

# SYLPH EDITIONS



Spring 2014

Rachel Shihor

# STALIN IS DEAD

Stories and aphorisms on animals, poets and other earthly creatures

With a foreword by Nicole Krauss  
Translated by Ornan Rotem

‘Rachel Shihor is the opposite of a misty-eyed writer,’ writes Mona Gainer-Salim in the *Quarterly Conversation*. ‘Her writing penetrates to the truth of the aches and anxieties all people share, though they must generally suffer them alone.’ ‘There is no question that she is a great writer,’ Nicole Krauss, author of *The History of Love*, confirms, ‘Only a master could make such originality feel inevitable. The only question is why so few people have had the chance to read her.’

In *Stalin is Dead*, Shihor offers a medley of aphorisms, flash fiction, and short stories, carving out a slice of the world in which Kafka would feel at home. The characters that inhabit this world – reckless she-goats, morose fish, somnambulistic theologians, poignant old ladies, dying dictators, and dead poets, to name just a few – have nothing in common save for the fact that they instruct us on the human condition. Available at last in Ornan Rotem’s translation (who also added typograms to go along with the text) these edifying stories, with all their sadness and humour, are a writer’s *tour de force* and a reader’s delight.

RACHEL SHIHOR  
STALIN IS DEAD

LITERATURE  
96 PAGES | 120 X 216MM  
PAPERBACK  
ISBN 978-0-95699208-6  
£11

## MONA GAINER-SALIM: ON RACHEL SHIHOR

I am in a library on a sunny afternoon. In my hands is a new, thin sheaf of pages, *Stalin is Dead* by Rachel Shihor. I read slowly, patiently performing the ritual of ‘meeting’ a new author: lingering, turning phrases over in my mind, but unable to resist flipping ahead from time to time in curiosity. The stories in this collection are short; barely a few hundred words each, they employ the tools of the fable, aphorism, and vignette in ways bold and direct, subtle, moving, and funny.

I haven’t read far when I find myself facing a riddle. ‘The first time I sloughed off my skin, there was already something strange about it... I called my parents and they came over, swathed in deep sleep.’ The second and third time the creature sloughs its skin, everyone is too busy to bother watching. The only witnesses are ‘several thin red worms... pulling at it wildly.’ At first, this puzzles me, even disturbs me in its impenetrable strangeness, and I move on. When I return to it later, bolstered by my reading of the rest of the stories, I am able to advance a little further: could this be some sort of rite of passage? Perhaps what we see is the loneliness of a child; perhaps the parents watch only out of a sense of duty rather than real compassion? I now recognize some of the core features of Shihor’s writing: a tendency towards surrealism; enigmatic characters brought sharply into focus by a structuring thought; the unadorned fact that these figures, human or otherwise, are so often afflicted with what one of them calls a ‘terrible loneliness.’

Though Shihor’s writing seems reluctant to offer up its secrets, in a way the thrust behind it is very clear. Across the board, the stories are emphatically critical of the authority of institutions designed to structure and sustain life. Religion, marriage, family: their promises of truth, love, and community are found again and again to

falter and fail. Sometimes, as in the mini-essay entitled ‘Religions are a curse,’ this conviction is plainly stated; more often it is conveyed through settings and the choices characters make. On the surface, the settings don’t have much in common: family homes, nursing homes, the depths of a mine, the side of a road, nameless refugee-flooded cities, even Stalin’s deathbed. They are stimulating, puzzling in their diversity. Some are consciously conceived of as extremes of isolation and alienation. A refugee is clearly a marginal figure, and a nursing home can be a very lonely place – but a family home? Ostensibly one should not feel uncomfortable and embarrassed there, as if among strangers; it is supposed to be a bastion against these kinds of doubts.

Be they extreme or ordinary, these settings are sources of unease and confusion to their occupants. Shihor’s characters struggle to find comfort in their relationships and have grave difficulties communicating with one another. In one story, ‘My Mother,’ even the innocuous question of who – mother or daughter – is to initiate a visit, is fraught with suspicions and misunderstandings. In *Days Bygone*, Shihor’s first work to appear in English in 2008, an old woman reflects on her childhood and recalls suddenly finding herself in a roomful of stern and alien faces:

[...] when the light went on, owing to its intensity and hence its somewhat violent appearance, the new wrinkles and weariness etched on our troubled faces, which had deepened during the day’s tediousness or in those moments of obscurity while we were waiting for the new day’s arrival, had become more pronounced.

It is worth asking why these characters feel so lonely – and what kind of change might improve their situation. A certain resignation is present in many a character’s attitude:

a feeling of having been promised something, then let down. If you pray and study the scriptures, they have heard rabbis say, you will find the answers to your questions. If you marry, their peers say, you will discover a peace and comfort that will fulfil you for the rest of your life. If you are kind to your family, you will be repaid in love. Most of Shihor's characters seem to have learned that these instructions will not work, or work haltingly and unreliably, but this does not prevent them from longing for the happiness that seems just beyond their grasp. Unable to find it through the promised pathways, they instinctually place themselves on the margins of their communities. They find that observing is a more honest act than participating.

This outsider status is shared by almost every character we encounter in Shihor's fiction, whether this position is enforced or voluntary. A remarkable feature of these stories is the sobriety of the storytelling. Shihor frequently employs first-person narrative, so that the restrained and sober voice emanates from the characters themselves. Even if their loneliness sometimes threatens to overwhelm them, these figures fundamentally appreciate that despair is as useless and self-defeating as unconditional belief. Shihor refuses to shy away from hard truths, but there is still an unmistakable warmth in the way she treats her subjects. Her characters are not innocent (one of them is Stalin after all); on the contrary, they are subtly tainted and damaged by the mere fact of being human, of belonging to a species with a proven capacity for violence and injustice. Yet Shihor's deep understanding of humanity's weakness and cruelty does not overwhelm her portrait; instead it adds an additional dimension of authority to the candid, unsentimental fairness of her approach. She is not interested in apportioning blame, but in uncovering truth. She takes her characters' grievances

seriously and does not condemn them for their frailties. There is also room for humour – as in the case of Mr. Zimmerman, who sleeps through every meeting of the Tel Aviv Interfaith Committee, 'and only when the word 'believer' or 'to believe' in one of its many forms trickled down his soul... did he jump from his seat and cry out: '—To believe, ladies and gentlemen! To believe! Only belief will save us! Belief, ladies and gentlemen, that's what's important!' before promptly falling asleep again. When characters are thus mocked for their habits, it is done with subtle playfulness and even, one might say, affection. One gets the sense of a writer who observes life with clear, wakeful eyes, and who never averts them, no matter how distressing the things they see.

Shihor puts herself in the position of the outsider for us, so that we too may see more clearly the forces that attempt to govern our lives. It is a position by no means comfortable, and one that many of us take great pains to avoid. I am reminded of an idea raised in Roberto Bolaño's essay 'Literature + Illness = Illness': a writer or artist is someone who risks, someone who steps out from under the cover of how things are supposed to be done, into a dangerous and blinding clearing. Shihor takes risks in her choice of form as well as of content: her preferred genres – the fable, the aphorism, the novella – have been, historically, unconventional in Western literature, and the stories she chooses to tell hint at an unsettling tension and artificiality at the base of the society that emerged from the 20th century. Her biggest risk, though, is daring to ask what sustains a life when the institutions designed to account for its meaning – and that are, indeed, precious above all to some of us – are revealed to be inadequate and disingenuous, daring to ask what replaces them when all illusions and distractions have been stripped away. 'We are always surrounded by background noises,' Shihor writes.

They are an inseparable part of 'the beautiful life' that we try to sustain and that we daily renew in cafés, in arcades, on beaches, in offices, in the law courts, in theatres and in workshops. And were they to become softer, or were they to disappear completely – we would then hear with clarity the sound of the enemy burrowing in fear of us.

It is a terrifying thought. Shihor opens herself up to this sound, extends her ear – and we, her readers, lean in tremulously to listen. But while we are thus straining to hear, it may occur to us to ask whether this sound is real, or conjured by our fearful imaginations. Like the creature in Kafka's *The Burrow*, we may simply be cowering in fear of the unknown.

Does Shihor's work give us an inkling of what we may discover when the background noises have been turned down and the false institutions dismantled? Shihor might counter that she is less concerned with the question of what is to be found, than with the willingness to step out from under the protective shade of traditions and protocols, to listen and look carefully, without prejudice. If you are able to do this, as Bolaño writes, something will come to you, 'whatever it may be – a book, an expression, a misplaced object... a method, perhaps, and, with a bit of luck, the new, which has been there all along.' The essential thing is to have the courage and honesty to examine our lives with a clear and steady eye, and this is exactly the gift Shihor so gracefully offers us through her fiction. And if we emulate her in this, we will not have lived in hiding from ourselves.

[First published in *Asymptote*, July 2013]

Idra Novey

# CLARICE: THE VISITOR

In this cahier, Idra Novey explores multiple notions of translation through two sequences of poems. In the first sequence, 'Letters to C', she directly addresses the figure and the words of a writer she recently translated, Brazilian visionary Clarice Lispector. In the second, 'Regarding Marmalade, Cognates, and Visitors', Novey looks at the connections between language, translation, and the hosting of visitors, including her newborn son. Idra Novey's texts are in conversation with images by the artist Erica Baum – images of books that seem both to invite and resist attempts to read them.

IDRA NOVEY

CLARICE: THE VISITOR

THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 23]

10 COLOUR IMAGES

36 PAGES | 240 X 150MM

SEWN PAPERBACK WITH DUST JACKET

ISBN 978-1-90963107-6

£12

SERIES: THE CAHIERS SERIES

The Cahiers Series is published by Sylph Editions in collaboration with The American University of Paris. The goal of this series is to make available new explorations in writing, in translating, and in the areas linking these two activities.



Anna Sun

# DREAMERS OF THE ABSOLUTE

A Book of Hours

A young woman, dreaming of love and yearning to know what love is, drives up to a Trappist monastery in rural Kentucky, seeking her older brother who has taken the vows of a novice. She spends seven days of unplanned contemplation interspersed between the seven prayers that punctuate the monastery's daily routine. Insights and recollections come and go like the ebb and flow of the tide. In her silent enclosure she asks herself who she is, what she wants, and what she believes.

Anna Sun poses seemingly unanswerable questions, but like an illuminated book of hours, this sensitive and beautifully adorned novella also seems to point to where an answer might lie.

When Rose arrives at the Abbey, it is already dusk. She is deep in rural Kentucky, a world entirely unfamiliar to her, driving up a small hill that is surrounded by rolling fields and isolated farmhouses, all under a blue, velvety sky. It feels like a dream when she finally sees the white, stately monastery emerging at the end of the narrow dirt road.

She parks her car outside the Abbey gate and steps out. The air is surprisingly refreshing, almost like spring. There is a hint of the sweetness of newly-grown grass, also of the rising evening mist. There is no one in sight, and there is no visible light from the narrow windows that line the fortress-like whitewashed

ANNA SUN
<b>DREAMERS OF THE ABSOLUTE</b>
LITERATURE
12 COLOUR IMAGES
124 PAGES   120 X 216MM
PAPERBACK
ISBN 978-1-90963108-3
£14

Daniel Shapiro

with contributions by Robert D. Jacobsen,  
Robert D. Mowry and Thomas Lawton

# ANCIENT CHINESE BRONZES

A Personal Appreciation

*'The best I have been able to explain Shang Bronzes to myself  
and to others is that they wed rocket science and religion.'*

The Shang dynasty of north-central China (c. 1500–1000 BC) was a flourishing Bronze Age civilization that maintained control over much of north China for nearly 600 years. They also produced spectacular bronze ritual vessels that are one of the greatest cultural and technological achievements of any ancient civilization.

This book is a timely introduction to the high art of ancient Chinese bronzes, seen through the eyes of a superb private collection. Lavishly produced and dramatically illustrated, it is enticing to the novice, and informative to the expert.

The book begins with personal notes and views of the collector, followed by illustrated essays written by three leading American scholars: Robert D. Jacobsen, Chair of the Department of Asian Art Emeritus, Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Robert D. Mowry, Curator of Chinese Art Emeritus Harvard Art Museums and Thomas Lawton, Director Emeritus, Freer Gallery of Art.

DANIEL SHAPIRO

ANCIENT CHINESE BRONZES

IMPRINT: RASIKA

OVER 70 COLOUR AND B/W IMAGES

144 PAGES | 300 X 225MM

HARDBACK

ISBN 978-1-909631-09-0

£55

IMPRINT: RASIKA

Rasika is an imprint of Sylph Editions dedicated to the appreciation of aesthetic culture in all its manifestations, past and present, near and far, with an emphasis on Asia.



László Krasznahorkai

# THE BILL

For Palma Vecchio, at Venice

Translated by George Szirtes

In *The Bill*, László Krasznahorkai's madly lucid voice pours forth in a single, vertiginous, 14-page sentence addressing Palma Vecchio, a 16th-century Venetian painter. Peering out from the pages are Vecchio's voluptuous, bare-breasted blondes, a succession of models transformed on the canvas into portraits of apprehensive sexuality. Alongside these women, the writer that Susan Sontag called 'the Hungarian master of apocalypse' interrogates Vecchio's gift: Why does he do it? How does he do it? And why are these models so afraid of him even though he, unlike most of his contemporaries, never touches them? The text engages with the art, asking questions only the paintings can answer.

You sent for us and we knew what you wanted so we sent Lucretia and Flora, sent Leonora, sent Elena, followed by Cornelia, then Diana, and so it went on from January through to June, then from October through to December we sent Ophelia, sent Veronica, sent Adriana, sent Danaë, then Venus, and, little by little, every plump, sweet whore and courtesan on our books turned up at your place, the important thing, as for every male Venetian, being that their brows should be clear and high, that the shoulders be broad and round, the chest wide and deep, that the body should open out, the way it opens out under a deep cut chemise, and

LÁSZLÓ KRASZNAHORKAI

THE BILL

THE ART MONOGRAPHS [NO. 2]

12 COLOUR IMAGES

32 PAGES | 234 X 162MM

SEWN PAPERBACK

ISBN 978-0-95699209-3

£10

SERIES: THE ART MONOGRAPHS

The Art Monographs juxtapose works of art with literary writing. Each publication explores a work of art or the work of an artist. The texts are informative, evocative, and associative; they are a compelling portrayal of what happens when word and image coalesce.

Amy Riach and Jila Peacock

# THE SEAFARER

*The Seafarer* is one of a group of Anglo-Saxon poems found in the Exeter Book, *Codex Exoniensis*, donated to the library of Exeter cathedral by Leofric, the first Bishop of Exeter (d. 1072). Compiled around 970 CE, it is the largest surviving collection of Old English literature.

The poem tells the story of life's apparent futility through the words of a lone mariner. There have been many interpretations of the poem since the mid-19th century but Amy Riach's strong and expressive new translation seems to empower the voice of *The Seafarer*. Her careful and informed attention to the original Anglo-Saxon, combined with an intense poetic sensibility, offers us an abiding 'song' that speaks to us through the long tunnel of time.

In this edition, all of Jila Peacock's masterful monoprints are reproduced alongside the poem. Together they create a beautiful publication that like her previous *Ten Poems from Hafez*, celebrates the happy marriage of text and image.

AMY RIACH (TRANSLATOR)

THE SEAFARER

WITH ORIGINAL MONOPRINTS

BY JILA PEACOCK

THE ART MONOGRAPHS [NO. 3]

12 B/W IMAGES

24 PAGES | 310 X 225MM

PAPERBACK

ISBN 978-1-90963105-2

£16

## SERIES: THE ART MONOGRAPHS

The Art Monographs juxtapose works of art with literary writing. Each publication explores a work of art or the work of an artist. The texts are informative, evocative, and associative; they are a compelling portrayal of what happens when word and image coalesce.



# CONTEM- PLATING ROCKS

Following the success of *Chinese Classical Furniture*, RASIKA publishes a sumptuous new limited edition by Marcus Flacks that explores the world of Chinese scholars' rocks and rock collecting.

In this book, Robert D. Mowry offers an illuminating background history and leading collectors and artists such as Liu Dan, J. J. Lally, Brice Marden and Nicolas Chow, convey their relationship to a rock of their choice and rocks in general.

The book is a feast to the eye and to the mind: richly illustrated with evocative images of rocks and rock collections and enriched with reproductions of original paintings by leading Chinese ink painters such as Liu Dan, Xu Lei and Tai Xiangzhou.

Both novice and expert will be informed by this book and will gain a deeper understanding of the enigmatic and delightful world of scholars' rocks in classical Chinese culture.

MARCUS FLACKS

CONTEMPLATING ROCKS

IMPRINT: RASIKA

90 COLOUR AND B/W IMAGES

190 PAGES | 325 X 270MM

HARDBACK

ISBN 978-0-95699207-9

£120

IMPRINT: RASIKA

Rasika is an imprint of Sylph Editions dedicated to the appreciation of aesthetic culture in all its manifestations, past and present, near and far, with an emphasis on Asia.

ISABEL ANDREWS: REVIEW OF CONTEMPLATING  
ROCKS IN CHRISTIE'S MAGAZINE (MARCH-APRIL 2013)

Chinese history is full of unlikely-sounding tales of emperors, scholars and painters who relinquished their possessions, lost their minds and even their country in a frenzied obsession with rock collecting. Most notorious is the painter Mi Fu (1051-1107), known as Madman Mi, whose obsession with rocks led him to declare one his brother and bow to it regularly in devotion. A generation later, Emperor Huizong embarked on a project of moving rocks around China that clogged essential waterways, drained resources and contributed to the demise of the Northern Song dynasty. In the West, however, the enigmatic subject of rocks usually remains out of the spotlight.

Two main categories of stones – garden rocks and scholars' rocks – have been collected in China for over a thousand years; the latter is the subject of this elegant new book. Scholars' rocks were the favoured stones of the Chinese literati, displayed and appreciated in the refined interiors of their studios. Miniature examples can be as small as 1 inch in height, while the largest may stand at around five feet tall. The most prized rocks are made of a limestone so densely structured that when struck they ring like a bell. Occasionally some were used as brush-rests and ink-stones, but the majority served as vehicles for contemplation, appreciated purely for the aesthetic merits of their astonishing forms and textures.

It's at this point that the scholar's rock can become a little awkward to pigeonhole for the Western mind. They appear as natural wonders, the epitome of the *objet trouvé*, but almost all have been edited by human hand. Although strikingly sculptural, the involvement of anonymous craftsmen meant they were never considered to be pure works of art by the literati. Prized as meditative portals and spiritual icons, they represent a microcosm of the universe on which the scholar would meditate in the Chinese tradition of spiritual self-cultivation.

So how does one judge a scholar's rock? The book gives an overview of the aesthetic criteria used over the centuries by Chinese connoisseurs, much of which is borrowed from concepts in poetry and also applied to calligraphy and painting. *Lou*, for example, refers to a single focal hole that acts as portal to a contemplative realm; *gu* is an intrinsic and venerable quality of ancientness; and *wenya* is a literary elegance that describes a rock's suitability for display in the studio. The list is sizeable.

The book also reveals the interesting relationship between abstraction and collecting in both China and the West. In his concise introduction, Harvard academic Robert D. Mowry underlines the literati's natural affinity with abstraction – something not experienced in the West until the advent of Modernism in the 20th century. At precisely this moment, events in China reduced the once widespread collecting of rocks to small groups of enthusiasts. Thus the stage seems set for the West to now play part in rock collecting – prompted not least by publications such as this, which begin to redress the objects' obscurity (Chinese painting focused on landscapes rather than interiors, so they were rarely, if ever, depicted and therefore little known outside China).

While the scholars' rock may offer an adventure for the mind, it's testament to Ornan Rotem's photography and design that at least some of that adventure can be experienced on the page. Rarely do books capture the elegant artistry of a subject so successfully. Drawings by contemporary artist Liu Dan and atmospheric black-and-white shots of rocks in landscaped gardens demonstrate the enduring legacy of these remarkable stones in the artistic imagination. For most of us collecting these rocks is beyond our reach, but it would be madness indeed not to acquire this book.

Marcus Flacks

# CUSTODIANS OF THE SCHOLAR'S WAY

Chinese Scholars' Objects in Precious Woods

In this major study of classical Chinese scholars' objects, Marcus Flacks continues his explorations into the great traditions of Chinese artisanal art. *Custodians of the Scholar's Way* is the third part of a triptych, preceded by *Classical Chinese Furniture* and *Contemplating Rocks*.

Learned and accessible, this lush publication examines and contextualizes more than 200 masterpieces in wood, all forming part of the classical Chinese scholar's studio. This wondrous collection of objects is organized around five traditional models of scholars' studios creating thereby a book that is both a history and a spatial geography of a great tradition.

MARCUS FLACKS  
CUSTODIANS OF THE SCHOLAR'S WAY  
IMPRINT: RASIKA  
OVER 300 COLOUR AND B/W IMAGES  
480 PAGES | 315 X 260 MM  
OTABOUND SOFTBACK  
ISBN 978-1-909631-04-5  
REGULAR EDITION: £120  
BOXED SPECIAL AND LIMITED EDITION: £260

**IMPRINT: RASIKA**

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# RECENT

JEFFREY GREENE AND  
RALPH PETTY  
**SHADES OF THE OTHER SHORE**  
THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 20]  
15 COLOUR IMAGES  
36 PAGES | 240 X 150MM  
SEWN PAPERBACK WITH DUST JACKET  
ISBN 978-0-95699206-2  
£12

*Shades of the Other Shore* came about through a collaboration between writer Jeffrey Greene and artist Ralph Petty. The two, writer and artist, share rural American beginnings, but have since discovered a new life in France, in sparsely populated French areas of Burgundy and the Ardèche, respectively. Their cahier offers

a deep mapping of their adopted regions: Greene's sequence of sketches and poems explores imagined correspondences between personal and historical ghosts tied to the seasons; Petty's watercolours records a journey to the source of a local river. The result is a rich artistic translation, through their American sensibilities, of the landscapes of their chosen homes.

ELFRIEDE JELINEK  
**HER NOT ALL HER**  
THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 18]  
15 COLOUR IMAGES  
44 PAGES | 240 X 150MM  
SEWN PAPERBACK WITH DUST JACKET  
ISBN 978-0-95699204-8  
£12

*Her Not All Her* is a play about, from, and to the great Swiss writer Robert Walser, by the great Austrian writer and Nobel Prize winner Elfriede Jelinek. It highlights what Jelinek calls 'the fundamental fragmentation' of Walser's voice, revealing Walser as 'one of those people who, when they said "I", did not mean themselves'. Presented here in a prize-winning translation by Damion Searls, it shows Jelinek to be an impassioned reader of classic European writers. The cahier contains an essay by the Director of the Robert Walser Centre, Reto Sorg, and thirteen paintings by the renowned British artist Thomas Newbolt.

Wait, don't sit down!  
Your soul is peeping out  
of your body as though  
a work lay there inside  
you like a slumbering  
goddess, wanting to get  
out, even in her sleep.  
That's how it seems to  
me at least. Things that  
peep forth often annoy  
people who want to be  
forthright themselves.  
This soul, then, has a  
nice stretch inside you,

This cahier unites two texts by celebrated Canadian poet Anne Carson, encouraging readers to experience them alongside each other. 'Variations on the Right to Remain Silent' is an essay on the stakes involved when translation happens, ranging from Homer through Joan of Arc to Paul Celan; it includes seven translations by Carson of a poetic fragment from the Greek poet Ibykos. 'By Chance the Cycladic People' is a poem about

ANNE CARSON  
**NAY RATHER**  
THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 21]  
16 COLOUR IMAGES  
44 PAGES | 240 X 150MM  
SEWN PAPERBACK WITH DUST JACKET  
ISBN 978-1-90963102-1  
£12

Silence is as important  
as words in the practice  
and study of trans-  
lation. This may sound  
like a cliché. (I think it is  
a cliché. Perhaps we can  
come back to cliché.) There  
are two kinds of silence  
that trouble a translator:  
physical, metaphysical.

PAUL GRIFFITHS  
**THE TILTED CUP**  
THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 22]  
10 COLOUR IMAGES  
44 PAGES | 240 X 150MM  
SEWN PAPERBACK WITH DUST JACKET  
ISBN 978-1-90963103-8  
£12

In this cahier Paul Griffiths takes a series of eleven Japanese noh plays and transforms them into stories in English. The reader will encounter spirit-beings set free, lovers lost and found, dreams and desires fulfilled, lessons learned from nature, and always a longing for the infinite, as the long, slow drama of each noh play is transformed into a short and moving tale. Interspersed and contrasting with the stories are ten photographs of contemporary Japan by John L. Tran that also explore the relation between theatricality and narrative, while offering hints of a very different vision of infinitude.

# FORTH- COMING

SAUL LEITER

**PAINTED NUDES**

ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

MORE THAN 50 COLOUR IMAGES

144 PAGES | 218 X 256MM

HARDBACK

ISBN 978-1-90963106-9

AUTUMN 2014

Saul Leiter has been hailed as one of the great pioneers of 20th century colour photography. His body of work spans more than 70 years and his work is in the collections of many important museums. With the landmark publication of his monograph *Early Colour* (2006) his work has come to the fore. The book was followed by numerous exhibitions, the largest of which was a major retrospective at Deichtorhallen in Hamburg (2011). In 2013, Thomas Leach made *In No Great Hurry*, a full-feature documentary film about Saul Leiter and his work.

But Leiter is more than a great photographer; he is – and always has been – a prolific painter, though this side of his creative life has received far less attention. One strand among his paintings is noticeable: the art of painting over prints of nudes that he himself photographed and printed. This publication reproduces fifty such painted nudes that were drawn over a period of over forty years. This long overdue book will shed light on the vitality and originality of Saul Leiter's art and his mastery of colour.



# FROM THE BACKLIST

MARCUS FLACKS

**CLASSICAL CHINESE FURNITURE: A VERY PERSONAL POINT OF VIEW** [RASIKA]

PETER COKER

**SUNFLOWERS** THE NOBILE FOLIOS [NO. 5]

CYRIL MANN

**ST PAUL'S FROM MOOR LANE** THE NOBILE FOLIOS [NO. 4]

GEORGE CRAIG

**WRITING BECKETT'S LETTERS** THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 16]

LÁSZLÓ KRASZNAHORKAI & MAX NEUMANN

**ANIMALINSIDE** THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 14]

SIMON LEYS

**NOTES FROM THE HALL OF USELESSNESS** THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 09]

PAUL MULDOON

**WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED** THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 08]

RACHEL SHIHOR

**DAYS BYGONE** THE CAHIERS SERIES [NO. 07]

## SYLPH EDITIONS

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