

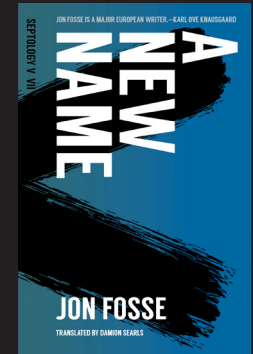
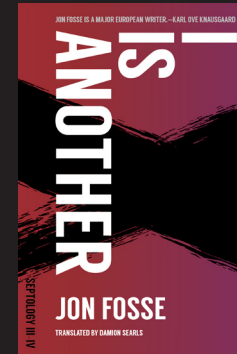
**TRANSIT
BOOKS**

**SPRING
SUMMER
2020**



SEPTOLOGY

The 1,250-page magnum opus from one of the most important writers of our time.



Jon Fosse

Born in 1959 in Strandebarm, in Vestland, western Norway, Jon Fosse's remarkably prolific career began in 1983 with his first novel, *Red, Black*, and since then he has published numerous novels, stories, books of poetry, children's books, and essay collections. He began writing plays in 1993, with *Someone Is Going to Come*, and since then he has written almost thirty plays, including *A Summer's Day*, *Dream of Autumn*, *Death Variations*, *Sleep*, and *I Am the Wind*.

Since the mid-nineties his plays have had unparalleled international success, being performed over a thousand times all over the world; his works have been translated into more than fifty languages. Today Fosse is one of the most performed living playwrights, but he has continued to write novels, stories, and poetry of exceptional quality. In 2015 he received the Nordic Council Literature Prize for his work *Trilogy*, consisting of *Wakefulness*, *Olav's Dreams*, and *Weariness*. Fosse's earlier novels *Melancholy I and II*, *Morning and Evening*, and *Aliss at the Fire* have also received wide critical acclaim.

Fosse has been awarded numerous prizes both in Norway and abroad, and in recent years he has often been mentioned as a frontrunner for the Nobel Prize in Literature. The three books that comprise his magnum opus, *Septology*, will be published by Transit Books, beginning with *The Other Name* (tr. Damion Searls) in April 2020.

THE OTHER NAME: SEPTOLOGY I-II

Jon Fosse

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN BY

Damion Searls

The Other Name follows the lives of two men living close to each other on the west coast of Norway. The year is coming to a close and Asle, an aging painter and widower, is reminiscing about his life. He lives alone, his only friends being his neighbor, Åsleik, a bachelor and traditional Norwegian fisherman-farmer, and Beyer, a gallerist who lives in Bjørgvin, a couple hours' drive south of Dylgja, where he lives. There, in Bjørgvin, lives another Asle, also a painter. He and the narrator are doppelgangers—two versions of the same person, two versions of the same life.

Written in hypnotic prose that shifts between the first and third person, *The Other Name* calls into question concrete notions around subjectivity and the self. What makes us who we are? And why do we lead one life and not another? Through flashbacks, Fosse deftly explores the convergences and divergences in the lives of both Asles, slowly building towards a decisive encounter between them both. A writer at the zenith of his career, with *The Other Name*, the first two volumes in his *Septology*, Fosse presents us with an indelible and poignant exploration of the human condition that will endure as his masterpiece.

“Fosse has written a strange mystical moebius strip of a novel, in which an artist struggles with faith and loneliness, and watches himself, or versions of himself, fall away into the lower depths. The social world seems distant and foggy in this profound, existential narrative, which is only the first part of what promises to be a major work of Scandinavian fiction.”—**Hari Kunzru, author of *White Tears***



© Tom Kolstad/Samlaget

JON FOSSE is one of Norway's most celebrated authors and playwrights. Since his 1983 fiction debut, Fosse has written prose, poetry, essays, short stories, children's books, and over forty plays, with more than a thousand productions performed and translations into fifty languages.

DAMION SEARLS is a translator from German, Norwegian, French, and Dutch and a writer in English. He has translated many classic modern writers, including Proust, Rilke, Nietzsche, Walser, and Ingeborg Bachmann.



April 7, 2020

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 340 pages, \$17.95

Rights: North America

Agent: Gina Winje Agency

978-1-945492-40-2 (pb)

**“JON FOSSE IS A MAJOR
EUROPEAN WRITER.”
KARL OVE KNAUSGAARD**

from

THE OTHER NAME

And I see myself standing and looking at the picture with the two lines that cross in the middle, one purple line, one brown line, it's a painting wider than it is high and I see that I've painted the lines slowly, the paint is thick, two long wide lines, and they've dripped, where the brown line and purple line cross the colors blend beautifully and drip and I'm thinking this isn't a picture but suddenly the picture is the way it's supposed to be, it's done, there's nothing more to do on it, I think, it's time to put it away, I don't want to stand here at the easel anymore, I don't want to look at it anymore, I think, and I think today's Monday and I think I have to put this picture away with the other ones I'm working on but am not done with, the canvases on stretchers leaning against the wall between the bedroom door and the hall door under the hook with the brown leather shoulderbag on it, the bag where I keep my sketchpad and pencil, and then I look at the two stacks of finished paintings propped against the wall next to the kitchen door, I already have ten or so big paintings finished plus four or five small ones, something like that, fourteen paintings in all in two stacks next to each other by the kitchen door, since I'm about to have a show, most of the paintings are approximately square, as they put it, I think, but sometimes I also paint long narrow ones and the one with the two lines crossing is noticeably oblong, as they put it, but I don't want to put this one into the show because I don't like it much, maybe all things considered it's not really a painting...

THE TREE AND THE VINE

Dola de Jong

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY

Kristen Gehrman

A new translation of the 1955 classic about repressed queer desire, set against the rising threat of WWII.

When Bea meets Erica at the home of a mutual friend, this chance encounter sets the stage for the story of two women torn between desire and taboo in the years leading up to the Nazi occupation of Amsterdam. Erica, a reckless young journalist, pursues passionate but abusive affairs with different women. Bea, a reserved secretary, grows increasingly obsessed with Erica, yet denial and shame keep her from recognizing her attraction. Only Bea's discovery that Erica is half-Jewish and a member of the Dutch resistance—and thus in danger—brings her closer to accepting her own feelings.

First published in 1955 in the Netherlands, Dola de Jong's *The Tree and the Vine* was a groundbreaking work in its time for its frank and sensitive depiction of the love between two women, now available in a new translation.

"De Jong makes her narrator a real person, the plain woman over thirty, who does not want to recognize her nature and has brief, dutiful, joyless affairs with men. Therefore, she is always lonely; her little affections and pleasures will never change that. She is not aware of the barrenness of her existence. This silence, this refusal to see, is very touching, and is delicately rendered."—**V.S. Naipaul, Winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature**



DOLA DE JONG (1911–2003) was born Dorothea Rosalie de Jong in Anhern, The Netherlands. She worked as a dancer and a reporter before she fled the country in 1940. Settling first with her husband in Tangiers, she immigrated to the United States. She was the author of sixteen books for adults and children, including *The Tree and the Vine* and *The Field*, which won the City of Amsterdam Literature Prize in 1947.

KRISTEN GEHRMAN lives in The Hague, The Netherlands. Originally from Charleston, South Carolina, she studied linguistics and literary translation at the University of Lausanne, Switzerland.



May 19, 2020

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 160 pages, \$15.95

Rights: World English

Agent: Uitgeverij Cossee

978-1-945492-34-1 (pb)

"A COMPELLING LITTLE BOOK, BEAUTIFUL AND SENSITIVE. IT IS SOMETHING ONE MUST READ AT A SINGLE SITTING ONCE IT IS BEGUN."

THE STATESMAN

from
THE TREE AND THE VINE

I met Erica in 1938 at the home of a mutual acquaintance, a superficial acquaintance, as far as I was concerned, and not someone I wanted to invest a lot of time in. Wies and I had spent six weeks lying next to each other in a hospital room, and our time together didn't inspire me to get to know her any better. After a month and a half, I'd had my fill. Wies is the type of woman who, once she gets another woman to herself, casts out a net of feminine solidarity, and the only way to escape is to run away as fast as you can, but that wasn't an option for me at the time. She had thick skin, typical of her kind, and my lack of enthusiasm and feigned drowsiness only seemed to make her want to confide in me even more. After being released from the hospital two weeks before I was, she visited me often and brought me all kinds of flowers and treats.

I felt like I couldn't completely ignore her after that, so every now and then I made a point to accept one of her many invitations. I had an aversion to offending people back then, not that I can blame myself for it anymore—it was at her house that I met Erica. It was a warm summer evening, and I decided to ride my bicycle over to Wies's to pay my obligatory visit. To be honest, I was hoping she wouldn't be home, that I'd be able to just drop a note in the mailbox, and my duty would be done. But the door opened as soon as I rang the bell, and I once again found myself trapped...

MANSOUR'S EYES

Ryad Girod

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

Chris Clarke

A friend's public execution triggers an ambitious look at the breakup of the modern Arab world.

Mansour al-Jazaïri is on his way to his public execution. As his faithful friend Hussein looks on, the crowd calls for his head. *Gassouh! Gassouh!* It is a time when age-old rituals play out amid skyscrapers and are replayed on smartphone screens in the air-conditioned corridors of shopping malls. Set over the course of a single day in the Saudi Arabian capital, *Mansour's Eyes* weaves together several historical pasts: the time of Mansour's great-grandfather, the Emir Abdelkader; that of Algerian independence; and that of another Mansour, Mansur Al-Hallaj, a Sufi mystic executed in 922. In this lyrical and ambitious novel, Ryad Girod looks at the post-Arab Spring world as its drive toward modernity threatens to sever its relationship with the ethos of Sufi thought and mysticism.

"Ryad Girod offers the contrast between the world leaders occupying center stage and metaphysical withdrawal. A book of stunning beauty!"—*La Croix*

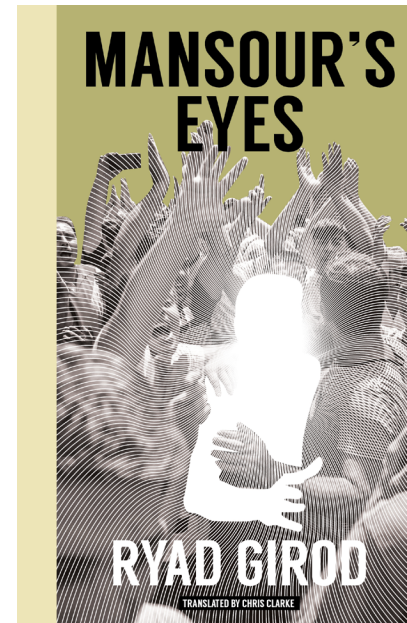
"*Mansour's Eyes* is the novel of the new Arab world. This generational novel, the novel of globalization, succeeds in expressing the questions, problems, desires, disappointments, frustrations and revolts of our time."—*En Attendant Nadeau*



© Barzakh

RYAD GIROD was born in 1970 in Algiers, where he teaches mathematics in the Lycée International d'Alger. Girod is a part of what the French press have labeled the October Generation, along with fellow writers such as Adlène Meddi, Samir Toumi and others who came of age around the time of the October Riots in 1988. Winner of the Assia-Djebar Grand Prize, this is his first book to appear in English.

CHRIS CLARKE's translations include work by Raymond Queneau and Pierre Mac Orlan. His translation of Nobel Prize-winner Patrick Modiano's *In the Café of Lost Youth* was shortlisted for the 2016 French-American Foundation Translation Prize.



June 23, 2020

Fiction/Literary

5.25 x 8, 225 pages, \$15.95

Rights: World English

Agent: Éditions P.O.L

978-1-945492-36-5 (pb)

**"WRITTEN IN
MESMERIZING
LANGUAGE,
MANSOUR'S EYES
CELEBRATES SUFI
HERITAGE AGAINST A
DARK AND VIOLENT
ISLAM. STRONG,
SUBTLE AND
MARVELOUS.
LE FIGARO**

from
MANSOUR'S EYES

We wait. All of Riyadh seems to wait. Soon it will be ten o'clock and Safat Square is already dark with people. It shouldn't be long now. All of the nearby businesses have closed and the streets are filling up in the wake of a white 4 x 4, its speakers blasting the announcement of a heretic's execution after Friday prayers. Everyone has gathered in Justice Square, where society puts to death its sinners. We wait. It's hot, already very hot, and the sun cruelly inundates the scene. A sandstorm has blown all night long, leaving behind, as if in suspension, a dust that seems to multiply the brilliance of the light. The sky is white. We form a more and more compact crowd around a pail of water and some rags that the employees of the tribunal have placed at the spot they reckoned to be the exact center, the true middle of this large square typically occupied by women and children. This morning, there are only men, and true men, necessarily. In a few minutes' time, the blade of a saber will rend the neck of a body that will be divided into two parts. It takes a man to watch that. It's nearly ten o'clock and I leave the square to make my way back across the three hundred yards separating it from the tribunal, out of which Mansour al-Jazaïri, my friend, will come. Policemen cleave the crowd in half, forming a cordon to expand the circle surrounding the pail of water and the rags. One of them unrolls a rug, or rather a mat, just big enough to hold the two separated parts. The tension mounts, the impatience, and the fear as well. The cell phones are out, some...

GROVE: A FIELD NOVEL

Esther Kinsky

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

Caroline Schmidt

Winner of the Leipzig Book Prize

Winner of the Düsseldorf Book Prize

An unnamed narrator, recently bereaved, travels to a small village southeast of Rome. It is winter, and from her temporary residence on a hill between village and cemetery, she embarks on walks and outings, exploring the banal and the sublime with equal dedication and intensity. Seeing, describing, naming the world around her is her way of redefining her place within it. In Kinsky's *Grove*, winner of the 2018 Leipzig Book Prize, grief must bear the weight of the world and full of grief the narrator becomes one with the brittle manifestations of the Italian winter.

“Deeply sad and darkly beautiful. The novel is masterly and uplifting and without any doubt it offers solace.”—**Jury for the Düsseldorf Literature Prize**

“Like a landscape painter who day after day sets up their easel outside, Esther Kinsky directs her eyes onto the terrain, studies it at particular times and in ever-changing weather, seeks to understand its anatomy as well as the way it is used by people.”—*Frankfurter Allgemeine Sonntagszeitung*

“For it is this ambivalence, this relaxed cleaving asunder, this shimmering multiplicity of meanings, every thing the narrator notes and keeps from her two recent trips to Italy and the memory of countless previous ones with her long-dead father, that gives this book its extraordinary charm.”—*Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*



ESTHER KINSKY grew up by the river Rhine and lived in London for twelve years. She is the author of three volumes of poetry and three novels, including *River* and *Grove*, and has translated many notable English and Polish authors into German. *Grove* is the winner of the 2018 Leipzig Book Prize and the Düsseldorf Book Prize.



August 4, 2020

Fiction/Literary

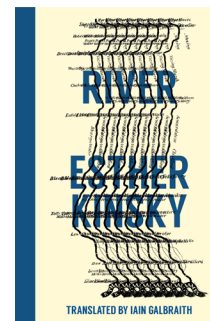
5.25 x 8, 287 pages, \$16.95

Rights: North America

Agent: Suhrkamp

978-1-945492-38-9 (pb)

Other titles by Esther Kinsky



“Magnificent novel.”—*The New Yorker*

“A book to relish.”—*The Guardian*

from
GROVE

In Olevano Romano I live for some time in a house on a hill. Approaching the town on the winding road that leads up out of the plain, the building is recognizable in the distance. To the left of the hill with the house lies the old village, vaulting the steep hillside. It is the color of cliffs, a different shade of gray in every light and weather. To the right of the house, somewhat farther up the hill, lies the cemetery, angular, whitish cement-gray, surrounded by tall, slender black trees. Cypresses. Sempervirens, the everlasting tree of death; a defiant answer to the unexpecting pines, projected sharply into the sky.

I walk along the cemetery wall until the road forks. To the southeast it leads through olive groves, between a bamboo thicket and vineyards it becomes a dirt road, which grazes a sparse birch grove. Three or four birch trees, scattered messengers, accidental vagrants between olive trees, holm oaks, and vines, stand at a slant on a kind of nose, which rises up next to the path. From the top of this nose one looks over onto the hill with the house. The village lies once again on the left, the cemetery on the right. A small car moves through the village alleys, while someone hangs laundry on a line, strung beneath the windows. The laundry says: vii.

In the 19th century, this nose may have served those who came here to paint as a good lookout point. Perhaps the painters, pulling their handkerchiefs out of their jacket pockets, carelessly and unwittingly scattered birch seeds, brought from their northern-colored...

INCLUDE ME OUT

María Sonia Cristoff

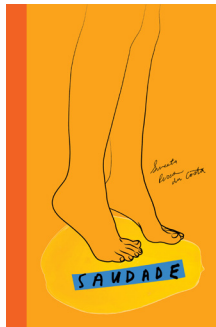


Mara is a simultaneous interpreter who moves to a provincial town in Argentina in order to speak as little as possible for a year. Steeled with the ten rules of silence set out in her manual of rhetoric, she takes a job as a guard in the local museum. The advantages of her work are threatened when she's asked to assist in the re-embalming of the museum's pride and joy: two horses—of great national and historical significance. Bold, subversive, and threaded through with acerbic wit, *Include Me Out* is an exploration of the range and expression of female silence.

February 2020 | Fiction | 136 pgs | NA | Cassanovas & Lynch | 978-1-945492-30-3

SAUDADE

Suneeta Peres da Costa



1960s Angola. A Goan immigrant family finds itself caught between their complicity in Portuguese rule and their own outsider status in the period leading up to independence. Looking back on her childhood, Maria captures with intense lyricism the difficult relationship between her and her mother, and the ways in which their intimate world is shaken by domestic violence, the legacies of slavery, and the end of empire. Her story unfolds into a growing awareness of the lies of colonialism and the political ruptures that ultimately lead to their exile.

October 2019 | Fiction | 120 pgs | NA | Giramondo | 978-1-945492-28-0

AXIOMATIC

María Tumarkin



- Winner of the Melbourne Prize for Literature
- Shortlisted for the Stella Prize

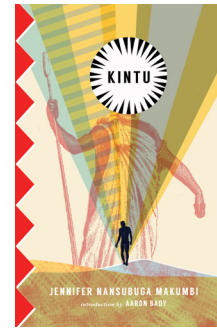
Drawing on nine years of research, *Axiomatic* explores the ways we understand the traumas we inherit and the systems that sustain them. With verve, wit, and critical dexterity, Tumarkin asks questions about loss, grief, and how our particular histories inform the people we become in the world.

“These essays will linger in readers’ minds for years after.”—*Publishers Weekly, Starred Review*

September 2019 | Nonfiction | 224 pgs | NA | Brow Books | 978-1-945492-29-7

KINTU

Jennifer Makumbi



- A *Publishers Weekly* Best Book of 2017

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.

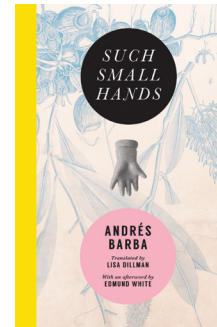
“Magisterial.”—*The New York Review of Books*

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

May 2017 | Fiction | 446 pgs | NA | Antony Harwood | 978-1-945492-01-3

SUCH SMALL HANDS

Andrés Barba



- A *Guardian* Best Book of 2017

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, *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*

April 2017 | Fiction | 120 pgs | WE | Cassanovas & Lynch | 978-1-945492-00-6

SWALLOWING MERCURY

Wioletta Greg



- Longlisted for the Man Booker International Prize

In this celebrated debut, Wioletta 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.

“Achieves a form of literary alchemy that mesmerizes.”—*The New York Times*

September 2017 | Fiction | 160 pgs | US | Granta | 978-1-945492-04-4

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