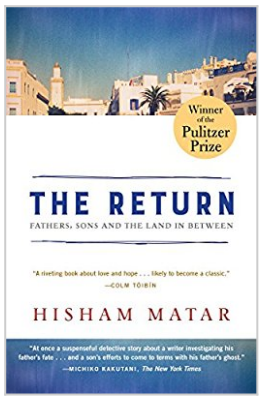

The Return (Pulitzer Prize Winner): Fathers, Sons and the Land in Between

By Hisham Matar

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WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE • The acclaimed memoir about fathers and sons, a legacy of loss, and, ultimately, healing—one of *The New York Times Book Review*'s ten best books of the year, winner of the PEN/Jean Stein Book Award, and a finalist for the National Book Critics Circle Award and the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize

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Michiko Kakutani, *The New York Times* • *The Washington Post* • *The Guardian* • *Financial Times*

When Hisham Matar was a nineteen-year-old university student in England, his father went missing under mysterious circumstances. Hisham would never see him again, but he never gave up hope that his father might still be alive. Twenty-two years later, he returned to his native Libya in search of the truth behind his father's disappearance. *The Return* is the story of what he found there.

The Pulitzer Prize citation hailed *The Return* as "a first-person elegy for home and father." Transforming his personal quest for answers into a brilliantly told universal tale of hope and resilience, Matar has given us an unforgettable work with a powerful human question at its core: How does one go on living in the face of unthinkable loss?

Praise for *The Return*

"A tale of mighty love, loyalty and courage. It simply must be read."**—*The Spectator* (U.K.)**

"Wise and agonizing and thrilling to read."**—Zadie Smith**

"[An] eloquent memoir . . . at once a suspenseful detective story about a writer investigating his father's fate . . . and a son's efforts to come to terms with his father's ghost, who has haunted more than half his life by his absence."**—Michiko Kakutani, *The New York Times***

“This outstanding book . . . roves back and forth in time with a freedom that conceals the intricate precision of its art.”***—The Wall Street Journal***

“Truly remarkable . . . a book with a profound faith in the consolations of storytelling . . . a testament to [Matar’s] father, his family and his country.”***—The Daily Telegraph*** **(U.K.)**

“*The Return* is a riveting book about love and hope, but it is also a moving meditation on grief and loss. . . . Likely to become a classic.”**—Colm Tóibín**

“Matar’s evocative writing and his early traumas call to mind Vladimir Nabokov.”***—The Washington Post***

“Utterly riveting.”***—The Boston Globe***

“A moving, unflinching memoir of a family torn apart.”**—Kazuo Ishiguro,** ***The Guardian***

“Beautiful . . . *The Return,* for all the questions it cannot answer, leaves a deep emotional imprint.”***—Newsday***

“A masterful memoir, a searing meditation on loss, exile, grief, guilt, belonging, and above all, family. It is, as well, a study of the shaping—and breaking—of the bonds between fathers and sons. . . . This is writing of the highest quality.”***—The Sunday Times*** **(U.K.)**

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- Format: Kindle eBook

Editorial Review

Review
“[Hisham Matar] writes with both a novelist’s eye for physical and emotional detail, and a reporter’s tactile sense of place and time. The prose is precise, economical, chiseled; the narrative elliptical, almost musical. . . . *The Return* is, at once, a suspenseful detective story about a writer investigating his father’s fate at the hands of a brutal dictatorship, and a son’s efforts to come to terms with his father’s ghost, who has haunted more than half his life by his absence.”**—Michiko Kakutani, *The New York Times***

“It seems unfair to call Hisham Matar’s extraordinary new book a memoir, since it is so many other things besides: a reflection on exile and the consolations of art, an analysis of authoritarianism, a family history, a portrait of a country in the throes of a revolution, and an impassioned work of mourning. . . . For all its terrible human drama . . . the most impressive thing about *The Return* is that it also tells a common story, the story of sons everywhere who have lost their fathers, as all sons eventually must.”**—Robyn Creswell, *The New York Times Book Review***

“[*The Return*] roves back and forth in time with a freedom that conceals the intricate precision of its art. One of the greatest achievements of this outstanding book is a narrative design that keeps us hungry for new information even when we suspect exactly what has happened. . . . Mr. Matar is not a wonderful writer because his father disappeared or because his homeland is a mess: He is a brilliant narrative architect and prose stylist, his pared-down approach and measured pace a striking complement to the emotional tumult of his material.”***—The Wall Street Journal***

“One comes away from this beautiful book feeling a sense of loss for the Libya that Matar and his father, brother, mother, uncles and cousins all fought for or dreamed of. . . . The effect of the family’s attachments is less sentimental than defiant. And although the author does not want to give Libya anything more, he has, in this profound work of witnessing and grief, given it something indeed: a testimony that, even if shaped by the brutal state, has not ultimately been erased by it. *The Return,* for all the questions it cannot answer, leaves a deep emotional imprint.”***—Newsday***

“A moving, unflinching memoir of a family torn apart by the savage realities of today’s Middle East. The crushing of hopes raised by the Arab spring—at both the personal and national levels—is conveyed all the more powerfully because Matar’s anger remains controlled, his belief in humanity undimmed.”**—Kazuo Ishiguro, “The Best Summer Books,” *The Guardian***

“Matar’s prose is both spare and soaring, transporting in the way a great painting or musical composition can be. His words are selected with careful intention; his sentences are at once poetic and conversational, his themes particular and universal. . . . Matar’s evocative writing and his early traumas call to mind Vladimir Nabokov . . . but where Nabokov’s loss of country and father were public and final . . . Matar’s are frustratingly indefinite. . . . There is no record. There is no grave. Only this elegy by a son who, through his eloquence, defies the men who wanted to erase his father and gifts him with a kind of immortality.”***—The Washington Post***

“*The Return* is not about one family. It’s the story of Libyan opposition and resistance, although the Matar family shapes the storyline. . . . The book describes how, cruelly, even the dimmest ray of hope can keep the families of the disappeared from accepting the possibility of their loss.”***—The Christian Science Monitor***

“In this triptych of beloved country, father, and the art that survives, Matar moves us with the force of his compassion, grace, and fury. . . . *The Return* is one of the most notable memoirs of our generation, by one of our most elegant living writers. In his testimony to the tenacity of the human spirit, Hisham Matar has shown us what language can do.”***—Los Angeles Review of Books***

“An utterly riveting account of a devoted son’s quest to learn the fate—not necessarily the truth—of Jaballa Matar.”***—The Boston Globe***

“A moving new memoir that is as much a commentary on the power of art as it is a harrowing tale of life under totalitarian rule . . . Even in the face of unspeakable injustice, family and stories possess the power to help one endure.”**—Minneapolis *Star Tribune***

“Few trips could be as emotionally freighted as the one taken by Libyan-raised novelist Hisham Matar in his thriller-like memoir, *The Return: Fathers, Sons, and the Land in Between*, about the post-Qaddafi search for his dissident father—and his own deeply ambivalent sense of homecoming.”***—Vogue***

“He writes eloquent and precise prose, and his deep inquiry into his father’s imprisonment and absence, and the conflicting details about his death, blend with consideration of Libya’s politics and history, to create a deeply resonant memoir.”***—National Book Review***

“A masterful memoir, a searing meditation on loss, exile, grief, guilt, belonging, and above all, family. It is, as well, a study of the shaping—and breaking—of the bonds between fathers and sons. . . . This is writing of the highest quality.”***—Sunday Times* (London)**

“At times almost unbearably moving . . . Hisham Matar is an observer and listener of enormous subtlety and sensitivity, and he writes English prose as cleanly and clearly as it can be written. This is a story of terrible deeds, but also a tale of mighty love, loyalty and courage. It simply must be read.”***—The Spectator***

“A truly remarkable book. From the raw materials of his anger, his suffering, and his guilt, Matar has built a testament to his father, his family and his country. . . . It is a book with a profound faith in the consolations of storytelling. . . . *The Return* is an act of defiant remembering”***—Daily Telegraph* (UK)**

“[A] magnificent book . . . Deeply affecting.”***—The Times* (UK)**

“Out of his protracted torment Matar has forged a memoir that in its nuance and nobility bears unforgettable witness to love, to courage and to humanity. *The Return* is also a subtle and nimble work of art. It shifts elegantly between past and present, between dialogue and soliloquy, between urgent, even suspenseful action, and probing meditations on exile, grief and loss.”***—Financial Times* (UK)**

“Mr. Matar’s questions, however, go well beyond politics. This beautifully written memoir deals with the nature of family, the emotions of exile and the ties that link the present with the past—in particular the son with his father, Jaballa Matar.”***—The Economist***

“[Matar] reveals a suspense novelist’s seasoned instincts . . . A beautifully written, harrowing story of a son’s search for his father and how the impact of inexplicable loss can be unrelenting while the strength of family and cultural ties can ultimately sustain.”***—Kirkus* (Starred Review)**

“A magnificent memoir of exile and loss. Hisham Matar writes Libya’s contemporary history with a Proustian sensibility and the intellect of Al-Jahiz. A timeless read.”**—Rawi Hage**

"*The Return* is a personal memoir, concerned with the kidnapping and disappearance of the writer's father at the hands of the Qaddafi regime. It is wise and agonizing and thrilling to read."**—Zadie Smith**

"What a brilliant book. Hisham Matar has the quality all historians—of the world and the self—most need: He knows how to stand back and let the past speak. In chronicling his quest for his father, his manner is fastidious, even detached, but his anger is raw and unreconciled; through his narrative art he bodies out the shape of loss and gives a universality to his very particular experience of desolation. *The Return* reads as easily as a thriller, but is a story that will stick: A person is lost, but gravity and resonance remain."**—Hilary Mantel**

"*The Return* is a riveting book about love and hope, but it is also a moving meditation on grief and loss. It draws a memorable portrait of a family in exile and manages also to explore the politics of Libya with subtlety and steely intelligence. It is a quest for the truth in a dark time, constructed with a novelist's skill, written in tones that are both precise and passionate. It is likely to become a classic."**—Colm Tóibín**

"A triumph of art over tyranny, structurally thrilling, intensely moving, *The Return* is a treasure for the ages."**—Peter Carey**

"*The Return* is tremendously powerful. Although it filled me with rage again and again, I never lost sight of Matar's beautiful intelligence as he tried to get to the heart of the mystery. I am so very grateful he has written this book."**—Nadeem Aslam**

About the Author
Born in New York City to Libyan parents, **Hisham Matar** spent his childhood in Tripoli and Cairo and has lived most of his adult life in London. His debut novel, *In the Country of Men,* was shortlisted for the Man Booker Prize and the National Book Critics Circle Award, and won numerous international prizes, including the Royal Society of Literature Ondaatje Prize, a Commonwealth First Book Award, the Premio Flaiano, and the Premio Gregor von Rezzori. His second novel, *Anatomy of a Disappearance,* published in 2011, was named one of the best books of the year by *The Guardian* and the *Chicago Tribune*. His work has been translated into twenty-nine languages. He lives in London and New York.

From the Hardcover edition.

1. Trapdoor

Early morning, March 2012. My mother, my wife Diana and I were sitting in a row of seats that were bolted to the tiled floor of a lounge in Cairo International Airport. Flight 835 for Benghazi, a voice announced, was due to depart on time. Every now and then, my mother glanced anxiously at me. Diana, too, seemed concerned. She placed a hand on my arm and smiled. I should get up and walk around, I told myself. But my body remained rigid. I had never felt more capable of stillness.

The terminal was nearly empty. There was only one man sitting opposite us. He was overweight, weary-looking, possibly in his mid-fifties. There was something in the way he sat—the locked hands on the lap, the left tilt of the torso—that signaled resignation. Was he Egyptian or Libyan? Was he on a visit to the neighboring country or going home after the revolution? Had he been for or against Qaddafi? Perhaps he was one of those undecided ones who held their reservations close to their chest?

The voice of the announcer returned. It was time to board. I found myself standing at the front of the queue,

Diana beside me. She had, on more than one occasion, taken me to the town where she was born, in northern California. I know the plants and the color of the light and the distances where she grew up. Now I was, finally, taking her to my land. She had packed the Hasselblad and the Leica, her two favorite cameras, and a hundred rolls of film. Diana works with great fidelity. Once she gets hold of a thread, she will follow it until the end. Knowing this excited and worried me. I am reluctant to give Libya any more than it has already taken.

Mother was pacing by the windows that looked onto the runway, speaking on her mobile phone. People—-mostly men—began to fill the terminal. Diana and I were now standing at the head of a long queue. It bent behind us like a river. I pretended I had forgotten something and pulled her to one side. Returning after all these years was a bad idea, I suddenly thought. My family had left in 1979, thirty-three years earlier. This was the chasm that divided the man from the eight-year-old boy I was then. The plane was going to cross that gulf. Surely such journeys were reckless. This one could rob me of a skill that I have worked hard to cultivate: how to live away from places and people I love. Joseph Brodsky was right. So were Nabokov and Conrad. They were artists who never returned. Each had tried, in his own way, to cure himself of his country. What you have left behind has dissolved. Return and you will face the absence or the defacement of what you treasured. But Dmitri Shostakovich and Boris Pasternak and Naguib Mahfouz were also right: never leave the homeland. Leave and your connections to the source will be severed. You will be like a dead trunk, hard and hollow.

What do you do when you cannot leave and cannot return?

***

Back in October 2011, I had considered never returning to Libya. I was in New York, walking up Broadway, the air cold and swift, when the proposition presented itself. It seemed immaculate, a thought my mind had manufactured independently. As in youthful moments of drunkenness, I felt bold and invincible.

I had gone to New York the previous month, at the invitation of Barnard College, to lecture on novels about exile and estrangement. But I had an older connection to the city. My parents had moved to Manhattan in the spring of 1970, when my father was appointed first secretary in the Libyan Mission to the United Nations. I was born that autumn. Three years later, in 1973, we returned to Tripoli. In the years since, I had visited New York maybe four or five times and always briefly. So, although I had just returned to the city of my birth, it was a place I hardly knew.

In the thirty-six years since we left Libya, my family and I had built associations with several surrogate cities: Nairobi, where we went on our escape from Libya, in 1979, and have continued to visit ever since; Cairo, where we settled the following year into indefinite exile; Rome, a vacation spot for us; London, where I went at the age of fifteen for my studies and where for twenty-nine years I have been doggedly trying to make a life for myself; Paris, where, fatigued and annoyed by London, I moved in my early thirties, vowing never to return to England, only to find myself back two years later. In all these cities, I had pictured myself one day calm and living in that faraway island, Manhattan, where I was born. I would imagine a new acquaintance asking me, perhaps at a dinner party, or in a café, or in changing-rooms after a long swim, that old tiresome question “Where are you from?” and I, unfazed and free of the usual agitation, would casually reply, “New York.” In these fantasies, I saw myself taking pleasure from the fact that such a statement would be both true and false, like a magic trick.

That I should move to Manhattan in my fortieth year, as Libya was ripping itself apart, and for this to take place on the 1st of September, the day when, back in 1969, a young captain named Muammar Qaddafi

deposed King Idris and many of the significant features of my life—where I live, the language in which I write, the language I am using now to write this—were set in motion: all this made it difficult to escape the idea that there was some kind of divine will at work.

In any political history of Libya, the 1980s represent a particularly lurid chapter. Opponents of the regime were hanged in public squares and sports arenas. Dissidents who fled the country were pursued—some kidnapped or assassinated. The ’80s were also the first time that Libya had an armed and determined resistance to the dictatorship. My father was one of the opposition’s most prominent figures. The organization he belonged to had a training camp in Chad, south of the Libyan border, and several underground cells inside the country. Father’s career in the army, his short tenure as a diplomat, and the private means he had managed to procure in the mid-1970s, when he became a successful businessman—-importing products as diverse as Mitsubishi vehicles and Converse sports shoes to the Middle East—made him a dangerous enemy. The dictatorship had tried to buy him off; it had tried to scare him. I remember sitting beside him one afternoon in our flat in Cairo when I was ten or eleven, the weight of his arm on my shoulders. In the chair opposite sat one of the men I called “Uncle”—men who, I somehow knew, were his allies or followers. The word “compromise” was spoken, and Father responded, “I won’t negotiate. Not with criminals.”

Whenever we were in Europe, he carried a gun. Before getting into the car, he would ask us to stand well away. He would go down on his knees and look under the chassis, cup his hands and peek through the windows for any sign of wiring. Men like him had been shot in train stations and cafés, their cars blown up. During the 1980s, when I was still in Cairo, I had read in the newspaper about the death of a renowned Libyan economist. He was stepping off a train at Stazione Termini in Rome when a stranger pressed a pistol to his chest and pulled the trigger. The photograph printed beside the article had the figure of the deceased covered in newspaper sheets, presumably from that day’s paper, which stopped at his ankles, leaving his polished leather shoes pointing up. Another time there was a report of a Libyan student shot in Greece. He was sitting on the terrace of a café in Monastiraki Square in Athens. A scooter stopped and the man sitting behind the driver pointed a gun at the student and fired several shots. A Libyan BBC World Service newsreader was killed in London. In April 1984 a demonstration took place in front of the Libyan Embassy in St. James’s Square. One of the embassy staff pulled up a sash window on the first floor, held out a machine gun, and sprayed the crowd. A policewoman, Yvonne Fletcher, was killed and eleven Libyan demonstrators were wounded, some of them critically.

Qaddafi’s campaign to hunt down exiled critics—which was announced by Moussa Koussa, the head of foreign intelligence, at a public rally in the early 1980s—extended to the families of dissidents. My only sibling, Ziad, was fifteen when he went off to boarding school in Switzerland. A few weeks later, mid-way through term, he returned to Cairo. We had all gone to collect him from the airport. When he appeared amongst those spilling out of the arrivals lounge, his face looked paler than I remembered it. A few days earlier, I had seen Mother make several telephone calls, her finger trembling as she spun the dial.

The Swiss school was remote, high up in the Alps. Public transport to the nearest village was in the form of a cable car, which operated for only a few hours in the middle of the day. For two days running, Ziad noticed a car parked on the path outside the school’s main gate. It had in it four men. They had the long hair so typical of members of Qaddafi’s Revolutionary Committees. Late one night, Ziad was called to the school’s office telephone. On the other end of the line, a man said, “I am a friend of your father. You must do exactly what I tell you. You have to leave immediately and take the first train to Basle.”

“Why? What happened?” Ziad asked.

“I can’t tell you now. You must hurry. Take the first train to Basle. I’ll be there and will explain everything.”

“But it’s the middle of the night,” Ziad said.

The man would not offer any further explanations. He simply kept repeating, “Take the first train to Basle.”

“I can’t do that. I don’t know who you are. Please don’t call here again,” Ziad said, and hung up.

The man then called Mother, who then telephoned the school. She told Ziad he needed to leave the school right away and told him what to do.

Ziad woke up his favorite teacher, a young Cambridge graduate who had probably thought it would be fun to go and teach English literature in the Alps, skiing between classes.

“Sir, my father is about to have surgery and asked to see me before going into the operating theater. I need to take the first train to Basle. Would you please drive me to the station?”

The teacher telephoned my mother, and she backed up Ziad’s story. The headmaster had to be woken up. He telephoned Mother and, once he too was satisfied, Ziad’s teacher checked the train timetable. There was a train for Basle in forty minutes. If they hurried, they might make it.

They had to drive past the car; there was no other way out. Ziad pretended to be tying his shoelace as they passed the men. The teacher drove carefully down the twisting mountain road. A few minutes later, headlights appeared behind them. When the teacher said, “I think they are following us,” Ziad pretended not to hear.

At the station, Ziad shot into the concourse and hid in the public toilets. He heard the train roll in. He waited until it had come to a complete stop, counted a few seconds for the passengers to disembark and board, then ran and jumped on the train. The doors shut and the carriages moved. Ziad was sure he had lost them, but then the four men appeared, walking up the aisle. They saw him. One of them smiled at him. They followed him from one carriage to the next, muttering, “Kid, you think you are a man? Then come here and show us.” At the front of the train, Ziad found the conductor chatting to the driver.

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Harold Froelich:

Do you certainly one of people who can't read pleasurable if the sentence chained inside the straightway, hold on guys this aren't like that. This The Return (Pulitzer Prize Winner): Fathers, Sons and the Land in Between book is readable by you who hate those perfect word style. You will find the details here are arrange for enjoyable looking at experience without leaving possibly decrease the knowledge that want to give to you. The writer associated with The Return (Pulitzer Prize Winner): Fathers, Sons and the Land in Between content conveys the idea easily to understand by a lot of people. The printed and e-book are not different in the articles but it just different as it. So , do you nevertheless thinking The Return (Pulitzer Prize Winner): Fathers, Sons and the Land in Between is not loveable to be your top checklist reading book?

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The ability that you get from The Return (Pulitzer Prize Winner): Fathers, Sons and the Land in Between is the more deep you digging the information that hide inside words the more you get enthusiastic about reading it. It does not mean that this book is hard to be aware of but The Return (Pulitzer Prize Winner): Fathers, Sons and the Land in Between giving you excitement feeling of reading. The article writer conveys their point in selected way that can be understood simply by anyone who read the item because the author of this book is well-known enough. This particular book also makes your own vocabulary increase well. It is therefore easy to understand then can go with you, both in printed or e-book style are available. We recommend you for having this kind of The Return (Pulitzer Prize Winner): Fathers, Sons and the Land in Between instantly.

Suzanne Jensen:

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