

TRANSIT BOOKS



SPRING
SUMMER
2023



SIBLINGS

Brigitte Reimann

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

Lucy Jones

A story of sibling love ruptured by the Iron Curtain, by one of the most significant East German writers.

“I will never forgive you,” Uli says to his sister Elisabeth. It is 1960 and the border between East and West Germany has long been closed. Their brother Konrad has already fled to the West. Disillusioned by life in the East, Uli also dreams of escape, while Elisabeth still holds out hope for the political project of the GDR. With physical checkpoints and ideological tensions between them, the siblings must navigate emotional rifts as they enter into a drama fueled by love in this unflinching portrayal of life in the early years of the German Democratic Republic.

One of the most significant East German writers, Brigitte Reimann (1933–1973) wrote irreverent, autobiographical works that addressed issues and sensibilities otherwise repressed in the GDR. Outspoken and idealistic, she wrote in her diaries that she would rather “live 30 wild years instead of 70 well-behaved ones.” Considered a master of socialist realism, she heeded the state’s call for artists to engage with the people, teaching writing classes for industrial plant workers. Of her generation’s suffering, she wrote to her brother, “We marched forth carrying such a heavy baggage of ideals.” After her death from cancer in 1973, at age 39, Reimann garnered cult-like attention. This is her first work of fiction to appear in English.

Praise for Brigitte Reimann

“Passionate self-reflection, political insight and a fierce commitment to the art of fiction on practically every page...”—*Times Literary Supplement*



BRIGITTE REIMANN (1933–1973) was a German teacher and writer. Her novel *Ankunft im Alltag* is regarded as a masterpiece of socialist realism. She received the Heinrich Mann Prize in 1964.

LUCY JONES is a cofounder of Transfiction GbR and has translated Annemarie Schwarzenbach, Brigitte Reimann, Ronald Schernikau, and Silke Scheuermann, among others.

Siblings

Brigitte Reimann

TRANSLATED BY
Lucy Jones



February 21 2023

Fiction / Literary

5.25 x 8, 192 pages, \$16.95

Rights: North America

978-1-945492-66-2 (pb)

from
SIBLINGS

As I walked to the door, everything in me was spinning.

He said, ‘I won’t forget this.’ He was standing very straight and not moving in the middle of the room. He said in a cold, dry voice, ‘I’ll never forgive you.’

I found the door handle and hung onto it for a moment out in the hallway while I waited for him to say something, or for a curse or a shoe to hit the door.

When we’d argued in the past, he’d thrown shoes at me and once even a vase; another time, when I’d locked him out on the balcony, he’d pummelled his fists against the windowpane. Back then, long ago, he was very hot-tempered, and sometimes I was afraid of him. But at that moment I would have preferred his hot temper to this cold, dry calm.

I stood in the hallway for a few minutes. Through the open window, I could see the damp, brown branches of the walnut tree in front of the house and the curled tips of its leaves. In summer the branches hang over the steps, dark green, heavy and dependable, and the leaves tap on the windows when the wind rises. It was the Tuesday after Easter. The silky yellow forsythias had already wilted. By the next day, Uli would have left for good.

No noise came from the room and in the end, I tiptoed along the red coconut mat to the kitchen. For as long as I can remember we’ve had a red coconut mat in the hallway, which is replaced every four or five years. Only in the years after the war did it grow shabby, grey and worn. The same old prints hang on the walls, Liebermann and Leibl. The cheery landscapes by van Gogh that I gave my parents are lying in a drawer under our

COLD NIGHTS OF CHILDHOOD

Tezer Özlü

TRANSLATED FROM THE TURKISH BY
Maureen Freely

INTRODUCTION BY
Ayşegül Savaş

The Bell Jar meets *Good Morning, Midnight*, by one of Turkey's most beloved writers.

The narrator of Tezer Özlü's novel is between lovers. She is in and out of psychiatric wards, where she is forced to undergo electroshock treatments. She is between Berlin and Paris. She returns to Istanbul, in search of freedom, happiness, and new love.

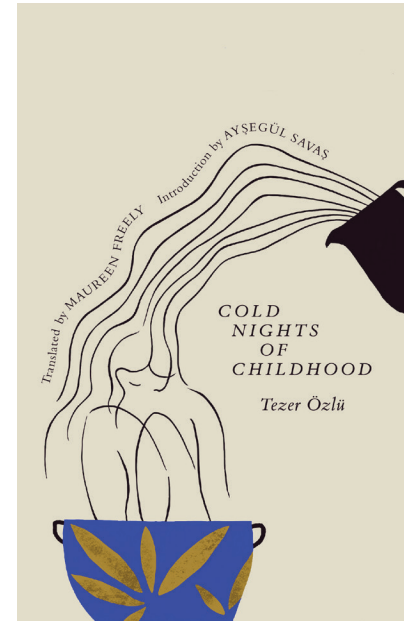
Set across the rambling orchards of a childhood in the Turkish provinces and the smoke-filled cafes of European capitals, *Cold Nights of Childhood* offers a sensual, unflinching portrayal of a woman's sexual encounters and psychological struggle, staging a clash between unbridled feminine desire and repressive, patriarchal society.

Originally published in 1980, six years before her death at 43, *Cold Nights of Childhood* cemented Tezer Özlü's status as one of Turkey's most beloved writers. A classic that deserves to stand alongside *The Bell Jar* and Jean Rhys's *Good Morning, Midnight*, *Cold Nights of Childhood* is a powerfully vivid, disorienting, and bittersweet novel about the determined embrace of life in all its complexity and confusion, translated into English here for the first time by Maureen Freely, with an introduction by Ayşegül Savaş.



TEZER ÖZLÜ was born in 1943 in Turkey and lived in Paris, Ankara, Istanbul, Berlin, and Zurich where she died in 1986. *Cold Nights of Childhood* is her first novel to be translated into English.

MAUREEN FREELY is a writer, translator and Professor of English and Comparative Literary Studies and a member of English PEN. She is the author of six novels, three works of non-fiction and is the translator of five books by the Turkish Nobel laureate Orhan Pamuk.



May 2, 2023
Fiction/Literary
Paperback Original
5.25 x 8, 160 pages, \$16.95
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978-1-945492-69-3 (pb)

from
**COLD NIGHTS OF
CHILDHOOD**

My husband is in Paris. When I come home in the evening, I am met with beautiful silence. I am listening to Telemann and no one else at this point. I sit out on the balcony of my penthouse apartment. Watch the sun cast a lovely autumn glow over the steppe as it sinks behind bald hills. In the days that follow, everything around me changes, fast as lightning. A great beauty descends on the world. Enthrilled by life's ethereal magnificence, I reduce my sleep. My talents seem to increase with every day. I understand everything so much better. I am sleeping less, but even when I do fall asleep, life still pulses through me. I can work without ever tiring. I love those around me more than ever before, and they seem to love me back just as much. Life speeds up. My thoughts do the same. He is in Paris. And everything is so much more beautiful without him. He's coming back. He'll add his own unhappy suspicions about the world to the flow of my own confusions. His hopelessness, too. Let him stay in Paris. Or if he comes back, let him live without me. There is no friendship between us, no marriage, or love.

When I raise my head, I can see spread out before me the valley beyond big apartment blocks, with all the concrete buildings of the city sprawling across it, interrupted here and there by a towering hotel or bank. Some of the buildings lining the asphalt roads have vanished behind the trees. Some parts of the city are under clouds. The low hills under those clouds are bright...

AT NIGHT HE LIFTS WEIGHTS

Kang Young-sook

TRANSLATED FROM THE KOREAN BY

Janet Hong

A disquieting vision of ecological dystopia in a collection by a major Korean writer.

An artist is plagued by desire for her mysterious double as disease spreads through an uncanny suburban landscape. An elderly woman suspects the old man who lifts weights in her neighborhood playground of being responsible for a spate of murders. While elsewhere, a woman who believes she's been exposed to radioactive radiation inherits a warehouse where those fleeing the city can store their possessions.

Beneath the calm surface of the stories collected here, Kang Young-sook offers a disquieting vision of a society grappling with ecological catastrophe and unplaceable forms of loss.



KANG YOUNG-SOOK is the author of four novels, including the award-winning *Rina*, and five short story collections. She often writes about the female grotesque, delving into varying genres as urban noir, fantasy, and ecofiction.

JANET HONG is a writer and translator based in Vancouver, Canada. She received the 2018 TA First Translation Prize and the 16th LTI Korea Translation Award for her translation of Han Yujoo's *The Impossible Fairy Tale*, which was also a finalist for both the 2018 PEN Translation Prize and the 2018 National Translation Award.



July 18, 2023

Fiction/Literary

Paperback Original

5.25 x 8, 220 pages, \$16.95

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978-1-945492-70-9 (pb)

from

AT NIGHT HE LIFTS WEIGHTS

The shouts of children woke me in the morning. I opened the front door, but the hallway was quiet. Sunlight streamed in through the windows. It was too cold to open the large living-room window, so I opened the small window above the kitchen sink. Children stood in a ring, staring down at something. Black objects both big and small dotted the frozen paddy fields.

“They’re dead!” the children shouted. “The birds are all dead!”

I squeezed my eyes shut. Dead birds littered the white fields. I put on a sweater and slid the big window open. The cold wind rushed in. There was a black feather stuck in the frame. The second I reached through the open window, it blew in and stuck to my chest.

Why had so many birds died here? It was difficult for someone like me to understand. Truly, I didn’t know a thing; I couldn’t even begin to guess the cause. I had to tell my husband about the dead birds, I had so much to tell him, but he didn’t return. All day I watched the news and ate peanuts. District Y wasn’t the only place to experience mass bird deaths. There were reports of mass bird deaths all over the country. The cause was unclear. Experts speculated that trauma, bad weather, or the noise from local fireworks were to blame.

My husband returned close to midnight. He looked noticeably thinner. I clasped his face in my hands, but he didn’t crack a smile. He’d always brought back news from the outside

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Laurent Mauvignier

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

Daniel Levin Becker

A painter contends with the ghosts of the French countryside in a psychological literary thriller by a major French writer.

Buried deep in rural France, little remains of the isolated hamlet of La Bassée, save three houses and a curiously assembled quartet: Patrice Bergogne, inheritor of his family's farm; his wife, Marion; their daughter, Ida; and their neighbor, Christine, an artist. While Patrice plans a surprise for his wife's fortieth birthday, inexplicable events disrupt the hamlet's peaceable existence: anonymous, menacing letters, an unfamiliar car rolling up the driveway. And as night falls, strangers stalk the hamlet, looking for a way in.

Told in rhythmic, propulsive prose that weaves seamlessly from one consciousness to the next over the course of a day, Laurent Mauvignier's *The Birthday Party* is a deft unraveling of the stories we hide from others and from ourselves, a tale of the nightmarish irruptions of the past into the present, written by a major contemporary French writer.

Praise for Laurent Mauvignier

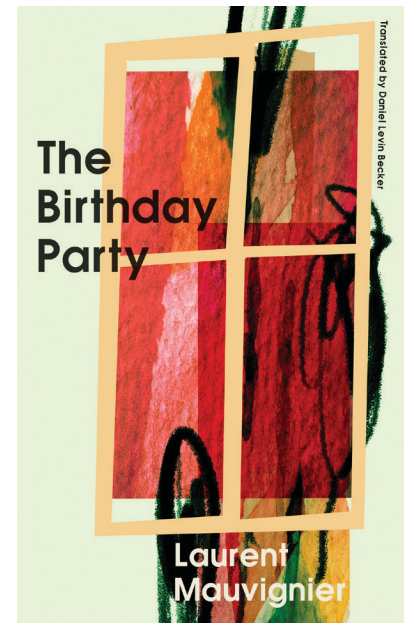
"One of France's most talented writers, Laurent Mauvignier always kept a low profile on the literary scene—until his stunning novel about the Algerian War became a runaway bestseller."—*France Today*

"[Mauvignier is] one of the major French writers today."—*Lire Magazine*



LAURENT MAUVIGNIER was born in Tours in 1967. He is the author of several novels in French and is the winner of four literary prizes, including the Prix Wepler.

DANIEL LEVIN BECKER is an American writer, translator and musical critic. He is the youngest member of the Oulipo.



January 24, 2023

Fiction / Literary

5.25 x 8, 454 pages, \$18.95

Rights: North America

978-1-945492-65-5 (pb)

from

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

She watches him through the window and what she sees in the parking lot, despite the reflection of the sun that blinds her and prevents her from seeing him as she'd like to, leaning against that old Renault Kangoo he's going to have to get around to trading in one of these days—as though by watching him she can guess what he's thinking, when maybe he's just waiting for her to come out of this police station where he's brought her for the how many times now, two or three in two weeks, she can't remember—what she sees, in any case, elevated slightly over the parking lot which seems to incline somewhat past the grove of trees, standing near the chairs in the waiting room between a scrawny plant and a concrete pillar painted yellow on which she could read appeals for witnesses if she bothered to take an interest, is, because she's slightly above it, overlooking and thus observing a misshapen version of it, a bit more packed down than it really is, the silhouette, compact but large, solid, of this man whom, she now thinks, she's no doubt been too long in the habit of seeing as though he were still a child—not her child, she has none and has never felt the desire to have any—but one of those kids you look after from time to time, like a godchild or one of those nephews you can enjoy selfishly, for the pleasure they bring you, taking advantage of their youthfulness without having to bother with all the trouble it entails, that educating them generates like so much inevitable collateral damage.

In the parking lot, the man has his arms crossed—robust arms extending...

SEPTOLOGY

Jon Fosse

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN BY

Damion Searls

A special edition hardcover collecting all three volumes of Fosse's International Booker–shortlisted masterwork for the first time.

What makes us who we are? And why do we lead one life and not another? Asle, an ageing painter and widower who lives alone on the southwest coast of Norway, is reminiscing about his life. His only friends are his neighbour, Åsleik, a traditional fisherman–farmer, and Beyer, a gallerist who lives in the city. There, in Bjørgvin, lives another Asle, also a painter but lonely and consumed by alcohol. Asle and Asle are doppelgängers—two versions of the same person, two versions of the same life, both grappling with existential questions about death, love, light and shadow, faith and hopelessness. The three volumes of Jon Fosse's *Septology*—*The Other Name*, *I is Another*, and *A New Name*—collected in for the first time in this limited hardcover edition, are a transcendent exploration of the human condition, and a radically other reading experience—incantatory, hypnotic, and utterly unique.

Praise for *Septology*

“With *Septology*, Fosse has found a new approach to writing fiction, different from what he has written before and—it is strange to say, as the novel enters its fifth century—different from what has been written before. *Septology* feels new.”—Wyatt Mason, *Harper's*

“An extraordinary seven–novel sequence about an old man's recursive reckoning with the braided realities of God, art, identity, family life and human life itself... The books feel like the culminating project of an already major career.”

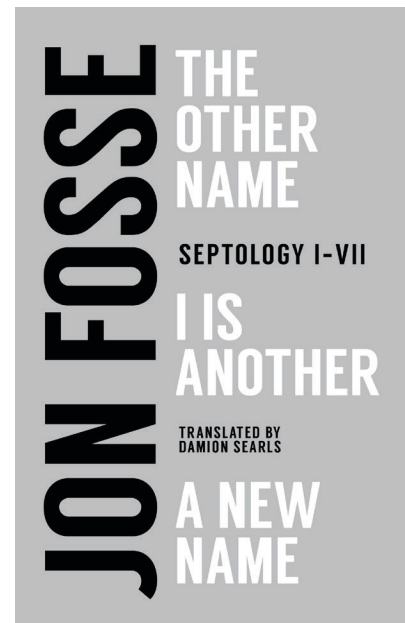
—Randy Boyagoda, *The New York Times*



© 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.



November 22, 2022

Fiction/Literary

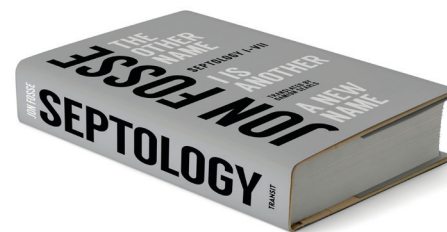
Hardcover

5.5 x 8.5, 672 pages, \$40

Rights: North America

Agent: Gina Winje Agency

978-1-945492-67-9 (pb)



from A NEW NAME

And I see myself standing there looking at the two lines crossing in the middle, one brown and one purple, and I see that I've painted the lines slowly, with a lot of thick oil paint, and the paint has run, and where the brown and purple lines cross the colors have blended beautifully and I think that I can't look at this picture anymore, it's been sitting on the easel for a long time now, a couple of weeks maybe, so now I have to either paint over it in white or else put it up in the attic, in the crates where I keep the pictures I don't want to sell, but I've already thought that thought day after day, I think and then I take the stretcher and let go of it again and I realize that I, who have spent my whole life painting, oil paint on canvas, yes, ever since I was a boy, I don't want to paint anymore, ever, all the pleasure I used to take in painting is gone, I think and for a couple of weeks now I haven't painted anything, and I haven't once taken my sketchpad out of the brown leather shoulderbag hanging above the stack of paintings I've set aside, over there between the hall door and the bedroom door, and I think that I want to get rid of this painting and get rid of the easel, the tubes of oil paint, yes, everything, yes, I want to get rid of everything on the table in the main room, everything that has to do with painting in this room that's been both a living room and a painting studio, and that's how it's been since Ales and I moved in here so long ago, so long ago, because it's all just disturbing me now and I need to get rid of it, get it out of here...

MY LIFE AS A GODARD MOVIE

Joanna Walsh

A book-length essay on beauty and revolution as seen through the work of Jean-Luc Godard.

As Joanna Walsh watches the films of Jean-Luc Godard, she considers beauty and desire in life and art. “There’s a resistance, in Godard’s women,” writes Walsh, “that is at the heart of his work (and theirs).” She is captivated by the Paris of his films and the often porous border between the city presented on screen and the one she inhabited herself.

With cool precision, and in language that shines with aphoristic wit, Walsh has crafted an exquisitely intimate portrait of the way attention to works of art becomes attention to changes in ourselves. Taut and gem-like, *My Life as a Godard Movie* is a probing meditation by one of our most observant writers.

Praise for Joanna Walsh

“Joanna Walsh is fast becoming one of our most important writers.”

—**Deborah Levy, author of *Real Estate***

“This is theory as user manual for every girl who has misplaced her body, for all who have ever attempted the looking glass life of writing a self onto screen. Walsh does not betray these early desires of screen life even as she elucidates the stark disappointments of its actualization.”

—**Anne Boyer, author of *The Undying***

“A brilliant, timely act of feminist resistance. Joanna Walsh wields language as deliberately as a surgeon her knife. She doesn’t miss a trick, or an opportunity for wordplay. Here as ever she is ‘good to think’ with, a formidable and original theorist for and beyond our online era.”

—**Lauren Elkin, author of *Flaneuse***



JOANNA WALSH is a multidisciplinary writer for print, digital and performance. She is the author of seven books, including *Hotel*, *Vertigo*, *Worlds from the Word's End*, *Break*up*, and, most recently, *Girl Online*. She is a UK Arts Foundation fellow, and the recipient of the Markievicz Award in the Republic of Ireland.



October 18, 2022

Nonfiction / Essay

5 x 7, 104 pages, \$15.95

Rights: North America

978-1-945492-64-8 (pb)

UNDELIVERED
LECTURES

from

MY LIFE AS A GODARD MOVIE

If, approaching the end of the world, we’re forced to choose a single surviving monument to human art, it won’t be how any particular work looks, but the act of looking. We know that already, but how can looking be recorded? I guess in paint or stone, but it’s better in photographs and best in film. I like film because the paint is human. So many paintings have been made about women by men, the women’s gaze only pigment the man has put there: on camera the woman is a real person and, no matter how much the director tries to turn her into a colour, there she is looking through the mask of the colours that make up the makeup on her face, and also her face, her hair, her eyes.

Before I taught myself to pain, I never used the colour green. I’d go as far as the sour, dark turquoise of tables and other objects in my childhood’s schools. I wanted to live in primary colour; something uncompromised that couldn’t be mixed from anything else. A man once looked at me and said I looked like I was filmed in Eastmancolor. That was the colour filmstock Jean-Luc Godard used, and Godard didn’t like green either. His films take place against the pale limestone city of Paris or the pale sand-coloured earth of the Maquis. Add the blue of the Mediterranean—and sometimes his characters wear red. There are no secondary colours in Godard and green is a secondary colour. truck this time, punctually delivered by the mechanic on Avenida Warnes...

LECTURE

Mary Cappello



- *Firecracker Award Finalist*

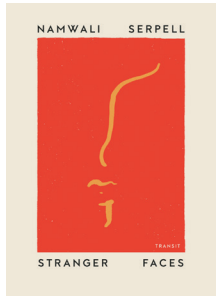
Brimming with energy and erudition, *Lecture* is an attempt to restore the lecture's capacity to wander, question, and excite. Cappello draws on examples from **Virginia Woolf** to **Mary Ruefle**, **Ralph Waldo Emerson** to **James Baldwin**, blending rigorous cultural criticism with personal history to give new life to knowledge's dramatic form.

"[Cappello] at once defends the lecture and calls for holistic and creative improvements to the form."
—*The Atlantic*

September 2020 | Nonfiction | 136 pgs | World | 978-1-945492-42-6

STRANGER FACES

Namwali Serpell



- *National Book Critics Circle Award Finalist*

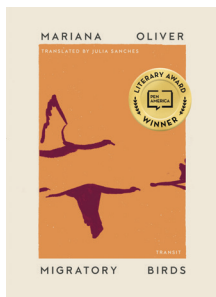
Serpell probes our contemporary mythology of the face in a collection of speculative essays on faces that resist legibility—the disabled face, the racially ambiguous face, the digital face, the face of the dead—imagining a new ethics based on the perverse pleasures we take in the very mutability of faces.

"Wise, warm, witty and dizzyingly wide-ranging."—*The New York Times*

October 2020 | Nonfiction | 192 pgs | World | 978-1-945492-43-3

MIGRATORY BIRDS

Mariana Oliver



- *PEN Translation Prize Winner*

Mexican essayist Mariana Oliver trains her gaze on migration in its many forms, moving between real cities and other more inaccessible territories: language, memory, pain, desire, and the body. With an abiding curiosity and poetic ease, Oliver presents a brilliant collection of essays that asks us what it means to leave the familiar behind and make the unfamiliar our own.

June 2021 | Nonfiction | 136 pgs | World | 978-1-945492-52-5

AFTERMATH

Preti Taneja



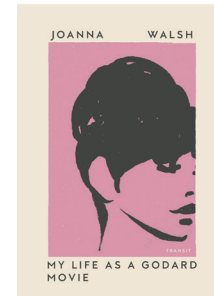
Taneja interrogates the language of terror, trauma and grief, the fictions we believe and the voices we exclude. Contending with the pain of unspeakable loss set against public tragedy, she draws on history, memory, and powerful poetic predecessors to reckon with the systemic nature of atrocity.

"Stunning... [Taneja] turns a critical lens toward the way language shapes violence... Poetic, urgent, and self-reflective."—Publishers Weekly, Starred Review

November 2021 | Nonfiction | 260 pgs | World | 978-1-945492-54-9

MY LIFE AS A GODARD MOVIE

Joanna Walsh



As Joanna Walsh watches the films of Jean-Luc Godard, she considers beauty and desire in life and art. She is captivated by the Paris of his films and the often porous border between the city presented on screen and the one she inhabited herself.

With cool precision, and in language that shines with aphoristic wit, Walsh has crafted an exquisitely intimate portrait of the way attention to works of art becomes attention to changes in ourselves.

September 2022 | Nonfiction | 104 pgs | NA | 978-1-945492-64-8

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