

I am pleased to introduce my debut novel, *Book of Yet*, a work of satirical literary fiction spanning 82,000 words.

Book of Yet takes place on an imaginary borderland past the western horizon of the U.S. Our protagonist, Manfred, wants to return to Horizon City but is forbidden legal entry. Manfred flies toward the sun to avoid state boundaries. While descending toward Earth, his spacecraft hits Horizon City's Back Bay Hydro-Nuclear Plant. This explosion produces a dust plume, casting the region into an undying night.

Amidst the flight's aftermath, Manfred's estate attorney endeavors to clear his client's name. Manfred, now ash, earns the moniker "Manfred the Disappearing Man." Although a handful of dust, he remains fully sentient in his urn. However, an obstacle arises: only those who perceive Manfred as a person can hear him speak. His former mentor Lefty Westin is the only person who still can. Thus, the estate attorney commissions Lefty Westin to write a book redeeming Manfred, with the hopes of turning dust into man. *Book of Yet* follows Manfred and Westin's twenty-year relationship, as ashes and author room together in a defunct Best Western hotel room.

The story employs the epistolary genre, and is told entirely through documents, including newspaper articles, archival requests, scientific studies, geographic surveys, business emails, and journalistic portraits. While intertwining the Disaster Novel and the Western, this satirical cowboy fiction speaks about gaining acknowledgement across social and legal contexts. Literary influences that shaped this work include Paul Beatty's *The Sellout*, Don DeLillo's *White Noise*, and David Mitchell's *Cloud Atlas*.

I wrote this novel facing a window where, at night, a trail of lights outlines the El Paso-Juárez border. Questions of sovereignty guide my research as a first-year Ph.D. student in Stanford University's Modern Thought and Literature program. Last year, I completed the Brown-RISD Dual Degree Program, earning undergraduate degrees from Brown University and Rhode Island School of Design. I am now represented by Franklin Parrasch Gallery in New York. My thread paintings stitched on denim jeans explore the history of aspiration in our country. What is clearest to me are the visions we have yet to see.

Desert Warmth,
Ali Dipp