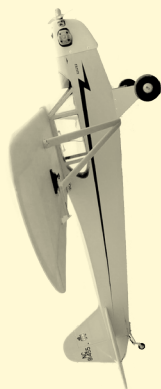


TRANSIT BOOKS



FALL
WINTER
2018



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RIVER

Esther Kinsky

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

Iain Galbraith

On a series of solitary walks around London, a woman recalls the rivers she's encountered.

A woman moves to a London suburb near the River Lea, without knowing quite why or for how long. Over a series of long, solitary walks she reminisces about the rivers she has encountered during her life, from the Rhine, her childhood river, to the Saint Lawrence, and a stream in Tel-Aviv. Filled with poignancy and poetic observation, *River* cements Esther Kinsky as a leading European prose stylist.

"RIVER IS AN UNUSUAL AND STEALTHY SORT OF BOOK, BY TURNS GRUBBY, THEATRICAL, AND EXQUISITE."

CLAIRE-LOUISE BENNETT

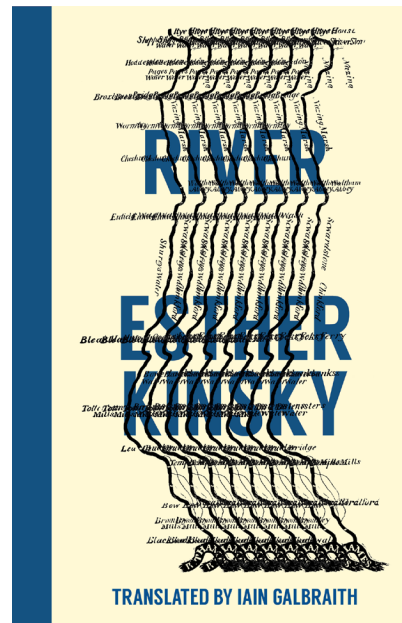
"*River* is a beautiful exploration of memory's unbreakable bonds with its natural surroundings."—*Culture Trip*

"Esther Kinsky's unnamed narrator observes and remembers, piling up beautiful, silt-like layers of description and memory until it becomes difficult to know which is which . . . This is a book to relish."—*The Guardian*



ESTHER KINSKY grew up at the River Rhine and lived in London for twelve years. She is the author of three volumes of poetry and three novels. *River* won the Adelbert-von-Chamisso-Prize, the Franz Hessel Prize, the Kranichsteiner Literature Prize, and the SWR Prize for the best fiction book, and was long-listed for the German Book Prize 2014.

IAIN GALBRAITH is a widely published translator of German into English. He has translated W. G. Sebald and Jan Wagner, notably. He won the John Dryden Prize for Literary Translation in 2004.



September 4, 2018

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 364 pages, \$16.95

Rights: North America

Agent: Fitzcarraldo

978-1-945492-17-4 (pb)

978-1-945492-19-8 (eb)

"THE WOMAN WHO HAS FLED HER OWN HINTERLAND FOR THE RAGGED FRINGE OF LONDON DISCOVERS A DREAMLIKE CITY OF MELANCHOLY MAGIC."
THE ECONOMIST

from
RIVER

After many years I had excised myself from the life I had led in town, just as one might cut a figure out of a landscape or group photo. Abashed by the harm I had wreaked on the picture left behind, and unsure where the cut-out might end up next, I lived a provisional existence. I did so in a place where I knew none of my neighbours, where the street names, views, smells and faces were all unfamiliar to me, in a cheaply appointed flat where I would be able to lay my life aside for a while. My furniture and packing cases stood about in the cold rooms in a random jumble, apparently committed to oblivion, just as undecided as I was, and uncertain whether a serviceable domestic order of any kind could ever be re-established. We, the objects and I, had left our old house one blue and early morning, with the August moon still visible against the bright haze of a late summer's sky, and we were now loafing about in East London, all our prospects wintery. Tirelessly, we played out the farewell scenes we hadn't had. With a slowness that seemed like eternity, imaginary cheeks and hands brushed, teardrops welled in the corners of eyes. Interminable trembling of every book's, picture's or piece of furniture's lower lip, throats choking on speech at every turn; a slow-motion valediction, turning to a scar before the ending . . .

FALSE CALM

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE GHOST TOWNS OF PATAGONIA

María Sonia Cristoff

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY

Katherine Silver

With time I have found that, apart from my personal history, isolation is present in everything I have ever read about Patagonia. Everything, I repeat, though I don't think this is the place to make lists. I returned to write an account of this eminently Patagonian feature. I wanted to see the shapes it takes today, I wanted to locate it at its furthest extremes.

Part reportage, part personal essay, part travelogue, *False Calm* is the breakout work by Argentinian author María Sonia Cristoff. Writing against romantic portrayals of Patagonia, Cristoff returns home to chronicle the ghost towns left behind by the oil boom. In prose that showcases her sharp powers of observation, Cristoff explores Patagonia's complicated legacy through the lost stories of its people and the desolate places they inhabit.

"A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF A CHRONICLER-ESSAYIST NARRATOR: A UNIQUE SPECIES OF THOSE WHO ARE POSSIBLY ON THE WAY TO EXTINCTION."

ALEJANDRA COSTAMAGNA



© Gabriel Diaz

MARÍA SONIA CRISTOFF (Trelew, Patagonia, 1965) is the author of five works of fiction and nonfiction, including *False Calm* and *Include Me Out*, and lives in Buenos Aires. Her work has been translated into six languages.

KATHERINE SILVER is an award-winning literary translator. Her most recent and forthcoming translations include works by Daniel Sada, César Aira, Horacio Castellanos Moya, Julio Cortázar, among others.



October 3, 2018

Nonfiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 208 pages, \$16.95

Rights: North America

Agent: Cassanovas and Lynch

978-1-945492-14-3 (pb)

9781945492-21-1 (cb)

**"CAPTIVATING,
INTELLIGENT,
WHERE THE SILENT
STRENGTH REACHES
BEYOND THE
REAL AT HAND."
FRANKFURTER
ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG**

from
FALSE CALM

My father was born in the middle of Patagonia, but everybody around him spoke Bulgarian. My grandfather avoided the kind of job in the oil industry that awaited most of his fellow immigrants by purchasing an enclave next to the Chubut River, in an area where the Welsh community had settled, and, on the pretext of becoming a farmer, he set himself the task of reconstructing his very own Bulgaria. With time, he managed to create perfectly designed clones of the animals, the rhythm of the harvests and the rains, the yogurt my grandmother made, the magazines written in the Cyrillic alphabet, and the Bulgarian friends who came to visit him from time to time. Whenever my father left the enclave to play soccer with friends from the neighboring farms, he knew that the rules were to kick the ball hard and speak that other language that his blond friends were speaking: from the time he was very young, he managed quite well in the Welsh of the playing field. Then he'd return home, where they spoke rarely or in Bulgarian. One day, when my grandparents figured he must have been about six years old, they brought him to the nearby village, Gaiman, and deposited him on a school bench. From there, by closely observing his surroundings, my father realized that most, he would almost say all, were . . .

WE ALL LOVED COWBOYS

Carol Bensimon

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE BY

Beth Fowler

Two women take a road trip through Brazil in an exploration of identity, desire, and the limitations and possibilities of female sexuality.

After a falling out, two friends reunite for a long-planned road trip through Brazil. As they drive from town to town, the complications of their friendship resurface. At the novel's center is a romance, as Bensimon offers an intimate look into desire, love, and identity. By the end of the trip, the women must decide what the future holds, in a queer, coming-of-age debut novel that has been celebrated in Brazil.

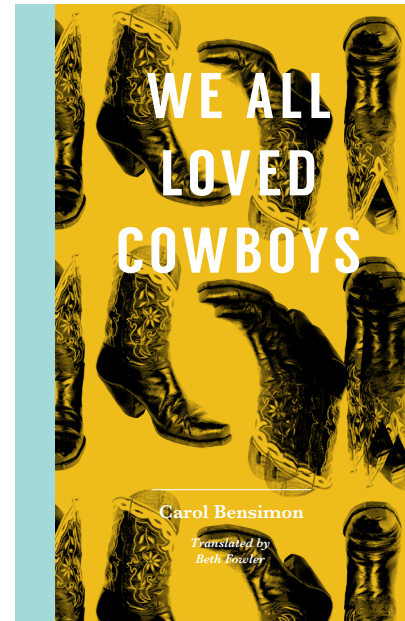
“AWARD-WINNING NOVELIST CAROL BENSIMON, ONE OF GRANTA’S YOUNG BRAZILIAN NOVELISTS, WRITES OF 21ST-CENTURY CHARACTERS EMBARKING ON OPEN-ENDED JOURNEYS.” **BBC**



© Roberta Sant'Anna

CAROL BENSIMON was born in the southern Brazilian city of Porto Alegre in 1982. She is the author of the story collection *Pó de parede* and three novels, *Sinuca embaixo d'água*, *Todos nós adorávamos caubóis*, and *O clube dos jardineiros de fumaça*. She was selected by *Granta* as one of the Best Young Brazilian Novelists.

BETH FOWLER is an editor and translator. She lives in Scotland.



November 6, 2018

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 160 pages, \$15.95

Rights: World English

Agent: RCW

978-1-945492-16-7 (pb)

978-1-945492-18-1 (eb)

from
**WE ALL LOVED
COWBOYS**

All we did was take the BR-116, passing beneath bridges that showed slogans of cities we hadn't the slightest intention of visiting, or which told of Christ's return or counted down to the end of the world. We left behind the suburban streets whose beginnings are marked by the highway and which then disappear in an industrial estate or among the abandoned shacks along a stream where stray dogs crawl and rarely bark, and we carried on, on until the straight road turned a corner. I was driving. Julia had her feet on the dashboard. I could only look at her occasionally. When she didn't know the words to the song, she hummed instead. "You've changed your hair," I said, glancing at her fringe. Julia replied: "About two years ago, Cora." We laughed as we climbed into the hills. That was the start of our journey.

My car had been out of action for some time, under a silver waterproof cover, like a big secret you just can't hide or a child trying to disappear by putting her hands over her eyes, surrounded by junk in the garage at my mother's house. Initially, my mother was desperate to resolve the situation. It's a bad business leaving a car off the road for so long, she would say, although she understood very little about business and even less about getting rid of things. She lived in a house that already seemed too big when there were still three of us. When you opened certain wardrobes in that house, you could see the entire evolution of ladieswear from the mid-sixties onwards. Lovely jackets, pretty dresses that didn't fit my mother any more . . .

ALL MY GOODBYES

Mariana Dimópulos

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY

Alice Whitmore

In a subtle and haunting psychological mystery, a woman's memories become a puzzle that reader and narrator must decipher.

A young Argentinian woman feels her identity is in pieces. Diffident, self-critical, wary of commitment, she is condemned, or condemns herself, to repeated acts of departure, from places, parents, and lovers. Then, arriving in the southernmost region of Patagonia, she convinces herself she has found happiness, until she's caught up in the horrific murders that haunt her story.

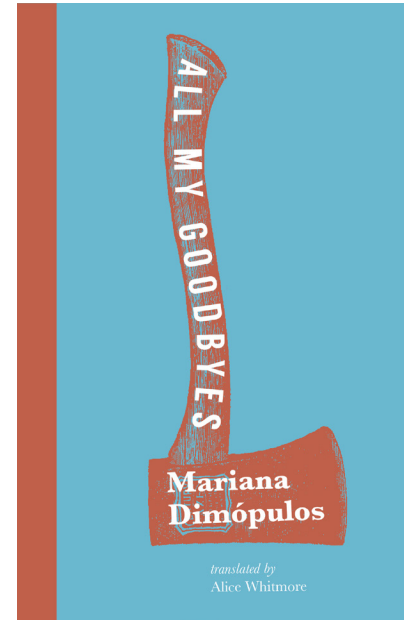
"How to describe the clear and mysterious force of Mariana Dimópulos's writing: the brief intensity; the compassionate irony; the grand themes viewed through the lens of a microscope; the recognition and exceeding of past traditions. Above all, it is a writing gestated in unknown lands."—**Esther Cross**

"Dimópulos's protagonist has not found a way to restore the instants of her experience, to make her history whole again, because there is no chronology—only leaps from one event to another and suggestive interactions between them. Only arrival and departure."—**3:AM Magazine**



MARIANA DIMÓPULOS was born in Buenos Aires in 1973. A writer and a translator, she is the author of three novellas and a critical study on the work of Walter Benjamin. She teaches at the University of Buenos Aires.

ALICE WHITMORE is a Melbourne-based writer and literary translator. She lectures in literary studies and translation at Monash University.



February 5, 2019

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 160 pages, \$15.95

Rights: North America

Agent: Giramondo

978-1-945492-15-0 (pb)

978-1-945492-20-4 (eb)

"FRAGMENTATION CONTRIBUTES TO A SENSE OF TIMELESSNESS IN THIS NOVEL WHERE THE PAST IS REMEMBERED FROM THE PRESENT AND WHERE PLACE MATTERS MORE THAN TIME."

AUSTRALIAN BOOK REVIEW

from
ALL MY GOODBYES

It's the same thing time and time again, I shamelessly, tirelessly. It doesn't matter whether it's morning or night, winter or summer. Whether the house feels like home, whether somebody comes to the door to let me in. I arrive, and I want to stay, and then I leave.

In the early days, when we'd only just met and would wave hello to each other from afar, and sit down at the same table to drink our coffees, feigning indifference, Alexander liked to make fun of my nomadic ways. He would spend whole afternoons gently teasing me. It was amusing to him that I'd lived in three different houses during the short time I'd been in Heidelberg, and four different cities within the space of a year. I looked splendid, he told me, for someone so restless. Alexander spoke a slow Spanish, which sounded like velvet. But I was not splendid, and I never had been.

In our Berlin house, when we would stay up late talking, listening to Kolya breathing in his infant slumber, even Julia found it hard to believe that I'd been through eleven different jobs, not counting the one in the café where we'd met. "You were a baker, an elevator operator? In a country with so few elevators," she'd tease.

Like a pair of lovers we'd squander those hours of intimacy robbed from dinnertime, from books or television, since neither of us could be bothered to cook if Kolya had already eaten. Standing in the kitchen we'd nibble on a piece of bread or fruit and she would talk or ask me questions, wiping the benchtop a little, urging, insisting . . .

KINTU

Jennifer Nansubuga Makumbi

WINNER OF THE WINDHAM-CAMPBELL PRIZE

LONGLISTED FOR THE ETISALAT PRIZE FOR AFRICAN FICTION

WINNER OF THE COMMONWEALTH SHORT STORY PRIZE

First published in Kenya in 2014 to critical and popular acclaim, *Kintu* is a modern classic, a multilayered narrative that reimagines the history of Uganda through the cursed bloodline of the Kintu clan. Divided into six sections, the novel begins in 1750, when Kintu Kidda sets out for the capital to pledge allegiance to the new leader of the kingdom of Buganda. Along the way, he unleashes a curse that will plague his family for generations. In an ambitious tale of a clan and a nation, Makumbi weaves together the stories of Kintu's descendants as they seek to break from the burden of their shared past and reconcile the inheritance of tradition and the modern world that is their future.

“A SOARING AND SUBLIME EPIC. ONE OF THOSE GREAT STORIES THAT WAS JUST WAITING TO BE TOLD.” MARLON JAMES

“A masterpiece of cultural memory, *Kintu* is elegantly poised on the crossroads of tradition and modernity.”—*Publishers Weekly* (Starred Review)

“With a novel that is inventive in scope, masterful in execution, she does for Ugandan literature what Chinua Achebe did for Nigerian writing.”
—Lesley Nneka Arimah, *The Guardian*



JENNIFER NANSUBUGA MAKUMBI, a Ugandan novelist and short story writer, has a PhD from Lancaster University, where she now teaches. Her first novel, *Kintu*, won the Kwani? Manuscript Project in 2013 and was longlisted for the Etisalat Prize in 2014. Her story “Let’s Tell This Story Properly” won the 2014 Commonwealth Short Story Prize.



May 16, 2017

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 446 pages, \$16.95

Rights: North America

Agent: Antony Harwood

978-1-945492-01-3 (pb)

978-1-945492-03-7 (eb)

**“A MAGISTERIAL
FIRST NOVEL.”
NEW YORK
REVIEW OF BOOKS**

from
KINTU

It was odd the relief Kintu felt as he stepped out of his house. A long and perilous journey lay ahead. At the end of the journey was a royal storm—the princes had been fighting for the throne again and weapons had not yet been put away. He could be carried back, his head severed from his shoulders—commoners tended to lose their heads when royals fought. Yet, Kintu Kidda, Ppookino of Buddu Province, was glad to step away from his home.

It was Babiryé, his other wife.

Kintu had last seen her in the morning, taking the goats to feed on banana peels. Her eyes were angry and he had looked away. Kintu had never found respite in Babiryé's eyes, not even on their wedding day. He thought of the fabled men who unwittingly married spirits but then dismissed the thought. Babiryé was not a demon, just a dreadful woman. He shooed her out of his mind. It would be unwise to carry the extra weight of a glowering wife on this journey.

He paused at the threshold of Mayirika, his principal residence. The world was still. A spray of young stars streaked the sky on his right. On the left, a few lone ones, elderly, blinked tiredly. Around him, the midnight air was cold and calm. Darkness was thick. Fireflies tried to puncture it—on, off, on, off—in vain. Kintu was satisfied with . . .

SWALLOWING MERCURY

Wioletta Greg

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH BY

Eliza Marciniak

LONGLISTED FOR THE 2017 MAN BOOKER INTERNATIONAL PRIZE

In this celebrated debut from prize-winning poet Wioletta Greg, Wiola looks back on her youth in a close-knit, agricultural community in 1980s Poland. Her memories are precise, intense, distinctive, sensual: a playfulness and whimsy rise up in the gossip of the village women, rumored visits from the Pope, and the locked room in the dressmaker's house, while political unrest and predatory men cast shadows across this bright portrait. In prose that sparkles with a poet's touch, Wioletta Greg's debut animates the strange wonders of growing up.

"THIS ENCHANTINGLY ELLIPTICAL FICTION DEBUT SPARKLES WITH A GEM-LIKE QUALITY." **THE GUARDIAN**

"The book's appearance in the U.S. is a great gift . . . Greg's masterful first novel is charming, seductive, and sinister by turns."—*Kirkus Reviews* (Starred Review)

"Wioletta Greg's first novel shines with a surreal and unsettling vigor. As an award-winning poet, Greg writes with a lyricism that brings alive the charms and dangers of Wiola's life."—*The Financial Times*

"Greg's debut . . . conveys sensuous detail so delightfully that one feels as though one is eating watermelon outdoors in summer."—*Booklist* (Starred Review)



© Monika Olek

WIOLETTA GREG is a Polish writer; she was born in a small village in 1974 in the Jurassic Highland of Poland. In 2006, she left Poland and moved to the UK. Between 1998–2012 she published six poetry volumes. Her works have been translated into English, Catalan, French, Spanish and Welsh.

ELIZA MARCINIAK is an editor and translator. She lives in London.



September 12, 2017

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 160 pages, \$15.96

Rights: US

Agent: Portobello

978-1-945492-04-4 (pb)

978-1-945492-07-5 (eb)

from SWALLOWING MERCURY

In the same year that a rumor spread through Hektary that the Pope would drive past our village, my father took over the running of the farm and, to my grandmother's dismay, began to introduce reforms, gradually turning our homestead into an unruly and exuberant zoo. It wasn't just beehives and cages with goldfinches, canaries and rabbits, or a dovecote in the attic, where clumsy nestlings hatched out of delicate eggs that looked like table-tennis balls. In the middle of February, right after my birthday, wanting to cheer me up after the loss of Blacky, Dad pulled out of his jacket a little soggy, squeaking ball of fluff, which by the warmth of the stove gradually began to turn into a several-weeks-old Tatra sheepdog. We called him Bear.

That spring, my father got hold of an excavator and widened the pond behind our house, close to the road. My mother forbade me from going anywhere near it, but after she left for work I would sneak out to what now looked like a trapezium-shaped clay-pit pool. I would crouch by the mound of excavated soil, holding on to the stubs of whitewashed trees or clumps of sweet flag surrounded by frogspawn, and I would watch the wrinkles made on the water by pond skaters.

One Sunday just before the arrival of the Pope, my father handed me the binoculars and told me to watch the nearby field. "A good opportunity came up, so I got you a number in exchange for a liter of vodka," he whispered, pointing at the farthest meadow, sprinkled with dandelions . . .

"ACHIEVES A FORM OF
LITERARY ALCHEMY
THAT MESMERIZES."
THE NEW YORK TIMES

BLUE SELF-PORTRAIT

Noémi Lefebvre

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

Sophie Lewis

A woman looks back on an affair with a composer in a cerebral, feminist, Bernhardian debut.

On a flight from Berlin to Paris, a woman haunted by Austrian composer Arnold Schoenberg's self-portrait reflects on her romantic encounter with a German-American pianist-composer. Obsessive, darkly comic, and full of angst, *Blue Self-Portrait* unfolds among Berlin's cultural institutions, but is located in the mid-air flux between contrary impulses, with repetitions and variations that explore the possibilities and limitations of art, history, and connection.

"FOR A SHORT NOVEL, BLUE SELF-PORTRAIT YOKES TOGETHER AN EXTRAORDINARY PROFUSION OF IDEAS."

EIMEAR MCBRIDE

"In this devilishly virtuosic text, which also evokes contrapuntal music, Noémi Lefebvre writes like a genuine composer. It's rare to find a writer successfully able to lend a musical shape to their text. Lefebvre has taken up the challenge in this astonishing, vertiginous account."—*Le Figaro littéraire*



Catherine Hélic © Editions Gallimard

NOÉMI LEFEBVRE was born in 1964 in Caen, and now lives in Lyon, France. She is the author of three novels, all of which have garnered intense critical success: her debut novel *L'Autoportrait bleu* (2009), *L'état des sentiments à l'âge adulte* (2012) and *L'enfance politique* (2015).

SOPHIE LEWIS is a literary editor and translator from French and Portuguese into English. She has translated Stendhal, Jules Verne, Marcel Aymé, Violette Leduc, Emmanuelle Pagano, and João Gilberto Noll, among others.



April 3, 2018

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 160 pages, \$15.95

Rights: North America

Agent: Gallimard

978-1-945492-10-5 (pb)

978-1-945492-12-9 (eb)

"WERE WE TO NOTE THE MUSICAL EXPRESSION WITH WHICH BLUE SELF-PORTRAIT IS PERFORMED, IT WOULD BE CON BRAVURA, OR EVEN SCATENATO: UNCHAINED, WILDLY."
BOMB MAGAZINE

from
BLUE SELF-PORTRAIT

One piece of luck: I didn't explain to the pianist how to play the piano, it was touch and go, I told myself later in the plane, it was a close-run thing, I could very well have done it, I'm perfectly capable, I know I'm capable of explaining the art of the well-tempered keyboard to a pianist as if I myself were a virtuoso. I don't know anything about music, I'm sitting in front of a virtuoso pianist and explaining exactly how your fingers should rest on the keys, see what I'm capable of. I'm explaining to him how to do it, as if the virtuoso pianist were just waiting for me all along to show him the best way to go about it at last, as if he was going to be filled with wonder at all the little pianistic techniques that I would generously furnish him with so he could improve his playing and become even more virtuosic thanks to me. I truly am capable of leading a masterclass for a great pianist of worldwide renown. Of explaining (I can just see myself) how one ought to tackle the second movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C major, for example, the opening attack, the crisp yet simultaneously resonant C chord and, in sweeping overview, on the generosity – I could hear myself in full flow – discoursing upon the generosity in Beethoven as if this were possible, and then upon the detail, a marginally lighter touch here, a little more color there . . .

DARKER WITH THE LIGHTS ON

David Hayden

Wry, intimate, and startlingly imaginative, Hayden's stories bring a sharpness and a strangeness to the everyday.

Driven hypnotically forward by a powerful, deeply felt narrative force, the stories in this debut collection pull off that rare trick of captivating the reader, while twisting the form into truly new shapes. With an imagist's flair for photographic observation and unsettling, often startling, emotional landscapes, *Darker With the Lights On* introduces a mesmerizing new literary talent with seismic potential.

"IT'S AN OPEN SECRET THAT DAVID HAYDEN IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING SHORT STORY WRITERS AROUND." EIMEAR MCBRIDE

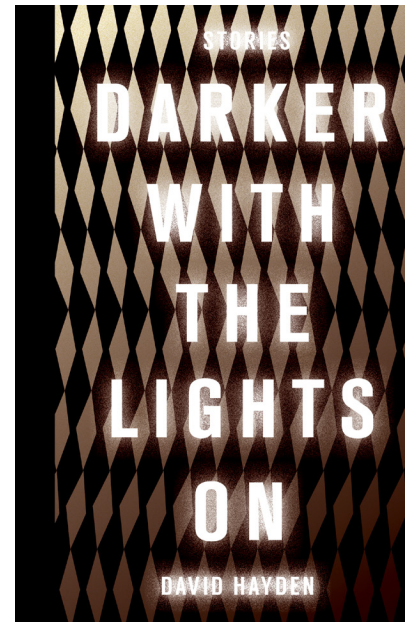
"The surreal and the mundane coincide brilliantly in Hayden's inventive debut collection."—*Publishers Weekly*

"Handle this book with care. Goodness knows where its visions end."
—**Claire-Louise Bennett, author of *Pond***

"Hayden's hypnotic combination of oneiric situations with pinpoint language conjures Calvino or Barthelme. His stories are airborne elephants: their lightness of touch belies their emotional weight."—**Joanna Walsh, author of *Vertigo***



DAVID HAYDEN's writing has appeared in *Granta*, *gorse*, and *The Stinging Fly*. He was shortlisted for the 25th RTÉ Francis MacManus Short Story prize. Born in Dublin, he has lived in the US and Australia and is now based in Norwich, UK.



May 15, 2018
Fiction/Literary
5.25 x 8, 208 pages, \$15.95
Rights: North America
Agent: Little Island Press
978-1-945492-11-2 (pb)
9781945492-13-6 (cb)

"HERE ARE STORIES TO READ AGAIN AND AGAIN. HERE IS LANGUAGE TO LIVE IN. DAVID HAYDEN IS A SERIOUS FORCE."
SAM LIPSYTE

from
DARKER WITH THE LIGHTS ON

The creatures are asleep at last. One has been suffering from a colic and keeping the other awake with him. The auctioneer has brought blankets to ward against the night's slight inclemency and bedded down in the P quarters. The auctioneer has often said that he believes animals take comfort from a human presence in times of illness, as a child would. From my bungalow, in my armchair, in my sitting room, I can see the auctioneer's lamp blink and flicker.

When I first came to this country to join the company I was confused by the broken topography of the settlement. Even in the old quarter the streets are often unfinished; grand villas stand on their own in dusty paddocks, unconnected by path or lane to the main thoroughfares. Lanes end in boreens that slip into the compact, glossy jungle. There is one tall building in the town, the hotel, and from the roof one has the impression of an island that is sinking slowly, pleasantly into a great, green ocean.

When my wife departed I moved to this bungalow, which is very comfortable in a modest way. I prefer modesty now that humility has been forced upon me. The auctioneer arranged for a cash advance on the balance of those belongings that Ellen did not take with her . . .

SUCH SMALL HANDS

Andrés Barba

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY

Lisa Dillman

AFTERWORD BY

Edmund White

Shirley Jackson meets *The Virgin Suicides*, set in an all-girls orphanage.

Life changes at the orphanage the day seven-year-old Marina shows up. She is different from the other girls: at once an outcast and object of fascination. As Marina struggles to find her place, she invents a game whose rules are dictated by a haunting violence. Written in hypnotic, lyrical prose, alternating between Marina's perspective and the choral we of the other girls, *Such Small Hands* evokes the pain of loss and the hunger for acceptance.

"BARBA IS INTENSELY ALIVE TO THE SHIFTING, EVEN JANUS-FACED NATURE OF STRONG FEELING."

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

"Each one of these pages is exquisite."—*Music & Literature*

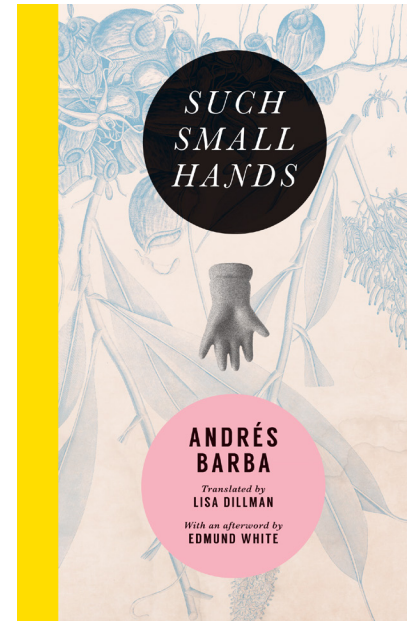
"A lyrically rich and devastating portrayal of adolescent struggle."—*ZYZZYVA*

"A darkly evocative work about young girls, grief, and the unsettling, aching need to belong."—*Kirkus Reviews* (Starred Review)



ANDRÉS BARBA is the one the most lauded contemporary Spanish writers. He is the author of twelve books. In addition to literary fiction, he has written essays, poems, books of photography, and translations of De Quincey and Melville.

LISA DILLMAN won the 2016 Best Translated Book Award for her translation of Yuri Herrera's *Signs Preceding the End of the World*. She translates from Spanish and Catalan and teaches in the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at Emory University.



April 11, 2017

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 108 pages, \$15.95

Rights: North America

Agent: Anagrama

978-1-945492-00-6 (pb)

978-1-945492-02-0 (eb)

"BARBA INHABITS THE MINDS OF CHILDREN WITH AN EXACTITUDE THAT SEEMS TO ME SO UNCANNY AS TO BE ALMOST SINISTER."

SARAH PERRY,
THE GUARDIAN

from

SUCH SMALL HANDS

It was once a happy city; we were once happy girls. They used to say: do this, do that, and we did it, we turned our hands, we drew, we laughed; they called us the faithful city, the enchanting city. We had proud eyes, strong hands. People thought we were just girls then. We used to touch the fig tree in the garden and say, "This is the castle." And then we walked to the black sculpture and said, "This is the devil." And then we'd go back to the orphanage door and say, "This is the mountain." Those were the three things: castle, devil, mountain.

That was the triangle you could play in.

And there was the hall mirror.

And our summer dresses.

And the night they changed our sheets and it felt so good to climb into fresh-smelling beds.

And the days we got sanjacobos for lunch: breaded fried ham and cheese.

It was as if we were all one mouth eating the ham, as if our cheese were all the same cheese: wholesome and creamy and tasting the same to all of us. The cheese was happiness. But then we had class after lunch, and it was long. And the time between lunch and class, and then between class and break time, passed slowly, suspended in the air . . .

THE RIGHT INTENTION

Andrés Barba

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY

Lisa Dillman

Four novellas by the author of *Such Small Hands*.

Nothing is simple for the men and women in Andrés Barba's stories. As they go about their lives, they are each tested by a single, destructive obsession. A runner puts his marriage at risk while training for a marathon; a teenager can no longer stand the sight of meat following her parents' divorce; a man suddenly fixates on the age difference between him and his younger male lover. In four tightly wound novellas, Andrés Barba establishes himself as a master of the form.

"BARBA IS A MASTER OF THE NOVELLA . . . A GORGEOUS, FULLY REALIZED COLLECTION." KIRKUS (STARRED REVIEW)

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—*Publishers Weekly*

"The destructive consequences of those obsessions, traced with an almost clinical precision, are the substance of Barba's absorbing, unnerving stories."

—*Words Without Borders*



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February 13, 2018

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Rights: World English

Agent: Anagrama

978-1-945492-06-6 (pb)

978-1-945492-09-9 (eb)

**"BARBA HAS BECOME AN ESSENTIAL WRITER."
RAFAEL CHIRBES**

from

THE RIGHT INTENTION

Simply, almost painlessly, he had become resigned to the fact that he himself would never demand the things the personals were asking for, and although on a couple of occasions he had contracted a rent boy and brought him up to his apartment, the fact that he had to pay, the whole act of the wallet, the question, the exchange, turned him off to such a degree that he would then become uncomfortable at how long he took and once or twice ended up asking the guy to leave out of sheer disgust.

The dog barked and he found his shoes to take him down for a walk. He left the light on and put on his coat.

Monday everything looked the same from the bank's office window. A Coca-Cola sign flashed on and off, as did the recently hung lights announcing the imminent advent of Christmas. He had heard something about an office party and, although he'd said he would go—declining would have launched a desperate search for excuses—they knew, as he did, that it had been years since he had last liked Alberto's jokes (always the same, whispered to the new secretary or the newest female graduate to be hired), Andrés's toasts and Sandra's conversations about the kids. The fact that he was the oldest employee at the office allowed him to decline those invitations . . .

LESSONS FOR A CHILD WHO ARRIVES LATE

Carlos Yushimito

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY

Valerie Miles

A long-anticipated collection from one of *Granta's* Best Young Spanish Language Novelists.

A tin man ponders the mysteries of death as a heart starts to take charge of his limbs, while in a place not so far away a boy tries to play the piano like Margarita, the teacher's cruel and beautiful niece. In stories filled with violence and tenderness, love and disconnection, Carlos Yushimito's long-anticipated debut explores the subtle space of estrangement.

"CARLOS YUSHIMITO IS ONE OF THE FEW WRITERS IN LATIN AMERICAN LITERATURE TODAY CREATING NEW WAYS TO LOOK AT THE WORLD." YURI HERRERA

"Yushimito is a rising star in contemporary Spanish fiction."

—**Carles Geli, *El País***

"The new generation is represented by Carlos Yushimito, the author of a fascinating and unique set of stories set in an imagined, timeless Brazil constructed from hearsay and literature."

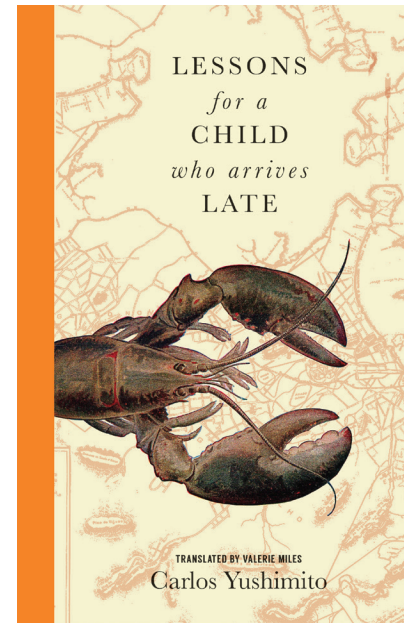
—***Diario El Comercio***



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CARLOS YUSHIMITO was born in Lima, Peru, in 1977. In 2010, he was chosen by *Granta* as one of the Best Young Spanish Language Novelists. He recently joined the University of California, Riverside, faculty after receiving a PhD from Brown University.

VALERIE MILES is an American writer, editor, and translator who lives in Barcelona. In 2003, she co-founded *Granta en español*. She writes and reviews for the *New York Times*, *The Paris Review*, and *El País*.



November 14, 2017

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 264 pages, \$15.95

Rights: World English

Agent: Schavelzon Graham

978-1-945492-05-1 (pb)

978-1-945492-08-2 (eb)

"ONE OF THE BEST YOUNG AUTHORS WRITING IN SPANISH."
GRANTA

from

LESSONS FOR A CHILD WHO ARRIVES LATE

I could feel his sour, cachaça breath on my ear as I slipped out of my costume in the stockroom. It was Bautista, the manager. His face was dripping sweat. He must have been partying already, I supposed, as usual, the way he screwed up his mouth to fling words at me. It wasn't out of the ordinary for me to be taken with a strange sense of embarrassment. A sneaking sense of guilt. For a few seconds, I felt as though someone were watching two lobsters copulating in slow motion and there I was standing by his side, in front of twenty television screens broadcasting the same image. Slow motion. Very slow motion.

Zé Antunes says the best sales pitch for an appliance store like ours is to have all the televisions tuned to the Discovery Channel.

"It's like this," he says, "imagine we air a rock concert or a soccer game: parents will associate the television set with drugs or wasted leisure time. If we put a movie on, a forty something married woman with university age children will remember with nostalgia and resentment that her husband rarely takes her to the movies anymore."

Zé Antunes says the educational channels boost the chances of clinching a sale, and it must be true because parents always . . .

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