



JUDD APATOW
Director

Zeitoun by Dave Eggers, **Await Your Reply** by Dan Chaon, Andre Dubus' **The Garden of Last Days** and **A Death in the Family** by James Agee. If I have any extra time, I will read **Crime and Punishment**. But I've said that every year since I was 18.



ATUL GAWANDE
Surgeon and author of *The Checklist Manifesto*

Wolf Hall by Hilary Mantel, because I don't care about the machinations of King Henry VIII, don't read historical novels and yet, a quarter of the way through this one, find myself loving the political intrigue.



PADMA LAKSHMI
Author and Top Chef host

I'll be returning to India this summer and taking with me William Dalrymple's **Nine Lives**, a beautiful and moving account of religion and spirituality in modern India.



TIM WESTERGRE
Founder, Pandora Radio

At the top of my list are two books about poverty and development, **The Plundered Planet** by Paul Collier and **When Things Fell Apart** by Robert Bates. **Stumbling on Happiness** by Harvard neuroscientist Daniel Gilbert I always recommend.



David Lipsky

Author of *Although of Course You End Up Becoming Yourself* suggests:

This summer I'm going to be a sunburned Martin Amis packhorse. His new novel, **The Pregnant Widow**, will dent up the tote bag; there's also his great 1984 **Money**. *Money* is the best celebrity novel I know: the stars who demand and wheedle their way across his plot seem less like caricature and more like photorealism every year. Amis' narrator is all appetite—a mouth with hands and that's it, plus the loveliest prose voice since Humbert Humbert—for money, pornography, bad food, any stimulation. And he's exhausted by it. The vibe seems just right for this moody summer of loans being called, water going inky and the world turning slippery at the edges.



Michael Koryta

Author of *So Cold the River* suggests:

As the heat and humidity rise, I often find myself searching for a whiskey-soaked Southern gothic. The novel to which I've returned this summer is **Provinces of Night** by William Gay. Set in a gorgeously depicted corner of rural Tennessee, *Provinces of Night* is a powerful epic featuring wayward brothers, voodoo hexes, a gifted banjo player, wounded lovers and some of the finest prose you'll ever encounter. Looking for summer atmosphere? Here's Gay on fireflies: "they'd seemed not separate entities but a single being, a moving river of light that flowed above the dark water like its negative image and attained a transient and fragile dominion over the provinces of night." Ready to take this one out to the screened-in porch yet?



David Mitchell

Author of *The Thousand Autumns of Jacob de Zoet* suggests:

Here comes a summer without the faintest shadow of a deadline for me, so I'm ushering **The Good Soldier Svejk** by Jaroslav Hasek to the front of the queue. A friend described it as a *Catch-22* of WW I, in which Svejk gets Chaplained in the cogs of the Austro-Hungarian war machine. The novel is meaty—more than 700 pages—but, my friend assures me, it's funny, engaging and excellent company. Best of all, I have no reason to read this book other than "just because I want to."

TIME STAFF PICKS

Mary Pols

Every summer I allow myself just one new hardback. This year's was Tom Rachman's **The Imperfectionists**, a wickedly astute novel that takes a scathing yet fond look at a floundering Rome newspaper.

Radhika Jones

Enough time has passed since I first read Colin Dexter's Inspector Morse mysteries that I've forgotten whodunit. So I'm going to take them to the beach and happily refresh my memory.



Ann Brashares

Author of *My Name Is Memory* suggests:

I've been thinking a lot about memory lately, which drew me to **Speak, Memory** by Vladimir Nabokov. I am enchanted by the lost world of his early childhood in St. Petersburg and Vyra and by the thrilling climb up the family tree, ornamented by glimpses of Dostoyevsky (Nabokov's great-great-uncle was his jailer and lent him novels in prison), the Tolstoys, Pushkin and Chekhov. I love the many places in which Nabokov summons the titaness Mnemosyne. She is Memory, daughter of Earth (Gaia), mother of Poetry (Erato), Music (Euterpe), History (Clio), Comedy (Thalia) and the rest of the nine Muses. That's about the loveliest conception of memory I can imagine.



Sebastian Junger

Author of *War* suggests:

Recently I have been re-reading **Radical Hope: Ethics in the Face of Cultural Devastation** by Jonathan Lear. Don't be alarmed by its grimly academic title; it is one of the most profound and elegantly written books to come out in decades. The book discusses a Crow Indian leader named Plenty Coups, who led his people through their brutal transition from a nomadic hunting culture to confinement on a government reservation. This is not a work of history or anthropology, however, but an inquiry into how an entire society can radically transform itself in order to survive. Lear's book is visionary and—if you take its message to heart—transformative. He has done one of those rare things: produced a work that applies to literally every person on the planet.