

A preposterous story told in a pretentious way. A stupid young man who meets a mysterious woman at a party in Brooklyn in 1990s New York — because there's something that hasn't been done before. It has lots of bombastic literary flourishes, but also lots of explicit sex. I wrote it in the grips of a fever dream that wouldn't break until I finished writing it. So here it is.

The Fabulist is a first-person narrative: an older man unearthing a brief and overwhelming relationship with a woman he only knew as Danielle, whom he admits he never really knew, and is attempting to know now through the act of writing this story. Set in the artistic hothouse of a pre-digital New York that still had one foot in *Taxi Driver* with the other about to step into Disneyland, the book contains reconstructed scenes, acknowledged fragments, and meta-commentary on the act of reconstruction itself. The novel's three "Acts" are counterpointed by three "Dilemmas" that include sexual content integral to its epistemological concerns. The body, the book argues, knows what the mind cannot reconstruct. The explicitness is not incidental to this argument. It is the argument.

In the tradition of Auster's New York labyrinth, the erotic register of Duras's *The Lover*, and the retrospective drift of Cole's *Open City*, *The Fabulist* is a literary novel of approximately 98,000 words.

The Fabulist is my first novel and will appear under the pen name Tomas Pierrot. My fiction and essays have previously appeared in *The Iowa Review*, *The Manhattan Review*, and *Counterpunch*, among others. I hold an MFA from NYU where I studied with André Aciman and Dani Shapiro.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely, [Legal Name], writing as Tomas Pierrot

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