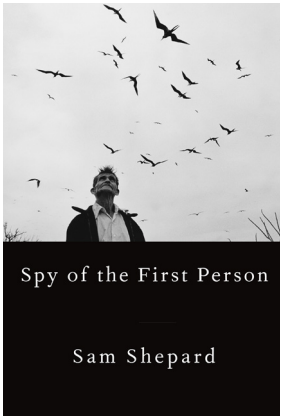
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Knopf
December 2017

Rights sold:
Holland: Nobelman
Italy: La Nave di Teseo
Portugal: Bertrand Editora
Spain: Anagrama

Other rights available

SAM SHEPARD was the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of more than fifty-five plays and three story collections. As an actor, he appeared in more than sixty films, and received an Oscar nomination in 1984 for *The Right Stuff*. He was a finalist for the W. H. Smith Literary Award for his story collection *Great Dream of Heaven*. In 2012 he was awarded an honorary doctorate from Trinity College, Dublin. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, received the Gold Medal for Drama from the Academy, and was inducted into the Theater Hall of Fame. He died in 2017.

Spy of the First Person
Sam Shepard

"A devastating work that is also full of life and wonder. From its heartbreaking dedication to him by his children to its last longing and truthful pages, it is an intimate masterwork."
—Michael Ondaatje, Booker Prize–winning author of *The English Patient*

"Snares with virtuoso precision both nature's constant vibrancy and the stop-action of illness. Told in short takes pulsing with life and rueful wit. Offers acid commentary on episodes in American history, and revels in the resonance of words. A gorgeously courageous and sagacious coda to Shepard's innovative and soulful body of work."
—*Booklist,* starred review

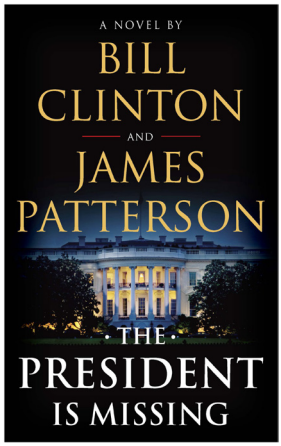
"Elegant, unpretentious, funny, and touching. Slim but potent. Gently escorts the reader out to the edge where life meets death."
—*Publishers Weekly,* starred review

The final work from the Pulitzer Prize–winning writer, actor, and musician, drawn from his transformative last days

In searing, beautiful prose, Sam Shepard's extraordinary narrative leaps off the page with its immediacy and power. It tells in a brilliant braid of voices the story of an unnamed narrator who traces, before our rapt eyes, his memories of work, adventure, and travel as he undergoes medical tests and treatments for a condition that is rendering him more and more dependent on the loved ones who are caring for him. The narrator's memories and preoccupations often echo those of our current moment—for here are stories of immigration and community, inclusion and exclusion, suspicion and trust. But at the book's core, and his, is family—his relationships with those he loved, and with the natural world around him. Vivid, haunting, and deeply moving, *Spy of the First Person* takes us from the sculpted gardens of a renowned clinic in Arizona to the blue waters surrounding Alcatraz, from a New Mexico border town to a condemned building on New York City's Avenue C. It is an unflinching expression of the vulnerabilities that make us human—and an unbound celebration of family and life.

EXCERPT

It was that time of day that I love so much. That people have written songs about. The time of day when afternoon is turning to night. Twilight, I guess it's called, and I snuck across the road. I snuck across the road hoping to get a peek at him before he began any conversation with somebody unseen or seen. I crossed the road. It had been raining for three days straight. Raining. The street was still running with water. Water was coming down everywhere. Not rain but residual water. I got to the other side through the parked cars, through all kinds of parked cars. There were Toyotas, there were Chevys, there were Fords, there were Zumbayas. All kinds of cars and I got to the hedge which was neither a camellia hedge or a hydrangea or anything like that. It was unidentifiable. There were white flowers coming out of it but I didn't know quite what they were. I can make him out through the white flowers, through the hedge. But I wasn't quite sure. I could make something out through there, but I wasn't sure what. Oh never mind, I'll figure it out later. That's the thing about later. You don't know what's coming up. You don't know how all the loose ends are going to gather together. Something for sure is going to happen but you don't know what it is. For instance—I'm outside, for instance. Out here with the birds and the bugs. Not exactly outside, but close enough. Just across the way. It's never like it was. The clouds. The big sky. The flowers. The chirping.



The President is Missing

A Novel

Bill Clinton & James Patterson

President and bestselling author Bill Clinton and bestselling author James Patterson draw on their unparalleled combination of experience and imagination to create a thriller that turns on an impossible possible—a U.S. President's disappearance from the White House.

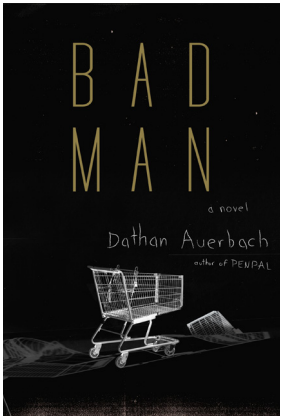
The White House is the home of the President of the United States, the most guarded, monitored, closely watched person in the world. So how could a U.S. President vanish without a trace? And did he choose to do so?

An unprecedented collaboration between President Bill Clinton and the world's bestselling novelist, James Patterson, *The President Is Missing* is a breathtaking story from the pinnacle of power. Full of what it truly feels like to be the person in the Oval Office—the mind-boggling pressure, the heartbreaking decisions, the exhilarating opportunities, the soul-wrenching power—this is the thriller of the decade, confronting the real threats that face the world today, with the highest stakes conceivable.

Knopf/Little, Brown
June 2018

Rights sold:
Brazil: Record
China: Beijing Fonghong
Czech Republic: Euromedia
Denmark: Gyldendal
Finland: Otava
France: Lattès
Germany: Droemer
Greece: Oceanida
Holland: Nieuw Amsterdam
Hungary: XXI Szazad
Israel: Modan
Italy: Longanesi
Japan: Hayakawa
Norway: Gyldendal Norsk
Poland: Znak
Portugal: Porto
Russia: Eksmo
Spain: Planeta
Sweden: Mondial
Turkey: Ithaki
UAE: Rewayat
UK: Hutchinson

Other rights available



Bad Man
A Novel
Dathan Auerbach

"*Bad Man* blew a big dark hole right though my chest. Spellbindingly terrifying stuff. Auerbach writes high-test, 151-proof horror."
—Nick Cutter, author of *Little Heaven* and *The Troop*

"Cleanup on aisle 9: *Bad Man* will make a mess of your daily life, will haunt your next trip to the grocery store. And then you'll want to reread it, just to see how Auerbach did that. And you'll be scared all over again."
—Stephen Graham Jones, author of *Mongrels*

Doubleday
August 2018

Rights sold:
Brazil: Intrinseca
France: Belfond
Italy: Sperling & Kupfer
Mexico: Oceano

Other rights available

DATHAN AUERBACH was born in the Southern U.S. and has lived there for most of his life. In 2011, he began posting a series of stories to a forum dedicated to horror. After a KickStarter campaign that raised over 1000% of its goal, he was able to release the revised and expanded versions of his story as his first novel.

Reddit horror sensation Dathan Auerbach delivers a devilishly dark novel about a young boy who goes missing, and the brother who won't stop looking for him.

Eric disappeared when he was three years old. Ben only looked away for a second at the grocery store, but that was all it took. His brother was gone. Vanished right into the sticky air of the Florida Panhandle.

They say you've only got a couple days to find a missing person. Forty-eight hours to conduct searches, knock on doors, and talk to witnesses. Two days to tear the world apart if there's any chance of putting yours back together. That's your window.

That window closed five years ago, leaving Ben's life in ruins. He still looks for his brother. Still searches while his stepmother sits and waits and whispers for Eric, refusing to leave the house that Ben's father can no longer afford. Now twenty and desperate for work, Ben takes a night stock job at the only place that will have him: the store that blinked Eric out of existence.

Ben can feel that there's something wrong there. With the people. With his boss. With the graffitied baler that shudders and moans and beckons. There's something wrong with the air itself. He knows he's in the right place now. That the store has much to tell him. So, he keeps searching. Keeps looking for his baby brother, while missing the most important message of all.

That he should have *stopped* looking.

EXCERPT

At the sweltering height of a Florida summer, a body was discovered by two boys playing in woods they'd always promised to stay out of. Thick and looming trees made a forest that could swallow anyone who didn't know the way. But they knew it, the same way all young boys who grow up near woods know it: by trampling through the trees until they give up their secrets. Even that day they emerged safely, though perhaps a little different. The story that they would tell their parents later that day was a lie. They hadn't simply seen the body. The truth was that the older boy had been the one to find it, and he had found it not by accident but by violence. Directing his frustration with the world back onto itself, he would save his anger for the forgiving trees. The younger boy followed and watched, the sight as natural and turbulent to him as a thunderstorm; all you can do is stay back and hope not to be caught in its path. The older one would beat trees with their own limbs and toss saplings as far as his arms and gravity would allow. Not in a mindless way or in a tantrum; it was somehow more methodical. Piles of dead leaves and anthills exploded on the toes of his swinging boots while the two boys talked about calm things, happy things.

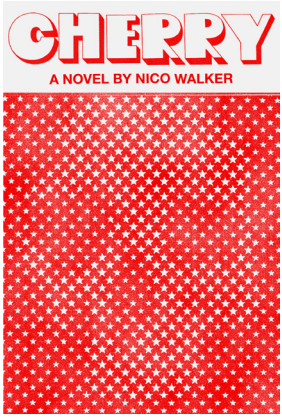
That day in July, they were debating how big they thought the neighbor girl's bra must be, when the words stopped as abruptly as the boot did. Boots pass right through anthills. The dry ones feel like they weren't even really there to begin with. The older boy had kicked hard, but his leg hummed like a bat against concrete.

It wasn't until the younger one started yelling and pulling at the older boy's shirt that he could begin to make sense of what had stopped his foot. He hadn't kicked an anthill. The boy stood there dumbly for a while with his boot in the side of a collapsed face before his friend finally managed to wrestle him away.

The older boy got the switch, but it was the younger boy's parents who had been the most furious. Their anger was tempered only by a kind of unclean relief, tumbling over them in a muddy wave as they learned that their son had wandered in and out of danger before they even had a chance to know it was there. The boy never really understood their reactions. He was fine. Nothing had happened. But he was just a boy; he couldn't know how scary having a child could be—knowing there's a piece of yourself out in the world that you can only protect with ignored words of warning and broken rules. Knowing that the connecting nerves are so long, any message of distress would take an eternity to reach its way back to you. Feeling pain at the expectation of agony.

The parents of the young boy said much to keep that summer in his mind, as if he would somehow forget, or even want to. He had to be more careful with himself, they'd say. Next time, something might find you. Their town, small as it was, was no different than any other—the well of ghost stories no less deep, and so they drew from it, and served him stories about other children who had also been fine right up until the moment they weren't. What about that kid at the old paper mill? 'Bout the same age as you, more or less. Climbed in through a broke window twenty-five feet in the air, and then broke both his legs when he fell from that platform. Laid there for damn near two days before someone found him. And that little girl, the one that didn't get off the school bus that one day because she didn't never make it on? Heard her momma stood at that bus stop all afternoon figuring there had to be some kind of mistake. But the world don't make mistakes, you hear me? What it makes are fools who think bad luck won't notice them. Don't matter who you are. Or how old neither.

Just ask that one little boy, not that you could. Wasn't nothin but a toddler. Just up and vanished into thin air. Poof.



Knopf
August 2018

Rights sold:
France: Les Arènes
Germany: Heyne
Holland: De Bezige Bij
Hungary: Libri
Italy: La Nave di Teseo
Japan: Bungeishunju
Spain: PRH Grupo
UK: Jonathan Cape

Other rights available

NICO WALKER is originally from Cleveland, Ohio. He served as a medic on over 250 missions in Iraq. Currently he has two more years of an eleven-year sentence for bank robbery.

Cherry
A Novel
Nico Walker

"After page one, only the faint-hearted will manage to put down this brilliant screech from a life of war, crime and addiction. A powerful book that declares the arrival of a real writer who has made art out of anguish."
—Thomas McGuane, author of *Cloudbursts* and *Ninety-two in the Shade*

"Harrowing, heartbreaking, and sadly funny. *Cherry* is a terrific book, a cool book, and Walker's voice is keen and vigilant and uniquely his own."
—Joe Ide, author of *IQ* and *Righteous*

"Walker has written one of those perfect books in the most outrageous voice that I've come across in years. Wild and vulnerable and just talking to you in crystal perfect sentences."
—Scott McClanahan, author of *The Sarah Book* and *Hill William*

Jesus' Son meets *Reservoir Dogs* in a breakneck paced debut novel about love, war, bank robberies, and heroin.

Cleveland, 2005. A young man is just a college freshman when he meets Emily. They share a passion for Edward Albee and ecstasy and fall hard and fast in love. But soon Emily has to move home to Elba, New York, and he flunks out of school and joins the army. Desperate to keep their relationship alive, they marry before he ships out to Iraq. But as an army medic, he is unprepared for the grisly reality that awaits him. His fellow soldiers smoke; they huff computer duster; they take painkillers; they watch porn. And many of them die. He and Emily try to make their long distance marriage work, but when he returns from Iraq, his PTSD is profound and the drugs on the street have changed. The opioid crisis is beginning to swallow up the Midwest. Soon he is hooked on heroin, and so is Emily. They attempt a normal life, but with their money drying up, he turns to the one thing he thinks he could be really good at—robbing banks.

Hammered out on a typewriter in a federal prison, *Cherry* marks the arrival of a raw, bleakly hilarious and surprisingly poignant voice straight from the dark heart of America.

EXCERPT

The important thing is to run fast.

I slam through the doors going out and round the corner, go by the ATMs again. But I don't run back up the street; I turn and run behind the bank, past the dumpster, past the place where I used to live upstairs, then down the steps in back of the almost vegetarian restaurant, to the chain-link fence. And the parking lot is there, but I don't see Black. And I'm not at all surprised: this is typical fucking dopeboy behavior.

Now the important thing is don't run.

My car is a block away and I think I can make it, so it's not like it's the end of the world. I take my hat off and put the gun in my hat. The gun's heavy on account of it's full of bullets. It's really too heavy to go carrying in hats, but this arrangement will have to work as I have a ways to go and I don't want the gun trying to de-pants me in the getaway.

I walk down more steps into the parking lot, carrying my hat, with the gun in my hat, with my hat in my left hand. There's no one else in the parking lot when I cross it. I look and the gun in my hat still isn't well-hidden, so I take my scarf off while I'm walking and I ball it up some and place it on top of the gun in my hat and it's a little better. Then there's the money sticking out of my pockets, I'll need to be careful that none falls out. I go left when I get to the sidewalk, and I'm walking up Hampshire Lane. They'll be coming up Mayfield, and if they get me I'm fucked.

Sometimes I wonder if youth wasn't wasted on me. It's not that I'm dumb to the beauty of things. I take all the beautiful things to heart, and they fuck my heart till I about die from it. So it isn't that. It's just that something in me's always drawn me away, and it's the singular part of me, and I can't explain it.

There's nobody out here except one other guy, and the other guy is on the same sidewalk as I am, coming towards me from the other end of the block. We'll meet eventually. I see he's dressed like an old-timer. And that's good – if he's old then I doubt he gives a fuck about what I'm up to. All I have to do is be cool. The important thing is don't act like you robbed a bank.

Act like you have places to go and people to see.
Act like you love the police.
Act like you never did drugs.
Act like you love America so much it's retarded.
But don't act like you robbed a bank.
And don't run.
The important thing is don't run.

The sirens coming up Mayfield now, and the grass is like a teenage girl. And the stoops!—the stoops are fucking wondrous! There's a fuckload of starlings gone to war over a big wet juicy bag of garbage – look at them go! The big swinging dick starling's got all the other starlings scared. He'll be the one who gets the choicest garbage!
This is the beauty of things fucking my heart. I wish I could lie down in the grass and chill for a while, but of course this is impossible, the gun in my hat might be a little obvious, the money sticking out of all my pockets too. And the sirens telling everyone I'm a fucking scumbag. I bet they hope I'll try something so they can drink my blood and tell their women about it. I say good morning to the old–timer. He says good morning. And if he suspects me of wrongdoing, he was good enough not to mention it. We go about our business. I'm three quarters there now. So maybe I get away. And here come the sirens; here come their fucking gangsters. The sirens screaming now, now turning.

And I feel peaceful.



Pantheon
November 2018

UK rights available

YU HUA is the author of five novels, six story collections, and four essay collections. He has also contributed op-ed pieces to *The New York Times*. His work has been translated into thirty-five languages. He is the recipient of many awards, including the James Joyce Award, France's Prix Courrier International, and Italy's Premio Grinzane Cavour. He lives in Beijing.

The April 3rd Incident
Stories
Yu Hua

Praise for Yu Hua:

"Elegant and sharp. By turns inventive and playful and dark and disturbing, with much to say about modern China."
—NPR

"Impressive. An irreverent take on everything from the Cultural Revolution to the capitalist boom. A relentlessly entertaining epic."
—The New Yorker

"Portraits of contemporary China are rarely sharper or more savage."
—Time

"Vital and electric. Shows the persistence of human sensibility in the face of totalitarian logic."
—Slate

From the celebrated author of *To Live*, one of China's most famous contemporary writers—a stunning collection of stories, selected from the best of his early work, that show his profound influence on a pivotal period in Chinese literature.

In the late 1980s and early 1990s, when these stories were written, Yu Hua and a number of other young Chinese writers began to reimagine their national literature in their innovations with form. Departing from conventional realism in favor of a more subjective and daring approach inspired by Kafka, Faulkner, and Borges, these authors reflected the momentous cultural changes sweeping through China. The stories in *The April 3rd Incident* show Yu Hua masterfully guiding us from one fractured reality to another. "A History of Two People" traces the paths of a man and a woman who dream in parallel throughout their lives. "In Memory of Miss Willow Yang" weaves a spellbinding web of signs and symbols. "As the North Wind Howled" carries a case of mistaken identity to absurd and hilarious conclusions. And the titular story follows an unforgettable narrator determined to unearth a conspiracy against him that may not exist. By turns surreal, thought-provoking, and darkly comic, *The April 3rd Incident* is an extraordinary record of a singular moment in Chinese fiction.

EXCERPT

Standing by the window at eight in the morning, he looked out and seemed to see a lot of things, but none of them really registered—he was conscious only of a bright yellow patch on the ground. “That’s sunshine,” he thought to himself. Then, putting his hand into his pocket, he felt a cold, metallic sensation. This rather startled him, and his fingers began to tremble, surprising him all the more. But when his fingers slowly advanced along the side of the metal, the strange sensation did not develop further; it became fixed. So his hand, too, ceased all movement. Gradually the metal lost its chill—it grew warm, as warm as lips. But before long the warmth dissipated. It seemed to have merged with his fingers, and so it was as though it no longer existed. Its touching show was already a thing of the past.

It was a key, its color much like that of the sunlight outside. Its irregular, bumpy teeth somehow conjured the image in his mind of a potholed, arduous road, a road that he might one day have to take.

Now he needed to think: To whom was the key related? It would unlock the door. When the key turned in the lock, what would happen? If one imagined a paper fan unfurling halfway like an accordion, that would resemble the arc of the door as it opened—an elegant and unhurried arc, no doubt. At the same time it would make a sound like an accordion’s first, fluttering note. If one proceeded to anticipate what would happen next, surely it would be him entering the room from outside. And he would smell a sweaty odor, an odor that was his. At least he hoped it was his, and not his parents.’

As he was imagining himself pushing the door and stepping inside, his body had actually done quite the opposite: to put it simply, he had exited the room and now was standing outside. He stretched out an arm and pulled the door shut. At the final moment he tugged sharply and the door banged against the frame. The noise was so blunt and powerful, it made him—go out.

Without question, he was now walking in the street. But he didn’t have the sensation of walking—it was rather as though he was still inside the house, next to the window. In other words, he only knew and did not feel that he was walking along the street. This realization took him aback.

At that moment a mop of dark hair glided into view. Bai Xue was approaching. For Bai Xue to appear so suddenly and without preconditions came as rather a shock.

She once had sat at a desk diagonally opposite his, wearing a pale yellow blouse. The sight of her had touched him deeply then, although he wasn’t sure if it was she or her blouse that was responsible. One way or another, he was to suffer the consequences of his susceptibility to her looks, for later he would get the jitters every time he saw her.

This time, however, when she dropped in front of him like a leaf from a tree, he was only a little flustered.

They had been classmates in the past, but now they were no longer connected in any way. She had stopped wearing that unsettling yellow blouse. But now she was standing in front of him.



Elsey Come Home

A Novel

Susan Conley

"What a quirky little gem of a book Conley has written. I'm still trying to figure out how she created a character so seemingly lost to herself without losing me in the process. There's genuine alchemy here."
—Richard Russo, author of *Everybody's Fool*

"A triumph, a book of powerful women and even more powerful tradition. I love Susan Conley's sentences—spare but lyrical, hard-edged but melodic, not a word extra, a story so big no Talking Circle could ever contain it."
—Bill Roorbach, author of *The Remedy of Love* and *The Girl of the Lake*

"A thing of wonder and beauty, a novel about faraway places, both internal and external. Susan Conley is a magical writer; this book is her magic."
—Mike Paterniti, author of *The Telling Room*

"Elsey's voice is a triumph. It sings. The writing is exquisite. I loved, loved this novel."
—Lily King, author of *Euphoria*

When Elsey's husband Kristof hands her a brochure for a week-long mountain retreat, she knows he is really handing her an ultimatum: go, or we're done. Once a successful painter, Elsey set down roots in China after meeting her musician husband, Kristof, and has earnestly tried for years to build a home there. But now they have two young daughters, and Elsey is cracking under the weight of her obligations to them. Unable to find harmony and balance between her identities as a painter, a mother, and, especially, a wife, she fills her days worrying and drinking. So when Kristof reaches out to try to save her life and their marriage, she accepts the offer. She will go up into the mountains, and she will confront the ghosts of her past.

At the retreat, Elsey meets a group of men and women who, for better and for worse, will forever alter the way she understands herself. Her new revelations will threaten to tear her and Kristof further apart, however, as she knows she must first return to Maine, the center of her deepest pain, before she can spiritually, emotionally, and physically find her way home to him.

Elsey Come Home is a modern odyssey, and an engaging, powerful, and quietly dynamic portrait of contemporary womanhood.

Knopf
January 2019

UK rights available

SUSAN CONLEY is the author of *The Foremost Good Fortune*, which won the Maine Literary Award for memoir, and *Paris Was the Place*. Her writing has appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*, *The Paris Review*, *Ploughshares*, and elsewhere. She's been awarded fellowships from the MacDowell Colony, the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, and the Massachusetts Arts Council.

EXCERPT

I'd recently had a small surgery with my thyroid, and the Chinese doctor said I would get better, and he was right and so I did. But I'd been in and out of hospitals that previous winter, and when I was home I lay on the couch while Kristof and the girls continued on with their lives. Myla was eight. Elisabeth was seven. They sweetly cleared their plates and cups from the table and put them in the dishwasher upside down. Kristof often read the bedtime stories, and I saw he was trying hard to help me, but that I wasn't needed as much as I thought, and that I must learn how to be a different kind of mother. A different kind of wife. It still feels like that now while I write this. That I cannot go back to the way I was before.

I will also say that when Kristof handed me the brochure in our kitchen, I don't think he knew how to be in a marriage. I don't think I did either. A real marriage.

I'd certainly drank before my surgery, but never with intention, and I was often in a hurry to leave the girls in their beds and return to this new, private conversation I was having with the drinking. It sounds odd. I was slowly getting better, but I couldn't stop these fears about my body and illness, and I thought it was a secret how afraid I'd gotten.

You hear it and don't understand when women say they lost themselves, because it sounds overdone, and there are 400 million people in China living on a dollar a day, so cry me a river. There's a small, fetid canal outside our apartment blooming with algae, and a handful of old men from the hutong fish for carp here and catfish. Elisabeth became fixed on these men out our window and often made us walk to the canal to watch them. She was a willful child like this and could take up a lot of the day, but I had no excuse for not painting in the two years leading up to my illness. What I will say is that I couldn't understand how to be obsessed with my children and obsessed with my painting at the same time. I thought both called for obsession. I had a narrow view of the world and I was younger then, but really I was naïve.

*

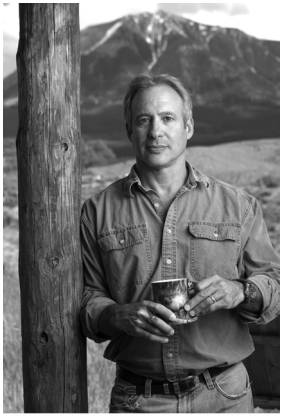
Our Chinese bed was extremely hard like a bed of wood, and when Kristof climbed in after me he had to bend at his waist and sort of slide in, because he was boyishly tall and the bed so low to the ground. He reached his arms around me, and I asked him why he wanted to send me away and said he'd researched it. He did a great deal of research—on jasmine tea, on Chinese opera and Wagner and the other composers he sampled in his recordings. "This place is the one for ex-pats," he said. "But I'm not forcing you. You know I'm not forcing you."

"If I don't go, you'll hold it against me. So it's sort of like forcing." But this wasn't true either. It killed Kristof to be ordinary, but he didn't hold things against people. It was the time when his career was changing quickly, and he'd built a large following in China, which wasn't exactly smiled on by the government, but he was getting more and more offers from the vaguely illegal middlemen to perform and record his electric dance music

"I think," he said, "you need to be gone from the apartment. From the girls and me. We're loud. We take up space."

He had no basis to think things would turn out well between us, because things hadn't for his parents, but I didn't understand yet how determined this made him. The light was still on in our room, so I could see his brown eyes, which were wet. He was often more nakedly emotional than me. I cried infrequently and only over the girls, and I think it was one reason we were together—the thin barrier between Kristof and the rest of the world.

When I went into labor with Myla at the Beijing Hospital, and her heart began to beat too rapidly, they cut me open to get her out and Kristof said he loved me three times in front of the Chinese nurses and obstetrician, who all clapped in the little white operating room. I smiled at them and didn't know what to do with the unnamed emotion inside me.



The River
A Novel
Peter Heller

Praise for Peter Heller:

"A dreamy postapocalyptic love letter to things of beauty, big and small."
—Gillian Flynn, author of *Gone Girl*

"Heller impresses in this fine novel about parents and children and the secrets we try to keep from one another. The novel glows."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Ingenious. Like Mark Twain and Toni Morrison, Heller is a rare talent. Irresistible suspense. Masterful, emotional and action-packed. One of this year's most unforgettable characters. "
—*Elle*

From the bestselling author of *The Dog Stars*, the story of two college friends on a wilderness canoe trip who come across a couple arguing on the shore and soon find themselves facing starvation, betrayal, and shocking violence.

Wynn and Jack are kindred spirits, best friends since freshman orientation, bonded together by their shared love of hunting, books, and fishing. Wynn is a gentle giant, affectionately nicknamed "La Tree," a Vermont kid who is happier with his feet in the water than out of it. Jack is smaller and leaner with a toughness bred in the bone, raised on a small ranch in Colorado where sleeping under the stars and cooking on a fire are as natural to him as breathing. When they decide to take the fall semester off to canoe the Maskwa River in Northern Canada, they are anticipating a leisurely paddle, long days picking blueberries, nights of stargazing and paperback western novels. But a wildfire making its way across the forest turns their journey into something more urgent, and when they hear voices through the fog, a man and a woman arguing on the riverbank, they are compelled to try and warn them about the fire. They search for the pair, finding nothing, until the next day when a man appears on the river, alone in a green boat. A thrilling, heart-pounding story of wilderness survival, master storyteller Peter Heller unspools a gripping tale of a friendship tested by fire, whitewater, starvation, and brutality.

Knopf
March 2019

UK rights available

PETER HELLER is the bestselling author of *The Painter* and *The Dog Stars*. He holds an MFA from the Iowa Writer's Workshop in both fiction and poetry. An award-winning adventure writer and a longtime contributor to NPR, Heller is a contributing editor at *Outside Magazine*, *Men's Journal*, and *National Geographic Adventure*, and a regular contributor to *Bloomberg Businessweek*. He is also the author of several nonfiction books, including *Kook*, *The Whale Warriors*, and *Hell or High Water: Surviving Tibet's Tsangpo River*. He lives in Denver, Colorado.

EXCERPT

They had been smelling smoke for two days.

At first they thought it was another campfire and that surprised them because they had not heard the engine of a plane and they had been traveling the string of long lakes for days and had not seen sign of another person or even the distant movement of another canoe. The only tracks in the mud of the portages were wolf and moose, otter, bear. The winds were west and north and they were moving north so if it was another party they were ahead of them. It perplexed them because they were smelling smoke not only in early morning and at night, but would catch themselves at odd hours lifting their noses like a coyote, nostrils flaring. And then one evening they pulled up on a wooded island and they made camp and fried a meal of lake trout on a driftwood fire and watched the sun sink into the spruce on the far shore. Late August, a clear night becoming cold. There was no aurora borealis, just the dense sparks of the stars blown from their own ancient fire. They climbed the hill. They did not need a headlamp as they were used to moving in the dark. Sometimes if they were feeling strong they paddled half the night. They loved how the darkness amplified the sounds—the gulp of the dipping paddles, the knock of the wood shaft against the gunwale. The long desolate cry of a loon. The loons especially. How they hollowed out the night with longing.

Tonight there was no loon and almost no wind and they went up through tamarack and hemlock and a few large birch trees whose pale bark fluoresced. At the top of the knoll they followed a game trail to a ledge of broken rock as if they weren't the first who had sought the view. And they saw it. They looked northwest. At first they thought it was the sun, but it was far too late for any lingering sunset and there were no cities in that direction for a thousand miles. In the farthest distance, over the trees, was an orange glow. It lay on the horizon like the light from banked embers and it fluttered barely so they wondered if it were their eyes and they knew it was a fire.

A forest fire who knew how far off or how big, but bigger than any they could imagine. It seemed to spread over two quadrants and they didn't say a word but the silence of it and the way it seemed to breathe scared them to the bone. The prevailing wind would push the blaze right to them. At the pace they were going they were at least two weeks from the Cree village of Wapahk and Hudson Bay. When the most northerly lake spilled into the river they would pick up speed but there was no way to shorten the miles.

*

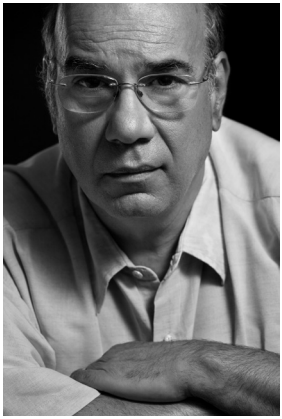
On the morning after seeing the fire they did spot another camp. It was on the northeastern verge of a wooded island and they swung out to it and were surprised that no one was breaking down the large wall tent. No one was going anywhere. There was an old white-painted square-stern woodstrip canoe on the gravel with a trolling motor clamped to the transom and two men in folding lawn chairs, legs sprawled straight. Jack and Wynn beached and hailed them and the men lifted their arms. They had a plastic fifth of Ancient Age Bourbon on the rocks between the chairs. The heavier one wore a flannel shirt and square steel rimmed tinted glasses, the skinny one a Texans cap. Two spinning rods and a Winchester Model 70 bolt-action rifle leaned against a pine. Jack said, "You all see the fire?"

The skinny one said, "You all see any pussy?" The men burst out laughing. They were drunk. Jack felt disgust but being drunk on a summer morning didn't deserve a death sentence.

Jack said, "There's a fire. Big ass fire to the northwest. What you've been smelling the last few days."

Wynn said, "You guys have a satellite phone?"

That set them off again. When they were finished laughing, the heavy one said, "You two need to chillax. Whyn't you pull up a chair." There were no extra chairs. He lifted the bourbon by the neck between two fingers and rocked it toward them. Jack held up a hand and the man shrugged, and brought the fifth up, watching its progress intently like he was operating a crane. He drank. The lake was a narrow reach and if the fire overran the western shore this island would not keep the men safe.



The Damascus Road
A Novel
Jay Parini

Praise for the international bestseller
The Last Station:

"One of those rare works of fiction that manages to demonstrate both scrupulous historical research and true originality of voice and perception. What lifts this book high above most historical novels is Jay Parini's remarkable ability to enter the minds of his characters."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Vivid and moving. It is to Jay Parini's credit that he has been able to flesh out the saga and make it ever new, to give it a shape and resonance we might have thought unimaginable."
—*Newsday*

From the author of the international bestseller *The Last Station*, a superb historical novel of the Apostle Paul, whose tireless and epic preaching of the message of Jesus brought Christianity into existence and changed human history forever.

In the years after Christ's crucifixion, Paul of Tarsus, a prosperous tentmaker and Jewish scholar, took it upon himself to persecute the small groups of his followers that sprung up. But on the road to Damascus, he had some sort of blinding vision, a profound conversion experience that transformed Paul into the most effective and influential messenger Christianity has ever had. In *The Damascus Road,* novelist Jay Parini brings this fascinating and ever-controversial figure to full human life, capturing his visionary passions and vast contradictions. In relating Paul's epic journeys, both geographical and spiritual he unfolds a vivid panorama of the ancient world on the verge of epochal change. And in the alternating voice of the gospel writer Luke, Paul's travel companion, scribe and ghostwriter, a cooler perspective on his actions and beliefs emerges—ironic but still filled with wonder at Paul's unshakable commitment to the Christ and his divinity.

Doubleday
April 2019

Rights available

JAY PARINI is a poet, novelist, and biographer who teaches at Middlebury College. His six books of poetry include *New and Collected Poems 1975-2015*. He has written eight novels, including *Benjamin's Crossing*, *The Apprentice Lover*, *The Passages of H.M.*, and *The Last Station*, the last made into an Academy Award-nominated film starring Helen Mirren and Christopher Plummer. His biographical subjects include John Steinbeck, Robert Frost, William Faulkner, and most recently, Gore Vidal. His nonfiction works include *Jesus: The Human Face of God*, *Why Poetry Matters*, and *Promised Land: Thirteen Books That Changed America*.

EXCERPT

It was on the fifth day of our journey that the midday sun began to swell in the sky, even to pulse, a fist of light clenching and unclenching. I had never encountered such heat and light before, nor had my comrades, and we paused to drink water from an oiled leather sack. Never having spent much time in the desert, I shrank as the white sands whipped suddenly around me, stinging my cheeks and forehead like sandflies. I covered myself with a hood, eager for shade from the sun and whirling dunes; but this only made things worse, and I found it nearly impossible to breathe. I groaned loudly. "What's wrong?" asked one of my companions.

"I feel quite dizzy."

I got down from the donkey to walk, feeling strange, tingling—much as a field of corn will whisper and tingle before a burst of rain. After only a short while a sandstorm arose, wrapping a white sheet around our small caravan, forcing us to the ground. We understood the dangers of these unexpected storms, which could bury a man in less than an hour. The most experienced of my comrades said we must get to the floor of the desert, and to wait out the storm in a prostate fashion.

As I lay flat against the ground, the earth itself began to tremble as the storm passed beyond us. The hard blue sky rang out like an anvil stung with birds. And a brassy sound like a hundred trumpets filled the air as if to announce the arrival of a king or prince. The sky then reddened like a hot iron, a vermillion blaze.

The others lay on the ground, still covered; but I stood. I sensed an opening in the heavens. I felt drawn, opened, emptied of myself. A voice boomed: "Paul! Paul! Why do you persecute me?"

"Who speaks?"

"Jesus."

Was the voice beside me? Was it above or below? "What do you want of me?"

"Everything, Paul. Follow me. Follow…"

"Where? Who are you?"

Did I hear trumpets? Did the sky crowd with angels? Time passed, with nothing forthcoming.

I cried out: "Speak again!"

No answer came. I looked around to see what my friends made of this conversation, as the sky pressed on me, turning white and hot. One of my companions, a young man named Jarib, rose from the ground, taking my hand, asking what troubled me? I had found him the most sympathetic of these companions. But I could not see him.

"I am blinded, Jarib," I said. "Jesus has called to me from the heavens. You heard him!"

"I heard wind and sand."

Another one agreed that the wind had been loud indeed, "a wolf's voice in the desert, rising on a leash, a howl of anguish." The sand, he said, "scraped along the ground, a grating noise."

"It was Jesus, the Christ," I said. "He called to me. He asked me to follow him."

This went down poorly, as I should have expected.

Jesus was not the Christ, Jarib said emphatically. I should know this, given our mission to Damascus. Was I losing my mind? "The desert can play tricks," he added.

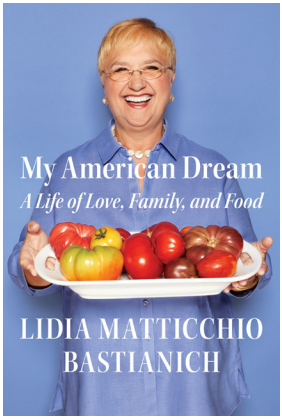
They assured me that I had simply absorbed too much sun.

"I see nothing," I told them. "I am blind!"

They helped me onto my donkey, and I clung to the stubble of its neck.

"You have lost your wits," said Jarib, putting a wet cloth to my forehead. "The sun can do this. It's a common thing on desert journeys."

I shuddered and wept, utterly lost. I could see nothing but a glaze of indifferent light, and shadows, and thought I must soon die. My associates in this venture simply didn't understand. But how could they? It was all too peculiar, upsetting, upending. I would never be the same, that much I knew in my gut.



Knopf
April 2018

Rights available

LIDIA BASTIANICH is the author of thirteen cookbooks and the Emmy award-winning host of public television's Lidia's Kitchen, which also airs internationally. She is also a judge on MasterChef Junior Italy and Italy's highly rated daily program La Prova del Cuoco. Lidia owns Felidia, Becco, and several other restaurants, and is a partner in the acclaimed Eataly. She lives on Long Island, New York.

My American Dream
A Life of Love, Family, and Food
Lidia Bastianich

"Chef and restaurateur Bastianich offers a look into her culinary background in this charming memoir. Through her lyrical prose, she also encourages readers to find the bright side of any situation. This is a welcome addition to any food lover's library."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"Bastianich offers an ebullient, nostalgic memoir of her journey to success. A warm story of a life buoyed by resilience, determination, love of family, of food."
—*Kirkus*

From the bestselling cookbook author, beloved and award-winning television personality, and hugely successful restaurateur—a heartwarming, emotional, revelatory memoir told with all her hallmark warmth and gusto.

Lidia's story begins with her upbringing in Pula, a formerly Italian city turned Yugoslavian, under Tito's communist regime. She enjoys a childhood surrounded by love and security—despite the family's poverty—learning everything about Italian cooking from her beloved grandmother, Nonna Rosa. When the communist regime begins investigating the family, they flee to Trieste, Italy, where they spend two years in a refugee camp waiting for visas to enter the United States—an experience that will shape Lidia for the rest of her life. At age 12, Lidia starts a new life in New York. She soon begins working in restaurants as a young teenager, the first step toward the creation of her own American dream. And she tells in great, vivid detail the fulfillment of that dream: her close-knit family, her dedication and endless passion for food that ultimately leads to multiple restaurants, many cookbooks, and twenty years on public television as the host of her own cooking show. An absolute must-have for the millions of Lidia fans.

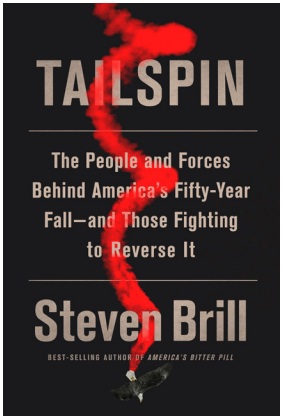
EXCERPT

I sensed lightness here in Trieste that I had not experienced before. People seemed to smile at one another when they passed on the street, and everyone was so stylish. Men donned well-tailored suits and polished leather shoes, and women wore bright, figure-flattering Italian dresses, skirts, and suits, all paired with high heels and matching pocketbooks. The styles were much different from the drab, proletarian look in Yugoslavia. The fabrics were more refined and finished with elegant details, such as buttons and designs on the cuffs and collars. The fur stoles that many of the women wore over their suits and dresses were of particular interest to my mother. They were made out of the whole animal, usually a fox or mink, including the head, and had a clip by the animal's mouth that attached to one by its tail. When worn around the shoulders, it looked as if the fox was biting its tail.

I was enjoying all of the new foods that were available to us, and I loved that the fashions were unique and so colorful. There was a joy in the way people communicated and socialized, gathering at cafés and bars and offering each other un caffè. The stores sparkled with merchandise, books, toys, chocolates, and other candies. It seemed as if everybody deeply celebrated life in a way that I'd never experienced before. Amid all the excitement, I didn't give much thought to not being in contact with my father. I knew, even at the age of eight, that there was no easy way to communicate with people in a distant place. Most families didn't have phones in their homes, which meant you had to use the phone in the local post office. That was true back in Istria, too. When you wanted to make a call, you had to arrange a date and time with the post office and get word to the people you were trying to reach to go to the post office near them at a preset time to receive the call. It often took one or more telegrams or letters to make the needed arrangements. Calls were expensive, too.

Spending time with Zia Nina in the kitchen was great fun. She was still working as a personal chef, and I got to assist her with some of her food purchases and preparations. I'd accompany her in the mornings to the market as she picked out the fruits, vegetables, and meats she would carefully prepare for her employer, and I'd help her clean and ready them once we were back at her home. When pheasants were on the menu for the evening, I'd help her pluck them. Much of the work we did in the kitchen was similar to what I did at Grandma Rosa's, but more refined, and I really enjoyed it. Zia Nina added a thoughtfully selected combination of herbs and spices, wines, and sometimes even Cognac to her dishes. Grandma sometimes hacked the chicken, rabbit, and vegetables without paying much attention to the joints and the bones; her time was limited, and there was always more work to be done around the house and the farm. Zia Nina, who didn't have the same time constraints, would look for the joints of the chicken, pheasants, and rabbits. She would carefully cut all the potatoes into pieces the same size, and all the vegetables into the same shapes. Plating the foods was more important to my aunt as well. Zia Nina always decorated with chopped parsley, leeks, or chives whenever they were in season. She also used citrus rinds and the juice of lemons and oranges—scarce commodities in Busoler. Nina was also a great risotto maker—rice was more available in Trieste than in Pola—and she would cook a lot with lemons and other citrus fruits that were rare and expensive back home.

Looking back, I realize I was learning so much about cooking from her. It was here in Trieste that I graduated from Grandma Rosa's delicious, simple, seasonal cooking to more elegant preparations and presentations suitable for dinner parties. I loved being in the kitchen with Zia Nina. She was my culinary transition from Nonna Rosa. She would season and taste a lot, and always extended the wooden spoon with something for me to taste. Many of the spices she used were not available to us in Yugoslavia: we had access only to what we could grow in our gardens. But here in Trieste, you could find many exotic spices such as cloves, cinnamon, and black pepper that were not indigenous to the area, and these had become part of Nina's culinary repertoire; even at eight years old, I found myself excited by all these new flavors.



Knopf
May 2018

Rights available

Steven Brill has written for *The New Yorker*, *Time*, *The New York Times Magazine*, *Esquire*, *New York*, and *Fortune*. He founded and ran Court TV, *The American Lawyer* magazine, ten regional legal newspapers, and *Brill's Content* magazine. Brill was the author of *Time*'s March 4, 2013, special report "Bitter Pill: Why Medical Bills Are Killing Us," for which he won the 2014 National Magazine Award for Public Service, and of the 2015 bestseller *America's Bitter Pill*. He has regularly appeared as an expert analyst on NBC, CBS, and CNN. He teaches journalism at Yale, where he founded the Yale Journalism Initiative to enable talented young people to become journalists. In 2018, he co-founded NewsGuard, which rates the legitimacy of online news sites. He lives in New York City.

Tailspin

The People and Forces Behind America's Fifty-Year Fall—and Those Fighting to Reverse It

Steven Brill

"Does precisely what the daily torrent of news does not: make sense. The book is nothing less than a unified (and persuasive) theory of everything—including politics, business, culture."
—Jeffrey Toobin, author of *American Heiress*

"A brilliant and powerful book on the most critical issue of our time. Everyone, left and right and center, should read it. It will open your eyes and challenge your assumptions."
—Walter Isaacson, author of *Leonardo da Vinci*

From the award-winning journalist and bestselling author of *America's Bitter Pill*: a tour de force examination of 1) how and why major American institutions no longer serve as they should, causing a deep rift between the vulnerable majority and the protected few, and 2) how some individuals and organizations are laying the foundation for real, lasting change.

In this revelatory narrative covering the years 1967 to 2017, Steven Brill gives us a stunningly cogent picture of the broken system at the heart of our society. He shows us how, over the last half-century, America's core values—meritocracy, innovation, due process, free speech, and even democracy itself—have somehow managed to power its decline into dysfunction. They have isolated our best and brightest, whose positions at the top have never been more secure or more remote. The result has been an erosion of responsibility and accountability, an epidemic of shortsightedness, an increasingly hollow economic and political center, and millions of Americans gripped by apathy and hopelessness. By examining the people and forces behind the rise of big-money lobbying, legal and financial engineering, the demise of private-sector unions, and a hamstrung bureaucracy, Brill answers the question on everyone's mind: How did we end up this way? Finally, he introduces us to those working quietly and effectively to repair the damages. At once a diagnosis of our national ills, a history of their development, and a prescription for a brighter future, *Tailspin* is a work of riveting journalism—and a welcome antidote to political despair.

EXCERPT

Is the world's greatest democracy and economy broken? Not compared to the Civil War years, or to the early 1930s. And not if one considers the miracles happening every day in America's laboratories, on the campuses of its world-class colleges and universities, in offices and lofts full of developers creating software for robots or for medical diagnostics, in concert halls and on Broadway stages, or at joyous ceremonies swearing in proud new citizens. And certainly not if the opportunities available today to women, non-whites, and other minorities are compared to what they faced as recently as a few decades ago.

Yet measures of public engagement, satisfaction, and confidence—voter turnout, knowledge of public policy issues, faith that the next generation will have it better than the current one, and respect for basic institutions, especially the government—are far below the levels of a half century ago, and in many cases have reached historic lows. So deep is the estrangement that 46.1 percent of American voters were so disgusted with the status quo that in 2016 they chose to put Donald Trump in the White House.

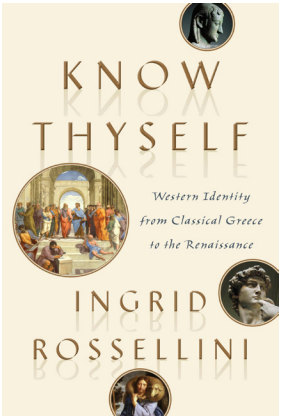
It is difficult to argue that the cynicism is misplaced. From the relatively small things—that Americans are now navigating through an average of 657 water main breaks a day, for example—to the core strengths that once propelled America, it is clear that the country has gone into a tailspin since the post-war era, when John F. Kennedy's new frontier was about seizing the future, not trying to survive the present.

The surefire American economic mobility engine has lost its fuel. A child's chance of earning more than his or her parents has dropped from 90 percent to 50 percent in the last fifty years. The American middle class, once the inspiration of the world, is no longer the world's richest.

Income inequality has snowballed. Adjusted for inflation, middle-class wages have been nearly frozen for the last four decades, and discretionary income has declined if escalating out-of-pocket health care costs and insurance premiums are counted. Yet earnings by the top 1 percent have nearly tripled. The recovery from the crash of 2008-09—which saw banks and bankers bailed out while millions lost their homes, savings, and jobs—was reserved almost exclusively for the top 1 percent. Their incomes in the three years following the crash went up by nearly a third, while the bottom 99 percent saw an uptick of less than half of one percent. Only a democracy and an economy that has discarded its basic mission of holding the community together, or failed at it, would produce those results.

Most Americans with average incomes have been left largely to fend for themselves, often at jobs where automation, outsourcing, the near-vanishing of union protection, and the boss's obsession with squeezing out every penny of short-term profit has eroded any sense of security. Self-inflicted deaths—from opioid and other drug abuse, alcoholism, and suicide—are at record highs, so much so that the country's average life expectancy has been falling despite medical advances. Household debt by 2017 had grown higher than the peak reached in 2007 before the crash, with student and automobile loans having edged toward mortgages as the top claims on family paychecks.

The world's richest country continues to have the highest poverty rate among the thirty-five nations in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), except for Mexico. (It is tied in second to last place with Israel, Chile, and Turkey.) Nearly one in five of America's children live in households that their government classifies as "food-insecure," meaning they are without "access to enough food for an active, healthy life."



Doubleday
May 2018

Rights sold:
Lebanon: Dar Al Khayal

Other rights available

INGRID ROSSELLINI was born in Rome and educated there, and later received a BA, master's, and PhD in Italian Literature from Columbia, writing her dissertation on Petrarch. She has taught literature, philosophy, and art, and European history at Columbia, NYU, Harvard, Princeton, and other universities. She is the daughter of the actress Ingrid Bergman and the director Roberto Rossellini; Isabella Rossellini is her sister. She lives in New York City with her husband and two children.

Know Thyself

Western Identity from Classical Greece to the Renaissance

Ingrid Rossellini

A lively and timely introduction to the roots of self-understanding—who we are and how we should act—in the cultures of ancient Greece, the Roman Empire, and Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

"Know thyself"—this fundamental imperative appeared for the first time in ancient Greece, specifically in Delphi, the temple of the god Apollo, who represented the enlightened power of reason. For the Greeks, self-knowledge and identity were the basics of their civilization and their sources were to be found in where one was born and into which social group. These determined who you were and what your duties were. In this book the independent scholar Ingrid Rossellini surveys the major ideas that, from Greek and Roman antiquity through the Christian medieval era up to the dawn of modernity in the Renaissance, have guided the Western project of self-knowledge. Addressing the curious lay reader with an interdisciplinary approach that includes numerous references to the visual arts, *Know Thyself* will reintroduce readers to the most profound and enduring ways our civilization has framed the issues of self and society, in the process helping us rediscover the very building blocks of our personality.

EXCERPT

Who are you?

If someone were asked that question today, most people would offer answers that, aside from general references to gender, nationality and ethnicity, would essentially focus on their personal characteristics, choices, and preferences. The common assumption is that the individual self is a fully autonomous and original entity, capable of selecting whatever path he or she decides to entertain in a way that is completely independent from traditional views and expectations. Individual identity, as we conceptualize it today, is something like a kit whose parts can be chosen, styled and assembled at will: a do-it-yourself enterprise.

Although that is for the most part true, psychologists and therapists never fail to remind us that what we experienced as children remains an essential factor in the shaping of our adult self. In order to understand our present, we need to revisit our past. The same thing could be said about our collective history: understanding who we were remains an essential component in understanding who we are today.

Do I mean to imply that *Know Thyself* is a sort of a psychological guide to a more rewarding and fulfilling relation with our true self? Yes, in fact, but definitely not in a conventional way. What I mean is that this is not a book about psychology but a book about history with a psychological slant. In other words, a book that, besides describing crucial moments of history from Greek antiquity to the Renaissance, highlights how the different definitions that the "self" has received contributed in the creation of the values and ideals that, down the centuries, have shaped and motivated the choices and actions of people.

In choosing this particular lens for observation, I was inspired by the 19th century French historian Fustel de Coulanges, who claimed that recollecting facts is an insufficient way to look at history without an equal focus on the nature and development of the human personality. What that perspective reveals is that history is a complex tapestry made of actual events, but also of the narratives that we humans have built and imposed upon those events.

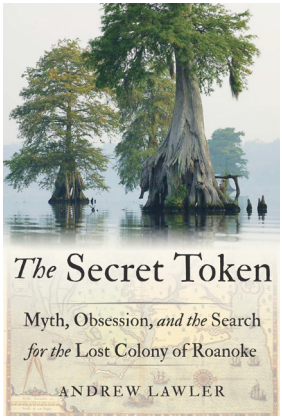
An important theme that we will explore while looking at the ideals that different epochs nurtured, concerns the recurrent creation of myths – the narratives assigned to lift to an inspirational level the actual facts of reality, as Joseph Campbell indicated when he wrote that a myth is something that never happened and always will be.

To begin, let me bring you back to Delphi of Ancient Greece, where people went to consult the oracle of Apollo: the Greek god of reason who was also the only pagan divinity who appeared willing to respond to the people who came to seek his advice.

I use the verb "appear" because how Apollo's oracle worked was more ambiguous and contradictory than revelatory, in the sense that, rather than offering clear guidance, it only provided cryptic hints and scattered pieces of information. These were as confusing and indirect as the language of his messenger -- the priestess, called Pythia, who in delirious fits of trance, channeled the voice of Apollo by whom she claimed to be possessed. The paradox of the oracle was that by forcing people to interpret the vagueness of those utterances, the ball was implicitly returned right back to those who sought its guidance. That way, rather than having the god clearly telling them what to do, people were indirectly led to use their own intellectual faculties to come up with the answers best fitted for their particular challenges and problems.

The key to that clever strategy was expressed in the motto etched on top of Apollo's temple: "Know thyself." The dictum essentially meant: because the meaning you give to your life is what propels your actions, before asking what to do, ask yourself who you are.

This was (and is) no means an easy endeavor, as proven by the endlessly varied answers that we humans have come up with all along the centuries.



Doubleday
June 2018

UK rights available

ANDREW LAWLER is the author of the highly acclaimed *Why Did the Chicken Cross the World?*. He is a contributing writer for *Science* magazine, a contributing editor for *Archaeology Magazine*, and has written for *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *National Geographic*, *Smithsonian*, and *Discover*.

The Secret Token

Myth, Obsession, and the Search for the Lost Colony of Roanoke

Andrew Lawler

"Riveting and carefully researched. Lawler takes us inside one of the oldest and most intoxicating mysteries in American history."
—Candice Millard, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Hero of the Empire*

"Lawler turns Roanoke into one of our history's best stories, recounting not only the fascinating, little-known history of the colony itself but that of the incredible swirl of historians, archaeologists, hoaxers, actors, priests, Native Americans, and experts on arcane subjects who have been caught up in the quest to find it."
—Charles Mann, *New York Times* bestselling author of *1493*

A sweeping account of a four-hundred-year-old mystery, the archaeologists racing to unearth the answer, and what the Lost Colony reveals about America—from colonial days to today.

In 1587, 115 men, women, and children arrived on Roanoke, an island off the coast of North Carolina. Chartered by Queen Elizabeth I, their colony was to establish a foothold for England in the New World. But by the time the colony's leader, John White, returned to Roanoke from a resupply mission in England, his settlers were nowhere to be found. They had vanished into the wilderness, leaving behind only a single clue—the word "Croatoan" carved into a tree.

The disappearance of the Lost Colony became an enduring American mystery. For four centuries, it has gone unsolved, obsessing countless historians, archaeologists, and amateur sleuths. Today, after centuries of searching in vain, new clues have begun to surface. In *The Secret Token*, Andrew Lawler offers a beguiling history of the Lost Colony, and of the relentless quest to bring its fate to light. He accompanies competing archaeologists as they seek out evidence, each team hoping to be the first to solve the riddle. In the course of his journey, Lawler explores how the Lost Colony came to haunt our national consciousness, working its way into literature, popular culture, and politics.

Incisive and absorbing, *The Secret Token* offers a new understanding not just of the Lost Colony, but of how its absence continues to define—and divide—America.

EXCERPT

On August 15, 1590, two English ships, the Moonlight and the Hopewell, dropped anchor off the Outer Banks of North Carolina. Beyond the slender strip of sand and dense forest, a hazy sun descended over the Pamlico Sound, its calm waters seeming to stretch as far to the west as the Atlantic did to the east. Gripping the rail of the Hopewell, as the ship rose and fell on the gentle ocean swells, Governor John White watched with growing elation as a great plume of smoke climbed into the sticky air of the late afternoon sky.

The source of the fire was Roanoke Island, which lay a dozen miles to the northwest in the shallow sound. The signal "put us in good hope that some of the colony were there expecting my return out of England," he recalled later. White had left more than one hundred settlers there, including his only child and her newly born daughter, before embarking on a six-month mission to gather supplies and new colonists. Those six months had become three nightmarish years, comprising a series of mishaps that would have tested Job.

Until spotting the smoke, White had had no way of knowing what had become of his settlers who made up the first English colony in the New World, which Walter Raleigh, an influential knight in Queen Elizabeth I's court, had appointed him to lead. They might have died from disease or starvation or fallen victim to Spanish or Native American enemies. They could have moved to another location or, in desperation, tried to sail back to England in their small boats, only to drown. The rising column seemed a sure sign that the colonists had spotted his ship. He anticipated a happy homecoming.

The governor was a middle-aged Londoner, a painter by trade, who already had made at least two round-trip journeys to the land that the Algonquian-speaking people who lived there called Ossomocomuck, and which the newcomers dubbed Virginia, after their unmarried queen. His return to England in 1587, however, had proved an ordeal. Illness and hunger killed many of his crew on the stormy trip east; only by luck did the ship drift into an Irish harbor. Just weeks before he reached London to organize the resupply effort, Elizabeth I had forbidden all vessels from leaving the kingdom. Her onetime beau and now bitter foe, the Spanish king Philip II, intended to launch a vast armada to invade the country and remove the heretic Protestant monarch from her throne.

When White did manage to charter a ship to carry supplies and settlers to Virginia the following spring in a military convoy, unfavorable winds delayed the fleet that then was diverted instead to protect the home coast. Undaunted, he found a privateer—a government-sanctioned pirate—heading for the Caribbean Sea and willing to stop by Virginia on the way back; but he never made it across the Atlantic. French pirates attacked the ship and wounded the governor in a fierce and bloody deck fight off the coast of Morocco. He was lucky to make it back to England alive with a laceration to his head and lead in his buttocks.

Two more excruciating years passed as the armada arrived and was defeated, but the country remained on war footing with little time to bother about abandoned colonists in a faraway land. The best White could do was obtain a single berth on ship that joined a convoy to rob Spanish ships in the Caribbean Sea. After a long hot summer patrolling for plunder, White's ship, the Hopewell, accompanied by the Moonlight, glided on the Gulf Stream, the warm current that carried them north between Florida and the Bahamas, past the Spanish towns of St. Augustine and Santa Elena that marked the edge of the Spanish Empire, and up the coast to the narrow barrier islands called the Outer Banks. Coming into view of the land he had departed three years prior, his tribulations finally seemed over. White didn't know they had only begun.

Knopf
August 2018

UK rights available

MARK CUCUZZELLA, MD practices family medicine in his hometown of Shepherdstown, West Virginia. He teaches at West Virginia University School of Medicine, and conducts Healthy Running Medical Education courses. Cucuzzella has designed programs to promote healthier running with the US Air Force Efficient Running Project, as well as community projects promoting youth fitness and healthy lifestyles. He has run competitively for more than three decades, with 100 marathon and ultra marathon finishes. He is the race director of the non-profit Freedom's Run race series in West Virginia, and director of the Natural Running Center, an educational portal designed to teach healthier running. He has also been named a "Distinguished Mountaineer" by the Governor of West Virginia and Air Force Athlete of the Year.

Run for Your Life

How to Run, Walk, and Move Without Pain or Injury and Achieve a Sense of Well-Being and Joy

Mark Cucuzzella, M.D.

The first running book by a world's leading pioneering running doctor and scientist, creator of the Air Force's Efficient Running program, winner of the 5,000 entrant Air Force marathon (at age 39 and 44)—the result of more than three decades of study, practice, and science that shows us in clearly-illustrated and accessible text, how easy it is to run efficiently and injury-free, whether you're in your 20's, 60's, or 70's; or are a beginner or an experienced marathoner.

In *Run for Your Life*, Dr. Mark Cucuzzella explains the simple mechanics of how our bodies have evolved and adapted to run. Despite our natural ability and our human need to run, each year more than half of all runners suffer injuries. Pain and discouragement inevitably follow. Cucuzzella's book outlines the proven, practical techniques to avoid injury and show the reader how to reach the goal of personal fitness and overall health.

His book—the first running book to be written by a family physician with the credibility of the Air Force behind him—gives us a straightforward, easy-to-follow look at the anatomy, biomechanics, and clinical medicine with clear drawings and black-and-white photographs. The book provides illustrated exercises designed to teach healthy running, and gives us the simple progressions, a weekly/monthly schedule detailing common mistakes and cautions that allow the reader to tailor the training regime to individual needs and abilities, and gives the reader corresponding online videos and smartphone apps that offer alerts and reminders, exercise timers and pacers, and other innovative, book-Internet links.

EXCERPT

For me, running didn't happen in a straight line. I began to run at the age of 13, and often was the fastest in my age group. Modest successes generated enough positive reinforcement to keep me going, harder and faster. I competed through high school, and in the mid-1980s I raced for the University of Virginia.

But triumphs were well-seasoned with pain, injuries, setbacks, surgeries, and lengthy rehab. I underwent my first knee surgery at age 15, and spent most of my high school years swimming laps at the YMCA instead of running. At one point, as a side effect of prescribed anti-inflammatories, I lost half my blood from an ulcer.

In 2000, arthritis in my big toes nearly ended my running career. That's when I attempted to qualify for the 2000 Olympic Trials. I had run the Rome Marathon in 2:24—on a steamy hot day and with marginal training. Surely I could finish the race track-like Chicago Marathon in 2:22, the time needed to qualify. Even though I was a young doc taking call, for six months I devoted all my spare time to train for the 1999 Chicago Marathon.

Pain dictates your level of effort, and your joy. And in the six months preceding the Chicago Marathon, I hadn't strung together a single week of pain-free training. Plantar fasciitis nagged me with every step, even when walking.

I lined up, anyway, with the other competitors. I forced myself to maintain a pace of 5:20 for each of the first 20 miles, then began to slow. My final time of 2:24 was respectable, but a couple minutes shy of the qualifying time.

My next event was surgery—to relieve (some) of the pain in my toes. But the arthritis left my toe joints inflexible and crooked. Along the way, I acquired an array of arch supports, orthotics, and oddly-designed shoes, which I offered (with prayers for deliverance) to my altar of pain-free running. Doctors consistently told me to quit running and take up another activity. But I could find nothing as convenient, relaxing, and enjoyable—nothing that delivered the same feeling of overall freedom.

As a chronically injured runner, I realized that if I wanted to continue to run, something would have to change. While studying at UVA, I became the patient and guinea pig of Dr. Daniel Kulund, the track team's physician, and grew curious about his unorthodox methods for treating running injuries. He had me run in the college swimming pool—as is done for horses in rehab—and his office featured a deep, hot tub-sized pool in which his athletes ran in place while tethered to the pool's side wall. Instead of the stiff orthotics often prescribed by trainers and doctors, he molded soft shoe inserts in a toaster oven. These tools and techniques, it turns out—and others that are outlined in this book—are now routinely used by competitive runners for training, and they have shown remarkable results in terms of injury prevention.

My perpetual cycle of running, injury, treatment, and recovery inspired me to study medicine. And in my free time, I set out to retool how I ran. I dove into the rabbit hole of physiology and running science, and sought advice from the leading experts. A book called Running and Being, by the late Dr. George Sheehan, caught my attention. Sheehan stressed that understanding the mechanics of movement (and the root causes of running injuries, and their prevention) is the foundation for running pain free, for life. Experts such as Michael Yessis, Arthur Lydiard, Jack Cady, Phil Maffetone, and Danny Dreyer stressed that runners could improve their performance and reduce injuries by focusing carefully and mindfully on their technique. Clinicians and researchers Casey Kerrigan, Daniel Lieberman, and Jay Dicharry confirmed this.

Gradually, I began to see that a mere handful of easy and common-sense changes to my running form—summarized at the end of the chapter—might allow me to return to running, by softening the impact with the ground, and by utilizing spring and momentum to move more efficiently over the surface of the earth. Just like the greatest runners of the world.



Knopf
September 2018

Rights available

ROBERT KAGAN is a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution and a columnist for *The Washington Post*. He is also the author of *The Return of History and the End of Dreams*, *Dangerous Nation*, *Of Paradise and Power*, and *A Twilight Struggle*. He served in the U.S. State Department from 1984 to 1988. He lives in Virginia with his wife and two children.

The Jungle Grows Back
The Case for American Power
Robert Kagan

Praise for Robert Kagan:

"One of America's finest commentators on issues of foreign policy. He writes elegantly, has an excellent command of history and consistently demonstrates superior intelligence and insight. "
—Los Angeles Times Book Review

"Lucid and elegant. It is hard to imagine any future serious discussion of trans-Atlantic relations or America's role in the world without reference to *Of Paradise and Power*."
—The New York Times Book Review

"Brilliant and original. A tour de force of historical writing that should change the way many people view the country's past. A landmark."
—Foreign Affairs

"Has the foreign policy establishment humming from Washington to Tokyo. It is being called the new 'X' article."
—The Washington Post

A brilliant and visionary argument for America's role as an enforcer of peace and order throughout the world—and what is likely to happen if we withdraw and focus our attention inward.

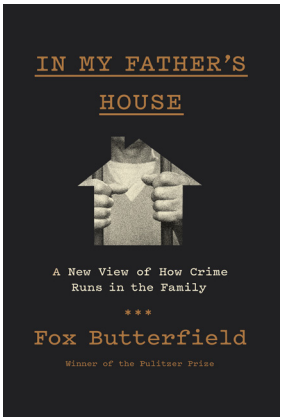
Recent years have brought deeply disturbing developments around the globe. American sentiment seems to be leaning increasingly toward withdrawal in the face of such disarray. In this powerful, urgent essay, Robert Kagan elucidates the reasons why American withdrawal would be the worst possible response, based as it is on a fundamental and dangerous misreading of the world. Like a jungle that keeps growing back after being cut down, the world has always been full of dangerous actors who, left unchecked, possess the desire and ability to make things worse. Kagan makes clear how the "realist" impulse to recognize our limitations and focus on our failures misunderstands the essential role America has played for decades in keeping the world's worst instability in check. A true realism, he argues, is based on the understanding that the historical norm has always been toward chaos—that the jungle will grow back, if we let it.

EXCERPT

The jungle is growing back in part because the habits and traditions of nations and peoples are hard to break. They are shaped by an unchanging geography, by shared history and experiences, and often by spiritual and ideological beliefs. There is therefore a tendency of all nations to revert to type, to act as they have acted for hundreds of years. The Russia of today is different from the Russia of 1958 or 1918 or 1818, but it is also remarkable how much Russians' geopolitical ambitions and insecurities, their ambivalent attitudes toward Europe and "the West," and even their politics have not changed No one doubts that China's past, both its long regional hegemony in past centuries and its "century of humiliation" beginning in the early 19th century, shapes present Chinese attitudes. Iranian ambitions are shaped by their Islamic and their Persian roots. Not so long ago people were talking about the remarkable rise of the BRICS: the growing economic and political clout of Brazil, the economic success of Turkey, South Africa, and Russia. But today, aside from China and India, that phenomenon is already a thing of the past. The rest of the countries have sunk back into old political, social, and economic habits. Even in "postmodern Europe" the past is not forgotten but lurks always just beneath the surface. It doesn't take much for Italians or Greeks to start calling Germans Nazis, for the French to joke about Germans marching down the Champs Elysees, for Poles to feel nervously squeezed between their two historical conquerors. Many were surprised at the British vote to leave the European Union, but from a historical perspective there was nothing unusual about the English seeking distance from the continent. And the same holds for Americans. Their attitudes toward themselves and toward the world are still heavily shaped by two vast oceans that stand between them and the world's other great powers. It doesn't seem to matter to them that planes and ships and digital signals cross those oceans in a way they did not in previous centuries. History does not repeat itself, but the great nations have powerful national tendencies, deep and broad ruts in which they have been traveling for hundreds of years, and though they may be knocked or pulled out of those ruts by powerful forces and events, they will always have a tendency to slip back into them. Eadem, sed aliter, was Schopenhauer's phrase, "the same, but different."

After World War Two the most powerful and consequential countries in the world were forced out of those ruts, and so the whole world was forced off its course from the previous century. The two world wars were not accidents, foolish mistakes, or aberrations. To those who lived through them, they seemed determined by historical patterns, national proclivities, and perhaps the very nature of international relations and human interaction. It is more comforting to think of the catastrophes of last century as an aberration, but history was heading toward those catastrophes in the late 19th and early 20th century and might still be heading in that direction had not the United States been roused—forced, really—to enter a conflict it had tried so desperately to stay out of and which it almost entered too late. America's participation in the Second World War, and the liberal order it created afterwards spanning Europe, Japan, and North America, redirected the course of history and it has remained redirected ever since. But history and human nature, needless to say, are powerful forces. The old deep ruts still exist, and the great powers of the world can still slip back into them and may already be doing so.

The world we see today is not the only world possible. It is the world that has been shaped by American power. Other nations have had to operate within the constraints imposed by American power and by the liberal world order it has imposed and upheld. Russia's behavior today is shaped by what it thinks the United States will or must tolerate, as is China's and Iran's. The same is true for every other force that might be a candidate for disrupting or toppling the existing order. These powers would behave differently if America behaved differently, and so would the rest of the world. American policy since the end of World War Two has been about defying history, redirecting nations' paths, but it doesn't have to be and these days many Americans seem weary of the effort. It is not clear, however, that they understand what stopping would mean.



Knopf
October 2018

Rights available

FOX BUTTERFIELD is the author of *China: Alive in the Bitter Sea*, which won the National Book Award, and *All God's Children: The Bosket Family and the American Tradition of Violence*. He was a member of the *New York Times* reporting team that won the Pulitzer Prize for its publication of the Pentagon Papers, and has served as bureau chief for the newspaper in Boston, Saigon, Hong Kong, and Beijing—where he opened the *Times* bureau in 1979. Most recently he has served as a national correspondent for the *Times*, covering crime and violence.

In My Father's House

A New View of How Crime Runs in the Family

Fox Butterfield

Praise for *All God's Children*:

"A heartbreaking and terrifying chronicle. The force of the narrative is extraordinary."
—*The New Yorker*

"The book's excellence is present on every page."
—*The New York Times*

"An extraordinary book. A stimulating and chilling account of violence in America."
—*The Boston Globe*

From Pulitzer Prize-winning *New York Times* journalist Fox Butterfield, *In My Father's House* is a chronicle of one family and its inexorable relationship with crime and the criminal justice system.

For more than a century, to be born into the Bogle family has been in many ways to be born under a curse: at least sixty Bogles have been incarcerated or placed on criminal probation. The generation currently in adulthood includes convicted kidnappers, con artists, burglars, thieves, and a murderer. But, as Butterfield's deeply researched, deeply sympathetic book shows, these labels are inadequate to describe the Bogles. They miss the deep roots of criminality in the history of the family, whose movements span the American West.

Through the story of the Bogles and their innumerable run-ins with the law, Butterfield illuminates the particular challenges faced by the troubled criminal justice system when crime begins at home—in the form of parental abuse as well as even more brazen initiations into lawlessness, as when Mom and Dad take all eight children with them to help burglarize a fish hatchery. Both a critical look at the roots of criminality and a singular account of one family's sins, trials, and tribulations—and efforts to break their own curse—Butterfield's book is essential reading on crime.

EXCERPT

The Oregon State Penitentiary sits incongruously in the middle of Salem, the state capital, next to a large park with fields for children's soccer games and rows of residential streets. Armed guards patrol the twenty-five-foot-high concrete walls of the maximum security prison. When the penitentiary was first constructed in 1851, Oregon was not yet a state and Salem had only a handful of settlers who had trekked on foot over the Oregon Trail, so as the population of Salem increased, the city grew around the prison, making it a familiar sight. The neighborhood came to be known as Felony Flats.

For Bobby Bogle, who had been locked up most of the time since childhood, the location of the penitentiary seemed an apt metaphor for his life. For him and his brothers, prison and life ran together. In fact, sitting on the steel bunk in his cell and thinking back on his childhood, Bobby could only remember one Christmas when his father had given him a present. It was a heavy metal wrench presented to him in a plain brown paper bag on Christmas Eve, with no explanation.

Bobby was only four years old at the time and for a moment was puzzled by the gift. But he knew from listening to excited conversations around the dinner table that his father, known to everyone by the barnyard nickname of Rooster, had served hard time in a Texas prison for burglary and took pride in his criminal record. So Bobby figured his father had given him a burglar's tool. Before dawn on Christmas day he snuck out of the house with one of his older brothers. They broke into the little grocery store in the former migrant farm workers camp where they lived on the edge of Salem. It was called the V & V Market, and in the back there were stacks of Coca-Cola bottles locked in a caged-in area. The wrench was big for his small hands, so Bobby worked awkwardly as he used his present to break open the lock on the cage. Then the boys carried home their trophy of soda bottles for a Christmas celebration.

Rooster was elated. "Yeah, that's my sons," Bobby could still recall his father saying, years later, as if celebrating a brilliant result in school. "My father had been encouraging us to steal practically since I was born," Bobby told me. We were seated face to face in the penitentiary's visitors' room where I was interviewing Bobby for an article I was writing for *The New York Times* as part of my beat covering criminal justice. "He taught us stealing was good, as long as we didn't get caught," Bobby added. "If we got caught, he would use the knife he always carried to cut off a tree branch to make a switch and then whup us till we were cut and bleeding." Bobby took the lesson to heart. In the Bogle family, crime brought respect. "So I wanted to go to prison from the time I was a young boy," Bobby explained, "to uphold our family honor and earn my stripes."

Bobby was wearing the standard issue uniform for all Oregon inmates: dark blue denim pants and a lighter blue work shirt, both emblazoned with the label in fierce orange letters, "Inmate, Oregon Department of Corrections." Bobby had been locked up almost continuously since he was around twelve years old, first in a series of juvenile reformatories and later in multiple prisons. With all that incarceration, he had the cold-eyed convict look down. Bobby was short, five feet nine inches, but all the weight-lifting he had done out in the prison yard for so many years made him look taller. His broad shoulders and thick chest seemed to belong to a much bigger man. His jaw was square, and his green eyes were always alert, on the lookout, as he had to be for self-preservation in prison. His salt-and-pepper hair was brushed back from his forehead and cut short on the sides. The gunfighter mustache drooping down around the corners of his mouth lent him an air of menace.

For Bobby and his five brothers and three sisters childhood often meant accompanying their father, and their mother, Kathy, whenever Rooster selected targets for them to rob or burglarize. There were neighbors' houses to break into, chickens and cows to steal for food, gardens to loot for tomatoes and corn and construction sites where they could pluck valuable lumber or metal that Rooster resold for cash to supplement his on-again, off-again job as an iron worker. One night Rooster led them to the big Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River ninety miles northeast of Salem where they broke into the government-run fish hatchery and helped themselves to as many Coho and Chinook salmon as they could load in Rooster's truck. Their mother served as the lookout, remaining in the truck while they were inside the fence, and then she drove the getaway vehicle.

Anchor
October 2018

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Anne Rice's Vampire Chronicles An Alphabettery

Becket Ghioto, with an Introduction by Anne Rice

An annotated cosmology of Anne Rice's Vampiredom from A(kasha) to Z(enobia)—all fifteen books of the Vampire Chronicles detailed, by a longtime Anne Rice reader and scholar; the who, what, where, why, (and often) how of her beloved characters, mortal and 'im', brought together in a book for the first time. Illustrated by Mark Edward Geyer.

Anne Rice's Vampire Chronicles An Alphabettery gathers together, from all fifteen of the books in the series, the facts, details, story lines, genealogies of her characters, vampiric subjects, geographical influences, and cultural and individual histories, all of which Rice painstakingly researched and invented during her 40-year career—to date—through which she has enchanted and transported us. Here are concise, detailed biographies of every character, no matter how central or minor to the cosmology.

Revealed are the intricacies and interconnectedness of characters and subjects throughout. We see how Akasha (Queen of Egypt and the first vampire) is connected to Mekare (the inheritor of the title of the Queen of the Damned) and how these characters connect back to the darkest rebel outlaw of them all, Lestat de Lioncourt.

And we see, as well, the ways in which Rice's vampires have evolved from warring civilizations to isolated covens to a unified race of blood drinkers led by their hero-wanderer and sole monarch, Prince Lestat.

For devoted and first-time Anne Rice readers alike, *Anne Rice's Vampire Chronicles An Alphabettery* will be the holy grail of lore and revelation for those who have been, and continue to be, mesmerized by the worlds within worlds of these beloved tales of the undead.

BECKET GHIOTO has a bachelor's degree in music composition and master's degrees in systematic theology and industrial organizational psychology. He was a diocesan seminarian for three years and a Benedictine monk for five and from 2005 to 2017 was the personal assistant to Anne Rice. He is the author of eleven books, including three books of poetry. He lives with his wife in Steubenville, Ohio.

ANNE RICE is the author of thirty-six books, including the fifteen books in the Vampire Chronicles series. She lives in La Quinta, California.

MARK EDWARD GEYER received a B.A. in Studio Art from Florida State University. He has illustrated Stephen King's *Rose Madder* and *The Green Mile*, the middle-grade series *Inquisitor's Apprentice*, and other books. He teaches at Rocky Mountain College of Art and Design, and lives with his wife.

EXCERPT

Lestat

Vampire

Lestat is the hero of *The Vampire Chronicles*. Having authored half of the chronicles himself, the entire saga tells how his extraordinary character is the centripetal force drawing all to himself, mortal and immortal alike, to fundamentally reshape the landscape of the supernatural world. The Vampire Chronicles are essentially a broad biographical sketch of the vampire Lestat. He appears in every book in this series, save one, Vittorio the Vampire (1999).

Lestat de Lioncourt is born on November 7, 1760, in the Auvergne, France, during the reign of Louis XV. The youngest son of Marquis de Lioncourt, Lestat is the most underprivileged of his older brothers, standing to receive nothing of his father's inheritance, and destined to depend upon the generosity of his eldest brother, Augustin, heir to the mostly squandered family fortune. His family is all but poverty-stricken.

At the age of 12, Lestat demonstrates a great ambition to become a member of a religious order. But his father and Augustin deny him and drag him back home from the monastery against his will. Lestat's mother, Gabrielle, is the only one who can give him consolation, yet even in this it is not enough to satisfy his desire to leave his family.

A few years later, at the age of 16, when a traveling troupe of Italian actors in a nearby village performs the commedia dell'arte play, "The Romance of Lelio and Isabella," Lestat runs away and hides in the troupe's wagon. They allow him to join their troupe, they travel across France, and he performs the character of Lelio. Lestat is a magnificent performer and his great passion for the arts sparks. But his family brings him back to Château de Lioncourt against his will where he is severely punished.

Gabrielle sells one of her heirlooms and buys him an expensive rifle and a chestnut mare. With these, Lestat spends the next two years avoiding the arts and becoming a hunter. By the time he is 18, he is the sole member of his household, providing meals of hunted game for his family. And by the age of 21, the villagers look to him to solve local problems, the greatest of which are eight wolves, frightening the villagers and stealing sheep. Lestat arms himself with three flintlock guns, one flintlock rifle, his muskets, his father's sword, a very large mace, and a large flail. Then he goes hunting for the wolves on his mare, with two large mastiffs in spiked collars flanking him. Although the wolves kill his mare and two mastiffs, and nearly himself, Lestat kills all eight wolves. As a sign of their gratitude, the villagers go into the woods, retrieve the wolves, skin them, and line their fur inside boots and a red velvet cloak, as a gift for Lestat, presented by the eldest son of the village draper, Nicolas de Lenfent. Lestat is immediately attracted to Nicolas, who studied law in Paris, but ultimately quit his studies to take violin lessons from Mozart. Lestat and Nicolas (whom he refers to as "Nicki") spend increasing time together, and enjoy what they refer to as "Our Conversation," where they share soul-searching secrets about their hopes for a greater life by running away together to Paris. Gabrielle encourages their friendship. When she discovers their secret plan to runaway, she funds them by giving Lestat all that remains of her Italian family's fortune.

Lestat and Nicolas find employment at Renaud's House of Thesbians, a small theatre on the Boulevard du Temple, at first selling tickets, helping actors dress, sweeping, and expelling troublemakers, but eventually Lestat becomes an actor on the stage and Nicolas plays his violin with the theater musicians. Taking the stage name "Lestat de Valois" to hide his family's royalty, Lestat's popularity as an actor grows, drawing increasing crowds, highly praised reviews, and the attention of the 300-year-old vampire, Magnus.

Seeking a blonde haired blue-eyed young man whom he can turn into his vampire heir to inherit his massive fortune after he commits suicide, Magnus reads Lestat's mind and sees that he killed eight wolves. Impressed by Lestat's bravery, Magnus kidnaps Lestat out of the room he shares with Nicolas, turns him into a vampire against his will, and coerces Lestat into scattering his ashes after he destroys himself in a fire.



Pantheon
January 2019

Rights available

HA JIN is the author of eight novels, four story collections, three volumes of poetry, and a book of essays. He left his native China in 1985 to attend Brandeis University. He has received the National Book Award, two PEN/Faulkner Awards, the PEN/Hemingway Foundation Award, the Asian American Literary Award, and the Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction. In 2014 he was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Jin lives in the Boston area and is an English professor at Boston University.

The Banished Immortal
A Life of Li Bai
Ha Jin

Praise for Ha Jin:

"Jin has the kind of effortless command that most writers can only dream about."
—*The New York Times Magazine*

"*The Bridegroom* showcases Jin's master of craft, the consummate restraint and nearly telegraphic objectivity with which he paints difficult truths."
—*The Chicago Sun-Times*

"A poignant novel that portrays the emotional drama of an immigrant torn apart by conflicting loyalties, and bone-deep loneliness."
—*The Los Angeles Times*

From the National Book Award-winning author of *Waiting*: a narratively driven, deeply human biography of Li Bai—also known as Li Po—one of the most beloved poets to ever emerge from China.

In an impeccable match of author and subject, *The Banished Immortal* gives us Ha Jin's first work of biography. With the instincts of a master novelist, Jin draws on a wide range of historical and literary sources to weave the life story of Li Bai, whose poems—characterized by their passion, romance, and lust for life—rang throughout the Tang Dynasty and continue to be celebrated today. Jin traces Li Bai's origins from his birth on China's western frontier to his travels as a young man seeking a place among the empire's civil servants. Even as he struggled to win the favor of powerful officials (who were made nervous by his flamboyant, unrestrained spirit), his wanderings allowed him to hone his poetic craft, share his verses, and win him friends and admirers along the way. His later years play out against the backdrop of history, as he becomes swept up in a military rebellion that altered the course of China, and his death is surrounded by legend and speculation that continues to be spun to this day. *The Banished Immortal* is an extraordinary portrait of a poet who both transcended his time and was shaped by it; who strove for conventional success even as his singular brilliance set him on a different path; and whose ability to live, love, and mourn without reservation produced some of the most enduring verses in the world.

EXCERPT

He has many names. In the West people call him Li Po, as most books of his poems translated into English bear that name. Sometimes it is also spelled Li Bo. But in China, he is known as Li Bai. During his lifetime (700–762 AD), he had other names, such as Li Taibai, Green Lotus Scholar, Li Twelve. The last one is a nickname or an endearment, because Li Bai was the twelfth one among his brothers and male cousins on the paternal side, but this name of his, Li Twelve, was often used by his friends and fellow poets when they addressed him. Some of them even dedicated to him poems titled "For Li Twelve." Before he died, he had been known as a great poet with a sobriquet given by his admirers, zhexian, Banished Immortal; a moniker that implies that he was sent down to earth as a punishment for his misbehavior in heaven. After his death, over twelve centuries, he has been revered as shixian, Poet Immortal. Because he was an excessive drinker, he was also called jiuxian, Wine Immortal. Nowadays it's still common for fans of his poetry to trek hundreds of miles following some of the routes of his wandering life as a kind of pilgrimage they wish to pay him. Not to mention the numerous liquors and wines that bear his name. Indeed, his name is ubiquitous, employed by hotels, restaurants, temples, even factories.

Ezra Pound's loose translation of Li Bai's "The River-Merchant's Wife: A Letter" has been included in many textbooks and anthologies as a masterpiece of modern poetry, also as one of Pound's signature poems, arguably his best known.

He has several deaths ascribed to him. Some people even believed that he was never dead, and hundreds of years after his time, some still claimed that they encountered him now and then. In truth, we are uncertain about the exact date and cause of his death. In January 764, the newly enthroned Emperor Daizong issued a decree summoning Li Bai to serve as a counselor at court. It was a post without actual power in spite of its high-sounding title. Yet to any man of learning and ambition, such an appointment was a great favor, meant also to demonstrate the emperor's benevolence and magnanimity, though Li Bai had once served as a much higher court official when Daizong's grandfather had reigned, and though Daizong's father, just a few years earlier, had thrown Li Bai into prison and then banished him to remote hinterlands. When the royal decree reached Dangtu County, Anhui, where Li Bai was supposed to be, the local officials were thrown into a fluster and could not locate him. Soon it was discovered that he had died more than a year before. Of what disease and on what day, no one could tell. So we can only say that Li Bai passed away in 762 without being noticed by the public despite the popularity of his poetry.

Such an obscure death was not acceptable to people after him. They began to relate different versions of death that might either suit the romantic image of his poetic personality or seemed to be a reasonable conclusion of his turbulent life. One version is that he died of alcohol overconsumption; this was in keeping with his lifelong indulgence in drinking. Another version claims that he died of chronic thoracic suppuration—the pus penetrated his chest and lungs. This was first stated by Pi Rixiu (838-883 A.D.) in his poem "Seven Loves." Pi says about Li Bai, "He was brought down by rotted ribs, / Which sent his drunken soul to the other world." There is no way we can verify this claim, though it sounds credible. Another version of his death is far more fantastic: he was drowned while chasing the moon on a river. It says that he was drunk on a boat and jumped into the water to fetch the ever-shifting moon.

Even though this version is suggestive of suicide and might be too romantic to be plausible, it has been embraced by the public, in part because Li Bai, as his poetry shows, loved the moon. Even at age three, he began to be obsessed with the moon, as his poem "Night Trip in Gulang" says, "As a young child, I had no idea what the moon was / And I called it a white jade plate. / Then I wondered if it was a mirror at the Jasper Terrace / That flew away and landed on top of green clouds."

Knopf
February 2019

Rights available

VICTORIA RISKIN is the daughter of Fay Wray and Robert Riskin. She was formerly the president of the Writers Guild of America.

Fay Wray and Robert Riskin

A Hollywood Memoir

Victoria Riskin

"Riskin brings a graceful touch and a fluid writing style to one of the great real life Hollywood love stories in this warm, evocative and deeply moving tale."
—Kenneth Turan, film critic, *Los Angeles Times*

"Riskin's memoir of her extraordinary parents, actress Fay Wray and screenwriter Robert Riskin, is a joy to read. A Hollywood memoir of rare depth and sensitivity. All will be captivated by this splendid dual biography of two of Hollywood's most fascinating and enduringly important and colorful personalities."
—Joseph McBride, author of *Frank Capra: The Catastrophe of Success*

A Hollywood love story, a Hollywood memoir, a (dual) Hollywood biography—the woman who stole the heart of King Kong, and the man, Robert Riskin, one of the greatest screenwriters of all times, Academy Award-winner, producer, and longtime collaborator with Frank Capra on eight pictures—by their daughter, an acclaimed writer and producer.

King Kong elevated Fay Wray to the tip of the Empire State Building and the heights of cinematic immortality; she went on to star in more than one hundred and twenty pictures, received an Academy Award, and was directed by such masters as William Wellman, Eric Von Stroheim, and Vincente Minnelli. Wray's husband, Robert Riskin, was one of Hollywood's most seminal screenwriters, originator of the 'screwball comedy' and the true populist voice of the 'little guy' that gave Frank Capra's movies the 'Capra touch'; Riskin's sophisticated stageplays and supremely sophisticated screen comedies of Hollywood's classic era became famous for their blend of humor and romance, wisecracking and idealism. Winner of the Academy Award for *It Happened One Night* and nominated for four others, Riskin was a producer and longtime collaborator with Capra on such pictures as *The Miracle Woman*, *Platinum Blonde*, *American Madness*, *The Whole Town's Talking*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *Lost Horizon*, *You Can't Take It With You*, and *Meet John Doe*.

Their daughter Victoria Riskin tells the story of their lives, their work, their Hollywood, their fairy-tale marriage that ended so tragically.

EXCERPT

For my mother, it had already been A Great Adventure. A sometimes wild ride. She had been put on a railroad train from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles at age fourteen, somehow entrusted by her strict Victorian mother to the care of a charming twenty-one-year-old man who had said he could, maybe, get her into movies. There had been no money in their tiny home, no man to provide, six hungry mouths and some days nothing to feed them but bread soup.

The year was 1920 and Los Angeles was a rough, busy, unfinished town. Her young man proved as good as his word. He took her to a respectable rooming house where she stayed for a dollar a night, which he paid, and then found a family that promised to look after her. Walking in Hollywood, she was seen by a producer who offered her a bit part as a clown at five dollars a day.

By 1933 she had grown into a beautiful young woman and was atop the world, literally. The immortal scene played out on the Empire State Building where she dangled in the giant hand of King Kong, the largest and most terrifying gorilla the world had ever seen. As audiences gasped, airplanes swooped around, firing machine guns at the beast. Before Kong fell to his death a hundred stories below, he made sure the woman he loved was safe on a ledge.

My mother made more than a hundred films, some with the outstanding producers and directors of the era and opposite the greatest leading men: Gary Cooper, Spencer Tracy, William Powell, Victor Jory. But along the way there were challenges: an overbearing mother and marriage to an Academy Award-winning writer who soon revealed himself to be an alcoholic. Real love, a man she could love and who loved her back, had eluded her.

In 1930, on the day my father arrived in Hollywood on the 20th Century Limited from New York, he went to the Columbia studio on Poverty Row, where second-tier movie companies were situated. He was ordered to report immediately to Harry Cohn's office, where the famed, tyrannical studio boss was conducting an inquisition among Columbia's executives and contract writers about a stage play, *Bless You, Sister*, he had just bought to be directed by Columbia's top director, Frank Capra. Cohn turned to the newcomer and demanded to know if he had anything to say.

My father had written the play and, with his brother, produced it on Broadway, where it had failed despite positive reviews. He told Cohn he thought it would fail as a film, too, and gave his reasons. Cohn and Capra went ahead anyway, and the film failed.

From that shaky and inauspicious start, my father went on to have a celebrated career as a screenwriter, working mostly with Cohn and Capra. The films he wrote are still considered classics that helped define America to itself and the world: *Lady for a Day*, *The Whole Town's Talking*, *It Happened One Night*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *Lost Horizon*, *You Can't Take It with You*, *Meet John Doe*. *It Happened One Night* was the first film to sweep the five top Academy Awards—Best Picture, Director, Writer, Actor and Actress, a record matched only twice in the three-quarters of a century since: *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *The Silence of the Lambs*.

Outside the studio he was a strong and active supporter of FDR and the New Deal. He helped his fellow screenwriters establish a union, and as the 1930s wore on he became increasingly concerned about America's isolationism and went to England to help Great Britain in its fight for survival against Hitler.

He also had relationships with actresses Glenda Farrell, Carole Lombard and Loretta Young. Involved and busy as he was, by his early forties he was increasingly aware that something fundamental and important was missing in his life.

My parents met at a Christmas Eve party in 1940. My mother's first marriage had ended in divorce, and although she was spending most of her time with Clifford Odets in New York, she was briefly in Los Angeles to make a film and see friends.

My father crossed the room to talk to her. By the end of the evening he had invited her to see an acclaimed new movie, *The Grapes of Wrath*. And that night or very soon thereafter he fell, hard, whether because of her intelligence, her wit or infectious laugh, or the way she listened to him with undivided attention. The morning after their first date he sent her a dozen red roses and in the following days he saw her as often as he could. When she returned to Odets in New York, he told friends he was heartbroken.

Knopf
February 2019

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DAVID SLOAN WILSON is distinguished professor of biology and anthropology at Binghamton University. He is the author of *Evolution for Everyone*, *Darwin's Cathedral: Evolution, Religion, and the Nature of Society*, coauthor of *Unto Others: The Evolution and Psychology of Unselfish Behavior*, and coeditor of *The Literary Animal: Evolution and the Nature of Narrative*.

This View of Life
Completing the Darwinian Evolution
David Sloan Wilson

Praise for *Evolution for Everyone*:

"A remarkable contribution. No other author has managed to combine mastery of the subject with such a clear and interesting explanation of what it all means for human self-understanding. Aimed at the general reader, yet peppered with ideas original enough to engage scholars, it is truly a book for our time."
—Edward O. Wilson, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *On Human Nature*

"Wilson does for evolution what Steve Levitt does for economics in his book *Freakonomics*. *Evolution for Everyone* is full of gripping stories about the natural world, related with humor and a rare flair for language."
—*Chicago Sun Times*

From noted evolutionary biologist and the author of *Evolution for Everyone* comes a paradigm-changing new look at how we can apply evolutionary theory to our social and cultural institutions.

Darwin's Theory of Evolution created a revolution in humanity's conception and understanding of biology and provides a single theoretical framework for all life sciences today. But among humanities scholars it is widely assumed that our rich cultural and behavioral development operates outside the rules of evolutionary theory. In fact, Darwin's theory has been considered taboo in the study of the social sciences because inhumane theories of Social Darwinism emerged at the end of the nineteenth century. But David Sloan Wilson wants to expand upon what we traditionally consider biological.

Informed by decades of research and drawing on a wide range of studies that cover topics from the breeding of hens, to the timing of cataract surgeries on infants, to the organization of an auto plant, Wilson investigates the development and evolution of human social and cultural institutions and what emerges is an incredibly powerful argument. If we become wise managers of the evolutionary processes that function within our social and cultural institutions, we will have the power to achieve positive social and economic change that has the potential to drastically improve our institutions, our communities, and ourselves.

EXCERPT

Whatever you think you currently know about evolution, please move it to one side to make room for what I am about to share in the pages of this book. I think you'll find that my argument doesn't fall into any current category. Politically it isn't left, right, or libertarian. It's not anti-religious and enables us to think more deeply about religion than ever before. Above all, it moves us in the direction of sustainable living at all scales. Who doesn't want to improve their personal wellbeing; their families, neighborhoods, schools, and businesses; their governments and economies; and their stewardship of the natural world? These goals are within reach—but only if we see the world through the lens of the right theory.

Conscious evolution requires a massive reset in our understanding of humanity from an evolutionary perspective, which must take place at a timescale of years, not decades. We need not just a theory that states what is, but a worldview that informs how we ought to act, while remaining fully within the bounds of scientific knowledge. Here is a preview of the voyage that we will be taking in the pages of this book. We must begin by confronting the dark past of Social Darwinism. Is it true that Darwin's theory unleashed a plague of toxic policies justifying social inequality and is inherently more dangerous than other theories? The answer to this question is more complex and intriguing than you might think.

Next, I show how evolutionary theory provides a toolkit for making sense of any living process—a fact that is already accepted for biology. I use the word "toolkit" to invoke the mindset of a plumber or carpenter—someone who arrives at a site, sizes up the job, and pulls out the right tools to get the job done. Anyone can become adept at this kind of work. Once we are equipped with a toolkit, we can get right to work addressing problems that everyone wants to solve, such as our physical and mental health and optimal ways to raise our children. Along the way, we will see that there is no dividing line between "biology", "human", and "culture". The same conceptual tools are useful for making sense of everything associated with these three words.

The next step in our journey turns what religious believers call "The Problem of Evil" on its head. Their problem is to explain how everything associated with the word "evil" can exist in a world created by an all-powerful and beneficent God. The problem of the evolutionist is to explain how everything associated with the word "goodness" can evolve in a Darwinian world. Modern evolutionary theory tells us that goodness can evolve, but only when special conditions are met. That's why we must become wise managers of evolutionary processes. Otherwise, evolution takes us where we don't want to go. Along the way, we'll see how the same toolkit can make sense of examples as diverse as cancer, psychopathic chickens, and the very nature of human morality.

If you're like most people, you probably regard evolution as such a slow process that it stands still for the time scales that matter most to us. That's not even necessarily true for genetic evolution, which can take place in a single generation. Once we appreciate that evolution goes beyond genetic evolution, however, then we can begin to use our toolkit to understand the fast-paced cultural changes swirling all around us and even within us as actively evolving entities in our own right.

The problems that require our attention exist at all scales, from individual wellbeing to a sustainable planet. Evolutionary theory distinctively identifies the small group as a fundamental unit of social organization, required for both individual wellbeing and effective action at a larger scale. Nearly every reader of this book can become happier as an individual and more engaged as a citizen by creating and joining small groups. Yet, small groups don't automatically work well and even when they do, they can become part of the problem higher up the scale, such as a street gang, a terrorist cell, a predatory corporation, or a rogue nation. We must consciously seek to create small groups that benefit individuals as well as society as a whole.

It is one thing for a species to be well-adapted to its environment and another for it to be adaptable to environmental change. The same goes for human cultures and almost no existing culture is adaptable enough to keep pace with our ever-changing world. Conscious evolution requires the construction of a new system of cultural inheritance capable of operating at an unprecedented spatial and temporal scale. This will be a formidable task, but evolutionary theory does provide the tools to get the job done.

Doubleday
February 2019

Rights available

SHAWN LEVY is the film critic for *The Oregonian* and the author of *The Last Playboy*, *Ready, Steady, Go!*, *Rat Pack Confidential*, and *King of Comedy*. He lives in Portland, Oregon with his wife and three children.

The Castle on Sunset

Life, Death, Love, Art, and Scandal at Hollywood's Chateau Marmont

Shawn Levy

Praise for Shawn Levy:

"Superb. Levy's ambitious (and entirely successful) biography is a model of what a celebrity bio ought to be—smart, knowing, insightful, often funny, full of fascinating insiders' stories, always respectful but never worshipful."
—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"Levy captures much of the excitement of that time and place in a prose style that is teeming with satisfying gossipy details.
— *The Guardian*

"An impressive biography that will surely stand as the definitive volume."
–*Kirkus Reviews*, starred review

A definitive history of Hollywood's most iconic, storied, and scandalous hotel.

Since the dawn of talking pictures, Hollywood's most celebrated stars have favored the Chateau Marmont as a home away from home. The legends of this apartment-house-turned-hotel span generations of Hollywood folklore: Jean Harlow taking lovers while residing with husband number three, shortly after the mysterious death of husband number two; F. Scott Fitzgerald suffering a heart attack during a midday tryst; Led Zeppelin riding motorcycles through the lobby; Lindsay Lohan getting evicted after racking up nearly $50,000 in charges in less than two months.

The Chateau, a snow-white fairytale castle, appears to come from another world entirely, and its singular appearance houses an equally singular history. For nearly 90 years, as an industry, a city, and a world changed around it, this building perched above Southern California's famous Sunset Strip has welcomed the most iconic and iconoclastic personalities in film, music, and media. Though it appeals as a bastion of confidentiality and seclusion, much of what's happened inside the Chateau's walls has made its way into the public eye.

With wit and prowess, Shawn Levy recounts the wild parties and scandalous liaisons, creative breakthroughs and marital breakdowns, births and untimely deaths that the Chateau Marmont has given rise to. Vivid, salacious, and richly informed, the book is a glittering tribute to Hollywood as seen from the bungalows of its most hallowed hotel.

EXCERPT

The first celebrity to call Chateau Marmont home packed so much living into a short stay there that the hotel would have been worthy of Hollywood legend if no other movie people had ever stepped through its doors.

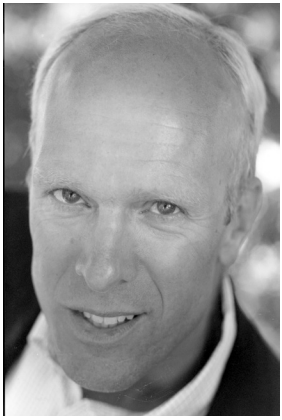
In September, 1933, Jean Harlow and Harold Rosson drove up Marmont Lane in search of a place where they could live as newlyweds. Each already had a home in the area—hers a large custom-built mansion on an acre-plus site in nearby Bel Air. But although her place was big, it wasn't big enough: Harlow's mother, also a Jean and therefore known as 'Mother Jean,' lived there with her second husband, and the older couple felt entitled to butt their noses into everything the young Jean, whom they called 'Baby,' did, including her marriages.

The plural is no typo: At age 22, Harlow had just taken husband number three, establishing beyond dispute her credentials as Hollywood's premiere vixen. In just a handful of years, she had gone from bored young society wife to movie extra to It Girl, style icon, and emblem of female sexual energy. She was famous for her platinum blonde hair; her plunging necklines; her tight-fitting wardrobe (made even snugger by her refusal to wear undergarments, which she felt disrupted the line of her dresses); her rumored habit of icing her nipples before each take so as to draw attention to her breasts; her love of Art Deco-styled white clothes and furniture and cars; and, especially, her torrid chemistry with Clark Gable, frequently cast as her leading man—on and off screen. She had a sensational rise in the movies, from extra to bit player to feature to the sort of star whom movies are named for—*Platinum Blonde*, *Red-Headed Woman*, *Bombshell*—in barely three years. Such was her reputation, on-screen and off-, that when she met the English countess Margot Asquith at a dinner party and kept pronouncing her new acquaintance's name with a final 'T' sound—'MarGOT'—the older woman felt entitled to reply, "No, Jean, the 'T' is silent, like in Harlow."

Harlow sniffed at the place at first, refusing even to go inside and inspect the suite which Rosson had chosen for them. But after another uncomfortable day in the company of her mother and stepfather, the actress agreed to move into the Chateau—after the apartment that Rosson had put on retainer, at $250 a month, had undergone extensive remodeling. The unit that Harlow and Rosson would move into was actually two suites connected by a private corridor, and the bedroom most suited to serve as the master was equipped with twin beds. That was quickly rectified, and a layer of "Harlow white" was laid on top of the suites' low-key blue-and-beige decor—"She was like a little white rose," recalled a hotel employee. "Her apartment was all white. The carpets, the draperies, the furniture. Even the fireplace." It was quick work: A week or so after first visiting the Chateau, the Rossons moved in.

Moving away from Mother Jean didn't mean escaping her; she and her husband were constant presences at the Chateau, showing up to boss around the workers, oversee Harlow's diet, and, as in Bel Air, comport themselves as if they—and not Rosson—were paying the bills. On top of that, a steady stream of friends and reporters and photographers and masseuses and businesspeople came and went throughout Harlow's idle days. The newlyweds might as well have been living in an aquarium. Everything the star did was big, excessive, and, with some sanitizing, reported for public consumption.

Well, almost everything. There were other visitors, ones who tended to appear only at night and whose names were never in the fan magazines. Because of the way the Rossons' two suites had been connected into one large apartment, the master bedroom had a private entrance, and hotel staff began to note that Harlow received visitors—male visitors—at that door at odd hours, invariably when Rosson wasn't on site. Additionally, the staff had noticed that Harlow's improvements included a security chain on the door connecting the two suites—one intended to keep the door locked from the master bedroom side. And then there was the damning evidence discovered by housekeepers almost from the start of the Rossons' residency: Maids would make the big bed in the master bedroom every day, but they also had to make the Murphy bed in the living room on the other side of the unit. And that bed, ostensibly the guest bed, was the only one that would need making on the nights when Rosson slept at the Marmont alone and, as he explained to switchboard operators trying to put calls through to her, Harlow was with Mother Jean in Bel Air.



Vintage
April 2019

UK rights available

RANDY CHARLES EPPING, based in Zurich, Switzerland and São Paulo, Brazil, has worked in International Finance for over 25 years, holding management positions in European and American investment banks in London, Geneva, and Zurich. He has a master's degree in International Relations from Yale University, in addition to degrees from the University of Notre Dame and the University of Paris-La Sorbonne. He is currently the manager of IFS Project Management AG, a Switzerland-based international consulting company. He is also the president of the Central Europe Foundation, which provides assistance to students and economic organizations in Central and Eastern Europe. In addition to several other books on the world economy, he has written a novel, *Trust*, a financial thriller.

Understanding the New World Economy

Randy Charles Epping

Praise for *A Beginner's Guide to the World Economy*:

"A refreshing look at the present economic situation, minus the often confusing graphs, charts and jargon typical in works of this type, this book provides a solid understanding of economic basics, giving readers the much-needed tools they need to stay on top of future developments."
—Publishers Weekly

"It is essential that more citizens become economically literate, and this is a great place to start."
—Booklist

A comprehensive, accessible guide to understanding today's global economy, from the author of the bestselling *A Beginner's Guide to the World Economy*.

In today's media landscape, phrases like "trade wars," "cybercurrency," and "free trade agreements" are constantly used, but even the savviest consumer may struggle to know how these phrases actually affect them. In his latest book, Randy Charles Epping clearly and concisely explains the new world economy and how you fit into it, without using a single chart or graph. From Brexit to Bitcoin, from central banks to charities and NGOs, Epping illuminates the key concepts necessary to understand how these many layers fit together. With an extensive glossary and simple, straightforward explanations, *Understanding the New World Economy* is essential reading for anyone who wants to wrap their head around the complex global marketplace.

Knopf
May 2019

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Korea: Woongjin
UK: Hodder & Stoughton

Other rights available

JAYSON GREENE has been writing for *Pitchfork* since 2008. He was previously Senior Editor for *Wondering Sound*, and his writing has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Grantland*, *GQ.com*, *Red Bull Music Academy*, *The Village Voice*, and elsewhere. He lives in Brooklyn.

Once More We Saw Stars

Jayson Greene

For readers of *The Bright Hour* and *When Breath Becomes Air*, a moving, transcendent memoir of loss and a stunning exploration of marriage in the wake of unimaginable grief.

Two-year-old Greta Greene was sitting with her grandmother on a park bench on the Upper West Side of Manhattan when a brick crumbled from a windowsill overhead, striking her unconscious. She is immediately rushed to the hospital. *Once More We Saw Stars* begins with this event, leading the reader into the unimaginable.

But although it begins with the anguish Jayson and his wife Stacy confront in the wake of their daughter's trauma and the hours leading up to her death, it quickly becomes a narrative that is as much about hope and healing as it is about grief and loss. Jayson recognizes, even in the very midst of his ordeal, that there will be a life for him beyond it—that if only he can continue moving forward, from one moment to the next, he will survive what seems un-survivable. With raw honesty, deep emotion, and exquisite tenderness, he captures both the fragility of life and absoluteness of death, and most important of all, the unconquerable power of love. This is an unforgettable memoir of courage and transformation—and a book that will change the way you look at the world.

EXCERPT

How should we start, sweetie? Maybe with one of the silly games we invented together. They meant nothing to anyone, but everything to us. There was the time that we pretended, for half an hour, that the ramp outside of a building was an elevator. You would press your finger to a brick; I would make a beeping noise. I would say "Going down!" and you would run down the ramp, laughing. That was the whole game. It was enough.

Or: We're on the beach. You are two years old. You saw the beach once in your life before this, when you were fourteen months old; you did not enjoy it. The sun shining on your skin felt invasive (you shared your mother's aversion to direct sunlight). The sand moving beneath your feet and hands fascinated you at first but quickly unnerved you; the ground had never stuck to you before, nor had it proven unreliable. The sea thundered. You wound up in my arms, squirming.

Today, you are older, and you are unafraid. You are wearing a polka dot red cardigan over a striped green dress and a bright red hat, and in your left hand is a mango on a stick from the boardwalk vendor. I carry you out past the Coney Island pier; I take off my shoes and set you down with your small shoes on. You run out, mango stick held out careful to your side. I walk after you.

The ocean is enormous to you, and I sense the thrill of awe and fear little people feel when they are confronted with the world's vastness. You look up at me and I smile; I don't seem scared. My shoes are off, I point out; would you like to take off yours? Your eyes go thoughtful, and then you nod. We walk up together to the mouth of the impossible ocean. The wet sand is cold; it's only May. Individual sand grains twinkle. "Look, sweetie pie, a shell," I say, pointing to your feet. You reach down and scoop it up out of the wet sand. It is a fragment, something that fits between your tiny finger and thumb. There is a tiny clump of sand at its point; you hold it up in my face, grinning, as I pretend to be disgusted.

"EWWWW!" You laugh that throaty, snuffly, catching giggle of yours. The waves run closer, reaching us. For the only time in your life, you feel fresh ocean water running over your toes.

**

The brick fell from an eighth-story windowsill on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. Greta was sitting on a bench out front with her grandmother. The two of them were chatting about a play they had seen together the night before. It was a live action version of the kids' show "Chuggington," in which some talking train cars helped their friend Koko get back on track after she was derailed.

"Koko got stuck!" Greta exclaimed, over and over. The moment seemed lodged in her brain, my mother-in-law told us later. She was struck by the simplicity of the predicament, the profundity of the call for help.

Reporters interviewed the aide of the elderly woman who lived on the floor—the woman whose windowsill crumbled. Even in print, I recognized the sickened wonder in her voice, her newly dawning understanding of the malevolence and chaos of the world: "It was like an evil force reached down."

Knopf
May 2019

Rights sold:
Holland: Bruna
UK: Ebury

Other rights available

ROB WALKER is a journalist covering design, technology, business, the arts, and other subjects. He writes *The Workologist* column for the Sunday Business section of *The New York Times*, and contributes to a variety of other publications and media outlets. His previous books include *Significant Objects: 100 Extraordinary Stories About Ordinary Things* (coauthored with Joshua Glenn) and *Buying In*. He is on the faculty of the Products of Design MFA program at the School of Visual Arts and contributes to wide range of publications including *The Atlantic*, *NewYorker.com*, *The New York Times*, *The New York Times Magazine*, *The Boston Globe*, and *Bloomberg Businessweek* among others.

The Art of Noticing: 101 Ways to Pay Attention

Rob Walker, with Illustrations by Peter Mendelsund and Oliver Munday

Praise for Rob Walker:

"Fascinating. A compelling blend of cultural anthropology and business journalism."
—*Time Magazine*

"An often startling tour of new cultural terrain."
—*Salon*

"A fresh and fascinating exploration of the places where material culture and identity intersect."
—Michael Pollan, author of *In Defense of Food*

"Walker is a terrific writer who understands both human nature and the business world. His book is highly entertaining, but it's also a deeply thoughtful look at the ways in which marketing meets the modern psyche."
–Bethany McLean, editor at large, *Fortune*

A beautiful illustrated guidebook for altering and expanding the ways we engage with our everyday world—the people, places, objects and tasks we encounter. Rob Walker has designed 101 exercises and meditations that offer encouragement and guidance to help us to rediscover joy and creativity in our lives. Drawn from across a variety of disciplines, the short and playful entries that make up the book—including "Make a Personal Map" and "Eat Somewhere Dubious"—will inspire everyone from the artist or designer developing their aesthetic to the techie looking to disrupt a new market, but they are their own joyful reward for anyone who tries them on.

EXCERPT

In an interview late in his life, Saul Bellow explained that over the course of his celebrated career, he had learned to experience everyday life as, essentially, an alien. "I've never seen the world before," is how he described his ideal mindset.

This, he explained, allowed him to regard everything as if it were a discovery, a revelation, "a beautiful, marvelous gift. Enchanting reality!"

Such openness to experience and to the moment, reveling in what others take for granted —being a "first-class noticer" — was to Bellow essential to the job of the writer. It's an echo of Henry James' famous advice to become "the sort of person on whom nothing is lost." Or of Flaubert's contention that: "Anything becomes interesting if you look at it long enough."

Susan Sontag once advised a collegiate audience: "Pay attention. It's all about paying attention. It's all about taking in as much of what's out there as you can, and not letting the excuses and the dreariness of some of the obligations you'll soon be incurring narrow your lives. Attention is vitality. It connects you with others. It makes you eager. Stay eager."

To stay eager, to connect, to find interest in the everyday, to notice what everybody else overlooks, to be enchanted by reality — these are noble goals and vital skills. They speak to the difference between looking and seeing, between hearing and listening, between accepting what the world presents and noticing what matters to you.

This is important. It is also enjoyable. And it's what this book is for.

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**

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

DOROTHY BRIGGS
Celebrate Your Self

GERALDINE BROOKS
Foreign Correspondence
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
Julia Child's Kitchen
Mastering the Art of French Cooking
My Life in France
The French Chef Cookbook
The Way to Cook
Jacques & Julia

LINCOLN CHILD
Death Match
Deep Storm
Terminal Freeze
Utopia
The Third Gate
The Forgotten Room

BILL CLINTON
Back to Work
Giving
My Life

PAT CONROY
Beach Music
Death of Santini
My Losing Season
My Reading Life
South of Broad
The Pat Conroy Cookbook

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

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

VICTOR DAVIS HANSON
Carnage and Culture
Ripples of Battle
The Western Way of War

JOHN HERSEY
A Single Pebble
Antonietta
Bell for Adano
Hiroshima
Key West Tales
Manzanar
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
Nanjing Requiem
Ocean of Words
The Boat Rocker
The Bridegroom
The Crazed
Waiting
War Trash

KENT HARUF
*Our Souls at Night**

RICHARD HOFSTADTER
Age of Reform
America at 1750
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 Return of History
The World America Made

ELIA KAZAN
Beyond the Aegean
Kazan on Directing
The 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

WALTER MOSLEY
And Sometimes I Wonder About You
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

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Short Game Bible

HENRY PETROSKI
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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

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The Last of the Amazons
Tides of War
Virtues of War

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Arsenals of Folly
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Masters of Death
The Twilight of the Bombs
Why They Kill

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Another Roadside Attraction

SAM SHEPARD
Cruising Paradise
Day Out of Days
Great Dream of Heaven

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A Star For Mrs. Blake
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Good Morning, Killer
Home Sweet Home
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The Riddle of Scheherezade
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****Movie tie-in edition planned.**

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