



Open  
Letter

fall &  
winter  
2014



# Open Letter

fall &  
winter  
2014

# DONATE

## SUPPORT OPEN LETTER

Through gifts from people who love literature and value cultural exchange, we're able to place books in more hands, host free programs and events, run the Three Percent website, curate the Best Translated Book Awards, educate a new generation of literary translators, and much more.

### I support the mission of Open Letter with this gift of:

\$50    \$150    \$300    \$ \_\_\_\_\_

### In what name should this donation be made?

(PRINT NAME EXACTLY AS YOU WISH IT TO APPEAR IF ATTRIBUTED)

PLEASE KEEP THIS DONATION ANONYMOUS

### Contact/Billing Info:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

EMAIL \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ NEWSLETTER SIGN-UP

### Payment Options:

1) Check payable to *Open Letter—University of Rochester*

2) Charge:  Visa    MasterCard    Discover

CARD# \_\_\_\_\_ 3-DIGIT CVC \_\_\_\_\_ EXP. \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

(You can also donate online at [www.openletterbooks.org](http://www.openletterbooks.org))



University of Rochester  
Lattimore Hall #411  
Box 270082  
Rochester, NY, 14627

### Executive Committee

George Carroll  
Publishers Representative,  
Redsides Publishing  
Services

Jennifer Grotz  
Associate Professor,  
Department of English,  
University of Rochester

John Michael  
Chair,  
Department of English,  
University of Rochester

Claudia Schaefer  
Rush Rhees  
Professor of Spanish,  
University of Rochester

Joanna Scott  
Roswell S. Burrows  
Professor of English,  
University of Rochester

Declan Spring  
Senior Editor,  
New Directions

### Advisory Committee

Esther Allen  
Director of the Center  
for Literary Translation,  
Columbia University

Harold Glasser  
Counsel,  
Joint Ventures,  
Merck & Co., Inc.

Bradford Morrow  
Editor, *Conjunctions*

# CONTENTS

## FALL/WINTER 2014

### Open Letter Books



**4**  
*Street of Thieves*  
Mathias Énard  
(November 2014)



**8**  
*A Thousand Forests in One Acorn:  
An Anthology of Spanish-Language Fiction*  
Valerie Miles  
(September 2014)



**12**  
*The Man Between:  
Michael Henry Heim & a Life in Translation*  
Esther Allen, Sean Cotter & Russell Scott Valentino, eds.  
(August 2014)



**16**  
*Lies, First Person*  
Gail Hareven  
(February 2015)



**20**  
*In Praise of Poetry*  
Olga Sedakova  
(December 2014)

**Recent Hits 24**

**Ebooks 26**

**Backlist 28**

**On the Web 30**

**Personal Orders 31**

**Information 32**



FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION  
NOVEMBER 11, 2014

\$15.95 (pb) | Novel  
265 pgs. | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-940953-01-4

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-940953-05-2

(North America)

Also Available:  
*Zone*. 16.95 (pb), novel, 978-1934824-26-9  
\$9.99 (ebook), 978-1-934824-83-2



## STREET OF THIEVES

MATHIAS ÉNARD

Trans. from the French by Charlotte Mandell

Exiled from his family for religious transgressions related to his feelings for his cousin, Lakhdar finds himself on the streets of Barcelona hiding from both the police and the Muslim Group for the Propagation of Koranic Thoughts, a group he worked for in Tangier not long after being thrown out on the streets by his father.

Lakhdar's transformations—from a boy into a man, from a devout Muslim into a sinner—take place against some of the most important events of the past few years: the violence and exciting eruption of the Arab Spring and the devastating collapse of Europe's economy.

If all of that isn't enough, Lakhdar reunites with a childhood friend—one who is planning an assassination, a murder Lakhdar opposes.

A finalist for the prestigious Prix Goncourt, *Street of Thieves* solidifies Énard's place as one of France's most ambitious and keyed-in contemporary novelists. This book may even surpass Énard's earlier work, *Zone*, which Christophe Claro boldly declared to be "the novel of the decade, if not of the century."

"A tremendous accomplishment. . . . Énard's *Zone* is, in short, one of the best books of the year"

—*Daily Beast*

"Énard's *Zone* is an epic of modern literature."

—*Bomb*

*Mathias Énard* studied Persian and Arabic and spent long periods in the Middle East. A professor of Arabic at the University of Barcelona, he received several awards for *Zone*—also available from Open Letter—including the Prix du Livre Inter and the Prix Décembre.

*Charlotte Mandell* has translated works from a number of important French authors, including Marcel Proust, Gustave Flaubert, Jean Genet, Guy de Maupassant, and Maurice Blanchot, among others.

## FROM STREET OF THIEVES MATHIAS ÉNARD



I have never gone back to Tangier, but I've met guys who dreamed of going there, as tourists, to rent a pretty villa with a view of the sea, drink tea at the Café Hafa, smoke kif and fuck natives, male natives for the most part but not exclusively, there are some who want to bang princesses from the Arabian Nights, I assure you, I've been asked so many times to arrange a little stay for them in Tangier, with kif and locals, to relax, and if they had known that the only ass I ogled before I was 18 was my cousin Meryem's they'd have fallen down or wouldn't have believed me, they so associate Tangier with sensuality, with desire, with a permissiveness that it never had for us, but which is offered to the tourist in return for hard cash in the moneybag of misery. In our neighborhood, nobody ever came, not a single tourist. The building I grew up in was neither rich nor poor, my family likewise, my old man was a pious man, what they call a good man, a man of honor who mistreated neither his wife nor his children—aside from a few kicks in the backside now and then, which never harmed anyone. He was a man of a single book, but a good one, the Koran: that's all he needed to know what he had to do in this life and what awaited him in the next, pray five times a day, fast, give alms, his only dream was to go on pilgrimage to Mecca, which they call the Haj, Haj Mohsen, that was his sole ambition, it didn't matter if

through hard work he transformed his grocery store into a supermarket, it didn't matter if he earned millions of dirhams, he had the Book prayer pilgrimage period; my mother revered him and combined an almost filial obedience with domestic servitude: I grew up like that, with suras, morality, stories about the Prophet and the glorious times of the Arabs, I went to a totally average school where I learned a little French and Spanish and every day I would go down with my buddy Bassam to the harbor, to the lower part of the Medina and to the Grand Zoco to check out the tourists, as soon as we had hair on our balls that became our main activity, eyeballing foreign women, especially in summer when they wear shorts and miniskirts. In the summer there wasn't much to do, in any case, aside from following girls, going to the beach and smoking joints when someone handed us a little kif. I would read old French detective novels by the dozen, which I bought used for a few coins at a bookshop, detective novels because there was sex, often, blondes, cars, whisky and cops, all things that we lacked except in dreams, stuck as we were between prayers, the Koran, and God, who was a little like a second father, minus the kicks in the rear. We would take up our places on top of the cliff facing the Strait, surrounded

by Phoenician tombs, which were just holes in the rock, full of empty potato chip bags and cans of Coke instead of ancient stiffs, each of us with a Walkman on his ears, and we would watch the to-and-fro of the ferries between Tangier and Tarifa, for hours. We were bored stiff. Bassam dreamed of leaving, of trying his luck on the other side as he said; his father was a waiter in a restaurant for rich people on the seafront. I didn't think much about it, the other side, Spain, Europe, I liked what I read in my thrillers, but that's all. With my novels I learned a language, I learned about other countries; I was proud of these novels, proud of having them for me alone, I didn't want that oaf Bassam to pollute them for me with his ambitions. What tempted me more than anything at the time was my cousin Meryem, my Uncle Ahmed's daughter; she lived alone with her mother, on the same floor as us, her father and brothers farmed in Almería. She wasn't very pretty, but she had big breasts and round buttocks; at home she often wore tight jeans or half-transparent house dresses, my God, my God she aroused me terribly, I wondered if she did it on purpose, and in my erotic dreams before I fell asleep I imagined undressing her, caressing her, placing my face between her enormous breasts, but I would have been incapable of making the first move. She was my cousin, I could have married her, but not felt her up, that wasn't right. I made do with

dreaming, and of talking about her with Bassam, during our afternoons spent contemplating the wake of the boats. Today she smiled at me, today she wore this or that, I think she had on a red bra, etc. Bassam nodded saying she wants you, no doubt about it, you turn her on, otherwise she wouldn't put on that act, what act I replied, isn't it normal for her to wear a bra? Yes but it's red, you idiot, don't you realize? Red is to excite. And so on for hours. Bassam had a stolid peasant's head, round with little eyes, he went to the mosque every day, with his old man. He spent his time devising incredible plans to emigrate secretly, disguised as a customs officer, or a cop; he dreamt of stealing a tourist's papers and, well dressed, with a pretty suitcase, of calmly taking the boat as if nothing was amiss—I asked him but what would you do in Spain without cash? I'd work and save a little, then I'd go to France, he would reply, to France then to Germany and from there to America. I don't know why he thought it would be easier to leave for the States from Germany. [ . . . ]

We would exchange our castles in the air, trade Meryem's breasts for emigration; we would meditate this way for hours, facing the Strait, and then we'd go home, on foot, him to go to evening prayers, me to try to catch one more glimpse of my cousin. We were seventeen, but more like twelve in our heads. We weren't very clever. ■



FIRST ENGLISH PUBLICATION  
SEPTEMBER 9, 2014

\$19.95 (pb) | Anthology  
721 pgs. | 6" x 9"  
978-1-934824-91-7

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-940953-08-3

(North American)



## A THOUSAND FORESTS IN ONE ACORN: AN ANTHOLOGY OF SPANISH-LANGUAGE FICTION

Valerie Miles

**A** *Thousand Forests in One Acorn: An Anthology of Spanish-Language Fiction* brings together twenty-eight of the most important Spanish-language writers of the twentieth century—several of which will be familiar to English-language readers, like Carlos Fuentes, Javier Marías, and Mario Vargas Llosa, and many who will be new revelations, such as Aurora Venturini, Sergio Pitol, and Elvio Gandolfo—and provides them with a chance to discuss their careers and explain the aesthetic influences behind the pieces they chose to include in this volume. Unlike other anthologies, the stories and excerpts collected here were selected by the authors themselves and represent the “high point” of their writing career.

Valerie Miles—translator, editor, and co-founder of *Granta en español*—not only curated perhaps the greatest cross-section of contemporary Spanish-language literature to be anthologized, but also brings to this collection original interviews with every author, along with biographic prefaces before each, in order to best introduce the reader to the author’s entire oeuvre and his or her literary impact.

Breathtaking in scope and historical detail, this anthology will no doubt become a fixture in personal literary collections, as well as a go-to resource for classrooms and libraries alike.

**Valerie Miles** is the co-founder of *Granta en español* and was voted one of the “Most Influential Professionals in Publishing” at the 2013 Buenos Aires Book Fair.

Included in this volume are pieces by: Horacio Castellanos Moya, Rafael Chirbes, José de la Colina, Edgardo Cozarinsky, Cristina Fernández Cubas, Alfredo Bryce Echenique, Jorge Edwards, Abilio Estévez, Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio, Carlos Fuentes, Elvio Gandolfo, Juan Goytisolo, Javier Marías, Juan Marsé, Ana María Matute, Eduardo Mendoza, José María Merino, Antonio Muñoz Molina, Ricardo Piglia, Ramiro Pinilla, Sergio Pitol, Evelio Rosero, Alberto Ruy Sánchez, Esther Tusquets, Hebe Uhart, Mario Vargas Llosa, Aurora Venturini, and Enrique Vila-Matas.



### From the Prologue

One breezy August afternoon in the village of Cashiers, North Carolina, I accompanied my mother to the local library. Despite a population of some 200 souls, the library is impressive and well-sponsored by the families who spend their summers in the mountains. They had received donations of estate books as part of the civic tradition of raising funds for community projects and we went to browse through what was available. A book edited by Whit Burnett—idea by John Pen—caught my eye, titled *This is My Best*. Over 150 self-chosen and complete masterpieces, and the reasons for their selection. As I flipped through the pages, I began to realize what an extraordinary piece of literary history it was. Published by Dial Press in 1942, the editor had asked the influential writers of the time to “edit their entire lifetime output to select the one unit which in their own, uninfluenced opinion represents their best creative moment. A book composed over many years, the focusing of many lifetime viewpoints, a public revelation of the private opinions of our best authors on how they look upon themselves, and what, in their writings, they most value.”

[ . . . ]

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in his essay on History that there is one mind common to all individual men and therefore the whole

of history exists in one man, all of history lies folded into a single individual experience. “The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn.” He also wrote that “The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. As we read, we must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner, must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience.” A little bit like taking a walk through Baudelaire’s forest of symbols that nod to all men in understanding.

As an American who has spent half a life in Spain working in publishing, I had long specialized in providing authors in translation for a Spanish language audience. So I found the idea of putting together a Spanish language version of this anthology a fascinating proposal for a literary adventure through some of the most celebrated writing in the language during the second half of the 20th century. To root out the acorn, the kernel, the driving obsession of a writer, of knowing what he or she, in the quiet of their study, considers the best representation of that obsession. To listen to the individual voices and fasten the images to some reality in my secret experience, walk among the nodding symbols; to be a lonely child growing up in Peru, a young man in Madrid whose lover dies in bed before they can consummate

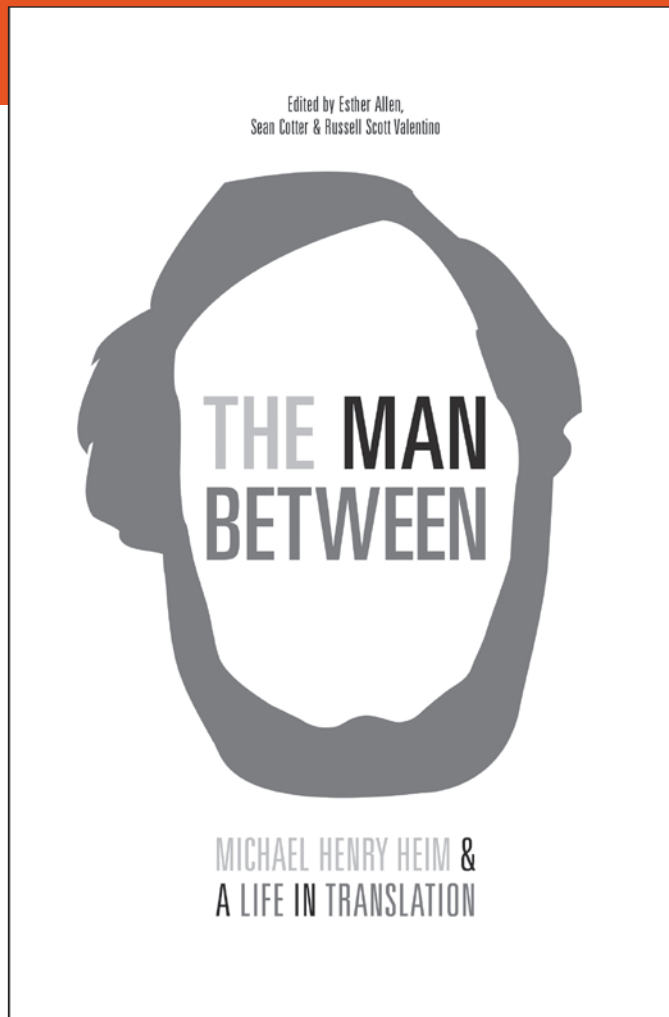
the act, a painter in Tahiti who finds inspiration on a stormy night or a mother who chooses power over love for her son’s future in a world of magical creatures. Perhaps, by living out these secret experiences, I might discover some occult map of the forest by its trees.

*A Thousand Forests in One Acorn* is much less ambitious in size and scope than Whit Burnett’s original. I suppose it is fitting for the new century and much could be and is being written on the current state of attention spans. Here there are 28 writers and they are all narrators of fiction. It’s worth noting that should in no way be considered a canon, not even a personal one, but simply a selection of some of the important writers of the 20th century who have been awarded prizes and widely acclaimed and celebrated in their countries. Space would never allow me to include all the writers whose work I admire and there are writers who would be considered more or less canonical who are not here, many of whom were invited but who were not able to participate—Gabriel García Márquez, Fernando del Paso, Fernando Vallejo, César Aira, José Emilio Pacheco and William Owsin, among others. Sadly, others were invited whom we have lost before the process could begin, namely Guillermo Cabrera Infante and Daniel Sada. The late Carlos Fuentes was one of the last writers with whom I had the

opportunity to work, his words having now passed into literary history.

[ . . . ]

Organized chronologically by age beginning with the Argentine writer Aurora Venturini, who received a prize from Borges as a girl and from young readers just recently, the anthology gathers the work of some of the best writers in the Spanish language of the second half of the 20th century. The youngest writer included, Evelio Rosero, was born in 1953. The premise is that the younger the writer, the more difficult it is to think that they have already written their best pages. If the anthology is to comply with a function of being an historical document, at least the bulk of the writers should be able to choose something that might be considered the best writing of their entire career. ■

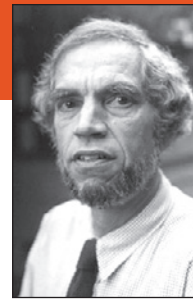


FIRST PUBLICATION  
OCTOBER 14, 2014

\$12.95 (pb) | Essays  
313 pgs. | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-940953-00-7

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-940953-04-5

(World English)



## THE MAN BETWEEN: MICHAEL HENRY HEIM & A LIFE IN TRANSLATION

Edited by Esther Allen, Sean Cotter & Russell Scott Valentino

When Michael Henry Heim—one of the most respected translators of his generation—passed away in the fall of 2012, he left behind an astounding legacy. Over his career, he translated two-dozen works from eight different languages, including books by Milan Kundera, Dubravka Ugresic, Hugo Claus, and Anton Chekov.

But Mike, as he was known to his legion of friends, was much more than that. His classes at UCLA on translation inspired a new generation of translators, and his work altering the way translation is viewed will impact the livelihood of translators for decades to come. If that weren't enough, upon his death it was revealed that Heim was the anonymous donor responsible for the largest fund in America supporting up-and-coming translators.

Hundreds of people in the literary community were impacted by Heim's life and actions, and this book is a small way of honoring this quiet, humble man who, among many other things, is responsible for the title *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (and all its variants) entering the English idiom.

Comprising a number of different sections—a short autobiography, pieces from authors he worked with, essays detailing his teaching and translation techniques, over twenty photos—*The Man Between* opens a window onto the life and teachings of Michael Henry Heim, and, similar to David Bellos's *Is That a Fish in Your Ear?*, will be of great interest to anyone interested in language, international culture, and the art of translation.

"Michael Henry Heim was an unusual person, a scholar of many talents, a dedicated linguist, a gifted translator. With his passing, I have lost a friend. The gap he leaves will not be filled."

—Günter Grass

**Esther Allen** translates from Spanish and French and has worked to promote a culture of translation in the English-speaking world, most notably by directing the PEN Translation Fund from 2003 to 2010 and helping launch the PEN World Voices Festival.

**Sean Cotter** teaches at the University of Texas at Dallas and translates Romanian poetry and fiction, including Nichita Stănescu's *Wheel with a Single Spoke* for which he received the 2013 Best Translated Book Award.

**Russell Valentino** is the current president of the American Literary Translators Association. He is also a professor at Indiana University, a translator, and the founder of Autumn Hill Books. He previously ran the *Iowa Review*.



## FROM THE MAN BETWEEN: MICHAEL HENRY HEIM & A LIFE IN TRANSLATION



**Daciana Branea:** Are there any similarities between Central European and South American literatures? We have the impression that when *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* appeared, critics compared Kundera with Márquez, as “two masters of magical realism.”

**Michael Heim:** I can't say the two literatures have all that many features in common, but it's clear that both are very different from Anglo-American literature. Both look at things from a different perspective, and I think, at that moment, we were ready. We were at least open enough to accept a new way of looking at the world. One of the characteristics of Latin American literature, as you well know, is magical realism, while the principle feature of Central European literature is, I believe, an interest in the intimate connections of public and private life. Here is something that does not interest American literature. Someone once defined the difference between English literature and Russian (not Central European) literature like this: you read an English novel to find out whether or not the heroine will marry well, but you read a Russian to find out whether or not the hero will commit suicide. Central European literature is intellectual, a literature of ideas. Russian literature is also a literature of ideas, but extreme ideas. Central European literature seems to me to present its ideas more subtly, as incarnated in its characters. It is more ironic, more cynical in many ways, and because of this, very modern. And

it's this modernity that has appealed, I believe, to the American reader. Also, it offers a way to understand what happens in “the other world,” to know how the Communists think. Just that it actually means much more, it expresses, if you will, the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of the time, what happens in the world in general.

**Daciana Branea:** Is this part of the world still interesting to you?

**Michael Heim:** To me personally, yes. Generally, interest has waned, but it's cyclical. The West believes it has less profit to make here than elsewhere on the globe. I fear this is the explanation.

**Dorian Branea:** How have these translations affected American literature?

**Michael Heim:** The translations have greatly affected American literature. Not the best-sellers, of course, those don't change very much. But I have read a string of authors who I can say were very influenced by, say, Kundera. I don't think they are among the best, because you can sense the imitation right away. Still, in general, I think that our literature—that is Anglo-American (not just American) literature—is at the moment very healthy. There are tons of excellent authors and you can sense that they have

read Central European literature, and as a result, their perspectives are much broader. I am happy to discover, in a good writer, the subtle influence of a Czech or Polish or Hungarian writers. I know he has read them and emerged the richer for this literary experience. Certainly, our literature only stood to gain from these translations. . . . Literature, in general, was extremely important under the Communist regimes, for two reasons. First, because the regime itself considered it important and promoted it, as an ideological tool. Second, because literature taught its audience to read between the lines, so that any allusion, any subversive idea, any protest could be decoded.

**Daciana Branea:** What does this kind of literature offer a foreign reader? What happens if he doesn't have the key?

**Michael Heim:** Of course, the foreign reader is at a disadvantage, but I believe the translator can lend a hand, transposing the text into his language not only well but also in a manner that helps the reader understand certain nuances, sometimes clarifying points. He can also write a useful introduction. I don't like footnotes at all, because they transform a literary work—something very different from research—into a scholarly article. I often tell my students that I like to read the notes to a translation, but only because this is my profession and I have to know as much as possible about the text. I think however of the

real audience, the real reader, who deserves the same book its first reader read. And that work had no footnotes. Furthermore, it is too easy to explain things in footnotes. A translator should be more creative.

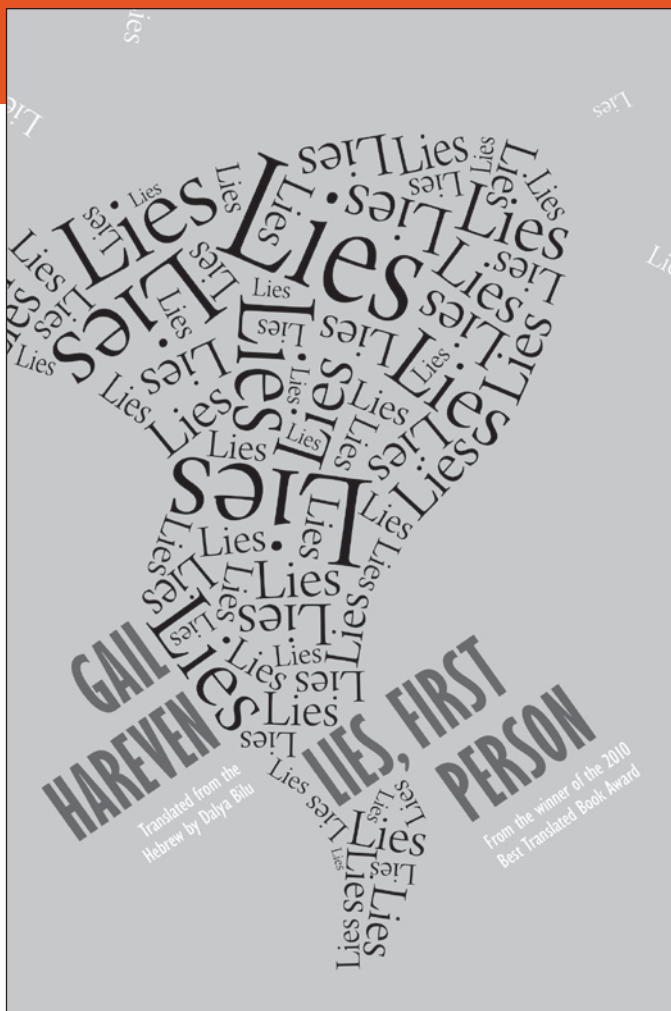
[ . . . ]

**Daciana Branea:** What is happening now in Czech literature?

**Michael Heim:** It's hard to say. It is not a propitious period. Immediately after freedom came, there were many light novels, superficial, even pornographic. There was a frenzy to write what could not have been written before. Content was all that mattered. This period has exhausted itself, and writers are trying out other things. There are quality books being written, experimental ones especially, such as the novel *Silver Sister* from the young writer Joachim Topol.

**Daciana Branea:** How would you describe the Czech sense of humor? We use a certain phrase to describe their particular humor, and it makes us laugh every time: “the grotesque Czech.”

**Michael Heim:** First of all, it is a humor based on irony and self-irony. Then, there is the great love for the Czech language, puns and other plays on words. This is true not only in literature but in everyday life. I speak from experience. ■



FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION  
**FEBRUARY 10, 2015**

\$15.95 (pb) | Novel  
 370 pgs. | 5.5" x 8.5"  
 978-1-940953-03-8

\$9.99 (ebook)  
 978-1-940953-07-6

(World English)



**LIES, FIRST PERSON**  
 GAIL HAREVEN

Trans. from the Hebrew by Dalya Bilu

From the 2010 winner of the Best Translated Book Award comes a harrowing, controversial novel about a woman's revenge, Jewish identity, and how to talk about Adolf Hitler in today's world.

Elinor's comfortable life—popular newspaper column, stable marriage, well-adjusted kids—is totally upended when she finds out that her estranged uncle is coming to Jerusalem to give a speech asking forgiveness for his decades-old book, *Hitler, First Person*. A shocking novel that galvanized the Jewish diaspora, *Hitler, First Person* was Aaron Gotthilf's attempt to understand—and explain—what it would have been like to be Hitler. As if that wasn't disturbing enough, while writing this controversial novel, Gotthilf stayed in Elinor's parent's house and sexually assaulted her "slow" sister.

In the time leading up to Gotthilf's visit, Elinor will relive the reprehensible events of that time so long ago, over and over, compulsively, while building up the courage—and plan—to avenge her sister in the most conclusive way possible: by murdering Gotthilf, her own personal Hitler. Along the way, Gail Hareven uses an obsessive, circular writing style to raise questions about Elinor's own mental state. Is it possible that Elinor is following in her uncle's writerly footpaths, using a first-person narrative to manipulate the reader into forgiving a horrific crime?

"This contemplative inquiry into the nature of love speaks across cultures and introduces a compelling new Israeli voice to English-speaking readers."—*Publishers Weekly*

"Witty and compelling, [it] will leave American readers . . . pining for more."—Jessa Crispin, NPR

Gail Hareven is the author of eleven novels, including *The Confessions of Noa Weber*, which won both the Sapir Prize for Literature and the Best Translated Book Award.

Dalya Bilu is the translator of A. B. Yehoshua, Aharon Appelfeld, and many others.

## FROM LIES, FIRST PERSON GAIL HAREVEN



### Prologue

You should never believe writers, even when they pretend to be telling the truth. Everything that's written here is pure fiction.

My husband urged me to make this clear at the outset if I intended telling this story. The version he proposed was somewhat different, as a matter of fact very different, but in any case I promised him to write this introduction.

My husband Oded is a lawyer. He adores me, our children and our way of life; and I who love and respect him profoundly am ready to accept his advice, and to dispose of any doubt let me stress:

None of the characters that appear here, myself included, are real. The first person is not my person, and the events recorded here never happened to me or to anyone I know.

The truth is that nothing bad was done to anyone, and I did nothing bad and I was always as quiet as a mouse.

In short, the truth is that nothing happened at all.

Perhaps it only could have happened.

•

Let's begin with a Sabbath day of unutterable sweetness. The smell of figs bursting with ripeness, in the enclosed garden of the house. Clouds sift the gold of the sun through the leaves of the grapevine hanging over our

heads. Oded rolls a Sabbath cigarette from the grass he's been growing in pots ever since our sons grew up and left home. On weekends he likes smoking a joint or two, and for me, a non-smoker, he pours a glass of wine. I roll the glass between two fingers and observe the rays of the sun refracted in the liquid red, and my husband, relaxed, rubs the bottle against my upper arm, sliding the glass over my tiger face. For twenty six years we've been together, and his enthusiasm for my tattoo has not waned and it seems it never will. If not for him I would have had this totem surgically removed a long time ago, because in the Garden of Eden there is no fear and a woman has no need of a totem to brandish. But Oded loves my tiger face, and I don't want to deprive him of anything.

The Garden of Eden. A muezzin calls the faithful from inside the Old City. We don't understand the words and we enjoy the sound of the voice rising and gathering in the distance. The golden Sabbath time stretches out around us without a point of reference—perhaps it's morning now, perhaps it's twilight—people whose lives are as good as ours don't need points of reference.

[ . . . ]

Oded says that I brought up the rape the first time I went out with him. But I remember clearly that the subject didn't come up on the

first date, only on the third, and argue that his memory is changing the order of events for dramatic effect. In any case, there is no disagreement between us regarding the scene that followed.

I told him whatever I told him—not a lot—and then I said: "That's it. That's what happened. Just don't think that I'm going to tell you anything more about it, go into details, I mean." And he, in obvious confusion, replied: "Sure. Of course." And then he asked me: "Why?" Because what else could he say?

"First of all because it's my sister's rape, not mine, okay? That's the first thing. And apart from that . . . Never mind."

"Apart from that—what?"

"Forget it."

"No, tell me."

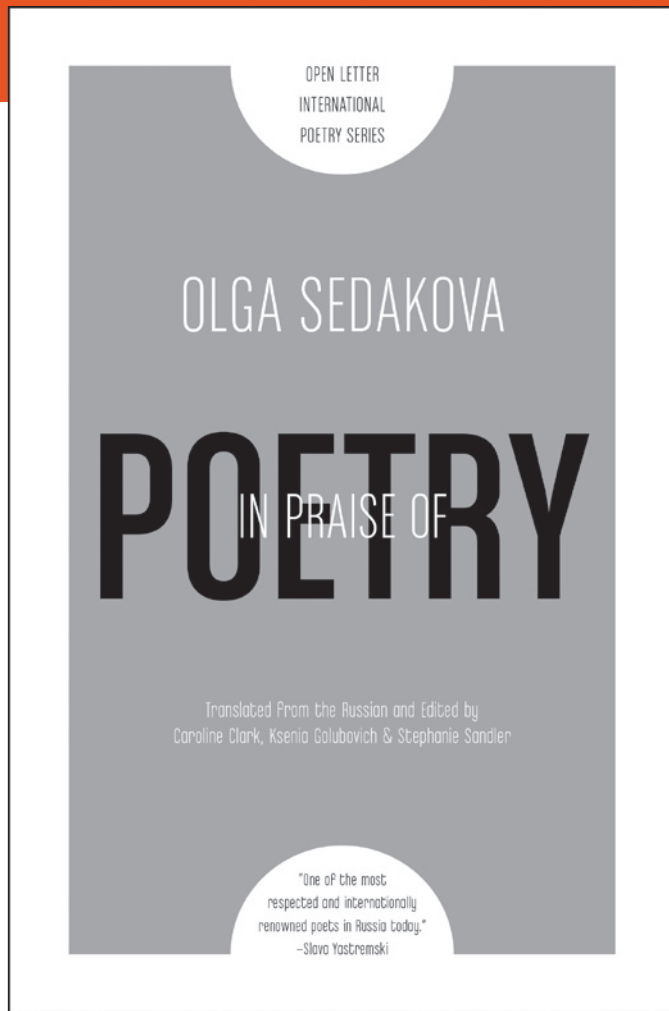
"Apart from that you're a man. Can you honestly tell me that you never fantasized about rape? Can you tell me that your imagination never wanted, even a little, to peep and see? That isn't a real question, so you don't need to answer it."

It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair at all. Oded Brandeis, salt of the earth, black belt in the gifted students track of the University High School, graduate with distinction of a paratrooper commando unit, volunteer in a legal clinic in the Negev—Oded Brandeis was offended.

We met during the end of the year exams, and the guy took the evening off to

drive me to a spot on top of the Mount of Olives where he had only taken one girl he loved before. He brought a pique blanket for us to sit on and a bottle of white wine, and offered me the nocturnal view as if it belonged to him and he was free to give it away for nothing.

If people in this world got what they deserved he would have given me my marching orders on the spot. After jumping on him like that I deserved to have him cross me off the map. But in our world people don't get what they deserve, and the sudden ferocity of my attack didn't prompt him to get rid of me but somehow made me more interesting in his eyes. Later on, when he dropped me off outside my apartment next to the market, I apologized, and he accepted my apology like an aristocrat: he made the broad, sweeping gesture of a man who can permit himself anything, even a crazy woman, even though it was clear that he was alarmed. Because not only my ferocity was intimidating, but my whole manner of speech. I said: "My sister was raped and she went mad": "went mad" I said and not "was traumatized" or "suffered a mental breakdown." ■



## FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION

DECEMBER 16, 2014

\$12.95 (pb) | Poetry  
237 pgs. | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-940953-02-1

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-940953-06-9

(World English)



## IN PRAISE OF POETRY

OLGA SEDAKOVA

Trans. from the Russian by Caroline Clark,  
Ksenia Golubovich & Stephanie Sandler

At an early age, Olga Sedakova began writing poetry and, by the 1970s, had joined up with other members of Russia's underground "second culture" to create a vibrant literary movement—one that was at odds with the political powers that be. This conflict prevented Sedakova's books from being published in the U.S.S.R. Instead, they were labeled as being too "esoteric," "religious," and "bookish." Until 1990, the only way her collections were available in Russian were in samizdat, hand-written copies, which circulated from reader to reader, building her reputation.

In the 1990s, the situation changed dramatically, and now Sedakova has published twenty-seven volumes of verse, prose, translations, and scholarly research—although none, until now, have appeared in English translation.

*In Praise of Poetry* is a unique introduction to her oeuvre, bringing together a memoir-essay written about her work, and two poetic works: "Tristan and Isolde," which is one of her most mysterious long poems, and "Old Songs," a sequence of deceptively simple poems that mix folk and Biblical wisdom.

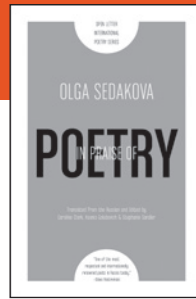
"Olga Sedakova is one of the most respected and internationally renowned poets in Russia today."

—Slava Yastremski

Olga Sedakova wrote prolifically during the 1970s, one of the "post-Brodsky" poets. Her complex, allusive style of poetry—generally labeled as neo-modernist or meta-realism—didn't fit the prescribed official aesthetics, so it wasn't available until the late 1980s. She currently teaches in the department of world culture at Moscow State University.

Caroline Clark is a British poet and essayist. She holds degrees from the Universities of Sussex and Exeter. Ksenia Golubovich is a Russian writer, philologist, editor, and translator living in Moscow. Stephanie Sandler teaches Russian literature in the Slavic department at Harvard University. She co-translated Elena Fanailova's *The Russian Version*, which won the Best Translated Book Award for poetry in 2010.

FROM **IN PRAISE OF POETRY**  
OLGA SEDAKOVA



I have been making up poems since before I can remember. My mother wrote to my father—in China, I believe—telling him how I was learning to speak in rhyme, and she added: “Maybe she’ll be a poet.” When secretly reading other people’s letters (something I swear I have not done for a long time), I was never able to make them out in full, through to the end. Something like a surge of conscience would tug them away from my eyes like a third hand, and a kind of fear would rearrange the letters. And so I would read only the rhyme: “Nina—seen her.”

Unlike my young mother, I know that children often learn words through rhyme and that this has nothing to do with poetry. I find the idea of poets having a predominantly aural awareness to be exaggerated (“For the poet only sound is important,” as is often quoted from Trediakovsky). And I consider the call to

Evoked as sound in my heart  
What you cannot express in words

to be a most cunning means of retreat. But I will tell you later, when the time comes, what I think about poetry.

At this time, my sister Irina had either not yet been born, or had only just been born. In one of the first poems that I remember,

it was the discrepancy between reality and the way I represented it that assured the poem’s success among adults:

Spring has come  
To us in the yard.  
My sister has climbed  
Up onto the fence.

(Then I used my hands and feet, rather than words, to show how she “fell off the fence and ended up in a hole.”)

Oh where am I?  
And where’s my yard?  
And where’s my spring?  
And where’s my fence?

Here is another poem from my preschool years:

Not being a person  
I then thought:  
What do we need these rivers for  
And why is there water in them?  
But being a person,  
I now think:  
We do need these rivers  
And the water in them too.

[. . .]

It never seemed to me that anything depended on similes alone or on poetry in general. On the contrary, I saw poetry as an infinitely dependent thing, almost completely expended by its dependency—but on what? On the disposition of the stars, the condition of one’s liver, a rumbling underground? I cannot say. I love the fateful in poetry, although you may be surprised to hear which lines I find particularly fateful. For example:

Midst golden fields and greenest pastures  
The lake spreads blue and broad;  
Across its unknown waters  
A fisherman drifts . . .

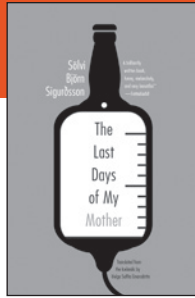
[. . .]

But despite making up rhymes all through my school years, the strange thing is that I had no idea about the inexpressible content that compels one to be a poet. It was pure poetastery, graphomania without the slightest inspiration, without a hint of simple sincerity. I never wrote about what excited me: I did not think this was allowed. For me the words “allowed” and “not allowed” decided everything. Anything that was not allowed was hateful and not to be desired. While doing my schoolwork I would place a portrait of Lenin in front of me. I needed a supervisor, better still—the author of those orders I was performing, for only the author

could appraise my performance and reward me with his approval. Without any real or imagined praise (in the way, for example, this gilded portrait changed his expression) I would not do anything. In addition to having these traits of a fawner and prig, so unnatural for a poet, there was one more. I was inarticulate and unable to construct grammatically coherent sentences. Many people lack this ability, but not to such an extent. Alarmed by my severe inability to “express thoughts,” my parents would make me paraphrase books. This did not help: I simply learned whole paragraphs and sections by heart and repeated them. In the meantime a grammatical idiocy flourished. I found constructing my own normal sentences somewhat crude and dishonest, as if by articulating the theme and rheme and connecting everything by case and number, I was slipping into someone else’s dress—and an ugly one at that. Many people feel ill at ease when hearing inflated or stilted language, but for me all connected speech was inflated in this way. ||

RECENT HITS  
**THE LAST DAYS OF MY MOTHER**  
SÖLVI BJÖRN SIGURÐSSON

Trans. from the Icelandic by Helga Soffia Einarsdóttir



\$13.95 (pb) | Novel  
203 pgs | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-934824-73-3

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-934824-95-5

(World English)

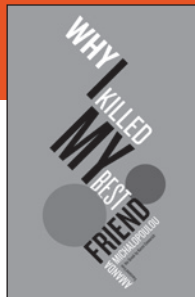
Thirty-seven, freshly single, unemployed, and vaguely depressed, Hermann has problems of his own. Now, his mother, who is rapier-tongued, frequently intoxicated, and, until now, impervious to change, has cancer. The doctor's prognosis is bleak, but Hermann decides to accompany his mother to an unconventional treatment center. Mother and son set out on their trip, embarking on a schnapps-and-pint-fuelled picaresque that is by turns wickedly funny, tragic, and profound.

"Sigurðsson's novel successfully straddles the line between impious gallows humor and a heartfelt depiction of a son's love for his mother."—*Publishers Weekly* (starred "pick of the week")

"Five Stars. A brilliantly written book."—*Fréttabladid*

RECENT HITS  
**WHY I KILLED MY BEST FRIEND**  
AMANDA MICHALOPOULOU

Trans. from the Greek by Karen Emmerich



\$13.95 (pb) | Novel  
257 pgs | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-934824-74-0

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-934824-94-8

(World English)

A young girl named Maria is lifted from her beloved Africa and relocated to Greece. She struggles with the transition, hating everything about Athens. Then, Anna arrives. Though her upbringing is the opposite of Maria's, the two girls instantly bond, becoming inseparable as each other's best friend, and fiercest competition—be it in with boys, aspirations, or politics. From grade-school through their adult lives, *WIKMBF* ultimately explores friendship as a political system of both totalitarianism and democracy.

"Flawlessly translated, *WIKMBF* uses the backdrop of Greek politics, radical protests, and the art world to explore the dangers and joys that come with BFFs. Or, as the narrator puts it, 'odiodsamato,' which translates roughly as 'frienemies.'"—Gary Shteyngart

RECENT HITS  
**HIGH TIDE**  
INGA ĀBELE

Trans. from the Latvian by Kaija Straumanis



Told in reverse chronological order, this is the story of Ieva, her dead lover, her imprisoned husband, and the way their youthful decisions dramatically impacted the rest of their lives. *High Tide* functions as a sort of psychological mystery, with the full scope of Ieva's personal situation only becoming clear at the end of the novel. Ābele's direct, evocative, and exceptionally beautiful prose elevates this novel from the story of a love triangle into a fascinating, philosophical, haunting book.

"A sharp realist."—Aleksandar Hemon

"Ābele has the rare ability to find that existential abyss that lies beneath the superficial surface of daily existence."—Guntis Berelis

\$15.95 (pb) | Novel  
334 pgs | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-934824-80-1

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-934824-82-5

(World English)

RECENT HITS  
**LA GRANDE**  
JUAN JOSÉ SAER

Trans. from the Spanish by Steve Dolph



Saer's final novel, *La Grande*, is the grand culmination of his life's work. Bringing together themes and characters explored throughout his career, yet presenting them in a way that is beautifully unique, it is a wonderful entry-point to Saer's literary world. Moving between past and present, *La Grande* centers around two related stories: that of Gutiérrez, his sudden departure 30 years before, and his equally mysterious return; and that of "precisionism," a literary movement founded by a rather dangerous fraud . . .

"With meticulous prose, rendered by Dolph's translation into propulsive English, Saer's novel captures the wilderness of human experience in all its variety, as well as the 'blind, incomprehensible, ceaseless drift' of time"—*New York Times*

\$16.95 (pb) | Novel  
497 pgs | 5.5" x 8.5"  
978-1-934824-21-4

\$9.99 (ebook)  
978-1-934824-96-2

(World English)

## EBOOKS

Open Letter ebooks are available on all major platforms.

### AVAILABLE NOW

- High Tide* by Inga Ābele  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-82-5
- The Man Between* by Esther Allen et al., ed.  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-940953-04-5
- The Cyclist Conspiracy* by Svetislav Basara  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-61-0
- My Two Worlds* by Sergio Chejfec  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-49-8
- The Dark* by Sergio Chejfec  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-88-7
- The Planets* by Sergio Chejfec  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-66-5
- Street of Thieves* by Mathias Énard  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-940953-05-2
- Zone* by Mathias Énard  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-83-2
- Vilnius Poker* by Ričardas Gavelis  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-55-9
- Lies, First Person* by Gail Hareven  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-940953-07-6
- A Short Tale of Shame* by Angel Igov  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-81-8
- The Golden Calf* by Ilf & Petrov  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-52-8
- 18% Gray* by Zachary Karabashliev  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-72-6
- Navidad & Matanza* by Carlos Labbé  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-93-1
- Why I Killed My Best Friend* by Amanda Michalopoulou  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-94-8
- A Thousand Forests in One Acorn* by Valerie Miles  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-940953-08-3
- Gasoline* by Quim Monzó  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-62-7
- Guadalajara* by Quim Monzó  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-50-4



## EBOOKS

Buy them from your favorite e-bookstore or at [openletterbooks.org](http://openletterbooks.org)

### AVAILABLE NOW

- The Ambassador* by Bragi Ólafsson  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-46-7
- The Pets* by Bragi Ólafsson  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-44-3
- The Mighty Angel* by Jerzy Pilch  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-47-4
- My First Suicide* by Jerzy Pilch  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-67-2
- A Thousand Peaceful Cities* by Jerzy Pilch  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-48-1
- The Three Percent Problem* by Chad W. Post  
\$2.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-63-4
- Death in Spring* by Mercè Rodoreda  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-45-0
- The Selected Stories of Mercè Rodoreda*  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-53-5
- Thrown into Nature* by Milen Ruskov  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-60-3
- La Grande* by Juan José Saer  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-96-2
- Scars* by Juan José Saer  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-98-6
- The Sixty-Five Years of Washington* by Juan José Saer  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-99-3
- In Praise of Poetry* by Olga Sedakova  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-940953-06-9
- The Last Days of My Mother* by Sölvi Björn Sigurðsson  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-95-5
- Everything Happens as It Does* by Albena Stambolova  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-87-0
- Europe in Sepia* by Dubravka Ugresic  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-90-0
- Karaoke Culture* by Dubravka Ugresic  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-59-7
- Vertical Motion* by Can Xue  
\$9.99, ISBN 978-1-934824-51-1



## BACKLIST

Open Letter searches for works that are extraordinary and influential.

### Ābele, Inga (Latvia)

*High Tide*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-80-1

### Basara, Svetislav (Serbia)

*The Cyclist Conspiracy*. \$15.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-58-0

### Chejfec, Sergio (Argentina)

*The Dark*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-43-6

*My Two Worlds*. \$12.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-28-3

*The Planets*. \$13.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-39-9

### Chirinos, Eduardo (Peru)

*The Smoke of Distant Fires*. \$13.95 (pb), poems,  
978-1-934824-38-2

### Duras, Marguerite (France)

*L'amour*. \$12.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-79-5

*The Sailor from Gibraltar*. \$12.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-04-7

### Énard, Mathias (France)

*Zone*. \$16.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-26-9

### Fernández, Macedonio (Argentina)

*The Museum of Eterna's Novel*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-06-1

### Fonseca, Rubem (Brazil)

*The Taker & Other Stories*.  
\$15.95 (hc), short fiction,  
978-1-934824-02-3

### Gelman, Juan (Argentina)

*Dark Times Filled with Light*. \$14.95 (pb), poems,  
978-1-934824-68-9

### Grunberg, Arnon (Netherlands)

*Tirza*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-69-6

### Igov, Angel (Bulgaria)

*A Short Tale of Shame*. \$13.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-76-4

### Ilf, Ilya and Evgeny Petrov (Russia)

*The Golden Calf*. \$15.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-07-8

### Karabashliev, Zachary (Bulgaria)

*18% Gray*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-71-9

### Kjærstad, Jan (Norway)

*The Conqueror*. \$17.95 (hc), novel,  
978-1-934824-03-0

*The Discoverer*. \$17.95 (hc), novel,  
978-1-934824-12-2

### Labbé, Carlos (Chile)

*Navidad & Matanza*. \$12.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-92-4

### Lind, Jakov (Austria)

*Ergo*. \$13.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-17-7

*Landscape in Concrete*. \$13.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-14-6

### Maier, Andreas (Germany)

*Klausen*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-16-0

### Michalopoulou, Amanda (Greece)

*Why I Killed My Best Friend*.  
\$13.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-74-0

### Monzó, Quim (Catalonia)

*Gasoline*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-18-4

*Guadalajara*. \$12.95 (pb), short fiction,  
978-1-934824-19-1

*A Thousand Morons*. \$12.95 (pb), short fiction,  
978-1-934824-41-2

### Morante, Elsa (Italy)

*Aracoeli*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-15-3

### Mozzi, Giulio (Italy)

*This Is the Garden*. \$13.95 (pb), short fiction,  
978-1-934824-75-7

### Nordbrandt, Henrik (Denmark)

*When We Leave Each Other*.  
\$14.95 (pb), poems,  
978-1-934824-42-9

### Ólafsson, Bragi (Iceland)

*The Ambassador*. \$15.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-13-9

*The Pets*. \$14.95 (hc), novel,  
978-1-934824-01-6

## BACKLIST

We hope these books become the classics of tomorrow.

### Ómarsdóttir, Kristín (Iceland)

*Children in Reindeer Woods*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-35-1

### Paz, Diego Trelles (ed.) (Latin America)

*The Future Is Not Ours*.  
\$15.95 (pb), anthology,  
978-1-934824-64-1

### Pfeijffer, Ilja Leonard (Netherlands)

*Rupert: A Confession*. \$14.95 (hc), novel,  
978-1-934824-09-2

### Pilch, Jerzy (Poland)

*The Mighty Angel*. \$15.95 (hc), novel,  
978-1-934824-08-5

*My First Suicide*. \$15.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-40-5

*A Thousand Peaceful Cities*.  
\$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-27-6

### Rodoreda, Mercè (Catalonia)

*Death in Spring*. \$14.95 (hc), novel,  
978-1-934824-11-5

*The Selected Stories of Mercè Rodoreda*.  
\$15.95 (pb), short fiction,  
978-1-934824-31-3

### Ruskov, Milen (Bulgaria)

*Thrown into Nature*. \$15.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-56-6

### Saer, Juan José (Argentina)

*La Grande*. \$16.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-21-4

*Scars*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-22-1

*The Sixty-Five Years of Washington*.  
\$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-20-7

### Shishkin, Mikhail (Russia)

*Maidenhair*. \$17.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-36-8

### Sigurðsson, Sölvi Björn (Iceland)

*The Last Days of My Mother*.  
\$13.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-73-3

### Sosnowski, Andrzej (Poland)

*Lodgings*. \$13.95 (pb), poems,  
978-1-934824-32-0

### Stambolova, Albena (Bulgaria)

*Everything Happens as It Does*.  
\$12.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-84-9

### Stein, Benjamin (Germany)

*The Canvas*. \$16.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-65-8

### Ugresic, Dubravka (Europe)

*Europe in Sepia*. \$13.95 (pb), essays,  
978-1-934824-89-4

*Karaoke Culture*. \$15.95 (pb), essays,  
978-1-934824-57-3

*Nobody's Home*. \$16.95 (hc), essays,  
978-1-934824-00-9

### Vaculík, Ludvík (Czech Republic)

*The Guinea Pigs*. \$13.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-34-4

### Volpi, Jorge (Mexico)

*Season of Ash*. \$15.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-10-8

### Weinberger, Eliot (ed.) (World)

*Elsewhere*. \$12.95 (pb), poetry anthology,  
978-1-934824-85-6

### Winterbach, Ingrid (South Africa)

*The Book of Happenstance*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-33-7

*The Elusive Math*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-77-1

*To Hell with Cronjé*. \$15.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-30-6

### Wolf, Ror (Germany)

*Two or Three Years Later*. \$14.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-70-2

### Words Without Borders (ed.) (World)

*The Wall in My Head*. \$15.95 (pb), anthology,  
978-1-934824-23-8

### Xue, Can (China)

*Vertical Motion*. \$13.95 (pb), short fiction,  
978-1-934824-37-5

### Zambra, Alejandro (Chile)

*The Private Lives of Trees*. \$12.95 (pb), novel,  
978-1-934824-24-5



# ON THE WEB

Three Percent & Open Letter are premier resources for international literature.

## THREE PERCENT

[www.rochester.edu/threepcent](http://www.rochester.edu/threepcent)

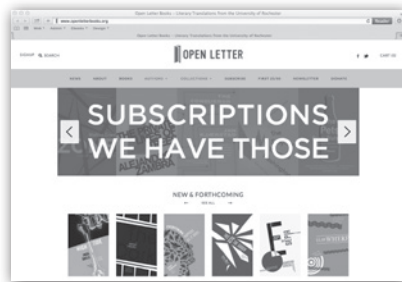
- daily weblog
- international reviews
- Three Percent Podcast
- news and events
- commentary
- literary translation
- book culture
- insight into publishing
- resource for educators and editors
- Best Translated Book Award
- over 30,000 visits monthly



## OPEN LETTER

[www.openletterbooks.org](http://www.openletterbooks.org)

- international catalog
- book excerpts
- events and readings
- e-newsletter
- order online
- subscription series
- review and desk copies
- merchandise
- donate



# PERSONAL ORDER FORM

To find and learn more, please visit [www.openletterbooks.org](http://www.openletterbooks.org).

## FALL/WINTER 2014 BOOKS

	QTY.	PRICE
<i>Street of Thieves</i> by Mathias Énard (\$15.95) . . . . .	_____	_____
<i>A Thousand Forests in One Acorn</i> by Valerie Miles (\$19.95) . . . . .	_____	_____
<i>The Man Between</i> , ed. by Esther Allen et al. (\$12.95) . . . . .	_____	_____
<i>Lies, First Person</i> by Gail Hareven (\$15.95) . . . . .	_____	_____
<i>In Praise of Poetry</i> by Olga Sedakova (\$14.95) . . . . .	_____	_____

## BACKLIST BOOKS:

_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

PLUS POSTAGE  
(U.S: \$2 FOR FIRST BOOK, \$1 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL BOOK;  
INTERNATIONAL: \$4 FOR THE FIRST BOOK, \$2 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL BOOK)

## SIX-MONTH SUBSCRIPTION: THE NEXT 5 BOOKS TO BE RELEASED FOR ONLY \$60 . . . . .

(ABOUT ONE BOOK A MONTH OVER 6 MONTHS.  
DOMESTIC SHIPPING: FREE. INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING: ADD \$15)

## ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: THE NEXT 10 BOOKS TO BE RELEASED FOR ONLY \$100 . . . . .

(ABOUT ONE BOOK A MONTH OVER 12 MONTHS.  
DOMESTIC SHIPPING: FREE. INTERNATIONAL SHIPPING: ADD \$30)

TOTAL \_\_\_\_\_

### MAILING/BILLING ADDRESS

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

EMAIL \_\_\_\_\_ NEWSLETTER SIGN-UP

### PAYMENT:

\*VISA, MASTERCARD, OR DISCOVER  
\*OR MAIL WITH CHECK PAYABLE TO OPEN LETTER—UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

CARD# \_\_\_\_\_ 3-DIGIT CVC \_\_\_\_\_ EXP. \_\_\_\_\_

NAME ON CARD \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

I support literature in translation and would like to make an additional donation to Open Letter and the translation initiatives at the University of Rochester in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

Mail this order form to: Open Letter, University of Rochester, Lattimore Hall 411,  
Box 270082, Rochester, NY, 14627. Or visit [www.openletterbooks.org](http://www.openletterbooks.org).

## CONTACT AND GENERAL INFORMATION

### GENERAL INQUIRIES

Open Letter  
University of Rochester  
Lattimore Hall #411  
Box 270082  
Rochester, NY 14627

tel: (585) 319-0823  
e-mail: [contact@openletterbooks.org](mailto:contact@openletterbooks.org)

### BOOKSTORE/TRADE ORDERS

*Open Letter titles are sold  
and distributed throughout*

*North America by:*

Consortium Book Sales & Distribution  
[www.cbsd.com](http://www.cbsd.com)  
1-800-283-3572  
[Sales.Orders@cbsd.com](mailto:Sales.Orders@cbsd.com)

*For bookstores in Europe,  
orders should be placed through:*

Turnaround Distribution  
Unit 3, Olympia Trading Estate  
Coburg Road, Wood Green  
London N22 6TZ  
UNITED KINGDOM  
tel: 020 8829 3000  
fax: 020 8881 5088  
e-mail: [orders@turnaround-uk.com](mailto:orders@turnaround-uk.com)  
teleordering mnemonic: TURN

### PERSONAL ORDERS

Individuals can purchase Open Letter titles through our online store, literary bookstores everywhere, and all major online retailers.  
[www.openletterbooks.org](http://www.openletterbooks.org)

### PRESS & MARKETING INQUIRIES

Chad W. Post, Publisher  
[chad.post@rochester.edu](mailto:chad.post@rochester.edu)  
585.319.0823

### ACADEMIC DESK/EXAM COPY REQUESTS

To apply, please send an email to [contact@openletterbooks.org](mailto:contact@openletterbooks.org) with the following information: Name, position, school, department, mailing address, the book being requested, course title, and course starting date.

### CUSTOMER SERVICE

#### *Bookstore/Trade outlets:*

All customer service matters should be addressed with our distributor: Consortium Book Sales & Distribution

#### *Personal orders:*

Please send any questions regarding personal book orders and subscriptions to [contact@openletterbooks.org](mailto:contact@openletterbooks.org)



University of Rochester  
Lattimore Hall 411, Box 270082  
Rochester, NY 14627

Nonprofit  
Organization  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Permit 780  
Rochester, NY