Eça de Queirós

The Illustrious House of Ramires

• Translated from the Portuguese by Margaret Jull Costa

In a brilliant new translation, a wonderful novel by Eça de Queirós: “Portugal’s greatest novelist” (José Saramago)

The Illustrious House of Ramires, presented here in a sparkling new translation by Margaret Jull Costa, is the favorite novel of many Eça de Queirós aficionados. This late masterpiece, wickedly funny and yet tender, centers on Gonçalo Ramires, heir to a family so aristocratic that it predates the kings of Portugal. Ramires—charming but disastrously effete, idealistic but hopelessly weak—muddles through his pampered life, burdened by a grand ambition. He is determined to write a great historical novel based on the heroic deeds of his fierce medieval ancestors. But “the record of their valor,” as the London Spectator remarked, “is ironically counterpointed by his own chicanery. A combination of Don Quixote and Walter Mitty, Ramires is continually humiliated but at the same time kindhearted. Ironic comedy is the keynote of the novel. Eça de Queirós has justly been compared with Flaubert and Stendhal.”

“A writer of mesmerizing literary power. We should be grateful for such blessings.” —MICHAEL DIRDA, WASHINGTON POST BOOK WORLD

“A writer of genius.” —HAROLD BLOOM

“Eça de Queirós ought to be up there with Balzac, Dickens, and Tolstoy as one of the talismanic names of the nineteenth century.” —LONDON OBSERVER

One of the leading intellectuals of the “Generation of 1870,” JOSÉ MARIA DE EÇA DE QUEIRÓS (1845–1900) wrote twenty books, founded literary reviews, and for most of his life worked as a diplomat, in Havana, London, and Paris.

MARGARET JULL COSTA, the three-time winner of the Oxford Weidenfeld Translation Prize, has also won the International IMPAC Dublin Prize and the PEN/Book-of-the-Month Club Translation Prize, among many others.
“Oh,” said the mouse, “the world gets narrower with each passing day. It used to be so wide that I was terrified, and I ran on and felt happy when at last I could see walls in the distance to either side of me—but these long walls are converging so quickly that already I’m in the last room and there in the corner is the trap I’m running into.” “You only have to change your direction,” said the cat, and ate it up.

—FRANZ KAFKA (“LITTLE FABLE”)

Praise for Michael Hofmann’s translation of Kafka’s Amerika:

“A stirring, singular work, now restored to its original beauty.”
—JOHN ASHBERY

“Michael Hofmann’s magnificent new translation restores its rightful place as one of Kafka’s most delightful and most memorable works.”
—CHARLES SIMIC

“Compare this to any previous translation, and you’ll see, for start, that there is no dilly-dallying with style; the prose is swift, direct and without obfuscation, as, one presumes, Kafka intended. He has cut through literary pretension to seek out the heart of Kafka’s work—the very ‘particles’ of his writing, as they have been called. His translation shows Kafka as a modern writer whose work was beyond that of anything written at that time. Mr. Hofmann, in his many excellent translations from the German, always makes brave choices.”
—LEE ROURKE, THE GUARDIAN

I think of a Kafka story as a perfect work of literary art, as approachable as it is strange, and as strange as it is approachable.

—MICHAEL HOFMANN
Franz Kafka

Investigations of a Dog & Other Creatures

Translated from the German by Michael Hofmann

A masterful new translation by Michael Hofmann of Kafka’s best short fiction

Animals, strange beasts, bureaucrats, businessmen, and nightmares populate this collection of stories by Franz Kafka. These matchless short works, all unpublished during Kafka’s lifetime, range from the brief dialogue between a cat and a mouse in “Little Fable” to the absurd humor of “Investigations of a Dog,” from the elaborate waking nightmare of “Building the Great Wall of China” to the creeping unease of “The Burrow,” where a nameless creature’s labyrinthine hiding place turns into a trap of fear and paranoia.

“Anything by Kafka is worth reading again, especially in the hands of such a gifted translator as Hofmann.” —THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

“Hofmann’s translation is invaluable—it achieves what translations are supposedly unable to do: it is at once ‘loyal’ and ‘beautiful.” —NEW REPUBLIC

“He is the greatest German writer of our time. Such poets as Rilke or such novelists as Thomas Mann are dwarfs or plaster saints in comparison to him.” —VLADIMIR NABOKOV

“You must owe much to Kafka, as I admire him, as I suppose all reasonable people do.” —JORGE LUIS BORGES

FRANZ KAFKA (1883–1924) was a key twentieth-century writer; his major novels include The Trial, The Castle, and Amerika.

For his translations, the acclaimed poet MICHAEL HOFMANN has won the Independent Foreign Fiction Prize, the Dublin International IMPAC Award, the PEN/Book-of-the-Month Club Prize, the Helen and Kurt Wolff Translator’s Prize, the Oxford-Weidenfeld Translation Prize, and the Schlegel-Tieck Prize (four times).
“The novelist who can't be stopped” (NYRB)

“Hail César!” –PATTI SMITH, THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

“Astonishing—turns Don Quixote into Picasso.” –HARPER’S

“César Aira’s body of work is a perfect machine for invention.”
–MARIA MORENO, BOMB

“Once you start reading Aira, you don’t want to stop.” –ROBERTO BOLAÑO

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César Aira

The Little Buddhist Monk & The Proof

*Translated from the Spanish by Nick Caistor*

Two completely different novellas by the inimitable César Aira

The Little Buddhist Monk is a story of Asian invention gone wild, as a diminutive Korean Buddhist monk acts as a tour guide to an increasingly distraught French couple on a working vacation in the Far East. The Proof brings us quickly back to the West, where two punks, plus a new recruit (“Wannafuck?” is the opening line as the two punk lesbians accost the chubby and shy Marcia on a quiet street in Buenos Aires), take control of a local supermarket with dire consequences for the hostages. These two fast-paced, edgy works are as different as night and day. Nevertheless—as well as sex, identity, and modern-day economics figuring deeply in both—deep currents connect the two novellas: our little Buddhist monk remarks, “I told you it was easy. When something is easy, it is completely easy. But no one believes it. Not even the proof convinces them.”

“César Aira is wild. The laws of gravity do not apply.”
—JAMES S. A. CORREY, THE DENVER POST

“Irreverent inventiveness … without analogue in contemporary literature.”
—MEGAN DOLL, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

“Uncanny imagination à la Calvino.”
—LAURA PEARSON, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

“South America’s answer to Haruki Murakami.”
—ANDREW IRVIN, THE MIAMI HERALD

Shortlisted for the Man Booker International Prize, CÉSAR AIRA was born in Coro-
nel Pringles, Argentina, in 1949. He has published at least ninety books.

NICK CAISTOR is a British journalist and translator who has twice been awarded the Valle-Inclan prize for Spanish translation.
Walter Abish

Alphabetical Africa

A linguistic tour de force that “prankishly takes the reader on an intricate trek through the alphabet” (John Updike, The New Yorker)

“Are all archaeologists arrogant Aristotelians, asks author, as Angolans abduct Alva. Adieu Alva. Arrivederci …” begins Alphabetical Africa, a high-comedy experimental novel set in an imaginary Africa, which expands and contracts with ineluctable precision as Abish adds the letters of the alphabet to his book and then subtracts them. While the “geoglyphic” African landscape forms and crumbles, it is, among other things, attacked by an army of driver ants, invaded by Zanzibar, painted orange by the transvestite Queen Quat of Tanzania, and made into a hunting ground for a pair of murderous jewel thieves tracking down their nymphomaniac moll.

“Walter Abish has dovetailed his novel within a Procrustean scheme that has the terrifying and irrefutable logic of the alphabet. Alphabetical Africa is in the line of writers such as Raymond Roussel, Raymond Queneau, Georges Perec, and Harry Mathews, who have used constrictive forms to penetrate the space on the other side of poetry.”

—JOHN ASHBERY

“A novel of erotic obsession, in which language itself has received the transferred charge of feeling.”

—RICHARD HOWARD, THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

“One could make comparisons with, say, William Gass on one side—high priest and bon viveur in ‘the sweet country of the word’—and Donald Barthelme on the other. But it should be made clear that Abish has his own way of deconstructing conventional narrative modes and, at the same time, getting something distinctly said about life, consciousness, and word, in contemporary America.”

—TONY TANNER, GRANTA

WALTER ABISH was born in Vienna in 1931. After moving to the United States in 1957, he taught at several universities in the US, served on the International PEN board, and won Guggenheim and MacArthur fellowships. He lives in New York City.
Susan Howe

Debths

A collection in five parts, Susan Howe’s electrifying new book opens with a preface by the poet that lays out some of Debths’ inspirations—the art of Paul Thek, the Isabella Stewart Gardner collection, and early American writings—and also addresses memory’s threads and galaxies and “the luminous story surrounding all things noumenal.”

Following the preface are four sections of poetry: “Titian Air Vent,” “Tom Tit Tot” (her newest collage poems), “Periscope,” and “Debths.” As always with Howe, Debths brings “a not-being-in-the-no.”

“A fresh occasion not just to celebrate Howe, who turned seventy-eight this year, but also to read her anew, which is the more formidable and ultimately more rewarding charge. Wildly and wantonly she is bringing everything to the table, including poetry, history, research, politics, autobiography, imagination, obsession and love, all the while demonstrating how strange, puzzling, and untamed writing and thinking can be.” —MAGGIE NELSON, ARTFORUM

"Invaluable—a rigorously skeptical and a profoundly visionary poet, a writer whose demystifying intelligence is matched by a passionate embrace of poetry’s rejuvenating power."
—JOHN PALATTELLA, THE BOSTON REVIEW

"As fascinating and compelling as any writer we have."
—THE HARVARD REVIEW

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MY EMILY DICKINSON
978-0-8112-1683-8 • $15.95

SUSAN HOWE was born in Boston in 1937. Winner of the Bollingen Prize, she has been acclaimed as “the still-new century’s finest metaphysical poet” (The Village Voice). Thirteen of her books have been published by New Directions.
A new collection by America's internationalist poet—“a vision both original and universal” (Octavio Paz)

Gondwana: an ancient supercontinent long dispersed into fragments in the Southern Hemisphere. The various parts of Gondwana contemplate this once-massive continent at the end of the world and cohere into a unified whole that celebrates bird flight, waves, the blue ice of Antarctica, and innervating light while warning against environmental calamity. In the final long section, “Exitus Generis Humani,” lines pour over the reader in slow, mournful, yet often humorous song, as the human race ends and whole armies sink into the earth “yearning for mother love.” Nathaniel Tarn lifts up a mind-heart mirror of our contemporary existence in Gondwana and warns us of a definitive ending if we do not demand radical change.

“While poetry is narrowing its concerns, Tarn risks a scale epic enough to contain mountains and oceans. He keeps his lines of communication open to more than one life form, with a prophetic sureness of direction.”
—GEOFFREY O'BRIEN, VILLAGE VOICE

“A tarn's poetry redefines nature and art for human culture, bringing a genuine psychological and linguistic curiosity about the human mind, about what it means to be human.”
—BRENDA HILLMAN, JACKET

A leading anthropologist for many years and “one of the most outstanding poets of his generation” (Kenneth Rexroth), NATHANIEL TARN was born in Paris in 1928 and emigrated to the US in 1970. He has published more than thirty books.
Eka Kurniawan

Vengeance Is Mine, All Others Pay Cash

* Translated from the Indonesian by Annie Tucker

The vivid, bawdy, and comic new novel about a boy who can’t get it up, by the Indonesian superstar

Told in short, cinematic bursts, Vengeance Is Mine, All Others Pay Cash is gloriously pulpy. Ajo Kawir, a lower-class Javanese teenage boy excited about sex, likes to spy on fellow villagers in flagrante, but one night he ends up witnessing the savage rape of a beautiful crazy woman. Deeply traumatized, he becomes impotent. His efforts to get his virility back all fail, and Ajo Kawir turns to fighting as a way to vent his frustrations. He is hired to kill a thug named The Tiger, but instead Ajo Kawir falls in love with Iteung, a gorgeous female bodyguard who works for the local mafia. Alas, the course of true love never did run smooth… Fast-forward a decade. Now a truck driver, Ajo Kawir has reached a new equanimity, thinking that his penis may be trying to teach him a lesson: he even consults it in many situations as if it were his guru—and love may yet triumph.

Vengeance Is Mine, All Others Pay Cash shows Eka Kurniawan in a gritty, comic, pungent mode that fans of Quentin Tarantino will appreciate. But even with its liberal peppering of fights, high-speed car chases, and ladies heaving with desire, the novel continues to explore Kurniawan’s familiar themes of female agency in a violent and corrupt male world.

Praise for Beauty Is a Wound:

“An unforgettable, all-encompassing epic, This is an astounding, momentous book.” —GABE HABASH, PUBLISHERS WEEKLY (STARRED REVIEW)

“In terms of the literary novel, the year’s most stirring revelation is Eka Kurniawan.” —JONATHON STURGEON, FLAVORWIRE

Born in West Java in 1975 and the winner of the 2016 FT/Oppenheimer Funds Emerging Voices Awards, EKA KURNIAWAN is the internationally acclaimed author of Beauty Is a Wound and Man Tiger.

ANNIE TUCKER won a PEN/Heim Translation Fund Award for her translation of Kurniawan’s Beauty Is a Wound.
Fleur Jaeggy

These Possible Lives

• Translated from the Italian by Minna Proctor

Brief in the way a razor's slice is brief: remarkable essays by a peerless stylist

In these strange and mesmerizing essays about three writers—Thomas De Quincey, John Keats, and Marcel Schwob—Fleur Jaeggy, a renowned stylist of hyperbrevity in fiction, proves herself an even more concise master of the essay form, albeit in a most peculiar and lapidary poetic vein. Of De Quincey’s early nineteenth-century world we hear of the habits of writers: Charles Lamb “spoke of ‘Lilliputian rabbits’ when eating frog fricassee,” Henry Fuseli “ate a diet of raw meat in order to obtain splendid dreams,” “Hazlitt was perceptive about musculature and boxers,” and “Wordsworth used a buttery knife to cut the pages of a first-edition Burke.” In a book of “blue devils” and night visions, the Keats essay opens: “In 1803, the guillotine was a common child’s toy.” And poor Schwob’s end comes as he feels “like a ‘dog cut open alive’”: “His face colored slightly, turning into a mask of gold. His eyes stayed open imperiously. No one could shut his eyelids. The room smoked of grief.” Fleur Jaeggy’s essays—or are they prose poems?—smoke of necessity: the pages are on fire.

“Small-scale, intense, and impeccably focused.”—THE NEW YORKER

“Terse beauties falling on the reader like a chaste gray rain.”
—ROBERT BOYERS, THE NEW REPUBLIC

“She has the enviable first glance for people and things, she harbors a mixture of distracted levity and authoritative wisdom.”—INGEBORG BACHMANN

The Times Literary Supplement named FLEUR JAEGGY’s S. S. Proleterka as a Best Book of the Year, and her Sweet Days of Discipline won the Premio Bagutta as well as the Premio Speciale Rapallo.

The author of Do You Hear What I Hear? Religious Calling, the Priesthood, and My Father, and the editor of the Literary Review, MINNA PROCTOR won the PEN/Renato Poggioli Award for her translation of Federigo Tozzi’s Love in Vain.
Fleur Jaeggy is often noted for her terse and telegraphic style, which brews up a haunting paradox: despite a zero-at-the-bone baseline, her fiction is intensely moving. As April Bernard commented in Newsday, how work "could be so chilly and so passionate at the same time is a puzzle, but that icy-hot quality is only one of its distinctions." Here, in her newest collection, I Am the Brother of XX—whether the stories involve famous writers (Calvino, Ingeborg Bachmann, Joseph Brodsky) or baronesses, thirteenth-century visionaries or tormented siblings raised in elite Swiss boarding schools—Jaeggy contrives to somehow stealthily possess your mind. Of the possessions a dead mother has left behind, Jaeggy notes that "the black plastic bags are tearing, a sinister sound, of membranes." Jaeggy is a font of throwaway wisdom: "The sadness of others one should leave alone. It is a small garden, a fragile delicate Arcadia, one should not disturb it." Her champagne gothic worlds are seething with quiet violence—and unforgettable.

"A wonderful, brilliant, savage writer." —SUSAN SONTAG

"Fleur Jaeggy’s pen is an engraver’s needle depicting roots, twigs, and branches of the tree of madness—extraordinary." —JOSEPH BRODSKY

Praise for Sweet Days of Discipline:

"Nothing rivals its intensity." —THE LOS ANGELES REVIEW OF BOOKS

"Startling and original—so disturbing and so haunting." —CATHLEEN SCHINE, THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS

The author of The Sun at Midday and Diary of a Djinn, GINI ALHADEFF translated to great acclaim Patrizia Cavalli’s My Poems Won’t Change the World.
I don’t get indignant, because indignation is for the strong; I don’t resign myself, because resignation is for the noble; I don’t keep silent, because silence is for the great. And I am neither strong nor noble nor great. I suffer and I dream. I complain because I am weak and, because I am an artist, I amuse myself by weaving music about my complaints and arranging my dreams as best befits my idea of beautiful dreams.

My only regret is that I am not a child, for that would allow me to believe in my dreams and believe that I am not mad, which would allow me to distance my soul from all those who surround me.

(1913)

Everything interests me and nothing holds my attention. I listen to everything while constantly dreaming; I notice the tiniest facial tics of the person I’m talking to, pick up minimal changes in the intonation of what they say; but when I hear, I do not listen, for I’m thinking about something else.

(1930)
Fernando Pessoa

The Book of Disquiet (The Complete Edition)

• Edited by Jerónimo Pizarro
• Translated from the Portuguese by Margaret Jull Costa
• Gorgeous jacket design by Peter Mendelsund

In the best translation ever, the complete Book of Disquiet is an incomparable masterpiece

The Book of Disquiet is the Portuguese modernist master Fernando Pessoa’s greatest literary achievement. An “autobiography” or “diary” containing exquisite melancholy observations, aphorisms, and ruminations, this classic work grapples with the eternal questions. Now, for the first time here, all the texts are presented chronologically, including early texts written before 1920 (in which Pessoa adopted the heteronym Vicente Guedes). Most of the texts in The Book of Disquiet are written under the later semi-heteronym Bernardo Soares, an assistant bookkeeper. This existential masterpiece was first published in Portuguese in 1982, forty-seven years after Pessoa’s death.

“Pessoa’s rapid prose, snatch ed in flight and restlessly suggestive, remains haunting, often startling. There is nobody like him.”

“Pessoa’s work The Book of Disquiet is one of life’s great miracles. Pessoa invented numerous alter egos. Arguably, the four greatest poets in the Portuguese language were all Pessoa using different names.”
—NPR

“Extraordinary—a haunting mosaic of dreams, autobiographical vignettes, shards of literary theory and criticisms and maxims.”
—George Steiner

“Indispensable.”
—Publishers Weekly

Fernando Pessoa (1888–1935), the Portuguese poet, literary critic, and essayist, is one of the most significant literary figures of the 20th century. He wrote not only under his own name but under many others (including Vicente Guedes, Bernardo Soares, Álvaro de Campos, Alberto Caeiro, and Ricardo Reis).

Jerónimo Pizarro is a professor at the Universidad de los Andes and holds the Camões Institute Chair of Portuguese Studies in Colombia.

Margaret Jull Costa is the award-winning translator of works by Eça de Queiros, Javier Marías, and José Saramago.
Madame,

I have been wanting for a long time to express to you my regret that the sudden arrival of my brother prevented me from writing to you during the last days of your stay in Paris, then my sadness at your leaving. But you have bequeathed to me so many workers and one Lady Terre—whom I do not dare call, rather, “Terrible” (since, when I get the workers to extend the afternoon a little in order to move things ahead without waking me too much, she commands them violently and perhaps sadistically to start banging at 7 o’clock in the morning above my head, in the room immediately above my bedroom, an order which they are forced to obey), that I have no strength to write and have had to give up going away. How right I was to be discreet when you wanted me to investigate whether the morning noise was coming from a sink. What was that compared to those hammers? “A shiver of water on moss” as Verlaine says of a song “that weeps only to please you.” In truth, I cannot be sure that the latter was whispered in order to please me. As they are redoing a shop next door I had with great difficulty got them not to begin work each day until after two o’clock. But this success has been destroyed since upstairs, much closer, they are beginning at 7 o’clock. I will add in order to be fair that your workers whom I do not have the honor of knowing (any more than the terrible lady) must be charming. Thus your painters (or your painter), unique within their kind and their guild, do not practice the Union of the Arts, do not sing! Generally a painter, a house painter especially, believes he must cultivate at the same time as the art of Giotto that of Reszké. This one is quiet while the electrician bangs. I hope that when you return you will not find yourself surrounded by anything less than the Sistine frescoes... I would so much like your voyage to do you good, I was so sad, so continually sad over your illness. If your charming son, innocent of the noise that is tormenting me, is with you, will you please convey all my best wishes to him and be so kind as to accept Madame my most respectful regards.

Marcel Proust
Marcel Proust

Letters to His Neighbor

• Translated from the French by Lydia Davis
• Introduction by Jean-Yves Tadié
• In-depth translator’s note by Lydia Davis
• Illustrated

Brilliantly translated by Lydia Davis, here are Proust's tormented, touching, and often very funny letters to his noisy neighbor

Marcel Proust’s genius for illuminating pain is on spectacular display in this recently discovered trove of his correspondence, Letters to His Neighbor. Already suffering from noise within his cork-lined walls, Proust’s poor soul was not ready for the fresh hell of his new upstairs neighbor, Dr. Williams, a dentist with a thriving practice directly above his head.

Chiefly to Mme Williams, these ever-polite letters (often accompanied by flowers, books, or compliments) are frequently hilarious—Proust couches his pained frustration in gracious eloquence. In Lydia Davis’s hands, the digressive brilliance of his sentences shines: “Don’t speak of annoying neighbors, but of neighbors so charming (an association of words contradictory in principle since Montesquiou claims that most horrible of all are 1) neighbors 2) the smell of post offices) that they leave the constant tantalizing regret that one cannot take advantage of their neighborliness.”

Lydia Davis has written a generous translator’s note, tracing much of what we can know about Proust’s perpetually darkened room; she details the furnishings as well as the life he lived there: burning his powders, talking with friends, hiring musicians, and most of all, suffering. Letters to His Neighbor is richly illustrated with facsimile letters and photographs—catnip for lovers of Proust.

Praise for Lydia Davis’s translation of Swann’s Way:

“A sensitive and direct translation. Lydia Davis does us a great service in bringing back Proust.” —CLAIRE MESSUD, NEWSDAY

“Lydia Davis’s translation gives one a feeling similar to that of encountering an old master painting that has just been cleaned. Exhilarating.”
—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY (STARRED REVIEW)

“Everything great in the world comes from neurotics,” said MARCEL PROUST, one of the most admired and important writers of the twentieth century.

Winner of the Man Booker International Prize for her fiction, LYDIA DAVIS is also a distinguished and acclaimed translator.
Lesley Harrison

Blue Pearl

orca / in a sea blue room, / breathing pearls that rise to the surface

What does Northness sound like? The music of Iceland, Greenland, the Svalbard Archipelago. Songs of birds and ice and wind. In Lesley Harrison’s Blue Pearl, her first collection to appear in the United States, northern landscapes come alive through an intimacy of language that forms a collective sense of place through weather, history, local myths and customs, and childhood fairy tales. Dogs on the shale, eels in the current, a ship strains as it’s pulled up by a needle, a whaler unwinds the skin—Harrison’s poems voyage forth with visible breath, “as snow falls as light is in paper.”

Lesley Harrison grew up on the Angus coast in Scotland. She is the author of One Bird Flying and Ecstatics: a Language of Birds, which won the National Library of Scotland Callum Macdonald Award.

Will Alexander

Across the Vapour Gulf

Poetics: flight across precipitous intransigence.

In Will Alexander’s work, “Every poem reads like a subversive, alchemical wonder. He is truly a singular voice” (Jackson Poetry Prize citation). Inspired by Cioran’s aphorisms and composed over the span of thirty years, Across the Vapour Gulf opens with a note by the poet: “Reading Cioran opened an unexpected neural pathway, opening the way for the composition of the compilation at hand. Each entry was instantaneous. They welled up and appeared with such astonishing alacrity, that they seemed to compose themselves practically fully formed.”

A poet, aphorist, playwright, essayist, philosopher, visual artist, and pianist, Will Alexander is the winner of a Whiting Fellowship, a Before Columbus Foundation American Book Award, and the 2016 Jackson Poetry Prize.

NEW DIRECTIONS
George Oppen

21 Poems
*Edited by David Hobbs*

Here put your head, that desires nothing except familiarly:
There your feet, bending your knees so that, bare (I remember from childhood), they would smell salt-sweet.

The Objectivist Press published George Oppen’s first book, *Discrete Series*, in 1934. Four years earlier, the twenty-one-year-old poet had sent an unbound sheaf of typewritten poems with the title *21 Poems* handwritten in pencil on the first page to Louis Zukofsky, who forwarded them on to Ezra Pound in Paris. These poems, suffused with Oppen’s love for his young bride Mary, as well as his love of sailing, are strikingly unique. The scholar David Hobbs recently found *21 Poems* buried in Pound’s papers at Yale’s Beinecke Library, and it appears here as a collection for the first time.

Often associated with the Objectivists, **GEORGE OPPEN** (1908–1984) abandoned poetry in the 1930s for political activism and later moved to Mexico to avoid the House Un-American Activities Committee. He returned to poetry—and to the U S—in 1958 and received a Pulitzer Prize in 1969.

Kazuko Shiraishi

Sea, Land, Shadow
*translated from the Japanese by Yumiko Tsumura*

the people, the boats completely gone with the tsunami
tonight you would not be able to sleep

*Sea, Land, Shadow*, Kazuko Shiraishi’s fourth collection with New Directions, contains work written from 1951 to 2015. Shiraishi, described by Donald Keene as “the outstanding poetic voice of her generation of disengagement in Japan,” sees the world in a grain of rice and finds poetry in a mountain-road traffic jam. In the haunting title poem, she visits Iwanuma not long after the disastrous tsunami in 2011 and finds “no houses but a place where houses had been.” This pamphlet also includes a long, lyrical homage to Yukio Mishima, as well as playful and profound meditations on a Roman condom, lizard god, god of war, and an ear.

**KAZUKO SHIRAISHI** has received the Purple Ribbon Medal from the Emperor of Japan, the prestigious Yomiuri Literary Prize (twice), for her thirty books of poetry.
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