OTHER PRESS publishes literature from America and around the world that represents writing at its best. We feel that the art of storytelling has become paramount today in challenging readers to see and think differently. We know that good stories are rare to come by: they should retain the emotional charge of the best classics while speaking to us about what matters at present, without complacency or self-indulgence. Our list is tailored and selective, and includes everything from top-shelf literary fiction to cutting-edge nonfiction—political, social, or cultural—as well as a small collection of groundbreaking professional titles.

Judiith Gurewich
Publisher
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Michel Laub was born in Porto Alegre and currently lives in São Paulo, Brazil. He is a writer, a journalist, and the author of five novels. *Diary of the Fall* is his first to be published in English, and has won the Brasilia Award and the Bravo!/Bradesco Prize. Laub was named one of *Granta’s* twenty Best Young Brazilian Novelists in 2012.

Margaret Jull Costa has been a literary translator for more than twenty-five years and has translated novels and short stories by Portuguese, Spanish, and Latin American writers including Nobel Prize winner José Saramago, Javier Marías, Fernando Pessoa, Bernardo Atxaga, and Ramón del Valle-Inclán. She has won various prizes for her work, including the PEN Book-of-the-Month Translation Award and has twice received the Oxford-Weidenfeld Translation Prize. She lives in Leicester, England.

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1. My grandfather didn’t like to talk about the past, which is not so very surprising given its nature: the fact that he was a Jew, had arrived in Brazil on one of those jam-packed ships, as one of the cattle for whom history appears to have ended when they were twenty, or thirty, or forty or whatever, and for whom all that’s left is a kind of memory that comes and goes and that can turn out to be an even worse prison than the one they were in.

2. In my grandfather’s notebooks, there is no mention of that journey at all. I don’t know where he boarded the ship, if he managed to get some sort of documentation before he left, if he had any money or at least an inkling of what awaited him in Brazil. I don’t know how long the crossing lasted, whether it was windy or calm, whether they were struck by a storm one night in the early hours, whether he even cared if the ship went down and he died in what would seem a highly ironic manner, in a dark whirlpool of ice and with no hope of being remembered by anyone except as a statistic—a fact that would sum up his entire biography, swallowing up any reference to the place where he had spent his childhood and the school where he studied and everything else that had happened in his life in the interval between being born and the day he had a number tattooed on his arm.
At the narrator’s elite Jewish school in a posh suburb of Rio, a cruel prank leaves the only Catholic student there terribly injured. Years later, he relives the episode as he examines the mistakes of his past and struggles for forgiveness. His father, who has Alzheimer’s, obsessively records every memory that comes to mind, and his grandfather, who survived Auschwitz, fills notebook after notebook with the false memories of someone desperate to forget.

This powerful novel centered on guilt and the complicated legacy of history asks provocative questions about what it means to be Jewish in the twenty-first century.
I was so happy to be receiving company—the exalted Albert Einstein, no less! With Herr Einstein, I wasn’t afraid of my poor English: he spoke with an atrocious accent. I even suspected him of exaggerating it. I didn’t know him well at the time, but I felt at ease in his presence—he didn’t rank the people he was talking to. He listened with the same good nature, the same amused indifference, to everyone from the geniuses of this world to the cleaning ladies at the university. Kurt and he had become close when we first arrived in Princeton. More than one passerby turned to stare at the odd couple they formed, and not only because of the physicist’s enormous popularity. They were Buster Keaton and Groucho Marx, lunar man and solar man, one close-mouthed and the other charismatic. My man, his hair brilliantined, stayed faithful to his impeccable suits, while Albert always looked as though he’d just tumbled out of bed in his wrinkly clothes. He hadn’t darkened the door of a barbershop since the Anschluss. Their long, ambulatory conversations were punctuated by the physicist’s explosive laugh and my husband’s circumspect squeak. Einstein turned an almost paternal attention on him. He admired his work and was unquestionably happy to have found a comrade largely unimpressed by his demigod’s aura. To Kurt, Albert was a scientist like any other, not a headliner. And Albert, whose vital force was considerable, was sensitive to my man’s frailness. He perhaps saw in him something of his youngest son, Eduard, who at twenty had fallen into the black hole of schizophrenia. I didn’t belong to his close circle, of course, but knowing that Kurt was on good terms with such a huge celebrity reassured me about his chances in exile.
Yannick Grannec

THE GODDESS OF SMALL VICTORIES

An internationally best-selling novel about the life, marriage, and legacy of one of the greatest mathematicians of the last century

Princeton University 1980. Kurt Gödel, the most fascinating, though hermetic, mathematician of the twentieth century, has just died of anorexia. His widow, Adele, a fierce woman shunned by her husband’s colleagues because she had been a cabaret dancer, is now consigned to a nursing home. To the great annoyance of the Institute of Advanced Studies, she refuses to hand over Gödel’s precious records. Anna Roth, the timid daughter of two mathematicians who are part of the Princeton clique, is given the difficult task of befriending Adele and retrieving the documents from her. As Adele begins to notice Anna’s own estrangement from her milieu and starts to trust her, she opens the gates of her memory and together they travel back to Vienna during the Nazi era, Princeton right after the war, the pressures of McCarthyism, the end of the positivist ideal, and the advent of nuclear weapons. It is this epic story of a genius who could never quite find his place in the world, and the determination of the woman who loved him, that will eventually give Anna the courage to change her own life.

PRAISE FOR THE GODDESS OF SMALL VICTORIES:

“A model of novelistic efficiency that intelligently combines history, theorems, passion, and flamingos.” — LIRE

“Suffice it to say that The Goddess of Small Victories is an astonishing novel.” — LE POINT

“A first novel as ambitious as it is accessible.” — LE SOIR

“Breathtaking.” — LIVRES HEBDO

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When Dad went away, my mother was suddenly extinguished, like a candle blown out by a gust of frosty wind.

Like her, I loved my father to the point of madness. And I too wanted him to love me back. But he was gone a lot. When he was home, he’d write letters at night on my old Remington portable typewriter and pile them up on the desk for me to hand on when the truck came to pick up the sheets. They were letters to his friends, he said. “Mes vieux copains.”

Occasionally, when we’ve been drinking brandy, the miller drops some nugget of information, and so I always listen to him with great attention. But his trails lead nowhere. He keeps things quiet by talking about them. Or rather, he talks about things while keeping them quiet. It’s as though he had a secret pact with my father. Un jurement de sang.

When Pierre decided to leave, I was just about to graduate from the teachers’ college in Santiago. The week before I was to arrive in Contulmo, elementary school teaching certificate in hand, he told my mother that the cold climate of southern Chile cracked his bones, and that a ship was waiting for him in the harbor at Valparaíso.

I got off the train and he got on, boarding the very same car.

In southern Chile, the trains still belch smoke.

My father shouldn’t have left the same night I arrived. I didn’t even get a chance to open my suitcase and show him my diploma. My mother and I wept, both of us.
Jacques is a schoolteacher in a small Chilean village, and a French translator for the local paper. He owes his passion for the French language to his Parisian father, Pierre, who, one year before, abruptly returned to France without a word of explanation. Jacques and his mother’s sense of abandonment is made more acute by their isolation in this small community where few read or think. While Jacques finds distraction in a crush on his student’s older sister, his preoccupation with his father’s disappearance continues to haunt him. But there is often more to a story than the torment it causes. This one is about forgiveness and second chances.

PRAISE FOR A DISTANT FATHER:

“Each fragrant line of A Distant Father is in just the right place. Without excess, every word is positioned with the precision of an artist who works with their eyes closed, fluidly. Without artifice, without sterile rhetoric, and without pyrotechnics.”

— LA VANGUARDIA

“Poetic.”

— EL PERIODICO DE CATALUNYA

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Writing a country’s history may be difficult, but tracing a man’s story presents its own challenges. For a country, there is a vast array of information in the form of books and treaties, maps and images, leaders, legends, and archives. But a man? What kind of history does he have? Where would his secret maps be found? Or his boundaries? What might be hidden beneath his façade or detected in his gaze should he give in to temptation and study himself in the mirror one night?

My first memory of Max dates back to 1968 in Rio de Janeiro and was to some extent foreboding: his shadow cast over my desk at the ministry. Without my hearing his footsteps or picking up on his presence in some way, he had appeared behind my high-backed wooden chair and casually leaned over the document I was working on. I was writing by hand, as was customary at the time, on loose sheets of paper that would later be typed up by my secretary. At the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (which I had joined slightly less than a year earlier), such familiarity—appearing out of nowhere and peering at what a colleague was drafting—was a privilege reserved for senior personnel.

The shadow hadn’t set off any alarms for one prosaic reason: right then, my eyes were staring off into the distance, searching for the word that would best complete the sentence I was struggling with. Although the text, on the whole, was decidedly bland, that particular line wasn’t. Given how dear symmetry is to the young, the irrelevance of the whole demanded a term that would glint like a blade in the sun. “Fortuitous,” the shadow murmured.

As I turned toward the voice, the stranger cocked his head and smiled, repeating as if in encouragement: “Fortuitous. That’s the word you need there. From the Latin.”

By then I was standing. I knew him only by sight; he worked at the secretary-general’s office. Extending a hand, he introduced himself. “Marcílio Andrade Xavier. You can call me Max.”
Edgard Telles Ribeiro

HIS OWN MAN

From one of Brazil’s eminent authors comes a Machiavellian tale, set during South America’s dirty wars, where the machinations of a consummate diplomat ring dangerously true.

A charismatic young diplomat in Brazil’s Foreign Ministry, Marcílio Andrade Xavier (Max to his friends and colleagues), renounces his past ideals and becomes an informer for the military regime after their coup in 1964. Max navigates the shadowy world of betrayal, torture, and assassination without blinking an eye and advances swiftly up the diplomatic ladder. Ironically, once democracy is restored after more than two decades, the enigmatic Max will still manage to thrive.

Set against the backdrop of ruthless political maneuvering and dubious business deals with dire consequences, His Own Man offers a chilling anatomy of ambition and power.

PRAISE FOR HIS OWN MAN:

“A penetrating exploration of the [political] stage wings, where government, the military, and business leaders play their hands—with the press and the opposition silenced—and not merely in Brazil.”

— GLOBO (BRAZIL)

“Assures the author’s definitive place among the major novelists of the Portuguese language.”

— ESTADO DE SÃO PAULO (BRAZIL)

“Perhaps the most masterfully conceived portrait of a diplomat in our literature since…Machado de Assis.”

— VALOR ECONÔMICO (BRAZIL)
Tito has cerebral palsy.

I blame Tito’s cerebral palsy on Pietro Lombardo. In 1489, Pietro Lombardo designed the Scuola Grande di San Marco. And it was the Scuola Grande di San Marco designed by Pietro Lombardo that brought about Tito’s cerebral palsy.

On September 30, 2000, my wife and I set off for Venice Hospital in Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo. Our son would be born that day. My wife’s name: Anna. Our son’s name: yes, that’s right, Tito. When we reached Campo Santi Giovanni e Paolo, next to the statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni, Anna said: “I’m really worried about the birth.” She had expressed the same fear in previous weeks, because Venice Hospital, now looming before us, was known for its medical errors. I studied its façade for a moment. Venice Hospital moved into the Scuola Grande di San Marco in 1808. The façade, designed by Pietro Lombardo in 1489, became the hospital’s main entrance. I said: “With a façade like that, I could even accept having a deformed child.”

Diogo Mainardi is the author of four novels, two essay collections, and the screenplay for 16060, which was featured at the Venice Film Festival and New York Film Festival. Known for his articles in Brazil’s largest weekly magazine, Veja, he has also translated the work of Evelyn Waugh, Italo Calvino, and Gore Vidal into Portuguese. He lives in Venice.

Margaret Jull Costa has been a literary translator for more than twenty-five years and has translated novels and short stories by Portuguese, Spanish, and Latin American writers including Nobel Prize winner José Saramago, Javier Marías, Fernando Pessoa, Bernardo Atxaga, and Ramón del Valle-Inclán. She has won various prizes for her work, including the PEN Book-of-the-Month Translation Award and has twice received the Oxford-Weidenfeld Translation Prize. She lives in Leicester, England.
The Fall is a memoir like no other. It is a celebration of love, an homage to a courageous child, and an honest look at the ways beauty and art can be deceptive forces in our lives.

The Fall is made up of 424 short passages. This is the number of steps taken by Diogo Mainardi’s son Tito as he walks, with great difficulty, alongside his father through Venice to the beautiful Lombardo Renaissance Hospital, where a medical mishap during Tito’s birth left him with cerebral palsy.

As they make their way toward the place where their lives changed forever, Mainardi draws on his knowledge of art history and culture to try to explain a misfortune that could have been avoided. From Marcel Proust to Neil Young, Sigmund Freud to Humpty Dumpty, Renaissance Venice to Auschwitz, he charts the trajectory of the Western world, with Tito at its center.

PRAISE FOR THE FALL:
“The Fall is a moving portrait of a relationship with a child and a place. It is a rare book: by turns heartbreaking, angry, and lyrical.”
—EDMUND DE WAAL
author of The Hare with Amber Eyes

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“Cousin, you have to be a man. Either you come away with us immediately, you give up that buttana, and you do as the family says, or else…”

“Or else what, you piece of shit?”

Now they were about fifty feet apart, face-to-face. They’d grown up together: going to the same parties, the same baptisms, but with different destinies awaiting them.

Marinello wanted his freedom, and he was ready to kill for it.

“Or else what?”

“Or else I’ll shoot you here and now. You’re blood of my blood, and I’m not going to slit your throat in some ambush. I’m giving you a chance to defend yourself; we’re going to fight like men. We’ll see who can draw first and fire, but you still have a chance to choose: come with us and we’ll take you home.”

Neither of the two men had a gun in his hands yet. The yellowish glow of the streetlights illuminated the line of dumpsters, two charred automobile carcasses, stacks of fruit crates at the corner of Via Brancaccio and Corso dei Mille, where Piazza Scaffa began. From her seat in the Fiesta, Rosalba could make out the two silhouettes in the distance. The closer of the two was Marinello, farther off was the man who held their lives in the balance.

She saw a first flash of gunfire. Then a second one. In the course of a few moments, there were four flashes, then five. The two dark figures were hardly moving, as if neither one was trying to dodge the bullets. Marinello fell to his knees, and her heart stood still. She could no longer hear a thing; only her eyes were working now, focused on the other man approaching, dragging one leg and reaching around for something behind his back: the second gun. […]

Rosalba moved quickly: she put the Fiesta in gear, gunned it around the barricade of dumpsters, and then accelerated hard, hurtling straight at the man.
Praise for *The Four Corners of Palermo*:

“Di Piazza recounts the people and the lives destroyed by violence with felicitous accuracy in his selection of details and psychological motivations, but he also gives us a vivid portrait of Palermo, lovely at times, like a postcard, with that climate, that light, that blue sea, and at other times a monstrous, alien city.”

—Corriere della Sera

“A book written in two registers: on the one hand, pure noir, dramatically bound up with the story of Palermo, the city of a Mafia bloodbath in the 1980s, and on the other hand, a generational tale, young people chasing after their utopian dreams to the notes of Pink Floyd, King Crimson, and Emerson, Lake & Palmer.”

—Giornale di Sicilia

“Four nested stories, like four movements of a symphony, where the allegro, the adagio, the grave, and the scherzo continually intermingle.”

—Il Messaggero

Giuseppe Di Piazza

The Four Corners of Palermo

A noir and sensual page-turner that cracks open the Mafia’s secret world through the stories of four lives

Palermo in the 1980s is a perfect place for a young crime reporter to get his start. The Sicilian Mafia is at work, threatening, wounding, and killing anyone who dares to defy their orders. Our protagonist is himself no angel, hardly compassionate, a bit macho and egocentric, but candid in his recounting of what has unfolded in front of his eyes both on the job and in his private life.

Di Piazza, who is also a Sicilian journalist, tells his stories as if he were reporting actual events. His description of the tense bravado of a youth growing up in the midst of Mafia terror is strikingly acute.
The doctor pulled a chair up to the bed and settled himself on the armrest. In his hand was a mirror, a toy mirror in a pink plastic frame. He asked her how she was doing.

Better, said Gillian. I’m getting there.

For the first time, she could remember.

Two days, he said, when she asked him how long she had been here. A month, a year—it wouldn’t have surprised her.

We had to give you strong painkillers.

It wasn’t a bad trip, said Gillian, and tried to laugh.

When she raised her hand, the doctor caught it with a sudden, gentle movement. Don’t, he said. You shouldn’t touch the place.

He launched into a description of her face, a dispassionate and technical listing, but Gillian couldn’t quite understand what he was saying. Then he described the operations—the procedures—that would be necessary.

In six months there will be little or no trace.

Trace of what? asked Gillian.

It’s relatively straightforward to put an ear back, said the doctor, but a nose has a great many delicate blood vessels. We are going to have to build you a new one.

It doesn’t look very pretty at the moment, he said, but I still think it’s a good idea for you to take a look at it.

Gillian closed her eyes, opened them, and put out her hand. The doctor handed her the mirror. She turned it this way and that, like a weapon she didn’t know how to use. She saw the window, the many bunches of flowers in the room, the door, and the doctor’s face. He smiled and asked her a question, but she missed it, she was still adjusting the mirror in space, as though looking for the right frame, and then she lowered her arm.

Is it very bad?
Peter Stamm

ALL DAYS ARE NIGHT

A novel about survival, self-reliance, and art, by a finalist for the 2013 Man Booker International Prize

All Days Are Night is the story of Gillian, a successful and beautiful TV host, content with her marriage to Matthias, even if she feels restless at times. One night following an argument, the couple has a terrible car accident: Mathias, who is drunk, hits a deer on the wet road and dies in the crash. Gillian wakes up in the hospital completely disfigured. Only slowly, after many twists and turns, does she put her life back together, and reconnects with a love interest of the past who becomes a possible future—or so it seems.

In Stamm’s unadorned and haunting style, this new novel forcefully tells the story of a woman who loses her life but must stay alive all the same. How she works everything out at the end is at once surprising and incredibly rewarding.

PRAISE FOR ALL DAYS ARE NIGHT:

“An exceptional author...A book that makes life seem worth living again.”

—DENIS SCHECK, DRUCKFRISCH

“All Days Are Night is a gracious variation on a bitter theme, and one in which the author's clarity of style comes to seem part of the cure: like a balsam, it soothes the characters' sufferings and helps them back into their lives.”

—SPIEGEL ONLINE

PRAISE FOR SEVEN YEARS:

“Seven Years is a novel to make you doubt your own dogma. What more can a novel do than that?”

—ZADIE SMITH, HARPER’S MAGAZINE

“With a patient and impressive commitment to realism, this Swiss novel follows the course of a complicated, troubled marriage... Though Stamm pulls off a quietly spectacular plot twist halfway through the book, he never loses sight of the quotidian things that erode or transform relationships over time.”

—NEW YORKER

“Stamm is a master of quietly deliberative stories. In Seven Years, as in the best of his work, he puts often simple-seeming characters through extraordinary paces, all the more remarkable given the Carver-like restraint he exercises in his writing.”

—BOOKFORUM
Day by day I seem to be sinking more deeply into the gloom that has characterized so much of my time on earth. I know them well, the days when it feels as if you’re stuck ankle-deep in filthy, glutinous sludge and even the slightest movement demands just too much effort. The hours you lie in bed motionless because you’re locked in a cocoon of wretchedness. It’s from that supine position that you survey the world. The sun that rises and shines, as if its light could possibly make any difference. Mizie entering the room with her mirthless smile. The hustle and bustle of people in the street, as if their comings and goings made the world even one jot better or worse. Yes, for years I operated under the same delusions. Ah, how I believed that I mattered, that with my abilities, my determination, my intelligence, I would make the world a better place! And I have left my mark, that’s true. But whether it’s helped the world—who the devil knows? Out of the frying pan and into the fire, that’s all it ever amounts to, for every damn one of us.

Way back when, even in the darkest days of my depression, I always knew I’d eventually emerge from my cocoon, that I’d reconnect with the world and dive back into the fray. And I didn’t do it half-assed; I was one of the winners. Ever since Darwin, we’ve known that it’s either eat or be eaten. I always was a contender. But in the final analysis, all that striving has left me with just a single insight, and that is that none of it matters. Whether you’re the winner or loser, perpetrator or victim, it doesn’t make a damn bit of difference.
Saskia Goldschmidt

THE HORMONE FACTORY

A disturbing story that describes how the alliance between science and capitalism can lead to disaster when the people in charge lose track of their humanity.

Mordechai de Paauw was the Dutch cofounder and CEO of the first pharmaceutical company to invent the contraceptive pill and hormonal treatments. Hitler’s invasion of Holland and the threat he poses to the survival of De Paauw’s family and the Jewish scientists working for him doesn’t affect De Paauw’s urge to test his treatments on his female workers and exploit them sexually. Even after the war, which he survives unscathed, De Paauw will continue his mischief until a catastrophe that he himself couldn’t have imagined allows him to come to his senses long enough to tell us his story.

The Hormone Factory weaves questions of scientific integrity, sibling rivalry, and sex into a narrative that is as troubling as it is thought provoking.

PRAISE FOR THE HORMONE FACTORY:
“A story written with color and momentum.” — DE VOLKSKRANT
“A beautiful novel about the proud tyrant De Paauw that is based on imagination, but probably contains a lot more truth than we would like.” — BRABANTS DAGBLAD

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We were at the supermarket, shopping for the weekend. At some point she said, you go stand in the cheese line while I get the rest of the groceries. When I came back, the shopping cart was half filled with boxes of cereal and bags of cookies and packets of powdered food and other desserts. I said, what’s all this for? —What do you mean, what’s all this for? I said, what’s the point of buying all this? —You have children, Robert. They like Chocolate Cruesli, they like Napolitains, they adore Kinder Bueno bars. She displayed the various packages. It’s ridiculous to gorge those kids on sugar and fat, I said. This cart is ridiculous. She said, what kind of cheese did you buy? —A Crottin de Chavignol and a Morbier. And no Gruyère? she cried out. —I forgot and I’m not going back, the line’s too long. —If there’s one kind of cheese you have to buy, you know very well it’s Gruyère, who eats Morbier in our house? Who? I do, I said. —Since when do you eat Morbier? —Who wants to eat Morbier? Odile, stop it, I said. —Who likes this Morbier crap? (Implicit meaning: besides your mother, who’d recently found a nut, a metal nut, in a chunk of Morbier.) I said, Odile, you’re shouting. She gave the cart a jerk and threw three Milka chocolate bars into it. I picked them up and replaced them on the shelf. She flung the bars back into the cart even faster than before. I said, I’m out of here. She answered, get out, get out, I’m out of here is all you know how to say, it’s your sole response. As soon as you run out of arguments, you say I’m out of here, you immediately resort to this grotesque threat. It’s true, I admit it, I often say I’m out of here, I’m aware I say it, but I don’t see how I can not say it when it’s the only thing I want to say, when I see no way out other than immediate withdrawal, but I also realize, yes, that I put it in the form of an ultimatum. Well, you’re finished shopping, I say to Odile, propelling the shopping cart forward. Or do we have some more stupid shit to buy?

FROM HAPPY ARE THE HAPPY

Yasmina Reza is a playwright and novelist whose works have been translated into more than thirty languages and include “Art” and God of Carnage, both winners of the Tony Award for Best Play. The film adaptation of the latter, Carnage, was directed by Roman Polanski in 2011. She has written six books, including Dawn Dusk or Night: A Year with Nicolas Sarkozy (Knopf, 2008). She lives in Paris.

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), Eduardo Sacheri’s The Secret in Their Eyes, Carlos Zanón’s The Barcelona Brothers, and Rithy Panh’s The Elimination. He lives in upstate New York.

translated from the French by John Cullen
Happy are the loved ones and the lovers and those who can do without love. Happy are the happy.
—Jorge Luis Borges

Schnitzler’s La Ronde gives these twenty short chapters their shape while Borges’s poem gives them their content. As we move from story to story, thrilled to reconnect with an old acquaintance from an earlier scene, we can’t help but admit that we are very much at home in this human comedy that understands all too well the passing thoughts, desires, actions, fears, and mistakes that we have and make day after day, but that we would be incapable of rendering with such acuity and compassion.

PRAISE FOR HAPPY ARE THE HAPPY:

“With penetrating wit, Yasmina Reza tells a tale of how the harmony of human relationships is constantly under threat.”
—ROMAIN LEICK, DER SPIEGEL

“In Happy Are the Happy, Yasmina Reza tackles existential questions with a light, sparkling touch.”
—HET PAROOL

“In the confrontation with life and whatever comes after it, only comedy offers freedom. This truth provides the framework of Reza’s oeuvre, and she experiments with it better than anyone else, in language of immense tact and shattering sensitivity. Happy Are the Happy is her most beautiful text, her great novel of human consternation.”
—JEAN BIRNBAUM, LE MONDE DES LIVRES

“At once funny and tragic, Happy Are the Happy scans the spectrum of contemporary neurosis and exposes where it truly hurts.”
—THIERRY Gandillot, LES ÉCHOS

“Reza describes her toxic couples with detachment and surgical precision, and with an infallible sense of dialogue.”
—FABRIZIO COSCIA, IL MATTINO
Edoardo Nesi  
translated from the Italian by Antony Shugaar

STORY OF MY PEOPLE


The first nonfiction work to win Italy’s most prestigious literary award, the 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 with the story of his family’s textile factory in Prato, Tuscany, Edoardo Nesi recalls a time of great prosperity when textiles were king in Prato, and he was heir to a company with a decades-long history. Spending his days learning the ins and outs of fine fabric production, his nights ensconced in the works of F. Scott Fitzgerald and David Foster Wallace, Nesi led what some might call a charmed life. However, in 2004, after more than fifty years in business, the Nesi family decided to sell their company, and in so doing, sold part of their identity as well.

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?

PRAISE FOR STORY OF MY PEOPLE:

“Edoardo Nesi has written a short memoir of great charm, for all its sadness a pleasure to read...Mr. Nesi’s sense of loss will touch hearts much farther afield, wherever the West’s world-class industries have fallen to free trade and the Internet.”

—NEW YORK TIMES

“A searing indictment of globalization’s failures...much of the book is sad, honest, and biting; overall it is an important work.”

—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

“This unique book—part memoir, part argument for the reformation of the global financial system—tumbles out of itself on the page, and reading it was an equally propulsive experience.”

—JOHN JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, writer for the New York Times Magazine
A True Novel begins in New York in the 1960s, where we meet Taro, a relentlessly ambitious Japanese immigrant trying to make his fortune. Flashbacks and multilayered stories reveal his life: an impoverished upbringing as an orphan, his eventual rise to wealth and success—despite racial and class prejudice—and an obsession with a girl from an affluent family that has haunted him all his life. A True Novel then widens into an examination of Japan’s westernization and the emergence of a middle class.

The winner of Japan’s prestigious Yomiuri Literature Prize, Mizumura has written a beautiful novel, with love at its core, that reveals, above all, the power of storytelling.

PRAISE FOR A TRUE NOVEL:

“A riveting tale of doomed lovers set against the backdrop of postwar Japan…Mizumura’s ambitious literary and cultural preoccupations do not overwhelm the sheer force of her narrative or the beauty of her writing (in an evocative translation by Juliet Winters Carpenter)...[Its] psychological acuteness, fully realized characters, and historical sweep push it out of the realm of pastiche and into something far more alluring and memorable.”
— NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

“Concentric narratives connect and transform into a critical appraisal of commercial expansion and cultural decline...notable are Minae’s edgy insights into class distinctions, trans-Pacific cultures, and modernization’s spiritual void. A transparent translation and the author’s stylistic clarity smooth navigation between storylines.”
— PUBLISHERS WEEKLY (starred review)

“[A] fascinating example of a cross-cultural adaptation...A True Novel suggests that it isn’t only writers who are influenced by timeless novels but also the forces of history itself.”
— WALL STREET JOURNAL

“Ambitious...[A True Novel raises] questions about where the line between fiction and remembrance lies.”
— LOS ANGELES TIMES

Minae Mizumura is one of the most important novelists writing in Japan today. Born in Tokyo, she moved with her family to Long Island, New York, when she was twelve. She studied French literature at Yale College and Yale Graduate School. Her other novels include Zoku meian (Light and Dark Continued), a sequel to the unfinished classic Light and Dark by Soseki Natsume, and Shishosetsu from left to right (An I-Novel from Left to Right), an autobiographical work. Her most recent book, The Fall of Language in the Age of English, will be published in 2014. She lives in Tokyo.
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 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 upon 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.

**PRAISE FOR DREADFUL:**

“[An] evocative, strangely moving new biography of a largely forgotten novelist with a poisonous character…Cleanly written, with a measure of sympathy and perhaps a little understandable mystification beneath the sober writing, *Dreadful* inspires a curious combination of fascination, pity, and revulsion.”

— *NEW YORK TIMES*

“[A] vivid biography…Margolick reveals a fascinating, troubling character: Catholic, closeted, and alcoholic, charming and cruel, Burns inspired admiration and confusion…By placing Burns’s witty, elastic prose front and center, Margolick’s account makes a case for him as one of the best writers of his generation.”

— *THE NEW YORKER*

“Despite the decades that have gone by, the lack of living witnesses, and the obscurity of the subject, Margolick has done a superb job researching this sad life.”

— *EDMUND WHITE, NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS*
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