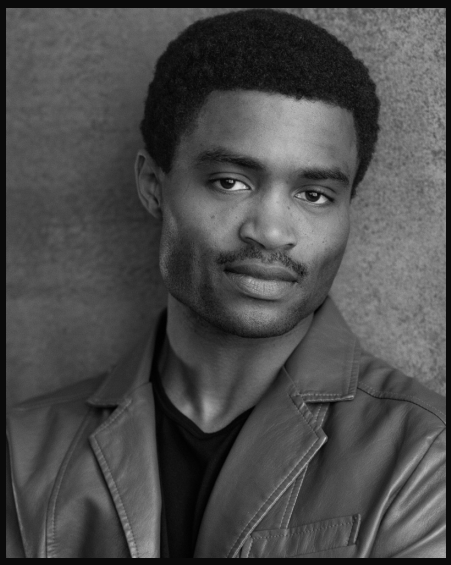
PRESS PACK

MENMOIRS

Twenty-six portraits. Six essays. One shelf.

The first book from Jude Sable. Published direct, October 18, 2026.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NATASHA MERCHANT

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THE ANNOUNCEMENT

MENMOIRS, the first book from Jude Sable, publishes October 18, direct from the writer at menmoirs.com.

A writer buys Obama's memoir for two pounds fifty in a charity shop on Denmark Hill and reads it on the 36 bus. Within a year the shelf is full and leaning: Agassi facing the ball machine at four years old, Tyson on a Brownsville rooftop keeping pigeons safe, Marvin Gaye's father and the gun Marvin gave him.

MENMOIRS is twenty-six portraits of men who built something in public and paid for it somewhere quieter, drawn from the memoirs they left behind. Obama, Baldwin, Tupac, Ali, Kobe, Nipsey, Boseman, Abloh among them. Between the portraits, six essays from the man doing the reading, who has a father story of his own and has been putting off writing it down.

The book publishes direct at menmoirs.com: the ebook, a first-printing paperback by pre-order, and an audiobook read by the author, also on pre-order. There is no retailer between the writer and the reader.

Jude Sable is a writer from Peckham, South London. MENMOIRS is his first book.

Press, extracts, readings and interview requests: jude@avdience.com. Assets at menmoirs.com and on request.

FACT SHEET

TITLE	MENMOIRS
AUTHOR	Jude Sable
TAGLINE	Twenty-six portraits. Six essays. One shelf.
PUBLISHER	Avdience (direct edition)
PUBLICATION DATE	October 18, 2026
FORMATS	Ebook (EPUB, £3.99 / $4.99) · Paperback (£9.99 / $12.99, first printing by pre-order) · Audiobook (read by the author, £7.99 / $9.99 by pre-order)
WHERE	Direct at menmoirs.com. No retailer between the writer and the reader.
ISBN	None; direct edition. (Retail print, if it ever happens, gets its own.)
STRUCTURE	26 portraits in four movements (FATHERS, PERFORMANCE, DEPARTURE, RECKONING), threaded by 6 personal essays
LENGTH	~47,000 words / ~5 hours in audio

THE TWENTY-SIX

Barack Obama, Trevor Noah, Will Smith, Andre Agassi, Tupac Shakur, Marvin Gaye, Muhammad Ali, Mike Tyson, Sam Cooke, James Brown, Kobe Bryant, Richard Pryor, James Baldwin, Gil Scott-Heron, Bob Marley, Eddie Huang, Nipsey Hussle, Sidney Poitier, Malcolm X, Nelson Mandela, Quincy Jones, Paul Mooney, Chris Rock, David Goggins, Chadwick Boseman, Virgil Abloh.

Twenty-one portraits are drawn from the man's own memoir. Five are not, and the book says so where it matters: Marvin Gaye (David Ritz, Divided Soul), Sam Cooke (Peter Guralnick, Dream Boogie), Bob Marley (Timothy White, Catch a Fire), Nipsey Hussle (Rob Kenner, The Marathon Don't Stop), and Chadwick Boseman, who never wrote one. Boseman's absence from the shelf is the reason his chapter exists.

CONTACT

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Interviews, extracts, and readings for press by arrangement.

THE WRITER

The canonical bio. Cut down, never rewritten sideways. "Writer," never a list of trades; the ruling stands.

ONE LINE (25 WORDS)

Jude Sable is a writer from Peckham, South London. MENMOIRS, twenty-six portraits of great men drawn from the memoirs they left behind, is his first book.

SHORT (60 WORDS)

Jude Sable is a writer from Peckham, South London. He studied on the 36 bus and started keeping a notebook before he knew what it was for. He trained on stages before he trained on the page. His work moves between prose, screenplay, and short form. MENMOIRS, published direct at menmoirs.com, is his first book.

FULL (SITE VERSION)

Jude Sable is a writer from Peckham, South London. He studied on the 36 bus and started keeping a notebook before he knew what it was for. He trained on stages before he trained on the page. His work moves between prose, screenplay, and short form. MENMOIRS is his first book.

Q&A

What is MENMOIRS?

A charity shop on Denmark Hill, a two-pound-fifty Obama, a shelf that leaned. It became twenty-six men read closely, through the books they wrote about themselves, and what those books admit when you put them side by side. Between the portraits there are six essays from the man doing the reading, because eventually the shelf starts reading you back.

Why memoirs? Why not biographies?

A biography is what happened. A memoir is what a man could bear to say about what happened. The gap between those two is the whole book. I wasn't reading for the facts; the facts are on Wikipedia. I was reading for what each man's hands were doing while his mouth said the acceptable thing.

Why these twenty-six?

They were the shelf. That's the honest answer. It didn't start as a project, it started as a habit, and by the time I noticed it was a project the shelf had already made most of the choices. There are men I love who aren't in it because they never wrote it down.

Why only men?

Because the book is around one specific thing: what men will admit in print and what they will not, and the price of the gap. Women's memoirs are a different book, probably a better one, and someone closer to that shelf should write it. I wrote the shelf I was standing in front of.

Aren't these men already famous? What's left to say?

Fame is the least legible thing about them. Everyone knows Tyson the headline. The memoir has a boy on a Brownsville rooftop keeping pigeons safe because it was the only gentle thing allowed him. The book isn't interested in what everyone knows. It's interested in what the man himself almost didn't say.

Where in Peckham are you from?

Southwark born; Peckham was the cousins, the weekends, the postcode that raised the part of me that wrote this. Nobody's from one street. The book's opening essay is on the 36 bus for a reason: it's a route, not an address.

How much of the "I" in the book is you?

The feelings are all mine; the furniture occasionally isn't. It's a book that reads other men's memoirs, so it's honest about how memoir works: everyone arranges the room before the guests arrive. What I'll say plainly is that nothing in it is emotionally invented. The rest belongs on the page, not in an interview.

The father essays. What about your own father?

The book says what I'm willing to say, and it took me the whole book to say it. I'm not going to paraphrase it here, partly because paraphrase is how you cheapen something and partly because the interludes already cost me enough. Read chapter seven. Whatever you think it says, that's what it says.

Why publish direct instead of a traditional deal?

Because the book is a shelf and I wanted to hand it to people myself. There's no retailer between the writer and the reader at menmoirs.com; most of what you pay reaches the person who wrote it. Also, honestly: nobody was going to put this out by October 18 except me.

Who is the book for?

Anyone paying attention. It was written by a Black South Londoner out of Black and Brown men's lives, and it never explains itself to anyone standing outside them. But the shelf's questions, fathers, masks, the bill for greatness, don't check anyone's postcode at the door.

What did reading twenty-six memoirs teach you?

I distrust that question, because "lesson" is the one thing none of these books survive being reduced to. What I can tell you is what changed: I stopped reading acknowledgements pages as filler. That's where men thank the people they couldn't be honest with for four hundred pages. It's the saddest section of every memoir and nobody edits it.

You're reading the audiobook yourself. Why?

Because I read all twenty-six of theirs in my own head for three years, so it's only fair the book goes out in the voice it was heard in. And because the audiobook is five hours of a South London voice saying these men's names with care, and I wasn't going to outsource that.

Did you write it alone? Did you use AI?

MENMOIRS is fully mine. Jude Sable wrote it, the byline is the contract, and I answer for every sentence in it. What a writer keeps in his room is the writer's business; what he puts his name on is yours to judge, and it's all there at menmoirs.com.

Which of the twenty-six is your favourite?

The one you'd least expect the week you ask me. Right now, Gil Scott-Heron, because his is the memoir most honest about being unreliable. Ask me in March and it'll be someone else. The shelf rotates; that's the point of a shelf.

What's next?

The audiobook, and the father story I said I'd been putting off. The book was me clearing my throat.

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