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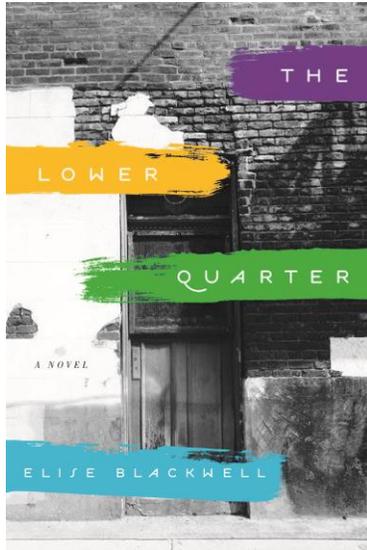
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Coming from Unbridled

Forthcoming September 2015

Elise BLACKWELL, *The Lower Quarter*
Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS



From the author of *Hunger* and *The Unnatural History of Cypress Parish* comes a novel about a place that's haunted by the noir genre—New Orleans.

The description: A man murdered in a hotel room two blocks from her art-restoration studio was closely tied to a part of Johanna's past that she would like kept secret. But missing from the crime scene is a valuable artwork painted in 1926 by a renowned Belgian artist that might bring it all roaring back.

"The Lower Quarter is noir at its noirest best: dark, fast-paced, sexily exciting, and beautifully written." — **Benjamin Black**

"A mesmerizing story of art, resilience, and life after catastrophe."
— **Emily St. John Mandel**

"Every time I put the book down for a few minutes, I had to look around and get my bearings, because I'd been in another world." — **Steve Yarbrough**

"Powerfully conveys the endlessly destructive legacy of violence and the redemptive beauty of art." — **Jenny McPhee**

"This book is about what happens if you pay attention to the real story instead of just reading the tabloid headlines." — **Brian Evenson**

Elise Blackwell is the author of four previous novels. Her work has been translated into several languages, and adapted for the stage as well as for a song by The Decemberists. She teaches at the University of South Carolina, where she is also organizer and host of The Open Book.

Unbridled controls World English rights for *The Lower Quarter*.
For all other languages:
Agent: **Terra Chalberg of Chalberg & Sussman, New York**

Excerpt from *The Lower Quarter*, by Elise Blackwell

She wasn't the first customer back. Two others already sat at the counter. One she remembered: the lovely, buxom singer with a vodka-tonic habit and a litany of grievances that ranged from minute quotidian irritations to fifteen hundred dollars in unpaid parking tickets. Johanna could fit the woman into the history of the Quarter that she had learned and arranged in her mind. The other patron was a young man she'd never seen before. He wore work boots and rested his wrist on a drab-green hardhat. Part of the new history, she supposed, jarred by the idea of change from without.

The bartender she knew as well as almost anyone in town, which made him an acquaintance: Peter.

"You're one of the first to swim home," he said.

Johanna nodded.

"You think they'd at least clear my tickets, give those of us coming back a clean start," the singer was saying to the worker, whose face was turned away from Johanna as though this were a dream her mind had failed to fully populate. A world conjured by a tired god, or perhaps merely a lazy one.

"The usual?" Peter asked Johanna as though they'd both been there the day before, as though every board game and newspaper in the place was not stacked soggy in the corner. As though the place always smelled like sulfur and wet dirt and mushrooms and that's what people wanted.

Her nod had its effect. The pencil came from behind his ear, scrawled the name of a sandwich on the ticket. Peter's hand ferried the ticket from the counter to the bald cook, who smiled at the order but didn't look up.

"He's happy to be back to normal," Johanna offered.

"Normal?"

"For this town." This was something she'd heard people say. The people who said this had certain kinds of bumper stickers on their cars, but she couldn't remember which ones. She was still figuring out the zoo, its more straightforward taxonomy, and had not yet quite ordered her history of the city—based on types, ethnicities, currents of arrival—to the present. She wasn't sure she would ever graduate to living human beings, though some categories were simple enough: rich or poor, free or not free, good or evil. She was not simple enough to deny ambiguity, to deny that there are shades of gray, but neither was she so naïve as to believe that black and white don't exist in this world. She'd seen good

and she'd seen evil, enough to know that both were as real as their more complicated mixes.

Peter laughed. "But maybe abnormal enough for you to drink a whole beer? Nothing on draught yet, so our arrangement is off for awhile."

She shook her head. "Charge me for a whole bottle then, but pour the usual amount."

He pressed his hands into the bar in front of her, leaned weight into them. "I never asked before, but now is different."

She scanned the place. The window-doors were bright with the day, making the rest of the room darker, dim enough to obscure change. The single pool table still occupied the open area just inside the doors. The floor's concrete remained a dingy color, not something to notice. "Different, yes, but different how?"

"Because now I know if you don't ask people what you want to know you may never get the chance. Sometimes you see them tomorrow, sometimes not. Don't people where you're from drink beer for breakfast?"

"Beer?" Johanna removed her hands from bar top to lap. "I think beer for breakfast is more here, more New Orleans. For me, it's just that I like the taste but not the rest of it."

"AA, twelve steps? That'd be against their rules, no? Having a taste?"

"Nothing like that. That's not a problem I have. Even if I did, I don't like groups. I just don't like how it makes me feel, fuzzy, not in control." She drank the beer he'd poured in two small sips and tasted hops on her breath. "So what was something you wanted to ask somebody and can't now, because they're gone?"

"Besides you and the beer?"

"Besides me, yes. You got your chance to ask me your question, it turns out."

Peter was cleaning the bar with a white towel, in small circles. He looked down at his hands as though just now realizing that they belonged to him and did his mind's bidding. He stilled them and looked up. Again, even though she knew to expect it, the green of his eyes surprised her against his black hair. "Black Irish except we're French," he'd said to her once in the flat accent that he said everyone spoke with where he grew up—a small town somewhere west of New Orleans, a place she was unlikely ever to visit.

"Okay," he said. "There was a girl who used to come in here once or twice a week, usually pretty late, say three in the morning, and she'd nurse one drink and smoke a whole pack of cigarettes like she was really mad at someone. I always wanted to ask her who she was mad at and what for."

"Everyone's mad at someone, right?"

“I was just curious, specifically. It was a thing I wanted to know. Don’t you ever look at people and wonder about them? Wonder what makes them tick, or what’s going on inside their brains?”

Johanna shrugged and pulled her wallet from her back pocket to pay. “I guess I tend to take people at their face value.”

“What you see is what you get?”

She handed him a twenty-dollar bill and watched him from behind as he counted change from the till. Before he turned around she said, “Not what you see, maybe, but what they do is what you get. Thoughts are between a person and himself. What someone does, that’s what matters to other people, what changes the world.”

“I’m not sure I agree.”

“See, whether or not you agree is between you and you. Only if you argue with me does it have anything to do with me.”

Peter stared at her, head barely tilted but tilted.

Johanna offered the closest thing she had to a smile. “And now you are thinking that it was better when you didn’t ask your customers questions.”

He shook his head, grinned. “That’s between me and me, but what I was thinking is that today is the most you’ve ever talked by a long shot. Anyway, as soon as I get some of this stuff cleaned up, we’ll do what we can about getting some beer on tap again. Even the check pads are soaked.” He gestured to the tall stack of wet newsprint, game boxes, and receipt pads in the corner behind the bar. “This is the only dry paper in the place.” He pushed a folded paper on the counter toward Johanna.

She flipped it open: the back of the front section. The headline read: “Tourist found in Hotel Richelieu victim of murder, not storm.” Under the headline stared out a face she had not seen in ten years or on this side of the ocean. The same wide cheekbones, but the washed-out eyes were locked rigid, the pupils smaller than life.

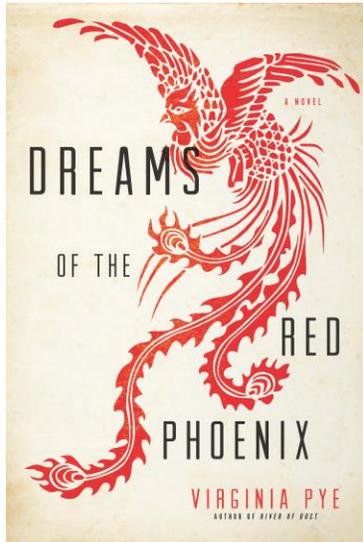
Peter cocked his head. “Good time to kill someone, I guess, right when a hurricane hits. Not like it’s going to be a top investigative priority.”

Ladislav had been less than two blocks from where she lived and worked. He had died there, that close to her. He had seen her, maybe, without her knowing it. The room went from warm to cold, and Johanna shivered with the recognition that there is no such thing in the world as a coincidence that large.

She looked directly at Peter, willing her face to form a flat surface with nothing behind it—words on a page that signify nothing in the real world. “I guess that would be a good strategy.” She re-pocketed her wallet and walked back to her studio, leaving the newspaper where it lay, as though it held nothing of interest to her.

Forthcoming October 2015

Virginia PYE, *Dreams of the Red Phoenix*
Fiction / **Rights:** WORLD ENGLISH



From the acclaimed author of *River of Dust*:

In the dangerous summer of 1937, American missionary Shirley Carson prepares to return to the United States with her teenage son. But the Japanese Imperial Army launches an attack in the nearby countryside and Chinese peasants swarm into the mission compound for protection. Captain Xu entices her to set up a medical clinic in her house.

Soon the Japanese capture her.

With her life threatened, Shirley is forced to choose between betraying her newfound friends with their high ideals or abandoning her beloved son and the safety of everything she knows.

A three-term president of James River Writers, a literary non-profit in Richmond, **Virginia Pye** writes award-winning short stories that have appeared in numerous literary magazines, including *The North American Review*, *Tampa Review* and *The Baltimore Review*.

Unbridled controls World English rights for *Dreams of the Red Phoenix*.

For all other languages:

Agent: **Gail Hochman, Brandt & Hochman Literary Agents, New York**

Excerpt from *The Dreams of the Red Phoenix*, by Virginia Pye

The Reverend Caleb Carson gazed up at the scudding clouds and counted his blessings to see another day. He had always thought of himself as a man of simple pleasures and one of them was to be out-of-doors on a fine, summer morning like this one. To breathe in crisp, mountain air that reminded him of his boyhood in New Hampshire, though little else about this rugged setting was the same. The cedar trees here were spindlier, the scrub brush more spiked, the rocks more jagged than those in the mountains of his youth.

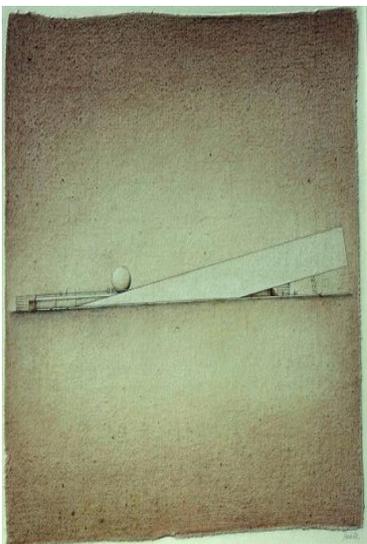
Even when he had crossed this range in North China as a healthy man, he had felt it blanket his spirit with barrenness and gloom. At dangerous bends in the trail, the Chinese had placed simple altars to their ancestors and gods. Over his five years of expeditions to the

outlying churches, Caleb had come to understand that stopping to pray in any fashion was entirely the right idea. Otherwise, the setting felt altogether too godless, and the poor traveler abandoned to his fate.

Yet the sky overhead now on this summer morning struck him as promising. With some effort, he turned his head to his good side and gazed over the cliff towards the long valley below and to the town too far in the distance to see. That he suspected he would die before ever returning to his home in that distance caused a literal, dull ache in his heart, while the rest of his body was shot through with a simpler, more searing pain.

Forthcoming Spring 2016

Frederick REUSS, *The Places We Let Go*
Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS



The Places We Let Go is the next novel in Frederick Reuss's deeply personal investigations of cultural memory and the trick of knowing who we are as individuals. A standalone story, it is even richer when seen alongside *Mohr* (2006) and *A Geography of Secrets* (2010). Frederick Reuss is a major voice of international stature.

As *The New York Times* has asserted, he writes "with brilliant understanding and a painter's rich detail."

The Places We Let Go is the highly visual story of an eight-year old girl who can fly and an idyllic summer in the pine barrens of New Jersey that becomes the fulcrum of a catastrophic loss. Seen from the soaring heights of Maisie's imagination and then from the rootless perspective of the woman she becomes, the world of the novel reveals the slippery connection between remembering and forgetting. As Maisie reaches back into her own lost childhood, the reader is given a sweeping, aerial view of the changing landscapes we all inhabit, the migrations of identity, and the universal struggle to uncover what has been lost.

Frederick Reuss is the acclaimed author of five previous novels, including *Mohr* (a fictional biography of German playwright Max Mohr) and *A Geography of Secrets*.

Excerpt from *The Places We Let Go*, by Frederick Reuss

Maisie was over the Hackensack River when a Pan Am Boeing 707 passed less than a thousand feet above her. She dipped her shoulder and banked to the left, away from the flight path of the big jet coming out of Newark, then turned south, keeping the orange ribbon that was the New Jersey Turnpike to her right and the vast blackness of the Atlantic on the left horizon. It was cold. She passed through gauzy wisps of cloud and tucked her head into her collar as she passed over the port of Elizabeth, stinkier than usual—confetti of sparkling points sprawling below.

She followed the line of trucks and cars streaming beneath her in a narrow jet of red taillights flowing south then branching westward toward Philly and eastward toward the Jersey Shore. It reminded her of the diagram of the human circulatory system that hung in her classroom at school—the place where the two external iliac veins in the legs come together and enter the common vein in the trunk of the body—except that the nighttime roadway was just a formless arcade of light, which made her wonder about each individual car and truck, where they were coming from, where they were going, and exploded the whole picture into a dimension she had trouble imagining.

Maisie slowed and came down quickly, swooping over power lines and landing with a hop and a skip at the far end of the parking lot. The rapid descent made her feel a little queasy and light-headed. She pinched her nostrils and blew to equalize the pressure in her ears. Service areas were the safest landing places along the turnpike. Flat, open to the sky. Alden's green and white Volkswagen Westphalia was parked in a patch of darkness by the fence. Duchamp the camper, he called it. Duchamp had a pop top and louvered windows and a sink and an ice box and curtains you could close for privacy. She climbed in and shut the door behind her. Where's Boris? she asked herself. The raccoon's cage was empty. Maybe Alden let him go. Maisie checked the water and food in his bowl and climbed into the front seat. They'd found Boris at the side of the turnpike a few days earlier. His rear leg had been injured, probably hit by a car. They made a cage for him out of a food crate, fed and took care of him and now he was nearly recovered. He seemed grateful to them but, even so, was always a little nervous and trembly. All it took was a screech of tires or the hiss of air brakes or a slamming door to turn the inside of the camper into a tangle of claws and fur. Getting the frightened raccoon back into his box was no picnic.

Duchamp smelled strongly of food scraps and damp fur. Maisie sank into the passenger seat and looked up into the pop top at the fluorescent star decals Alden had stuck there. Raccoons are nocturnal animals and

Alden said seeing the stars up there probably calmed them. Alden was a Piney. He was used to living outdoors and being around wild animals and could as easily have skinned and worn Boris on his head as set his broken paw and taken him for walks on a leash. There was a little grassy area along the back fence with picnic tables. An eight-year-old girl could do just about anything she felt like in all the coming and going there, including care for an injured raccoon, and not be noticed. Maisie watched in the side mirror as a big truck backed into one of the parking spaces with loud squeaks and squeals, then finally shuddered and came to a stop. The driver hopped from the cab, lit a cigarette and stood smoking in front of the enormous grill of his rig. Maisie put her feet up on Duchamp's dashboard and slid down into the seat. She liked feeling tucked in behind panels and glass and hinges, with dials to look at and mirrors to watch from. She imagined it was what the cockpit of an airplane felt like. She'd never sat in the cockpit of an airplane, but she felt a kinship with pilots and wondered how well, given her natural flying ability, she would manage at the controls of a big machine; if she would take to it at all or only feel unnatural, like a fish captaining a submarine or a tortoise driving a tank.

Forthcoming Fall 2016

Silas Dent ZOBAL, *The People of the Broken Neck*
Fiction / **Rights:** WORLD RIGHTS

This harrowing debut novel opens when Dominick Sawyer camps out with his son and daughter in the woods surrounding their Pennsylvania home. Late in that cold night, he watches from the trees as dark-suited men search his house room by room. In the morning, when the men have gone, the three Sawyers find the words “Wasp,” “Neck” and “Broken” written in salt on their dining room table.

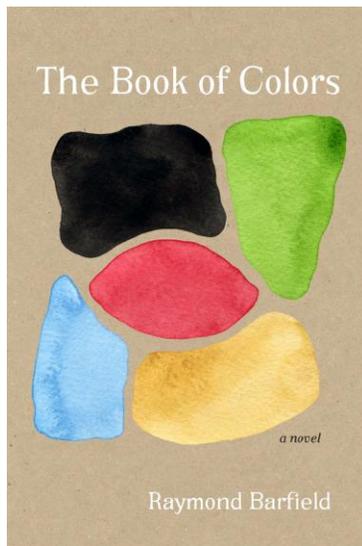
Haunted and damaged by his combat experiences in the Middle East, Dominick believes he is on the verge of losing his home, his children and everything else. And so he loads ample supplies, his guns, his difficult son and his trusting daughter into their jeep. And together they run.

The People of the Broken Neck is about a father's heroism and stunning failures—and about his need for atonement. It is about a son and daughter's awe for a man whose hands commute back and forth between their shoulders, impatient with the bounds between his life and another's. And *The People of the Broken Neck* is about two children's need to hold someone to account for the violence of their lives.

Here is a debut to leave readers breathless.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Raymond BARFIELD, *The Book of Colors*
Fiction / **Rights:** WORLD RIGHTS



The Book of Colors is the powerful story of an abandoned young woman named Yslea, who grows quickly from wishing she were dead to being a young matriarch—“the only grown-up left” within the strange little family she creates in three bare shacks by the railroad spine leading out of Memphis, Tennessee.

“Yslea’s world is small, but it embraces an immense universe of wonderments, bright emotions, slant thoughts and patterns that only she can discover. In *The Book of Colors* Raymond Barfield reveals a story like no other I have experienced, inexorably dark in circumstance but triumphantly luminous in spirit. ‘We are made up of pieces but somehow we feel whole.’ That *wholeness* is celebrated in these brave pages. They seized upon me like an angelic visitation. What a wonderful novel!” — **Fred Chappell**

“Barfield’s *The Book of Colors* is a remarkable debut, a story told by a young woman whose nearly-perfect voice evokes Flannery O’Connor’s characters when they are simultaneously in a state of chaos and grace.”
— **Wayne Caldwell, author of *Chataloochee* and *Requiem by Fire***

“I was lucky enough to see the first draft of *The Book of Colors*, and the beautiful strength of both the author and the main character has stayed with me a very long time. Kudos to Unbridled for bringing two powerful voices to light.”
— **Carl Lennertz, World Book Night USA**

A pediatric oncologist, novelist/poet **Raymond Barfield's** work with low-income children at Duke University Hospital and his previous experience in the Emergency Rooms of inner-city hospitals gave birth to the voice of the protagonist in *The Book of Colors*. He is the author most recently of a book of poems titled *Life in the Blind Spot*.

Excerpt from *The Book of Colors*, by Raymond Barfield

Black Rose on a White Death Bed

Rose called out to me.

"Yslea. Yslea, are you there?"

"I'm here."

"I can't feel my feet again."

"You been dreaming?"

"No. I been thinking."

"What about?"

"Big things. Nothing to worry your mind about."

"What big things?"

"Don't mind me."

"You want me to rub your feet?"

"Maybe in a while."

I sat down by Rose's bed, hoping dinner cooked before the stove stopped working, and I rubbed my belly, round under the flowers of my dress. My belly button had smoothed out in the past few weeks.

I think about big things as much as anyone, maybe more, even though I almost never talk to anyone about them. I go to bed thinking about them. Wake up thinking about them. My baby for example. While it was growing it was so calm it scared me sometimes. I used to know girls who'd wake up in the middle of the night with a foot stuck in their ribs and they'd laugh telling about it. I wanted my baby to do that, just to say hello.

Rose looked up from her bed and sniffed around a little bit. "What you cooking tonight, Yslea?"

It was a wonder she could still smell with all the bug spray in her room. She had me spray it at least twice a day. "Jimmy brought pork chops from work."

"Those gray ones?"

"They taste the same once they're cooked. He gets them half price."

"I'm not complaining. I'm not hungry anyway." Rose relaxed into her pillow. That was about the only thing to tell you she was tense—watching her relax. She couldn't move much on her own. Not that she was so big anymore. She was before, but she stopped eating enough to

stay big. Somehow she still seemed big when you thought about her, though.

My own bigness was new. That was the difference. If you looked at me you'd think I was small even though my belly had started filling up my lap. I never used to think much about having a body until this other body started growing inside mine. I just wished it'd moved more. I wondered what it was gonna do when it got into the world and just laid there. That's not how the world works.

When Rose started snoring I watched her sleeping like I sometimes did to get used to how she'd look when she's dead. I hadn't seen many dead people. I needed to not be scared, and Jimmy wasn't much good except for meat from the butcher shop. And if I ever got thin again, for love. But I wasn't sure what I wanted anymore.

I hadn't been with Rose long. A few months. To start with, Rose didn't know a thing about me but she brought me in as favor to Jimmy even though she didn't think much of Jimmy. Most likely at first she was more interested in the little thing growing in me than in me or Jimmy. That's okay. Once I moved in we got on so well she asked me to be the one to dress her when she died.

I'd only been living with Jimmy next door for a couple of months when I figured out I was pregnant, but I'd known him for a while before I moved in and I'd see Rose on her porch. I agreed to dress her when she died because I figure that if a baby can grow from nothing in that time so can that kind of relation between me and Rose.

They say you shouldn't eat fried foods when you're pregnant, but that's the only way to get the pork chops cooked since the oven in the house didn't work so well, probably because Rose always used it too much in the winter to heat the house.

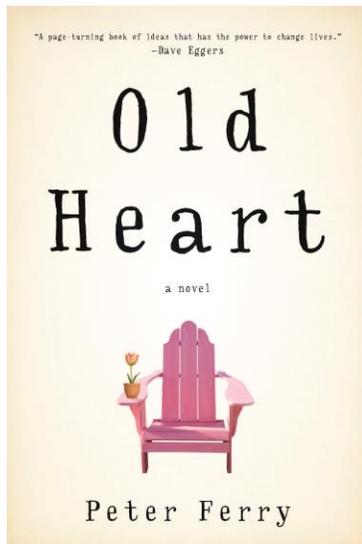
The other thing I worried about was Rose's bug spray. They say you shouldn't be around bug spray if you're pregnant. For someone who keeps saying God is in control of the world Rose sure was scared of bugs. I asked her about it and she said she once woke up with a roach attached to her ear. I didn't know roaches did that, although I did hear once of a baby dying when a roach crawled into its windpipe. That might do it. Maybe it's better to be around bug spray than to have a roach crawl into your child's mouth. At least that's what I told myself.

Dinnertime is one of the times the train comes by. It's loud enough to stir up a valley of dry bones, but Rose always slept right through it. I've always wondered at what people can get used to. A person growing inside you. Or the idea that you might just up and die.

Even though I'm not a Catholic I started going to the Catholic church down the street. All sorts of people come. It's the strangest time of my week when people who I might not even be able to get into their offices kneel down beside me and we eat the flesh and drink the blood of God and I always leave feeling clean and happy. The only other time I feel that way is when I'm reading Robinson Crusoe which is the book I own.

Peter FERRY, *Old Heart*
Fiction / Rights: WORLD ENGLISH

Agent: Wendy Strothman, The Strothman Agency



“Peter Ferry has a new novel finished, which I’ve read and I love dearly. I think it has epic scope, great warmth and humor, and also a lot of suspense. A rare combination, and highly literary to boot.” — Dave Eggers

Tom Johnson has turned 85 and has suffered a few “events”, though he knows his mind is sharp. His oldest son, who had Down Syndrome, has died, and his remaining two children want to move him out of the homestead lake house and into a retirement home in town. What Tom wants to do is to find the only woman he ever loved, a woman he met in the Netherlands where he was stationed

during World War II.

And so he slips away, deftly covers his tracks, and begins his search for her in Eindhoven. While his children try to track him down and then have him extradited back home, Tom delves into love and loss and the value of memory. Soon he catches sight of a woman he believes to be Sarah, the love he lost almost a lifetime ago.

He will have to fight for her affections and forgiveness, even as he fights for the legal right to stay in the Netherlands in the name of love and family and all the remaining rights of an old man.

Peter Ferry is a Chicago area teacher, editor and writer; he is the author of the 2008 novel *Travel Writing*. His short stories have appeared in *McSweeney’s*, *Fiction*, *StoryQuarterly*, *OR* and *Chicago Quarterly Review*. He is the recipient of an Illinois Arts Council Award for Short Fiction and is a frequent contributor to the travel pages of *The Chicago Tribune* and the website WorldHum.

Unbridled controls World English rights for *Old Heart*.

For all other languages:

Agent: **Wendy Strothman, The Strothman Agency, New York**

Excerpt from *Old Heart*, by Peter Ferry

Brabant, Summer 2007

Tom stood on the wide apron in front of the Eindhoven train station amidst a thousand parked bicycles getting his bearings, but everything was different. There were a few old buildings, but he recognized none of them. Maybe one and a distant church spire. Otherwise the buildings looked like vacuum tubes in an old radio designed by the engineers at Philips who ran the town. Traffic flowed as if on circuit boards, and the engineers themselves went by on their tall bicycles, their brief cases bungeed behind them, their ties pinned to their shirtfronts.

Tom took a taxi to Veldhoven, but the rutted farmer's lane that had once led across the fields and pastures and between the horse farms was now a highway and overpass that quite suddenly deposited him in the center of the village in front of the church and across from the hotel. Both were still there even if the old, narrow road between them was now a wide street. These days the hotel was for pensioners and commercial travelers. He rented a plain, quiet room in the back, and the owner's son brought his bag up. That afternoon he wandered around the town. He sat in the park. He walked along the little canals crossing and crossing again the foot bridges. He couldn't find the café that had once been the town center. Very little seemed familiar.

In the morning there were fresh fruit, breads, meats and cheeses and the owner poured Tom a cup of tea. Tom asked him directions to the tourist office and the public market and the man came back with a tourist map and a pen. Tom asked him if he could recommend a lawyer who spoke English.

"They all speak English," he said, but wrote down a name and address. "This is a good one. Have you been here before?"

"A long time ago. During the war."

"Are you American, then?"

"Yes. I was a supply officer. I spent some time here."

Jan Dekker, the attorney, asked him the same questions. "You know," he said, "on September 17 people show American flags. People have not forgotten, especially the old ones." He smiled. He was a strikingly handsome man with a strong jaw, a thin nose, very blue eyes and thick blond hair that was neatly parted on the side and swept back dramatically from his forehead. He had a body builder's shoulders and arms, but when he stood up he was surprisingly short. He looked like a small movie star.

"I'm looking for someone I knew back then. A Dutch woman. Her name was Sarah van Praag."

Dekker wrote it down.

“She was a teacher of English and she worked for me as a translator. This was her address back then. I don’t think the house is still there; at least, I can’t find it. I haven’t communicated with her since 1947. Also I need some advice. I think I am being followed.” He saw doubt creep into the other man’s eyes. “I’m here, you see, against my children’s wishes. I imagine they’ll try to find a way to force me to return to the United States. I want to know if they can do that.”

“Well,” said Jan Decker carefully, “not really unless you commit a crime. Not unless you have not enough money. If you live by the conditions of your visa, well then, ja, you have most of the legal rights and protections of a Dutch citizen.”

Tom told the young woman in the tourist office that he was looking for a room to rent for several weeks. She gave him two leads. Dickie Druyf lived on the top floor of an apartment block on the edge of town. His flat was spacious and airy with big windows that overlooked the farms and fields. Tom’s room would be small but clean and bright. Dickie was a genteel man with Einstein hair and an improbably deep voice who talked too much but did so in perfect but dated public school English as if he had learned every bit of it by watching old David Niven movies. Unfortunately he didn't have a garden, and he seemed a little too eager.

Mrs. Waleboer had a large, fastidiously kept garden behind her row house which Tom's second floor room would overlook and in which he noticed a brown and white spaniel asleep on its side in the sun. Mrs. Waleboer was a shy, plain young woman of about thirty who wore an apron and worked in a nearby frites stand. She spoke almost no English. She and Tom toured the house and garden communicating by smile and pantomime. In the living room she picked up a framed photograph of two little girls in pigtails. They were perhaps seven and five. She pointed up toward the children's bedroom that they had looked into upstairs. She did not show him a photograph of a man although she was wearing a wedding ring. Tom liked Mrs. Waleboer and her house, but thought he would need someone who spoke at least some English. The next morning he wasn't as sure. He realized that he'd have the house to himself much of the day. Also, he had dreamt of waking up in the room that would be his, of stepping through a door the room didn't have right into the garden, of sitting in a lawn chair he hadn't seen, reading and listening to an Albinoni oboe concerto.

He went back to the young woman in the tourist office and asked questions about Mrs. Waleboer. "Her husband was a soldier. He was killed in an accident. Very sad. As for her, she is a country woman. She grew up on a farm. She is uneducated but neat and clean and she needs the money."

He asked the young woman to help him write a series of questions in Dutch:

"May I cook?"

"May I sit in the garden?"

"May I listen to music a little loud for I am hard of hearing?"

"May I do laundry?"

"May I bathe each day?"

"May I drink beer and wine?"

Mrs. Waleboer stood in her doorway still wearing an apron and read the list of questions. "Ja," she said. "Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja." Then she clapped her hands once and laughed aloud. Tom liked that. He moved in that afternoon. He cranked the windows in his room open as he unpacked and listened to the Albinoni piece he'd dreamt of. Then he sat on his bed and smelled the spicy, fresh garden scents. He felt some satisfaction. He wanted to tell someone that he had an address and a phone number, but there was no one to tell. The lawyer. He called the number on Jan Dekker's card and left the information. Soon Tom would e-mail me.

Tom's reverie was broken by the sound of the children coming home. He went downstairs to meet them, to shake their small hands. Ilse was a beautiful child with big brown eyes and perfect skin. Nienke was a fireplug with pudgy arms, cropped hair and thick, red plastic glasses.

The market began to appear early Monday morning near the city center. It came out of caravans and car trunks: tables, tents, display cases, boxes and bags of merchandise. The process was nearly soundless and perhaps automatic as if like so many things in Holland, Tom remembered, it had been done over and over again for generations. If everyone in the country didn't quite know everyone else, they at least knew the rules: where to stand, what to bring, when to show up, what to say.

There was an aisle of clothing, an aisle for the truck farmers with piles of peppers, tomatoes, carrots, onions, peaches, pears and plums. There were cheese vendors with their big rounds of *belegen jong* to *oud*. There were tables of tools, others of CD's and DVD's, others of bike accessories: bells, mirrors, seats, locks. There was a caravan that sold little cardboard boats of fried fish and frites, and one that sold deep fried Vietnamese snacks with lines of tangy red sauce squirted across them. There were gypsies selling inexpensive jewelry and Ukrainians selling tie-dyed t-shirts.

Tom spent the day in the market and was in the café across the street when the market began to be disassembled late in the afternoon. Had he really thought that he would see Sarah Van Praag? The very notion suddenly seemed absurd. But of course he hadn't. He had never really thought that, not even years ago, not even before Tony's death, certainly not before Julia's. No, he had told himself from the very beginning that she would not be there. She would be dead. She would be lost in time, forgotten, living in Rotterdam or England or Boise, Idaho for all he knew. Or if she were here, she'd be happily married to someone like Dickie Druyf and have children and grandchildren and great grandchildren. Or she would be very fat with sour breath.

Or, and this much more likely, upon seeing her he would instantly know in his heart why they had quarreled that day and why they could never be together. Then what would that mean? That he had spent his whole life waiting for a moment that had long since passed or, perhaps, never been? That he had really been the fool and dreamer Julia had always thought him to be, that the real illusion was that he could not find a way to love Julia? That she had been waiting all through the years for him to turn to her and smile, to touch her cheek with the back of his fingers, to push her hair aside and whisper something in her ear in just that way he could never find that would make her eyes smile, her head nod, her hand touch her mouth? He could have sold cars. Why not? Other men did. Whatever made him think that he was too good for that life? He could have played golf and laughed at bad jokes. He laughed at Mike McIntyre's, for God's sake; he laughed at Tony's.

"How many cow tails does it take to reach the moon?"

"One if it's long enough." He had laughed at that one very hard. What was the difference? And what in the world after all these years could ever have tempted him to think she would be doing the same thing in the same place on the same day of the week?

David BAJO, *Mercy 6*
Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS

"Not only is MERCY 6 a compelling read but it also is a story whose plot fits right in with today's headlines...." —[The State](#)



In *Mercy 6*, David Bajo's courageous new medical thriller, four people collapse dead in the same instant within a newly renovated Los Angeles hospital. Dr. Mendenhall, the woman who is head of the Emergency Room, isn't convinced the cause of death is a contagion. But it's in the interests of the hospital administrators — and of the world at large — for people to think that it is. If the world knew the truth there could only be widespread panic.

The hospital is immediately locked down. Information is suddenly being strictly controlled. Government troops encircle the hospital to enforce the quarantine, and other bodies arrive in ER. Working with an ally in Pathology and a colleague who is outside the hospital, Mendenhall

develops her understanding that what has taken these lives has global implications ... and whatever it is, it's not a virus.

David Bajo is the author of two prior novels: *Panopticon* (Unbridled, 2010) and *The 351 Books of Irma Arcuri* (Viking 2008).

THE BROOKLYN RAIL called Bajo's previous novel, *Panopticon*, "An ethereal, well-crafted, and quietly disturbing novel, a book that slices creepily through its characters' pasts to uncover aspects of a technologically warped present that are equally riveting and unnerving because of their pervasiveness.

Like his earlier novels, Bajo's *Mercy 6* is only slightly, and therefore frighteningly, speculative.

"Bajo rarely resorts to pyrotechnic prose, but he never writes a sentence that disappoints the reader." — *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*

Solveig EGGERZ, *Seal Woman*
Fiction / Rights: WORLD RIGHTS*



Solveig Eggerz's powerful debut novel is now available from Unbridled.

Having answered a Berlin newspaper advertisement for "strong women who can cook and do farm work," Sophie Charlotte finds herself married with two sons on an Icelandic sheep farm, trying to sever cords of memory that lead back to the powerful love she knew in Germany and all that she lost there. When World War II began, Charlotte was attached to a supremely talented but politically furious painter in Berlin. But she would lose him twice: first to the resistance and then to the camps. More wounding for Charlotte, however, is the unforgiving trace of their daughter, Lena, who at 5 years old tragically disappeared into the chaos of the War.

This is an extraordinarily beautiful saga that links sure-footed portraits of wartime Berlin and the severity of life in the Icelandic countryside. Moving and genuinely affirming, *Seal Woman* is a many-colored portrayal of a strong

woman's life broken in two stark and unforgiving worlds separated by the North Atlantic.

“I found this book almost impossible to put down. It moves seamlessly with a quiet kind of beauty; Charlotte's secrets will haunt you for a long time.”
— **Robert Bausch**

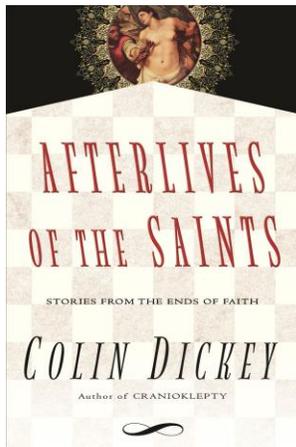
“In this fierce and poignant novel, Solveig Eggerz deftly transports her readers between Germany and Iceland as her heroine struggles to come to terms with her past and her present. ... A beautiful and suspenseful debut.”
— **Margot Livesey**

The native daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter of Icelandic authors, **Solveig Eggerz** has also lived in Germany, England and the United States. She has worked as a journalist and as a professor of writing and research. *Seal Woman* is her first novel.

- * Icelandic rights sold to Margmiðlun Jóhannesar og Sigurjóns
- * Israeli rights sold to Schocken

NON-FICTION FROM UNBRIDLED BOOKS

Colin DICKY, *Afterlives of the Saints* :
Stories from the ends of faith
NON-FICTION / **Rights: WORLD RIGHTS**



From the author of *Cranioklepty* comes a strange hagiography about the ways in which the stories of the saints reflect on our own preoccupations.

Afterlives of the Saints is a woven gathering of groundbreaking essays that move through Renaissance anatomy and the Sistine Chapel, Jorge Luis Borges' Library of Babel, the history of spontaneous human combustion, the dangers of masturbation, the pleasures of castration, “and so forth”—each essay focusing on the story of a particular (and particularly strange) saint.

Colin Dickey is the author of *Cranioklepty: Grave Robbing and the Search for Genius* (see below). He is a regular contributor to *Lapham's Quarterly* and *LA Review of Books*, and has written for *The Believer*, *Cabinet*, *The Paris Review*, and elsewhere. He is an Associate Professor of Creative Writing at National University in Los Angeles, and the Managing Director of the Morbid Anatomy Museum.

AN EXCERPT:

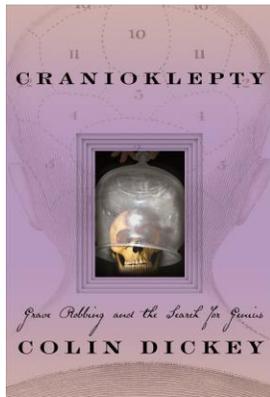
This is how the End of the World looked in the sixth century: In Gaul, above the River Rhône, a “curious bellowing sound” was heard for sixty days before a hillside collapsed. In Auvergne in 571 a plague that decimated the population was preceded by “three or four great shining lights” that hovered around the sun. There were eclipses and comets and birds that flew into churches that could miraculously extinguish every candle “so quickly that you would have thought that someone had seized hold of them all at once and dropped them into a pool of water.” On November 11, 578, a celebration of mass in Tours, “a bright star shining in the very center of the moon” appeared. In 580 floods devastated the region, and a sound “as of trees crashing to the ground” was heard for fifty miles in every direction.

The signs were everywhere. A fire in Paris in 585 burned everything but the churches of Saint Martin and Saint Germanus. In the ruins a mysterious bronze statues of a snake and a rat was found; when it was removed, the city became infested with snakes and rats for the first time. In April of 586 an epidemic decimated Tours and Nantes, death proceeding rapidly from a slight headache. In the town of Limoges those conducting business on the Sabbath were consumed by fire, while elsewhere in France a drought destroyed acres of farmland. Men sold themselves into slavery to get something to eat. In Chartres people discovered their jars inscribed with characters they could neither remove nor read. Shortly thereafter new shoots appeared mysteriously in October along with deformed grapes. Flashes of light shot out from blood-red clouds, snakes dropped from the sky, entire villages disappeared.

The Messiah appeared and reappeared, and reappeared. A man named Desiderus emerged in Tours in 587, calling himself the Savior and offering to cure the paralyzed and the crippled, forcibly stretching out their bodies as he called on his own divine power; those he did not cure were sent away, half-dead and broken. In Gaul bubonic plague broke out and a woodcutter was attacked by a swarm of flies, went insane and proclaimed himself Christ. He attracted some 3,000 followers, and began his own plague of banditry, he and his followers robbing everyone who passed on the road and giving what they took to the poor. He took his army to lay siege to the cathedral, and there the bishop sent out emissaries claiming to be peace envoys—when they reached this Christ they summarily executed him and dispersed his followers, torturing any who remained.

Another man claiming to be Christ was arrested and jailed without protest, but shortly thereafter he broke out, escaped to the local monastery, whereupon he promptly passed out, dead drunk. When the bishop of Tours found him the next morning, he smelled so bad the bishop could not stand to go near him. Unable to get his attention, he tried to wake this Christ by singing as loudly as he could.

Let your first image of Gregory be this: singing hymns one morning in 580 to a passed-out Christ. Imagine him the singer, singing the end of the world.



Colin DICKEY, *Cranioklepty: Grave Robbing
and the History of Genius*

Nonfiction / **Rights:** World Rights

“This is one of my favorite non-fiction books of the year.”

—David Gutowski

“Dickey spins these stories with a storyteller’s grace and a historian’s exactitude. *Cranioklepty* will join those books for popular audiences that delve into the origins of eccentric intellectual lore, whether madness and

lexicography (see: *The Professor and the Madman*) or inventions and visions

by depressives, maniacs, and malcontents. So be it: volumes dedicated to unearthing the historically obscure and perversely attractive have a place on my shelf near where my souvenir skull should be. How the pathological helps create “paths illogical” is always a source of curiosity. Human endeavor is

forever inclined to oddity, and with this book, Colin Dickey provides a delightful illumination of one intriguing example of our quixotic pursuits.”

—The Brooklyn Rail

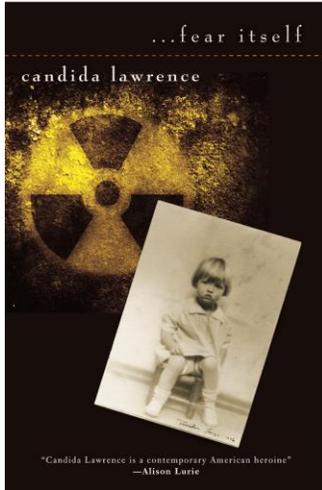
Beginning with the surprising opening of Haydn’s grave in October 1820, *Cranioklepty* takes us through the extraordinary history of a peculiar kind of obsession.

The desire to possess the skulls of the brilliant and famous—for study, for sale, for public (and very private) display—has in some people been irresistible. And the lengths they have gone to achieve their acquisitions have at times become a comedy of the grotesque.

The after-death stories of Haydn, Beethoven, Emanuel Swedenborg, Sir Thomas Browne and others have never before been told in such wretched detail and lightning vividness. Fully researched, indexed, and illustrated with some surprising images, this is a fascinating and authoritative history of ideas carried along on the guilty pleasures of an anthology of real afterlife gothic tales.

“The word ‘skullduggery’ finds a new meaning in Dickey’s well-vetted account.... Blending science with historical drama, Dickey’s book illuminates the mystery and controversy of a bizarre tradition throughout the ages.”

—*Publishers Weekly*



Candida LAWRENCE, . . .*Fear Itself*
Non-Fiction / **Rights:** World Rights

“Lawrence writes about her tough life with fierce exactitude and generous candor because her sufferings are also the log of others. . . . In her third searing, pared-to-the-bone memoir, Lawrence recounts nothing less than crimes against humanity.”

— *Booklist*

“Frightening in its detailed information about the . . . lives (old and unborn) lost to the secret keepers of the national and corporate nuclear industries.”

— Grace Paley

In light of the crisis at the Fukushima Daiichi Nuclear Power Station in Japan, the remarkable personal story of *Fear Itself* becomes a cautionary tale.

Unwittingly exposed to low-level radiation in the 1940s, Candida Lawrence has lived courageously with its effects throughout her life. *Fear Itself* traces her years struggling to have a child and her slow waking to the secrets that governments and institutions withheld from the women of her generation. The task for her—and for women who have shared her experience—has always been to believe herself into wholeness and to survive her losses and her illnesses until there is nothing left to fear. As always, Lawrence’s writing is filled with smart, gentle anger, sweet sadness and the most private sense of what is vital and important.

In *Fear Itself*, Lawrence’s deeply felt remembrances grant us an honest account of what it is to live in an unstable world. It is a truly personal account that sheds wide light on the world’s ongoing nuclear decisions.

Candida Lawrence has written three memoirs: *Reeling & Writhing*, *Change of Circumstance* and *Fear Itself*. She is also the author of the collection of essays: *Vanishing*. She lives in California.

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