of composure. I did not want to spoil my memories of how we used to rely on each other.

Time is never fair or easy for anyone—not now and not eight years ago. When I calmly asked him where he was, despite not having heard from him in all of that time, I realized that the words I had not been able to say to him then were no longer pent up inside me.

Kyung-sook Shin

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE

How friendship, European literature, and a charismatic professor defy war, oppression, and the absurd

Set in 1980s South Korea amid the tremors of political revolution, *I'll Be Right There* follows Jung Yoon, a highly literate, twenty-something woman, as she recounts her tragic personal history as well as those of her three intimate college friends. When Yoon receives a distressing phone call from her ex-boyfriend after eight years of separation, memories of a tumultuous youth begin to resurface, forcing her to re-live the most intense period of her life. With profound intellectual and emotional insight, she revisits the death of her beloved mother, the strong bond with her now-dying former college professor, the excitement of her first love, and the friendships forged out of a shared sense of isolation and grief.

Yoon's formative experiences, which highlight both the fragility and force of personal connection in an era of absolute uncertainty, become immediately palpable. Shin makes the foreign and esoteric utterly familiar: her use of European literature as an interpreter of emotion and experience bridges any gaps between East and West. Love, friendship, and solitude are the same everywhere, as this book makes poignantly clear.

PRAISE FOR *PLEASE LOOK AFTER MOM*:

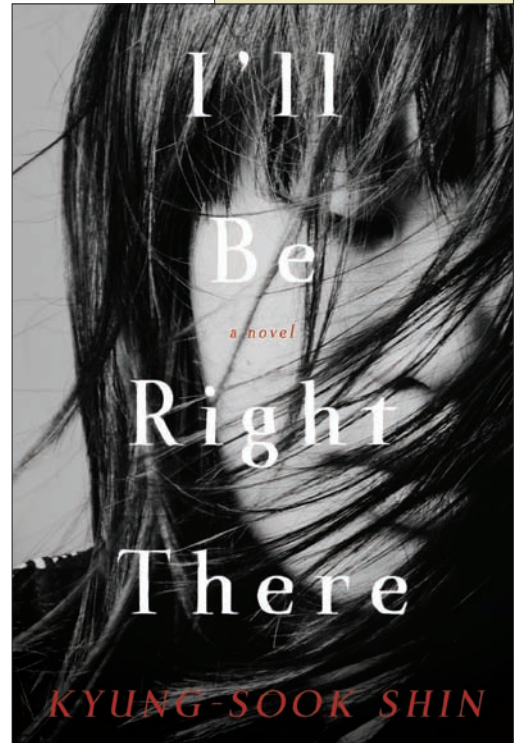
"Intimate and hauntingly spare...A raw tribute to the mysteries of motherhood." — **NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW**

"The most moving and accomplished, and often startling, novel in translation I've read in many seasons...Every sentence is saturated in detail...It tells an almost unbearably affecting story of remorse and belated wisdom that reminds us how globalism—at the human level—can tear souls apart and leave them uncertain of where to turn." — **PICO IYER, WALL STREET JOURNAL**

"A captivating story, written with an understanding of the shortcomings of traditional ways of modern life. It is nostalgic but unsentimental, brutally well observed...We must hope there will be more translations to follow."

— **TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**

PAPERBACK ORIGINAL



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FICTION

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Barbara Zitwer (zitwer@gmail.com)

- National review and feature campaign including print and online coverage
- Review outreach to literary, Asian, and translation interest media
- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books*, *New York Times Book Review*, and *World Literature Today* and online at *Paris Review*, *Los Angeles Review of Books*, *SF Gate*, *Shelf Awareness*, *Goodreads*, *Words Without Borders*, and *LitBreaker*
- Featured title at the ABA Winter Institute
- Reading group guide online



© Robin Farguhar-Thomson

Rupert Thomson is the author of eight highly acclaimed novels: *Dreams of Leaving*, *The Five Gates of Hell*, *Air & Fire*, *The Insult*, *Soft*, *The Book of Revelation*, *Divided Kingdom*, and *Death of a Murderer*, which was short-listed for the 2007 Costa Novel Award. His memoir, *This Party's Got to Stop*, won the Writers' Guild Non-Fiction Award. He lives in London.

I had left my hometown of Siracusa in 1675, the rumors snapping at my heels like a pack of dogs. I was only nineteen, but I knew there would be no turning back. I passed through Catania and on along the coast, Etna looming in the western sky, Etna with its fertile slopes, its luscious fruits and flowers, its promise of destruction. From Messina I sailed westward. It was late July, and the night was stifling. A dull red moon, clouds edged in rust and copper. Though the air was motionless, the sea heaved and strained, as if struggling to free itself, and there were moments when I thought the boat was going down. That would have been the death of me, and there were those who would have rejoiced to hear the news.

I was in Palermo for a year or two, then I boarded a ship again and traveled northeast, to Naples. I hadn't done what they said I'd done, but there's a kind of truth in a well-told lie, and that truth can cling to you like the taste of raw garlic or the smell of smoke. People are always ready to believe the worst. Sometimes, in the viscous, fumbling hours before dawn, as I was forced once again to leave my lodgings for fear of being discovered or denounced, such a bitterness would seize me that if I happened to pass a mirror I would scarcely recognize myself. Other times I would laugh in the face of what pursued me. Let them twist the facts. Assassinate my character. Let them rake their muck. I would carve a path for myself, something elaborate and glorious, beyond their wildest imaginings. I would count on no one. Have no one count on me. I was in many places, but I had my work and I believed that it would save me. All the same, I lived close to the surface of my skin, as men do in a war, and I carried a knife on me at all times, even though, in most towns, it was forbidden, and every now and then I would go back over the past, touching cautious fingers to the damage. It was in this frame of mind, always watchful, often sleepless, that I made my way, finally, to Florence.

Rupert Thomson

SECRECY

A sorcerer in wax. A fugitive. Haunted by a past he cannot escape. Threatened by a future he cannot imagine.

Zummo, a Sicilian sculptor, is summoned by Cosimo III to join the Medici court. Late seventeenth-century Florence is a hotbed of repression and hypocrisy. All forms of pleasure are brutally punished, and the Grand Duke himself, a man for whom marriage has been an exquisite torture, hides his pain beneath a show of excessive piety.

The Grand Duke asks Zummo to produce a life-size woman out of wax, an antidote to the French wife who made him suffer so. As Zummo wrestles with this unique commission, he falls under the spell of a woman whose elusiveness mirrors his own, but whose secrets are far more explosive. Lurking in the wings is the poisonous Dominican priest, Stufa, who has it within his power to destroy Zummo's livelihood, if not his life.

In this highly charged novel, Thomson brings Florence to life in all its vibrant sensuality, while remaining entirely contemporary in his exploration of the tensions between love and solitude, beauty and decay. When reality becomes threatening, not to say unfathomable, survival strategies are tested to the limit. Redemption is a possibility, but only if the agonies of death and separation can be transcended.

PRAISE FOR **SECRECY**:

"A novel rich as the past it conjures up, weaving a story as playful and disturbing as the strange wax sculptures that its hero gives life to."

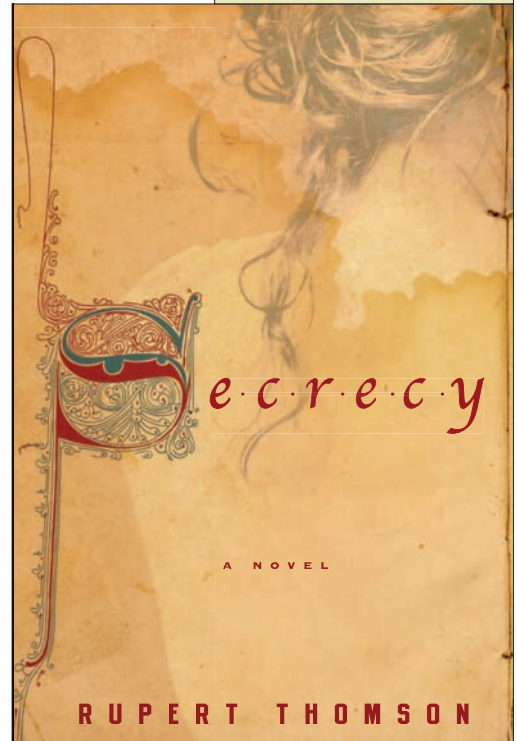
— SARAH DUNANT
author of the best-selling *The Birth of Venus*

"Chillingly brilliant and sinister...masterly." — **FINANCIAL TIMES**

"Bewitching...Intensely atmospheric...Superb" — **DAILY MAIL**

"Scene after scene trembles with breath-stopping tension on the edge of bliss or dread. No one else writes quite like this in Britain today." — **THE INDEPENDENT (UK)**

PAPERBACK ORIGINAL



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- Review outreach to literary, art interest, and mystery interest media
- Featured title at the ABA Winter Institute
- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books*, *New York Times Book Review*, *The New Yorker*, and *BookPage* and online at *Shelf Awareness* and *LitBreaker*
- Reading group guide online



© Elisabeth Prochnik

George Prochnik's essays, poetry, and fiction have appeared in numerous journals. He has taught English and American literature at Hebrew University in Jerusalem, is editor-at-large for *Cabinet* magazine, and is the author of *In Pursuit of Silence: Listening for Meaning in a World of Noise* and *Putnam Camp: Sigmund Freud, James Jackson Putnam, and the Purpose of American Psychology*. He lives in New York City.

The artists and intellectuals in Vienna were grappling with many of the same problems and aspirations that fueled the violent passions of their archenemies. Just as Hitler's agenda was dominated by pan-European-ism in the Napoleonic sense—to be achieved through conquest and maintained through the hegemonic rule of one nationalist culture—Zweig's program was inspired by the dream of pan-Europeanism on a humanist model, to be achieved through peaceful, transnational understanding and ruled over by an elite assembly of scholars and artists. People on both sides of the cataclysmic debates over Europe's destiny were educated in the same stultifying school system, shaped by the same sinister admixture of sexual repression and jingoistic militarism. They'd passed through the same faith-obliterating war, and lived with the lingering socioeconomic devastation of that conflict. The inspiringly cultured Viennese shared more of their nemeses' concerns about the future of Europe and the need for a profound spiritual rejuvenation than we have yet reckoned with.

Zweig himself had recognized—and even, momentarily, endorsed—the allure of National Socialism. After the September 1930 elections in Germany, when support for the National Socialists shot up from under a million votes two years before to more than six million, he blamed the stuffiness of the country's old-fashioned democrats themselves for the Nazi victory, calling the results “a perhaps unwise but fundamentally sound and approvable revolt of youth against the slowness and irresolution of ‘high politics.’” Klaus Mann, twenty-five years Zweig's junior, had to remind him that “not everything youth does and thinks is a priori good and pregnant with future. If German youth now turns radical should we not ask, above all, for the sake of which cause it rebels?”

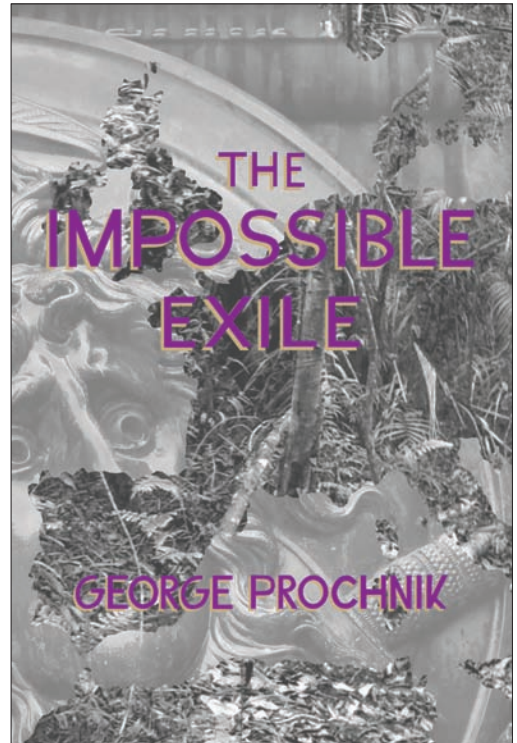
George Prochnik

THE IMPOSSIBLE EXILE

An original study of exile, told through the biography of Austrian writer Stefan Zweig

By the 1930s, Stefan Zweig had become the most widely translated living author in the world. His novels, short stories, and biographies were so compelling that they became instant best sellers. Zweig was also an intellectual and a lover of all the arts, high and low. Yet after Hitler's rise to power, this celebrated writer who had dedicated so much energy to promoting international humanism plummeted, in a matter of a few years, into an increasingly isolated exile—from London to Bath to New York City, then Ossining, Rio, and finally Petrópolis—where, in 1942, in a cramped bungalow, he killed himself.

The Impossible Exile tells the tragic story of Zweig's extraordinary rise and fall while it also depicts, with great acumen, the gulf between the world of ideas in Europe and in America, and the consuming struggle of those forced to forsake one for the other. It also reveals how Zweig embodied, through his work, thoughts, and behavior, the end of an era—the implosion of Europe as an ideal of Western civilization.



PRAISE FOR *IN PURSUIT OF SILENCE*:

"Elegant and eloquent." — **NEW YORK TIMES**

"An adventure of profound listening." — **THE NEW YORKER**

PRAISE FOR *PUTNAM CAMP*:

"In Putnam Camp, Prochnik has found a compelling way to connect a specific moment of the past to our more general cultural history. His book can serve readers well who want to consider the contemporary potential of the intersecting legacies of Freudian stoicism and American social hope."

— **BOOKFORUM**

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- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, TV, and online coverage
- Review outreach to Jewish, literary, historical, and psychology interest media
- Author appearances in New York, Boston, Washington DC, and by request
- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books*, *New York Times Book Review*, and *Jewish Week* and online at *Paris Review*, *Tablet*, and *LitBreaker*



© Marlies & Seitz Berlin

Marie Luise Knott is a journalist, translator, and author living in Berlin. In 1995 she founded the German edition of *Le Monde diplomatique* and has been its editor-in-chief for the past eleven years. She has written numerous works on art and literature, as well as two important studies of Hannah Arendt.

David Dollenmayer is an emeritus professor of German at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. His translations include works by Rolf Bauerdick, Bertolt Brecht, Elias and Veza Canetti, Peter Stephan Jungk, Michael Kleeberg, Perikles Monioudis, Anna Mitgutsch, Mietek Pemper, and Hansjörg Schertenleib. He is the recipient of the 2008 Helen and Kurt Wolff Translator's Prize (for Moses Rosenkranz's *Childhood*) and the 2010 Translation Prize of the Austrian Cultural Forum in New York (for Michael Köhlmeier's *Idyll with Drowning Dog*).

FROM **UNLEARNING WITH HANNAH ARENDT**

Where the horror was blackest and the confusion deepest, she resorted to “uninhibited irony,” which she once described to Joachim Fest as “my most precious inheritance from Germany—or more precisely, from Berlin.” Old friends abandoned her. When Gershom Scholem wrote to her, “I would just like to say that your portrait of Eichmann as a convert to Zionism is only conceivable from someone with your deep resentment of everything having to do with Zionism,” she answered, “I never made Eichmann out to be a ‘Zionist.’ If you missed the irony of the sentence—which was plainly in *oratio obliqua*, reporting Eichmann’s own words—I really can’t help it.”

Irony is her means of holding experience at arm’s length in order to think about it, a protection against panic and powerfully aggressive impulses that would only interfere with her judgment.

Moreover, behind the tone of the Eichmann book lies a quite real laughter that overcame Arendt as she read the transcripts of his interrogation. “I’ll tell you this: I read the transcript of his police investigation, thirty-six hundred pages, read it, and read it carefully, and I do not know how many times I laughed—laughed out loud! People took this reaction in a bad way. I cannot do anything about that. But I know one thing: Three minutes before certain death, I probably still would laugh.” As a test, she had taken at face value what she saw and what Eichmann said about himself: nothing but clichés whose “thoughtlessness” so shocked her that she burst out laughing, thereby outraging not just the Jewish world.

Marie Luise Knott

UNLEARNING WITH HANNAH ARENDT

An examination of the innovative strategies Arendt used to achieve intellectual freedom

Short-listed for the Tractatus Essay Prize

After observing the trial of Adolf Eichmann, Hannah Arendt articulated her controversial concept of the “banality of evil,” thereby posing one of the most chilling and divisive moral questions of the twentieth century: How can genocidal acts be carried out by non-psychopathic people? By revealing the full complexity of the trial with reasoning that defied prevailing attitudes, Arendt became the object of severe and often slanderous criticism, losing some of her closest friends as well as being labeled a “self-hating Jew.” And while her theories have continued to draw innumerable opponents, Arendt’s work remains an invaluable resource for those seeking greater insight into the more problematic aspects of human nature.

Anchoring its discussion in the themes of translation, forgiveness, dramatization, and even laughter, *Unlearning with Hannah Arendt* explores the ways in which this iconic political theorist “unlearned” recognized trends and patterns—both philosophical and cultural—to establish a theoretical praxis all her own. Through an analysis of the social context and intellectual influences—Karl Jaspers, Walter Benjamin, and Martin Heidegger—that helped shape Arendt’s process, Knott has formed a historically engaged and incisive contribution to Arendt’s legacy.

PRAISE FOR *UNLEARNING WITH HANNAH ARENDT*:

“Marie Luise Knott’s essays enable the reader to benefit from Arendt, even where you are actually not willing to follow her. It doesn’t show her ways of thinking as a fixation of certainties but as a process to dissolve certainties and to systematically forget them.”

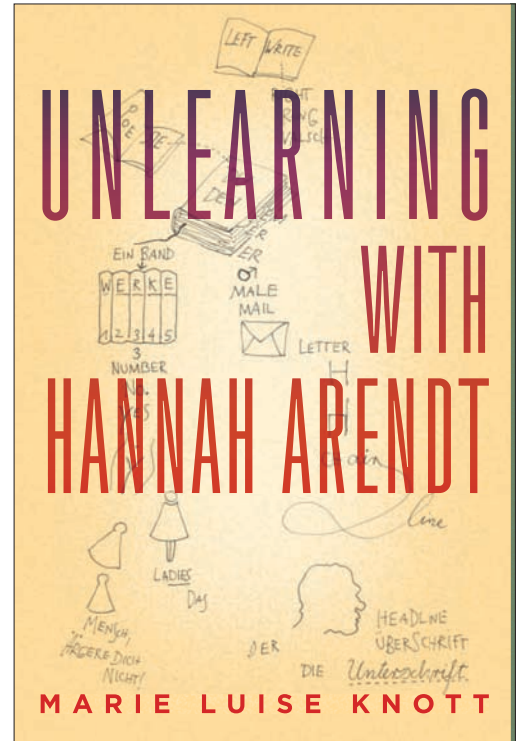
— WOLFGANG MATZ,
FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG

“A knowledgeable little book.”

— ALEXANDER CAMMANN, DIE ZEIT

“A really...illuminating essay.”

— LA STAMPA



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(r.stoiber@matthes-seitz-berlin.de)

- National review and feature campaign including print, radio, TV, and online coverage
- Review outreach to literary, historical, and Jewish interest media
- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books*



© ALIBI

Eduardo Sacheri was born in 1967 in Buenos Aires. He is a professor of history as well as a writer of fiction. His first collection of short stories was published in Spain in 2000, and three later collections have become best sellers in his native Argentina. The film adaptation of his novel *The Secret in Their Eyes* won the 2009 Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film, and the book was published in English the following year by Other Press.

Mara Faye Lethem has translated novels by David Trueba, Albert Sánchez Piñol, Javier Calvo, Patricio Pron, and Pablo De Santis, among others. Her translations have appeared in *The Best American Nonrequired Reading 2010*, *Granta*, *Paris Review* and *McSweeney's*. She is currently translating a novel by Marc Pastor.

FROM **PAPERS IN THE WIND**

When Mono finished high school he had his future crystal clear. The next year they would offer him his first professional contract to play for Vélez. In three or four seasons he would become the best number four in Argentina. At twenty-three—twenty-four, at the most—he would be traded for millions to an Italian team. Then he'd play about twelve seasons in Europe. Finally, he'd return to his country to finish his career with Independiente and retire on a high note. But the verbs Mono was conjugating in a self-assured conditional tense didn't stop there.

Once he retired, and in order to continue his association with the world of soccer, he would become a coach. He'd start running a minor-league club and after a few seasons of experience he'd make the leap to the first division. At some point, before or after, as a player or as a coach—or better yet, before and after, as a player and as a coach—he would take Argentina to another world title, after defeating England or Germany in the semifinals and Brazil in the final game.

He had dreamed of it so many times, and he had talked about it so many times—because Mono was convinced that you shouldn't keep your great joys quiet, not the ones in the past tense and not the impending ones—that his friends could repeat his future biography to the smallest detail. Fernando and Mauricio both saw it as a waste of their time, but Ruso would get really excited about it, taking on the roles of agent, masseur, assistant coach, or image consultant, depending on his mood.

Sadly for both of them, when Mono turned twenty he was called in to see the secretary of Vélez Sarsfield, and they notified him of the only verb in conditional tense he wasn't prepared for: he would be released, because the club had decided they had no need for his services.

Eduardo Sacheri

PAPERS IN THE WIND

From the best-selling author of *The Secret in Their Eyes*, an adventure about friendship, soccer, and good humor

When Alejandro “Mono” dies of cancer, his brother and two closest friends, a tight-knit group since childhood, are left to figure out how to take care of his young daughter, Guadalupe. They want to give her all the love they felt for Mono and secure her future, but there isn’t a single peso left in the bank. Mono invested all of his money in a promising soccer player whose promise hasn’t panned out, and the three hundred thousand dollars Mono spent on his transfer is soon to be lost for good.

How do you sell a forward who can’t score a goal? How do you negotiate in a world whose rules you don’t know? How do you maintain relationships when repeated failures create fissures in lifelong loyalties? Fernando, Mauricio, and “Ruso” pool the few resources in their arsenal to come up with strategies—from harebrained to inspired—in their desperate attempt to recoup Mono’s investment for Guadalupe.

Following the lives of four distinct characters, who, despite their great differences, still manage to find solace and pride in one another, *Papers in the Wind* is a tribute to friendship and proof that love and humor can triumph over sadness.

PRAISE FOR *PAPERS IN THE WIND*:

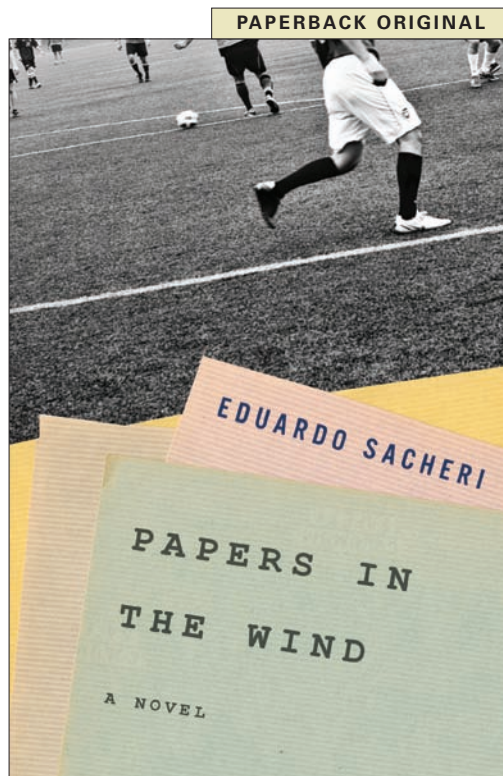
“Sacheri succeeds like few others in giving his stories a universal dimension—the stories of ordinary people where the commonplace becomes epic.”

—JUAN JOSÉ CAMPANELLA

Oscar-winning director of *The Secret in Their Eyes*

“With his stories of soccer and descriptions of its players and fans, Sacheri reconfirms his previous literary merits: the ability to create environments with great sensitivity and narration, giving his words just the right tone, and suggesting that something is left unsaid.”

—REVISTA ACCIÓN



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Irene Barki (ibarki@speedy.com.ar)

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- Review outreach to literary interest and translation interest media
- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books* and *World Literature Today* and online at *Paris Review*, *Bookslut*, *Words Without Borders*, and *LitBreaker*



© Francesca Giannelli

Fabio Genovesi is the author of three novels and is a regular contributor to *Vanity Fair* and *La Lettura*, the literary supplement to the Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera*. He also writes for film and theater and has contributed articles to *Rolling Stone*.

Michael F. Moore is a scholar of Italian literature. His previous translations include three novels by Erri De Luca and new translations of *The Drowned and the Saved* by Primo Levi and *Agostino* by Alberto Moravia. He is currently working on a new translation of the nineteenth-century classic *The Betrothed* by Alessandro Manzoni.

FROM **LIVE BAIT**

Galileo was a moron because he said nature's an open book, and the book's written in the language of math. So in his opinion everything in the world and in life—all the people and trees and shells and starfish and seahorses and traffic lights and jellyfish—can be broken down into numbers and geometric figures. What a load of bullshit. If I said it, everyone would tell me to shut the fuck up, and they'd be right. Except Galileo said it so it must be true since he was a genius and lived in a time when everyone was a genius or an artist and didn't waste time at the grocery store, the post office, or the corner bar... they were busy thinking up poems or paintings or, in this case, important scientific laws.

Bullshit. In Galileo's time they didn't have bicycles. They didn't have electricity, and when they had to go to the bathroom they'd use this nasty bucket and then dump it out the window into the street without even looking to see if anyone was walking by. They didn't even know how to make ice—can you believe it!—and there used to be people who came down from the mountains selling snow, and people used to buy it!

And here we are acting like once upon a time everything was fantastic and deep and nowadays we're just a bunch of morons...and it's true, we are morons, except the way I see it we always have been morons, from the caveman days up to this afternoon, when Stefano and I are standing here by the ditch counting.

And if we want to compete to see who's the biggest moron of all, then I'm about to become the world champion.

Fabio Genovesi

LIVE BAIT

The story of a little Tuscan town where fishing, biking, and rock 'n' roll make the news, until tragedy turns everything upside down

Fiorenzo lives in Muglione, a provincial town in Tuscany, with his father, a trainer for the local cycling club who is determined to find a champion among his team of young athletes. Tiziana has returned to Muglione after studying abroad and is in charge of the local Youth Information Center, which functions mainly as a meeting place for a group of old men who like to play cards and drink wine. Enter Mirko, the incredible cycling protégée whom Fiorenzo's father picked up by chance in the remote region of Molise. Mirko is a paradox: he is intelligent and naive, a great athlete but clumsy and helpless in everyday life, an idol of the local biking fans and a perfect target for the cruelty of his schoolmates. Fiorenzo, Tiziana, and Mirko meet by chance in this desolate and strange place, their fates interweaving in a story that is at once achingly funny, bitter, and full of poetic fervor.

Told with the tenderness of a Fellini film, this contemporary novel continues the great tradition of Italian literature and cinema.

PRAISE FOR *LIVE BAIT*:

"Genovesi's books are a gift for everybody."

— *VANITY FAIR* (ITALY)

"If John Irving had an Italian son, he would be named Fabio Genovesi."

— *SCHNÜSS, DAS BONNER STADTMAGAZIN*

"[This novel] recalls the movies of Dino Risi, Ettore Scola, or Mario Monicelli...we find in it the same cocktail of political and social satire, typical Italian self-derision, and deep humanity."

— *LIVRES HEBDO*

PAPERBACK ORIGINAL



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\$15.95 / \$18.95C

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FICTION

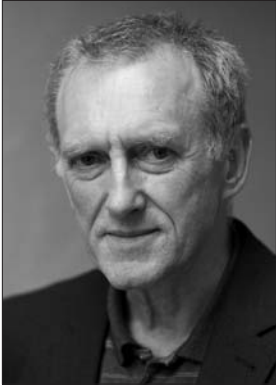
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- Review outreach to literary and translation interest media
- Author appearances in New York, Boston, Washington DC, and by request
- Featured title at the ABA Winter Institute and Book Expo America
- Advertising in the *New York Review of Books* and *New York Times* and online at *Paris Review*, *Bookslut*, and *LitBreaker*



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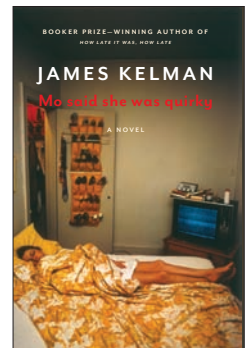
James Kelman, a writer of novels, short stories, plays, and political essays, was born in Glasgow in 1946. He won the Cheltenham Prize for *Greyhound for Breakfast* (1987) and the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for *A Disaffection* (1989), which was also short-listed for the Man Booker Prize. His fourth novel, *How Late It Was, How Late*, won the Booker Prize in 1994. Kelman was awarded the 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 Scottish 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. His most recent novel, *Mo Said She Was Quirky*, was published by Other Press in 2013.

"Bangs & a Full Moon"

A fine Full Moon from the third storey through the red reflection from the city lights: this was the view. I gazed at it, lying outstretched on the bed-settee. I was thinking arrogant thoughts of that, Full Moons, and all those awful fucking writers who present nice images in the presupposition of universal fellowship under the western Stars when all of a sudden: BANG, an object hurtling out through the window facing mine across the street.

The windows on this side had been in total blackness; the building was soon to be demolished and formally uninhabited.

BANG. An object hurtled through another window. No lights came on. Nothing could be seen. Nobody was heard. Down below the street was deserted; broken glass glinted. I returned to the bed-settee and when I had rolled the smoke, found I already had one smouldering in the ashtray. I got back up again and closed the curtains. I was writing in pen & ink so not to waken the kids and wife with the banging of this machine I am now using.



Mo Said She Was Quirky
PB | \$15.95/\$18.95C
978-1-59051-600-3

James Kelman

IF IT IS YOUR LIFE

A collection of short stories by the Booker Prize-winning Scottish master James Kelman

Giving voice to the dispossessed and crafting stories of lives held in the balance, James Kelman reaches us all. Penetrating deeply into the hearts, minds, and desperation of characters who find themselves in everyday situations—in the hospital, at a bus stop, in a living room with the endless roar of the vacuum cleaner and a distant wife—Kelman follows their streams of consciousness and brings their worries to life. With honesty and dark humor, he confronts the issues of language, class, politics, gender, and age—identity in all its forms.

PRAISE FOR **IF IT IS YOUR LIFE:**

"A set of strange tales that both frustrate and delight...[Kelman] is certainly more experimental, as this...collection shows, and he's also a lot funnier. As well as being a keen observer of society's underclasses and disenfranchised, Kelman also has a great eye for the absurdity of everyday life, something which comes to the fore in this collection...His impeccable command of language continues to make him an easy writer to admire." — **THE INDEPENDENT**

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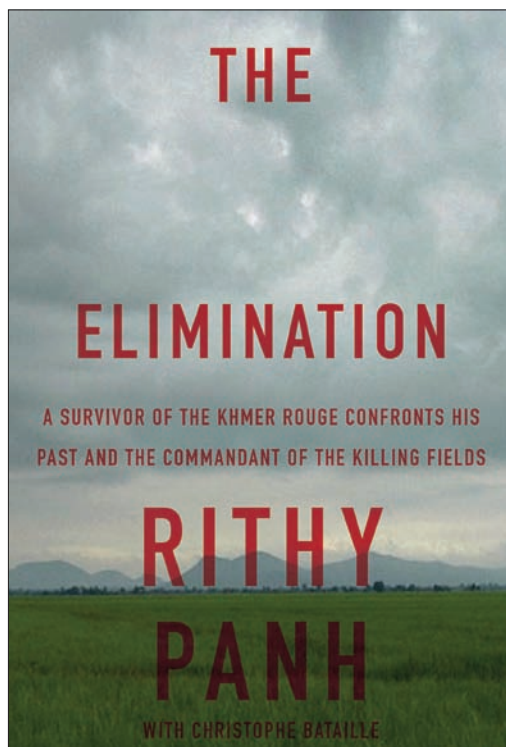
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THE ELIMINATION

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



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NONFICTION

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(Heidi Warneke, hwarneke@grasset.fr)

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 two most recent documentaries were inspired by *The Elimination*—*Duch, Master of the Forges of Hell* and *The Missing Picture*, which won the Prize of Un Certain Regard at the 2013 Cannes Film Festival. Panh is the first Cambodian to win the award.

At the age of thirteen, in the course of a few weeks, Rithy Panh lost his parents, sisters, brothers, niece, and nephew. Nearly his entire family. His father chose to stop eating rather than face the downfall of a country he loved. His mother crumpled from grief after watching her grandchildren starve to death—and not being able to do anything about it. His older brother departed on his own and on foot for the family home in Phnom Penh and never returned. His brother-in-law, a physician, was executed on the side of the road. All of them carried off by the cruelty and madness of the Khmer Rouge. 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, a man 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.

PRAISE FOR **THE ELIMINATION**:

“The power of The Elimination lies in the telling details Mr. Panh employs to describe the madness of these years, when the Khmer Rouge worked to destroy every vestige of individuality ... a searing, firsthand account of the Cambodian genocide and as such an important contribution to the history of those years. It is also an examination of the nature of evil as told from the perspectives of a victim and a perpetrator.”

— **WALL STREET JOURNAL**

“Like no other book, The Elimination reminds us why it is crucial to study history, why education should be a nation’s highest priority, and why nothing is more important than culture and the arts. Masterfully written with the language and pacing necessary to tell such a story, The Elimination needs to be read by anyone who reads books—and more importantly, by those who don’t.”

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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 seventeenth-century Jesuit scholar Athanasius Kircher, the rest of his life starts to unravel. His ex-wife goes on a dangerous archaeological expedition to the western state of Mato Grosso; 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 European Book Award, and already translated into fourteen languages, *Where Tigers Are at Home* is a multilayered literary epic that explores the depths of humanity's greatest weaknesses, and its greatest triumphs.

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"Late in de Roblès's remarkable novel, a tribal shaman chants, 'Soon the Messenger will guide us to that mountain where visions cascade down uninterrupted.' This dazzling book is itself such a mountain, overflowing with visions that dramatically enlarge the reader's imaginative horizons."

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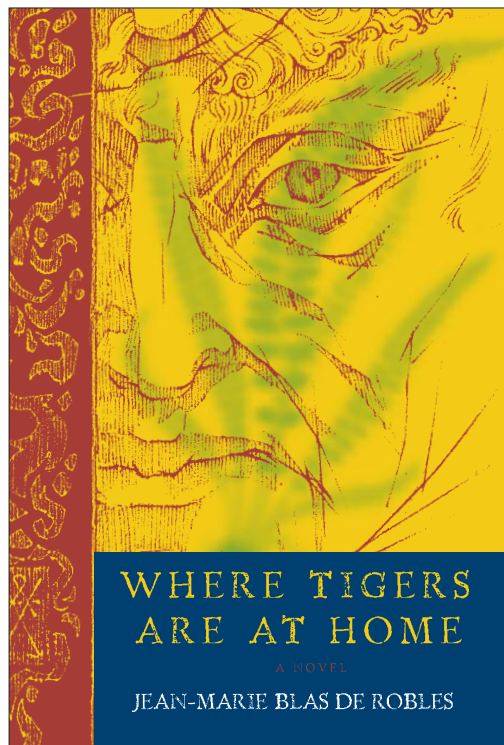
— **KIRKUS**

"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**

"Already translated into fourteen languages, this is a novel that will stay with you longer than others."

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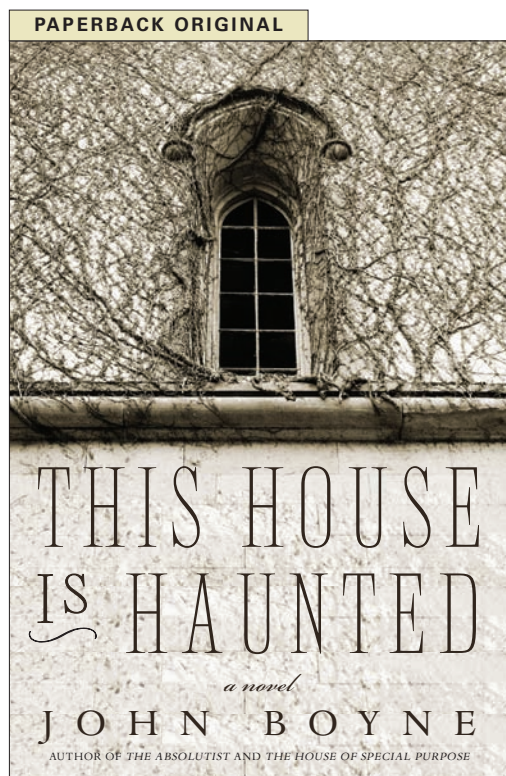
(Eric Lane, dedalusl@aol.com)

Jean-Marie Blas de Roblès is a former lecturer in French literature and 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 in Libya.

John Boyne

THIS HOUSE IS HAUNTED

A pastiche of a nineteenth-century ghost story in which Charles Dickens himself makes a cameo appearance



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John Boyne was born in Ireland in 1971 and is the author of eight novels for adults, including *The Absolutist* (2012) and *The House of Special Purpose* (2013), and three for younger readers. *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-five languages. He lives in Dublin.

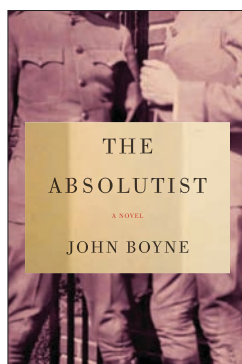
In Norfolk, England, in 1867, Eliza Caine responds to an ad for a governess position at Gaudlin Hall. When she arrives, shaken by an unsettling disturbance that occurred during her travels, she is greeted by the two children now in her care, Isabella and Eustace. There is no adult present to represent her mysterious employer, and the children offer no explanation. Later that night in her room, another terrifying experience further reinforces the sense that something is very wrong.

From the moment Eliza rises the following morning, her every step seems dogged by a malign presence that lives within Gaudlin's walls. Eliza realizes that if she and the children are to survive its violent attentions, she must first uncover the hall's long-buried secrets and confront the demons of its past. *This House Is Haunted* is pure entertainment, with a catch.

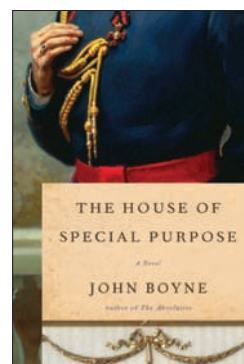
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"A lesson in classic storytelling...Boyne deliberately works within a tradition, and yet takes us on a highly original, entertaining journey that, like all great ghost stories, saves its most unexpected twist for the very end." — **SUNDAY INDEPENDENT (IRELAND)**

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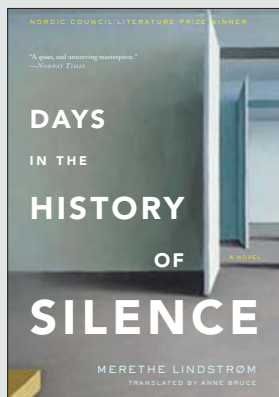


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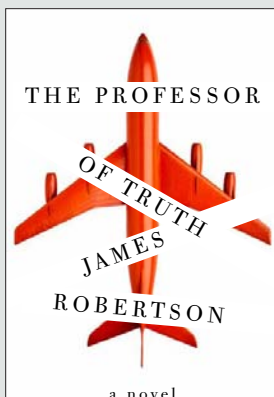


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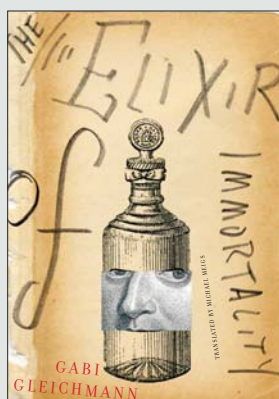
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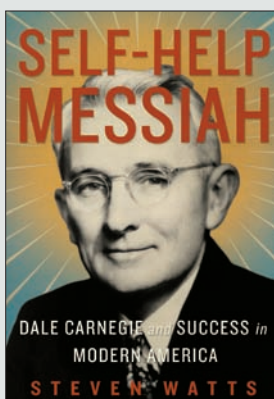
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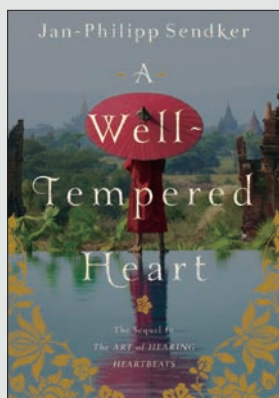
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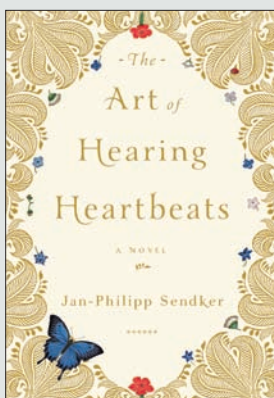
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