

London
Book Fair
2023

KNOPF

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On The Savage Side

A NOVEL

Tiffany McDaniel

“A brilliant and beautifully written book about a stark and terrible world, *On the Savage Side* brings a sense of humanity to the ravages of addiction. This book is as important as it is timely.”

—Garth Stein, author of the international bestseller,
The Art of Racing in the Rain

“Eye-opening, chilling and yet compassionate, *On the Savage Side* is a disturbing and insightful re-imagining of a true-life crime story.”

—Dan Chaon, author of *Ill Will*

“A novel of the highest literary merits, a book about the bonds of family, community, and the consequences of those bonds failing us. It is a story that speaks to America’s current moral disorientation, and then transcends it.”

—Elliot Ackerman, author of *Dark at the Crossing*,
a National Book Award finalist

KNOPF

February 2023

Rights sold:

France: Gallmeister

Italy: Atlantide

UK: Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Other rights available

TIFFANY MCDANIEL is a novelist, poet, and visual artist born and raised in Ohio. She is the author of *Betty* and *The Summer That Melted Everything*.

Six women—mothers, daughters, sisters—go missing. When the first is found floating dead in the river, it reveals the disturbing truth of a small Ohio town. Inspired by the unsolved murders of the Chillicothe Six, this harrowing and haunting novel tells the story of two sisters, both of whom could be the next victims, from the internationally-bestselling author of *Betty*.

Arcade and Daffodil are twin sisters who were born one minute apart. With their fiery red hair and thirst for an escape, they forge an unbreakable bond nurtured by both their grandmother’s stories and their imaginations. But the two sisters can’t escape the generational chaos that grips their family. Growing up in the shadow of Chillicothe’s paper mill, the two sisters cling tight to each other, discovering both the beautiful and savage sides of life.

As an adult, Arcade wrestles with the memories of her life, just as a local woman is found dead in the river. Drawn into the mystery, Arcade digs deeper to find the truth. While her friends disappear around her, she is forced to reckon with the past.

On the Savage Side stands as a powerful literary testament that contributes to the international conversation about crime, women, and the voices lost to violence. Drawing from the true story of women killed in her native Ohio, acclaimed novelist and poet Tiffany McDaniel has written a fearless elegy for missing women everywhere.

EXCERPT

The locals called the river in autumn, the eye of God. The way the yellow, burgundy, and crimson leaves released from the branches overhead and landed on the surface, leaving a small circle where the muddy water appeared. The legend was, if you were to peer into this circle, you would be staring into the pupil of God and you would know your future. The river, though, knew what she was. And though she was flattered by the mythology, she did not think of herself as anything but another woman, like the ones who came and stood on her banks or dove beneath her waters.

She knew the women from the time they were little girls. Her water had washed over them in baptisms, been the cool relief on hot summer days, and served as the view to first kisses and dares off the tall tree. The river came to think of them as her own daughters, watching them come of age in a town of factories and men.

It was late when the river felt the splash. She thought maybe a limb had broken off. Or perhaps someone had thrown in a rock to see if it would skip against her. It was a heavy splash. The river thought of all heavy things. Then she saw the woman's face as her body floated. The river had lived long enough, it was not the first dead body to have been dumped in her waters. But as the old river stared into the eyes of the young woman, she couldn't help but feel a restless sorrow at having known her and the way she had splashed her feet in the water when she was a little girl.

The river knew there was a good distance to go before the woman would be seen. What the river did not know, was that there would be more of them, floating face down, like they had no names at all.

* * *

The first sin was believing we would never die. The second sin was believing we were alive in the first place. When a woman disappears, how is she remembered? By her beautiful smile? Her pretty face? The drugs in her system? Or by the johns who all have dope breath and graceless desires?

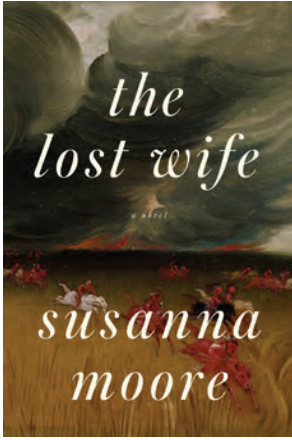
In Chillicothe, Ohio there is the familiar quarrel. The same quarrel that is known through once pastoral fields, where industry was made and generations were supported by grandfathers and fathers working in the paper mill until they came home at night to become the captains of the dinner table while our mothers were women of immortal hands who picked up our dropped prayers and answered them.

But it was all a myth, these gods in ordinary folk. No more real than the heroes of ancient Greece. Chillicothe, Ohio, it turned out, was full of mortals.

The land had once been called Chala-ka-tha by the indigenous tribes who had lived there for thousands of years before European settlers came to steal it and rename it something the white tongue could own. Chillicothe.

In their white ways they industrialized the land. Chillicothe rose in building and pitched roof, competing with the surrounding hills. In her new-found kingdom, she had once been the first capital of Ohio, before that, too, was taken away.

Remnants were found in the presence of a couple of department stores, the aisles married to the turning wheel of shopping carts and Sunday coupons. Beneath the harsh breath of development and asphalt, there existed the rounded tops of the trees blowing in the wind and the traces of those who had come centuries before. Home to what had been the rich culture of the First Peoples, Chillicothe was a primal place of geometric earthworks and burial mounds. Ripe with fossilized shark teeth, obsidian, and shells from the faraway ocean, the earthworks were magic to someone like me. As a child, I would dig, beneath the seething beetles and below the earthworms, into the deep cool and native soil, hoping to uncover the buried trace of the beautiful and hidden.



The Lost Wife

A NOVEL

Susanna Moore

PRAISE FOR SUSANNA MOORE

“Wonderful. . . . Exquisite. . . . A miracle of clarity and beauty. It’s the kind of book I read and think, this is why I do this. . . . It’s because it’s possible to write books like this, and because books like this exist in the world.”

—Emily St. John Mandel, *The Millions*

“Undeniably powerful. . . . Moore’s an extremely assured novelist, and her themes here ring out.”

—*Entertainment Weekly*

“Subtle and acutely written.”

—*The Boston Globe*

“It is the secret world of women that Moore excels at painting, a world of unspoken truths and oblique connections.”

—*Time Out New York*

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April 2023

Rights sold:

UK: Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Other rights available

SUSANNA MOORE is the author of several novels, including *In the Cut*, *Sleeping Beauties*, and *The Whiteness of Bones*, and four books of nonfiction. She lives in New York City.

Drawn partly from a true story, a searing, totally immersive novel about a devastating Native American revolt, and a woman caught in the middle of the conflict.

Fleeing a dark and secret past, Sarah Wakefield leaves Rhode Island in 1862, quietly and quickly under cover of night, for the long journey to Minnesota, where she hears there is good work to be had. She soon finds a husband who becomes the resident physician for a Sioux town there, but the political backdrop of that moment is volatile: white settlers are breaking treaties, Native American land is shrinking, and mass starvation and disease loom over the Sioux community. As one of the earliest settlers in this area, Sarah anticipates unease and tension, but instead she and her young children find acceptance and kinship. Through the caring Sioux women, Sarah learns to cook, make clothes, speak the Sioux language, and she finds companionship with the women which far exceeds what she shares with her strange and distant husband.

But the Sioux aren’t receiving what they were promised from the white settlers, and a succession of devastating broken treaties result in widespread famine, conflict, and loss of territory. What follows is one of the most momentous Native American uprisings of all time. When the U.S.-Dakota War of 1862 erupts around her, Sarah is separated from her husband, and rescued by the Sioux—who are seeking safety from the fighting and the return of everything that was taken from them.

Intimate, raw, compelling and brilliantly subversive, Susanna Moore explores the complicated history of Native American suffering.

EXCERPT

I pretended to be asleep until Ank left the room. Florence was with Ank's sister Viola in Kings-town, and the house was quiet. When I could hear Ank in the shop, I jumped from bed and dressed, stuffing two books, a shawl, a penknife, a dress, a pair of scissors, a comb, a salami, a moth-eaten tartan cape, and Maddie's letters into a cardboard suitcase. The letters are two years old, but I have read them so many times, I know every word by heart. She says there is work to be had in the West, not just saloon-girl work like in the penny weeklies, but work you wouldn't be ashamed to do. I wonder if she will be surprised to see me. Surprised to see I am alone. She never believed I would do it.

I counted the money I'd saved, which came to forty-two dollars. I kept thirty dollars for myself, and wrapped the rest in a piece of butcher's paper, sealed it in an envelope, and addressed it.

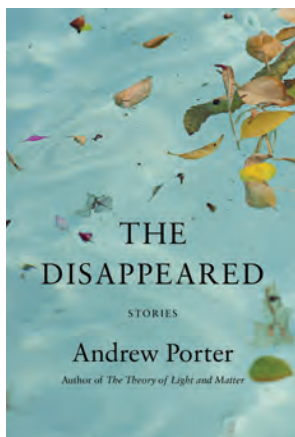
When I heard Mr. Lombardi in the alley, I invited him into the kitchen for coffee. He delivers a supply of colored glass stones to the shop on the last Monday of the month and I was expecting him. I told him I needed to get to Boston, where my sister was ill. I have no sister, but he did not know that. If he would take me to the Fox Point station when he left, I could catch the afternoon train to Boston. When he agreed, I asked him not to tell Ank. I said I had been forbidden to see my sister as she lived with a runaway slave. It was the worst lie I could devise. Even though Boston is full of abolitionists, it is another thing to live with a Negro.

My wrist is bandaged where my husband burned me with the soldering flame, and I saw Mr. Lombardi glance at it, but he said nothing. He knew Ank did it. Everyone in our street knows Ank likes to hurt me. Viola knows. My mother knew, although she never did anything to stop it. "It is only what you deserve," she said. "Anyone with the name Aniketos cannot be a proper Christian, and has to be a foreigner, maybe even a Greek. Or worse, a Turk." How she determined that Greeks are not Christians is a mystery, but there is a long list of mysteries where my mother is concerned. Who, for instance, is my father? She refused to tell me. Maybe he, too, is Greek, which would account for my black eyes and hair, and the faint line of hair above my lip. She believed that during conception, the partner who had the strongest orgasm determined the looks of the child, which suggests that my father is Greek, after all. Or a Turk. And that she is as cold as ice, but I knew that.

I met Mr. Lombardi on Eddy Street as we had planned. It was raining and we didn't talk much, perhaps because we had nothing to say, and we were soon wet through, despite the tarp he threw over us. He had a pint of whiskey in his pocket and now and then took a drink, but he did not offer me any. He dropped me at the Fox Point station and I again reminded him that he was not to tell anyone he had seen me. When he handed down my bag, he slipped a half-dollar into my hand, which caused me to wonder if he believed my story, after all. As I watched him turn the corner, I told myself that everything that happened from then on would be a sign. Even the rain was a sign. It would erase my footprints.

I mailed the envelope and ran into the station. I arrived too late to catch the train to Albany, and spent the night in the waiting room. I thought the porters who wandered in and out might not like it if I sat on one of their benches in wet clothes, so I walked in circles to keep warm, eating the salami and shaking with cold. Every time a man came through the door, I was certain it was Ank and hid my face in my sleeve, but no one bothered me, except for one man who asked if I was free for the evening. I read Maddie's instructions for the hundredth time. Once I reach Boston, I am to take a train to Albany, where I will board an Erie Canal packet boat which will get me as far as Buffalo. In Buffalo, I am to board a lake steamer to Chicago. The fare in steerage will be six dollars. In Chicago, I am to find a place on a wagon traveling to a port on the Mississippi River called Galena. Then another steamboat from Galena to St. Paul, Minnesota, where I am to find a stagecoach that will carry me to the town of Shakopee, where Maddie will be waiting for me.

I was dry by the time I boarded the train to Boston.



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April 2023

Rights sold:

Bulgaria: KRYG

Korea: Munhakdongne

Other rights available

ANDREW PORTER is the author of the story collection *The Theory of Light and Matter* and the novel *In Between Days*.

A graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, he has received a Pushcart Prize, a James Michener/ Copernicus Fellowship, and the Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction. His work has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *One Story*, *The Threepenny Review*, and on public radio's Selected Shorts. Currently, he teaches fiction writing and directs the creative writing program at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas.

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April 2025

Rights available

The Disappeared

STORIES

Andrew Porter

PRAISE FOR ANDREW PORTER

"Andrew Porter's fiction is thoughtful, lucid and highly controlled. It is especially striking for the strong consistency of vision that is achieved in every story. He has the kind of voice one can accept as universal—honest and grave, with transparency as its adornment."

—Marilynne Robinson, Pulitzer Prize winning author of *Gilead*

A collection of stories that trace the threads of loss and displacement running through all our lives, by the acclaimed, award-winning author of *The Theory of Light and Matter*.

A husband and wife hear a mysterious bump in the night. A father mourns the closeness he has lost with his son. A friendship with a married couple turns into a dangerous co-dependency. With gorgeous sensitivity, assurance, and a propulsive sense of menace, these stories center on disappearances both literal and figurative—lives and loves that are cut short, the vanishing of one's youthful self. From San Antonio to Austin, from the clamor of a crowded restaurant to the cigarette at a lonely kitchen table, Andrew Porter captures each of these relationships mid-flight, every individual life punctuated by loss and beauty and need. *The Disappeared* reaffirms the undeniable artistry of a contemporary master of the form.

The Imagined Life

A NOVEL

Steven Mills has reached a mid-life crisis. His wife and son have left, and they may not return. Which leaves him determined to find out what happened to his own father, a brilliant, charismatic professor who disappeared in 1984 when Steve was eleven, on a wave of ignominy.

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

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

EXCERPT FROM *THE IMAGINED LIFE*

When I first embarked on this project a few years ago—this search, if you will, for the truth of what happened to my father—my wife Alison warned me about the dangers of getting too close to something I might not want to know. She reminded me of what had happened when she'd gone through her own mother's journals shortly after her death. About half of the stuff in there, she said, she'd wanted to know, and about half the stuff in there she hadn't. In the end, she felt that her mother's image, or at least the image she'd always had of her mother, had been diminished, changed. She'd been humanized is what I think she meant, and I suppose that sometimes, despite our best intentions, this isn't something we always want.

In the case of my father, though, I wasn't actually that worried about what I might discover. I'd never held him on a pedestal, never believed him to be a great man. I knew that he was flawed, knew that he had made a lot of mistakes in his life, and besides, I had grown up amidst the controversy of his tenure denial, the spurious allegations, the rumors and hearsay. These scandalous stories had been as much a part of my youth as the Fullerton Mall and skateboarding and my girlfriend Julie Enderton's red VW Bug. They were part of an ongoing debate that was forever changing and shifting, revising itself, growing more and more absurd and elaborate as time went on. In some of the most bizarre versions of this story my father was portrayed as a borderline lunatic, a man who could fly into a rage without the slightest provocation, a man who had once given his students alcohol during office hours, a man who had supposedly poisoned the cat of a colleague over his policy stance. The absurdity of some of these claims was so extreme that I almost had to laugh at times and probably would have had my father's fate been different or had the outcome of his tenure case been more favorable. But, as it was, these stories, like so many other things about my father, became imbedded in my psyche as a kind of parallel narrative of my life, a fictionalized version in which my father was the campus pariah and I, by association, his son, destined to inherit his shortcomings and flaws. For a long time this fictionalized version of my father's life held such a heavy place in my mind that it almost felt like a prophesy of sorts, an inescapable fate, and it's only now, forty years later, that I can say with some degree of certainty that almost none of it was true.

* * *

The small plot of land that my parents owned on the west side of Fullerton is now home to a 24-hour car wash, and though I don't go home very often anymore, when I do, it always saddens me to pass by it and remember what it had once looked like. Back then, when I was growing up, there had been about eight to ten houses on our street, all 1950s style ranch houses with large front yards and swimming pools in the back. Our house had looked identical to the two on either side of it, an inconspicuous beige structure with a slightly sloping roof and two large palm trees on either side of the front porch. What distinguished our house from the others, though, was the garden, which my mother took care of with a kind of zeal and passion she showed toward few other things in her life.

At that time, we had a stately perennial bed at the front of our yard filled with gardenias and hibiscus, white oleander and plumbago, daylilies and juniper, and out back, behind our pool, there were avocado trees and jacarandas, cascading blooms of bougainvillea and lantana, birds of paradise, morea irises, Mexican bush sage and jasmine. I knew the names of all of these flowers because I'd helped my mother plant them, had stood beside her as she mixed the dirt with some kind of weird concoction of bone meal, alfalfa, chicken manure, and peat. As my father sat inside, grading papers in the kitchen, my mother would give me gentle instructions about where to stand or what to water. She always took the process of gardening very seriously and never more so than when she was putting in something new. Meanwhile, my father, perched at the kitchen window, would be staring out at us, shouting words of encouragement or sometimes weird phrases that seemed to have some kind of special meaning to my mother, phrases that she'd typically roll her eyes at or sometimes shrug off with a smile. My father was always trying to make my mother laugh, speaking in that private language of theirs, and my mother was always trying to pretend he wasn't funny, though he could be very funny and often was when things were good.



Zero-Sum

STORIES

Joyce Carol Oates

PRAISE FOR JOYCE CAROL OATES

“What keeps us coming back to Oates Country is her uncanny gift of making the page a window, with something happening on the other side that we’d swear was like life itself.”

—*The New York Times Book Review*

“One of the great artistic forces of our time.”

—*The Nation*

PRAISE FOR *BABYSITTER*

“[Oates] writes beautifully. Hannah’s unreliable, elliptical narrative is seductive and compelling, like following someone into a fever dream . . .”

—Oyinkan Braithwaite, *The New York Times Book Review*

“To be able to write with such tearing astuteness about such fiercely contemporary issues would be a feat for any author of any age . . . As ever, Oates’s prose—almost insolently alive—would seem to break all the rules. The result is nothing less than magical . . . Definitely one of Oates’s finest achievements to date, *Babysitter* is an unforgettable portrait.”

—Julie Myerson, *The Guardian*

“Unsettling, mysterious, deft, sinister, eerily plausible.”

—Margaret Atwood, author of *The Testaments*, via Twitter

KNOPF

July 2023

Rights sold:

Brazil: HarperCollins

France: Editions Philippe
Rey

Romania: Curtea Veche

Spain: Penguin Random

House Grupo Editorial

Sweden: HarperCollins

UK: Fourth Estate

Other rights available

JOYCE CAROL OATES is a recipient of the National Medal of Humanities, the National Book Critics Circle Ivan Sandrof Lifetime Achievement Award, the National Book Award, and the 2019 Jerusalem Prize, and has been several times nominated for the Pulitzer Prize. She has been a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters since 1978.

Zero-sum games are played for lethal stakes in these arresting stories by one of America’s most acclaimed storytellers.

A brilliant young philosophy student bent on seducing her famous philosopher-mentor finds herself outmaneuvered; diabolically clever high school girls wreck a particularly apt sort of vengeance on sexual predators in their community; a man returns from the dead to haunt his grieving wife; a young mother finds herself captivated by her own motherhood. In the collection’s longest story, a much-praised writer cruelly experiments with “drafts” of his own suicide.

In these powerfully wrought stories that hold a mirror up to our time, Joyce Carol Oates has created a world of erotic obsession, thwarted idealism, and ever-shifting identities. Provocative and stunning, *Zero-Sum* reinforces Oates’s standing as a literary treasure and an artist of the mysterious interior life.

EXCERPT

K. has been invited. But only barely.

No more! Can't endure it.

Excuses herself from the convivial gathering, enters her hosts' house blundering and blinded in the shadowy interior after the dazzling outdoors above the lake.

Invisible she is not likely to be noticed.

Near-inaudible when she (rarely, hesitantly) speaks she is not likely to be missed amid the bright chatter like flashing scimitars.

In search of a bathroom, most plausibly. A wounded heart requires privacy.

Of course: she might have simply asked the Professor's wife where the bathroom is but too shy, sulky-shy, damned if she will interrupt a conversation, draw attention to herself.

Also: could not possibly have asked Professor M. with whom she has not exchanged a single word beyond Hello! since arriving at the gathering a little more than an hour ago.

Just—not—possible—to utter the vulgar word "bathroom" to Professor M. to whom words are so important. . . .

And so, inside the unfamiliar house. Stumbling, like one with a prosthetic leg.

Blinking in the shadowy interior, like a nocturnal creature.

A single large room with a peaked ceiling, well-worn sofas and crammed bookcases and a fireplace opening onto a dining-kitchen area, long butcherblock table cluttered with pans, kitchenware, printed material—magazines, books. She stares, she is dismayed, evidence here of the eminent philosopher's domestic life, jarring intimacy in the very casualness with which books are mixed with household items. On the roughhewn plank floor beside the fireplace a wavering six-foot row of back issues of *American Philosophical Journal*. Nearby, a single very soiled girl's sneaker.

Sharp smell of raw onions, cloying-sweet smell of wine.

Steeling herself for a twinge of nausea.

How he has disappointed her! He will never know.

Beyond the kitchen area there's a door, surely the bathroom she thinks as her hand reaches out, turns the doorknob but opens the door startled and abashed to discover, not a bathroom, not even a room, just a kitchen closet—canned foods, cereal boxes, jellies and jams, tabasco sauce . . . Quickly she shuts the door. What am I doing!

Blunders along a hallway. The T-shaped log-house above the jewel-like lake is built into a hill at its rear, pine boughs casting a filigree of shadow against the window at the end of the hall.

He'd referred to it as a cottage. Far larger than any cottage she has ever seen.

Resenting this. Resenting him. Inviting her out to the lake to insult her in front of the derisive others.

Should have discovered a bathroom by now, obviously she has missed it. Boldly passing an opened door, glances inside to see a screened-in porch, must be at the (older, more rundown) rear of the house and not visible from the terrace above the lake and so she steps inside squinting—but seeing then, to her embarrassment, that there's a person on the porch, seated in a wicker swing with chintz cushions, reading.

"Hi!"—K. is quick to preempt the situation since the girl, presumably a daughter of the household, has seen her.

The girl regards her coolly. Vexation like a shimmering reflection on water, in her small pale face.

A face in which, if you look closely, there is something wrong: a subtle asymmetry. The left eye rigid in focus, the right eye more alert, alive. Unusually dark eyebrows nearly meeting across the bridge of her nose, thin resolute lips.

A girl as like K. herself at the age of twelve or thirteen as a mirror image.



The Last Ranger

A NOVEL

Peter Heller

PRAISE FOR PETER HELLER

“Peter Heller is the poet laureate of the literary thriller.”

—Michael Koryta, *New York Times* best-selling author of
Those Who Wish Me Dead

“Heller’s voice is extraordinary and his narrator’s toughness seems to hide a beautiful and aching restlessness. One of those books that makes you happy for literature.”

—Junot Díaz, *The Wall Street Journal*

“Heller is a gifted writer . . . Celine is such a joy to be with.”

—NPR

“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*

KNOPF

August 2023

UK rights available

PETER HELLER is the best-selling author of *The Guide*, *The River*, *Celine*, *The Painter*, and *The Dog Stars*, which has been published in twenty-two languages. Heller is also the author of four nonfiction books, including *Kook: What Surfing Taught Me About Love, Life, and Catching the Perfect Wave*, which was awarded the National Outdoor Book Award. He holds an MFA from the Iowa Writers’ Workshop in poetry and fiction and lives in Denver, Colorado.

The bestselling author of *The River* returns with a vibrant, lyrical mystery set in Yellowstone National Park, where a skirmish between a local hunter and a wolf biologist turns violent, and a park ranger, adrift in his own life, becomes obsessed with discovering the truth.

Officer Ren Hopper is an enforcement ranger with the National Park Service, tasked with duties both mundane and thrilling: Breaking up fights at campgrounds, saving clueless tourists from moose attacks, and attempting to broker an uneasy peace between the wealthy vacationers who tromp through the park with cameras and the residents of hardscrabble Cooke City who want to carve out a meaningful living.

When Ren, hiking through the backcountry on his day off, encounters a tall man with a dog and a gun chasing a small black bear up a hill, his hackles are raised. But what begins as an investigation into the background of a local poacher soon opens into something far murkier: A shattered windshield, a series of red ribbons tied to traps, the discovery of a frightening conspiracy, and a story of heroism gone awry.

Populated by a cast of extraordinary characters—famous scientists, tattooed bartenders, wildlife guides in slick Airstreams—and bursting with unexpected humor and grace, Peter Heller masterfully unveils a portrait of the American west where our very human impulses—for greed, love, family, and community—play out amidst the stunning beauty of the natural world.

EXCERPT

It was the anger in him that scared him. The more time he spent in Yellowstone, the more he wished that people would just go away, leave the bears, the herds of elk, the foxes, the hawks alone. The wolf packs. Yesterday morning he had issued a summons to a man and his nine year old son for walking across the shallow Lamar River to within sixty yards of where the Slough Creek pack were trying to feed their pups.

The river ran through open meadows here, mostly wheatgrass and sage, and on the far side they were hedged by woods that climbed steeply. The four hunting wolves had loped in from a fresh kill down-valley and the rest of the pack had run to meet them. Nineteen, twenty, strung out in the tall grass—the image frozen like a photograph in Ren’s mind, a portrait of how the world ought to be—the wolves lean from summer, grays and blacks and buffs, one big male nearly white, sprinting flat out in what looked to be a joyous line beneath a wall of trees. They didn’t have to run. But it was daybreak on a brisk mid-September morning, and the pack was all together and there was meat. The sun had just cleared the pass and it burnished the grass and threw the shadows of the runners ahead of them. If he himself could feel joy it was now. And then through the binocs he saw the two figures. Man and boy already over the far bank, through the willows, stalking for a better look. Already too close.

To serve and protect. He would run. Splash knee deep across the river and in forty more yards he would hail them. Yell. The pack, which had known the two were coming since well before they crossed the river—and decided to ignore them—had tumbled together in an exuberant moil, yelping, wrestling, but now at the shout they would freeze and stand and look. The father and son would turn, confused. He would wave them back, retrieve them as he was trained to do. Back at the road he would give a stern lecture about harassing wildlife and the safety of the boy and the wolves themselves, and write the man a summons that would result in a \$500 fine. He would tell them that within seconds the entire pack would have raised the alarm and moved into the trees, and that every calorie they spent retreating from the boy and the man was another calorie closer to starvation. Which was true.

But it was not what Ren wanted. What did he want? In a parallel life the wolves would stand all together and turn and decide enough was enough. They would fan out in an arc, eyes steady and fast on their prey, and they would flank the father and son. And one of the fast females would feint a charge and one of the big males would dart in behind and hamstring the man and in minutes it would be over.

Wolves had never once attacked a human in Yellowstone. In Ren’s fantasy they would spare the boy. And when Ren had shaken himself from his reverie, he thought, *Jesus, what the hell has gotten into you?*

That was the anger that frightened him. In his world lately, the life of a wolf, or a hawk, might be worth more than the life of a man.



ANCHOR

September 2022

UK rights available

GENNAROSE

NETHERCOTT is the author of a poetry collection, *The Lumberjack's Dove*, which was selected by Louise Glück as a winner of the National Poetry Series. Whether authoring novels, poems, ballads, or even fold-up paper cootie catchers, her projects are all rooted in myth—and what our stories reveal about who we are. She tours nationally and internationally performing strange tales (sometimes with puppets in tow) and composing poems-to-order for strangers on an antique typewriter with her team, the Traveling Poetry Emporium. She lives in the woodlands of Vermont, beside an old cemetery.

VINTAGE

February 2024

UK rights available

Thistlefoot

A NOVEL

GennaRose Nethercott

The Yaga siblings—Bellatine, a young woodworker, and Isaac, a wayfaring street performer and con artist—have been estranged since childhood. But when they learn that they are to receive an inheritance, the siblings agree to meet—only to discover that their bequest isn't land or money, but something far stranger: a sentient house on chicken legs,

Thistlefoot, as the house is called, has arrived from the Yagas' ancestral home outside Kyiv—but not alone. A sinister figure known only as the Longshadow Man has tracked it to American shores, bearing with him violent secrets from the past. As the Yaga siblings embark with Thistlefoot on a final cross-country tour of their family's traveling theater show, the Longshadow Man follows in relentless pursuit, seeding destruction in his wake. Ultimately, time, magic, and legacy must collide—erupting in a powerful conflagration to determine who gets to remember the past and craft a new future.

An enchanted adventure illuminated by Jewish myth and adorned with lyrical prose, *Thistlefoot* is a sweeping epic rich in Eastern European folklore: a powerful and poignant exploration of healing from multi-generational trauma told by a bold talent.

Fifty Beasts to Break Your Heart

STORIES

A lush, beautifully written collection of dark fairytales and fractured folklore exploring all the ways love can save us—or go monstrously wrong.

The stories in this collection are about the abomination that resides within us all. That clawing yearning: to be loved, seen, and known. And the terror of those things too: to be loved too well, or not enough, or for long enough. To be laid bare before your sweetheart, to their horror. To be known and recognized as the monstrous thing you are.

Two young women working at a sinister roadside attraction explore its secrets—and their own doomed summer love. A group of witchy teens concoct the perfect plan to induce the hated new girl into their ranks. A woman moves into a new house with her acclaimed artist boyfriend and finds her body slowly shifting into something specially constructed to accommodate his needs and whims. And two outcasts, a vampire and a goat woman, find solace in each other, even as the world's lack of understanding might bring about its own end.

Nethercott explores love in all its diamond-dark facets to create a collection that will redefine what you see as a beast, and make you beg to have your heart broken.

EXCERPT FROM *FIFTY BEASTS TO BREAK YOUR HEART*

Do not enter the Eternal Staircase after 8pm.

No outside food or drink is permitted within the Eternal Staircase.

Black-soled sneakers, high-heeled shoes, and flip-flops are prohibited inside the Eternal Staircase.

No dogs.

(Yes, we used to allow dogs. Too many dogs shit in the Eternal Staircase.)

If you feel lightheaded within the Eternal Staircase, alert a staff member immediately. Eternal Staircase staff can be identified by their blue polo shirts, blue visors, and our official “Watch Your Step” lapel pins.

(Do not engage with staff members without official lapel pins. They are likely a Disgraced staff member. Disgraced staff members spent too much time in the Eternal Staircase and were asked to leave. They keep returning anyway. We don’t know how to get rid of them. They are not helpful.)

Absolutely NO RUNNING down into the Eternal Staircase. Running in the Eternal Staircase is a criminal offense and will be punishable by law.

Do not remain in the Eternal Staircase for more than three consecutive hours.

Do not descend deeper than the yellow ribbons marked “Go Back!”

Welcome to the Eternal Staircase, and remember—Watch Your Step!

* * *

The Eternal Staircase contains an undetermined number of blue granite steps, arranged in a circular well, roughly the circumference of a football field. Every individual navy stair is slicked with a mosaic of 1,424 small blue tiles, each the size of a fingernail. The well grows narrower the deeper you descend. Mathematicians claim that the Eternal Staircase’s gradual narrowing must be an optical illusion, as the Eternal Staircase never seems to fully taper off. No one has ever reached the bottom of the Eternal Staircase. There may or may not be a bottom to the Eternal Staircase, but if there is one, the Eternal Staircase certainly does not want anyone to know.

* * *

No one worked at the Staircase for more than a summer. Well, almost no one. Weird things happened to people who stayed too long. Ennui. Bouts of dizziness. Violent dreams. Dreams about animals with multiple heads or no heads at all. Suspicious numbers of molar cavities. There were all sorts of urban legends about the Eternal Staircase. Where it came from. Where it led. What it could do to you if you weren’t careful. June and Harebell thought it was bullshit. Maybe the weird dreams thing was true, but beyond that, everyone quit by September because it was just a gross place to work.

* * *

Visitors who experience the sudden urge to descend deep into the Eternal Staircase—very deep, deeper than our staff can follow—must vacate the attraction immediately. Return to your car. Drive far away. Do not stop for groceries. Go home.

Victim

A NOVEL

Andrew Boryga

DOUBLEDAY

March 2024

UK rights available

ANREW BORYGA grew up in the Bronx and now lives in Miami with his family. His writing has appeared in *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, and *The Atlantic*, and been awarded prizes by Cornell University, The University of Miami, The Susquehanna Review, and The Michener Foundation. He attended the Tin House Writer's Workshop and has taught writing to college students, elementary students, and incarcerated adults.

With the bite of Paul Beatty and the subversive wit of Danzy Senna, a satirical debut novel about a Puerto Rican writer from the Bronx who manipulates his stories by playing the victim, bending the truth until it finally breaks.

Javier Perez is a hustler from a family of hustlers. He learns from an early age how to play the game to his own advantage, how his background—murdered drug dealer dad, single cash-strapped mom, best friend serving time for gang activity—becomes a key to doors he didn't even know existed. This kind of story, molded in the right way, is just what college admissions committees are looking for, and a full academic scholarship to a prestigious university brings Javi one step closer to his dream of becoming a famous writer.

As a college student, Javi embellishes his life story until there's not even a kernel of truth left. The only real connection to his past is the occasional letter he trades with his childhood best friend, Gio, who doesn't seem to care about Javi's newfound awareness of white privilege or systemic oppression. Soon after graduating, a viral essay lands him a coveted staff writer position at a legendary magazine where his writing is lauded for the "unique perspective." At least that's what the gatekeepers tell him. But Gio, more than anyone, knows who Javi really is and sees through his game. Once he's released from prison and Javi offers to cut him in on the deal, will he play along with Javi's charade—or will it all come crumbling down?

A sendup of virtue signaling and tear-jerking trauma plots, *Victim* asks what real diversity looks like and how far one man is willing to go to make his story hit the right notes.

EXCERPT

I wasn't trying to play the victim until the world taught me what a powerful game it is. Believe it or not, all I wanted was to be successful. To hustle like my Pops, but keep my life and freedom in the process. My desperate chase for your approval was really all about that. I needed that approval to be considered successful. I needed it to feel like my life mattered.

The truth is: I didn't create this racket. I was put on. I peeped game and realized I happened to be uniquely equipped to thrive in it. You see, there are many ways to go about it, but the absolute easiest starting point is to actually have had some tragic shit happen to you.

It gives you something to pull from. A rock to stand on. *I survived this...* If you don't have that but you're the right shade of skin color, you'll be okay, for now. If you don't have the tragic story or the right skin color, but you grew up in the right kind of place with the right kind of poverty, and the right kind of people to back up that story for you, you might be able to work something out. But if you don't have the tragic shit and you don't have the right skin and you don't have the right geographic background, you're fucked. Get out of the game entirely—it is just not for you. Take your privilege, earn your cash, invest in your stocks, and for the love of God, stay off of social media.

Lucky for me, I had the trifecta: the right color, born in the right place, and tragedy to pull from—thanks to my Pops.

There is a lot I could tell you about him. But that's a whole book in itself. For our purposes, the last days I spent with Pops before he died are enough.

I was 12-years-old and on a plane to Puerto Rico to see him. A few months earlier, Mom and Pops had broken up for like the 300th time. It happened right after the cops had shown up at our door looking for him while he hid out in a secret room of the building's basement. Mom said she was tired of lying to the police. "I told you from the start that I ain't going to jail for your ass." Pops pulled me aside shortly after, got on a knee and gave me his spiel. "I love you mijito. And I'll always be your Pops. But I gotta go." I was long past the point of tearing up or even getting upset. I figured they'd be back together in a few months, Pops would be back in the Bronx, and the world would keep spinning. I patted Pops on the shoulder and conned him into breaking me off with a hundred bucks before he left.

When the plane landed in Puerto Rico, everything was bright, as if God had placed the entire island under a lamp. The stewardess handed me off to another woman. I sat in her golf cart as she drove me past a gift shop full of coffee, t-shirts, and fake machetes. In the pickup area a few people waited with signs. Pops wasn't one of them. He leaned against a column near the carousel, talking up a woman. His jeans were tight and his cut-off shirt showed off his bulging arms.

I directed my guide to Pops and he pretended to be excited to see me. "Macho!" He hugged me, then quickly spun me around to show me off to the woman he'd been talking to at the carousel. She put a hand on her cheek. "So adorable."

"I make beautiful kids," Pops said.

The heat outside slapped me up like a schoolyard bully. Pops led me to a parking garage with paint chipped walls and put his arm around my shoulder like I was a little boy. Normally, I would have shook him off. But he missed me. And it felt nice.

I can't say I didn't miss him. The way his thick mustache brushed against my face when he hugged me. His stupid jokes. The way he'd sometimes decide to splurge after a big hit, buying me new gear and video games just because. Then there were the things I didn't miss: his booming voice when he yelled, the thunder after he'd slam our front door, the way Mom cried and smoked all those cigarettes, the heavy knocks at the front door, and the feeling of being on the other side, wondering who it was.

We stopped in front of a shiny blue Mustang.

"Te gustas, Macho?"

I liked his old tinted out Accord better. It felt like I was in a spaceship. But I didn't want to hurt Pops' feelings. He was clearly in a good mood.

Monsters We Have Made

A NOVEL

Lindsay Starck

VINTAGE

March 2024

UK rights available

LINDSAY STARCK is a writer, editor, and professor based in Minneapolis. She studied at Yale, Notre Dame, and the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Her first novel, *Noah's Wife*, was published in 2016 by G.P. Putnam's Sons. Her short prose has recently appeared in the *New England Review*, *Ploughshares*, the *Bellevue Literary Review*, *The Cincinnati Review*, and the *Southern Review*. Her academic articles have been published in *Modern Fiction*, *The Journal of Modern Periodical Studies*, and *Adaptation*. When she's not typing on her laptop (or taking pictures of it) she's traveling with her husband or training their dog, Cedar.

A poignant and evocative novel that explores the bounds of familial love, the high stakes of parenthood, and the tenuous divide between fiction and reality.

Ten years ago, Sylvia Gray's young daughter, Faye, attacked a classmate in order to impress the Kingman, a monster she and her best friend had encountered on the Internet. When twenty-one-year-old Faye goes missing, leaving her toddler behind, Sylvia launches a search that propels her back into the past and back into the Kingman's orbit. With the help of her estranged husband, her distant sister, and a charismatic professor, Sylvia draws dangerously closer not only to Faye, but also to the truth about the monster that once inspired her. Will Sylvia be able to reach her daughter before history repeats itself? Or will it be Sylvia, this time, who loses her grip on reality and succumbs to the dark powers of this monstrous figure?

Both literary and suspenseful, *Monsters We Have Made* confronts the terrors of parenthood and examines the boundaries of love. Most importantly, it reminds us of the power of stories to shape our lives.

EXCERPT

I grew up in a house of disappearing children. I want you to know this. I need you to see how the infants spun through my world like carousel horses, fretful and untamed. For thirteen days they would squall in their cradles and coo in my mother's arms, and on the fourteenth day the caseworker would click through the front door on her scuffed black pumps, sling the baby across the padded shoulder of her blazer, and crunch back down the crushed-shell driveway to her car. My mother and I would watch from behind the screened windows of the porch, the sea breeze ribboning through our limp hair, our elbows hoisted in a paltry imitation of a wave. The gulls pinwheeled overhead, and I imagined that I heard in their high-pitched, anguished cries an echo of the emotions that I did not yet have the words to express. The next month, a new infant would be swaddled and delivered to our door, and the carousel would careen around again.

I've tried to remember how the situation was first explained to me. Was it my sister who described the sterile hallways of a distant hospital, the nurses scuttling around a woman who was writhing on a white bed, straining to bring a baby into that florescent-lit room? While I didn't know what it meant to be in labor, somehow I came to understand that the infants who flitted through our lives possessed not one mother, but two. In addition to the woman on the white bed, there was another shadow-figure, lingering somewhere nearby, waiting to spirit that child away.

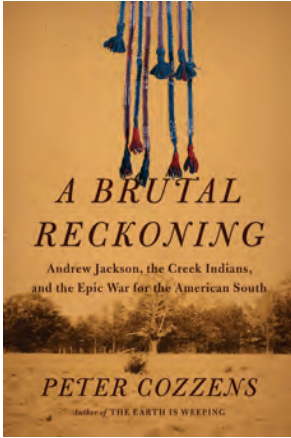
It would be a long time before I learned about adoption laws, the transferal of parental rights, and the revocation of consent. Back then, between the ages of six and nine, all I knew was that I adored those strangers' babies. I spent hundreds of hours combing their bald heads and humming fragments of invented lullabies and, when I ran out of those, rattling off the names of all the seashells I could recall. *Coquinas, augers, olives, whelks*. I celebrated whenever a new infant arrived and I sobbed each time one of them left us, and I swore that when I was finally old enough to have a baby of my own, I'd never ever let her go.

* * *

Do you see what I mean? To figure out where I went wrong, we must tunnel back to the source. When I turned eighteen, I left the Carolina coast and drove three hours inland, through woods so lush that the emerald arms of branches reached around the highway. My second year in college, a redbrick state university that towered over a town of bungalows and barbecues, I declared myself an English major. I made friends out of novels and I wrote long-winded essays in a corner booth of the café near my dorm. I analyzed centuries-old poems with the furious patience of a detective assigned to a cold case, scanning line after line while patrons nearby clinked their pint glasses together or dipped their sweet potato fries into bowls of lightly garlicked mayo.

It was during my final year, in a course on the history of the English language, that I became hooked on etymologies. How thrilling to trace a word back to its source, to shovel down through generations until you strike a root! You cannot understand a thing until you've memorized its nuances and transformations, until you've tracked it back to the beginning. The word *origin* is from the Latin *originem*: a commencement, a rise, a lineage, a birth. The stem *oriri*: to appear above the horizon, to become visible. In other words, if you can uncover an origin, the world brightens. You see more clearly. Something that was once invisible is revealed to you, and as you drift through the corridor after class, the colored flyers fluttering on their pushpins as you pass, your head feels so heavy with knowledge and significance that your neck strains beneath its weight.

You see now why it is so important to understand about the babies. I want you to ache with my yearning for them; I want you to feel in your open palms, your empty arms, my hunger for a child of my own, and my fear—even then!—that if I loved her too much, she would be taken from me. Years later, when I was pregnant with Faye, I would hear in my dreams the clip of the caseworker's heels and the slam of her car door and the roar of that ancient engine, the sound ebbing as the distance expanded between us and another infant was carried away. I'd wrap my arms around my swollen belly and sidle closer to Jack, who could somehow sense my distress even in his sleep. He'd roll onto his side and fling an arm across my bare shoulders and tug me toward his rib cage. "There, there," he'd murmur drowsily, his breath warm and unexpectedly sweet. "Everything will be all right."



A Brutal Reckoning

ANDREW JACKSON, THE CREEK INDIANS, AND
THE EPIC WAR FOR THE AMERICAN SOUTH

Peter Cozzens

PRaise FOR PETER COZZENS

“Engrossing. Cozzens’ biography is solidly researched, fluently written, and bound to stand as the best history to date about the Shawnee brothers’ lives and effort to rally pan-Indian resistance.”

—*Booklist*, starred

“Cozzens puts his narrative skills to great use. His compelling prose and deep research in both primary sources and histories of the period combine to place the reader on the ground with the Shawnee brothers. Sharply drawn.”

—Kathleen DuVal, *The Wall Street Journal*

“Cozzens has a gift for depicting the intricacies of combat with both clarity and flair.”

—Margaret Quamme, *Columbus Dispatch*

KNOPF

April 2023

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

From acclaimed historian Peter Cozzens, the epic struggle between the American government and the Creek Indians for control over the Deep South.

The Creek War was the bloodiest and most destructive conflict between the United States and Native Americans. Little known today, it had cataclysmic consequences for the nation’s future. What began as internal division between the Creek Indians metastasized like a cancer ultimately making possible the forced expulsion of all Southern tribes in the infamous Trail of Tears. The Creek War also vaulted Andrew Jackson to national prominence, and his newfound popularity after defeating the Creeks would set him on the path to the White House.

In *A Brutal Reckoning*, Peter Cozzens vividly captures the enigmatic Jackson, in whom he finds disturbing similarities to the Spanish conquistador Hernando de Soto who preceded him in the South by nearly three centuries. Cozzens sees in Jackson a harsh military commander with both unbridled ambition and great personal courage, a taste for cruelty, and a near perverse sense of honor and duty. Jackson never would have won the war without the help of Native American auxiliaries, yet he minimized their contribution and eventually deported them on the Trail of Tears years later.

A conflict involving not only white Americans and Native Americans, but also the British and the Spanish, the Creek War opened the Deep South to the Cotton Kingdom, setting the stage for the American Civil War yet to come. No other single Indian conflict had such significant impact on the fate of America—and *A Brutal Reckoning* is the definitive book on this forgotten chapter in our history.

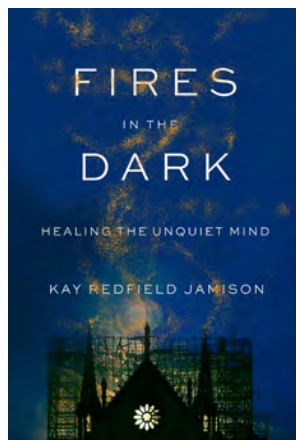
EXCERPT

Andrew Jackson lay on a couch in an elegant room at the stylish Nashville Inn. The bed was a wreck. The cadaverous Tennessean had soaked two mattresses with his blood, and the carpet beneath the bedstead was indelibly stained scarlet. The place stank of dried blood, diarrhea, and the slippery-elm poultice that doctors had slathered on Jackson's shattered left shoulder and mangled left arm. Had the attending physician prevailed, there would have been no wounds to plaster. He had urged an amputation, to which the young doctor's nearly delirious patient objected. "No, I'll keep my arm," mumbled Jackson. Such was Jackson's fearsome reputation that no one presumed to dispute him. Neither did the doctor dare remove the lead ball embedded in his arm.

The fiery forty-six-year-old Tennessee militia general had no one but himself to blame for the grievous wounds that had prostrated him for three weeks and showed scant signs of improving. Cracking a horse whip and brandishing a pistol, on September 4, 1813, Jackson had provoked a silly but violent confrontation with his former friend and militia subordinate Colonel Thomas Hart Benton on the steps of a Nashville hotel a scant hundred yards from where he now lay. Benton had just returned from to Washington D. C., where he had gone to obtain the War Department's promise to reimburse Jackson for a crippling debt the general had incurred on behalf of his Tennesseans after they were mustered into United States service early in the War of 1812 and then almost immediately cast aside, unpaid, ill-used, and far from home.

While Thomas Hart Benton was away, Jackson acted as second to the opponent of Benton's younger brother Jesse in a serio-comic, non-lethal duel that earned Jesse a bullet in the buttocks. Learning of the affair, a mortified Thomas Hart Benton publicly impugned Jackson's honor, a character trait the general held dearer than life itself. For that, his adjutant must pay. "Now, you damned rascal, I am going to punish you. Defend yourself," Jackson had declared when they met. Instead, a slug and two balls from Jesse Benton's pistol punished Jackson.

While Jackson lay helpless just twelve miles from his plantation the Hermitage, where his wife Rachel and young adopted son awaited his return, events more momentous than the wounding of the West Tennessee militia's controversial commanding general gripped the citizens of Nashville. The War of 1812 was going badly for the United States. British forces menaced the Eastern seaboard and had repelled American attempts to seize Canada. Closer to home, four days after Jackson's senseless fracas, a rider from the Mississippi Territory galloped into town bearing news of a ruthless Creek-Indian massacre of the inhabitants of a frontier stockade called Fort Mims in present-day southwestern Alabama. Horrified whites feared the slaughter portended a massive uprising of the powerful Creek confederacy, perhaps abetted by the British. Would the Tennessee frontier next fall prey to Indian depredations? The governor and Nashville luminaries met to consider their response, and what if any role their incapacitated military leader might play. What could Jackson himself, feverish, gaunt and growing thinner, unable to stand without support, wish for at such a moment? He could wish for war, with himself in the forefront.



Fires in the Dark

HEALING THE UNQUIET MIND

Kay Jamison

“Jamison, the exquisite chronicler of her own unquiet mind, reflects on the process—and adventure—of healing in this beautiful cultural, historical, and creative exploration of what makes us whole. She introduces us to the groundbreaking work of World War I physicians working with shell-shocked soldiers; delves into public grieving; and brings in the mythic patterns and imaginative literature we need as touchstones for relief. Jamison’s elegant prose, imbued with personal warmth and deep humanity, is itself a solace, lighting the way on the path that leads us to a more peaceful present and imaginative future.”

—Lori Gottlieb, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Maybe You Should Talk To Someone* and co-host of the “Dear Therapists” podcast

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May 2023

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KAY REDFIELD

JAMISON is the Dalio Family Professor in Mood Disorders and a professor of psychiatry at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, as well as an honorary professor of English at the University of St.

Andrews in Scotland. She is the author of the national best-sellers *An Unquiet Mind*, *Night Falls Fast*, and *Touched with Fire*, and is the coauthor of the standard medical text on bipolar disorder, *Manic-Depressive Illness: Bipolar Disorders and Recurrent Depression*. Dr. Jamison

is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Royal Society of Edinburgh and is a recipient of the Lewis Thomas Prize, the Sarnat International Prize in Mental Health from the National Academy of Medicine, and a John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Fellowship.

“Kay Redfield Jamison has been a singular voice blending lived experience, science, and poetry to help us fathom the depths and heights of mental illness. In *Fires in the Dark*, she guides us through the mystery of healing, exploring psychotherapy from its ancient roots to its refinement during the First World War, linking healing to art, suffering, and courage. She once again brings together the wisdom of experience, compelling narrative, and poetic insights to reveal what it takes to heal the mind. She calls this book an ‘archipelago of thoughts, experiences, and images.’ For anyone interested in healing, it is a string of islands not to be missed.”

—Thomas Insel, MD, author of *Healing* and former director of the National Institute of Mental Health

The acclaimed author of *An Unquiet Mind* considers the age-old quest for relief from psychic pain and the role of the gifted healer in the journey back to health.

“To treat, even to cure, is not always to heal.” In this expansive cultural history of the treatment and healing of suffering, Kay Jamison writes about what makes an effective healer, and the role of imagination and memory in the regeneration of the mind. From the trauma of the bloodiest battlefields of the twentieth century to her own experience with bipolar disease, Jamison demonstrates how extraordinary psychotherapy can be when administered properly and explores the clinical reality that healing the mind requires, for both doctor and patient. She draws on the cases of W.H.R. Rivers, the renowned doctor who treated shell-shocked WWI soldiers, on the long history of physical treatments for mental distress and the ancient role of religion and myth in healing, and she looks at the heroic figures in our artistic culture who have healed us as a people, such as Paul Robeson. *Fires in the Dark* is a beautiful meditation on the quest and adventure of true healing.

EXCERPT

Long before we could treat illnesses of the body and brain, doctors and priests were healers of the mind. They laid on hands, listened, consoled, dispensed potions, and engaged the gods through ritual and magic. Progress in diagnosis, pharmacology, surgery, and psychotherapy has extended hope that did not exist in earlier times and, for many, modern medicine offers a cure. But to treat, even to cure, is not always to heal. This book is about the healing of psychological suffering through medicine and psychotherapy, what makes a great healer, and the role of imagination and memory in the regeneration of the mind. It is about how extraordinary psychotherapy is when done well and how dispiriting it is when done badly. It is about the human and clinical reality that healing the mind is, at its heart, a journey into memory and imagination, a quest. It is a journey of accompaniment and hard work.

The first part of *Fires in the Dark* is set in the field and shell shock hospitals of the First World War and introduces themes that are developed throughout the book. First among them, healing the mind goes back to the beginnings of medicine and religion; the need for it is as old as the needs of human nature. In recent times, healing the mind draws importantly upon what was learned by doctors and nurses during the First World War. They confronted unimaginable psychological pain and used as much medical knowledge and compassion as they could. A few wrote accounts of horror and healing that are among the most powerful to come out of any war. So too did the poets who fought in the War. Doctor, nurse, and poet knew: memory must be grappled with, death is a compelling tutor, and adversity teaches.

This book tells the story of the doctors and nurses who looked after the psychologically wounded, and the stories of those they tried to heal. It discusses two pre-eminent healers in depth, Sir William Osler and Dr. W.H.R. Rivers. Osler, first Physician-in-Chief of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and later Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, is considered one of the most influential physicians in history. As a doctor and teacher he was profoundly interested in healing and what makes a great healer. Osler's primary interest was in clinical practice and the scientific study of medicine, but he advised young doctors to read broadly in the humanities and taught them the judicious use of faith and suggestion in medical practice. Osler was very much engaged in the First World War, both as consultant physician to the British army hospitals and as the father of a young soldier killed on the Western Front. He came to know the limits of healing.

The book focuses particularly on the medical psychologist, physician, and anthropologist W.H.R. Rivers and on his psychotherapeutic work with Siegfried Sassoon, prominent among the war poets. To his practice, Rivers brought not only medical training but also his experience as an anthropologist studying cultures different from his own. He had learned from their healing rituals and ways of death, from their gods and languages and arts, and from their ways of survival.

Psychotherapy, Rivers wrote, was an attempt to check disease by measures acting through the mind, an approach based on the link which has existed throughout history "between medicine on the one hand and magic and religion on the other." The earliest ways of healing were psychotherapeutic, Rivers believed, and "if the remedies of existing peoples of rude culture provide any indication of primitive modes of thought and action, psycho-therapeutics would seem to be the oldest branch of medicine."



KNOPF

October 2023

Rights sold:

UK: Square Peg

Other rights available

SOHLA EL-WAYLLY can currently be seen on The History Channel series *Ancient Recipes with Sohla* and, previously, on the YouTube special *Stump Sohla*. She is a contributor to *The New York Times Cooking* vertical and has been included on the TIME 100 Next list, highlighted as one of the emerging leaders shaping our future. She lives in New York City.

Start Here

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BECOMING A BETTER
COOK: A COOKBOOK

Sohla El-Waylly

“The perfect companion to anyone starting out in the kitchen. In sharing so much experience and knowledge—not to mention so many recipes that I want to eat—Sohla has crafted a book to return to again and again and again.”

—Yotam Ottolenghi

“The book I wish someone had handed me when I began my own journey as a cook. . . Sohla has improved my cooking, and I guarantee she will improve yours, too.”

—Samin Nosrat, *New York Times* bestselling author of *Salt, Fat, Acid, Heat*

“This book has done the impossible: it’s inspired me to cook. *Start Here* is an instant classic destined to be a kitchen staple. Sohla has revolutionized what a cookbook can be in a way that speaks so uniquely to her razor sharp wit, generosity of spirit, and undeniable skill.”

—Dan Levy, Emmy Award-winning writer, actor, director, and producer of *Schitt’s Creek*

Change the way you think about cooking! In this epic guide to better eating, with a foreword by Samin Nosrat, the chef, recipe developer, and video producer Sohla El-Waylly reimagines what a cookbook can be, teaching home cooks of all skill levels how cooking really works.

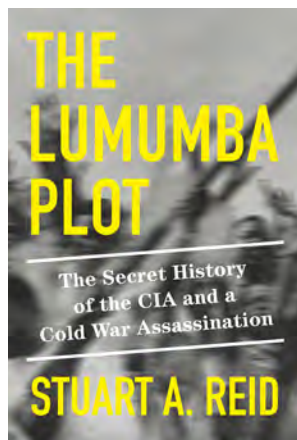
A practical, information-packed, and transformative guide to becoming a better cook and conquering the kitchen, *Start Here* is a must-have master class in leveling up your cooking.

Across a dozen technique-themed chapters—from “Temperature Management 101” and “Break It Down & Get Saucy” to “Go to Brown Town,” “All About Butter,” and “Getting to Know Dough”—Sohla El-Waylly explains the hows and whys of cooking, introducing the fundamental skills that you need to become a more intuitive, inventive cook.

A one-stop resource, regardless of what you’re hungry for, *Start Here* gives equal weight to savory and sweet dishes, with more than two hundred mouthwatering recipes, including:

- Crispy-Skinned Salmon with Radishes & Nuoc Cham
- Charred Lemon Risotto
- Chilled Green Tahini Soba
- Lemon, Pecorino & Potato Pizza
- Fruity-Doodle Cookies
- Masa & Buttermilk Tres Leches

Packed with practical advice and scientific background, helpful tips, and an almost endless assortment of recipe variations, along with tips, guidance, and how-tos, *Start Here* is culinary school—without the student loans.



The Lumumba Plot

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE CIA AND A
COLD WAR ASSASSINATION

Stuart A. Reid

“This is the book we’ve needed for years: a thorough, judicious, eloquent account of one of the twentieth century’s pivotal moments. Patrice Lumumba’s murder was a tragedy not just for his young and troubled country, but also for the way it stimulated Washington’s illusion that America could rearrange the world to its liking. Stuart Reid captures this ominous turning point with the clear-eyed wisdom it deserves.”

—Adam Hochschild, author of *King Leopold’s Ghost: A Story of Greed, Terror, and Heroism in Colonial Africa*

KNOPF

October 2023

Rights sold:

Holland: Nieuw Amsterdam

Other rights available

STUART A. REID is an executive editor of *Foreign Affairs*. He has written for *The Atlantic*, *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Bloomberg Businessweek*, *Politico Magazine*, *Slate* and other publications. He lives in New York City with his wife and daughter.

A spellbinding work of history that reads like a Cold War spy thriller—about the U.S.-sanctioned plot to assassinate the democratically-elected leader of the newly independent Congo.

It was supposed to be a moment of great optimism, a cause for jubilation. Congo was at last being set free from Belgium—one of seventeen countries to gain independence in 1960 from ruling European powers. Just days after the handover, however, Congo’s new army mutinied, Belgian forces intervened, and its leader Patrice Lumumba turned to the United Nations for help in saving his newborn nation from what the press was already calling “the Congo Crisis.” Dag Hammarskjöld, who was serving as UN secretary-general, quickly arranged the organization’s biggest peacekeeping mission to date. But chaos was still spreading. Frustrated with the fecklessness of the UN, Lumumba then approached the Soviets for help—an appeal that set off alarm bells at the CIA. To forestall the spread of communism in Africa, the US sent word to the CIA station chief in Leopoldville, Larry Devlin: Lumumba had to go.

Within a year, everything would unravel. The CIA plot to murder Lumumba would fizzle, but he would be deposed in a CIA-backed coup and shot dead by Congolese assassins. Hammarskjöld, too, would die, in a mysterious plane crash, en route to negotiate a ceasefire with Congo’s rebellious southeast. And a young, ambitious military officer named Joseph Mobutu, who had once sworn fealty to Lumumba, would seize power in Congo with U.S. help and misrule the country for more than three decades. For the Congolese people, the events of 1960–61 represented the opening chapter of a long horror story. For the U.S. government, however, they provided a playbook for future interventions.

EXCERPT

Nothing much happens in Mélin, a picturesque village of little over a thousand people about an hour's drive from Brussels. If the sleepy town has a claim to fame, it is that many of its buildings—farmhouses, the church and the vicarage, the restaurant—are built from a chalky sandstone unique to the region. The rock, which has been mined from a local quarry since the sixteenth century, lends a cream hue to Gothic cathedrals across Belgium. There is no crime to speak of in Mélin. Cows swat their tails between hedgerows. Residents tend to their gardens and ride their bikes to the Saturday farmers' market.

On a cold, drizzly Thursday afternoon in January 2016, two detectives from the federal police force in Brussels arrived in Mélin and pulled up to a redbrick house on the edge of town, across the street from a furrowed field. The “upscale villa in a rural village,” as the police later described it in court proceedings, was surrounded by metal fencing. The officers rang the buzzer and were let in through a pointed gate.

A petite, fine-featured woman with a ruby-red pixie cut and expressive eyebrows answered the door. Her name was Godelieve Soete, and though born in Belgium, she had spent much of her life in Africa. Her father had been a colonial police officer in the Belgian Congo, and decades later, after the colony's independence, she herself had worked for Belgium's embassy in the country. Now, at age sixty-six, Soete lived a quiet life in Mélin, caring for her horses and her dogs, but she surrounded herself with reminders of her former home. Tribal masks and spears adorned the walls. Cross-shaped ingots from the Congolese copper belt sat on the mantelpiece.

The police officers introduced themselves, flashed their badges, and presented a search warrant. Soete grumbled. She had been expecting this visit and was tired of the matter. The events under investigation had taken place when she was just eleven, and they were her father's doing, not hers. She knew that someone might show up at her door to punish her for his sins—hence the fencing and the electric gate.

Soete nonetheless gave the police what they were looking for. From a small blue wooden box, she produced a handful of spent bullets and a decaying molar capped with a gold crown. The officers sealed the objects in a plastic bag and left for Brussels.

The tooth and the bullets were evidence in a cold case, an investigation into the murder of a man who had been shot to death in the Congo fifty-five-years earlier, almost to the day.

* * *

Patrice Lumumba did not stay long in the limelight. A former postal clerk and beer pitchman in the Belgian Congo, he took the helm as prime minister when, on June 30, 1960, the Congo celebrated its newfound freedom from Belgium after seventy-five years of colonial rule. Chaos engulfed the new country within days, forcing Lumumba to set aside his governing agenda and focus on survival. He quelled a mutiny in the army, invited in fifteen thousand United Nations peacekeepers, and toured nine world capitals to save his fledgling nation. But after just two and a half months in office, he was ousted in a military coup. Four months later, he was assassinated. “He passed by like a meteor,” his daughter Juliana said.

For decades, debates have raged over who bore the blame for Lumumba's murder. Suspicion fell naturally on the Belgians, who had run their colony with unreserved cruelty before independence and bristled at Lumumba's conception of national autonomy afterward. Others wondered to what extent UN officials, who were drawn into a peacekeeping operation of unprecedented scale and cost in the Congo, had a hand in his downfall and death. It eventually came out that Lumumba's suspected Communist sympathies made him a target of the Central Intelligence Agency's covert Cold War machinations in newly decolonized countries—to the point where the CIA, acting on the orders of the White House, dispatched vials of poison to the Congo in an effort to assassinate Lumumba. But what ultimately became of the agency's efforts? What about the man who deposed Lumumba and installed himself as leader, a young army colonel named Joseph Mobutu? And who exactly pulled the trigger on the night of January 17, 1961, in a remote clearing in the Congolese countryside?

This book tries to at last answer all these questions.



KNOPF

November 2023

Rights available

TRACY K. SMITH is the author of three acclaimed books of poetry, including most recently *Life on Mars*, winner of the 2012 Pulitzer Prize, a *New York Times* Notable Book, a *New York Times Book Review* Editors' Choice, and a *New Yorker*, *Library Journal*, and *Publishers Weekly* Best Book of the Year. A professor of creative writing at Princeton University, she lives in Princeton with her family.

To Free the Captives

A PLEA FOR THE AMERICAN SOUL

Tracy K. Smith

"A vulnerable, honest look at a life lived in a country still struggling with its evils. . . Hopeful. . . Beautiful and haunting."

—Eddie S. Glaude Jr., author of *Begin Again: James Baldwin's America and Its Urgent Lessons for Our Own*

From the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet: a stunning meditation on memory, family and history that explores how we in America might—together—come to a new view of our shared past.

In 2020, heartsick from constant assaults on Black life, Tracy K. Smith found herself soul-searching and digging into the historical archive for help navigating the "din of human division and strife." With lyricism and urgency, Smith draws on several avenues of thinking—personal, documentary, and spiritual—to understand who we are as a nation and what we might hope to mean to one another.

To Free the Captives begins this journey by assembling a new terminology of American life. Parsing the difference between the *Free* and the *Freed*, and the distance between *Time Ago* and *Soon*, Smith etches a portrait of where we find ourselves four hundred years into the American experiment and offers a compelling argument for the vocabulary of the soul as a tool for fulfilling our duties to each other and to the future.

EXCERPT

What is better? A grief that roils, steaming and hissing until the pot boils dry? Or grief that simmers on a backburner day and night, never dissipating, never spent, filling a life with steady weather?

* * *

Throughout the summer of 2020, my brothers, my uncles, my sons—all were safe. And yet: George Floyd, Amaud Arbery, Rayshard Brooks—in the eyes of our country, were they not my brothers, my uncles and sons? Was Breonna Taylor not my daughter and sisters? Was she not me? I watched, I grieved. In my grief, I chose to speak. I told white people—we might just as easily call them institutions—that they were guilty. I named what it was they must be willing to give back.

My error, I now see, had been believing I was Free, that freedom had long ago been won for me. My error was exercising a freedom I did not, in reality, possess. For in reality, I am not Free but rather Freed, a guest in the places—we might just as easily call them institutions—where freedom is professed. Hence, the many cruel things a few people said. Hence the few true things left unsaid. All those words, all that silence, and how much and how little any of it managed to change.

The Freed—people like me—descend from histories of subjugation. Violence, enslavement, forced migration, and other such acts committed in the names of men, women, and even children whose freedom has long been accepted as an *a priori* condition. For the Freed—people like me—nothing that is ours defies contestation. Nothing that is ours has not, at one time or another, been regarded, handled, pocketed and tossed begrudgingly back by the people long presumed to have always been Free.

As natural as it is made to seem, to be Free, as the Free have deemed themselves to be, is a willful act, a pact with erasure and forgetting. As such, it has long been an occasion for the planting of new flags and the mapping of fresh territory. Occasions on which blood has been shed, as often it has, are converted swiftly into proof that the freedom of the Free must never be contested.

It is hard to touch ground before a *priori*. When we do, we the Freed are charged with ingratitude, sedition, fantasies of revenge. How dare we want more than our ration? Would we rather revert to being chattel, mules, nations of children? Was that not, after all, what we were, before being liberated by the Free?

It might be easy to read this and think of skin in all the shades, from Black to white. But I would prefer to speak of institutions—societies and organizations, practices and customs—to which a person might be conditionally admitted. Conditionally, because there is no guarantee that one's welcome will not, from one action, statement or behavior to the next, be revoked. Conditionally, because one of the chief tenets of freedom, for the Free, is the right to refuse service, deny admission and otherwise disallow the belonging of anyone at any time who has, for any reason, been deemed unworthy.

Aren't certain households institutions? And likewise, certain hearts? What if memory is an institution? And the American Imagination, which defines the targets of our allegiance, and sets the terms of our belonging—is it not also an institution, with all the privileges and obligations implied therein?

* * *

I find my father's name, and those of his brothers, sisters, mother and father, in the 1940 Census. They live in Washington County, Alabama, in the town of Sunflower. A warm rush of feeling floods my chest when I see or say *Sunflower, Alabama*. I don't know the Sunflower my father knew, but my love of my father, and my gratitude for the nurturing by which his body and spirit thrived there and grew—that is what the place name Sunflower, Alabama has long instilled in me.

My father passed away in 2008, but I feel him even now calling my attention to a heron over a pond, or a woodpecker battering a tree. My father's soul—his unfettered energy—revels in all the same things that captivated him when he lived in the body I knew. And so it is easy for me to imagine that same energy soaring over the woods in Sunflower almost a century ago, skimming the rooftops of that red-dirt town, deciding it is a farmer named Eugene Smith and his wife, Rosetta, to whom he will come as the ninth of ten children, on Halloween 1935.

The family farm feels large and safe to my father, who at the time of the census is not yet 5. The barn and vegetable plots and the long rows of the peach orchard are the first places where the wonder of life greets him. Piglets grow into hogs, acorns into saplings. A peach pit dried on a window sill will one day surely be a tree laden with fruit. He plays in the grass, disappears under the vast canopy of a family of pines. To run, to ponder, to lie distracted on this land is what freedom feels like to a child, though where I say "land," my father's word is likely "home." Maybe he knows enough to know that nature is the source of his safety and wonder. Nature, heeded and tended by the men and women in his family, is also the source of health, sustenance and security, the amalgam of which must simply be "happiness" in his four-year-old vocabulary.

A Life Impossible

DISCOVERING WISDOM IN A FRAGILE
EXISTENCE

Steve Gleason & Jeff Duncan

KNOPF

November 2023

Rights available

STEVE GLEASON played eight years for the New Orleans Saints and, in 2011, was diagnosed with ALS. Shortly after his diagnosis he founded Team Gleason, a foundation that has been a leader in raising awareness of the disease and improving the lives of those affected by it. He has been awarded the Congressional Gold Medal, the U.S. government's most prestigious civilian honor, and the NCAA Inspiration Award, and in 2014, he was named *Sports Illustrated* Inspiration of the Year. He lives with his wife Michel and their two children in New Orleans.

JEFF DUNCAN, a native of Louisville, Kentucky, is a sports columnist for *The Times-Picayune* in New Orleans and was a member of the team that won two Pulitzer Prizes for the paper's coverage of Hurricane Katrina. He is the author of *Payton and Brees*, *Tales from the Saints Sideline*, and *From Bags to Riches*.

From NFL player Steve Gleason, a powerful, often harrowing memoir of love, heartbreak, resilience, and remarkable triumph in the face of ALS.

In 2011, three years after leaving the NFL, Steve Gleason was diagnosed with ALS, a terminal disease that paralyzes the entire body. Doctors gave him three years to live. He was thirty-four years old. As Steve says: he is now 10 years past his expiration date.

His memoir is the chronicle of a remarkable life, one filled with optimism and joy, despite the trauma and pain and despair he has experienced. Written using eye-tracking software, Gleason covers his pre-ALS life, through the highs and lows of his NFL career with the New Orleans Saints, where he made one of the most memorable plays in Saints history, leading to a victory in the first post-Katrina home game, uplifting the city and launching him into football stardom. Then came his heartbreaking diagnosis. Steve lost all muscle function, he can't speak without using a Stephen Hawking-type computer apparatus, and he can't even breathe on his own. This book captures Steve's and his wife Michel's unmatched resilience as they reinvent their lives, refuse to succumb to despair, and face his disease realistically and existentially—and defeat it.

This unsparing portrait argues that a person's true strength does not reside solely in one's body, but also in the ability to face hopelessness and still be able to love and treasure life.

Rethinking Diabetes

What Science Reveals About Diet, Insulin, and Successful Treatments
Gary Taubes*

KNOPF

January 2024

Rights sold:

UK: Granta

Other rights available

GARY TAUBES, an award-winning science and health journalist, is the cofounder and director of the Nutrition Science Initiative (NuSI). He is the author of *The Case Against Sugar*, *Why We Get Fat*, and *Good Calories, Bad Calories*. A former staff writer for *Discover* and correspondent for *Science*, he has written three cover articles on nutrition and health for *The New York Times Magazine*, and his writing has appeared in numerous “Best of” anthologies, including *The Best of the Best American Science Writing* (2010). He has received three Science in Society Journalism Awards from the National Association of Science Writers and is the recipient of a Robert Wood Johnson Foundation Investigator Award in Health Policy Research. He lives in Oakland, California, with his wife, the author Sloane Tanen, and their two sons. Visit him online at www.garytaubes.com.

Rethinking Diabetes

WHAT SCIENCE REVEALS ABOUT DIET, INSULIN, AND SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT

Gary Taubes

“I can’t think of another journalist who has had quite as profound an influence on the conversation about nutrition.”
—Michael Pollan

An eye-opening investigation into the history of diabetes research and treatment by the award-winning journalist and best-selling author of *Why We Get Fat*.

Before the discovery of insulin, diabetes was treated almost exclusively through diet, from subsistence on meat, to reliance on fats, to repeated fasting and near-starvation regimens. After two centuries of conflicting medical advice, most authorities today believe that those with diabetes can have the same dietary freedom enjoyed by the rest of us, leaving the job of controlling their disease to insulin therapy and other blood-sugar-lowering medications. Rather than embark on “futile” efforts to restrict sugar or carbohydrate intake, people with diabetes can lead a normal life, complete with the occasional ice-cream, cake, side of fries, or soda.

These guiding principles, however, have been accompanied by an explosive rise in diabetes over the last fifty years, particularly among underserved populations. And the health of those with diabetes is expected to continue to deteriorate inexorably over time, with ever-increasing financial, physical, and psychological burdens. In *Rethinking Diabetes*, Gary Taubes explores the history underpinning the treatment of diabetes, types 1 and 2, elucidating how decades-old research that is rife with misconceptions has continued to influence the guidance physicians offer—at the expense of their patients’ long-term well-being.

The result of Taubes’s work is a reimagining of diabetes care that argues for a recentering of diet—particularly, fewer carbohydrates and more fat—over a reliance on insulin. Taubes argues critically and passionately that doctors and medical researchers should question the established wisdom that may have enabled the current epidemic of diabetes and obesity, and renew their focus on clinical trials to resolve controversies that are now a century in the making.

EXCERPT

Of all the chronic diseases that are likely to end our lives prematurely, none has been so intimately and surely linked to our diets as diabetes. Since its first unambiguous appearance in the medical literature, clearly diagnosed by Hindu physicians in the sixth century B.C., physicians have speculated on what aspects of our diet might cause diabetes and how it could be treated or cured by dietary modifications.

By the mid-nineteenth century, when the disease was still so rare that even the large urban hospitals of the era could go years without seeing a case, those few physicians who studied the disorder were identifying two mostly distinct variations. One was the form that appeared in middle age and most often in those who also suffered from obesity. It appeared to be a problem of “excessive formation,” as George Harley of University College London suggested in his 1866 book on the subject. Later physicians would come to say it was a disease of overnutrition because of its intimate association with obesity.

The far less common form struck acutely, most often in childhood or adolescence. These young patients died emaciated, as though starved for sustenance, often within weeks or months of their diagnosis. As Harley said, they appeared to suffer from “defective assimilation” of the food they ate. Twenty years after Harley’s book, the French physician Étienne Lancereaux labeled these two diseases, clearly different both in their presentation and their expectation of future life, *le diabète gras* (fat) and *maigre* (thin, or emaciated). Today, the technical terminology for the former is type 2, for the chronic form that constitutes 90 to 95 percent of all diagnoses and that we’re likely to get as we get older and fatter; type 1 is the form that appears acutely and most often in childhood and adolescence.

Both diagnoses are characterized by elevated levels of blood sugar (blood glucose, technically). In the era before blood testing was commonly used, sugar in the urine was seen as the indicator of diabetes. Whatever the means of diagnosis, the body is failing in both cases to properly metabolize the carbohydrates in the diet — the macronutrient that makes up the great bulk of the calories in grains, starches and sugars — to use them for fuel, as intended. For this reason, early diabetes specialists would often discuss the disorder as an intolerance for carbohydrates or, more simply, an intolerance for food itself. Until the discovery and purification of the hormone insulin in 1921, the first advice a doctor would likely give a newly diagnosed patient—occasionally the only advice that might confer any benefit—was what to eat and what not to eat to lessen the burden of the disease.

A few of the nineteenth-century physicians writing of the disease suggested that those with diabetes eat predominantly carbohydrate-rich foods — starchy vegetables and grains, sugar and potatoes — with the hope that their diabetic patients might compensate for their inability to metabolize these foods by consuming more of them. Most of the physicians of the era, however, took the opposite approach: since those with diabetes could not metabolize carbohydrate-rich foods but could metabolize fat, they told their patients that fat should make up the bulk of the diet. “Patients were always urged to take more fat,” wrote Elliot Joslin, who, by the 1920s, was the most renowned and influential diabetes specialist in America, if not the world. “At one time my patients put fat in their soup, their coffee and matched their eggs with portions of fat of equal size. The carbohydrate was kept extraordinarily low...”

For a century now, diabetes textbooks and chapters on diabetes therapy in medical texts have invariably included some variation on the statement that diet is the cornerstone or the foundation of diabetes treatment. As I write this, the most recent guidelines from the American Diabetes Association refer to dieting as “medical nutrition therapy” (MNT); the word diet is now seen as connoting only a temporary way to eat, something you go on and then off, not continue for a lifetime. MNT is seen as “integral” to diabetes therapy.

I Survived Capitalism and All I Got Was This Lousy T-Shirt

Madeline Pendleton

DOUBLEDAY

January 2024

Rights available

MADELINE

PENDLETON is the CEO and founder of Tunnel Vision, an L.A.-based clothing company with a progressive, employee-centered approach to business. In addition to her entrepreneurial success, Madeline has garnered a massive following on TikTok, where she shares stories and advice based on her experience growing up in California's punk scene, escaping poverty, and building a community-minded company.

A big-hearted, no-bullshit memoir from TikTok superstar Madeline Pendleton about her journey from living paycheck to paycheck to creating a multi-million-dollar business that offers a compassionate alternative to capitalism.

Imagine a job where you work four days a week and earn as much as the CEO. You also get full benefits, a gym membership, free lunch, and unlimited time off, including mental health days, no questions asked. Hard-won profits don't just end up in the CEO's pocket—they're distributed equally among all employees. The company even buys you your very own car. It sounds too good to be true, but this is the reality at Tunnel Vision, the clothing company that Madeline Pendleton built from the ground up.

Like so many, Madeline used to struggle to make ends meet. Raised by a punk dad and a goth mom in Fresno, California, she spent her teens on the brink of homelessness, relying on the kindness and spare couches of the local punk community to get by. By her twenties, she was drowning in student loans and credit card debt, with no relief in sight. Madeline felt the intense toll that financial stress was taking on her and her loved ones, and she was sick of her bosses treating her as disposable—she knew there must be a better way.

After years of living in poverty, Madeline decided to look to the experts—the rich men who built empires on the backs of people like her—to understand the rules of capitalism, the game everyone is forced to play. She used what she learned to build a new kind of business, one rooted in her socialist values and an ethos of community care. Now, Madeline is paying it forward by sharing her path to success on her terms, plus no-nonsense life and money advice: How do you build credit? How do you negotiate higher pay? How do you build a better world?

Millennials and Gen Zers like Madeline are facing an unprecedented financial reality: Stagnant wages, skyrocketing housing costs, a student debt crisis. *I Survived Capitalism* is essential reading for anyone searching for hope and stability in an unjust world.

Bitter Crop

THE HEARTACHE AND TRIUMPH OF BILLIE
HOLIDAY'S LAST YEAR

Paul Alexander

KNOPF

February 2024

Rights available

PAUL ALEXANDER has published two books about Sylvia Plath and regularly contributes to *The New York Times Magazine*, *New York Magazine*, *The Nation*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Premiere*, *The Village Voice*, *ARTnews*, and *The Guardian*. He lives in New York City.

A revelatory look at the tumultuous life of a jazz legend and American cultural icon.

Billie Holiday is one of the greatest jazz singers of all time. But her life was addled by sexual abuse, drug and alcohol addiction, disastrous relationships, and government persecution. In this propulsive biography, Paul Alexander narrows his scope to focus on the final year of Holiday's life, a time when she arguably achieved the zenith of her fame. As compromised as her voice may have become by that time, she managed all the same to reach astonishing peaks as a singer both in the studio and on the stage. With flashbacks to formative episodes in Holiday's private and professional lives, *Bitter Crop* is a searing portrait of this highly sophisticated, complex, intelligent, yet famously elusive artist.

I'm So Glad We Had This Time Together

Maurice Vellekoop

PANTHEON

February 2024

UK rights available

MAURICE VELLEKOOP

was born in 1964 in a suburb of Toronto. A prolific artist and illustrator, he has worked non-stop for the last three decades. In addition to publications, his corporate clients include Swissair, Abercrombie & Fitch, Air Canada, Smart Car, LVMH, and Bush Irish Whiskey. He lives on Toronto Island with his partner Gordon Bowness.

An astonishing, epic graphic memoir in the spirit of *Fun Home* by Alison Bechdel and *Gender Queer* by Maia Kobabe.

Meet little Maurice Vellekoop, the youngest of five children raised by Dutch immigrants in the 1970s in a middle class suburb of Toronto. He loves watching Cher and Carol Burnett on TV, making clothes for his best friend's Barbie dolls, and helping his mum with her hair salon which she runs out of the basement of the house. In short: he is really, really gay. Which is a huge problem, because his family is part of the Christian Reformed Church, a strict Calvinist sect, which is not accepting of homosexuality to say the least. We see him participating in weekly church services, catechism classes, going to Christian schools, his stint as a member of the Calvinist Cadet Corps.

Vellekoop struggles through all of this, until he finally graduates high school and gets accepted into the Ontario College of Art and Design in 1982. It is there that his life truly changes, thanks in no small part to his taking a class called "Plays In Performance" taught by the wildly flamboyant and brilliant Paul Baker. Baker is the first "out" gay man Maurice has ever met, and the two soon become close friends. It is through witnessing Baker's functional relationship with his long-time partner Martin that Maurice finally starts to reconcile with himself and begin to accept who he actually is. But it's going to be a long, messy, difficult, and occasionally hilarious process.

I'm So Glad We Had This Time Together is an enthralling portrait of what it means to be true to yourself, to learn to forgive, and to be an artist.

Rescue Party

A GRAPHIC ANTHOLOGY OF COVID
LOCKDOWN

Gabe Fowler

PANTHEON

March 2024

Rights available

GABE FOWLER is the founder and owner of Desert Island, one of America's most beloved independent comics shops. Founded in 2008, Desert Island is located in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. It features a wide variety of underground and alternative comics, zines, artist's books, graphic novels, and art magazines, including its own quarterly comics tabloid, *Smoke Signal*. Fowler is also the organizer of Comic Arts Brooklyn, the annual comic book festival and art book fair, which spotlights independent, underground, and alternative comics.

Over a hundred page-long comics from around the world, documenting humanity's retreat into COVID-19 lockdown and imagining our eventual, boisterous reemergence, from the founder of the Brooklyn Comic Arts festival and owner of beloved indie comic shop Desert Island.

On April 1, 2020, the Instagram account of Desert Island, Brooklyn's celebrated alternative comics shop, put out a call. By then, the shop had shuttered indefinitely, and the world's major cities had locked down as the first wave of the COVID-19 pandemic took hold:

"We all need something positive to think about, and a lot of us have time on our hands," the post read. "Who wants to make something?"

Hundreds of short comics from over fifty countries poured into Desert Island's inbox. Some came from notable cartoonists. Most, astonishingly, came from amateur artists just looking for an outlet to create in the midst of tragedy—for a chance to join the rescue party that leads us out of isolation.

Collected here are one hundred fifty notable entries from the *Rescue Party* project, capturing the loneliness and the surprising comforts of early lockdown; the mania of its middle days as the mind begins to fray; and the branching paths of humanity's future, as we re-enter a world wracked with injustice.

Bracing, beautiful, and conspicuously optimistic, *Rescue Party* is part graphic diary, part time capsule, and part field guide: a grassroots project that tells the collective story of lockdown from a chorus of global voices, and charts a course to a more just future.

No Road Leading Back

AN IMPROBABLE ESCAPE FROM THE NAZIS IN A PLACE CALLED PONAR, AND THE TANGLED WAY WE TELL THE STORY OF THE HOLOCAUST

Chris Heath

SCHOCKEN

March 2024

UK rights available

CHRIS HEATH, an investigative news writer, has written for *Rolling Stone*, *Details*, *Telegraph*, and *Sunday Times*, amongst many others.

By turns shattering and hope-giving, this account of prisoners who dug their way out of torture and bondage by the Nazis is both a stunning escape narrative and an object lesson in how we remember and continually forget the particulars of the Holocaust.

No Road Leading Back is the remarkable story of a dozen prisoners who escaped from the pits where more than 70,000 Jews were shot in the Lithuanian forest after the Nazi invasion of Eastern Europe in 1941, and where they were forced participants in the equally horrific aftermath. Anxious to hide the incriminating evidence of the murders, the S.S. enslaved a group of Jews to exhume every one of the bodies and incinerate them all in a months-long labor—an episode whose specifics are staggering and disturbing, even within the context of the Holocaust. From within that dire circumstance emerges the improbable escape made by some of the men who were part of this “burning brigade.” They dug a tunnel with bare hands and spoons while they were trapped and guarded day and night—an act not just of great bravery and desperation but of awesome imagination.

Based on first-person accounts of the escapees and on each scrap of evidence that has been documented, repressed, or amplified since, this book resurrects their lives and their acts of witness, as well as providing a complex, urgent analysis of why their story has rarely been told, and never accurately. Heath explores the cultural use and misuse of Holocaust testimony and the need for us to face it—and all uncomfortable historical truths—with honesty and accuracy.



KNOPF

March 2024

Rights available

TIMOTHY W. RYBACK is the author of *Hitler's Private Library*, which was named to the *Washington Post Book World* Best Nonfiction list in 2008, and *The Last Survivor: Legacies of Dachau*, a *New York Times* Notable Book. He has written for *The Atlantic*, *The New Yorker*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *The New York Times*. He lives and works in Paris.

Prelude to Disaster

HITLER'S FINAL ASCENT

Timothy W. Ryback

From the internationally acclaimed author of *Hitler's Private Library*, a dramatic recounting of the six critical months before Adolf Hitler seized power, when the Nazi leader teetered between triumph and ruin.

In the summer of 1932, the Weimar Republic was on the verge of collapse. One in three Germans was unemployed. Violence was rampant. Hitler's National Socialists surged at the polls. Paul von Hindenburg, an aging war hero and avowed monarchist, was a reluctant president bound by oath to uphold the constitution. The November elections offered Hitler the prospect of a Reichstag majority and the path to political power. But instead, the Nazis lost two million votes. As membership hemorrhaged and financial backers withdrew, the Nazi party threatened to fracture. Hitler talked of suicide. *The New York Times* declared he was finished. Yet somehow, in a few brief weeks, he was chancellor of Germany.

In incomparable detail and with previously un-accessed archival materials, Timothy W. Ryback tells the remarkable story of Hitler's dismantling of democracy through democratic process. He provides fresh perspective and insights into Hitler's personal and professional life in these months in all their complexity and uncertainty—backroom deals, unlikely alliances, stunning betrayals, an ill-timed tax audit, and a fateful weekend that changed our world forever. Above all, Ryback details why a wearied Hindenburg, who disdained the “Bohemian corporal,” ultimately decided to appoint Hitler chancellor, in January 1933. Within weeks, Germany was no longer a democracy.

Chasing Hope

A REPORTER'S LIFE

Nicholas D. Kristof

KNOPF

May 2024

Rights available

NICHOLAS D. KRISTOF has co-authored several books with his wife, Sheryl WuDunn, including *A Path Appears*, *Half the Sky*, and *Tightrope*. Together they were awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1990 for their coverage of China. They also received the Dayton Literary Peace Prize for Lifetime Achievement in 2009. Kristof has been an editor and op-ed columnist for *The New York Times* and was previously bureau chief in Hong Kong, Beijing, and Tokyo. He won his second Pulitzer in 2006 for his columns on Darfur. He lives in Oregon.

From *New York Times* columnist, Pulitzer Prize winner, and best-selling author Nicholas D. Kristof, an intimate and gripping memoir about a life in journalism.

Since 1984, Nicholas Kristof has worked almost continuously for *The New York Times* as a reporter, foreign correspondent, bureau chief, and now columnist, becoming one of the foremost reporters of his generation. Here, he recounts his event-filled path from a small-town farm in Oregon to every corner of the world.

Reporting from Hong Kong, Beijing, and Tokyo, while traveling far afield to India, Africa, and Europe, Kristof witnessed and wrote about century-defining events: the Tiananmen Square protests and massacre, the Yemeni civil war, the Darfur genocide in Sudan, and the wave of addiction and despair that swept through his hometown and a broad swath of working-class America. Fully aware that coverage of atrocities generates considerably fewer views than the coverage of politics, he continued to press on and weaponize his pen against regimes and groups violating basic human rights, raising the cost of oppression and torture. Some of the risks he took doing so make for hair-raising reading.

Kristof also writes about some of the great members of his profession and introduces us to the extraordinary people he has written about: a Congolese doctor who won the Nobel Peace Prize for his work fighting violence against women; a Catholic nun who browbeat a warlord into releasing schoolgirls he had kidnapped; a South Sudanese refugee who learned to read by scratching letters in the dust and went on to study at Yale. These are the people, the heroes, who have allowed Kristof to remain optimistic. Side by side with the worst of humanity, you always see the best.

This is a candid memoir of vulnerability and courage, humility and purpose, a singular tale of the trials, tribulations, and hope to be found in a life dedicated to the pursuit of truth.

EXCERPT

Journalism is an act of hope. What impels reporters forward is our faith that if we get the story and shine a light in the darkness, the public will respond and change will come. That's why reporters rush toward gunfire, talk their way into drug dens, scramble toward riots and, in my case right now, take a small plane into the heart of the Congo civil war.

Our adventures are not always well executed, however, and at the moment, I'm not brimming with hope. The plane is in trouble, and I'm petrified, thinking: *So this is how I die*. Not in old age, inconsolable grandchildren at my bedside on the family farm in Oregon, with the farm dogs giving up gopher-hunting to come inside and nuzzle their goodbyes. No, my end is looming far from family in a fiery plane crash in the vast Congo rainforest.

I'm in a chartered plane with other journalists. Our small plane is sputtering, the pilot steadily losing control. It looks as if my ashes won't be scattered on the farm and on the Pacific Crest Trail, as I had hoped, but rather my remains will mingle with termite mounds in a jungle on the other side of the world. A baboon or okapi may notice, but no one else will.

Sheryl WuDunn, my wife, will get a call from Bill Keller, *The New York Times* foreign editor, that my plane is missing in a rebel-held part of Zaire and that everything is being done to locate the plane: *It's probably just a forced landing on a remote airstrip, or maybe the rebel army has kidnapped the plane and passengers for ransom*. Then there will be unsuccessful air searches, for it's easier to find a flea in a baobab tree than a downed plane in the endless Congo basin.

This is not what I want to be worrying about. I'm a perpetual optimist, so I conjure ways in which I won't perish. Maybe the plane will reach a road or airstrip to land on. Or maybe a meadow will abruptly appear in the jungle and the pilot will somehow bring the plane down even without its landing gear.

I know I'm kidding myself. I've seen the terrain: an endless expanse of forest. There's no place to land. The plane is damaged and coming down. Time is almost up.

It's 1997, I'm the absentee Tokyo bureau chief of *The New York Times*, and I've spent more than a decade as a *Times* foreign correspondent, in Hong Kong, China and now Japan. But now, as I huddle over my knees in the "brace position," staring down at my white sneakers with my clammy hands clasped on the back of my head, as our propeller plane wobbles downward toward a crash, as the pilot struggles with the instruments of a plane that has lost its hydraulic lines so that he can't even dump fuel, as I prepare for the impact and wonder if I will be torn apart by the crash or incinerated in the subsequent fire, or both, I keep thinking: It was not supposed to end this way.

The idea had been to cover other people's tragedies, not to become one. The plan had been to write a series of articles that might move hearts and policymakers. But we already have killed an innocent man, and his body is dangling from our plane as an emblem of shame. Somehow I've not only wandered into a Graham Greene novel, but I'm the well-meaning Quiet American who makes everything worse. I'm mortified as well as terrified.

I can feel us descending, but since I can't see anything more than my sneakers, I have no idea when the last moment will come. Will we hit in a second or a minute or ten minutes? Will I survive in good enough condition to wrestle the door open and help the injured out before the plane bursts into flames?

The rainforest below is vast. The Congo basin is Africa's largest rainforest, four times the size of California, Oregon and Washington combined. Its vastness turns humans into specks, a tiny part of a complex natural order. The basin is home to gorillas, elephants, bonobos, okapi, chimpanzees, crocodiles and twenty-foot pythons. The rainforests stretch into the horizon, largely unbroken by roads or signs of habitation. You look down through the airplane window and for long periods see no sign of humans, just an endless landscape of trees, hills and an occasional blue creek or river. It's mesmerizing and humbling to see so vast an expanse in which humans have left so little mark.

My satellite phone! It's in my pack. Maybe I could use it to go online and hurriedly buy more life insurance? No. I dismiss the thought. The plane windows are too thick to allow a signal. My last purchase will not be life insurance.

Untitled on Leadership

Kenneth I. Chenault

KNOPF

May 2024

Rights available

KENNETH I.

CHENAULT is chairman and managing director of the venture capital firm General Catalyst, which invests in fast-growing companies that have the potential to become large, fundamental institutions.

The life and times—and values and principles—of Ken Chenault, former CEO of American Express, one of the first African Americans to head a Fortune 500 company.

Born in Mineola, New York to a dentist and hygienist as the Civil Rights Movement began to gather steam, Ken Chenault's life confounds stereotypical presumptions about and expectations for a Black American man. Much of his childhood and early adult years unfolded in a modest middle-class setting during the political and social tumult of the 1960s—the Vietnam war, the struggle for racial equality, the fight for women's rights, the rise of the counterculture. Though he was partly informed by these inescapable influences, even then, Chenault displayed an independence of thought. Although he was athletically gifted, he chose to become a student of history, rather than pursue sports, in an effort to conquer his lack of discipline. As a student at Bowdoin and Harvard Law and early in his career at Bain Consulting, he was constantly on the lookout for educational and professional opportunities that were rare for Blacks. Intending to use his talents to champion civil rights, he found himself fighting to demolish the seemingly intractable racial barriers in the worlds of finance and business.

So began his storied career at American Express, where he became known for his innovations and zealous adherence to company-building values and principles: the promotion of empathy to enlarge our understanding of one another; the willingness to accept complexity and uncertainty in crafting solutions, while refusing to yield to despair; and encouragement of unfettered but responsible creativity.

Fighting the Night

IWO JIMA, WORLD WAR II, AND A FLYER'S LIFE

Paul Hendrickson

KNOPF

May 2024

UK rights available

PAUL HENDRICKSON is the author of the *New York Times* best-seller and National Book Critics Circle Award finalist, *Hemingway's Boat: Everything He Loved in Life, and Lost*, and *Sons of Mississippi: A Story of Race and Its Legacy*, which won the 2003 National Book Critics Circle Award. Since 1998 he has been on the faculty of the Creative Writing Program at the University of Pennsylvania. He has been the recipient of writing fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Lyndhurst Foundation, and the Alicia Patterson Foundation.

"*Fighting the Night* is beautiful, searing, and poignant, an investigation of the human heart, of sky, and of father and son, prewar and postwar. I thought it might be another WWII book, and while there's war, sure enough, it's what happens in the hearts of men (and mothers on the home front) that distinguishes this book. Paul Hendrickson was walking toward the batter's box through all his books, leading up to this moment. And when it came time to finally lay this one down, he swung with the fierceness of a Babe Ruth. It takes a certain kind of mountain climbing to write a book like this. Readers are going to be mighty grateful."

—Wil Haygood, author of *Colorization*

From the acclaimed and best-selling author of *Hemingway's Boat*, the profoundly moving story of his father's wartime service as a night fighter pilot, and the prices paid by him, and other soldiers, for their acts of selfless, patriotic sacrifice.

In the fall of 1944, Joseph Hendrickson, the author's father, kissed his wife and two baby children goodbye. The twenty-five-year-old first lieutenant, pilot of a famed P-61 "Black Widow," was leaving for the war. He and his night fighter squadron were sent to Iwo Jima, where, for the last five-and-a-half months of World War II, he logged nearly 75 combat-air-patrol missions, largely in pitch-black conditions. His twenty-one-year-old wife would wait out the war at the home of her small-town Ohio parents, one of the countless numbers of American family members shouldering the burden of being left behind.

Joseph, the son of a Depression-poor Kentucky sharecropper, was fresh out of high school in 1937 when he enlisted in mechanic school in the peacetime Army Air Corps. Eventually, he was able to qualify for flight school. After marriage, and with the war on, the young in-love officer and his bride crisscrossed the country, airfield to airfield, base to base: Santa Ana, Yuma, Kissimmee, Bakersfield, Orlando, La Junta, Fresno. He volunteered for night fighters and the late-coming and almost mythic Black Widow. A world away, the carnage continued. As he tracks his parents' journey, together and separate, both stateside and overseas, the author creates a vivid portrait of a hard-to-know father whose time in the war, he comes to understand, was something truly heroic, but never without its hidden and unhidden psychic costs.

Representing an iconic moment of American history, and the tragedy of all wars, *Fighting the Night* is an intense and powerful story of violence and love, forgiveness and loss, a tribute to those who got plunged into service, in the best years of their lives, and the sacrifices they and their loved ones made, then and after.



KNOPF

September 2024

UK rights available

ZACHARY SMALL is an investigative reporter on the dynamics of power and privilege in the art world for *The New York Times*. Small has a master's degree from the Courtauld Institute of Art in London and a bachelor's in art history and political science from Columbia University. They live in Manhattan.

Token Supremacy

THE RISE, FALL, AND REBOOT OF NFTS
FROM DIGITAL ARTWORKS TO FINANCIAL
TOOLS IN A VOLATILE AGE

Zachary Small

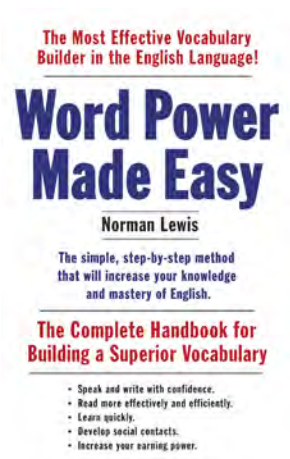
A *New York Times* investigative reporter wades into the murky, pixelated waters of the multi-billion-dollar NFT market, a virtual casino of speculation and volatility that tests the nature of value itself.

When the gavel fell at Christie's on the sale of Mike Winkelmann's *Everydays* series—a compilation of 5,000 digital artworks—it made a thunderous announcement: Non-fungible tokens had arrived. The ludicrous world of *CryptoKitties* and *Bored Apes* had just produced a piece of art worth \$69.3 million (at least according to the highest bidder). On that spring day in 2021, the traditional art market—the largest unregulated market in the world—had put its stamp on the very new and carnivalesque digital art market. But what did it mean for these two worlds to collide? Was it all just a money laundering scheme? And come on, what was that piece of digital flotsam *really* worth?

In *Token Supremacy*, Zachary Small thinks through these fascinating questions alongside us, and provokes so many more, tracing the crypto economy back to its origins in the 2008 financial crisis and the lineage of NFTs back to the first photographic negatives, with jaw-dropping tales of heists, publicity stunts, and rug pulls along the way. Detours through art history provide insight into the myth-making tactics that drive stratospheric auction sales. And we cast an eye toward the future of NFTs—in mortgages, restaurants, securities, and loans—that could outlive cryptocurrencies, becoming a new and dangerous shadow-banking system in its own right.

This is a wild and spellbinding tour through a world that strains belief.

FEATURED TITLE FROM THE BACKLIST



ANCHOR

November 2014

Rights sold:

China: Beijing Canglang

India: Random House

Publishers India

Indonesia: Renebook

Korea: Will Books

Other rights available

Word Power Made Easy

THE COMPLETE HANDBOOK FOR BUILDING A SUPERIOR VOCABULARY

Norman Lewis

The most effective English language vocabulary builder available: this time-tested classic has helped millions achieve mastery of English and improve their communications skills in business, the classroom, and in life.

Word Power Made Easy provides a simple, step-by-step method for increasing knowledge and mastery of the language. Arranged in thematic sections—on everything from how to flatter friends and insult enemies to how to talk precisely about science and medicine—the book is written in a lively, accessible, and often humorous style, presenting ideas and a method of broadening your knowledge as an integral part of vocabulary-building. The author delves into etymology to arm the reader to decode unfamiliar words, provides phonetic pronunciations, gives tips on avoiding common spelling errors, and offers useful sections on which fussy, old-fashioned grammar rules are valid and which are outdated or misguided and can be safely ignored. Loaded with helpful reviews, progress checks, and quizzes to reinforce the material, this classic resource—first published sixty years ago—has helped millions learn to speak and write with greater sophistication.

NORMAN LEWIS was born in 1912 in Brooklyn, New York, and died in 2006 in Whittier, California. He was an author, grammarian, lexicographer, and etymologist, and a leading authority on English-language skills. In addition to *Word Power Made Easy*, his many bestselling books include *30 Days to Better English*, *30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*, and several revised editions of *Roget's Thesaurus*.

EXCERPT

Once—as a child—you were an expert, an accomplished virtuoso, at learning new words.

Today, by comparison, you are a rank and bumbling amateur.

Does this statement sound insulting?

It may be—but if you are the average adult, it is a statement that is, unfortunately, only too true.

Educational testing indicates that children of ten who have grown up in families in which English is the native language have recognition vocabularies of over twenty thousand words—

And that these same ten-year-olds have been learning new words at a rate of many hundreds a year since the age of four.

In astonishing contrast, studies show that adults who are no longer attending school increase their vocabularies at a pace *slower than twenty-five to fifty words annually.*

How do you assess your own vocabulary?

Is it quantitatively healthy?

Rich in over-all range?

Responsive to any situation in which you may find yourself?

Truly indicative of your intellectual potential?

More important, is it still growing at the same rapid clip as when you were a child?

Or, as with most adults, has your rate of increase dropped drastically since you left school? And if so, do you now feel that your vocabulary is somewhat limited, your verbal skills not as sharp as you would like them to be?

Let us check it out.

A TEST OF VOCABULARY RANGE

Here are sixty brief phrases, each containing one italicized word; it is up to you to check the closest definition of each such word. To keep your score valid, refrain, as far as possible, from wild guessing. The key will be found at the end of the test.

1. *disheveled* appearance: (a) untidy; (b) fierce, (c) foolish, (d) peculiar, (e) unhappy
2. a *baffling* problem: (a) difficult, (b) simple, (c) puzzling, (d) long, (e) new
3. *lenient* parent: (a) tall, (b) not strict, (c) wise, (d) foolish, (e) severe
4. *repulsive* personality: (a) disgusting, (b) attractive, (c) normal, (d) confused, (e) conceited
5. *audacious* attempt: (a) useless, (b) bold, (c) foolish, (d) crazy, (e) necessary
6. *parry* a blow: (a) ward off, (b) fear, (c) expect, (d) invite, (e) ignore
7. *prevalent* disease: (a) dangerous, (b) catching, (c) childhood, (d) fatal, (e) widespread
8. *ominous* report: (a) loud, (b) threatening, (c) untrue, (d) serious, (e) unpleasant
9. an *incredible* story: (a) true, (b) interesting, (c) well-known, (d) unbelievable, (e) unknown
10. an *ophthalmologist*: (a) eye doctor, (b) skin doctor, (c) foot doctor, (d) heart doctor, (e) cancer specialist
11. will *supersede* the old law: (a) enforce, (b) specify penalties for, (c) take the place of, (d) repeal, (e) continue
12. an *anonymous* donor: (a) generous, (b) stingy, (c) well-known, (d) one whose name is not known, (e) reluctant

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE BACKLIST

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

MAX BARRY

*Jennifer Government
Company*

JAMES M. CAIN

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

E.M. BARD

The Cat I.Q. Test

KIM BARKER

*The Taliban Shuffle**

JANET BENTON

Lilli de Jong

PETER BERGER

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

GERALDINE BROOKS

Nine Parts of Desire

LOUISE BROOKS

Lulu in Hollywood

THOMAS CAHILL

How the Irish Saved Civilization

JOAN FRANCES CASEY

The Flock

JULIA CHILD

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

LINCOLN CHILD

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

BILL CLINTON

*Back to Work
Giving
My Life*

PAT CONROY

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

RAM DASS and PAUL GORMAN

How Can I Help?

DWIGHT EISENHOWER

Crusade in Europe

NORA EPHRON

*I Feel Bad About My Neck
I Remember Nothing*

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
The Wall
Too Far to Walk
Under the Eye of the Storm*

KAY JAMISON

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

HA JIN

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

KENT HARUF

*Our Souls at Night**

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

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

STUART ISACOFF

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

CARL JUNG

Memories Dreams Reflections

ROBERT KAGAN

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

ELIA KAZAN

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

STEPHEN KING

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

JON KRAKAUER

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

WALTER MOSLEY

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

SHERWIN NULAND

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

ERWIN PANOFSKY

Meaning in the Visual Arts

PANTHEON FOLKTALE LIBRARY

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

DAVE PELZ

Putting Bible
Short Game Bible

HENRY PETROSKI

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

STEVEN PRESSFIELD

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

RICHARD RHODES

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

JOHN RICHARDSON

A Life of Picasso, Vol 1-4

TOM ROBBINS

Another Roadside Attraction

SAM SHEPARD

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

APRIL SMITH

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

MANUEL SMITH

When I Say No, I Feel Guilty

RAYMOND SMULLYAN

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

JONATHAN SPENCE

A Question of Hu

WALLACE STEVENS

Collected Poems
Letters of Wallace Stevens

LEON URIS

Exodus
Haj
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