

Hot Type

Robert Harris's *Dictator* (Knopf)—the final volume of his Cicero trilogy—sees Rome toppled by the rapacious ambition of politicians, poisonous self-interests, and foreign wars. Hmmm, how timely . . .

Geoffrey Cowan shoots a hole in the campaign behind rowdy Teddy Roosevelt's rallying cry for political primaries—*Let the People Rule* (Norton). **Ethan Michaeli** headlines the vital role the legendary black newspaper *The Defender* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt) plays on the front lines of social justice. With *My Name Is Lucy Barton* (Random House), the miraculous **Elizabeth Strout**, patron saint of the repressed and full of rage, reveals again the ways families mess each other up and forgive.

Finally, memoirists tell the truth and expose their beating black hearts in *Why We Write About Ourselves* (Plume), edited by **Meredith Maran**.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Little is written about the rarefied world of American expats living on the company dime in Asia and even less about the isolated pockets of wives, mothers, and single women living in luxury in this gilded and frangipani-scented bubble. We imagine we know these women, who are distanced from their work, friends, and family, but we don't. **Janice Y. K. Lee** does. Set in Hong Kong, *The Expatriates* (Viking) looks inside the lives of three women—a traumatized Korean-American college grad, a wealthy wife desperate for a baby to salvage her marriage, and a once content wife and mother breaking under an unbearable loss—all in crisis, all needing one another in ways they, and we, can't imagine.

—E. S.

IN SHORT

Harvard hockey dude **Bill Keenan** faces off in *Odd Man Rush* (Sports Publishing). **Katherine Zoepf** gives