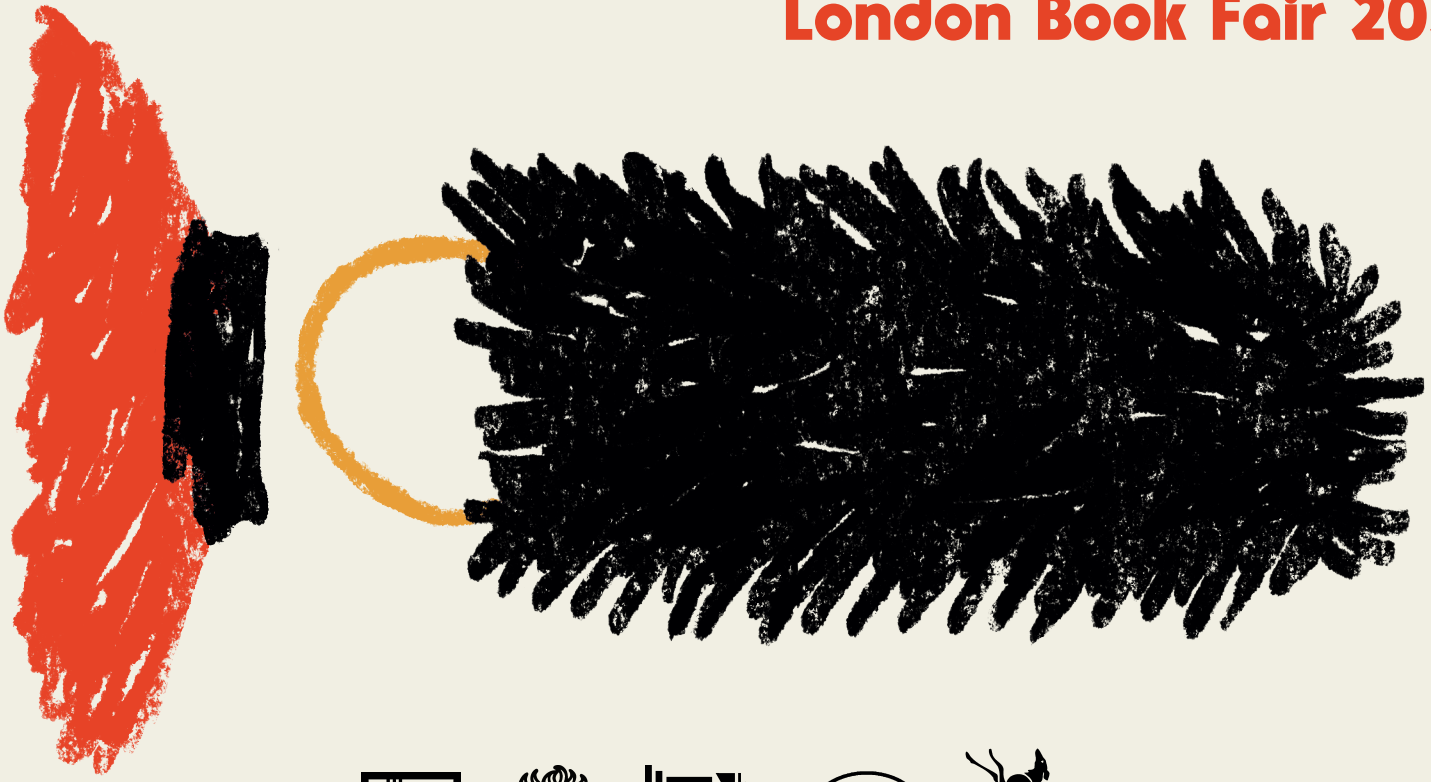
Knopf Doubleday Rights Guide

London Book Fair 2026



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FICTION

GRAPHIC

NON-FICTION

A 2026 OPRAH'S BOOK CLUB SELECTION

Kin

A NOVEL

Tayari Jones

"Beautifully written and powerfully compelling . . . Jones interrogates social injustice through the lens of personal relationships while exploring the ways in which it shapes those relationships, and she does this in language that is intimate, conversational, and musical all at once."

—*Kirkus Reviews*, starred

"A triumphant novel . . . Throughout, Jones tells her protagonists' stories with grace, humor, and pathos. *Kin* is a tour de force."

—*Publishers Weekly*, starred

"Ambitious and accessible, emotionally challenging without pushing readers away . . . *Kin* shows off Jones's considerable skill through strong pacing and a plot that is emotionally taut without feeling unnecessarily dramatic. Without fail, Jones delivers a brilliant turn of phrase, at turns witty and insightful."

—*Shelf Awareness*

"*Kin* is the kind of all-encompassing reading experience I'm always hoping to find: smart and funny and deftly profound. This is Tayari Jones's very best work."

—Ann Patchett, author of *Tom Lake*

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

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

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

KNOPF

February 2026

Rights sold:
Australia/NZ: Penguin
France: Presses de la Cité
Germany: Arche Literatur
Italy: Neri Pozza
Portugal: Bertrand Editora
UK: Oneworld
Other rights available

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

EXCERPT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF THE MR. DARCY & MISS TILNEY MYSTERY SERIES

Jane Austen's The Watsons

A NOVEL

Claudia Gray

Praise for Claudia Gray

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

—Publishers Weekly

"Gray honors Austen in portraying her characters, both those invented by Austen and those of her own devising, giving each a strongly marked character but leaving them open to hidden depths that will surprise and delight readers . . . A rare treat."

—Kirkus Reviews

"Gray captures Austen's tone perfectly, allowing fans to step back into the Regency author's beloved world."

—BookPage

From *New York Times* bestselling author and creator of the beloved Mr. Darcy & Miss Tilney mystery series comes a continuation of Jane Austen's famous unfinished novel.

Jane Austen's unsung heroine, Ada Watson, is a privileged girl living with her wealthy aunt and uncle absent any meaningful contact with her birth family. Like any Austen heroine, Ada's life suddenly gets turned upside down—her uncle dies, and her aunt remarries unwisely, which means Ada must return to Wiltshire and rejoin the greater Watson clan. There, she becomes an object of desire for the most eligible bachelor in the county, the proud Lord Osborne . . . but her own fascination alights upon Mr. Howard, the local clergyman.

In the 100 pages she wrote before abandoning the novel, Austen asks: Can Ada afford to neglect the fortunes of her struggling family to truly follow her heart?

Austen—and therefore, her devoted fans—never discovered the answer, leaving Ada's fate undefined and open to speculation. Until now, as bestselling author Claudia Gray expands Ada's story into a vivid tale of love, sorrow, and, as in any Austen novel, the ways the two become intertwined for a young woman in Regency-era England. Transforming *The Watsons* from an unpolished draft into a riveting ensemble novel filled with romance, humor, and social commentary, Gray recaptures the spirit of the story Jane herself never had the chance to tell.

Vintage

December 2026

Rights available

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

EXCERPT

One morning, when Mr. Watson had called for Judith well before breakfast, Ada set about attempting to brew some ginger beer; Judith had a receipt for it she declared to be wonderful, but her instructions were unclear, and her handwriting poor. As she juiced a lemon, Penelope descended for breakfast at last. "I see you are cooking for us now," she remarked, with a nod toward Ada's apron. "Do not tell me that our uncle and aunt forced you to be more housemaid than niece."

"No, but I must learn to do more for myself."

"Dare I hope you have made us a more ample breakfast?"

"Could we afford bacon, gladly would I fry it for us all," Ada replied.

"Well! Once the doctor and I are married, I will be able to send some money every month—not a great deal, mind you, so do not think of luxuries. Yet I feel very sure that you will at least be able to eat bacon in the mornings."

Lemon juice stung a tiny cut on Ada's finger, which was but one of many reasons she was not in good temper. "How good of you to think of us."

"Yes, is it not?" Penelope laughed.

"Your goodness is such that, I feel certain, you will wish to help poor Judith more. She bears much responsibility for the house. Until your marriage, at least, you might join me in taking on more of the household tasks."

"Not I, for I shall be wed in two weeks' time, and you know that two weeks is scarcely time to learn how to do anything properly. Judith takes care of our home and our father well enough. 'Tis a pity she has not married, for she will make a better housekeeper than I ever can."

"How can you speak so idly!" Ada cried. "When it was you who—" She silenced herself before she spoke too boldly. It mattered not, however, for Penelope understood her immediately and but laughed the more.

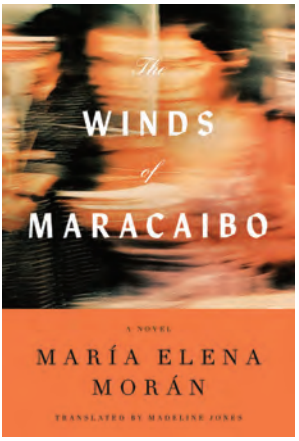
"I see Judith has told you her story of how ill-used she was by me, the tale of how much she loved the lamented Mr. Purvis! The story is one of her favorites, and has been these six years. Yet it is almost entirely invention, beginning to end."

This, Ada could not credit. "Judith is a most honest, most loving creature, and she would never invent any such slander."

"To speak against me? No, she would not. Judith's story is meant to convince one person alone of her feelings for Mr. Purvis, and of having been cruelly crossed in love, and that is herself." Penelope, seeing that Ada did not believe her, took a chair by the kitchen-table, with all the eagerness of one who has something of interest to relate. "I shall now venture a guess—did she claim that I had told Purvis she loved Tim Munro instead?"

Also by Claudia Gray: The Mr. Darcy & Miss Tilney Mystery Series

(And One More Book to Come...)



The Winds of Maracaibo

A NOVEL

María Elena Morán

Translated by Madeline Jones

"With its rich and unrestrained prose, which gives no pause, which is like a river or a marathon, Morán brings chaos to life. A novel to feel the tragedy of Venezuela and its migrants in one's own flesh. A new voice worth reading."

—Pilar Quintana, author of *Abyss*

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

—*Ahora qué leo*, La Sexta

KNOPF

July 2026

UK rights available

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

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

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

"Elisa left with Camilo." "Camilo took her out of the country."

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

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

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

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

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

EXCERPT

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

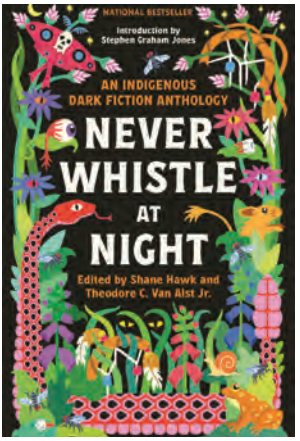
That delayed reaction nearly killed me and now you're making me wait even more. You always told me not to believe in that nonsense about the dead and energies and stars, but there are things that one doesn't decide. What could I do? Tell my mother not to talk to me, to stay nice and quiet wherever it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

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

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

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

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



VINTAGE

NEVER WHISTLE AT NIGHT

September 2023

Rights sold:
Brazil: Darkside
Other rights available

BACK FOR BLOOD: NEVER WHISTLE AT NIGHT PART II

August 2026

Rights available

SHANE HAWK is a horror writer and contributing editor at Counterpoint Press. His debut collection, *Anoka*, helped shape the rise of the Indigenous Horror genre. He has also co-written the stage play *The Land Has Spoken* and has an original television series in development.

THEODORE C. VAN ALST JR. is the author of the novel *The El* and the award-winning story collections *Sacred Smokes*, *Sacred City*, and *Sacred Folks*. His work has appeared in *Southwest Review*, *Chicago Review*, *Massachusetts Review*, *Indian Country Today*, and other publications.

Never Whistle at Night

Edited by Shane Hawk and Theodore C. Van Alst Jr.

"The editors' taste is extraordinary, and they've put together a wonderful book . . . it showcases some truly exceptional writing. If you love short fiction, you really shouldn't miss it."

—Lightspeed Magazine

"An excellent collection of varied tales that run the gamut from vengeful to wistful to hopeful."

—The Gothic Library

"Should not be missed by anyone who considers themselves a horror fan . . . A dark and personal look into what fears and otherworldly powers still hold sway over the landscape."

—Bookreporter

Many Indigenous people believe that one should never whistle at night. This belief takes many forms: for instance, Native Hawaiians believe it summons the Hukai'po, the spirits of ancient warriors, and Native Mexicans say it calls Lechuza, a witch that can transform into an owl. But what all these legends hold in common is the certainty that whistling at night can cause evil spirits to appear—and even follow you home.

These wholly original and shiver-inducing tales introduce readers to ghosts, curses, hauntings, monstrous creatures, complex family legacies, desperate deeds, and chilling acts of revenge. Introduced and contextualized by bestselling author Stephen Graham Jones, these stories are a celebration of Indigenous peoples' survival and imagination, and a glorious reveling in all the things an ill-advised whistle might summon.

Back for Blood: Never Whistle at Night Part II

The bestselling Indigenous dark fiction anthology returns with a new selection of even more daring and sinister stories. From monsters to mutilation, *Never Whistle at Night* is back for revenge—and, as any savvy horror fan knows, the monster never truly dies. In these twenty-one brand-new, groundbreaking, gruesome stories—authored by both established and newly unearthed Indigenous talent and illustrated by renowned Cheyenne and Arapaho painter Brent Learned—the contributors are fully embracing horror: both supernatural horrors and the everyday horror of living under colonialist rule.

Featuring stories of unspeakable yet satisfying terror, from twisted psychological tales to gore-filled monster hunts, this new selection of sinister stories will sate your darkest appetites and leave you slavering for more. *Back for Blood: Never Whistle at Night Part II* is a further celebration of Indigenous survival and the enduring tradition of transforming adversity into art.

EXCERPT FROM "ANIMAL DUMB" BY P.C. VERRONE (*BACK FOR BLOOD*)

"You know the first werewolf movie was about a Navajo woman?" Adrian asks you. The two of you are splitting a pack of cigarettes on a park bench overlooking the green and yellow hills tumbling down to Lincoln Heights. Downtown L.A. looms in the smoggy distance through desiccated palm trees and the gnarled claws of live oaks. You've both unbuttoned your school shirts and loosened your belts so the navy slacks the school makes you wear will sag below your boxers in a way that you both insist looks cool. You've never smoked before, but the scent-stain of tobacco on your fingertips feels weirdly familiar, like déjà vu.

Adrian goes on, "She's, like, this Navajo medicine woman or witch or something who transforms into a wolf to fuck up some colonizers. It's some problematic spirit-animal shit and the Navajo are all played by white people. Still, it's kind of sick, right?"

You shrug, focusing all your concentration on exhaling so you don't gag on the smoke. "I guess I'd have to see it."

"You can't, fool! Only copy burnt up in a fire. That's what I was just saying. It's lost media." Adrian lights another one from the pack. You feel this revelation should make you sad or something, but it feels right. You've gotten used to being told you don't have access to some Native shit. Even your own stories don't feel like they belong to you.

Adrian stands suddenly, and you look up at him. The afternoon sun shines through his curls, highlighting his bare, chiseled cheeks and jaw. His school shirt hangs off his shoulders as he brings the cigarette to his lips. *He looks so fucking cool*, you dare yourself to think. *So beautiful.*

Your skin prickles with a sensation that has become unnervingly common, something like hunger. As soon as you're aware of it, your brain forces it down, making you nauseated. You're thankful when Adrian suggests you head to his house to play *Dead by Daylight*, dipping out of his halo of sunlight.

* * *

You and Adrian have been friends since fifth grade, when you discovered a mutual obsession with everything horror. What started with *Goosebumps* and *Five Nights at Freddy's* has developed into a full-on obsession: movies, video games, books. You text each other creepypastas every night to freak each other out.

You're so tight, people used to think you were brothers. Both your moms are Black and your dads aren't—his Mexican, yours Kiowa. But puberty has set you on different paths. Since last summer, Adrian's grown almost a full head taller than you, and you've noticed more muscle on his slender frame. Meanwhile, you just seem to be growing a lot of hair in uncomfortable places.

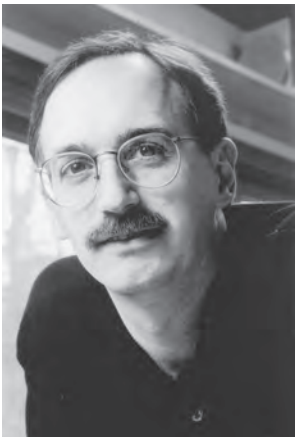
When you get home that evening, you rush to the bathroom, past Mom in the kitchen and Dad fighting with somebody over the phone. You rub your hands raw trying to scrub away the cigarette smell that doesn't seem to want to go. Just when you think you've succeeded, Donnie bursts into the bathroom without knocking. You try to get past him, but he's built like a linebacker and takes up the whole doorway.

"Get out of here, Donnie," you growl.

He sneers and flicks the zit in the center of your forehead. The sudden pain makes you yelp. "Bro, why do you stink? Huh? Huh? Huh?" With each huh comes another excruciating flick. You start to push against your brother, shouting for him to let you out. Then, Mom comes storming down the hall.

"Will you two stop it? Your dad is trying to talk to Grandma, and it's not going well, so shut it," she hisses. Donnie shrugs and sulks away. Mom looks back at you. "You really shouldn't bait him, Leon." She turns to leave the bathroom but pauses. "And you shouldn't smoke. You're too smart for that."

FROM THE AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR OF *THE BOOK OF ARON*



The Queen of Bad Influences

STORIES

Jim Shepard

PRAISE FOR JIM SHEPARD

"An outrageously versatile and gifted fiction writer."
—*The Washington Post*

"A deft, audacious artist."
—Norman Rush, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Whites*

"Shepard's stories are built on twin foundations of nostalgia for the never-was, and of that millennial American optimism that is indistinguishable from despair."
—Michael Chabon, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier and Clay*

"Shepard is a fantastic writer—compassionate, funny and fearless."
—George Saunders, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Lincoln in the Bardo* and *Virgil*

Eleven short masterworks from this great American writer of catastrophe fiction, in which lives are upended by broken hearts and dams, vainglorious wars, fires, and shipwrecks.

Across several centuries and diverse American landscapes, Shepard holds us in his grip. We witness the 1935 Labor Day hurricane in Florida unfolding from multiple points of view; we read the letters of 1864 between Lucy in Boone, NC ("Three privates are currently sleeping soundly on our porch in their muddy blankets") and her great love William, on the march along the Franklin & Columbia Turnpike ("I can't write much for it seems we are looking for a fight every minute"). In "The Devil's Broom," we meet the men battling the Northwest wildfires of 1910, and in the title story, the stubborn Constance, who had "no gift for flirtation" with men, prefers Minna, her best friend and "queen of bad influences"; the reckoning between them unfolds in part on the great Cunard liner *Lusitania*.

These profound stories are much more than historical fictions; they bring into shining relief all that acts of God or human-engineered disasters will render fleeting and terribly precious; they expose our proud convictions as vain in the face of the forces that come to sweep us away. In the midst of ill winds and sinking ships, Shepard raises up what is best in us: the friendships that comfort and sustain, the consolations of our written words to one another, the curiosities of our love for one another on a beleaguered planet.

KNOPF

September 2026

UK rights available

JIM SHEPARD has written several novels, including *The Book of Aron*, which won the Sophie Brody Medal, the PEN/New England Award, The Ribalow Prize, and the Clark Fiction Prize, as well as six story collections, including *Like You'd Understand, Anyway*, a finalist for the National Book Award and a Story Prize winner. Many of his stories have been selected for the Best American Short Stories, the PEN/O. Henry Prize Stories, and Pushcart Prizes. He's received a Guggenheim Fellowship. He lives in Williamstown with his wife, Karen Shepard, and two beagles, and previously taught at Williams College.

EXCERPT FROM "PRIVILEGE"

On her first day of sixth grade at Belle Grove Elementary School, Jenny Bergström had imagined herself to be the only girl who didn't belong, but after a short and restorative cry in what her teacher called the ladies' lavatory, she had resolved to carry herself as though the opposite were true. So when the class had been asked to list their ten most ardent wishes, she had written without a pause, as though it had been magically mapped out in her head, *1. To be independent. 2. To be admired. 3. To be joined in matrimony. 4. To set the fashions. 5. To be happy. 6. To go to Europe. 7. To see the one I love reign over all things. 8. To be virtuous. 9. To keep a carriage. 10. To be in love.*

Her mother's first two children, both boys, had been lost to diptheria, but her third, a red-faced girl with big feet, had survived, so her mother always remarked that germs took no interest in Jenny. This as an adult Jenny took to be in contrast to her best friend Alma, who claimed to be laid low by one malady or another every other week.

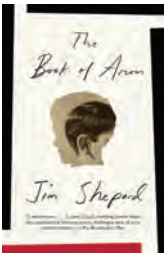
As if to prove her point, Alma was fanning herself and prophesying a fever while they waited for the train to start up again. It was humid enough in the car that Alma's neckline had begun to curl. Her apparel favored the gay, even the gaudy, in this case with stripes of worsted in the most brilliant colors and a bonnet to match. Jenny was wearing her simple plaid skirt with the shirred waist and had no real hat to speak of.

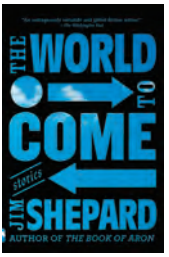
They were returning from a long-awaited Memorial Day outing in Altoona, where they had stayed with some of Alma's relations and had paused in their shopping to look on as the veterans of the War for the Union had laid wreaths on the graves of the heroic dead. Jenny had been taken with the ceremony's solemnity, and Alma with some of the speakers, especially a young smooth-shaven one whose face she found stamped with an open frankness who had cried out to the heavens that even in this year of 1889 after so many had sacrificed so much, their great nation was still riven by factionalism.

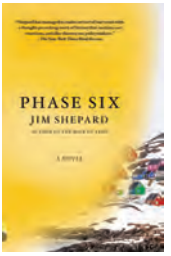
The rain had not let up a bit. Jenny's feet were still not dry and she feared her shoes were ruined. In the middle of the night in the guest room they'd shared, Alma had shaken her awake to ask if she didn't think it was raining uncommonly hard, and baffled and impatient at having been disturbed, Jenny had agreed and had immediately resumed her sleep. They'd gotten soaked even hurrying from their carriage to the train. And now looking through the downpour glazing her window, she noted the way even in the little village where they were halted, every road had become a creek and every creek a cataract.

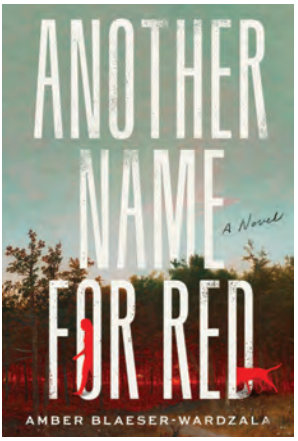
The conductor when he passed through their car explained that they were just outside of East Conemaugh and that all trains had been delayed because of a washout farther down the line towards Johnstown. He hoped they'd at least soon be able to pull in to the marshalling yard where the eastbound trains added their extra engines for the steep haul over the mountain. His flush and the trace of mordancy in his smile reminded Jenny of her beau. She had had considerable education for a woman and had never let up in her reading, and when she and Henry conversed on the subject of her most cherished books and causes, the quality of his focus on her insights was cold water on a parched throat. She loved feeling she was assimilating helpful knowledge and growing stronger thereby. She loved the apprehension that a casual sentence might be a mine of revelation. Alma and other friends swooned over his bearing and wryly celebrated her account of their first kiss, but her secret was the way the thrill of their lips together always seemed accompanied by a finer feeling.

Also by Jim Shepard









PANTHEON

October 2026

Rights available

AMBER BLAESER-WARDZALA is an Anishinaabe writer, beadwork artist, and jingle dress dancer. She is a first-degree descendant of White Earth Nation in Minnesota and grew up in southeastern Wisconsin. She received her MFA from Arizona State University and was the 2024-25 George Bennett Fellow at Phillips Exeter Academy. Her writing has appeared in *Never Whistle at Night*, *The Iowa Review*, *Joyland*, *Passages North*, *CRAFT*, and others. She has received support from Storyknife Writers Retreat, Vermont Studio Center, the Hambidge Center, Ragdale Foundation, Write On Door County, the Center for Imagination in the Borderlands, the Virginia G. Piper Center, and the Women's National Book Association.

Another Name for Red

A NOVEL

Amber Blaeser-Wardzala

The debut novel by one of the bestselling *Never Whistle at Night*'s most memorable contributors, in which, after a young Anishinaabe woman vanishes, her sister tries to pick up the pieces of her broken family, even as her investigations put her at risk of suffering a similar fate.

Middle Sister is haunted by everyone in her community who has disappeared—as well as those who remain. Her ex-best friend and ex-boyfriend are walking relics of the girl she used to be, while her family—her activist mother, checked-out father, and attention-starved younger siblings—are reminders of the elder sister she can never live up to. Then there's John Smith, the infamous white man with red cowboy boots living on stolen reservation land, whose obsessive attentions are as repellant as they are compelling. But most of all, there are the thousands of unacknowledged missing and murdered Indigenous women, including Older Sister, whose year-long absence from the reservation has torn her remaining family apart.

With local authorities proving useless, Middle Sister decides to start an investigation of her own, beginning with the mysterious "Eric"—a white man from a neighboring town who Older Sister claimed to love, and who she swore loved her. Attempting to hunt down the correct white Eric in the haystack of Minnesota, Middle Sister seeks help from the community from which she's grown alienated, starting with her coworker, Casanova; a stray rez dog; and Nookomis, her grandmother who's foreseen her own death. Yet John Smith still lurks in the growing wintry shadows, offering a sort of surrender that Middle Sister can't help being drawn to. In the end, she must choose: either let the guilt consume her or forgive herself and fight.

EXCERPT

The day John approached me at the hardware store, the day we met, I was restocking and rotating paint under the flickering fluorescent lights. It was a job that fell to me often because I was one of the youngest people on staff and so less likely to complain about the weight or my back, and I actually did rotate the cans instead of just filling in the gaps. If you just fill the holes, the paint cans stuck in back go bad, and there are few things worse than the smell of rotting paint.

My motions were automatic—the job required no brain power, just the movement of my able body. A pallet of cans at my feet. My hands lifting and setting them on the metal shelves, warping with age. A week earlier, they'd had me go through the store with a pint of paint the same color as the shelves and cover all the rust. The paint was already starting to flake away and show the amber corrosion again. It was only a matter of time before I'd be walking around the store again with my brush and can, trying to cover up the signs of age. For now, I was restocking.

The string of my headphones snaked out of my white polo shirt with the store's logo printed directly on my left breast. I had an earbud in my right ear and not the left. That day it was Waabooz's turn to pick what radio station we played over the speakers, and I couldn't spend one more minute listening to her Christian Rock, so I'd gone to the bathroom, untucked my polo shirt from my midrise jeans, and wound the cord up my shirt and out the collar.

That was how I went unaware of John standing there in that aisle with me, staring with grey, hooded eyes. I don't know how long he lingered there, watching as my body continued on autopilot.

"Can I help you?" one of my coworkers asked. The coworker was an older Native guy I called Aandeg because of the way he tilted his head to the side when he looked at anything. It was a name nearly everyone else had started calling him too, because that was how nicknames worked around here. It was rare for anyone to not have a nickname or two under their belt. My life was traced by a trail of names given and outgrown. No one had called me by my last nickname in over a year. Since then, everyone started calling me by my given, American name—not to be mistaken with the spirit name my Medicine Man uncle had gifted me during my naming ceremony as an infant. My spirit name was known by only half a dozen people, mostly close family.

Aandeg's question was the first indication that I wasn't alone in that aisle anymore. I paused while lifting an eggshell gallon can and looked to my left. John, who was then to me only a white man in red cowboy boots, stood a few feet from me, his hands stuffed into the pockets of his jean jacket. There was a smattering of holes beginning to form in the elbows, and through the holes, I could see the skin of a middle-aged white man who had never used sunscreen a day in his life. Aandeg stood at the end of the aisle, squinting at John through his square-rimmed glasses.

John didn't turn to look at Aandeg behind him, didn't take his eyes off me as he responded, "No, thanks. I've found what I'm looking for."

When I was five, I accidentally broke a glass vase at my Auntie Girlie's house. I was so scared of being yelled at that I tried to pick up the pieces with my bare hands before Auntie Girlie could discover what I'd done. Each piece of glass I picked up cut into my delicate toddler skin. Tears rolled down my pudgy cheeks but I still kept picking up those pieces until one cut so deep that I cried out. Auntie Girlie found me gushing blood all over her carpet. She had to run me to the emergency room for stitches. I still have the scars.

John's eyes cut upon every inch of my body, digging deeper and deeper with each lingering second like the glass of that broken vase. The metal handle of the paint can bit into my scars, leaving imprints on my rough skin.

Aandeg remained for a few seconds more before continuing his slow perusal for customers needing assistance. I felt the urge to call out to him, to tell him to stay, or to run after him and hide behind him, like a child when they meet someone new. Aandeg was like a grandfather to me, my own having died before I was born. And in that moment, I wanted the protection of a grandfather, of a mishoomis.

A Song at the Edge of the World

A NOVEL

Michael Lavigne

Praise for Michael Lavigne

"Lavigne's heartfelt examination offers what reportage never could: an intensely intimate and human depiction of the forces that unite and powerfully divide this region and its people."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"Lavigne's radiantly imagined portrait of human possibility never obscures the blackest abyss of real history, and his Heshel Rosenheim emerges with all the complexity of a modern Raskolnikov."
—Cynthia Ozick, author of *The Shawl* and *Antiquities*

"Lavigne's ability to give wild imaginings a concrete immediacy, a human warmth and plausibility, is the rarest of writerly gifts."
—Jonathan Rosen, author of *Joy Comes in the Morning*

In this freewheeling romp by the author of the post-Holocaust novel *Not Me* ("Nothing short of brilliant"—*The Baltimore Sun*), the story of the great Andalusian Hebrew poet Yehuda Halevi frames a batch of nested tales of Jews getting into trouble across the centuries and across continents, still looking for home.

Beginning in the 1830s, with an itinerant Viennese book dealer who doesn't know the value of the moldy old Hebrew typescript he has to sell and a Paduan scholar who surely does, the novel plays fictional cat and mouse with the beloved historical figure of Halevi, who was shaped by the Andalusian culture of 12th-century Muslim Spain and famously wrote "My heart is in the East/And I am at the edge of the West." The fictional Jacob, a salt merchant's son in Zaragoza, leaves home in hopes of following in the footsteps of the great poet, whose legendary life-ending journey to Jerusalem remains shrouded in mystery. Jacob's quest interweaves chapters in which each generation, whatever corner of the diaspora they are stuck in, must ask: where do we Jews belong, if not Jerusalem?

Whether it is the scion of a wealthy family in 14th-century Vaucluse who looks too closely at a gentile maiden in the act of washing her feet, or the beautiful Elizabeta DaSilva, an assimilated high-society portraitist who develops an inconvenient passion for an Orthodox dressmaker, or the American Sam Cole (born Kolowitz) who runs afoul of the Newark mob when he tries his hand in the moving-picture business, everyone on this merry-go-round of lives carries a piece of Halevi's poetry on their bumpy path to enlightenment. Halevi's song at the edge of the world—with its unanswered question of whether we should return to the East, or make the best of our scattered state, a question that remains vexing to this day—whispers in the background of their struggles, and only at the end will we learn why the tale is being told, and by whom.

A poem by Halevi is woven through each chapter in this great human comedy connecting Jews across time—one which, like all comedies, contains a deep note of the tragic.

Schocken

February 2027

UK rights available

MICHAEL LAVIGNE was born in Newark, New Jersey, and educated at Millersville State College and the University of Chicago, where he did graduate work on the Committee on Social Thought. His first novel, *Not Me*, received the Sami Rohr Choice Award for emerging Jewish writers and was named an American Library Association Sophie Brody Honor Book and a Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate Selection; it was also translated into three languages. Lavigne has worked extensively in advertising, for which he has won many awards, is a founder of the Tauber Jewish Studies Program at Congregation Emanu-El in San Francisco, and spent three years living and working in the Soviet Union. He lives in San Francisco with his wife, Gayle Geary.

EXCERPT

My heart is in the East—
And I am at the edge of the West.
How can I possibly taste what I eat?
How could it please me?
How can I keep my promises
Or ever fulfill my vows,
When Zion is held by Edom
And I am bound by Arabia's chains?
I'd gladly leave behind me
All the pleasures of Spain
If only I might see
The dust and ruins of your Shrine.

The words tore at Luzzatto. He had to ask himself: his own heart—where was it? Was it also in the East? Or was it here in an ever-more enlightened Europe? He knew how Halevi must have felt. To be longing for something so far out of reach and yet just a short boat-ride away; to see his spiritual homeland in his mind's eye as clearly as he could see the clouds outside his window—and yet to remain in his office, stuck to his chair, imprisoned behind a desk laden with dusty books and dog-eared monographs, clutching a quill in one hand and a sheaf of paper in the other as if they were weapons of some unwinnable war he was having with himself, and, when finally taking leave of that stultifying office and wending his way as always through the feculent alleyways of Padua only to find himself in the less than cozy home he'd made for himself and his small family, eating the evening meal or retiring to the synagogue for evening prayers, and then to begin all over again the next day, returning to his office to write his books, knowing in his skin that he, too, was trapped in an exile, writing for others like himself, men in exile, women in exile, children in exile, all of them suffocating in the airless vacuum of alienation from their own bodies and their own souls; such a profound exile that he could not even speak to them in their own language, but had to use the language of their oppressors, Italian or German or English or French or Russian or Polish or Ukrainian or Latvian or . . . anything but their mother tongue, Hebrew. Just, indeed, as Halevi and all his fellow poets and philosophers had had to do. Even the great Maimonides, Luzzatto's idol, spoke a street Arabic every day and, with the exception of his Mishneh Torah, also wrote his works in Arabic. Indeed, his most popular work, *The Guide to the Perplexed*, was not translated into Hebrew until twenty years after its publication. *My heart is in the East and I am at the edge of the West!* The edge! The Hebrew read "b'sof"—"Sof," the end, the very end, the finality, beyond which is nothing. And yet, he reminded himself, is not "Ein Sof" also used to mean God? He who has no end. Beyond which is nothing. Yet contains everything! The End. *Ha*Sof!

He sat with these thoughts as he drank his midmorning cup of tea. His mind turned from his own predicament to that of the poet himself, and he wondered, briefly, who was this man, really, and what did he himself decide to do? Did he go to the Holy Land? Did he stay in Spain? There was a story that the poet did indeed take himself to the Land of Israel and thereafter disappeared. But no one really knew.

Intention

A NOVEL

Johannes Lichtman

PRAISE FOR JOHANNES LICHTMAN

"*Such Good Work* is, indeed, a bit Jonas-like: it's wary of affectation or grandstanding; it works small, as if from a sense of modesty, a reluctance to presume; it cuts sincerity with the driest of humor . . . It is alive to the contradictions between morality and comfort that exist everywhere under global structures of capitalism and politics."

—*The New Yorker*

"A book full of unexpected laughter, strangeness and delight, plus one of the most demented workplace tragicomedies ever written."

—Gary Shteyngart, author of *Our Country Friends*

"A remarkable thinker."

—*The New York Times*

"One of the most exciting novelists working today."

—Garth Greenwell, author of *Cleanness* and *What Belongs to You*

DOUBLEDAY

February 2027

Rights available

JOHANNES LICHTMAN'S debut novel, *Such Good Work*, was chosen as a 5 Under 35 honoree by the National Book Foundation. His second novel, *Calling Ukraine*, was named one of the best fiction books of the year by *Library Journal*. His stories and essays have appeared in *The Sun*, *The Paris Review Daily*, *Foreign Policy*, *Tin House*, *Travel + Leisure*, *Los Angeles Review of Books*, and elsewhere. He lives in Baltimore, Maryland.

A National Book Foundation 5 Under 35 Honoree and author of *Such Good Work* and *Calling Ukraine*, Johannes Lichtman pens a tense portrait of connection and coincidence.

How many lives can collide over the course of a single spring day? In *Intention*, Lichtman's quietly electrifying third novel, a chance encounter sets in motion a chain of reckonings that exposes the fault lines between art, ethics, and responsibility.

Birgitta is a celebrated mystery writer whose career was launched by a novel drawn from a real family's tragedy—and whose account of that book's publication has become part of her public legend. Noah is a journalist assigned to interview her about her efforts to support Ukrainians amid political crisis. When they meet, admiration and suspicion intermingle: Noah is dazzled by Birgitta's elegance and success but questions both the ethics of her work and the story she tells about how her defining book came to be published; Birgitta, in turn, bristles at Noah's judgments about her privilege and moral authority, while feeling diminished by family life. Their brief exchange reverberates throughout the day, unsettling assumptions each holds about goodness, guilt, and what it means to do the "right thing."

Told in alternating perspectives, *Intention* traces the nearly invisible turns of fate that pull people toward—or away from—one another. With intelligence, restraint, and moral clarity, Lichtman examines the liberties writers take with real lives, and whether acts of generosity can ever fully redeem past harm. At once witty and grave, *Intention* is a novel of regret and accountability—a mature, searching work that captures how quickly, and irrevocably, everything can change.

EXCERPT

Hammering echoed off the buildings. The air was cold but the sun was warm, and a café owner, sun-drunk and giddy, was already crouched on the sidewalk in hi-vis work pants erecting his patio for summer. The first sign of spring always made Stockholm buzz, but today there was something more, a feeling less like the end of winter and more like the end of an MRI—being pulled out of a coffin and back into the light. I turned east and crossed Birger Jarlsgatan, which separated the upper-middle-class neighborhood of Vasastan, where I lived with Liv, and the rich neighborhood of Östermalm, where I was headed to visit Birgitta Björk. The people I passed wore sunglasses and black jeans and crisp white sneakers. Everyone looked a little chilly but happy. With the sun on my face, I felt happy, too. It was one of those moments when being alive and moving through the world felt good—actually felt good rather than just being an item on a list of things for which I should be grateful, a list that I recited when I wasn't feeling the way I wanted to be feeling. This morning had been bad. But I was leaving that behind. I was on my way to do something good.

Sweden was a strange place to be raising money for weapons. Any place was a strange place to be raising money for weapons when you were a pacifist—but Sweden was a famously neutral country. The last war we'd fought was in 1814, when Sweden was a minor ally on the side that defeated Napoleon, and then exiled him to an Italian resort island where the locals made him mayor, before he easily escaped. Which felt on-brand for the Swedish criminal justice system. We—though I grew up in America, I was half-Swedish and had lived in Stockholm for the past six years—were not a country that fought wars. We sold the weapons of war and since the '70s we took in refugees of war—but we did not fight. Yet here I was, taking up a Swedish collection for drones.

"It's amazing what you can get used to," Yuliya Demchenko had told me over Zoom when I first interviewed her. "I could never have guessed a year ago that I'd be sitting in a bomb shelter writing emails to foreigners asking for money. But there's nothing strange about it unless I stop to think about it."

She was a fifty-two-year-old English teacher who, in her spare time, directed plays in a mid-sized town in Western Ukraine. She been running rehearsals for an all-woman production of a Ukrainian play called *Sound of War* when Russia invaded.

"I met with the actors that afternoon," Yuliya had told me. "We moved out the props and prepared the theater for a different kind of staging." Her speech sounded prefabricated, like it had already been cut and pasted into pull quotes, and I knew that if I wrote an article using these quotes, it would be closer to PR than journalism. But I didn't care. Soundbites could inspire the opening of wallets; all ambiguity inspired was anxiety.

So I'd written my editorial. I explained how, in the two months since the invasion, Yuliya's company had transformed their theater into a humanitarian fundraising center, the Lutsk Charitable Organization, which drove several shipments of donations into warzones and cities under siege. Soldiers whose wives were in LCO began contacting the theater troupe instead of telling their superiors when they needed supplies, because LCO could often get boots or blood-clotting kits to the front faster than the government.

I pulled out my phone to check the time. 10:53. I needed to pick up my pace. I worried so much about being early that I often ran late. I lengthened my stride down Karlavägen toward Birgitta's.

Yuliya was the first Ukrainian I'd met. Most of what I knew about Ukraine, pre-invasion, came from a documentary I'd watched early in the pandemic about the 2014 Ukrainian revolution, in which Ukrainians from all social classes took to the square in Kyiv to protest the pro-Russian government's corruption—enduring frigid temperatures, police beatings, and sniper fire. They wanted freedom, not abstractly but in the form of a concrete list of changes that would result in freedom to travel to Europe, freedom to work for foreign companies, freedom from government theft of their property, and freedom to work their way out of poverty. They were willing to die for it. When the film credits rolled I had looked over at Liv on the couch, and, expecting to see tears, was surprised to see her scrolling on her phone. It led to one of those dumb epiphanies that's obvious in retrospect but pivotal in the moment: the reaction I was having was personal, not universal. It was arbitrary.

Mighty

A NOVEL

Bud Smith

PRAISE FOR BUD SMITH

"Hits that sweet-and-salty spot between reality and fantasy, truth and falsehood, ecstasy and heartbreak . . . What's so magical about Bud's work is that it inspires others to walk and talk in the poetry of their own."

—Chicago Review of Books

"Smith's prose is exceptional . . . You're able to follow along like one of your best friends is telling you a story . . . By the end of *Teenager*, I felt like I had witnessed the rebirth of something—some spirit of Americana that's been missing, or maybe was always there but is now out in the open, rejuvenated and bright. Whatever it is, Bud Smith's prose made the world around me feel ethereal for a brief moment in time."

—Washington Square Review

"A fast-paced phantasmagoria of a novel."

—NPR

A romping and rearing all-American epic: one failing dairyman's search for true love, self-worth, and answers surrounding the murder of his wayward father—éminence grise and namesake of Mighty, Wyoming.

Bartholomew "BeeBee" Byrd has struck a deal with the devil. That devil happens to be his father, Mighty Turner, a former itinerant preacher who's left a trail of bastard children in his wake. For five more years, Mighty will continue to fund BeeBee's struggling dairy farm, as long as he supplies a prime steer for each of Mighty's infamous yearly luaus.

When, at the fifth and final luau, Mighty turns up dead, BeeBee begins frantically writing Freedom of Information requests to the CIA, addressing his letters to "Faceless Shadow." But he's not after the truth behind his father's murder. What BeeBee really wants is any and all information regarding the whereabouts of "Yugoslavian" exchange student, Nikki Didzarevic, who "coincidentally" disappeared the night of the murder. She may or may not have committed the crime, but she's most certainly the love of his life.

Written in BeeBee's cracked, courtly voice, the letters pile up into a bizarre and beguiling dossier, too strange—and too sincere—for the CIA to ignore: bank heists and bomb shelters, wolf attacks and astral projections, major conspiracies and a high-security-clearance grandmother with a background in brainwashing.

Mighty is a novel of a thousand joys—a tug-of-war between love and doom—and one only Bud Smith could write.

KNOPF

April 2027

UK rights available

BUD SMITH is the author of *Teenager*, which was an NPR Best Book of the Year. A regular contributor to *The Paris Review*, he works heavy construction in New Jersey, where he lives with his wife, Rae Buleri, illustrator of *Teenager* and *Mighty*.

EXCERPT

Dear Faceless Shadow,

How are you today? My name is Bartholomew "BeeBee" Byrd. I live in the town of Mighty, Wyoming, a place beyond the rational range and not on any reasonable map. The town is named after my father. I'm sure you've heard of him. I'm just one of his many neglected sons.

I'm no dimwit, I've just always preferred bovine to people. But that changed the day I fell head over heels for (I suspect) a Russian operative with the working name, or code name, of Nikolina Dizdarevic.

Tell me of this person so I can leave my hometown and travel across the vast ocean to ask her a second time for her hand in marriage. My first proposal was bumbled. I've since learned the proper way.

I know all kinds of things. When I was a child I snooped in my grandmother's closet and stumbled upon classified files. I know too much. I know my grandfather, Bluebird, accidentally convinced my father that the world was ending. I know I am lucky to have two moms, and that they were unlucky when they came to this town the year before I was born. Mighty Turner had convinced them the world was ending. There's so much more that I know.

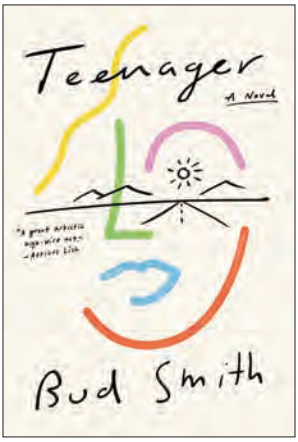
My two brothers, Gus and Christian, are going to kill each other any day now. But even more important than the fate of the world or the lives of my family members, I need you to help me find the woman I love.

For the first thirty-three years of my lonely life, I had no mission except to endure time and soothe the animals. Now I cannot remain here. Cannot waste what's left of my life dialing, clicking, knocking on locked doors, shouting into nothing, only to get vanished, or worse, checked permanently into a rubber hotel.

I have no prospects. My cows have returned to dust and soon shall we all. What I do have is National Secrets, but I'm not trying to cash out; I'm not selling to civilians, news organizations, yahoo governments, not even to clandestine agencies rivaling your own. My American secrets can remain yours alone for the low low price of fixing my heart.

Back then I was a dairyman. I have no idea what I am now. I'm in love, is my problem. Please help.

Also by Bud Smith



The Letters

STORIES

Andrew Porter

Praise for Andrew Porter

"A quietly astonishing collection . . . These stories are clear-eyed and unadorned, invested with just as much authority as they require to do their appointed work, like a row of votive candles in the dark recess of a church."

—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Porter has a rare feel for the emotions that reveal our truest selves, and for the weight of the doubts, regrets and memories that pile up as the years go by . . . It's a testament to Porter's brilliant writing that these gorgeous, gutting stories haunt me still."

—Ben Fountain, author of
Billy Lynn's Long Halftime Walk

"What a beautiful book about the profound mystery of ordinary life."

—Alix Ohlin, author of
We Want What We Want

Enter the world of San Antonio, Texas. All of these gorgeously contemplative stories are set there, in an eclectic neighborhood lined with old historic houses, coffee shops, and bars, where writers and artists, filmmakers and musicians gather. Each narrative reveals a shimmering new facet of the place, and introduces us to individuals on the precipice of change. Here is a sister about to head off to college, a child forced to grow up too soon, a mother falling ill, friends scattering to the suburbs.

Full of tension, emotion, insight, and nostalgia, these stories explore the mysterious, sometimes contradictory ways we communicate—or miscommunicate—with one another, how our lives evolve and deepen. Following in the footsteps of his exquisite previous collections, *The Letters* is work from a writer at the height of his powers, at once piercingly intimate and profoundly universal.

Knopf

April 2027

Rights available

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

EXCERPT FROM "EMILE"

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

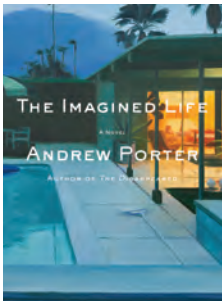
Back then, Emile used to throw these elaborate parties in the evenings, on Friday and Saturday nights, parties that would often go until the early hours of the morning, but Angela and I always liked to stop by earlier in the day, before it got too crowded, when it was usually just Emile and us, the three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

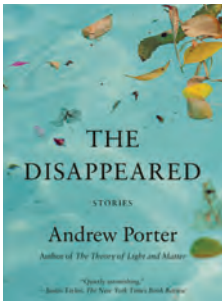
Over on the other side of the pool, near his house, Emile had a beautiful Spanish-style terrace, a sort of shaded patio area made of terra-cotta tiles with flowering agave and bougainvillea and golden trumpet surrounding it and these elegant Mexican lanterns and iron sconces on the walls. There was a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

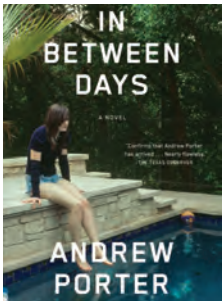
Whenever Emile was feeling happy, he'd walk over there and put on music—usually one of his favorites, Nina Simone, or Count Basie, or Ella Fitzgerald—and then he'd slide back into the pool with fresh drinks for all of us, or a bottle of champagne, holding the bottle high above his head as he moved around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

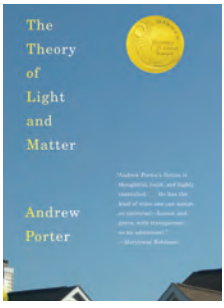
In a few months from then, Emile would learn that he had osteosarcoma, a severe type of bone cancer, and by the time it was diagnosed, or discovered, it had already spread to his lungs and his lymph nodes and eventually would spread to his brain. But for the months of that summer, and it felt like a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

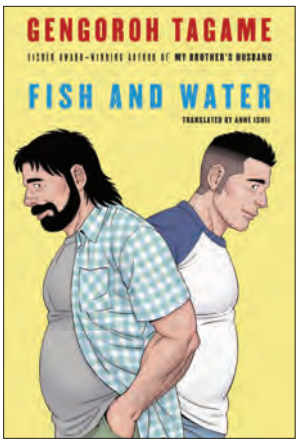
Also by Andrew Porter











Fish and Water

A GRAPHIC NOVEL

Gengoroh Tagame

Translated by Anne Ishii

PRAISE FOR GENGOROH TAGAME

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

—*Publishers Weekly*

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

—*Booklist*, starred

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

—*Kirkus Reviews*, starred

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

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

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

PANTHEON

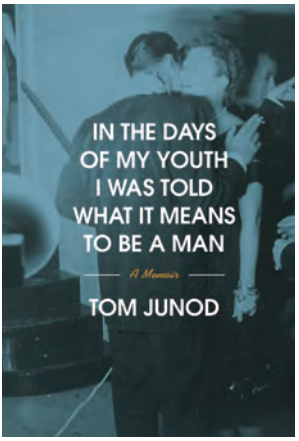
June 2026

UK rights available

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

SAMPLE SPREAD

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



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

A MEMOIR

Tom Junod

"A brilliant addition to the literature of fathers and sons . . . a haunting, unforgettable read."

—J.R. Moehringer, *New York Times* bestselling author of *The Tender Bar*

"This extraordinary memoir is a Springsteen song with a Proustian theme. Beautifully written, wild and revelatory . . . a sad love song that will take your breath away. Junod searches for his father but finds himself."

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

DOUBLEDAY

March 2026

Rights available

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXCERPT

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

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

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

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

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PANTHEON

April 2026

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

The Edge of Space-Time

PARTICLES, POETRY, AND THE COSMIC DREAM BOOGIE

Chanda Prescod-Weinstein

"Humanity shines through her writing . . . For readers put off by the overwhelmingly male, white, heteronormative world of physics, here is a warm, impassioned welcome."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

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

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

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

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

EXCERPT

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

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

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

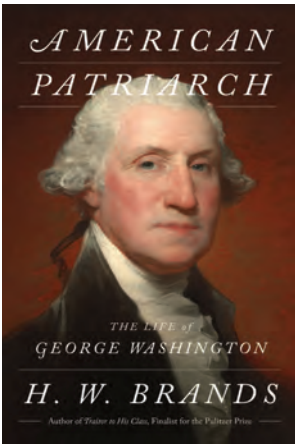
In a world where genocides (plural) can be live streamed and still continue unabated, it is hard to imagine that society could be otherwise when what is broken about it feels so total and, in the case of the families shattered and lives lost, so final. What role might my love of physics have in any of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

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

Good morning, daddy!
Ain't you heard
The boogie-woogie rumble
Of a dream deferred?

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

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR AND PULIZTER PRIZE FINALIST



American Patriarch

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

H.W. Brands

PRAISE FOR H.W. BRANDS

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

—*Kirkus Reviews*, starred

"Brands is a talented storyteller, with a novelist's feel for pacing and detail."

—*The Wall Street Journal*

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

—*The Washington Post*

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

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

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

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

DOUBLEDAY

May 2026

Rights available

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

EXCERPT

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

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

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

And now he had.

* * *

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

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

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

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

The Cruelest Game

CHASING GREATNESS IN PROFESSIONAL TENNIS

Matthew Futterman

"Though, inevitably, it will be filed under 'sports,' this is a masterfully-executed work of psychology writing. Fans will read this and emerge with a greater understanding and appreciation for the world's most mentally demanding sport."

—*Sports Illustrated*

"Matt Futterman is one of the clearest modern-day journalistic voices in tennis, and in *The Cruelest Game* he lifts the curtain on the physical and mental challenges faced by professional athletes today. It's a great read for all sports fans."

—Billie Jean King

"No one 'gets' tennis and writes about tennis better than Matthew Futterman. All today's players are here, intimately here—their battles, heartbreaks, triumphs, the sheer work and near madness that goes into wanting to be the best. Yes, pro tennis is the cruelest game, but, in Matt Futterman's hands, utterly riveting."

—Delia Ephron, writer and film producer

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

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

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

DOUBLEDAY

August 2026

Rights available

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

EXCERPT

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

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

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

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

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

They all are, of course.

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

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

The next Rafa? We shall see.

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don't Say Palestine

HOW THE MEDIA MANUFACTURED CONSENT FOR GENOCIDE

Assal Rad

"Amidst some of the worst journalistic failures of this century, Assal Rad has consistently done vital work to point out the myriad ways institutional hypocrisy, cowardice, and willful obliviousness work hand-in-hand with state violence to justify and normalize any manner of atrocity. Her intellectual rigor and moral clarity—not only on the journalistic malpractice that so often marks Western media coverage of the ongoing genocide in Gaza, but on how this malpractice eventually seeps into all coverage—are unwavering. At a time when it would have been so much more convenient to stay silent, I and so many others are grateful for her willingness to speak."

—Omar El Akkad, author of *One Day, Everyone Will Have Always Been Against This*, winner of the National Book Award

A searing indictment of Western media that lays bare how a so-called free press, long tasked with speaking truth to power, instead became a vital part of the machinery that enabled the genocide in Palestine.

Human rights activist and Middle East scholar Assal Rad is known online as the "headline fixer"—with a special focus on exposing double standards in Western media, especially about Palestine. Israelis are described as "children" and "civilians," while Palestinians are "people under 18" and "collateral damage." Israelis are *killed*; Palestinians *die*. Even in the wake of the ceasefire, major Western media continually obfuscates Israeli violence in Palestine, with the Associated Press reporting, for example, that "Gaza's living conditions worsen as strong winds and hypothermia kill 5." *No*, Rad corrects: *Gaza's living conditions worsen as Israel blocks aid.* And all of this is in stark contrast, Rad points out, with the highly sympathetic mainstream coverage of the Russian invasion in Ukraine, a conflict that Western media has been quick to condemn.

This pattern of dehumanizing language, *Don't Say Palestine* reveals, has been so consistent throughout the Palestinian genocide that it amounts to a policy. Over the past three years, headlines in outlets from CNN to Reuters to *The New York Times* have consistently downplayed Israeli responsibility, "othered" Palestinians, and called into question inviolable tenets of international law like the sanctity of hospitals and journalists in warzones. Highlighting the linguistic moves and framing devices at play and surfacing stories Western media decided not to report, Rad maps with devastating clarity mainstream media's instrumental role in sanitizing, white-washing, and downplaying a human rights crisis.

Don't Say Palestine offers both a moral reckoning and an urgent call to action. When these years are studied, this will be the book people read to understand how "this" was allowed to happen, and the one people turn to when looking to rebuild their faith in the media.

VINTAGE

September 2026

Rights sold:
UK: Atlantic Books
Other rights available

ASSAL RAD is an activist, historian of the modern Middle East, and a Fellow at the Arab Center Washington DC and DAWN. Her first book, *The State of Resistance: Politics, Culture, and Identity in Modern Iran*, was published in 2022. Her writing has appeared in *Newsweek*, *The National Interest*, *The Independent*, *Foreign Policy*, and more, and she has appeared as a commentator on BBC World, Al Jazeera, CNN, NPR, and elsewhere.

EXCERPT

Whereas populations in authoritarian states may be cognizant of their media's censorship, and thus reject the stories and accounts presented by them, in the liberal democracies of the Western world much of the public is not aware of the interests that help curate media narratives. These organizations may not outright ban journalists from speaking the truth, but instead, they engineer the conditions under which certain truths are silenced, distorted, or disregarded entirely. Western journalists may not face the kind of punitive measures seen in authoritarian states, where journalists are imprisoned or silenced through fear, but financial incentives, political alliances, and geopolitical interests certainly shape editorial decisions behind the scenes. It is also important to note that Palestinian journalists did, in fact, face unparalleled brutality at the hands of Israel with the support of the very Western leaders that invoke the principle of press freedom when it serves them.

This phenomenon, where press freedom is seemingly preserved while its purpose is subverted, is nowhere more evident than in the media's coverage of the Gaza Genocide. Instead of fulfilling its duty as a truth-teller, Western media institutions became complicit in the misconduct of the United States and Israeli governments, violating their ethos of minimizing harm. These media outlets, many of which pride themselves on their role as journalists, became mouthpieces for the forces they should have been scrutinizing and whitewashed the atrocities they were supposed to be reporting. They refrained from calling the violence by its name—genocide—failed to accurately describe the lived reality of Palestinians under Israel's siege, and, worse yet, they did not hold the perpetrators responsible. The word choice and language they used was carefully selected, as deliberate editorial decisions aimed at maintaining the status quo and protecting the foreign policy objectives of powerful states.

What occurred was a different form of censorship—at times less subtle than others—which operated especially within the higher levels of the media institutions themselves. Editors and journalists, under pressure from higher-ups and aligned with the broader interests of the state, refrained from reporting on Israel's actions in Gaza with total honesty. They took their cues from U.S. officials and repeated the statements of Israeli officials without question, while simultaneously casting doubt on Palestinian sources, including their own colleagues in Gaza. It was not necessarily individual journalists who were the primary facilitators of this censorship, but more so the institutions of power that controlled the flow of information. The press, while supposedly free, was operating within a system that shaped and restricted how the stories were told and what qualified as newsworthy.

But perhaps the most shocking aspect of the media's failure was its treatment of Palestinian journalists, who were themselves victims of Israel's ruthlessness which they sought to expose. Israel killed Palestinian journalists on an unmatched scale, many of them targeted for their work in documenting the atrocities committed by the Israeli military. While Western journalists were insulated from the direct violence, they had the opportunity—indeed, the responsibility—to amplify the voices of Palestinian journalists who were on the frontlines, documenting the horrors.

Instead of reporting on Israel's deliberate targeting of journalists in Gaza with the same gravity they would if Western journalists were to be targeted and murdered, the media repeated Israeli statements to rationalize their deaths and minimize Israel's responsibility. Neglecting to support Palestinian journalists and report their slaughter as a central part of Israel's genocide was a glaring omission, one that further illustrated the collusion of the Western press in protecting the narratives of the powerful.

The question of press freedom in the case of the Gaza Genocide is about what was said, what was ignored, and what has been deliberately erased from the public consciousness. But the implications go beyond Gaza. Just like Western foreign policy—led by the United States—the media's part in whitewashing Israel's many crimes were established long before the genocide. In reality, it is how the story has been told for decades and the systematic dehumanization of Palestinians that helped clear the path for Israel to carry out the most heinous crimes of this century.

PANTHEON

October 2026

UK rights available

J. VANESSA LYON is the author of *Figuring Faith and Female Power in the Art of Rubens* and *Lush Lives*, an inaugural title from Roxane Gay Books/Grove Atlantic and an NBC News Best LGBTQ Book of the Year, as well as *The Groves*, an Audible Original. A James Baldwin Fellow at MacDowell and a Fulbright Scholar, she holds a PhD in art history from UC Berkeley. Her essays have appeared in or are forthcoming from *Art History*, *The Huntington Library Quarterly*, *Representations*, and elsewhere. Lyon is Professor of Art History at Bennington College and lives between southern Vermont and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Blackness Thirteen Ways

ART, LIFE, & THE REVISIONS OF A MULATTA LESBIAN

J. Vanessa Lyon

PRAISE FOR J. VANESSA LYON

"Lyon writes a compelling and sexy story of the lives of queer women, both past and present, grounded in the beautifully drawn atmosphere of Harlem. *Lush Lives* successfully blends real and speculative history to evoke what may hide in the silence of historical records."

—*Library Journal*, starred

"Insightful, brazen, and groundbreaking in its vivid portrayal of boundary-pushing characters who rarely get the spotlight, *Lush Lives* is the total package."

—Camille Perri, author of *When Katie Met Cassidy* and *The Assistants*

The art historian and romance novelist close-reads images—moving and still, canonical and lesser-known—that have influenced her evolving identity as an American "mulatta" lesbian now entering middle age in this innovative hybrid of life-writing and cultural studies.

The daughter of the WASP mother who raised her and a Black father she never knew, Lyon delivers a candid memoir across thirteen uniquely structured chapters in conversation with enduring, often damaging, "mis/representations" of so-called "racial mixing" in fine art and popular media. Reflecting on a lifetime of being dis-read, she examines insidious cultural tropes of "white passing" beginning with art dating from the transatlantic slave trade—from Rembrandt and Rubens, Gentileschi and Stubbs to Manet—before moving on to Br'er Rabbit, Louise Nevelson, fifties melodrama, and Adrian Piper. Original analysis of a broad chronological range of visual art parallels the unfolding of Lyon's sense of self animated by the interiors and geographies—not to mention powerful and challenging women—that have shaped her life. In the course of her explorations, she comes to terms with long withheld information about her heritage, and with the seemingly unchangeable reality of being an out lesbian who, legally considered Black, is rarely seen by whites or other African Americans as she experiences her own raced and gendered identity.

By turns scholarly and intimate, *Blackness Thirteen Ways* reveals surprising connections between the art Lyon teaches and the woman she has become, challenging history to accommodate a newly unapologetic image of herself and other "impassably" Black women.

EXCERPT

When the actress Rashida Jones (Kenya Barris' "mixed" wife on the Netflix show *#blackAF*) was characterized as having passed for white by her browner-skinned sister IRL, she spoke my mind exactly:

"'Passed'? I had no control over how I looked," Jones said. "This is my natural hair, these are my natural eyes! I've never tried to be anything that I'm not."

Passing is not now nor has it ever been as uncomplicated as some would like. In the first place, who decides whether someone is passing or passable, and by what standards? Although whites were first to employ foot-long rulers (to judge hair texture) and paper bags (to grade complexion) in an attempt to ferret out the subtlest tells of non-white otherness, Blacks soon used these methods, too. In the early twentieth century, Black-hosted paper-bag parties were not unusual in cities like Washington, D.C. and New Orleans. Whites examined women's nail beds for purple crescents indicative of "Black blood" just as Black spotters were paid to keep those suspected of passing from entering white establishments and social clubs. Despite the typical arbitrariness of this bigoted kind of close looking, discourse around the phenomenon of passing tends to have tacit expectations that universal, transferrable, transhistorical—and self-evident—criteria exist for "visible" Blackness. The irony here, of course, is that claims from Black observers, no less than white, to be able to "see" someone's race have deep and demonic origins in the falsehoods of "race science." The Enlightenment embrace of phrenology (the hypothesis that the shape and size of the skull indicates mental capacity), along with other pseudoscientific pronouncements on genetics based on appearance, is how "we" got here in the first place. It's the proverbial judging of the book by its cover, and it always leads to trouble.

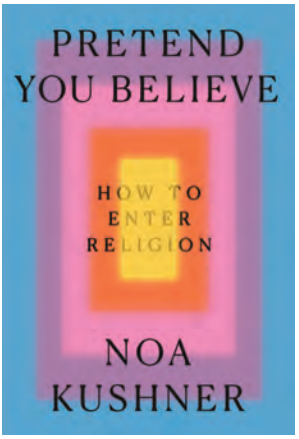
Perhaps unavoidably, most writers on passing, Black and white in particular, find it difficult to gauge Blackness without referring to their own lived experience as racialized or deracinated persons in the world. Race is real, but race is also a construct. Black blood looks no different from white blood under a microscope. In what follows, I put phrases like "mixed race" and "bi-racial" in scare quotes in order to underscore their constructedness; when members of different races have a child, that child is not technically the fruit of a "mixture" of distinct, distinguishable, red plasma proper to each parent's genetic identity. Out-dated semantics have only exacerbated cultural notions of what it means to have parents who identify, respectively, as Black and white. The notion of "mixedness" has, I believe, encouraged Blacks and whites in particular to think of people like me as innately disloyal to our race/s, unable to declare a "side," and/or irrevocably "tainted" by the wrong kind of blood.

Yet paper-bag brownness, Black, or "African" features, and even "woolly" hair are relative, subjective, and changeable qualities. They are meant to oppose the valorized control that is Whiteness, itself rarely parsed beyond the vague catchall of "European" features. The fact is, presentation and representation have a lot to do with who is perceiving and receiving. As Nella Larsen's *Passing* character Clare assures her friend Irene: "You'd be surprised, 'Rene, how much easier it is with white people than with us."

Black people can be very hard on other Black people, even and especially when they can "tell." Yet white people are notoriously bad at discerning the subtleties of race and ethnicity. Historically, when seeing wasn't believing, parentage assigned identity. If your mother was enslaved, so were you.

As a child, I found out very quickly that people writ large feel most at ease when they can put labels on each other. By design, labels are abbreviated and classificatory; supposed to tell the truth about whatever they're stuck to.

When I realized I could write my own labels, the world opened up for me. But when I was starting grade school in a middle-to-upper-middle-class neighborhood in the 1970s as the brown child of a white single mother, nothing seemed less possible.



SCHOCKEN

October 2026

UK rights available

NOA KUSHNER is the founding rabbi of The Kitchen, a synagogue and institute in San Francisco whose approach to religion has become a model for communities worldwide. Devoted to religious access for all and committed to the beauty and depth of the tradition, The Kitchen is widely regarded as a way forward for Jewish and religious life today. Called a "measure of hope" in *Ha'aretz* and a "rabbi to watch" in *Newsweek*, Kushner has translated religious experiences and ideas for tens of thousands across the United States, Israel, and Paris. She is married to Rabbi Michael Lezak and together they have three grown daughters, Zella, Bluma and Minna.

Pretend You Believe

HOW TO ENTER RELIGION

Noa Kushner

From one of the country's most visionary and perceptive rabbis, a rediscovery of the potential for religious experience to transform contemporary life.

Many of us long for spiritual belonging and connection, only to run up against our confusion and discomfort with organized religion. Noa Kushner understands this well. As the founding rabbi of The Kitchen, a groundbreaking Jewish congregation in San Francisco, she has helped thousands of people into a relationship with religion they never thought they would or could ever experience.

In this concise, soul-stirring book, Kushner offers a picture of religion not as something we design or consume, but as something we enter, just as we are. What if we temporarily set aside statements of belief, and instead approach religion as something we do? Kushner proposes we can then pursue the profound questions this perspective reveals. How is prayer supposed to work? What comes first, religion or ethics? Why should we be religious? Through imaginative storytelling, a plainspoken, accessible teaching of Jewish sources, and hard-won lessons from her own rabbinate, Kushner creates an elegant, thoughtful guide for anyone who has wondered about the limits of today's dominant worldview and is curious about what religion might have to offer.

Written in a Jewish idiom, but open to readers of all backgrounds, *Pretend You Believe* is a powerful meditation on God and humanity, responsibility and forgiveness, love and doubt, progress and justice. With this book, Kushner has captured the wonder of religious feeling and inscribed an invitation to readers everywhere.

EXCERPT

I want to start with the assumption that you already believe in God, even knowing you likely do not. Stay with me here because I think, by starting from a different vantage point, we can go to more interesting places. Rather than going back and forth in front of the proverbial gate, arguing about whether or not there's actually something on the other side, we can go in, take a look around, and see for ourselves. I promise you can leave at any time, no harm, no foul.

We can call this approach a *chosen naïveté*, a suspension of disbelief in order to access the religious world. When we read any work of fiction, we know the author made most everything up. None of the characters are real, and the world the author has created does not actually exist. And yet, you and I can still choose to avail ourselves of the truth that's waiting on the pages, a kind of truth can't be accessed head on. Rather than read or analyze as we might with a newspaper article or non-fiction work, we fully engage with the world of the book, accepting its inner logic and vocabulary as presented. *Chosen naïveté* is that same move, indicating to yourself or anyone else that you're entering this world willingly, you're ready to play the game.

I promise we won't put questions of belief aside. It's not that what you believe is irrelevant, it's actually quite important, it's just not the best first question. This is because belief, much like love, is more easily understood once it is experienced first hand. It tends to avoid being pinned down. So, for now, don't worry about the fact that you don't *believe*. Instead, we'll just try on belief for a few pages to see what happens.

Now, if you're willing to open the gate and explore this world of religion, I do have one caution: At first, it will feel like when you go out in the bright of day after spending a lot of time in a dark theater. You'll need to wait for your eyes to adjust before you can see much of anything. In our case, what's adjusting is our way of being in the world. This is because most of us, often without realizing it, engage with everything as consumers. In any given moment or experience, our default, so common it is often left unexpressed, is to wonder, "What's here for me? What can I get? Is this worth my investment or my time?" Or, we ask a more sophisticated version of the same question: "Is this the way towards a meaningful experience?"

But once you enter the world of religion, these questions only obscure what's really around us. When we try to use them to orient ourselves, we won't see a thing.

Here, we're not customers of any sort. There is nothing for us to consume, ingest or even, experience. This is not to say there aren't soul opening moments and deep relationships and transformational texts. There's all that. But the question, "What's in it for me?" or, the less obvious, "How does this affirm my view of things?" only limits our vision here. We'll need a different kind of starting point, one that does not begin and end solely with ourselves.

Once we begin in this new way, as we adjust, we may now be able to make out two things: First, we didn't create this religious world, in fact, come to think of it, we didn't create the regular world, either. We realize we are the ones who have been created.

This then raises a second idea: Given that we've been created, that we were given our lives, how should we go about responding to that gift?

When I start inviting students to see the world in this different kind of way, that is, opening the gate, almost everyone expresses anxiety, as if entry into the world of religion is a runaway train with broken controls. They worry about becoming so religious, there will be nothing left of their former selves. I get it. However, in my experience, I have found that our independence (not to mention our consumer mentality) is so fiercely ingrained, most people I meet, myself included, have a hard time shaking it off even for a moment, let alone allowing a transformation of any significance to take place. In short, I'm sincerely not worried about my students, nor you, becoming so religious that you completely lose yourself. If you (or someone who cares for you) thinks that may indeed happen, I promise I will get on a plane myself and bring you back from the brink. No, what I worry about, and I worry about this a lot, is that you will never enter a world that has demands and meaning beyond that which you can already imagine. I worry you will live your life only based on how you see yourself and how other people see you, and the only things or ideas you hold dear are the ones you create or consume.

KNOPF

January 2027

Rights available

JEFFERY ROBINSON, J.D. is a graduate of Harvard Law School and has over four decades of experience working on criminal and racial justice issues. Robinson was an original member of the John Adams Project, where he was one of the lawyers representing one of five men held at Guantanamo Bay charged with carrying out the 9/11 attacks. In 2015, Robinson left private practice to become one of the ACLU national office's deputy legal directors and the director of the ACLU's Trone Center for Justice and Equality. After six years at the ACLU, he left to launch The Who We Are Project, a nonprofit organization focused on correcting the narrative of our shared U.S. history.

Who We Are

OUR BURIED HISTORY OF ANTI-BLACK RACISM

Jeffery Robinson

With a foreword by Tom Hanks

A blistering exposé of how anti-Black racism has influenced the most essential cornerstones of American life—from the long history of the U.S. government deliberately preventing Black homeownership to the gross disparities in policing and punishment—from the founder of The Who We Are Project and former director of the ACLU and the Trone Center for Justice and Equality.

One of America's darkest myths is that the abolition of slavery and the 1960's dismantling of segregation policies created a racially equitable and just society. But in this illuminating work, Jeffery Robinson uncovers just how deeply anti-Black racism is still woven into the fabric of the nation. White supremacy fueled the country for over a century and is still deeply ingrained in the culture, and racist laws that were outlawed and deemed unconstitutional have been replaced by more covert new ones.

Robinson takes us on a dramatic journey through America's tainted past, from the first group of Africans that were captured and enslaved on American soil, to the racist policies and practices that are still impacting the country today. Robinson examines the consequences of property taxes being used to fund public schools after centuries of intentional racial segregation, the haunting legacy of Black codes and Jim Crow laws, the various strategies still being used today to inhibit Black people from voting, and how modern day policing and flagrant disparities in punishment have created a system as close to slavery as possible.

Clear-eyed, explosive, and stirring, *Who We Are* shines a light on America's darkest stain, revealing who we are in an effort to transform who we become.

EXCERPT

While attending a family reunion you hear a knock on your door. When you open it, no one is there, but you see a book with an envelope taped on it. Inside the envelope, you find this note:

Our family history was stolen from us.

We have discovered a massive number of historic events that show how various family members have horrifically mistreated some of our relatives.

There have been attempts to hide this history from us for over two centuries. Some of our family became aware but did not do anything to stop the abuse. Others knew but pretended not to. Still others avoided learning about this unpleasant past. Some of us just did not know.

Whatever the reason, we cannot justify waiting to have a reckoning with the truth any longer. No matter how much we turn away from the uncomfortable and the inconvenient, the brutal effects still remain. It is impossible to see a complete, truthful, and accurate picture of who we are if significant pieces are left out of the picture.

Lucky for all of us, the truth was preserved in original source documents and narratives told by those of our ancestors who lived through it. If you read this book, you will learn the facts and the truth of our past. Of your past.

Here is the crucial question: Do you open the book? Do you choose to learn how these past events—some forgotten, some actively hidden—have shaped the present, and had an impact not only on your life, but on the lives of those around you?

But there is something even deeper here, because there will be hard questions guiding this big decision. What is the value of knowing the truth? Will knowledge improve your family's present life? Or will it cause irreparable disruption and damage relationships? Will the truth destroy the fabric of the family? Or will the truth lead to healing, stronger bonds, safety, protection, and a more productive future?

You will discover that this decision isn't that simple, and it doesn't just lie with you. Before even deciding whether to open the book you receive startling pushback. Some family members are adamant—they claim the book should be banned and never opened, especially not in front of the younger generations. Some wish to suppress the evidence contained in the book, to erase it from the family's view because only a positive, nobler family history should be available. This group believes the information in the book is either false, over-stated, or irrelevant. Worse, it could serve as the basis of a condemnation of a family dynamic they prosper in. This part of the family asserts that any negative accounts are disloyal and an insult to the entire family, and an insult to them individually.

Don't you want to learn whether the information in the book is accurate and truthful? What about the information is too dangerous for family members to know? Why can't we decide for ourselves? And if the information is accurate and truthful, could it introduce the possibility that the family should make different decisions about what was and is truly in the interest of the entire family?

And if that is a possibility, would you ignore what is in the book and let it be erased from the family narrative, then go forward knowing that you are living a lie? And that others are paying the cost for your ability to live that lie? Or would you join the part of the family that believes we can and must do better?

These are the questions you will have to answer, for yourself and your children. Is ignorance ever preferable to knowledge? If so, when, and why?

Putin's Presidents

AN AMERICAN TALE OF HUBRIS, MISCALCULATION, AND THE RISE OF RUSSIA

Peter Baker and Susan Glasser

PRAISE FOR PETER BAKER AND SUSAN GLASSER

"Comprehensively researched and briskly told. Squeezing the tumultuous events of the long national fever dream that was the Donald Trump presidency between two covers would tax the skills of the nimblest journalist. Yet the husband-and-wife team of Baker and Glasser pull it off with assurance."

—*The New York Times*

"Well-paced and engagingly written, *The Divider* is the most comprehensive and detailed account of the Trump presidency yet published."

—*The Washington Post*

"Two of the best journalists writing on Washington today."

—Anne Applebaum, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *Gulag* and *Twilight of Democracy*

DOUBLEDAY

April 2027

Rights available

PETER BAKER is the chief White House correspondent for *The New York Times* and a political analyst for MS NOW. **SUSAN GLASSER** is a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and author of its weekly "Letter from Trump's Washington." Their first assignment as a married couple was as Moscow bureau chiefs for *The Washington Post*, after which they wrote *Kremlin Rising*. They also coauthored *New York Times* bestsellers *The Divider* and *The Man Who Ran Washington*. They live in Washington, D.C.

The *New York Times*-bestselling authors of *The Divider*, Peter Baker and Susan Glasser, craft a thrilling political narrative full of fresh revelations, showing how the United States has tragically misread Russia and its dictatorial leader.

Over the last quarter-century, Vladimir Putin has confounded five American presidents. He defied their assumptions and rebuffed their overtures. He argued with them, lectured them, misled them, accused them, kept them waiting, kept them guessing, betrayed them and felt betrayed by them. Each of the presidents tried in his own way to forge a historic if elusive new relationship with Russia, only to be outmaneuvered. In this revelatory narrative, Baker and Glasser argue that America's failure to get Russia right may be the most far-reaching foreign policy disaster since the Cold War.

Putin's Presidents brings readers inside the Oval Office and Situation Room to witness Putin's relationship with Clinton, Bush, Obama, Trump and Biden (and Trump again). Based on exclusive interviews and documents and filled with never-before-reported details, Baker and Glasser deliver an American tale of hubris and miscalculation, one that reveals much about the flawed decisions, imperfect information, and hidden biases that shape presidential decision-making across party lines. It also reveals how wrong we collectively were about the story we told ourselves at the end of the Cold War—that democracy was victorious over autocracy once and for all.

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR

Untitled on the Future of Space
George Friedman

Praise for George Friedman

"There is a temptation, when you are around George Friedman, to treat him like a Magic 8-Ball."

—The New York Times Magazine

"Predictions have made George Friedman a hot property these days."

—The Wall Street Journal

"Friedman offers a lucid, stimulating assessment of which way the wind is blowing."

—Publishers Weekly

"Expect the unexpected . . . He can see without the crystal ball."

—Newsweek

Doubleday

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DR. GEORGE FRIEDMAN is Founder and Chairman of Geopolitical Futures, a company dedicated to forecasting the course of the international system. He is an internationally recognized strategist on global affairs and appears frequently in the media, and is a *New York Times* bestselling author of *The Next 100 Years*, *Flashpoints*, *The Next Decade*, *The Storm Before the Calm*, *America's Secret War*, *The Future of War*, and *The Intelligence Edge*. Prior to founding Geopolitical Futures in 2015, Friedman was Chairman of Stratfor, the geopolitical intelligence publishing and consulting firm he founded in 1996. He lives in Austin, Texas.

Renowned geopolitical forecaster George Friedman returns in a groundbreaking new book that asks the most urgent question of geopolitics—how will humankind enter space, and who will control the untapped and ungoverned new frontier?

As humankind pushes the boundaries of science, technology, and engineering on Earth, modern geopolitics now turns its gaze upward, beyond our planet's atmosphere. In his new book, geopolitical analyst George Friedman returns to argue that our current political order faces a new frontier of international conflict—space.

Informed by history and a keen awareness of modern technological developments, Friedman explains how we came to our current political reality, and the limitations of the resources closer to home. What does the near future hold for us past the boundaries of Earth, and who will seize control of that untapped potential? What opportunities does the moon present for trade, military, and surveillance, and what dangers? What can we expect from a war that takes place more in space than on land or sea, and how should we prepare for it? With clearsighted analysis and a lucid view of our future, Friedman delves into the nature of the moon and low Earth orbit, and all the fascinating constraints and possibilities they pose. Drawing on a breadth of research on space, politics, technology, and economics, Friedman imagines what comes next for the world at the dawn of a new political age.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE BACKLIST

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

MAX BARRY
Jennifer Government
Company

JAMES M. CAIN
The Postman Always Rings Twice
Mildred Pierce
Serenade
Double Indemnity

E.M. BARD
The Cat I.Q. Test

KIM BARKER
*The Taliban Shuffle**

JANET BENTON
Lilli de Jong

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

GERALDINE BROOKS
Nine Parts of Desire

LOUISE BROOKS
Lulu in Hollywood

THOMAS CAHILL
How the Irish Saved Civilization

JOAN FRANCES CASEY
The Flock

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

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

BILL CLINTON
Back to Work
Citizen
Giving
My Life

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

RAM DASS and PAUL GORMAN
How Can I Help?

DWIGHT EISENHOWER
Crusade in Europe

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

HARRY FRANKFURT
On Truth

ERVING GOFFMAN
Asylums
The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life

ARTHUR HAILEY
Airport
Hotel
In High Places
Moneychangers
Overload
Wheels

DASHIELL HAMMETT
The Dain Curse
The Glass Key
The Maltese Falcon
Red Harvest
The Thin Man

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

JOHN HERSEY
A Single Pebble
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
The 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
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Doctors: The Biography of Medicine
How We Die
How We Live

ERWIN PANOFSKY
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DAVE PELZ
Putting Bible
Short Game Bible

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

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

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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

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Another Roadside Attraction

SAM SHEPARD
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The One Inside
Spy of the First Person
States of Shock, Far North, and Silent Tongue

APRIL SMITH
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Be the One
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Home Sweet Home
Judas Horse
North of Montana
White Shotgun

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

JONATHAN SPENCE
A Question of Hu

WALLACE STEVENS
Collected Poems
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LEON URIS
Exodus
Haj
QB VII

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

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

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

DOROTHY WEST
The Richer, The Poorer
The Wedding

EDWARD O. WILSON
Consilience
The Future of Life

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

LAWRENCE WRIGHT
*The Looming Tower**

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

***Movie tie-in edition available.**

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