

# KNOPF DOUBLEDAY RIGHTS GUIDE



FALL 2025

## **THE KNOPF DOUBLEDAY RIGHTS DEPARTMENT**

### **Suzanne Smith**

Vice President, Executive Director, Foreign and Subsidiary Rights  
ssmith@penguinrandomhouse.com

### **Serena Lehman**

Associate Director, Foreign Rights  
slehman@penguinrandomhouse.com

### **Salvatore Ruggiero**

Assistant Director, Foreign and Subsidiary Rights  
sruggiero@penguinrandomhouse.com

### **Kate Hughes**

Associate Manager, Foreign and Subsidiary Rights  
kahughes@penguinrandomhouse.com

### **Oona Intemann**

Subrights Assistant  
ointemann@penguinrandomhouse.com

### **Jo Keyser**

Subrights Intern  
jkeyser@penguinrandomhouse.com



## **FICTION**

Bill Clinton and James Patterson, <i>The First Gentleman</i>	4
Heather Clark, <i>The Scrapbook</i>	6
Jayson Greene, <i>UnWorld</i>	8
Daniel H. Wilson, <i>Hole in the Sky</i>	10
Peter Heller, <i>The Orchard</i>	12
Tayari Jones, <i>Kin</i>	14
Claudia Gray, <i>The Fatal Unpleasantness at Netherfield</i>	16
María Elena Morán, <i>The Winds of Maracaibo</i>	18
Andrew Porter, <i>The Letters</i> and <i>The Imagined Life</i>	20

## **GRAPHIC**

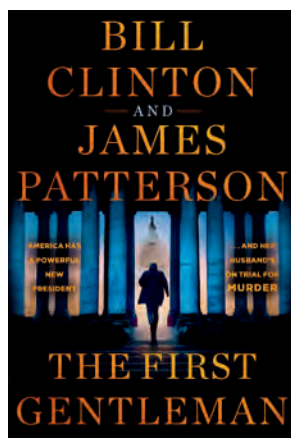
Ben Passmore, <i>Black Arms to Hold You Up</i>	22
Gengoroh Tagame, <i>Fish and Water</i>	24

## **NON-FICTION**

Scott Anderson, <i>King of Kings</i>	26
Peter Cozzens, <i>Deadwood</i>	28
Sasha Bonét, <i>The Waterbearers</i>	30
Virginia Roberts Giuffre, <i>Nobody's Girl</i>	32
Tom Junod, <i>In the Days of My Youth . . .</i>	34
Chanda Prescod-Weinstein, <i>The Edge of Space-Time</i>	36
H. W. Brands, <i>American Patriarch</i>	38
Matthew Futterman, <i>The Cruellest Game</i>	40

## **FEATURED TITLE**

Janet Browne, <i>Darwin</i>	42
Highlights from the Backlist	44
Foreign Subagents	46



KNOFF/LITTLE, BROWN

June 2025

**Rights sold:**

France: Lattès

Germany: HarperCollins

Holland: Nieuw Amsterdam

Italy: Longanesi

Poland: Rebis

UK: Hutchinson

Vietnam: Bachviet Books

Other rights available

# The First Gentleman

A NOVEL

Bill Clinton and James Patterson



PRaise for the Series

“Ambitious and wildly readable . . . Clinton and Patterson’s fictional commander in chief brims with humanity, character and stoicism.”

—*The New York Times Book Review*

“Bill Clinton reveals key White House details . . . a twisty thriller with plenty of inside jobs, political sabotage and many, many deaths.”

—*USA Today*

“Clinton and Patterson are the best in the thriller business.”

—Robert Crais, #1 bestselling author of the Elvis Cole series

An explosive new thriller from the #1 *New York Times* bestselling blockbuster team, President Bill Clinton and James Patterson.

President Madeline Pearson Wright is a path-breaking, first-term president. Not only is she the first woman in the Oval Office, she’s the creator of the Grand Bargain, the most sweeping social legislation package since FDR’s New Deal.

Now she’s also the first president whose spouse is standing trial for murder.

First Gentleman Cole Wright and the president have been a couple since their undergrad days at Dartmouth, and Wright initially found fame as a tight end on the New England Patriots. He’s now a supportive political spouse—until the story of an unsolved murder from his NFL days resurfaces, and new suspicions fall on Wright himself. Investigative journalists Garrett Wilson and Brea Cooke, whose own professional and personal partnership dates—like the first couple’s—to their days at Dartmouth, are convinced that the evidence of Wright’s guilt can be found on campus.

Their targeted investigation quickly expands beyond New England, propelling them through the corridors of power and directly into the sights of those determined to stop them, at any cost, from learning the truth. As the trial proceeds, the country stands divided on the future of the Wright administration—and on the fate of the first gentleman.

## EXCERPT

Cole Wright is sitting in the rear seat of a black up-armored Chevy Suburban, one of three in a convoy speeding its way down Route 125 in the Seacoast Region of New Hampshire.

Two dark green state police cruisers, lights flashing, are leading this no-frills motorcade, scaled down for the occasion. The presidential limousine—the Beast—is back at the airport, along with the Secret Service counterassault team, support personnel, news media vans, and a fully equipped ambulance.

Three years after the election, Cole still gets pumped from seeing traffic part like magic, even though he's well aware that it's for the convenience and safety of the woman sitting beside him—his wife, Madeline Parson Wright, the president of the United States.

He's just the First Gentleman.

A light drizzle spatters against the bulletproof windows. The agent accelerates to seventy along the two-lane highway.

"Two minutes out," says Burton Pearce, the president's chief of staff. Pearce perches in a rear-facing jump seat across from the First Couple. He's pale and serious, wearing one of his many identical gray suits. "The Gray Ghost," staffers call him. The president nods without looking up.

Cole glances over to see the CONFIDENTIAL stamps on the pages Maddy is reading as the convoy hums along. He knows those pages represent the biggest political gamble of her administration—of any administration. She should be in the Oval Office working the phones and twisting arms, but instead she's here with him. A powerful personal show of support.

Maddy puts her briefing packet aside. Cole takes her hand and squeezes it.

She squeezes back. "Don't worry," she says. "After all we've been through together, we can get through this too."

The Suburban slows down to make a hard turn behind the police escort. Now the convoy is moving at just forty miles per hour. On both sides of the route, locals hold up crude hand-painted placards.

WE BELIEVE IN YOU, COLE!

STAY STRONG, COLE!

KEEP MOVING, COLE!

He looks out through the tinted side window. Almost game time. He can feel his muscles twitching, his focus narrowing, just like in his days as a tight end for New England—before the blown knee forced him out. He remembers how the tension in the Patriots locker room would build and build almost to the breaking point until the team ran out into the light, and when the cheers of the crowd washed over him, he'd think, *Yeah, we're okay. We've got this.*

But today?

Today he's not so sure.

The redbrick facade of the Rockingham County courthouse comes into view. The road is lined with police barricades holding back hundreds—maybe thousands—of onlookers. Up here, some of the signs have a different tone.

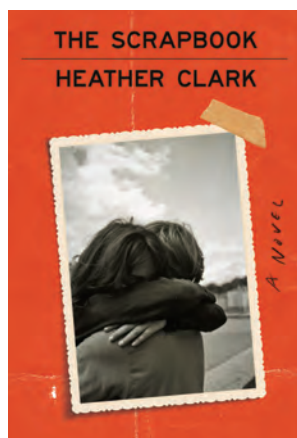
SCUM!

MONSTER!

JUSTICE FOR SUZANNE!

"Don't worry about these people," says Maddy. "They don't know what they're talking about."

"I don't care about the people on the road," says Cole. "I'm worried about the twelve people waiting for me inside."



PANTHEON

June 2025

**Rights sold:**

Israel: Simanim

UK: Jonathan Cape

Other rights available

## HEATHER CLARK

earned her bachelor's degree in English Literature from Harvard University and her doctorate in English from Oxford University. She is the author of *The Grief of*

*Influence: Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes; The Ulster Renaissance: Poetry in Belfast 1962-1972*; and *Red Comet: The Short Life and Blazing Art of Sylvia Plath*, which was a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Critics Circle Award, and the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize in Biography, and was a *New York Times* Top Ten Book of 2021. *Red Comet* was also a "Book of the Year" in *The Guardian*, *The Times* (London), *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Boston Globe*, and elsewhere, and has been translated into five languages. She lives outside of New York City.

# The Scrapbook

A NOVEL

Heather Clark

"The Pulitzer finalist enthralls in *The Scrapbook*, her passionate and perceptive first novel."

—*Publishers Weekly*, starred

"Phenomenal . . . a unique blend of literary and historical fiction as well as a penetrating exploration of philosophy, art, historical responsibility and guilt in the context of war . . . *The Scrapbook* is worthy of reading and rereading as Clark serves up romance, history and political philosophy in ways that could hardly be more relevant."

—*Bookpage*, starred

"Heather Clark writes with a rare empathy . . . In her elegant, calmly unsettling debut novel, Clark illustrates how the cold shadow of German history bleeds constantly into the present, even in the most intimate spheres."

—*Times Literary Supplement*

"Immersive . . . Clark is interrogating whether past misdeeds implicate future generations—and whether they should."

—*The Washington Post*

From the award-winning author of *Red Comet: The Short Life and Blazing Art of Sylvia Plath* comes a stunning debut novel: the story of an intense first love haunted by history and family memory, inspired by the startling WWII scrapbook of Clark's own grandfather, hidden in an attic until after his death.

Harvard, 1996. Anna is about to graduate when she falls hard for Christoph, a visiting German student. Captivated by his beauty and intelligence, she follows him to Germany, where charming squares and grand facades belie the nation's recent history and the war's destruction. Christoph condemns his country's actions but remains cryptic about the part his own grandfather played. Anna, meanwhile, cannot forget the photos taken by her American GI grandfather at the end of the war, preserved in a scrapbook only she has seen.

As Anna travels back and forth to Germany to deepen her relationship with the elusive Christoph, her perspective is powerfully interrupted by chapters that follow both of their grandfathers during the war. One witnesses the plight of Holocaust victims in the days after liberation and helps capture Hitler's Eagle's Nest, while the other fights for Nazi Germany. Their fragmented stories haunt Anna and her lover two generations later—and may still tear them apart.

Not a "World War Two novel" in the traditional sense, *The Scrapbook* delivers a consuming tale of first love, laced with a backstory of dark family legacies and historical conscience.

## EXCERPT

He stayed with me the week before my final exams, the week I was supposed to be studying. I gave him novels to read, together we listened to Rachmaninov, Stravinsky. When we talked, we talked mostly about music. How Bernstein played Beethoven's 9th Symphony before the dismantled Berlin Wall on the night of Germany's reunification. How Shostakovich subverted Stalin's demands, how Stalin could not tell the difference between patriotic music and music that mocked patriotism.

Maybe young men like Christoph existed somewhere at Harvard, probably they did, but I never found them. I was a rower and lived half my college life at the boathouse. The other half I lived at the library. I was shy and rarely spoke up in class. My experience of love was mostly drunk nights on beaches, or some rower's dorm room.

He came to me the week I was supposed to be studying. I had to pass the English exam to graduate with honors, I had to know everything about all of English literature. We talked about Schopenhauer, Goethe, Joyce, as my roommates wandered in and out of the suite, said quick hellos and were gone. I knew he was leaving at the end of the week—he would board a plane for Germany on the day of my first exam—and so I could not concentrate. I began to care only about the sound of his voice, the movement of his hands. I forced myself to go to the library, I could hardly bear to be away from him. My world contracted. Only he was real. I lay awake through our last night, committing the contours of his body to memory. Studying him.

\* \* \*

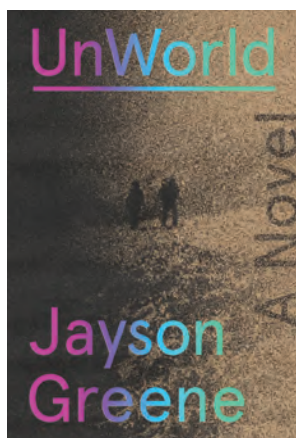
I passed my exams. I graduated. I won an award for my thesis on Yeats and decided I would use the prize money to visit Christoph in Germany. I bought the ticket without asking him. I didn't want his permission.

After he left, I read novels by Günther Grass and W.G. Sebald. I only wanted to talk about Germany, history, him. My roommates said I was becoming obsessed. One was the granddaughter of an Auschwitz survivor. The other was the daughter of an Israeli war hero. I knew nothing of the Second World War beyond what I had learned in classrooms, movies, a few books. My own grandfather had helped liberate Dachau as a young GI, but he rarely spoke of it. I had nothing to ground my experience of the war beyond a huge Nazi flag he had brought back from Hitler's summer house in Bavaria. And his scrapbook, the one with the photos.

In the days before I left for Germany, I could not sleep. I stayed awake and thought of Christoph, what it would be like to see him again. Now he knew I was coming. I had called him after my exams and told him, casually, about my plan. I had secured a job teaching English at a summer camp in Switzerland that July. I asked if I could visit him before I started work there. After all, I said, he was not so far away. Would that be alright? Yes, he said, great! He wanted to see me. He would show me his university town where he lived and studied, he would take me to Heidelberg and Nuremberg. He wanted me to meet his roommate, Matthias. He had told him about me, his American girl.

My hand, holding the phone, began to tremble.





KNOPF

June 2025

**Rights sold:**

Korea: Bokbokseoga

Other rights available

---

**JAYSON GREENE** is a contributing writer and former senior editor at *Pitchfork*. His writing has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Vulture*, and *GQ*, among other publications. He is the author of *Once More We Saw Stars*, a memoir about the tragic death of his two-year-old daughter in 2015. He lives in Brooklyn with his wife and son.

---

# UnWorld

A NOVEL

Jayson Greene

“Haunting and deeply introspective . . . Greene crafts a stunning narrative that is as emotionally resonant as it is thought-provoking, weaving together mystery and philosophical speculation with graceful, evocative prose. The result is a mesmerizing meditation on loss, technology, and the enduring nature of human connection.”

—*Publishers Weekly*, starred

“A novel both situated in and structured by the excruciating aftermath of loss . . . Greene’s meticulous characterization urges the reader toward a philosophy of human consciousness that acknowledges the obscurity of the mind while gently affirming two entwined, undeniable qualities of personhood: that sentence entails pain, just as it entails, for most, the desire to escape it.”

—*The Washington Post*

“Less *I, Robot* and more *Ordinary People* . . . Humane and refreshingly idiosyncratic.”

—*The Wall Street Journal*

“A lightly speculative story where intelligence may be artificial, but emotions are painfully real . . . Marks a writer to watch.”

—*The Boston Globe*

From the author of *Once More We Saw Stars* comes a gripping novel about four intertwined lives that collide in the wake of a mysterious tragedy. Set in a near-future world where the boundaries between human and AI blur, the story challenges our understanding of consciousness and humanity.

Anna is shattered by the violent death of her son, Alex, and tormented by the question of whether it was an accident or a suicide. Samantha is Alex’s best friend, and the only eyewitness to his death. She keeps returning to the cliff where she watched him either jump or fall, trying to sift through the shards. Aviva is an “upload,” a digital entity composed of the sense memories of a human tether. But she’s “emancipated,” having left her human behind. Set free from her source and harboring a troubling secret, she finds temporary solace in the body of Cathy, a self-destructive ex-addict turned AI professor and upload-rights activist.

With *UnWorld*, Jayson Greene envisions a grim but eerily familiar near-future where all lines have blurred—between visceral and digital, human and machine, real and unreal. As Anna, Cathy, Sam, and Aviva’s stories hurtle toward each other, the stakes of *UnWorld* reveal themselves with electrifying intensity: What happens to the soul when it is splintered by grief? Where does love reside except in memory? What does it mean to be conscious, to be human, to be alive?

## EXCERPT

Sitting on my own lawn, feeling the tickle of something crawling up my leg, maybe an ant, I reflected on the remarkable fact that I'd spent the entire evening with the people who supposedly knew me best, who had been closest to Alex. None of them had paid me more than a moment's notice. The only one who'd truly looked at me had been Sam, and the rest of them pried us apart with no more thought spared than moving furniture.

Surely this represented an accomplishment of some kind. I was a grieving mother, for Christ's sake. My pain was meant to crack the Earth. And here I was, not even half a year later, one of grief's private citizens again. Were people's memories really so short? Or was it just that you could never stop performing—falling to your knees, rending your garments—if you wanted to keep their attention? I guess it was only the people eager to make themselves a burden who reaped the rewards.

Eventually, I got so cold sitting outside on my lawn that I had to come in, shivering and wet. Upstairs, I paused at the threshold, hearing Rick's delicate, papery snore, and walked down the hall, pushing open the door to Alex's room.

It was there that I saw it, embedded in the fibers of the rug: her connective chip, glinting out at me in the moonlight. It seemed impossible that I would have seen such a tiny thing in the room's darkness, but something about the shaft of moonlight coming in the window caught it perfectly. How had it traveled up here?

When I'd first honored her request to remove the chip—I can't keep accepting new memories, it's torture, she'd pleaded with me, and how can you not be moved by that, even if a not-small part of me longed to shoot back hey these are my memories, too—I distinctly recall sitting at the kitchen table. I'd wondered what a sudden disconnection would feel like, even worried distantly about some kind of neurological event (mini-stroke?), but that hadn't slowed my hand once I'd made the decision, pincering the little black bug-like thing from behind my right ear and tugging until it released its surprisingly tenacious grip. A small flash of pain, some ringing in the ears, a strange coldness spreading from the base of my tongue—then, nothing. I'd plunked the chip down in the little ceramic bowl we used to collect olive pits and then sat perfectly still for a few minutes, or maybe hours, watching the afternoon sun pour through the windows and spread in trembling pools on my floor, seeming not to touch me.

That was, what—three weeks ago? Hard to tell if anything's changed because of it, but likely it's just getting harder to separate out which thing's causing which thing: Sleeplessness? Brain fog? Memory loss? My god, take your pick. I disconnected from her three weeks ago and I've barely cried in three weeks. I suppose that timing can't be a coincidence. There's probably research on it—depression that sets in, when you stop connecting.

Anyway, the point was I hadn't the slightest idea how her little chip had made its journey up here. Clearly I was responsible: Even though the chip had been a gift from Rick, a 40th birthday present that at first seemed strange and sweet and just seemed wrong in retrospect, he would never have picked it up or even touched it without asking me. He might not even have recognized it, living invisibly as it had been behind my right ear for the past six years, a piece of jewelry that had crossed the border at some point into a permanent fixture. Like a wedding ring. Which, I realized, I wasn't wearing.

Reaching down, I freed the thing from the rug hairs and examined it—preposterously tiny, I thought, for something so important. Smooth, no visible hooks or grooves, like a hard black tear-drop. A mystery to me even still how it worked, what it did, how it connected me with her.



DOUBLEDAY

October 2025

UK rights available

**DANIEL H. WILSON** is a Cherokee citizen and author of the *New York Times* bestselling *Robopocalypse* and its sequel *Robogenesis*, as well as *How to Survive a Robot Uprising*, *The Clockwork Dynasty*, and *The Andromeda Evolution* (an authorized sequel to *The Andromeda Strain*). He earned a Ph.D. in robotics from Carnegie Mellon University, as well as master's degrees in machine learning and robotics. Wilson lives in Portland, Oregon.

# Hole in the Sky

A NOVEL

Daniel H. Wilson

"Wilson draws on his Cherokee heritage to meld Native American and scientific knowledge into a stunning phantasmagoric first contact tale . . . Like the best *X-Files* episodes, this story uses the alien character to bring out the human elements in vivid detail. It's a masterful feat."

—*Publishers Weekly*, starred

"Incredible . . . not only a thrilling, brilliant page-turner, but its pages also turned me into the kind of reader I always want to be—the kind of reader who can't stop reading, who dreads the book coming to an end . . . Every character here is alive, and there are so many stunning sentences I had to stop underlining. The story is killer. I love it."

—Tommy Orange, *New York Times* bestselling author of *There There* and *Wandering Stars*

"An expertly constructed, tightly-paced novel packed with ideas, populated with vivid characters, and suffused with heart and intelligence. Daniel Wilson is a talented storyteller, with a gift for crafting imaginative and entertaining narratives, and *Hole in the Sky* is no exception. Captivating and full of wonder."

—Charles Yu, National Book Award-winning author of *Interior Chinatown*

A gripping sci-fi thriller—and Native American First Contact story—from Daniel Wilson, the *New York Times* bestselling author of *Robopocalypse* and a Cherokee Nation citizen who works as a threat forecaster for NASA.

Heliopause is a real place—the very outer edge of our solar system where the sun's solar winds are no longer strong enough to keep debris and intrusions from bombarding our system. It is the farthest edge of our protected boundary (it was recently crossed by *Voyager*), and the line beyond which space experts look for extraterrestrial presences. This is where Wilson's fascinating novel begins.

Weaving together the story of Jim, a down-on-his-luck absentee father in the Osage territory of Oklahoma, and his daughter, Tawny, with those of a NASA engineer, a misfit anonymous genius who lives in military isolation analyzing a secret incoming "Pattern," and a CIA investigator tasked with tracking unexplained encounters, *Hole in the Sky* explores a Native American first contact that pulls all five characters into something never before seen or imagined.

## EXCERPT

Tawny shakes her head and looks out.

"Grandma was always telling us her teachings," she says, snatching up a stalk of grass and tearing it along the seam. "I miss it."

I nod, staring out at nothing alongside my daughter. The urge to put my arm over her shoulder is so strong, but I have to fight it or I'll ruin this moment between us.

At the bottom of the hill, those dogs are still going crazy barking. They've been joined by the neighbors' dogs, too. It's a tinny drumbeat from this far, their fool heads snapping back, froth flying as they yip and beg at us.

My little trailer kind of looks homey from here, but I know that inside it there is still a door that has to stay shut.

"What's that smell?" asks Tawny, nose crinkled.

I put a hand over my nose and mouth. The odor of stagnant water and earth is overwhelming. It's settling down like an invisible cloud over us.

My eyes go wide as I see it.

A flock of starlings are rising up, spreading across the sky like they've been startled by something. But they're moving together, reforming as they wheel toward us. Coming in low over the mounds and weaving into the air, painting Morse code on the stark empty sky. Their wings are flapping silent over the background of panicked barking.

The flock flows up and down as it approaches. It's a stream of birds, each of them following its own rules, and together they create a mesmerizing complexity written on the heavens—resolving into a form. All of them, coming together, going solid in my sight as a kind of snake in the sky. Rising and falling.

A serpent with a long tail, and antlers that rise like twin spires.

"Uktena," I mutter, goosebumps sweeping up my arms.

"What?" asks my daughter.

"Look out!"

I take Tawny by the arm and pull her close. The flock is coming straight toward us—and I can't unsee the shape. Long, speckled antlers that spear toward us over a grinning dragon's mouth, a lolling black tongue made of birds. All of it chittering, clawing up the hill and straight at us.

I don't have time to question how it can be real.

We duck together as a pair of horns rear back and thrust through the space where we cower. The blast of a thousand small bodies blows over our heads. I can feel the heat of their little breasts, the stinging thwap of tiny wings over my ears. Their chirping is a roar. Their feathers are sandpaper.

A baptism by birds.

And then it's over. I'm on my knees, wet grass soaking through my jeans. One arm around my daughter's bony shoulders.

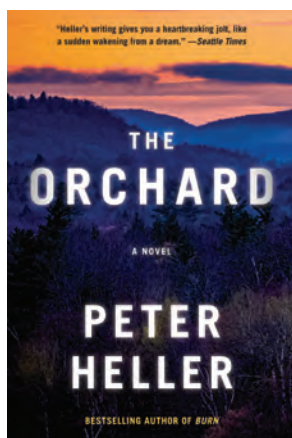
"Holy shit," says Tawny, shrugging me off. Laughing.

The birds have gone, disappearing up into the sky in all directions.

I shake my head and force myself to let go of my daughter. A real strange feeling is settling in around my eyes. It's hard to express. There is something in the water out here. Something in the sky. Past the sky.

"What the heck were they thinking?" asks Tawny. "That was crazy."

"Uktena, Tawny," I say. "A messenger."



# The Orchard

A NOVEL

Peter Heller

PRaise for Peter Heller

“Heller highlights the unique importance and strong bond of male friendship. He excels at nature writing too, with lush, sensuous descriptions of beautiful rural landscapes that are illustrative of an author clearly at home in the outdoors.”

—*Booklist*

“Riveting and closely observed . . . Heller is a literary novelist with a talent for suspense who writes about the natural world as well as anyone. In *Burn* a pot of campfire coffee is as vividly described as a surprise helicopter attack, and Jess and Storey’s fight for survival exposes their all too human frailties—and the hidden truths that define their friendship.”

—*Vogue*

“With its evocative descriptions of hunting, fishing, and flying, *The Dog Stars*, perhaps the world’s most poetic survival guide, reads as if Billy Collins had novelized one of George Romero’s zombie flicks.”

—*Publishers Weekly*, starred

VINTAGE

December 2025

UK rights available

**PETER HELLER** is the national best-selling author of *Burn*, *The Last Ranger*, *The Guide*, *The River*, *Celine*, *The Painter*, and *The Dog Stars*. *The Painter* was a finalist for the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize and won the prestigious Reading the West Book Award. *The Dog Stars* has been published in twenty-six languages to date and is soon to be a major motion picture directed by Ridley Scott. Heller is also the author of four nonfiction books, including *Kook: What Surfing Taught Me About Love, Life, and Catching the Perfect Wave*, which was awarded the National Outdoor Book Award for Outdoor Literature. He holds an MFA from the Iowa Writers’ Workshop in poetry and fiction, and he lives in Denver, Colorado.

Available in paperback at last comes Peter Heller’s masterful coming-of-age tale, the story of a mother and daughter living on a Vermont apple orchard, escaping ghosts of the past.

Hayley and her seven-year-old daughter, Frith, live in a rustic cabin with no electricity in the foothills of Vermont’s Green Mountains. A renowned translator of Tang dynasty poetry, Hayley walked away from her career and her addict husband to raise Frith alone in a land populated not by ambition-fueled academics but by hawks, beavers, and other wild things—including their exuberant Bernese Mountain dog, Bear. They get by on what little they earn from their overgrown apple orchard and the syrup they make from their maple trees. Frith—precocious, homeschooled, and a voracious reader—considers herself queen of this backwoods paradise. She is too young to understand the pain and regret that have followed her mother here.

Season after season, it is the three of them—mother, daughter, and dog—until the spring day when Rose Lattimore appears at their door and upends Hayley and Frith’s solitary existence. When tragedy unexpectedly strikes, Frith must come to terms with heartbreak for the very first time. By turns joyful and searing, *The Orchard* reminds us that, even during the hardest of times, the enduring power of nature, love, and friendship will prevail.

## EXCERPT

I don't think people pay enough attention to the momentous times in our lives when nothing happens. Nobody spoke. I leaned into the new woman because the sun on the soft mohair was irresistible. Softness and heat and a smell like maybe the Andes and maybe wild roses, though I wouldn't have known what either of those smelled like. Before this we lived in Denver with Pop. Pop had a Cajun food truck and was, according to Hayley, a heroin addict. When I was really little, the plush lobster was the closest thing they could find to a crawdad.

So, Nothing Happening: discuss. As I might now challenge my literature students at Amherst on a pop quiz. *Quiz* is the wrong word. I often hit them with little essay prompts at the beginning of class just to check in on the patient, so to speak. How *is* the fragile faculty of critical thinking faring today? Often not so well. Sometimes I tell them to please not put a name at the top and to cut loose. *Professor Cormier, with all due respect, how the f@#k can I discuss nothing when there is Nothing to discuss? Not being clever. Sincerely, Mystified in Massachusetts.* I love these. I'll collect them and read a bunch aloud to raucous laughter. Hayley, who always thought school was for zombies, would approve.

It was nice to have company. Bear liked it. He lay curled up at our feet on the sun-warmed planks, half over Rosie's lightweight hiking boots. A horsefly buzzed. I could smell the muddy sweetness of wet earth sponging up the thaw, and I could hear water trickling away from a hundred runnels in the ground. I tipped back my root beer and let the exquisite syrup sift through my teeth and effervesce against the roof of my mouth. I usually got a can of root beer only on Sundays.

In the nothing that was happening, I was experiencing a certain whirring recalibration, which sounds, I imagine, like the muted shuffling of a deck of cards. I was adjusting to the company of another, apparently strong—woman, and to the alchemy of laughter.

Because I realized, for maybe the first time, that Hayley rarely laughed. In those minutes of nothing happening, my system was acclimatizing to an atmosphere with less gravity, in which the usual hopping thought might transmute into bounding flight. Sitting on the bench in the sun with these two women, I had a taste for the first time of what it might feel like to believe anything was possible.

What I may have understood was that life with Hayley was kind of heavy. It felt like a fight for survival every day, because I guess that's what it really was. Even the lighter moments—making blueberry pie and getting it smeared all over our faces, catching a brook trout who didn't want to be caught as badly as I wanted to catch it, jumping off Jumping Rock into the pond, playing cribbage in the light of the Aladdin lantern—all those moments took place in that context of survival. They were a relief. Respite. Could a seven-year-old be aware of all that? She could certainly feel it. I leaned into the woman and sucked the root beer down to the last drop.





KNOFF

March 2026

**Rights sold:**

Australia/NZ: Penguin

Germany: Arche Literatur

UK: Oneworld

Other rights available

---

**TAYARI JONES** is the author of four novels, most recently *An American Marriage*, which was an Oprah's Book Club Selection and also appeared on Barack Obama's summer reading list and his year-end roundup. It won the Women's Prize for Fiction (formerly known as the Orange Prize), Aspen Words Prize, and an NAACP Image Award and has been published in two dozen countries. Jones lives in Atlanta.

---

## Kin

A NOVEL

Tayari Jones

PRAISE FOR TAYARI JONES

"Compelling . . . Jones cradles each of these characters in a story that pulls our sympathies in different directions. She never ignores their flaws, their perfectly human tendency toward self-justification, but she also captures their longing to be kind, to be just, to somehow behave well despite the contradictory desires of the heart."

—*The Washington Post*

"Nuanced and evocative . . . a compelling exploration of the thorny conflicts that drive us apart and bind us, the distorting weight of racism, and how commitment looks across time—and generations."

—BBC

"Tayari Jones is blessed with vision to see through to the surprising and devastating truths at the heart of ordinary lives, strength to wrest those truths free, and a gift of language to lay it all out, compelling and clear."

—Michael Chabon, author of *Moonglow*

"Tayari Jones has emerged as one of the most important voices of her generation."

—*Essence*

A magnificent new novel from the bestselling, award-winning author of *An American Marriage*—Tayari Jones has written an unforgettable novel that sparkles with wit and intelligence and deep feeling about two lifelong friends whose worlds converge after many years apart in the face of a devastating tragedy.

Vernice and Annie, two motherless daughters raised in Honeysuckle, Louisiana, have been best friends and neighbors since earliest childhood, but are fated to live starkly different lives. Raised by a fierce aunt determined to give her a stable home in the wake of her mother's death, Vernice leaves Honeysuckle at eighteen for Spelman College, where she joins a sisterhood of powerfully connected Black women and marries into an affluent family. Annie, abandoned by her disolute mother as a child, and fixated on the idea of finding her and filling the bottomless hole left by her absence, sets off on a journey that will take her into a world of peril and adversity, as well as love and adventure, and culminate in a battle for her life.

A novel about mothers and daughters, about friendship and sisterhood, and the complexities of being a woman in the American South, *Kin* is an exuberant, emotionally rich, unforgettable work from one of the brightest and most irresistible voices in contemporary fiction.

## EXCERPT

My first word was mother. Not ma-ma like other babbling babies. I said the word out loud and with texture. MOTHER. Of course, I can't remember this, but there are a host of witnesses, including my Aunt Irene who called out for God and considered running down the block to fetch the Pastor. But before she could even straighten her skirt, she decided that this wasn't a pot to be stirred by any man's spoon. It was August, canning season, and the women were gathered to put away snap peas and pole beans. It was Louisiana hot, but even more so, due to the water boiling to purify the mason jars. Aunt Irene was never at home in the kitchen, so she busied herself plaiting my hair while everyone else hulled and cut up the harvest. The Ward Sisters sang out amid the thick radio static as Aunt Irene added her colorful soprano to the arrangement. Sitting between her knees, I rested my face on her thigh, still as stone and just as quiet. Sharp against my scalp, a rat-tailed comb created precise parts.

After the death of my parents, I had shown myself to be a peculiar child. No one could say if I was born that way, or if I turned that way. I walked early, and would do so in my sleep, escaping my crib. I once found my way to the front porch, where I was discovered humming with my head resting on the matted fur of a stray puppy.

At two and a half, I had yet to speak. Folks worried that I was slow. My cradle friend, Annie, was already talking up a storm. She even gave me my nickname, because Vernice had been too many letters for her to hold in her mouth at the same time. "Niecey!" She called whenever we found ourselves in the same room. Her voice was determined to shake loose a response. When the shouting didn't work, she tried kindness, breaking her shortbread cookie in two. I smiled in gratitude, and sometimes gave her sloppy baby kisses in return, but I didn't say a word.

Annie's grandmother joked that Aunt Irene should be grateful I couldn't talk. Annie, talked so much that she didn't shut up, not even when she was asleep. Shut eyes quivering, she mumbled the name of her own mother, Hattie Lee.

"This baby will talk when she has something to say," Auntie Irene knew there was quickness in my eyes, but feared that seeing my mama shot dead had shocked the words right out of my mouth. Others worried that I had been taken over. Spirits can be hardheaded and hold grudges—purposely missing their ride to the next place. When this happens, they might just set up house in a defenseless body. Aunt Irene shut that conversation down, dismissing it as "hoodoo"—her catch-all word for anything not of this world that didn't involve our Lord and Savior. That said, she knew that sometimes there was substance to that hoodoo talk. However, she knew her dead sister, my mother, Arletha. When Aunt Irene held my face to hers, she didn't see my mama staring back. She figured I'd talk when I was ready.

Because of this, but not only this, my aunt didn't indulge any gossip. She knew what it was to be whispered about and couldn't bear loose tongues lashing an orphan-baby. But she was about a colored girl who seemed slow, even if she wasn't, a girl who say what had happened to her. I made people nervous, which is probably why no one objected when Aunt Irene ducked out from the canning kitchen and sat on the couch to fix my hair. I had been touched by blood, and not the blood of the lamb.

There I was, this haunted child, not even whimpering as Aunt Irene raked the comb through the thicket at the nape of my neck.

"Mother," I said, softly at first, then I raised my voice to a bellow; there was bass in it, not like a man, but like a woman who means to be heard.

Mother is the world that connects all women in the range of hearing, the word we were all trained to hear from the time we were handed our first ragdoll and commanded to look after it. I spoke that word, MOTHER, and every heart in the house contracted, vulnerable as a scalded tomato gripped in a tiny greedy fist.





# The Fatal Unpleasantness at Netherfield

A MR. DARCY & MISS TILNEY MYSTERY

Claudia Gray



PRaise for the Series

“Bewitching . . . Gray again evokes the wit and atmosphere of an Austen novel while serving up a mystery that will stump even the most seasoned armchair detectives. This series deserves a long life.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“Gray’s ingenious franchise . . . a rare treat for mystery readers and Austen buffs alike.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

VINTAGE

June 2026

Rights available

**THE MURDER OF MR. WICKHAM and THE LATE MRS. WILLOUGHBY**

Rights sold:

Italy: Piemme

Japan: Hayakawa

Spain: Urano

Other rights available

**CLAUDIA GRAY** is the pseudonym of Amy Vincent. She is the author of the Mr. Darcy & Miss Tilney Mysteries, which began with *The Murder of Mr. Wickham*. She is also the writer of multiple young adult novels, including the Evernight series, the Firebird trilogy, and the Constellation trilogy; in addition, she’s written several *Star Wars* novels, such as *Lost Stars* and *Bloodline*. She and her husband, Paul, live in Turin, Italy, under the benevolent rule of a small dog named Peaches.

The fifth book in *New York Times* bestselling author Claudia Gray’s Jane Austen sequel series, which finds amateur sleuths Jonathan Darcy and Juliet Tilney investigating a suspicious murder at Netherfield Park.

After a disastrous Season and a (somewhat) successful investigation, Jonathan Darcy has recovered from the wound he received in London three months prior. But his parents aren’t over the shock, nor ready to re-examine their belief that Jonathan must stop these dangerous investigations with Miss Juliet Tilney—particularly now that she is a young lady of ruined reputation. He prays for some opportunity to be with her again . . . and then his prayers are answered. Unfortunately, this comes in the form of his uncle Charles Bingley’s brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, being found murdered at Netherfield Park. His Aunt Jane is desperate for answers, which means Jonathan’s family must ask Miss Tilney to Netherfield to investigate!

Juliet, still reeling from her newfound ruination, is happy to be back in the thick of an investigation—and in the company of Mr. Darcy. Unfortunately, the scheming Caroline Bingley Allerdycy and her daughter Priscilla feel the same, leaving the sleuths to not only look for clues but also dodge their machinations. Then, Mr. Hurst proves to be but the first victim, casting a pall of danger—and worse, scandal—over the Bingley’s household. Jonathan and Juliet must find the culprit—and perhaps even more momentarily, make a final choice between respectability . . . or love.

## EXCERPT

Miss Tilney's refusal to speak of their connection discouraged Jonathan Darcy, but only briefly. The look in her eyes, the tone of her voice, suggested that her sentiments were much the same as his. A few years prior, Jonathan would not have trusted his judgment in this matter, but that had changed—partly because of Miss Tilney, and the greater experience and confidence he had gained from their investigations. The difference between word and feeling both tantalized and tormented him. Most young persons in similar straits would have been rendered high-unintelligible with suspense.

However, Jonathan had learned that he had a superior ability to set aside such upset for a moment—as though placing it in a box, to save for later—and to attend to more important matters, such as the precise circumstances of Mr. Hurst's death.

"It happened here, in the breakfast room," he said to Miss Tilney as he showed her in. "The room has not been set for breakfast since, as you can well imagine."

"Indeed. I should suppose all would insist on trays for months to come."

"To the contrary—now that you are come, Aunt Jane has ordered that normal dining is to resume. With two investigators at hand, I believe she feels safer." Jonathan hoped his aunt's faith was justified. He stepped further into the room, gesturing to the oaken sideboards in turn. "On this longer wall, the breakfast food is set out to be taken whenever guests choose. Over here, opposite the window, are set out china cups and a samovar of coffee. Those who prefer tea instead obtain this, freshly brewed, from the servants."

He was unsurprised when Miss Tilney immediately understood the importance of this. "Was Mr. Hurst known to drink coffee at breakfast instead of tea?"

How proud Jonathan was of the notes he had taken! "Yes, invariably, but he was not unique in doing so. My uncle and the Loftons both take coffee in the mornings as well. My Aunt Jane only drinks tea. Apparently Mrs. Hurst's choice varies from morning to morning."

Miss Tilney had walked to the coffee stain on the rug, which had gone uncleared at Jonathan's request. "Was Mr. Hurst the first to enter the breakfast room that day, besides the servants?"

"Yes, so far as is known. Yet it would not have been difficult for anyone to slip in after the room had been made ready, for the door would have been open, and the servants are only required to enter and remain after the first guest arrives." This was generous of his aunt and uncle, for many fine houses required servants to stand at the ready for hours before guests appeared for breakfast, if indeed they appeared at all. "The servants are of course alert for the guests' arrival, but anyone familiar with the patterns and schedules of the household would have known when an opportune moment was likely to arise."

"Which indicates that the poisoner was indeed a longtime guest of the household, or a servant." Miss Tilney frowned. "Often magistrates and constables are too eager to believe that a servant must be the villain, rather than a member of the gentry, a prejudice most unjust. And yet we have learned that the staff cannot be excluded from our considerations..."

"Indeed not," Jonathan said. "Though the generous terms of employment in this household strongly suggest that none of the servants would strike out at random in any attempt to discredit the household."

"So if our killer is a servant, it would be one with a grievance against Mr. Hurst alone."

*AND ONE MORE BOOK IN THE SERIES TO COME...*



KNOFF

July 2026

UK rights available

### MARÍA ELENA MORÁN

is a Venezuelan writer and screenwriter based in Brazil. She is the author of the novel *Los Continentes del Adentro*. Her second novel, *The Winds of Maracaibo* (published as *Volver a Cuándo* in Spain), won the Café Gijón Prize in Spain and has been translated into Italian and Portuguese.

# The Winds of Maracaibo

A NOVEL

## María Elena Morán

“With her rich, unflagging prose—relentless, like a river or a marathon—Morán brings chaos to life. A novel that will allow you to experience the tragedy of Venezuela and its migrants firsthand. A new voice worth reading.”

—Pilar Quintana, author of *The Abyss*

“It drags you along, shakes you up, excites you, exhausts you, and moves you. Like living another life, more difficult and intense than yours. Like crying for what will never be.”

—*Ahora qué leo*, La Sexta

“A novel of enormous literary scope about Venezuelan immigration.”

—Diego Gándara, *La Razón*

A propulsive family drama, the story of a woman determined to recover her kidnapped daughter in the ruins of Chavez’s social revolution—the fast-paced English language debut of an award-winning and bestselling author that brings the Venezuelan migrant crisis to life in lyrical, seething prose, for readers of Elizabeth Acevedo, Jesmyn Ward, and Gabriela Garcia.

*It was too late, y la ternura no basta—now that she’d tasted the gunpowder, and the gunpowder was bolivariano, revolutionary. And that unthinkable traitor Camilo was using it to blow up her life.*

“Elisa left with Camilo.” “Camilo took her out of the country.”

These are the text messages Nina receives while living in the storage room of a university in Porto Alegre, Brazil, where she’s cleaning houses to make money to send back home.

Home is 4,500 miles away, in Maracaibo, Venezuela, where the water never runs on Mondays and there’s yet another blackout. Where a trip to the grocery store costs 220 times the minimum wage.

Home is Elisa, her thirteen-year-old daughter, who loves to run around the house and belt out Queen’s “Don’t Stop Me Now.” Who should be growing when instead her waist is shrinking. Home is Graciela, her mother, who lately stays shut up in her room all day talking with her dead, most urgently her beloved husband Raúl (who’s just as eager to talk back from the grave).

And what the hell does Camilo think he’s doing now, stealing off with their daughter to the United States of America—the one place Nina most assuredly never wants to call home?

Narrated through the voices of Nina and her family, and through the voice of her treacherous ex, Camilo, *The Winds of Maracaibo* is the heart-racing tale of a mother fighting to get her daughter back across the border, at any cost—a brave and furious reversal of the American Dream and an ode to the Venezuelan women who gave their blood, sweat, and tears to a nation dismantled by the egos of men.

## EXCERPT

There are people who don't feel pain. They burn themselves, cut themselves, crush themselves without realizing. Only afterward, there's the blood, the bruise, the blister, and the news. The day you died, Raúl, the only thing I felt was rage. My hands praying over your coffin were like a photograph of my hands praying over your coffin, my husband's coffin. My tears were cheap, theoretical even, and the words that came out of my mouth were like a script from some telenovela. About two weeks later, the news hit me. That's when I began to see the blood, the bruise, the blister. Then I couldn't see anything else.

That delayed reaction nearly killed me and now you're making me wait even more. You always told me not to believe in that nonsense about the dead and energies and stars, but there are things that one doesn't decide. What could I do? Tell my mother not to talk to me, to stay nice and quiet wherever it is that she is now? Or my tía Susana—no one could get her to be quiet in life, so how can I be expected to do it now that she's dead?

Nina doesn't understand these things either. I don't blame her, I myself didn't believe in anything or anyone until, already in my fifties, I picked up this talent, or capacity, I'm not sure what to call it. I think it was always there, like a kind of disposition that needed to be nourished to reveal itself. Nina said I should go to a psychiatrist. She thinks everything can be fixed with a doctor's appointment. She's as hypochondriacal about her mind as she is about her body. And even you would always find a way to bring up my abuela's neurotic episodes, like maybe I was headed that way too. Well, now that everyone's gone, my dead are my only company. Sometimes I'm convinced that you've decided not to talk to me because you don't want to admit I was right. But most of the time, Raúl, I think that maybe you're afraid to come back to this ruin that's left of the country and of me.

The cemetery feels like it's getting farther away. Before, in the middle of all the chaos of the jam-packed city, there wasn't a crack through which to see the actual distances, the routes, the map. It's as if before we'd always been driving at night with the headlights low, and now suddenly the buildings have all been wiped away and we're left on a deserted road, driving a broken-down piece of junk with the brights stuck on. The emptier the city gets, the larger it seems to grow, and the harder it feels to cover its dimensions. Schedules don't matter anymore, the city hasn't seen peak traffic hours in ages, and no matter how early I leave, the wait for a car, a bus, or even a lift in the back of a pickup, has gotten so long that this Maracucho sun burns up my scalp. But something comes, something always comes. Luckily this time it was a minibus.

So many shuttered storefronts, the aluminum grates pulled down, pass by the window like a post-war movie, the hot breeze stirs up old, mocking dust clouds, rust, soot, garbage. It hurts the most to see the university. A wasteland of dry brush, where nobody fills my office with administrative dramas anymore, Good morning, Graciela, is professor Dunia here?, Gracielita, here, I brought you a muffin, might you be able to go into the system and check my grades for me? Graciela, I'm not here today, okay, not for anyone, any student that comes by, get rid of them. But I never sent away a single student without some explanation because one doesn't become known as the best secretary on campus by snubbing people. However exhausting that line of students could be sometimes, everyone feels their absence now, passing through those halls where thousands used to roam and today you see just a few dozen. A near silence I can barely stand. I got out of the absurd expectation of going in and doing a few little tasks, the useless game of completing the shift, with a doctor's note attesting to an incapacitating depression that I don't have, or rather, that everyone has.

How many decibels has Maracaibo lost? All the shouting and frenzied traffic annoyed you to no end, Raúl. Now it's just us and the rubble and you're not even here to enjoy the silence with me. It's a bitter relief.



KNOPF

May 2027

Rights available

**ANDREW PORTER** is the author of the story collections *The Disappeared* and *The Theory of Light and Matter* and the novel *In Between Days*. A graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, he has received a Pushcart Prize, a James Michener/Copernicus Fellowship, and the Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction. His work has appeared in *Best American Short Stories*, *One Story*, *Ploughshares*, *American Short Fiction*, *Narrative*, *The Southern Review*, and on National Public Radio's *Selected Shorts*. Currently, he teaches fiction writing and directs the creative writing program at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas.

KNOPF

April 2025

**Rights sold:**

France: Albin Michel

Italy: Feltrinelli

Korea: Munhakdongne

Spain: Muñeca Infinita

UK: Europa

Other rights available

# The Letters

STORIES

Andrew Porter

**I**nternationally acclaimed writer Andrew Porter returns to the short story form in this masterful and elegiac new collection.

The stories in *The Letters* are set in San Antonio, Texas, in an eclectic neighborhood lined with old historic houses, coffee shops, bars, and galleries, where writers and artists, filmmakers and musicians gather. As each of these gorgeously contemplative narratives reveals a new facet of the place, they introduce us to individuals on the precipice of change. Here is a sister about to head off to college, a child growing up, a father falling ill, friends moving away. Full of tension, emotion, insight, and nostalgia, these stories explore the mysterious, sometimes contradictory ways we communicate—or miscommunicate—with one another, the way our lives evolve and deepen.

Following in the footsteps of his two previous collections, *The Theory of Light and Matter* and *The Disappeared*, Porter broadens his reach, completing a triptych that is at once intimate and profoundly universal.

# The Imagined Life

A NOVEL

“With its quiet confidence and elegant precision, *The Imagined Life* is a masterpiece of memory, music, and longing. Andrew Porter is one of our finest prose stylists, and everything he’s turned his attention to here shimmers into pure gold.”

—Kimberly King Parsons, author of  
*We Were the Universe*

**S**teven Mills has reached a crossroads. His wife and son have left, and they may not return. Which leaves him determined to find out what happened to his own father, a brilliant, charismatic professor who disappeared in 1984 when Steve was twelve, on a wave of ignominy.

As Steve drives up the coast of California, he seeks out his father’s friends, family members, and former colleagues. In the process, the novel offers us tantalizing glimpses into Steve’s childhood—his parents’ legendary pool parties, the black-and-white films on the backyard projector, secrets shared with his closest friend. Each conversation in the present reveals another layer of his father’s past, another insight into his disappearance. Yet with every revelation, his father becomes more difficult to recognize. And, with every insight, Steve must confront truths about his own life.

Rich in atmosphere, and with a stunningly sure-footed emotional compass, *The Imagined Life* is a probing, nostalgic novel about the impossibility of understanding one’s parents, about first loves and failures, about lost innocence, and about the unbreakable bonds between a father and a son.

### EXCERPT FROM “EMILE” (*THE LETTERS*)

In the months before Emile died, we used to go over to his house on the weekends to swim. This was about eight or nine years ago, when my wife and I were still in our early thirties, still childless.

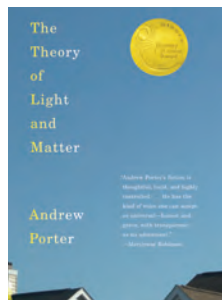
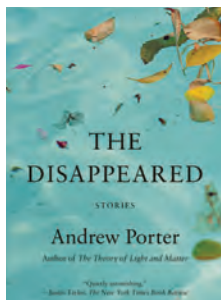
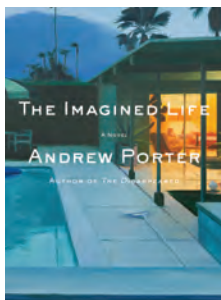
Back then, Emile used to throw these elaborate parties in the evenings, on Friday and Saturday nights, parties that would often go until the early hours of the morning, but Angela and I always liked to stop by earlier in the day, before it got too crowded, when it was usually just Emile and us, the three of us just floating there on rafts in the middle of his pool, sipping on margaritas or frozen daiquiris or those special pineapple cocktails he used to make with triple sec and mezcal. At the time, he had just broken up with his partner of many years, David, and he was often in a funk about this, always wondering if he had made a mistake, if he should call David up or invite him over, try to reconcile, but eventually his thoughts would move on to something else, to another topic, and his spirits would brighten again.

Over on the other side of the pool, near his house, Emile had a beautiful Spanish-style terrace, a sort of shaded patio area made of terra-cotta tiles with flowering agave and bougainvillea and golden trumpet surrounding it and these elegant Mexican lanterns and iron sconces on the walls. There was a lone freestanding fountain to the side of the outdoor bar and on the other side several smaller wall fountains and a large garden filled with various succulents and cacti, blue agave and prickly pears.

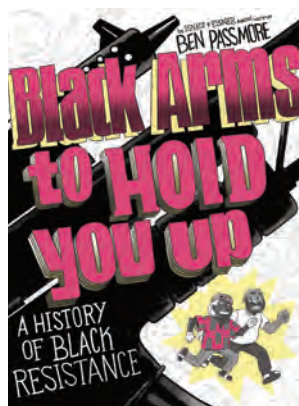
Whenever Emile was feeling happy, he'd walk over there and put on music—usually one of his favorites, Nina Simone, or Count Basie, or Ella Fitzgerald—and then he'd slide back into the pool with fresh drinks for all of us, or a bottle of champagne, holding the bottle high above his head as he moved around the shallow end, the sunlight shimmering on the water.

In a few months from then, Emile would learn that he had osteosarcoma, a severe type of bone cancer, and by the time it was diagnosed, or discovered, it had already spread to his lungs and his lymph nodes and eventually would spread to his brain. But for the months of that summer, and it felt like a long summer, maybe our longest, Emile was oblivious to this, and so were we, and in our innocence, our unknowing, we enjoyed every weekend with him, the free-flowing alcohol, the vertiginous jazz music, the laughter, the sun, all of us sweating in the midafternoon heat of a San Antonio summer, telling stories about our younger years, those years before we knew each other, talking passionately about books that we loved, movies we hated, arguing, laughing, often falling into hysterics when we'd had too much to drink, the three of us just floating there in our own private world, a world that felt removed from time, a world that seemed to have nothing at all to do with anyone else, those long, lazy hours before his other guests arrived, before the younger and more raucous crowd appeared, his wealthy neighbors, his architect friends, all of those beautiful men, in that small window of time before they all arrived, it was just the three of us, and I can still remember it now, Emile lying there supine on one of his rafts, a cocktail balanced on his belly, the cancer already inside him, already filling his bones, just floating there on his back in the midafternoon heat, saying, I'm plastered, I'm hammered, I'm gone.

### ALSO BY ANDREW PORTER







PANTHEON

October 2025

**Rights sold:**

Brazil: Companhia das Letras

UK: Jonathan Cape

Other rights available

---

**BEN PASSMORE** is the author of the ongoing comic book series *Daygloayhole*, as well as the Eisner Award-nominated and Ignatz Award-winning comic collection *Your Black Friend*. He also wrote and illustrated *Sports Is Hell* (Koyama Press), collaborated with Ezra Clayton Daniels on *BTM FDRS* (Fantagraphics), and contributes to publications such as *The Nib* and *The New York Times*. He lives in Philadelphia.

---

# Black Arms to Hold You Up

A HISTORY OF BLACK RESISTANCE

Ben Passmore

“A mordant and highly original graphic novel that has readers reconsider Black resistance.”

—*Kirkus*, starred

“An unnerving visual text. Passmore’s loving, instructive, and abrasive book educates about Black resistance against racist state violence and Black compradors. Its critique of Black leaders will spark debates and arguments. However, as we awkwardly hold ourselves together, we can lean into Passmore’s call to arms—of various types—to scrutinize history and heal our communities.”

—Joy James, author of *New Bones Abolition*, *Contextualizing Angela Davis*, and *In Pursuit of Revolutionary Love*

“Ben Passmore has entered a realm where personal creative brilliance intersects the historically profound, and in doing so he’s created a masterpiece.”

—David F. Walker, author of *The Black Panther Party*

**F**rom the Ignatz and Eisner Award-winning cartoonist Ben Passmore comes a whirlwind graphic history of Black life, taken by force.

It’s the summer of 2020, and downtown Philadelphia is up in flames. “You’re not out in the streets with everyone else?” Ronnie asks his ambivalent son, Ben, shambling in with arms full of used books: the works of Malcom X, Robert F. Williams, Assata and Sanyika Shakur, among others. “Black liberation is your fight, too.”

So begins *Black Arms to Hold You Up*, a boisterous, darkly funny, and sobering march through Black militant history by political cartoonist Ben Passmore. From Robert Charles’s shootout with the police in 1900, to the Black Power movement in the 1960s, to the Los Angeles and George Floyd uprisings of the 1990s and the aughts, readers will tumble through more than a century of armed resistance against the racist state alongside Ben—and meet firsthand the mothers and fathers of the movement, whose stories were as tragic as they were heroic.

What, after so many decades lost to state violence, is there left to fight for? Deeply researched, vibrantly drawn, and bracingly introspective, *Black Arms to Hold You Up* dares to find the answer.

# SAMPLE SPREAD







PANTHEON

June 2026

UK rights available

**GENGOROH TAGAME** was born in 1964 and lives in Tokyo. After graduating from Tama Art University, Tagame worked as an art director while writing manga and prose fiction, contributing illustrations for various magazines. In 1994 he cofounded the epochal *G-men* magazine and by 1996 he was working full-time as an openly gay artist. He is the author of dozens of graphic novels and stories that have been translated into English, French, Italian, and Korean. His artwork has been exhibited in galleries across Europe and America. *My Brother's Husband, Volume I*, his first all-ages title, earned him a 2018 Eisner Award, as well as the Japan Media Arts Award for Outstanding Work of Manga from the Agency of Cultural Affairs.

# Fish and Water

A GRAPHIC NOVEL

Gengoroh Tagame

PRaise for Gengoroh Tagame

"Tagame's intimate narrative mixes pathos with a healthy dose of melodrama, and his supremely confident artwork, replete with genial character designs and dynamic panel compositions, lend it gravitas. It's a poignant story."

—*Publishers Weekly*

"The art is crisp, and the characters' faces expressive, allowing the reader to see their hurt, confusion, and relief . . . A sensitive exploration of the transition some families go through when a family member comes out and a possible entry point for those needing to start conversations of their own."

—*Booklist*, starred

"Inviting black-and-white illustrations deftly capture the characters' wide range of emotions, from joy to grief and beyond . . . Endearing and enlightening."

—*Kirkus Reviews*, starred

A tender and beautifully illustrated story, *Fish and Water* is a new graphic novel from Eisner Award-winning graphic novelist Gengoroh Tagame. He asks: What if the Odd Couple were Japanese, living in the middle of COVID, and just might be . . . gay?

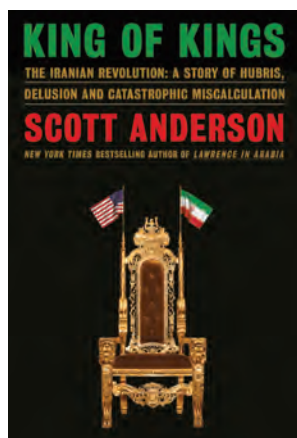
From the brilliant mind behind *My Brother's Husband* and *Our Colors*, *Fish and Water* follows the unlikely love story of two "straight" friends. Having met at a mutual friend's wedding, Akira, a business sales administrator, and Koji, a freelance writer, quickly become close buddies. One day, during a visit with a farm client, Akira is offered a case of freshly picked cabbage. Since no one at his office wants it, and he is no cook, Akira decides to see if Koji (who loves to cook) might be interested. Lonely and in the midst of pandemic-related shutdowns, Akira uses this as an excuse to come hang out at Koji's house. Once they get past how to be COVID-cautious, they become quite relaxed with each other, creating an amusing but emotionally confusing scenario. Akira and Koi, two men, grapple with deciding if they are just friends or something more.

Part exceptionally drawn character study, part contemporary comedy of manners, *Fish and Water* is a delightful love story for the modern era, considering how love and connection can find you in the strangest ways.

## SAMPLE SPREAD

*Note: This book is printed in the traditional manga format, read from right to left.*





DOUBLEDAY

August 2025

**Rights sold:**

Poland: Poltext

Spain: Planeta

Thailand: Arrow

UK: Hutchinson

Other rights available

**SCOTT ANDERSON** is a veteran war correspondent who has reported from Lebanon, Israel, Egypt, Northern Ireland, Chechnya, Sudan, Bosnia, El Salvador and many other strife-torn countries. A frequent contributor to *The New York Times Magazine*, his work has also appeared in *Vanity Fair*, *Esquire*, *Harper's*, and *Outside*. He is the author of the novels *Moonlight Hotel* and *Triage* and of non-fiction books *The Man Who Tried to Save the World*, *The 4 O'Clock Murders*, *Fractured Lands*, *The Quiet Americans*, and *Lawrence in Arabia*. He is the co-author of *War Zones* and *Inside the League* with his brother Jon Lee Anderson.

# King of Kings

THE IRANIAN REVOLUTION: A STORY OF  
HUBRIS, DELUSION AND CATASTROPHIC  
MISCALCULATION

Scott Anderson

"Mr. Anderson is a first-rate writer of histories . . . A sweeping, gripping book, one that makes past times and dead people (often weird, complex and evil) spring to life with its narrative verve and attention to detail . . . Riveting . . . Exquisite."

—*The Wall Street Journal*

"An exceptional and important book. Scrupulous and enterprising reporting rarely combines with such superb storytelling."

—*The New York Times*

From the author of the acclaimed international bestseller *Lawrence in Arabia* comes a stunningly revelatory narrative history of one of the most momentous events in modern times and the dawn of the age of religious nationalism.

On November 17, 1977, President Jimmy Carter toasted Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, King of Kings, Light of the Aryans, Shadow of God on Earth, praising his "enlightened leadership" and extolling Iran as "a stabilizing influence." Iran had the world's fifth largest army and was awash in billions of dollars in oil revenues. The regime had crushed communist opposition, and the Shah had bought off the conservative Muslim clergy inside the country. He seemed invulnerable, and invaluable to the United States as an ally. Fourteen months later the Shah fled Iran into exile, forced from the throne by a volcanic religious revolution led by a fiery cleric named Ayatollah Khomeini. How could the United States have been so blind?

Scott Anderson tells this astonishing tale with the narrative brio, mordant wit, and keen analysis that made his bestselling *Lawrence in Arabia* one of the key texts in understanding the modern Middle East. Based on voluminous research and dozens of interviews, *King of Kings* is driven by penetrating portraits of the people involved—the Shah who was unaware of the depth of dissent to his rule; the Iranian-American doctor who convinced American officials Khomeini was a moderate; the American teacher who learned of Khomeini's influence long before the cleric was even mentioned in official reports; the Shah's court minister who kept a detailed diary of all their interactions; the Shah's wife Farah who still mourns her lost kingdom; the hypocritical and misguided Jimmy Carter; and the implacable Khomeini who outmaneuvered his foes at every turn.

The Iranian Revolution, Anderson convincingly argues, was as world-shattering an event as the French and Russian revolutions. In the Middle East, in India, in Southeast Asia, in Europe, and now in the United States, the hatred of economically-marginalized, religiously-fervent masses for a wealthy secular elite has led to violence and upheaval—and Iran was the template. *King of Kings* is a bravura work of history, and a warning.

## EXCERPT

The groundswell of Islamic protest that swept the Shah from power in 1979 marked the modern world's first successful religious counter-revolution against the forces of secularism, the beginning of an international resurgence of sectarianism that continues to reverberate today. Indeed, if one were to make a list of that very small handful of revolutions that spurred change on a truly global scale in the modern era, that caused a paradigm shift in the way the world works, to the American, French and Russian revolutions might be added the Iranian.

Yet, for all its importance, the Iranian upheaval is also marked by a curious paradox: the closer one examines it, the more mysterious and implausible it all seems.

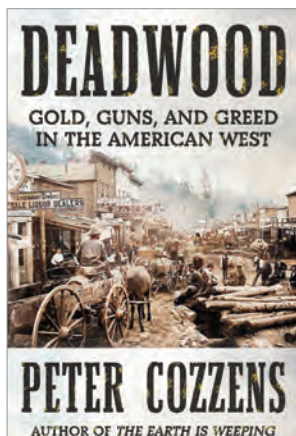
One of the great conceits of history-writing is promulgating theories of cause-and-effect, of suggesting that one thing happened because of something else that happened before. In this way, for example, it can be posited that the root cause of World War II was the crippling peace terms imposed on Germany at the end of World War I, or the global misery brought on by the Great Depression, or the tectonic shifts of empire and colonialism. The study of history then becomes a weighing of these different theories, a debate over which cause produced the greatest effect. One byproduct of this measuring process is that a quality of inevitability tends to take hold, the sense that however one chooses to weigh the competing factors, the end result—in this example, World War II—was all but bound to occur.

Yet, the more one delves into the mechanics of the Iranian Revolution, the less this construct appears to hold. To the contrary, one is apt to be struck by its seeming haphazardness, the notion that, far from any kind of inevitability, if events had played out just a little differently, if certain decisions had been made sooner or more forcefully, the end result might have been completely altered.

On the eve of the Shah's 1977 state visit to Washington, which also means on the eve of the revolution that would destroy him, a highly classified CIA analysis concluded that his hold on power was so absolute that he would continue to rule Iran for many years to come. That conclusion is obviously risible in light of what came, yet at the time it would have seemed the height of foolishness to suggest any different.

On the international level, the King of Kings enjoyed the unwavering support of the United States, but he had also forged a close enough relationship with his superpower neighbor, the Soviet Union, to ensure there would be no Kremlin destabilization efforts against his throne. He did have his regional rivals, notably the Baathist regime in Iraq and radicals like Muammar Qaddafi in Libya, but the Iranian military, the fifth largest in the world and equipped with the most sophisticated weaponry obtainable, dwarfed those of all the Arab nations in the Middle East combined. The Shah also had close, if discreet, ties with the other principal military powerbroker in the region, Israel. If it hinged on the actions of the outside world, a safe bet in 1977 would have been that the 2,500-year reign of the Iranian monarchy might last a thousand more.





KNOFF

August 2025

**Rights sold:**

Spain: Desperta Ferro

UK: Atlantic Books

Other rights available

---

**PETER COZZENS** is the author or editor of eighteen acclaimed books on the American Civil War and the American Indian Wars. In 2002 he was awarded the American Foreign Service Association's highest honor, the William R. Rivkin Award, given annually to one foreign service officer for exemplary moral courage, integrity, and creative dissent. He lives in Kensington, Maryland.

---

## Deadwood

GOLD, GUNS, AND GREED IN THE AMERICAN WEST

Peter Cozzens

"A rollicking yet nuanced book . . . Cozzens' deeply researched account follows some of the colorful characters associated with the town, including the villainous saloon owner Al Swearingen, whose main talent, Mr. Cozzens writes, was 'exploiting depravity for dollars.'"

—*The Wall Street Journal*

"[A] fast-paced and unbelievable-if-it-weren't-true story."

—*The Washington Post*

The true story of the Black Hills goldrush settlement once described as "the most diabolical town on earth" and of its most colorful cast of characters, from "Wild Bill" Hickok to Calamity Jane, from Al Swearingen to Sheriff Seth Bullock.

Sifting through layers and layers of myth and legend—from nineteenth century dime novels like *Deadwood Dick* to HBO prestige dramas to the casino billboards outside of present day Deadwood trumpeting the hand of "Aces and Eights" that Hickok purportedly held when he was shot—Peter Cozzens unveils the true face of Deadwood, South Dakota. The storied mining town sprang up in early 1876 just as the young United States was celebrating its 100th birthday and came raining down in ashes only three years later, destined to become food for the imagination and a nostalgic landmark that now brings in more than 2.5 million visitors each year.

That Western romance, we're reminded by Cozzens—the prize-winning author of *The Earth Is Weeping*—retains its allure only as long as we willfully ignore the town's foundational sins. Built on land brazenly stolen from the Lakotas, Deadwood was not merely a place where outlaws lurked, like Tombstone or Dodge City, but was itself an outlaw enterprise, not part of any U.S. territory or subject to U.S. laws or governance. This gave rise to the gunslinging, stage-coach robbing, whiskey-guzzling, rampant prostitution, and gambling Deadwood is known for. But it also bred a self-reliance and a spirit of cooperation unique on the frontier, and made it an exceptionally welcoming place for Black Americans and Chinese immigrants at a time of deep-seated discrimination.

The first book to tell this complex story in full, *Deadwood* reveals how one frontier town came to embody the best and worst of the West—enduring truths about humanity's eternal quest for creating order from chaos, a greater good from individual greed, and security from violence.

## EXCERPT

After traipsing a few hundred viscous yards, Hickok turned left off of Main Street and entered the narrow, sixty-feet-deep, hewed pine-log No.10 Saloon. Inside, he traded the choking stench of offal, animal urine, and manure for the tolerable odor of tobacco and sweat mingled with the sweet scent of pine. The burning gas-light from the saloon's four chandeliers likely pained his eyes. Squinting at the gamblers, Hickok spotted an empty stool at one of the tables, and he joined the game in progress. Wild Bill wanted the seat against the wall, his preferred spot in any enclosed place, but the young claimant declined to surrender it. The two other players assured him he was among friends. Wild Bill relented. He sat with his back exposed to the rear door. For three hours, the men played intently for gold dust, the chief medium of exchange in Deadwood.

Hickok may have noticed a small and shabby man with a sombrero pulled over his eyes enter the saloon at 3:00 p. m. and sidle toward him along the twenty-foot bar. Wild Bill had beaten him at poker the night before, only to learn that the man's buckskin bag of gold was too light to cover the bet he had lost. After warning him never again to wager more than he had, Hickok offered the man some loose change with which to buy himself a meal. The man, who went by the alias Bull Sutherland, scorned the money and left.

Now he was back, a .36-caliber cap-and-ball Colt Navy revolver tucked in his pants. It was an old and unreliable firearm, prone to misfiring, but the model was plentiful on the plains and cheap, about all that the twenty-four-year-old drifter, whose real name was Jack McCall, could afford.

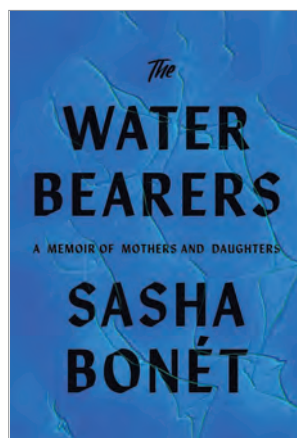
McCall ambled toward the gold-dust scale atop the end of the bar. He hesitated a moment, then moved into Wild Bill's blind spot a few feet from the back door. Hickok tossed his cards onto the table in dismay. "The old duffer," he said of the player who had just bested him, "he broke me on that hand." With that, McCall turned, stepped to within two or three feet of Hickok, drew his defective revolver, aimed it at the back of Wild Bill's head, yelled "Take that, damn you," and squeezed the trigger.

\* \* \*

Why Deadwood? What lured people like Wild Bill Hickok to the infant mining town? Hope, greed, and the chance for a fresh start. Three years earlier, the Panic of 1873 had triggered a crippling economic crisis. Industries shuttered. Unemployment skyrocketed. Railroads stood idle. Farm prices tumbled. Midwestern skies blackened with locust swarms of Biblical proportion that denuded the land. A decade had passed without a new gold strike, and the nation ached for a bonanza that would offer the chance for renewed prosperity.

In the autumn of 1874, Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer tantalized the public with a glimmer of hope. He had discovered gold in the Black Hills of today's South Dakota and Wyoming, on land that belonged to the Lakota by treaty. Lakota rights, however, meant little to the common white man. Quipped one jobless fortune hunter, "A man can't sit comfortably by the fire when there's gold in the hills only five hundred miles from his door."

As hopeful "tenderfeet" flocked into the Black Hills, they gradually coalesced around Deadwood Gulch, which promised the easiest and richest diggings, and its neighboring valleys and creeks. It was a place in which a man could live a decade in a year. Working at a feverish pace, miners extracted hundreds of thousands of dollars in gold from creek beds and gravel deposits. Merchants, gamblers, saloon keepers, harlots, outlaws, and adventure seekers swarmed to the site. Within five months of the first gold strike, more than 200 frame and false-front buildings went up, and Deadwood, the raucous center of the Black Hills mining districts, was born.



KNOFF

September 2025

**Rights sold:**

France: Léonides

UK: Merky Books

Other rights available

---

**SASHA BONÉT** is a writer and cultural critic based in New York City. Her criticism and essays have appeared in *The Paris Review*, *Aperture*, *New York Magazine*, *Vogue*, and *BOMB*, among other publications. Bonét is a professor of creative writing for Columbia University and Barnard College.

---

# The Waterbearers

A MEMOIR OF MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Sasha Bonét

“In this piercing and poetic debut memoir, cultural critic Bonét traces three generations of Black women in her family . . . Clear-eyed but never cynical, Bonét approaches these cycles of difficulty and disappointment with curiosity, crafting . . . a beautiful testament to generational resilience and a forceful reckoning with the legacy of American racism.”

—*Publishers Weekly*, starred

“A stunning memoir of Black American matriarchy that brings together the author’s research, experiences, and diamond-sharp prose . . . Bonét tells the stories of her ancestors, herself, and Black women in U.S. history . . . and unfurls the beauty of these women alongside their pain and tethers each word to an immediately felt recognition of the sum total that made her the artist she is. Fathoms deep and deeply spellbinding.”

—*Booklist*, starred

“One of the most beautiful and truthful books I’ve ever read. Bonét tells the whole history of this country through the relationships of and between Black mothers and daughters. It is as intimate and tender as it is vast and stormy. Unforgettable.”

—Imani Perry, National Book Award-winning author of *South to America*

Sasha Bonét grew up in 1990s Houston, worlds removed from the Louisiana cotton plantation that raised her grandmother, Betty Jean, and the Texas bayous that shaped Sasha’s mother, Connie. And though each generation did better, materially, than the last, all of them carried the complex legacy of Black American motherhood with its origins in slavery. All of them knew that the hands used to comb and braid hair, shell pecans, and massage weary muscles were the very hands used to whip children into submission.

When she had her own daughter, Sofia, Bonét was determined to interrupt this tradition. She brought Sofia to New York and set off on a journey—not only up and down the tributaries of her bloodline but also into the lives of Black women in history and literature—Betty Davis, Recy Taylor, and Iberia Hampton among them—to understand both the love and pain they passed on to their children and to create a way of mothering that honors the legacy but abandons the violence that shaped it.

*The Waterbearers* is a dazzling and transformative work of American storytelling that reimagines not just how we think of Black women, but how we think of ourselves—as individuals, parents, communities, and a country.

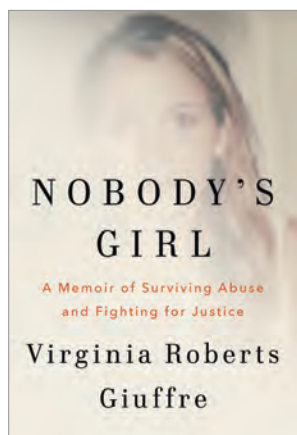
## EXCERPT

Every night for five years little Connie slept alongside May and shared parts of herself that had been buried so deep, they were unseen, even to her. In that small sacred space, she was turned inside out. No one had ever asked her about her thoughts. No one asked little Connie how she felt. Her interiority. It was there, lying next to her grandmother, that Connie learned how to dream. This is the power of love, even when provided in a mere morsel, it breaks you wide open, allowing a little light to come in. Her grandmother saved her life. Or rather, told her she had one to live. And later, when May was dying with dementia, Connie brought her to live in our home. I would stand outside the French doors of the study that became May's bedroom and watch them. My mother brought in a medical bed, a nurse to be with her while she was at work and purchased a new television for her to sit up and watch her stories. She sang to settle her while she pressed warm water into her skin each night with a sponge, carefully lifting her swollen limbs to moisturize them with lotions and oils. I met a version of my mother that I had never encountered. She was tender and gentle and endlessly patient. Each night Mama Connie curled up into the hospital bed beside her grandmother, whispering memories into her ear that May had forgotten. Reminding her that she had lived a life. A simple, but no less glorious one. They laughed without shame. Without covering their mouths to muffle the sounds. It was as if they were both girls again. Or, girls that they had never been allowed to be. My mother never loved nor cared for anyone the way she cared for her grandmother in her final days. She never allowed anyone to love her the way May loved her. Not even her children. In that bed, between them, was a sacred tethering that transcended realms.

\* \* \*

When my parents fought it usually began with my mother asking a question my father didn't want to answer. He was, and still is, the type of man who seems like he is hiding something behind his smile. And even if you know he's lying, there is something sedative about the way he looks into you, as if in that moment, you have every part of him. His eyes settle on yours with a curiosity void of judgement. Like he can see what others will walk right past without notice. The beauty that he acknowledges in you is the beauty you love most about yourself, the beauty seldom seen. What others criticize, he compliments as quirky and singular. When you speak to him, somehow, you seem more clever, more funny, more free. He's entirely present and there is nowhere else he'd rather be. This is what I adored about him most as a girl, his attentiveness. And even though he wasn't around as much as my mother, his intent regard for me in those moments was more intimate than any time I spent with my mother, because she was always having to perform many things at once. I imagine that this is why my mother loved him as a sixteen-year-old girl herself. Because his heedful gaze reminded her of the way that her grandmother prioritized her. But once my father is out of your sight, he's gone. He's not the kind of man that can be contained, you must let him go and only hope that he returns to you. He doesn't seem to linger too much on what he left behind. One can't help but assume that wherever he's flown away to, he is making some other woman feel like she is all that matters to him in the world.





KNOFF

October 2025

**Rights sold:**

Brazil: Companhia das Letras

Denmark: Gyldendal

Germany: Yes

Italy: Bompiani

Poland: Otwarte

UK: Transworld

Other rights available

---

**VIRGINIA ROBERTS**

**GIUFFRE** (1983–2025) was an activist and advocate for sex-trafficking survivors. She lived in Australia with her family.

---

# Nobody's Girl

A MEMOIR OF SURVIVING ABUSE AND  
FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE

Virginia Roberts Giuffre

**T**he unforgettable memoir by the late Virginia Roberts Giuffre, the woman who dared to take on Jeffrey Epstein and Ghislaine Maxwell.

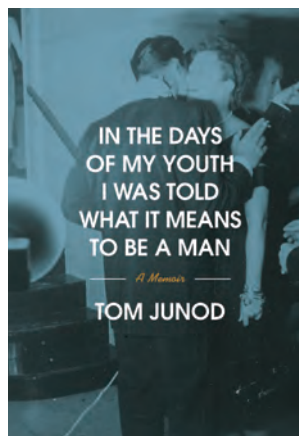
The world knows Virginia Roberts Giuffre as Jeffrey Epstein and Ghislaine Maxwell's most outspoken victim: the woman whose decision to speak out helped send both serial abusers to prison, whose photograph with Prince Andrew catalyzed his fall from grace. But her story has never been told in full, in her own words—until now.

In April 2025, Giuffre took her own life. She left behind a memoir written in the years preceding her death and stated unequivocally that she wanted it published. *Nobody's Girl* is the riveting and powerful story of an ordinary girl who would grow up to confront extraordinary adversity.

Here, Giuffre offers an unsparing and definitive account of her time with Epstein and Maxwell, who trafficked her and others to numerous prominent men. She also details the molestation she suffered as a child, as well as her daring escape from Epstein and Maxwell's grasp at nineteen. Giuffre remade her life from scratch and summoned the courage to not only hold her abusers to account but also advocate for other victims. The pages of *Nobody's Girl* preserve her voice—and her legacy—forever.

*Nobody's Girl* is an astonishing affirmation of Giuffre's unshakable will—first, to claw her way out of victimhood, and then to shine light on wrongdoing and fight for a safer, fairer world. Equal parts intimate and fierce, it is a remarkable narrative of fortitude in the face of depravity and despair.





DOUBLEDAY

March 2026

Rights available

**TOM JUNOD** is senior writer for *ESPN Magazine*, where his work has won an Emmy and the Dan Jenkins Medal for Excellence in Sportswriting. He is a two-time winner of the National Magazine Award for Feature Writing, and a winner of the James Beard Award for essay writing. Previously he was a staff writer at *GQ* and *Esquire*. The film *A Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood* was based on his article in *Esquire*. He lives in Atlanta with his wife and daughter.

# In the Days of My Youth I Was Told What It Means to Be a Man

A MEMOIR

Tom Junod

"A fabulous evocation of time lost and time found. It's a Springsteen song with a Proustian theme. Beautifully written, wild and revelatory . . . a sad love song that will take your breath away. Junod searches for his father but finds himself, and consequently the rest of us, braided together in the hope that we can rescue something from the broken parts."

—Colum McCann, author of *Twist* and *Let the Great World Spin*, winner of the National Book Award

A searching, luminously-written memoir about a charismatic, philandering father who tried to mold his son in his image, the many secrets he hid, and his son's obsessive quest to uncover them to understand what being a man really means.

Big Lou Junod dominated every room he entered. He worshipped the sun and the sea, his own bronzed body, Frank Sinatra, and especially beautiful women. He was a successful traveling handbag salesman but carried himself as a celebrity. He'd return from a buying trip with stories of going to nightclubs where some star—Ava Gardner, maybe Liz Taylor—"couldn't keep her eyes off . . . your *father*." He had countless affairs and didn't do much to hide them.

Big Lou was a terrible husband to his wife of fifty-nine years, but he loved his youngest son. Tom was a sickly, nervous boy, but Lou sought to turn him into a version of himself. He showered him with advice about how to dress ("The better you look, the more money you make"), how to dominate weaker men, and especially how to attract and bed women. His parting speech when Tom went to college was: "Do yourself a favor and date a Jewish girl. They're all nymphos." When Tom started seeing his future wife Janet, Lou's efforts to entice Tom into his version of manhood accelerated on nights in New York, Los Angeles, Paris: "Chicken tastes pretty good until you've had steak."

Tom wrestled with Lou's imposing presence all his life. When one of Lou's mistresses stood up at his funeral and announced, "Can we *all* . . . just *agree* . . . that this . . . was a *man*," Tom began a quest to learn the facts of his father's life, and why he was the way he was. The stunning secrets he uncovered—about his father, his father's lovers, and deceptions going back generations—staggered Tom, but in the process allowed him, at long last, to become his own man by his own lights.

*In the Days of My Youth I Was Told What It Means to Be a Man* is an intensely emotional detective story powered by a series of cascading revelations. The book is a triumph of bravura writing; in the end, it is a tale of a son's redemption.

## EXCERPT

The morning starts with a sound—a snap, crackle and pop, not from the kitchen but rather from the room down the hall where my parents live. It is a sharp sound, like the snap of elastic, and also a multiplicity of sounds, like something popping in fire. I hear it because my ears are tuned to it, because I can't help but hear it, because it's my sound to hear. It doesn't wake me up; I register its report with the sense that I am already awake. But it opens my eyes. Whether I am a baby, a child, a boy or a man, it is and always will be my morning alarm, in that it alarms me and puts me in a state of alert. My heart beats with the sudden knowledge that I am not alone; I am alone with him, and my day is no longer my own. He is awake, therefore so am I; he is up, and, as he puts his feet on the floor and takes his first steps, his ankles crack—"an old war wound," he'll explain, as though the words are set to music. Outside my window there is birdsong, but the sound of his ankles is what requires vigilance, like a twig snapping in the forest.

He pauses at the door to my room, and I close my eyes. Sometimes he'll stop and ask, "Are you up?" and I'll be forced to admit my charade, and he'll say, with tender derision, "Phony." But mostly he just slows before continuing down the stairs, and I try to cling to the ease of a world in which he is absent, either asleep or away. But resistance, as he might say, is futile, because I don't just hear him, milling around the kitchen; I smell him. He makes coffee, and I smell it. He burns the bread in the toaster, and I smell it. Sometimes on Sunday mornings, he makes lamb or veal kidneys, and I smell them. Finally, I can't help myself; I follow my nose down his path into the kitchen. It is early, with the yellow sunlight competing for the kitchen table with the leafy, breathing shadows of the trees, and everyone else in the house still in bed, and this man waiting for me in his blue terry-cloth bathrobe, which is short as a miniskirt and exposes his bare legs—"I have great legs," he will say. He is both entirely familiar and utterly foreign to me, brown as wooden Indian, shiny as shellac, fragrant as a seraglio, and bejeweled as a satrap, with a gold bracelet, an oval ring of gold and black onyx on his pinky, and his army dog tag, cast in gold, nestled in his swirling pelt of black chest hair. It is a color scheme that sets him apart from anyone in my family—my mother's hair is white, though she calls herself a platinum blonde, like a movie star. But his hair is black as shoe polish, despite all the time he spends in the sun. So are the eyebrows that concentrate the green fury of his eyes. So is the hair on his body, and on the backs of his hands and fingers, which have huge whorled knuckles, like walnuts. He is not just different from the rest of us; he seems of a different race, both of us and apart from us, even as he bends over the stove, rib-boned in smoke, making me breakfast.

Hey, buddy-boy," he says, with a spatula in one hand and a salt shaker in the other. "How about some . . . kidneys?"

He is not a cook. My mother is the person who cooks, though she hates cooking. But he is the master of one thing—hunger—and hunger is what draws me to him and his black smoking pan. He has cut the kidneys into crescents, and now, as he salts them, they sizzle and spit, wobbling on the pan's cast iron surface as if trying to escape the heat, as animated as the ends of tiny fingers. Then they stop, and give up their smell, which is what keeps him to myself—they smell like pee, and no one else wants to be in the kitchen when they're cooking. He salts them again, as they turn brown and crisp, and move with a rubbery bounce when he tosses them with the spatula, like dice. "Get me . . . the butter," he says at last. Like everyone else I know, I say "buttah," in the same way I say "wawdah" for "water." But he says "butter" with an internal flutter, with both T's audible in the middle and the R audible at the end, and he says "water" like no one in the world, wahter, like it's in a glass, and it's cool, and you want to drink it. "Now watch me," he says. "You add the butter and a little water, and that's how you make . . . the gravy."



PANTHEON

April 2026

Rights sold:

UK: Canongate

Other rights available

**CHANDA PRESCOD-WEINSTEIN** is an associate professor of physics and astronomy and core faculty in women's and gender studies at the University of New Hampshire. She conducts award-winning theoretical physics research on dark matter, the early universe, and neutron stars, while also researching Black feminist science studies. Her first book, *The Disordered Cosmos: A Journey into Dark Matter, Spacetime, and Dreams Deferred*, won the 2021 *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize in science and technology, the 2022 Phi Beta Kappa Award in Science, and a 2022 Josephine Miles Award from PEN Oakland. A columnist for *New Scientist* and *Physics World*, she is originally from East Los Angeles, and now divides her time between the New Hampshire Seacoast and Cambridge, Massachusetts.

# The Edge of Space-Time

PARTICLES, POETRY, AND THE COSMIC  
DREAM BOOGIE

Chanda Prescod-Weinstein

"With this extraordinary book, Prescod-Weinstein cements her status as one of the most accomplished and important science writers of our time; as polymath, griot, teacher, and more; as the guide to the universe that we don't deserve but absolutely need. She has given us a book about physics as story and metaphor, as revelation and revolution, as answer and antidote. It's suffused with gorgeous poetry, full of righteous anger, and frequently very, very funny."

—Ed Yong, author of *An Immense World*

In her highly acclaimed debut, distinguished cosmologist and particle physicist Dr. Chanda Prescod-Weinstein shed light on the entrenched injustices plaguing her field, while at the same time shared with her audience her abiding sense of wonder at the cosmos from a Black feminist perspective. Now, in *The Edge of Space-Time*, she leans into that wonder, taking readers on a mind-altering journey to the boundaries of the universe, inviting us to spend time at the edge of what we know about space-time and about ourselves.

Guided by her conviction that science is for everybody, Prescod-Weinstein renders accessible even the most abstract concepts of theoretical physics and draws on poetry and popular culture—from Queen Latifah to Lewis Carroll to Big K.R.I.T. to Sun Ra and *Star Trek*—to tell fascinating stories about the fundamental quantum nature of space-time and everything inside of it. Here we meet the quantum cat that is both dead and alive, learn the difference between dark matter and dark energy, explore the inner workings of black holes, investigate the possibility of a unified theory of quantum gravity, and map out the meeting place of the unimaginably vast with the confoundingly small, following our guide out to the far reaches of the particle horizon and down to the tiniest (and queerest) neutrino. Prescod-Weinstein shows us how spending time with the cosmos is an essential human activity that enriches all our lives. Along the way, she calls on us to resist colonial approaches to space exploration and instead imagine a better path forward in our pursuit of humanity's undeniable connection with the stars.

Through Prescod-Weinstein's clear-eyed and unique perspective, and informed by her deep knowledge of post-colonial history and Black feminist thought, *The Edge of Space-Time* argues that physics is an essential way for everyone to look at the universe and presents a compelling case that "the edge" is a powerful vantage point from which to see the big picture.

## EXCERPT

The book you are reading is about the queer, poetic wonder that is our universe and what we gain when we look at it from its many edges. It is my version of what historian Aimé Dafon Sègla calls “cosmovisions,” an offering in response to the question of why we should bother trying to get beyond edges of human knowledge about the physical universe. *The Edge of Space-Time* is part of a larger tradition that includes not just scientists but also artists. People like jazz percussionist, artist and technologist Milford Graves, who used percussion, sound, and observations of praying mantises and plant growth to understand a phenomenon he termed “cosmic energy.” Graves, a maker working in a long tradition of Black Southern artists, was not formally trained as a scientist and “cosmic energy” sounds a little like mystic talk. But when I listened to him describe his ideas in the documentary *Milford Graves Full Mantis*, I heard a familiar sensibility about how matter is linked with and through space-time, something that I’ll spend time thinking through later in this book.

As a set of knowledges and techniques, physics provides a pathway toward answering the same questions Graves asked about the fundamental nature of our cosmos and the relationship between matter, energy, and space-time. It allows us to specify in great detail the relationship between photons and the plants in Graves’s garden which transformed the photons into living particles. It is another entry point to what plant biologist and Black feminist theorist of intersectionality in science Beronda L. Montgomery calls lessons from plants.

We often analyze the world through metaphor, and I believe that seeing the universe through the perspective offered by physics strengthens our ability to understand what work metaphors are doing on us and how we might wield them. In this sense, physics is like poetry: a perspective on the world that provides insights not available to us elsewhere. We should bother with physics because it is, in part, how we as a species learn to use our minds. We should learn and teach poetry, physics, algebra, and other abstract ideas because they train us to think in symbolic and figurative terms. The same goes for calculus and quantum mechanics. And if we cannot learn to think in and through the abstract and the symbolic, then we are pliable. We are sitting ducks for the fascists and authoritarians who will use us for their ends, and their ends are ultimately catastrophe for the rest of us. That’s always been true, and it always will be.

In a world where genocides (plural) can be live streamed and still continue unabated, it is hard to imagine that society could be otherwise when what is broken about it feels so total and, in the case of the families shattered and lives lost, so final. What role might my love of physics have in any of this? I don’t think cosmology by itself can save the world. It does not feed empty stomachs or independently create the conditions by which power is distributed fairly and fair resource choices are made. Even so, I believe in the ways that people experience a connection to the cosmos as nourishing. And I believe in preparing for the better world that is coming.

The 1951 book-length poem *Montage of a Dream Deferred* by Langston Hughes opens with a scene—“Dream Boogie”—centered on Black brilliance, Black struggle, and Black defiance:

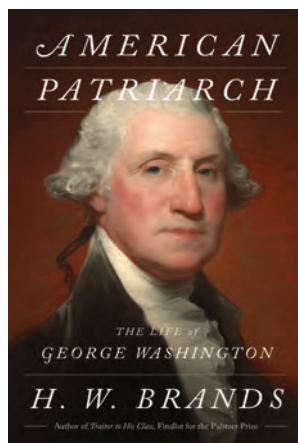
*Good morning, daddy!*

*Ain’t you heard*

*The boogie-woogie rumble*

*Of a dream deferred?*

Those of us living through these times of genocide and global warming know intimately the meaning of the phrase “dream deferred.” Even so, like Hughes, I write with the belief in the sound of the boogie-woogie rumble—the grief of the blues, yes, but also the brilliance of the blues. There is power in these sounds of defiance, in the communities that make them, and the dreams we stubbornly dream anyway. *The Edge of Space-Time* is about the ways in which our relationship to the cosmos can be part of our boogie-woogie rumble: our challenge to dreams deferred.



DOUBLEDAY

June 2026

Rights available

**H.W. BRANDS** holds the Jack S. Blanton Sr. Chair in History at the University of Texas at Austin. He has written more than a dozen biographies and histories, including *The General vs. the President*, a *New York Times* bestseller, and *America First*, his most recent book. Two of his biographies, *The First American* and *Traitor to His Class*, were finalists for the Pulitzer Prize.

# American Patriarch

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

H.W. Brands

PRAISE FOR H.W. BRANDS

“Sweeping . . . An excellent, well-written study—like most of the author’s books, a welcome addition to the literature of westward expansion.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*, starred

“Brands is a talented storyteller, with a novelist’s feel for pacing and detail.”

—*The Wall Street Journal*

“An immersive account of America’s fierce debate about joining World War II . . . Brands makes several authorial choices that render his account distinctive.”

—*The Washington Post*

**B**estselling historian and Pulitzer Prize finalist H.W. Brands explores the life of George Washington, the man who, by his singular virtues, led the American army to independence and set the fledgling republican government on its path to democracy and freedom.

George Washington was a singular figure in American history, and he remains unmatched. In his military career, Washington was more than just a leader; he was the embodiment of the American Revolution. As the first president of the United States, he established the norms and expectations that have shaped the presidency ever since. Other men gained military fame; some of these subsequently became president. But none so towered above his contemporaries in both war and peace.

From his early military career and role among the Virginia gentry, to his leadership during the American Revolution and reluctant return to public service as the first president of the United States, *American Patriarch* brings to life the man who became an embodiment of the virtues of America’s founding. Within a few years of his 1799 death, Washington was linked in the popular mind to a golden age of civic virtue—an association that continues centuries after his death.

In a vivid narrative that confounds expectations, Brands portrays a Washington who perseveres through a shocking series of failures and setbacks, acknowledging his weaknesses but attributing to him a fundamentally solid character and uncovering the qualities that made him an iconic American leader.



## EXCERPT

George III could hardly believe it. During the eight years of the war the king had been forced to acknowledge Washington's capacity as a military commander. Washington had outmaneuvered and outlasted Britain's best generals. He had managed relations with the American Congress and the states, cajoling and shaming them into providing sustenance for his soldiers. He had, by means George didn't entirely understand but assumed involved some kind of moral force, held the army together at Valley Forge, when the ranks of a lesser leader would have melted away. He had flattered and persuaded his French allies in the campaign that produced the final victory at Yorktown. George was as shocked by Cornwallis's surrender as anyone in Britain, yet by then he couldn't be surprised. His generals had lost to a better general.

The surprising thing to George—the astonishing thing—was what Washington did next. At the moment of victory, at the head of a triumphal army, holding the fate of his young country in his hands, Washington stepped aside and became merely a private citizen. Benjamin West, an artist born in Pennsylvania who found better work painting portraits in England, became acquainted with George during the war. Toward the end, the king asked West what he thought Washington would do after the fighting ceased. West said he thought Washington would retire to his farm.

West later recalled that George was skeptical. "The King said if he did, he would be the greatest man in the world."

And now he had.

\* \* \*

Washington's usefulness in the convention was chiefly ornamental. As presiding officer he didn't actually preside most days, for the convention typically voted itself a committee of the whole, under the direction of the chairman of that committee.

Nor did Washington participate in the discussions. He recognized that his talents weren't those of the lawyers and orators who filled the room. His mastery of history, philosophy and political precedent was inferior to theirs. Beyond this, he appreciated that silence was his friend. Delegates quickly took the measure of one another, discovering the boundaries of insight and wisdom from the many words they spoke. Washington remained a cipher. It was easy for the delegates to conclude from this, and from the reputation he brought to the convention, that he knew more than he did.

He wasn't always silent. At times he enforced discipline, as William Pierce related. "When the convention first opened at Philadelphia, there were a number of propositions brought forward as great leading principles for the new government to be established for the United States. A copy of these propositions was given to each member with the injunction to keep everything a profound secret. One morning, by accident, one of the members dropped his copy of the propositions, which being luckily picked up by General Mifflin was presented to General Washington, our president, who put it in his pocket. After the debates of the day were over and the question for adjournment was called for, the general arose from his seat and, previous to his putting the question, addressed the convention in the following manner: "'Gentlemen, I am sorry to find that some one member of this body has been so neglectful of the secrets of the convention as to drop in the State House a copy of their proceedings, which by accident was picked up and delivered to me this morning. I must entreat gentlemen to be more careful, lest our transactions get into the newspapers and disturb the public repose by premature speculations. I know not whose paper it is, but there it is' (throwing it down on the table). 'Let him who owns it take it.'

"At the same time he bowed, picked up his hat, and quitted the room with a dignity so severe that every person seemed alarmed. For my part I was extremely so, for putting my hand in my pocket I missed my copy of the same paper, but advancing up to the table my fears soon dissipated. I found it to be the handwriting of another person. When I went to my lodgings at the Indian Queen—a hotel where many of the delegates stayed—"I found my copy in a coat pocket which I had pulled off that morning. It is something remarkable that no person ever owned the paper."





DOUBLEDAY

August 2026

Rights available

---

**MATTHEW FUTTERMAN** is an award-winning veteran sports journalist and the author of two books, *Running to the Edge: A Band of Misfits and the Guru Who Unlocked the Secrets of Speed* and *Players: How Sports Became a Business*. He has worked for *The Athletic*, *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Star-Ledger* and *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.

---

# The Cruellest Game

THE AGONY AND ECSTASY OF PROFESSIONAL TENNIS

Matthew Futterman

PRAISE FOR MATTHEW FUTTERMAN

“Gripping . . . the narrative is smooth and immediate, almost effortless in its detail.”

—*The New York Times Book Review*

“Matt Futterman’s definitive examination of this primal human sport—distance running—richly serves a subject he knows intimately and rewards the reader with a captivating ride.”

—Mark Frost, author of *The Match* and creator of *Twin Peaks*

“Packed with valuable knowledge elegantly conveyed, *Running to the Edge* is an inspiring and eye-opening look into the evolution of the distance running tradition. Matthew Futterman beautifully translates his passion and curiosity for running into a book that speaks to runners of all abilities.”

—Alexi Pappas, distance runner and star of *Tracktown*

A revelatory exposé of modern tennis—the world’s most competitive, physically and mentally grueling sport—*The Cruellest Game* reveals the inside stories of the current legends and tomorrow’s young stars, with never-before-reported stories of their struggles and accomplishments on and off the court, by revered *New York Times* and *The Athletic* tennis writer, Matthew Futterman.

Nadal and Djokovic . . . Serena and Sabalenka . . . Sinner and Alcaraz . . . The inside story of modern tennis burns bright with fame, fortune and glamour—and high-stakes the likes of which the game has never seen before. Players must excel beyond the court under excruciating pressure, with the public spotlight blazing on those who win, and shunning those who lose. But what toll does it take? And what does it take to win year-in, year-out? *The Cruellest Game* offers an intimate, insider account of the costs of getting to the top, and the price of the fame and glory that comes with it. Futterman delves into the lives and struggles of modern tennis’ most critical players at a critical time for the sport, when fans are searching for a new set of heroes to take over for the legends whose careers are fading to black.

With the likes of Rafa, Roger, Novak, and Serena walking off the court and into retirement, a new crop of aspiring tennis hopefuls faces a shifting landscape. This book builds on award-winning journalist Matthew Futterman’s unique access to the very top echelons of professional tennis, and takes readers inside established and new players’ quest for the secret codes that allows them to survive and thrive at the top of a brutal game.

## EXCERPT

I'm taking a walk with a teenager from Spain across the grounds of the Australian Open as a pandemic ravages the rest of the globe. Acne dots his cheeks. He's easy with a smile, excited at the idea that someone from far-off America wants to talk with him about his tennis.

As we walk, tennis fans clad in lycra t-shirts, Bermuda shorts, and sundresses stream past us. No one asks for an autograph or a photo. No one even slows to figure out if the boy in the purple Nike tennis kit is anyone they should know.

Outside of the cloistered world of professional tennis, Carlos Alcaraz is unknown at this moment. Even inside tennis, there are plenty of people who have no clue. The ones who do display a mix of irrational exuberance and rightfully held skepticism. They've seen so many of these movies before—the overhyped next big thing.

Phenoms are an archetype of tennis, something the sport has to have in order to sustain itself. It also may be the essential ingredient that turns this sport into the cruelest of games. Most phenoms stumble early, hitting a ceiling once the big boys and grown women are standing on the other side of the net. The hyped children have come to steal their Rolex deals and prize money, but the wizened pros pick apart weaknesses that only they can see, and expose the phenoms as only they can.

This boy, Carlitos, is supposed to be different, a true chosen one.

They all are, of course.

"He has intensity, he has the passion, he has the shots," Nadal tells me when I ask him about the 17-year-old boy everyone in the inner-circle is calling "the next Rafa." But all that guarantees very little, Rafa warns. How much can he improve? Will he work and live the way one has to work to become an amazing champion rather than merely a very good player. "That will make the difference," he says.

Fair enough. This is Rafa-speak for, "Will he acquire the codes and choose to live by them?"

The next Rafa? We shall see.

\* \* \*

"I really think my game is more like Federer," Carlitos tells me as we walk at the Australian Open.

Federer's poster graced the wall of his bedroom in El Palmar, a small town in southeast Spain. Carlitos has modeled his game on Federer's. He wants to float to every corner of the court. To dance around backhands with an ethereal ease and grace. To rotate his hand just so, at the moment of contact, to put that magical spin on the ball that will land and twirl it just where and how he needs it to. He wants not just to win, but to triumph with a dynamic and beautiful aggression that steals the breath of everyone who watches it.

He doesn't mean this with any offense to Rafa, a hero he practiced with the other day, in a nearly empty John Cain Arena. The first real balls they've hit with each other, especially in a setting like this. Seventeen-year-old Carlitos has never played a Grand Slam before. He's still outside the top 140.

Rafa came out in a sleeveless orange shirt. His biceps and triceps rippled through the openings. The shirt clung to his chest, making him look bulkier than usual, especially when he's wearing regular clothes or a sweatshirt in a post-match news conference. In those instances, he looks nearly normal, like someone who played a sport in college—it's not clear which one—and now works at a hedge fund.

On the court, at this practice, he looked like a linebacker.

That's not unintentional. Carlitos may be a compatriot and a hot prospect. He's also a potential foe. Maybe at this tournament, or certainly at another one before very long. Let him feel what those arms look like up close. Let him remember that he is a boy among men, at least now, before he's even played a Grand Slam match. Pro tennis is a brotherhood, especially for players from the same country. It's also a jungle.



# Darwin

A BIOGRAPHY

Janet Browne

PRaise FOR JANET BROWNE

"This biography is matchless in detail and compass, and one feels an abiding gratitude that Browne was willing to sacrifice so many years of her life to reconstruct Darwin's."

—*The New York Times*

"A masterpiece . . . Brown took on an enormously ambitious project, and only an astonishingly skillful writer and a masterly historian could have pulled it off. She has."

—*Atlantic Monthly*

"A sprawling, magnificent biography. Integrating the best of current scholarship with her own discoveries, Browne's account is state of the art."

—*Scientific American*

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

June 2026

**Rights sold:**

UK: Princeton Univ. Press

Other rights available

**JANET BROWNE**, one of the world's leading experts on Charles Darwin, is the Aramont Professor Emerita of the History of Science at Harvard University. Her books include the acclaimed two-volume biography, *Charles Darwin: Voyaging* and *Charles Darwin: The Power of Place*, which won the National Book Critics Circle Award for Biography and the Pfizer Prize from the History of Science Society. She is also the editor of *The Quotable Darwin* and the author of *Darwin's Origin of Species: A Biography*. She was on the editorial team of the Darwin Correspondence Project at the University of Cambridge, which published Darwin's correspondence in thirty volumes.

Janet Browne's award-winning, two-volume biography of Charles Darwin has been described by many reviewers as the definitive biography of the father of evolution. Now, Browne has skillfully distilled and fully revised the work into a concise yet comprehensive one-volume biography that offers significant new interpretations of Darwin and the scientific and political legacy of his discoveries.

Few men shook the Victorian world like Darwin did, and his story is in many ways that of the nineteenth century. His theory of evolution was born in the age of empire and had its greatest effect in the age of capitalism. It was to change the course of science, culture, and history, and deeply influence literature, art, philosophy, religion, politics, and economics. This magisterial biography follows Darwin from his early life and adventures on HMS *Beagle* to the tumult of becoming one of the first scientific celebrities with the publication of *On the Origin of Species*. Through personal letters and archives, Browne describes the processes that brought the idea of evolution by natural selection into British society and beyond, especially Darwin's relationship with Alfred Russel Wallace, who simultaneously proposed the same theory, and with the many people who helped and supported Darwin, including his wife Emma Wedgwood. Combining the best elements of social and intellectual biography, Browne places Darwin in cultural context and integrates his ideas with his private life.

Vivid, revealing, and compellingly readable, *Darwin* is the indispensable biography of a gentleman naturalist who would become one of the most important, influential, and controversial scientists of all time.

## EXCERPT

Few men shook Victorian England as deeply as Charles Darwin did with the theory of evolution by natural selection or what he called “descent with modification.” The clarity and insight of his vision of the natural world, expressed at length in his book, *On the Origin of Species*, offered real answers to the biggest natural history problems of his day and lay at the heart of a whirlwind of debate over the likelihood that living beings were not specially created by a divine force. He stepped onto the cultural stage as a radical thinker, even a revolutionary. Yet as a person he was mild and modest, not at all the type to sway a nation’s thought or undermine contemporary religious thought, let alone propel startling ideas across the globe. He was not a Dickens or Disraeli. Nonetheless, Darwin’s proposals hit Victorians where it hurt the most, unsettling their ideas about God and nature, and especially focussing attention on the origin of humankind. Could human beings really have descended from apes? Was Darwin denying the truth of the Bible? Although he was hardly the first thinker to advance such provocative suggestions, he became the most famous naturalist in the country, “first among the scientific men of England,” as Edward Aveling put it, his name inextricably linked with the concept of evolution and with larger shifts in public opinion gathering pace as the century drew toward a close. Even Alfred Russel Wallace, the brilliant naturalist who independently formulated the same idea, said of Darwin’s book that “Mr. Darwin has given the world a new science, and his name should, in my opinion, stand above that of every philosopher of ancient or modern times.”

The impact of these ideas continues today although changed in many significant elements. Who, in 1859, could have imagined the intellectual and social transformations to come? Literature, poetry, economics, history, philosophy, and religious thought would never be the same again. Towards the end of the century, the field of genetics emerged hand in hand with evolutionary theory, social Darwinist ideas permeated industrializing economies, imperialism consolidated under a so-called science of race, arguments for eugenics would dictate horrific national policies. Biology and anthropology shifted direction; the rise of ecology and environmentalism affirmed the interrelations of all living beings; paleontology revealed the long history of change. Generated during the age of empire, Darwin’s ideas self-evidently thrived in the age of capital. And would he have imagined the celebrity? T-shirts are embellished with Darwin’s face, a city in Australia is named after him, specimens from the Beagle voyage are cherished, his home in England is a museum, and his books and manuscripts are valuable historical objects. Evolution—however it might be understood—is recognizably one of the central narratives of modernity.

While it would be unreasonable to lay all these transformations directly at Darwin’s door, it seems important to ask how one man and one book came to represent so many cultural changes in the course of history. What sort of man was this? Many scholars have offered their insights over the years. Their findings contribute very materially to this volume which aims to show Darwin as a social being embedded in the dynamic changes taking place in Britain in the nineteenth century.

## HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE BACKLIST

Please contact us with interest and we will be happy to see if your territory is available.

### MAX BARRY

*Jennifer Government*  
*Company*

### JAMES M. CAIN

*The Postman Always Rings Twice*  
*Mildred Pierce*  
*Serenade*  
*Double Indemnity*

### E.M. BARD

*The Cat I.Q. Test*

### KIM BARKER

*The Taliban Shuffle\**

### JANET BENTON

*Lilli de Jong*

### PETER BERGER

*A Rumor of Angels*  
*Heretical Imperative*  
*Invitation to Sociology*  
*Social Construction of Reality*  
*The Other Side of God*  
*The Precarious Vision*  
*The Sacred Canopy*

### GERALDINE BROOKS

*Nine Parts of Desire*

### LOUISE BROOKS

*Lulu in Hollywood*

### THOMAS CAHILL

*How the Irish Saved Civilization*

### JOAN FRANCES CASEY

*The Flock*

### JULIA CHILD

*Cooking with Master Chefs*  
*Julia's Kitchen Wisdom*  
*Mastering the Art of French*  
*Cooking*  
*My Life in France*  
*The French Chef Cookbook*  
*The Way to Cook*  
*Julia & Jacques Cooking at Home*

### LINCOLN CHILD

*Death Match*  
*Deep Storm*  
*Terminal Freeze*  
*Utopia*  
*The Third Gate*  
*The Forgotten Room*  
*Full Wolf Moon*

### BILL CLINTON

*Back to Work*  
*Citizen*  
*Giving*  
*My Life*

### PAT CONROY

*A Lowcountry Heart*  
*Beach Music*  
*Death of Santini*  
*My Losing Season*  
*My Reading Life*  
*South of Broad*

### RAM DASS and PAUL GORMAN

*How Can I Help?*

### DWIGHT EISENHOWER

*Crusade in Europe*

### NORA EPHRON

*I Feel Bad About My Neck*  
*I Remember Nothing*  
*The Most of Nora Ephron*

### HARRY FRANKFURT

*On Truth*

### ERVING GOFFMAN

*Asylums*  
*The Presentation of Self in*  
*Everyday Life*

### ARTHUR HAILEY

*Airport*  
*Hotel*  
*In High Places*  
*Moneychangers*  
*Overload*  
*Wheels*

### DASHIELL HAMMETT

*The Dain Curse*  
*The Glass Key*  
*The Maltese Falcon*  
*Red Harvest*  
*The Thin Man*

### VICTOR DAVIS HANSON

*Carnage and Culture*  
*Ripples of Battle*  
*The Western Way of War*

### JOHN HERSEY

*A Single Pebble*  
*Antoniotta*  
*Bell for Adano*  
*Hiroshima*  
*Key West Tales*  
*The Wall*  
*Too Far to Walk*  
*Under the Eye of the Storm*

### KAY JAMISON

*An Unquiet Mind*  
*Exuberance*  
*Night Falls Fast*  
*Nothing Was the Same*  
*Robert Lowell, Setting the River*  
*on Fire*

### HA JIN

*A Free Life*  
*A Good Fall*  
*A Map of Betrayal*  
*A Song Everlasting*  
*Nanjing Requiem*  
*Ocean of Words*  
*The Banished Immortal*  
*The Boat Rocker*  
*The Bridegroom*  
*The Crazyed*  
*Waiting*  
*War Trash*

### KENT HARUF

*Our Souls at Night\**

### RICHARD HOFSTADTER

*Age of Reform*  
*American Violence*  
*American Political Tradition*  
*Anti-Intellectualism in American*  
*Life*  
*Great Issues in American History,*  
*Vol. I-III*  
*The Paranoid Style in American*  
*Politics*  
*The Progressive Historians*

### STUART ISACOFF

*A Natural History of the Piano*  
*Temperament*  
*When the World Stopped to Listen*

### CARL JUNG

*Memories Dreams Reflections*

### ROBERT KAGAN

*Dangerous Nation*  
*Of Paradise and Power*  
*The Jungle Grows Back*  
*The Return of History*  
*The World America Made*

### ELIA KAZAN

*Beyond the Aegean*  
*Kazan on Directing*  
*Selected Letters of Elia Kazan*  
*A Life*

**STEPHEN KING**

*Carrie*  
*Night Shift*  
*Salem's Lot*  
*The Shining*  
*The Stand*  
*The Stand (graphic edition)*

**JON KRAKAUER**

*Eiger Dreams*  
*Under the Banner of Heaven*  
*Where Men Win Glory*  
*Missoula*  
*Classic Krakauer*

**WALTER MOSLEY**

*And Sometimes I Wonder About You*  
*Charcoal Joe*  
*Debbie Doesn't Do It Anymore*  
*Little Green*  
*Rose Gold*

**SHERWIN NULAND**

*Lost in America*  
*Doctors: The Biography of Medicine*  
*How We Die*  
*How We Live*

**ERWIN PANOFSKY**

*Meaning in the Visual Arts*

**PANTHEON FOLKTALE LIBRARY**

*African-American Folktales*  
*Arab Folktales*  
*Chinese Fairy Tales & Fantasies*  
*Favorite Folktales from Around the World*  
*Japanese Folktales*  
*Irish Folktales*  
*Legends and Tales from the American West*  
*Russian Fairy Tales*  
*Swedish Folktales and Legends*  
*Yiddish Folktales*

**DAVE PELZ**

*Putting Bible*  
*Short Game Bible*

**HENRY PETROSKI**

*Engineers of Dreams*  
*Paperboy*  
*Pushing the Limits*  
*Remaking the World*  
*Small Things Considered*  
*The Book on the Bookshelf*  
*The Essential Engineer*  
*The Evolution of Useful Things*  
*The Pencil*  
*The Toothpick*

**STEVEN PRESSFIELD**

*The Gates of Fire*  
*The Last of the Amazons*  
*Tides of War*  
*Virtues of War*

**RICHARD RHODES**

*Arsenals of Folly*  
*Hedy's Folly*  
*John James Audubon*  
*Masters of Death*  
*Scientist*  
*The Twilight of the Bombs*  
*Why They Kill*

**JOHN RICHARDSON**

*A Life of Picasso, Vol 1-4*

**TOM ROBBINS**

*Another Roadside Attraction*

**SAM SHEPARD**

*Cruising Paradise*  
*Day Out of Days*  
*Great Dream of Heaven*  
*The One Inside*  
*Spy of the First Person*  
*States of Shock, Far North, and Silent Tongue*

**APRIL SMITH**

*A Star For Mrs. Blake*  
*Be the One*  
*Good Morning, Killer*  
*Home Sweet Home*  
*Judas Horse*  
*North of Montana*  
*White Shotgun*

**MANUEL SMITH**

*When I Say No, I Feel Guilty*

**RAYMOND SMULLYAN**

*Chess Mysteries of Arabian Knights*  
*Chess Mysteries of Sherlock Holmes*  
*Forever Undecided*  
*Satan, Cantor, and Infinity*  
*The Lady or the Tiger?*  
*The Riddle of Scheherazade*  
*To Mock a Mocking Bird*

**JONATHAN SPENCE**

*A Question of Hu*

**WALLACE STEVENS**

*Collected Poems*  
*Letters of Wallace Stevens*

**LEON URIS**

*Exodus*  
*Haj*  
*QB VII*

**IRVING STONE**

*The Agony & the Ecstasy*  
*Clarence Darrow for the Defense*  
*Dear Theo*  
*Depths of Glory*  
*Greek Treasure*  
*I, Michelangelo, Sculptor*  
*Immortal Wife*  
*Jack London*  
*Love is Eternal*  
*Lust for Life*  
*Men to Match Mountains*  
*Passions of the Mind*  
*The Origin*

**ALAN WATTS**

*Behold the Spirit*  
*Nature, Man, & Woman*  
*The Wisdom of Insecurity*  
*This is It*  
*Way of Zen*  
*There is Never Anything But the Present*

**ANDREW WEIL**

*Eating Well for Optimum Health*  
*Eight Weeks to Optimum Health*  
*Healthy Aging*  
*Spontaneous Healing*  
*The Healthy Kitchen*

**DOROTHY WEST**

*The Richer, The Poorer*  
*The Wedding*

**EDWARD O. WILSON**

*Consilience*  
*The Future of Life*

**DON WINSLOW**

*California Fire & Life*  
*Death & Life of Bobby Z*  
*The Power of the Dog*

**LAWRENCE WRIGHT**

*The Looming Tower\**

**CHARLES YU**

*How to Live Safely in a Science Fictional Universe*  
*Interior Chinatown*  
*Sorry Please Thank You*

\*Movie tie-in edition available.



## FOREIGN SUBAGENTS

### BULGARIA

Katalina Sabeva  
Anthea Agency  
62 G.M. Dimitrov Blvd., Ste. 20  
Sofia 1172  
Tel: 359 2 986 3581  
Email: katalina@anthearights.com

### CHINA

David Tsai  
Bardon-Chinese Media Agency  
Room 2-702, Bldg. 2  
RongHuaShijia, No. 29,  
XiaoYingBeiLu, Chao Yang  
District  
Beijing 100101  
Tel: 86 10 8223 5383  
Fax: 86 10 8223 5362  
Email: david@bardonchinese.com

### CZECH REPUBLIC

Kristin Olson  
Kristin Olson Literary Agency  
Klimenska 24  
110 00 Prague 1  
Tel: 42 02 2258 2042  
Fax: 42 02 2258 0048  
Email: kristin.olson@litag.cz

### FRANCE

Vanessa Kling  
La Nouvelle Agence  
60 Rue Tiquetonne  
Paris 75002  
Tel: 33 43 25 8560  
Fax: 33 43 85 4798  
Email: vanessa@lanouvelleagence.fr

### GREECE

John Moukakos  
JLM Literary Agency  
9 Andrea Metaxa Street  
106 81 Athens  
Tel: 30 2 10 384 7187  
Fax: 30 2 10 382 8779  
Email: jlm@jlm.gr

### HOLLAND

Paul Sebes  
Sebes & Bisseling Literary  
Agency  
Herengracht 623  
1017 CE Amsterdam  
Tel: 31 20 616 09 40  
Fax: 31 20 618 08 43  
Email: sebes@sebes.nl

### HUNGARY, CROATIA & SERBIA

Agota Banyai  
Katai & Bolza Literary  
Szerb u. 17-19  
H-1056 Budapest  
Tel: 36 1 456 0313  
Fax: 36 1 456 0314  
Email: agota@kataibolza.hu

### ISRAEL

Geula Geurts  
The Deborah Harris Agency  
P.O. Box 8528  
Jerusalem 91083  
Tel: 972 2 561 0568  
Fax: 972 2 563 8711  
Email: geula@thedeborahharrisagency.com

### ITALY

Roberto Santachiara  
Agenzia Letteraria Santachiara  
Via Griffini 14  
27100 Pavia  
Tel: 39 0382 520616  
Fax: 39 0382 526358  
Email: agenzia@robertosantachiara.com

### JAPAN

Hamish Macaskill  
The English Agency  
Sakuragi Building 4F  
6-7-3 Minami Aoyama  
Minato-ku, Tokyo 107  
Tel: 81 33 406 5385  
Fax: 81 33 406 5387  
Email: hamish@ej.co.jp

### KOREA

Rockyoung Lee  
Korea Copyright Center  
Gyonghigung-achim  
Officetel Rm 520, Compound 3  
Naesu-dong 72, Chongno  
Seoul 110-070  
Tel: 82 2 725 3350  
Fax: 82 2 725 3612  
Email: rylee@kccseoul.com

### POLAND

Maria Strarz-Kanska  
GRAAL Ltd.  
Ul. Pruszkowska 29 lok. 252  
02-119 Warsaw  
Tel: 48 22 895 2000  
Fax: 48 22 895 2001  
Email: maria@graal.com.pl

### ROMANIA

Simona Kessler  
Simona Kessler Agency  
Str. Banul Antonache 37  
011663 Bucharest 1  
Tel: 4021 316 48 06  
Fax: 4021 316 47 94  
Email: simona@kessler-agency.ro

### SCANDINAVIA

Trine Licht  
Licht & Burr Literary Agency  
Ny Vestergade 1 St.  
DK-1471 Copenhagen K  
Tel: 45 33 33 00 21  
Email: tl@licht-burr.dk

### TAIWAN

David Tsai  
Bardon-Chinese Media Agency  
3F, N. 150, Roosevelt Rd., Sec. 2  
Taipei 100  
Tel: 886 2 2364 4995 ext. 13  
Fax: 886 2 2364 1976  
Email: david@bardonchinese.com

### TURKEY

Nermin Mollaoğlu  
Kalem Literary Agency  
Moda Cad. Caferaga Mah.  
Erengül Apt. No:110  
K:1 D:1 Kadıköy 34710  
İstanbul  
Tel: 0216 345 42 47  
Email: nermin@kalemagency.com

