A work of fiction about being a stranger in your own family and life. Every family has its own mythology, but in this family none of the myths match up. Claudia's mother says she met her husband when she stopped him from jumping off a bridge. Her father says it happened when he saved her from an attempted robbery. Both parents are deaf but couldn't be more different; they can't even agree on how they met, much less who needed saving. Into this unlikely yet somehow inevitable union, our narrator is born. She comes of age with her brother in this strange, and increasingly estranged, household split between a small village in southern Italy and New York City. Without even sign language in common – their parents have not bothered to teach them – family communications are chaotic and rife with misinterpretations. An outsider in every way, she longs for a freedom she's not even sure exists. Only books and punk rock – and a tumultuous relationship – begin to show her the way to create her own mythology, to construct her own version of the story of her life.

Kinetic, formally daring, and strikingly original, Strangers I Know is a funny and profound portrait of an unconventional family that makes us look anew at how language shapes our understanding of ourselves.

'Brave and deeply felt... Here the novel is not only a medium of illumination, but also a buoy cast into the dark waters of memory, imagination, and boldly embodied questions. In other words, it is my favourite kind of writing, the kind that not only tells of the world – but burrows through it, alive.'
— Ocean Vuong, author of *On Earth We’re Briefly Gorgeous*

'Claudia Durastanti’s writing is lyrical and sharp, underpinned with a searching gaze that turns the everyday into something darkly beautiful. Every page feels totally, absorbingly alive.'
— Sophie Mackintosh, author of *The Water Cure*

'Formally innovative and emotionally complex, this novel explores themes of communication, family, and belonging with exceptional insight. Durastanti, celebrated in Italy for her intelligent voice and her hybrid perspective, speaks to all who are outside and in-between. *Strangers I Know*, in a bracing translation by Elizabeth Harris, is ... stunning.'
— Jhumpa Lahiri, author of *Whereabouts*

'Playful, looping, atmospheric and funny, *Strangers I Know* is a singular achievement, one of those rare books that expanded my understanding of what a novel can do. Claudia Durastanti is an absolutely thrilling writer.'
— Lauren Groff, author of *Matrix*

Claudia Durastanti is the author of four critically acclaimed novels. A former Italian Fellow in Literature at the American Academy of Rome, she is a co-founder of the Italian Literature Festival in London. She is the Italian translator of Joshua Cohen, Donna Haraway, Ocean Vuong, and the most recent edition of *The Great Gatsby*, *Strangers I Know*, a finalist for the Premio Strega in 2019, has been translated into eighteen languages. For now, she lives in Rome.
In this extraordinary book, an acclaimed young war reporter chronicles a dangerous journey on the smuggler's road to Europe, accompanying his friend, an Afghan refugee, in search of a better future.

In 2016, a young Afghan driver and translator named Omar makes the heart-wrenching choice to flee his war-torn country, saying goodbye to Laila, the love of his life, without knowing when they might be reunited again. He is one of the millions of refugees who leave their homes that year.

Matthieu Aikins, a journalist living in Kabul, decides to follow his friend. In order to do so, he must leave his own passport and identity behind to go underground on the refugee trail with Omar. Their odyssey across land and sea from Afghanistan to Europe brings them face to face with the people at heart of the migration crisis: smugglers, cops, activists, and the men, women and children fleeing war in search of a better life. As setbacks and dangers mount for the two friends, Matthieu is also drawn into the escape plans of Omar’s entire family, including Maryam, the matriarch who has fought ferociously for her children’s survival.

Harrowing yet hopeful, this exceptional work brings into sharp focus one of the most contentious issues of our times. *The Naked Don’t Fear the Water: An Underground Journey with Afghan Refugees* is a tale of love and friendship across borders, and an inquiry into our shared journey in a divided world.

‘The Naked Don’t Fear the Water’ is a riveting and heartrending look at the hidden world of refugees that challenged everything I thought I knew about the consequences of war and globalization. It’s the most important work on the global refugee crisis to date, and a crucial document of these tumultuous times. It will go down as one of the great works of nonfiction literature of our generation.’

— Anand Gopal, author of the Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award finalist *No Good Men Among the Living*

‘The Naked Don’t Fear the Water’ is the most affecting book I have read about the iniquity of the refugee crisis since *Exit West*. The reporting is totally immersive, without ever losing its clarity, and gives a heartbreaking insight into the lives of normal people taking terrible risks to save themselves. I am amazed by Matthieu Aikins’s quiet bravery and willingness to surrender to the story and the danger around him. It’s also, among many other things, a book about friendship and the global ties that bind us.’

— Sam Knight, author of *The Premonitions Bureau*

Matthieu Aikins has reported from Afghanistan and the Middle East since 2008. He is a contributing writer for the *New York Times Magazine*, a contributing editor at *Rolling Stone*, and has won numerous honors, including the George Polk and Livingston awards. He is a past fellow at Type Media Center, New America, the Council on Foreign Relations, and the American Academy in Berlin. Matthieu grew up in Nova Scotia, and has a master’s degree in Near Eastern Studies from New York University. *The Naked Don’t Fear the Water* is his first book.
A mother and daughter travel from abroad to meet in Tokyo: they walk along the canals through the autumn evenings, escape the typhoon rains, share meals in small cafés and restaurants, and visit galleries to see some of the city's most radical modern art. All the while, they talk: about the weather, horoscopes, clothes, and objects, about family, distance, and memory. But uncertainties abound. Who is really speaking here – is it only the daughter? And what is the real reason behind this elliptical, perhaps even spectral journey? At once a careful reckoning and an elegy, *Cold Enough for Snow* questions whether any of us speak a common language, which dimensions can contain love, and what claim we have to truly know another's inner world.

Selected from more than 1,500 entries, *Cold Enough for Snow* won the Novel Prize, a new, biennial award offered by Fitzcarraldo Editions, New Directions (US) and Giramondo (Australia), for any novel written in English that explores and expands the possibilities of the form. It is set to be translated into fifteen languages.

‘When we left the hotel it was raining, a light, fine rain, as can sometimes happen in Tokyo in October. I said that where we were going was not far – we would only need to get to the station, the same one that we had arrived at yesterday, and then catch two trains and walk a little down some small streets until we got to the museum. I got out my umbrella and opened it, and pulled up the zipper of my coat. It was early morning and the street was filled with people, most walking away from the station, rather then towards it as we were. All the while, my mother stayed close to me, as if she felt that the flow of the crowd was a current, and that if we were separated, we would not be able to make our way back to each other, but continue to drift further and further apart. The rain was gentle, and consistent. It left a fine layer of water on the ground, which was not bitumen, but a series of small, square tiles, if you cared enough to notice.

We had arrived the night before. My plane landed an hour before my mother’s and I waited for her at the airport. I was too tired to read but collected my bags and bought us two tickets for one of the express trains, as well as a bottle of water and some cash from the ATM. I wondered if I should buy more – some tea perhaps, or something to eat, but I did not know how she would be feeling when she landed. When she came out of the gates, I recognized her immediately, even from a distance, somehow by the way she held herself or the way she walked, without being able to clearly see her face.’

‘Au’s writing ebbs along effortlessly and poetically.’
— *The Australian*

‘Jessica Au is a new talent to be watched.’
— Romy Ash, *Australian Book Review*

Jessica Au is a writer based in Melbourne, Australia. *Cold Enough for Snow*, her second novel, will be published by New Directions, Fitzcarraldo Editions, and Giramondo, and is already set to be translated into fourteen languages.
The Undercurrents: A Story of Berlin is a dazzling work of biography, memoir, and cultural criticism told from a precise vantage point: a stately nineteenth-century house on Berlin's Landwehr canal, a site at the centre of great historical changes, but also smaller domestic ones. The view from this apartment window offers a ringside seat onto the city's theatre of action. The building has stood on the banks of the Landwehr Canal in central Berlin since 1869, its feet in the West but looking East, right into the heart of a metropolis in the making, on a terrain inscribed indelibly with trauma.

When her marriage breaks down, Kirsty Bell – a British-American writer in her mid-forties, adrift – becomes fixated on the history of her building and of her adoptive city. She moved into this house in 2014 with her then-husband and two sons, but before her was Herr Zimmermann, the wood-dealer who built the house, and the Salas, a family of printers who took it over in 1908, and lived here through both world wars. Their adopted daughter Melitta Sala, a Kriegskind or 'child of the war', inherited the building and takes hold of her imagination.

Now, at the start of the twenty-first century, it is Kirsty Bell’s turn to look out of this apartment window. She looks to the lives of the house’s various inhabitants, to accounts penned by Walter Benjamin, Rosa Luxemburg and Gabriele Tergit, and to the female protagonists in the works of Theodor Fontane, Irmgard Keun and Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A new cultural topography of Berlin emerges, one which taps into energetic undercurrents to recover untold or forgotten stories beneath the city’s familiar narratives. Humane, thought-provoking and moving, The Undercurrents is a hybrid literary portrait of a place that makes the case for radical close readings: of ourselves, our cities and our histories.

'The Undercurrents, Kirsty Bell does for Berlin what Luc Sante has done for New York and Rebecca Solnit for San Francisco; she tells the stories recorded in the city’s stone and water, and in the hearts of its inhabitants. Her profound and idiosyncratic chronicle of Berlin is an act of hydromancy, divining a history of love and loss from the water that flows beneath and between the city’s bricks.'

— Dan Fox, author of Pretentiousness: Why it Matters

Kirsty Bell is a British-American writer and art critic living in Berlin. She has published widely in magazines and journals including Tate Etc. and Art in America, and was contributing editor of frieze from 2011-2021. She was awarded a Warhol Foundation Grant for her book The Artist’s House, and her essays have appeared in over seventy exhibition catalogues for major international museums and institutions such as the Whitney Museum for American Art, The Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam, and Tate, UK. Her approach to writing is rooted less in her degree in Art History and English Literature from Cambridge University (1990-93) than in her hands-on experience with contemporary art production, while working in galleries and curating exhibitions.
Inside a luxury housing complex, two misfit teenagers sneak around and get drunk. Franco Andrade, lonely, overweight, and addicted to porn, obsessively fantasizes about seducing his neighbour – an attractive married woman and mother – while Polo dreams about quitting his gruelling job as a gardener within the gated community and fleeing his overbearing mother and their narco-controlled village. Each facing the impossibility of getting what he thinks he deserves, Franco and Polo hatch a mindless and macabre scheme. Written in a chilling torrent of prose by one of our most thrilling new writers, Paradais explores the explosive fragility of Mexican society – with its racist, classist, hyperviolent tendencies – and how the myths, desires, and hardships of teenagers can tear life apart at the seams.

‘Fernanda Melchor explores violence and inequity in this brutal novel. She does it with dazzling technical prowess, a perfect pitch for orality, and a neurosurgeon’s precision for cruelty. Paradais is a short inexorable descent into Hell.’ — Mariana Enríquez, author of Things We Lost in the Fire

‘Melchor evokes the stories of Flannery O’Connor, or, more recently, Marlon James’s A Brief History of Seven Killings. Impressive.’ — Julian Lucas, New York Times

‘Fernanda Melchor has a powerful voice, and by powerful I mean unsparing, devastating, the voice of someone who writes with rage, and has the skill to pull it off.’ — Samanta Schweblin, author of Fever Dream

Praise for Hurricane Season

‘Brutal, relentless, beautiful, fugal, Hurricane Season explores the violent mythologies of one Mexican village and reveals how they touch the global circuitry of capitalist greed. … Most recent fiction seems anaemic by comparison.’ — Ben Lerner, author of The Topeka School

‘Hurricane Season is a tremendously vital piece of work. Searing and urgent and cut through with pain, this is storytelling as reportage; a loud memorial to the unheard victims of a society in crisis. Fernanda Melchor and Sophie Hughes have achieved something remarkable here.’ — Jon McGregor, author of Lean, Fall, Stand

Born in Veracruz, Mexico, in 1982, Fernanda Melchor is ‘one of Mexico’s most exciting new voices’ (Guardian). Her novel Hurricane Season was shortlisted for the International Booker Prize, longlisted for the National Book Award, and was a New York Times Notable Book.
Emergency is a novel about the dissolving boundaries between all life on earth. Stuck at home alone under lockdown, a woman recounts her 1990s childhood in rural Yorkshire. She watches a kestrel hunting, helps a farmer with a renegade bull, and plays out with her best friend, Clare. Around her in the village her neighbours are arguing, keeping secrets, caring for one another, trying to hold down jobs. In the woods and quarry there are foxcubs fighting, plants competing for space, ageing machines, and a three-legged deer who likes cake. These local phenomena interconnect and spread out from China to Nicaragua as pesticides circulate, money flows around the planet, and bodies feel the force of distant power. A story of remote violence and a work of praise for a persistently lively world, brilliantly written, surprising, evocative and unsettling, Daisy Hildyard’s Emergency reinvents the pastoral novel for the climate change era.

‘Rich and unflinching, this writing expands our sense of what it means to live, as we do, in a time of crisis. It leads us beyond rational climate debates into the deeply sensual, and sometimes nightmarish, places where our inner and outer worlds make contact.’
— Katharine Kilalea, author of OK, Mr Field

‘In this powerfully attuned novel, the world presses in on all sides, refusing to become background. From the discarded plastics of the narrator’s childhood, now circulating microscopically in the world around her as an adult, to the journey of grass through the bodies of animals and back out to the field as fertilizer, Emergency shows us the cost, as well as the conflicted splendour, of a world that is “fatally interconnected”. Its prose is bewitching and uncompromising, alive to the enmeshing of cruelty with care that articulates our shared – human and nonhuman – existence.’
— Daisy Lafarge, author of Paul

‘Emergency is an incisive kaleidoscope of past and present, nature and industry, stillness and pace, collapsing all into a tapestry of consciousness.’
— Aşşegül Savaş, author of Walking on the Ceiling

‘Hildyard’s writing stretches the mind.’
— Alexandra Kleeman, author of Something New Under the Sun

Daisy Hildyard holds a PhD in the history of science, and has previously published essays on the language of science, and on seventeenth-century mathematics. Her first novel, Hunters in the Snow, received the Somerset Maugham Award and a ‘5 under 35’ honorarium at the USA National Book Awards. Her essay The Second Body, a brilliantly lucid account of the dissolving boundaries between all life on earth, was published by Fitzcarraldo Editions in 2017. She lives with her family in North Yorkshire, where she was born.
Teeming with life and compulsively readable, the pieces gathered together in *The Tribe* aggregate into an extraordinary mosaic of Cuba today. Carlos Manuel Álvarez, one of the most exciting young writers in Latin America, employs the *crónica* form – a genre unique to Latin American writing that blends reportage, narrative non-fiction, and novelistic forms – to illuminate a particularly turbulent period in Cuban history, from the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the US, to the death of Fidel Castro, to the convulsions of the San Isidro Movement.

Unique, edgy and stylishly written, *The Tribe* shows a society in flux, featuring sportsmen in exile, artists, nurses, underground musicians and household names, dissident poets, the hidden underclass at a landfill, migrants attempting to make their way across Central America, fugitives escaping the FBI, dealers from the black market, as well as revelers and policemen in the noisy Havana night. It is a major work of reportage by one of *Granta*’s Best of Young Spanish-Language novelists.

‘There is magic in these pages…[T]his book tells the actual story of Cuba as it exists today.’
— Jon Lee Anderson

‘Álvarez does not try to instruct or speculate. He does not write on whether the Revolution succeeded or failed. He does not determine whether the leader was a hero or a tyrant. His book is not an explanation: it is … the history of a country told through its people.’
— María Teresa Hernández, AP News

**Praise for *The Fallen***

‘A beautiful and painful novel that demonstrates the power of fiction to pursue the unutterable.’
— Alejandro Zambra, author of *Chilean Poet*

‘The best in Latin American literature is here: with the precocious skill of someone who is a paragon of narrative resources and sensitivity, Carlos Manuel Álvarez vividly portrays the only identity that really matters: not national, but human. *The Fallen* is a museum of solitude and of the cracks separating our inner world from the one we live in and from those with whom we coexist.’
— Emiliano Monge, author of *Among the Lost*

Edinburgh, 2014: N. and L., two writer friends arrive from London, a city they believe killed L.’s brother. Every day they try to get to the library to write their blocks, but every day they get distracted, bickering over everything from whether or not it’s going to rain, to their Bitcoin tanking, trying and failing to resist the sadness which follows them as they drift around the city.

It’s on a day like this that they make a new friend, Diego. They go out drinking and swap stories. Diego tells them he is named after his mother’s island in the Indian Ocean, part of the Chagos Archipelago, which she and her community were forced to leave by armed soldiers in 1973. The writers become obsessed with this shameful episode in British history and the continuing exile of the Chagossian people.

Angry and sad and funny, this collaborative fiction set in Edinburgh, London and Brussels is about grief and friendship, and about trying to work out how, as a writer, you share a story that needs to be heard if it is not your story to tell.

But ultimately this is a novel about the true fact of a collaborative fiction authored by the US and British governments, created to maintain military power and to dispossess a people of their homeland.

Praise for *Genie and Paul*

‘Set in present-day London, *Genie and Paul*, a superb first novel by Natasha Soobramanien, contemporarises with brilliant effect the eighteenth-century French classic *Paul et Virginie*.’

— Pankaj Mishra, *Guardian* Books of the Year

‘A treasure of a book – a novel of ideas that is also sensual, thrillingly alive. It is confident and smart, and emotionally resonant.’

— Christos Tsiolkas, author of *The Slap*

Praise for *The Echo Chamber*

‘Stuffed with stories, literary references and peculiar details, a history of troubled objects, this beguiling novel is a work of astonishing synthesis. ... rich and resonant.’

— James Hopkin, *Guardian*

Natasha Soobramanien, British-Mauritian, and Luke Williams, Scottish, are the authors of *Genie and Paul* and *The Echo Chamber*, respectively. They used to live in Edinburgh but at the time of writing live in Brussels, across the park from one another, where they meet up every day for a walk.
At what point does faith turn into tyranny? In *Immanuel*, winner of the inaugural Fitzcarraldo Editions Essay Prize Matthew McNaught explores his upbringing in an evangelical Christian community in Winchester. As McNaught moved away from the faith of his childhood in the early 2000s, a group of his church friends were pursuing it to its more radical fringes. They moved to Nigeria to join a community of international disciples serving TB Joshua, a charismatic millionaire pastor whose purported gifts of healing and prophecy attracted vast crowds to his Lagos ministry, the Synagogue Church of All Nations (SCOAN). Years later, a number of these friends left SCOAN with accounts of violence, sexual abuse, sleep deprivation and public shaming.

In reconnecting with his old friends, McNaught realized that their journey into this cult-like community was directly connected to the teachings and tendencies of the church of their childhood. Yet speaking to them awakened a yearning for this church that, despite everything, he couldn’t shake off. Was the church’s descent into hubris and division separable from the fellowship and mutual sustenance of its early years? Was it possible to find community and connection without dogma and tribalism? Blending essay, memoir and reportage, *Immanuel* is an exceptional debut about community, doubt, and the place of faith in the twenty-first century.

“Immanuel was the sound of around a hundred people singing more or less in tune. It was baptisms in the River Itchen, picnics on Farley Mount, praying in tongues in suburban living rooms.

It was Hebrew for ‘God with us’, the words of the Prophet Isaiah recalled in Matthew’s gospel as evidence of Christ’s divinity. ‘Behold, the virgin will be with child and will give birth to a son, and she will call Him Immanuel.’ A bridge between the Old Testament and the New, Immanuel was God’s promise to His people, fulfilled.

Immanuel was a house church first, before expanding to fill a rented room in Winchester Guildhall and then the grand Georgian building that stood on the opposite side of the Broadway. Immanuel was the centre of the world once. Long after it imploded, its gravitational pull remains.

When friends visit me in Southampton, I soon run out of things in the city to show them, so I take them on the thirty-minute train ride to Winchester. We walk down the paved High Street, passing cafés and boutiques, turn right at the Buttercross into the Cathedral grounds, then head towards the Water Meadows. I always feel, as we embark on this tourist walk, a tug towards the Broadway at the bottom end of town.

When I visit Winchester alone, I’m more likely to submit to it. I stand on the pavement, the statue of King Alfred behind me, and look up at St John’s. The narrow lattice windows of the medieval undercroft. The broad windows of the Assembly Room above, and the painted ones of the non-existent third floor. I look for the paintpot and brushes on one of the windows of the top row, the trompe l’oeil left in the 90s by Immanuel’s resident painter-decorator, along with his name on the pot: ‘Dave’. St John’s is closed to the public now. I walk away with my longing unfulfilled.”

Matthew McNaught has written for the *Guardian* Long Reads and *n+1*. He lives in Southampton, where he works in mental health. He won the inaugural Fitzcarraldo Editions Essay Prize for *Immanuel*, his first book.
Still Born, Guadalupe Nettel’s fourth novel, treats one of the most consequential decisions of early adulthood – whether or not to have children – with the intelligence and originality that have won her international acclaim. Alina and Laura are independent and career-driven women in their mid-thirties, neither of whom have built their future around the prospect of a family. Laura has taken the drastic decision to be sterilized, but as time goes by Alina becomes drawn to the idea of becoming a mother. When Alina’s daughter survives childbirth – after a diagnosis that predicted the opposite – and Laura becomes attached to her neighbour’s son, both women are forced to reckon with the complexity of their emotions. In prose that is as gripping as it is insightful, Guadalupe Nettel explores maternal ambivalence with a surgeon’s touch, carefully dissecting the contradictions that make up the lived experiences of women.

‘Nettel is one of the leading lights in contemporary Latin American literature. ... I envy how naturally she makes use of language; her resistance to ornamentation and artifice; and the almost stoic fortitude with which she dispenses her profound and penetrating knowledge of human nature.’
— Valeria Luiselli, author of Lost Children Archive

‘I love the work of Guadalupe Nettel, one of Mexico’s greatest living writers. Her fiction is brilliant and original, always suffused with sensuality and strange science.’
— Paul Theroux, author of The Mosquito Coast

‘Nettel is free. She has succeeded in creating an audacious narrative style all her own, a singular and fearless way of being in the world. An essential voice of the new Latin American literature.’
— Enrique Vila-Matas, author of Mac’s Problem

‘It has been a long time since I’ve found in the literature of my generation a world as personal and untransferable as that of Guadalupe Nettel.’
— Juan Gabriel Vasquez, author of The Shape of the Ruins

Guadalupe Nettel was born in Mexico in 1973 and grew up between Mexico and France. She is the author of the international-award winning novels El huésped (2006), The Body Where I was Born (2011), After the Winter (2014, Herralde Novel Prize) and Still Born (2020) and three collections of short stories, all published by Anagrama, the most prestigious of all Spanish-language publishing houses. Her work has been translated into more than ten languages and has appeared in publications such as Granta, The White Review, El País, the New York Times, La Repubblica and La Stampa. She currently lives in Mexico City where she’s the director of the magazine Revista de la Universidad de México.