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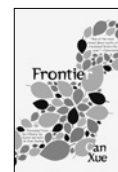
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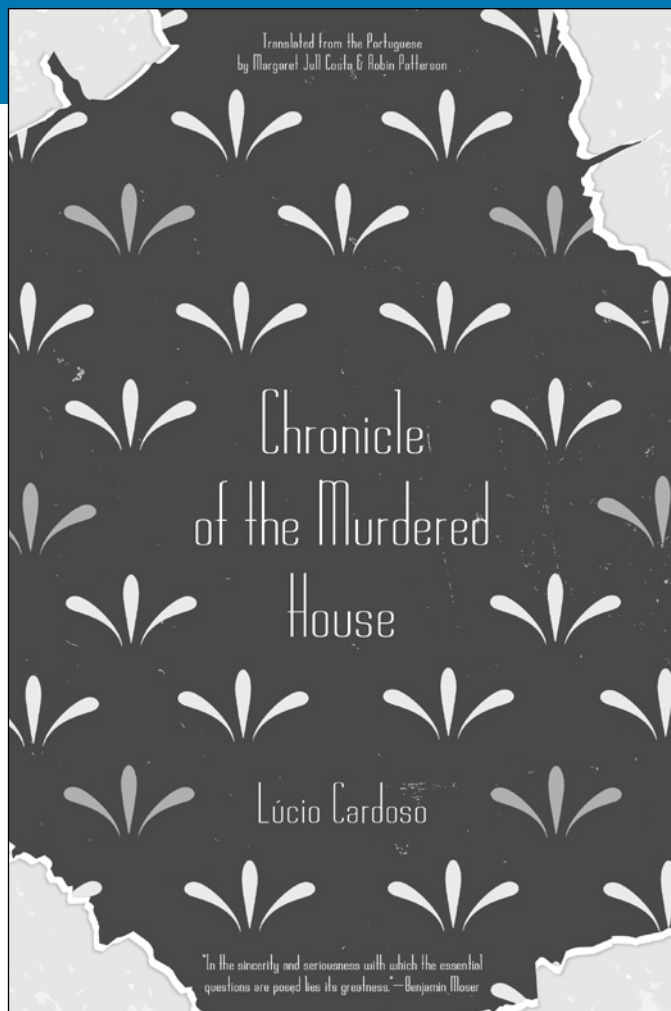
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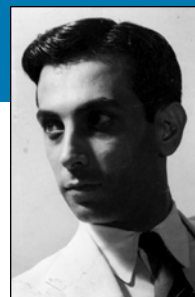
## FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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(North America)



## CHRONICLE OF THE MURDERED HOUSE

LÚCIO CARDOSO

Trans. from the Portuguese by Margaret Jull Costa & Robin Patterson  
Introduction by Benjamin Moser

Long considered one of the most important works of twentieth-century Brazilian literature, *Chronicle of the Murdered House* is finally available in English.

Set in the southeastern state of Minas Gerais, the novel relates the dissolution of a once proud patriarchal family now represented by Timóteo, a gay scion who wanders the ancestral mansion dressed in his mother's clothes. This downfall, peppered by stories of decadence, adultery, incest, and madness, is related through a variety of narrative devices, including letters, diaries, memoirs, statements, confessions, and accounts penned by the various characters.

Salacious, literary, and introspective, Cardoso's masterpiece marked a turning away from the social realism fashionable in Brazilian literature of the 1930s and had a huge impact on the writing of Cardoso's life-long friend and greatest admirer—Clarice Lispector.

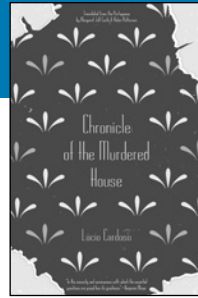
"The book itself is strange—part Faulknerian meditation on the perversities, including sexual, of degenerate country folk; part Dostoevskian examination of good and evil and God—but in its strangeness lies its rare power, and in the sincerity and seriousness with which the essential questions are posed lies its greatness."

—Benjamin Moser, author of *Why This World*

**Lúcio Cardoso** (1912-1968) is one of the leading Brazilian writers of the period between 1930 and 1960. Author of dozens of novels and short stories, he was also active as a playwright, poet, journalist, filmmaker, and painter.

**Dame Margaret Jull Costa** is one of the most acclaimed translators of modern times, translating dozens of works from both Spanish and Portuguese, including those by Javier Marías, José Saramago, and Fernando Pessoa. In 2014 she was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire.

**Robin Patterson** was mentored by Margaret Jull Costa, and has translated *Our Musseque* by José Luandino Vieira.



**André's Diary**  
(conclusion)

18th . . . 19 . . . - (. . . ah, dear God, what is death exactly? When she's far from me, beneath the earth that will enfold her mortal remains, for how long will I have to go on remaking in this world the path she taught me, her admirable lesson of love, finding in another woman the velvet of her kisses—"this was how she used to kiss"—in yet another her way of smiling, in yet another the same rebellious lock of hair—all the many women one meets throughout one's life, and who will help me to rebuild, out of grief and longing, that unique image gone for ever? And what does "forever" mean—the harsh, pompous echo of those words ringing down the deserted corridors of the soul—the "forever" that is, in fact, meaningless, not even a visible moment in the very instant in which we think it, and yet it is all we have, because it is the one definitive word available to us in our scant earthly vocabulary . . .

What does "forever" mean but the continuous, fluid existence of all that has been set free from contingency, that is transformed, evolves and breaks ceaselessly on the shores of equally mutable feelings? There was no point in trying to hide: the "forever" was there before my eyes. A minute, a single minute—and that, too, would escape any attempt to grasp it, while I myself—also forever—will

escape and slip away, and, like a pile of cold, futile flotsam, all my love and pain and even my faithfulness will drift away forever. Yes, what else is "forever" but the final image of this world, and not just this world, but any world that one binds together with the illusory architecture of dreams and permanence—all our games and pleasures, our ills and our fears, our loves and our betrayals—the impulse, in short, that shapes not our everyday self, but the possible, never-achieved self that we pursue as one might follow the trail of a never-to-be-requested love, and that becomes, in the end, only the memory of a lost love—but lost when?—in a place we do not know, but whose loss pierces us and, whether justifiably or not, hurls us, everyone of us, into that nothing or that all-consuming everything where we vanish into the general, the absolute, the perfection we so lack.)

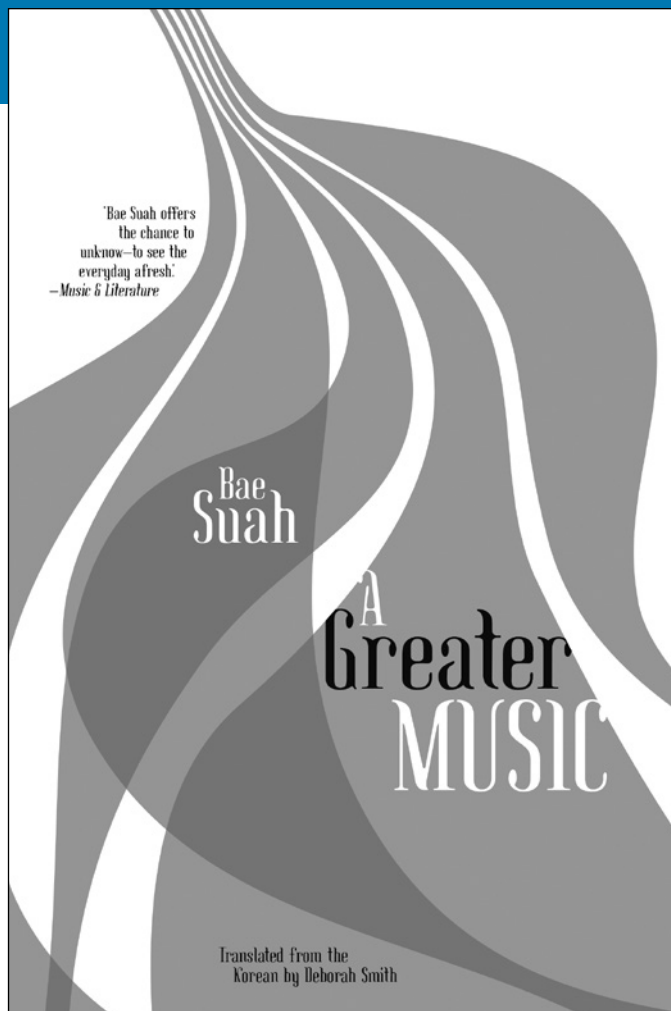
All day, I wandered about the empty house, unable even to dredge up enough courage to enter the living room. Ah, how painfully intense the knowledge that she no longer belonged to me, that she was merely a thing looted and manhandled by strangers, without tenderness or understanding. Somewhere far from me, very far, they would uncover her now defenseless form—and with the sad diligence of the indifferent,

would dress her for the last time, never even imagining that her flesh had once been alive or how often it had trembled with love—that she had once been younger, more splendid than all the youth you could possibly imagine blossoming throughout the world. No, this was not the right death for her, at least, I had never imagined it like this, in the few difficult moments when I had managed to imagine it—so brutal and final, so unjust in its violence, like the uprooting of a new plant torn from the earth.

But there was no point in remembering what she had been—or, rather, what we had been. Therein lay the explanation: two beings hurled into the maelstrom of one exceptional circumstance, and suddenly stopped, brought up short—she, her face frozen in its final, dying expression, and me, still standing, although God knows for how long, my body still shaken by the last echo of that experience. All I wanted was to wander through the rooms and corridors, as bleak now as a stage when the principal actor has left—and all the weariness of the last few days washed over me, and I was filled by a sense of emptiness, not an ordinary emptiness, but the total emptiness that suddenly and forcefully replaces everything in us that was once impulse and vibrancy. Blindly, as if in obedience to a will not my own, I opened doors, leaned out of windows,

walked through rooms: the house no longer existed.

Knowing this put me beyond consolation; no affectionate, no despairing words could touch me. Like a cauldron removed from the fire, but in whose depths the remnants still boil and bubble, what gave me courage were my memories of the days I had just lived through. Meanwhile, as if prompted by a newly discovered strength, I managed, once or twice, to go over to the room where she lay and half-opened the door to watch from a distance what was happening. Everything was now so repellently banal: it could have been the same scene I had been accustomed to seeing as a child, had it not been transfigured, as if by a potent, invincible exhalation, by the supernatural breath that fills any room touched by the presence of a corpse. The dining table, which, during its long life, had witnessed so many meals, so many family meetings and councils—how often, around those same boards, had Nina herself been judged and dissected?—had been turned into a temporary bier. On each corner, placed there with inevitable haste, stood four solitary candles. Cheap, ordinary candles, doubtless rescued from the bottom of some forgotten drawer. And to think that this was the backdrop to her final farewell, the stage on which she would say her last goodbye. ■



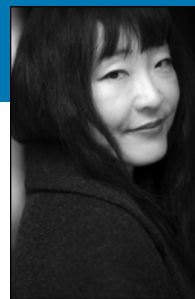
FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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(World)



## A GREATER MUSIC

BAE SUAH

Trans. from the Korean by Deborah Smith

Near the beginning of *A Greater Music*, the narrator, a young Korean writer, falls into an icy river in the Berlin suburbs, where she's been housesitting for her on-off boyfriend Joachim. This sets into motion a series of memories that move between the hazily defined present and the period three years ago when she first lived in Berlin. Throughout, the narrator's relationship with Joachim, a rough-and-ready metalworker, is contrasted with her friendship with M, an ultra-refined music-loving German teacher, whom, it is suggested, later became her lesbian lover.

A novel of memories and wandering, *A Greater Music* blends riffs on music, language, and literature with a gut-punch of an emotional ending, establishing Bae Suah as one of the most exciting novelists working today.

"Bae Suah offers the chance to unknow—to see the everyday afresh and be defamiliarized with what we believe we know—which is no small offering."

— Sophie Hughes, *Music & Literature*

"With concise, evocative prose, Bae merges the mundane with the strange in a way that leaves the reader fulfilled yet bewildered, pondering how exactly the author managed to pull this all off."

—Chad W. Post, *List: Books from Korea*

*Bae Suah*, one of the most highly acclaimed contemporary Korean authors, has published more than a dozen works and won several prestigious awards. She has also translated several books from the German, including works by W. G. Sebald, Franz Kafka, and Jenny Erpenbeck. Her first book to appear in English, *Nowhere to be Found*, was longlisted for a PEN Translation Prize.

Deborah Smith's literary translations from the Korean include two novels by Han Kang and two by Bae Suah. She also recently founded Tilted Axis Press to bring more works from Africa, Asia, and the Middle East into English, and is a finalist for the Arts Foundation Award for Literary Translation.

## FROM A GREATER MUSIC BAE SUAH



In the beginning there are memories. Conventional memories whose essence is either visual or aural, shifting eventually to those which, through their own agency, reclaim past scenes inside remembered soundscapes. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy-Strasse, immersed in the music I am oblivious to the fact that the train that I have to take has already pulled in, the passengers have already boarded and the train has whisked them away. Clara Schumann's portrait gleaming pale above paper money, the Shostakovich corner in the LP store, a gramophone discovered in an antiques store on the craftsman's street, a museum of musical instruments down a small side street not marked on the map, music schools. More music. Raindrops fell, and were overlaid above with more drops, and above them still more. They fell continuously, layer upon layer, and an instinctive lifting of one's gaze sees severally existing worlds unfurl over the fields, stretching away beyond the gray barrier that marked the edge of the motorway. Air heavy with rain, overcast with clouds, churned by gusting wind, the melancholy color of a seemingly shadowed evening, earth and water and air and color. Of all the discrete chords pursuing infinite freedom each on their separate path, each in possession of their own language, a musician singled out one. That chord, which layered raindrop over raindrop, extended the domain of the original droplet throughout

the world that lay beneath the massing clouds, beyond the fields and low hills and what had at one time been wilderness. On stage, at an orchestral concert I'd attended with M, an oboist mistakenly played a sharp note. It had happened at least twice by the time they were halfway through the movement, which wasn't a particularly long one. Overall, a disappointing performance. During the break, people milled around in the hall, wineglasses full. The sound of the wine lapping against the delicate glasses differed according to whether it was white or red. People in black woolen clothes gathered there, the sounds of their conversation filling the lower part of the cavernous space like smoke dispersing at a low height, before being gradually absorbed into the walls and portraits. This was in the dead of winter. It was at M's house that I first heard "At the Santé Prison," the song of a condemned man awaiting death. Between one piece and another, or one movement and another movement, I would open the kitchen window a little and breathe in the crisp air, or make some fresh coffee. At first I was bored, unable to lose myself in the music. At the time I was more taken up with M than I was with Shostakovich. All the same, we listened to all fifteen of Shostakovich's symphonies, one after another, in

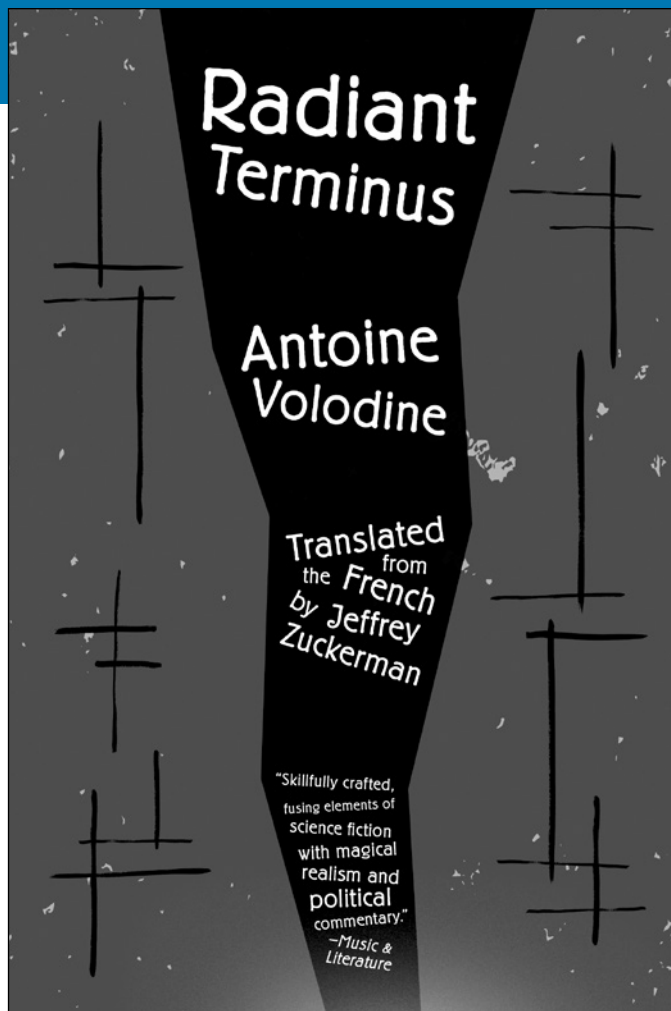
no particular order . . . The symphony had made an immediate impression on me. Later, I realized that it had caused me to acknowledge the omnipotence of death, the sole theme of such music. This acknowledgement hurt those close to me, and I had to endure their condemnation. The night was deep, the lamps stood unlit, and the paved road was uneven; the tram stop was some way off. Beneath the raindrops, still more raindrops were falling, not at a constant speed, but continuously. Beside them other raindrops were falling, also at unappointed intervals, and beside them still more raindrops, and beside them still more . . . thus was the world beneath the massed clouds captured and occupied. It was the empire of a mathematics which, for all its exquisite detail, was freed from the strictures of an orderly rhythm, and played extempore.

It was in my teens, when I got my own stereo and learned to play the piano and violin, that I found my way in to the world of music. It was learning an instrument that opened this door, providing a deeper understanding than can be gained through passive listening. And yet I turned out to be utterly devoid of musical talent, even allowing for the fact that I was too old, by then, to be able to tap into that innate ear for music that children supposedly have. At the time, though, I can't say I really felt the lack,

because in those days I imagined that this thing, music, was merely incidental to the world, a kind of garnish. In other words, I considered it on-par with overly embellished old-fashioned clothes, romantic poetry, my weekly art class, an intricately crafted dessert, the occasional trip to the theater as a reward for good grades.

[ . . . ]

Such a lot of time has gone by since then. Now, I have willingly taken upon myself the role of M's protector. An inconceivably intense affection flooded through me for the tender, haughty being known as M. I closed the glass window, anxious about the prospect of M catching yet another cold. The sharp tang of petrol pervaded the interior of the old car. M had a serious allergy to many medicines, so she couldn't take general fever remedies. Greater music, the voice said. Even before the final bar had ended, the voice repeated those same sounds, greater music. Like the raindrops which fell continuously, but seemingly without any fixed pattern, greater music, in an uncalculated extempore moment before the final notes were over, like the falling of the next raindrop while the lingering notes of the first still sound, falling to the ground beneath the clouds with no set beat, greater music, the next first notes joined the continuum. That continuous sound is called music . . .



## FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION

FEBRUARY 7, 2017

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Also Available:

*Bardo or Not Bardo*. \$13.95 (pb), novel, 978-1-940953-33-5; \$9.99 (ebook) | 978-1-940953-42-7  
*Post-Exoticism in 10 Lessons, Lesson 11*. \$12.95 (pb), novel, 978-1-940953-11-3; \$9.99 (ebook) | 978-1-940953-12-0



## RADIANT TERMINUS

ANTOINE VOLODINE

Trans. from the French by Jeffrey Zuckerman

The most patently sci-fi work of Antoine Volodine's to be translated into English, *Radiant Terminus* takes place in a Tarkovskian landscape after the fall of the Second Soviet Union. Most of humanity has been destroyed thanks to a number of nuclear meltdowns, but a few communes remain, including one run by Solovyei, a psychotic father with the ability to invade people's dreams—including those of his daughters—and torment them for thousands of years.

When a group of damaged individuals seek safety from this nuclear winter in Solovyei's commune, a plot develops to overthrow him, end his reign of mental abuse, and restore humanity.

Fantastical, unsettling, and occasionally funny, *Radiant Terminus* is a key entry in Volodine's epic literary project that—with its broad landscape, ambitious vision, and interlocking characters and ideas—calls to mind the best of David Mitchell.

"With the calm strangeness of dreams, and humor deepened by a hint of melancholy, these wonderful stories fool around on the frontiers of the imagination."

—Shelley Jackson

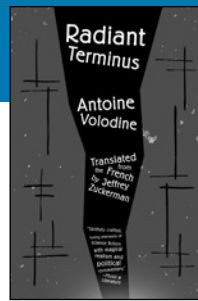
"Irreducible to any single literary genre, the Volodinian cosmos is skillfully crafted, fusing elements of science fiction with magical realism and political commentary."

—Nicholas Hauck, *Music & Literature*

**Antoine Volodine** Antoine Volodine (a.k.a. Lutz Bassmann, a.k.a. Manuela Draeger) is the primary pseudonym of a French writer who has published more than 40 books, over 20 under this name. Seven of his titles are currently available in English translation, including *Minor Angels*, *Bardo or Not Bardo*, and *Post-Exoticism in Ten Lessons, Lesson Eleven*.

**Jeffrey Zuckerman** is digital editor of *Music & Literature*. His writing and translations have appeared in *Best European Fiction*, *3:AM Magazine*, *Rumpus*, and the *Los Angeles Review of Books*.

FROM **RADIANT TERMINUS**  
ANTOINE VOLODINE



Kronauer opened his eyes again. The larches kept tilting, but he forced himself not to pay attention.

—So there's a village past the trees? he asked.

—What? the young woman said, her eyes still shut.

—A village, past the trees. Is there one?

—Yes. A kolkhoz. The Levanidovo.

—Is it far? Kronauer asked.

The woman made a vague gesture. Her hand didn't indicate direction or distance.

—I need to go there, Kronauer said.

—It's not far, only you have to go through the old forest, the woman warned.

She paused, and then went on:

—Swamps, she said. Anthills as tall as houses. Fallen trees everywhere. Hanging moss. No trails.

Her eyes had just opened partway. Kronauer met her gaze: two brown stones, intelligent, mistrustful. Her eyelids were a bit slanted. In this face that exhaustion had made ugly with bits of earth, framed by dirty hair, her eyes were where beauty was distilled.

She could sense Kronauer's interest in her, and, because she didn't want any complicity between the two of them, she quickly focused on a point behind him. An abrasion on a trunk.

—If you don't know the way, you'll get lost, she said.

—And you? Do you know the way? Kronauer asked.

—Sure, she said quickly. I live there. My husband is a tractor driver in the kolkhoz.

—If you go back to the village, we can go there together, Kronauer said. That way I wouldn't get lost.

—I can't walk, she said. I'm in no state. I had a bout.

—A bout of what? Kronauer asked.

The woman didn't reply for a minute. Then she took a heavy breath.

—And you, who are you? she asked.

—Kronauer. I was in the Red Army.

—From the Orbise?

—Yeah. It collapsed. The fascists won. We tried to fight for as long as we could, but it's over.

—The Orbise fell?

—Yes. You know it did. They had been closing in on us for years. We were the last holdouts. Now there's nothing left. It was a complete slaughter. Don't tell me you didn't hear about that here.

—We're isolated. There's no radio because of the radiation. We're cut off from the rest of the world.

—Still, said Kronauer. The end of the Orbise. The massacres. The end of our own.

How didn't you hear about it?

—We live in another world, said the woman. The Levanidovo is another world.

•

There was silence. The water Kronauer had swallowed gurgled in his stomach and, in the quietness that prevailed around them, he felt ashamed. He made himself talk to cover up the noise.

—You could be my guide, he said hastily.

The woman didn't reply. Kronauer had the feeling that his body would make more rumbling noises. In order to cover up his entrails' obscene hymn, he spouted off several useless sentences.

—I don't want to get lost. You said there are swamps and no trails. I don't want to find myself all alone in there. With you, it won't be like that.

He said that with a great effort, and the woman quickly realized that he was hiding something. His words rang false. He was putting up a front. She was starting to be afraid of him again, as a male, as a rough-hewn soldier guided by bad intentions, who might be violent, who might have sordid sexual needs, who might murder sordidly.

—I can't walk, anyway, she reminded him.

—I could carry you on my back, Kronauer suggested.

—Don't try to hurt me, she warned. I'm the daughter of Solovyei, the president of the

kolkhoz. If you hurt me, he will follow you. He will come into your dreams, behind your dreams, and into your death. Even when you're dead you won't escape him.

—Why would I hurt you? Kronauer protested.

—He has that power, the woman said insistently. He has great powers. It will be horrible for you, and it will last for a thousand or two thousand years if he wants, or even longer. You will never see the end.

Once again, Kronauer plunged quickly into her gaze. Her eyes expressed indignation, an anguished indignation. He shook his head, shocked that she might be afraid of him.

—Don't hurt me, she repeated sharply.

—I'm going to carry you on my back, that's all, Kronauer said. You'll show me the way and I'll carry you to the Levanidovo. That's all. There's no ill will here.

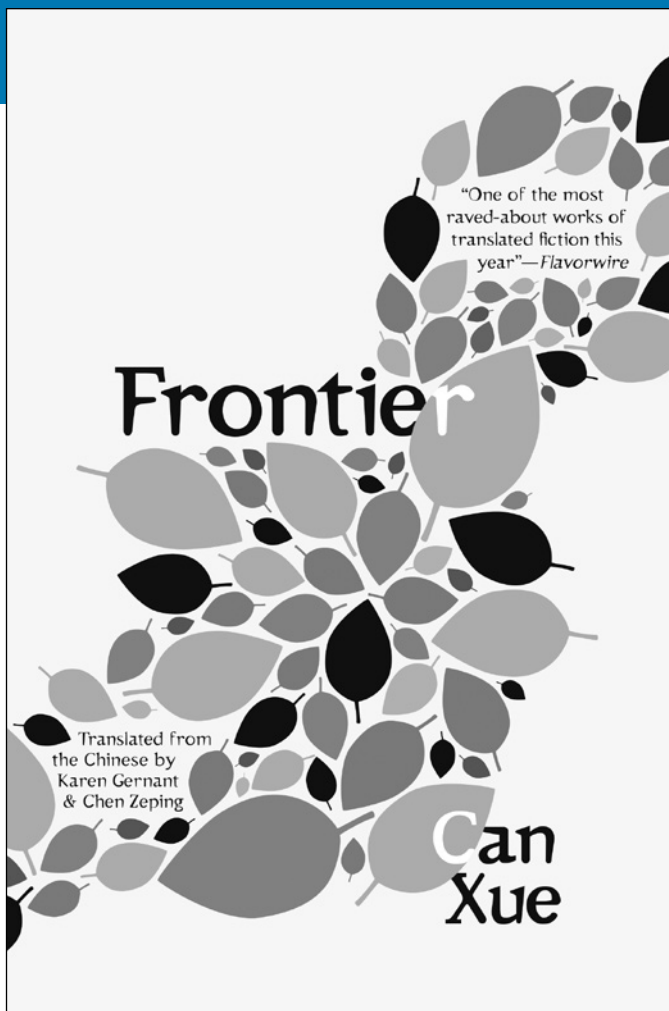
They stayed frozen for a minute, both of them, unsure what movement to make to begin the next episode.

—You wonder why you will hurt me? Solovyei's daughter said. Well, there's really no point asking. All men try to hurt women. That's their specialty.

—Not mine, Kronauer said defensively.

—That's their reason for being on earth, said Solovyei's daughter philosophically. Whether they want to or not, that's what they do. They say it's natural. They can't restrain themselves. And they call that love. ■





## FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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(World)

Also Available:

*Vertical Motion*. \$13.95 (pb), stories, 978-1-934824-37-5; \$9.99 (ebook), 978-1-934824-51-1



## FRONTIER

CAN XUE

Trans. from the Chinese by Karen Gernant & Chen Zeping  
Introduction by Porochista Khakpour

**F**rontier opens with the story of Liujin, a young woman heading out on her own to create her own life in Pebble Town, a somewhat surreal place at the base of Snow Mountain where wolves roam the streets and certain enlightened individuals can see and enter a paradisiacal garden.

Exploring life in this city (or in the frontier) through the viewpoint of a dozen different characters, some simple, some profound, Can Xue's latest novel attempts to unify the grand opposites of life—barbarism and civilization, the spiritual and the material, the mundane and the sublime, beauty and death, Eastern and Western cultures.

A layered, multifaceted masterpiece from the 2015 winner of the Best Translated Book Award, *Frontier* exemplifies John Darnielle's statement that Can Xue's books read "as if dreams had invaded the physical world."

"There's a new world master among us, and her name is Can Xue."  
—Robert Coover

"One of the most raved-about works of translated fiction this year."  
—Jonathan Sturgeon, *Flavorwire*

**Can Xue** is a pseudonym meaning "dirty snow, leftover snow." She learned English on her own and has written books on Borges, Shakespeare, and Dante. Her publications in English include *The Embroidered Shoes*, *Five Spice Street*, *Vertical Motion*, and *The Last Lover*, which won the 2015 Best Translated Book Award for fiction.

**Karen Gernant** is a professor emerita of Chinese history at Southern Oregon University. She translates in collaboration with Chen Zeping.

**Chen Zeping** is a professor of Chinese linguistics at Fujian Teachers' University and has collaborated with Karen Gernant on more than ten translations.



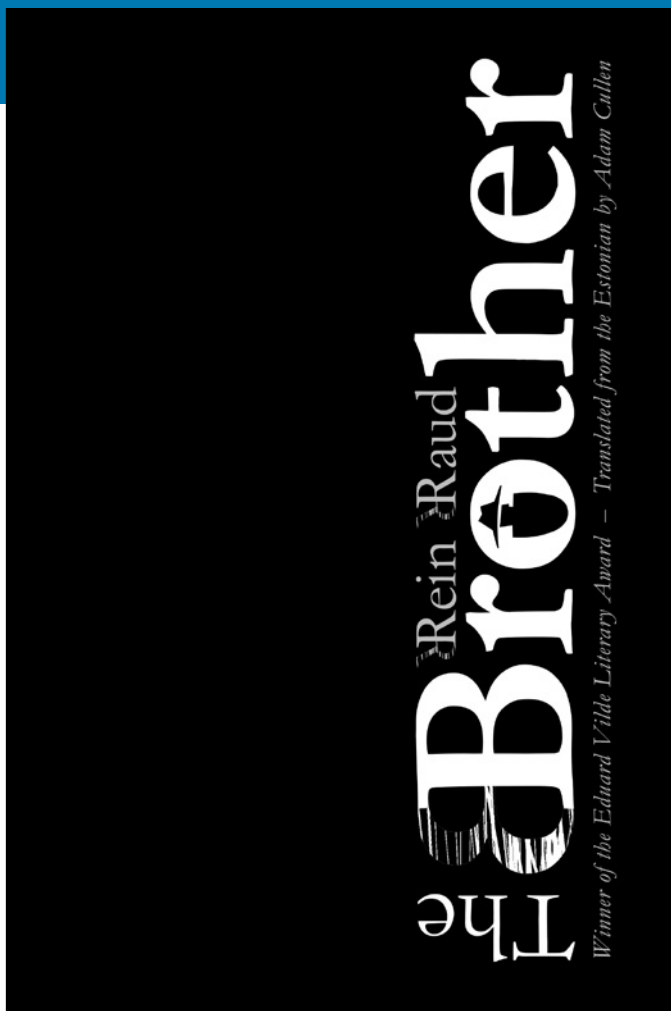
It was late. Liujin stood there, leaning against the wooden door. In the moonlight, the ripe grapes hanging on the arbors flickered with a slight fluorescence. Blowing in the wind, the leaves of the old poplar tree sounded lovely. The voice of someone talking blended with the sound of the poplar leaves. Liujin couldn't hear what he was saying. She knew it was the person who had recently been coming here late every night and sitting on the stone bench near the courtyard gate. At first, this had frightened Liujin and she hadn't dared to go outside. Time after time, she had peeped out the window. Later on, realizing that this bear-like old man was harmless, she screwed up her courage to go over there. He had sharp eyesight: even in dim light, his eyes were as penetrating as sharp glass. He was busying his hands twisting hemp. He didn't like to talk with people; his answers to Liujin's questions were always vague: "I'm not sure . . ." He wasn't one of her neighbors; then where did he come from? Although he didn't talk with her, he seemed to enjoy talking to himself. His words kept time with the sound of the wind and the leaves. When the wind stopped, he stopped. This was really strange. Tonight, his voice was louder, and pricking up her ears, Liujin made out a few words: "At noon, in the market . . ." Liujin tried hard to imagine the market scene: piece goods, gold and silver jewelry, rai-

sins, tambourines, foreigners, and so on. But she had no clue about what the old man meant. Even though it was late, a woman was actually singing piteously and plaintively on the other side of the street; it seemed to be a young woman. Could she be singing for the old man? But he apparently wasn't listening; he was talking to himself. These days, Liujin had grown accustomed to his voice. She thought the old man looked a little like the poplar tree in the courtyard. The poplar tree was old, and so this man must be old, too. Liujin asked: Are you twisting the hemp in order to sell it? He didn't answer. Sleepy, Liujin went off to bed. Before she fell asleep, she heard the young woman's song turn sad and shrill. When she arose in the morning, she saw that the old man had left without a trace—not even a bit of hemp had been dropped on the ground. He was really a strange person. When she inquired of the neighbors, they said they didn't know of such a person. Nor had anyone see him. This made sense, for people generally didn't go out so late. Liujin knew that she went to bed later than anyone else in the little town: she had formed this habit a long time ago. Still, what about the young woman at night? Judging by the direction of the voice, she seemed to be from Meng Yu's family. That family

bought sheep from the pastures, slaughtered them in the market, and sold the fresh meat. With the strange old man showing up in her yard, Liujin no longer felt desolate and lonely in the autumn nights. She felt a vague affection for him, but she preferred not to clarify the nature of this emotion.

She had lived by herself in this small compound for five years. Before she was born, her parents had moved here from a large industrial city in the interior. Five years ago, her elderly parents went back to their hometown with many others, but she didn't. Why had she stayed? Why hadn't she wanted to go to the big city? She had some impressions of the city from her father's descriptions of it. They were mostly misty impressions, not very reliable. She had tried hard to synthesize these impressions, but without success. And so when her parents packed their bags and prepared to leave this small frontier town to go back to their old home, she began feeling dizzy. She was even unsteady when she walked. Late at night for several days before they left, she heard the cracking sound on the riverside: with her bizarre sense of hearing, she knew the sound came from the poplars. They exploded at intervals until the wee hours. Flustered by the inauspicious sound, she gradually formed a vague idea. When she suggested that she stay behind, her father

merely raised his right eyebrow. This was the way he expressed himself whenever something confirmed what he thought. "You're an adult. It's your call." All of a sudden, Liujin realized that he and Mama had been waiting for her to suggest this: she was really an idiot. So she unpacked her suitcase and put everything back where it belonged. True, she was thirty years old: why did she have to live with her parents? When the train started, her parents didn't lean out the window. She didn't know what they were thinking about. But when the last car was about to vanish from view, she suddenly saw clearly the big city in the distance. To be precise, it wasn't a city, but a large white cloud floating in midair, with mirages in the mist. She even saw the apartment in the tall building where her parents lived. She didn't know why the window was so dark in the strong light. How had she recognized it? Because her mother's old-style pleated skirt was hanging in front of the window. When she went back, she walked steadily. She was returning to the home that now belonged to her alone. She trembled a little in excitement. ||



FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION

SEPTEMBER 13, 2016

\$13.95 (pb) | Novel  
118 pgs. | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-940953-44-1

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-940953-45-8

(World)



## THE BROTHER

REIN RAUD

Trans. from the Estonian by Adam Cullen

Winner of the Eduard Vilde Literary Award

**T**he *Brother* opens with a mysterious stranger arriving in a small town controlled by a group of men—men who recently cheated the stranger's supposed sister out of her inheritance and mother's estate. Resigned to giving up on her dreams and ambitions, Laila took this swindling in stride, something that Brother won't stand for. Soon after his arrival, fortunes change dramatically, enraging this group of powerful men, motivating them to get their revenge on Brother. Meanwhile, a rat-faced paralegal makes it his mission to discover Brother's true identity . . .

The first novel of Rein Raud's to appear in English, *The Brother* is, in Raud's own words, a spaghetti western told in poetic prose, simultaneously paying tribute to both Clint Eastwood and Alessandro Baricco. With its well-drawn characters and quick moving plot, it takes on more mythic aspects, lightly touching on philosophical ideas of identity and the ruthless way the world is divided into winners and losers.

"Like a lone Eastwood in the midst of a flock of van Dammes."

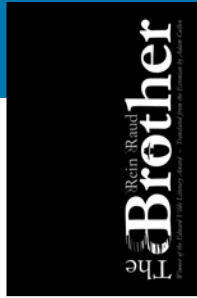
—Tarmo Jüristo

"*The Brother* is like a piece of music played in a sunny room. And only later you realize that the descriptions, as if out of this world, the turns of the story, and its single phrases have been deeply engraved in your mind."

—Marius Burokas

Rein Raud is the author of four books of poetry, six novels, and several collections of short fiction. He's also a scholar in Japanese studies and has translated several works of Japanese into Estonian. One of his short pieces appeared in *Best European Fiction 2015*.

Adam Cullen was born and educated in Minneapolis, Minnesota, but currently resides in Tallinn where he's translated dozens of plays, stories, and poems. He's also translated three published novels, including *Radio* by Tõnu Õnnepalu and *The Cavemen Chronicle* by Mihkel Mutt.



"And so, you say," the notary continued, gracefully holding the ornate handle of a heavy teacup, through which his finger didn't fit, "that is, you *claim*, that the point of your visit is not to dispute your sister's rights to have acted exclusively as inheritor of your parents' estate, and naturally proceeding from that also not to appeal for the annulment of the amendments in ownership that transpired as a result of legal acts executed on the basis of mandates signed by your sister?"

"I already said that I came to visit her."

"Because—I hope that as a reasonable individual you understand me in this—if you ever should, by chance, happen to develop a similar intention, which wouldn't surprise me in the least, by the way, because it would be natural that you require the utmost clarity in these matters, meaning, if you should ever decide to undertake something along those lines, then I would simply like to tell you—not that I might be trying to somehow hint at anything, certainly not that—but I would simply like to say that firstly, you should, in that case, be prepared to prove any of your claims on the basis of significantly more documentation, you see, because as long as you're simply a brother who is simply visiting his sister, then it's, so to say, your personal matter—you *do* understand what I mean—but if you decide to be a brother

who wants to dispute your sister's signature to certain documents, then the matter becomes, so to say, public—you do understand the difference, don't you—and that would in turn lead to a consequence, which indeed brings me to the second point that I'd like to make, for you see, you've only been in this town a few days, while I, on the other hand, have spent my whole life here, as a result of which I do believe that in some sense it might be prudent for me to advise you in this, you understand—to enlighten you about the circumstances, so to say."

"You invited me to tea. I came. Let's drink tea."

The notary's hands trembled slightly as he refilled both cups from the heavy teapot.

"What I'm trying to say is that several very esteemed persons in our town, I would say so much as the very pillars of our little community—you can probably imagine whom I'm talking about, can't you—in short, if things should, for some reason, go the route I mentioned before, if the circumstances should maybe change and you develop the desire to become involved in this issue, then several people could be, how should I put it now, *unpleasantly surprised*, which might not necessarily be the most favorable course of events, neither for your sister nor yourself,

because, you see, there are particular rules in the capital and elsewhere around the world in general, but we have our own here, you do realize, and we've become accustomed to them, although you yourself might not be, nor should you, since I certainly understand that you've had more of a nomadic lifestyle, but on the other hand, your sister really hasn't, now, has she, and she also has the greater share of her life still ahead of her, so I can only hope that you will, by all means, give full consideration to any step you take beforehand. You do understand what I'm saying, don't you? Right? So, what do you say?"

"For us, things have gone the way they've gone. Now, we'll see how they go for you. Pass the sugar, please."

[. . .]

"I don't understand," Brother said. "I don't understand how you've allowed the world to step on you like this."

"Because I hoped it would step over me," Laila replied.

"Even so."

[. . .]

"It's hard for me even now," she continued, "when someone greets me out of habit, as if I'm still the way I was then. I don't know what to say to them in return, but they still do it—my old tutor Mrs. Salt or Mrs. Cymbal

or the twin boys Hendrik and Hindrek—or, well, they're not quite boys anymore—whose mother used to be the Villa chef, or else Gabriel, you know—the bachelor photographer, with whom I was in love for a while in high school, against my will but all the more hopelessly. How can't they see that I'm not the one they knew?"

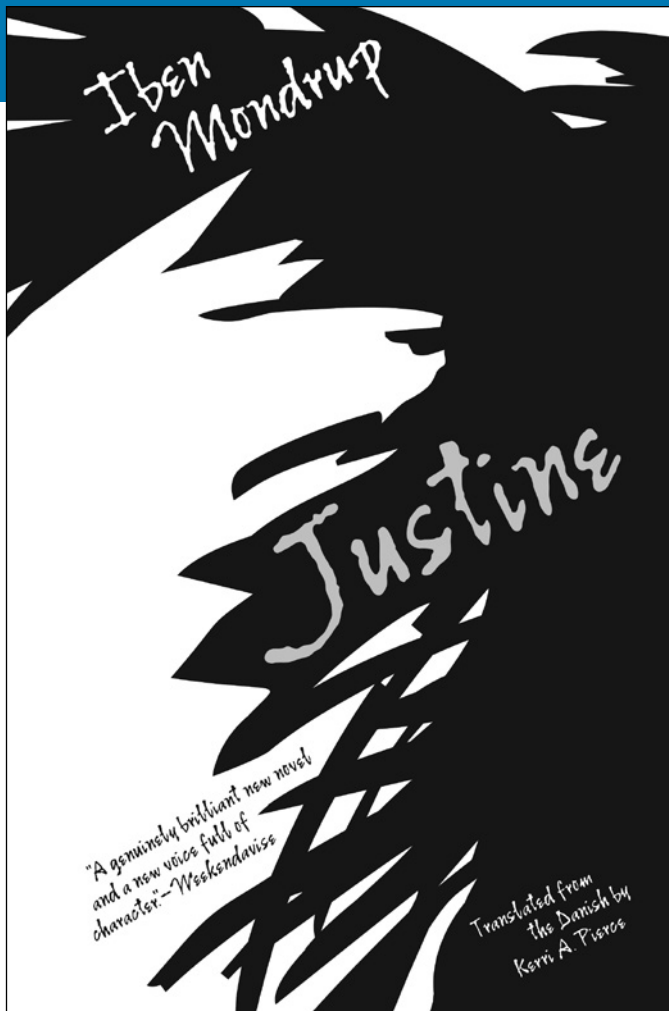
"I understand," Brother said.

"No, you don't," Laila sighed. "You still think that I'm just like you are. Strong. Someone who can handle anything."

"No," Brother replied. "What I think of you isn't something I don't see, because that's just the way I love you. But it seems like you've let yourself be bent the other direction. Maybe it's easier, but it's definitely not right, and blaming the world for it is even worse. You can stay hungry even while walking between tables heaped with delicacies if you never reach out your hand."

"I want nothing from them. Nothing at all."

"That's what I just said." ■



## FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION

NOVEMBER 8, 2016

\$14.95 (pb) | Novel  
218 pgs. | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-940953-48-9

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-940953-49-6

(World)



## JUSTINE IBEN MONDRUP

Trans. from the Danish by Kerri A. Pierce

Stylistically provocative, *Justine* tells the story of a young female artist whose life is upended when her house burns down with all of the artworks for her upcoming exhibit inside. With little time left to recreate everything she's lost, Justine embarks on a series of sexual escapades with a sort of doomed intensity that foreshadows the novel's final, dark twist.

Through flashbacks and fragmented memories, we see Justine as a student at the Art Academy first discovering the misogynistic order that rules the Danish art world, and later on as she constantly challenges its expectations—both in the studio and in bed.

A personal meditation on artistic identity, the creative process, and the male-dominated art scene, the novel veers between the erotic and the savage, resulting in a spellbinding read from one of Denmark's edgiest contemporary feminist writers.

"When Mondrup's prose is ablaze, cruising around with her inside a bruised and beaten artist's soul is a veritable party. . . . By God she's a great prose stylist full of character."

—*Politiken*

"The novel positively emanates energetic prose, as suspense-laden tracks which retain our interest in the female Don Juan who insists on not being a female Don Juan are generously laid bare."

—*STANDART*

Iben Mondrup is a trained visual artist from The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts who is also the author of four novels, including *Justine*, its sequel, and *Godhavn*.

Kerri A. Pierce has published translations from seven different languages in a variety of genres—fiction and non-fiction, novel and short story. Her translation of *The Faster I Walk, The Smaller I Am* by Kjersti A. Skomsvold was a finalist for the International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award.



An orange spot in the dark. A meteor has fallen. I head that way. Toward the heat. And the house. The flames are orange. They stretch up in the sky red licks the wood burns. My house is burning. People are here. They're standing around the house that's mine, and they're watching it, or are also just now arriving. They shout. They draw, push, urge me forward. I'm standing next to the hedge. The flames leap hop, hop, hophophop from wall to roof to bush. My phone's in my pocket. I can't get it out. I think I've forgotten it's there. No. I have it. And here comes Vita. She has a phone. She's dialing. She says: Hello. She says it. My house is burning. The flames are black, leaping. You can't save it, Vita says, she says: What'll you do? Dry-powder extinguishing. Then the workshop collapses. It groans, cants outward tumbles inward. Settles onto the lawn pumps embers onto my hands. A child screams and cries. Mom screams the child screams for a mom. And there she is. I can see her. In flames. The fire devours a breast and an arm melts down to fat. Bent launis shouts. They're coming, they're coming. The sirens seethe of wheels. A massive firetruck. A massive firetruck is coming. Firemen spring out, spring over great gaps, pull out the hose, turn on the spigot, pull on their masks, pump water onto the house and onto the workshop. The farmhouse roof squeals, bows, is warped, is coming down. Snaps. Falls. Ends.

First there's a headache and a throat and a person prone on a couch. They belong to the hands, which hurt. It's me. It's me that is me. I'm sure of that now. A growth on the couch, a cushion-wedged tumor. I've woken up on Vita's couch, still in my clothes. I reach for something. A bottle maybe. No. A body. I reach for a body. I'm in Vita's house. It's Vita's body I'm reaching for in the light from the window. Morning falls onto my boots. I lean forward to loosen the laces and see that there's mud on the floor. Or vomit. My fingers won't, and the laces snarl.

Now she comes from the bedroom, parts the drapes with her hand, steps in or out. It's not a Dream, it's Reality in a shirt she looks like a young girl who fibs. Or a ghost, the way she blends with the drapes.

"I'm here," I say.

"You're here," she says. "Indeed."

"Indeed."

"You need to sleep."

"I need to wake up."

"You stink."

I've got an uvula in my mouth and a tongue that's swelling. I can barely get Vita down, it's so crowded in there. She's almost transparent with her eyes she's seen my house.

"Let's go down and see it," I say. "I'd like to see it, too."

"It's not going anywhere," she says. "In

any case, you should do something about your hands first."

I'd like to go to the bedroom with her. She's probably going to change clothes. Oh, won't you stay with me? Go down to the house with me, won't you? You and me. C'mon.

I head into the hall and look at myself in the mirror. Strange. My head looks too small for my shoulders. Shrunken. My mouth looks like an asshole. Is that really me? Yes. You.

I splash some water on my face. It's so still around my face soaks the liquid up. Vita is somewhere else in the house, I don't know where.

"I'm doing it," she says from that place, "Now I'm really leaving."

She evaporates. I think.

Three two one, she's leaving now. I think. [ . . . ]

•

A very young policeman who takes down the report about the fire and the house. It's all minutiae. He's only asking the standard questions, he says, and then he explains the investigative process. It's important, he says, to find the cause of the fire so that they can rule out criminal activity. Generally, though, that's just important for the insurance, he tells me, and asks do I understand? Yes, I understand. Am I insured? I am. Who owned the

house? I did. Where was I when the fire started?

I sit on my side of the table and look at him and wonder if he knows it was Grandpa's house that burned. How would he know that? He definitely doesn't know that I have an exhibition in September, and that the works I was going to show were in that house, packed away in the plastic and cardboard that burned so beautifully. Actually, I was just waiting for the movers to come and pick everything up.

"I was at the pub and came home and saw it burning," I say.

I wasn't there celebrating, there hasn't been anything to celebrate in a while, Vita doesn't want to be with me anymore, and so I left. I just left, it's been a while, a couple of weeks at least. Or was it just the other day? Last night? What's happening? She was right there, now she's not, and anyway, I think she stayed until morning.

I watch the officer, he's so blue. He watches the paper and the pen as it wanders the spaces. He flips the page over and continues writing on yet another clean surface.

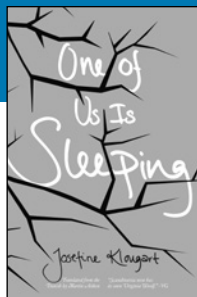
Vita doesn't want to go to Iceland with me. She doesn't want to go anywhere with me, she says. Why should she? Hey you, it's over. Now she's sitting at home and waiting.

The policeman has finished writing, there are no more questions. He says:

"Well, that's it then. Goodbye." ■

RECENT HITS  
**ONE OF US IS SLEEPING**  
JOSEFINE KLOUGART

Trans. from the Danish by Martin Aitken



\$15.95 (pb) | Novel  
228 pgs | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-940953-37-3

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-940953-41-0

(World)

The English-language debut from one of Denmark's most exciting young writers, *One of Us Is Sleeping* is a haunting novel about loss in all its forms. As she returns home to visit her mother who is dying of cancer, the narrator recounts a brief, intense love affair, as well as the grief and disillusionment that follow its end. This true-to-life, deeply poetic novel has won Klougart countless accolades and award nominations, securing her place as a major new voice in world literature.

"Scandinavia now has its own Virginia Woolf. Few get as close to the human mind as Klougart"—VG

"Klougart is probably the best young writer in Denmark. . . . One of this year's grand novels."—*Berlingske*

RECENT HITS  
**GESELL DOME**  
GUILLERMO SACCOMANNO

Trans. from the Spanish by Andrea G. Labinger



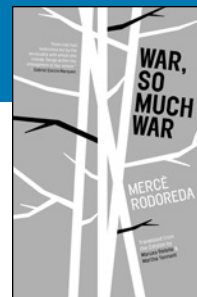
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**Winner of the 2013 Dashiell Hammett Award**

"A monumental novel where individual stories unnerve us while building to the unexpected and explosive finale."—*El Mundo*



RECENT HITS  
**WAR, SO MUCH WAR**  
MERCÈ RODOREDÀ

Trans. from the Catalan by  
Maruxa Relaño & Martha Tennent

Despite its title, there is little of war and much of the fantastic in this coming-of-age story. We first meet Adrià Guinart as he is leaving Barcelona, embarking on a long journey through the backwaters of a rural land, accompanied by the interminable, distant rumblings of an indefinable war. In a narrative style imbued with the peculiar, Guinart meets with adventures and eccentric characters who offer him a surrealistic view of a war-ravaged society and shape his perception of his place in the world.

"It is a total mystery to me why Rodoreda isn't widely worshipped. . . . She's on my list of authors whose works I intend to have read all of before I die. Tremendous, tremendous writer."  
—John Darnielle, *The Mountain Goats*

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\$9.99 (ebook)  
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(World)

RECENT HITS  
**BARDO OR NOT BARDO**  
ANTOINE VOLODINE

Trans. from the French by J. T. Mahany



One of Volodine's funniest books, *Bardo or Not Bardo* takes place in his universe of failed revolutions, radical shamanism, and off-kilter nomenclature. In each chapter, someone dies and has to make his way through the Tibetan afterlife. Unfortunately, they bungle their chances at enlightenment—and the living aren't much better off, making a mess of things in their own ways. Volodine's ambition and range, craft a moving and hysterical work about transformations and the power of the book.

"He delights in breaking down our well-honed meters of what's supposed to happen."—*Believer*

"His talent surfaces time and again in luxurious, hypnotic ways."  
—*Publishers Weekly*

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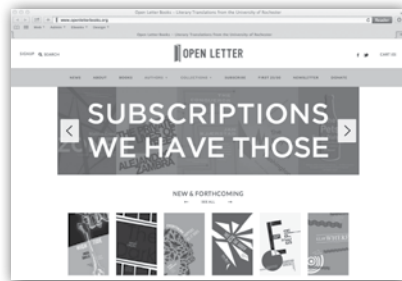
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