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BIBLIOASIS

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A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

There are times when I hardly believe it myself. October 6th will mark ten years since the first Biblioasis book arrived from the printer and we became, officially, publishers. I still remember the overwhelming sense of pride, excitement and joy with which we greeted Salvatore Ala's *Straight Razor and Other Poems*: never had a pile of cardboard boxes looked so good. We stopped everything that day to celebrate, and didn't work much for the next several days besides; every customer who came through the door was forced to at least pause and flip through and marvel at the book's beauty. You would have thought we were Gutenberg, so enamoured were we with our own creation. And when more than a few customers bought copies, you can imagine our delight. Publishing never again would seem so easy.

We had no idea, of course, what we were in for, or what the next ten years—for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health—would bring. In truth, we probably didn't quite understand what a publisher did. Few do. I remember thinking that all we had to do was publish good books (by which I meant find them, and put them between covers): if we managed that, everything else would take care of itself. It would be very *Field of Dreams*. It didn't take more than half-a-dozen books to realize, however, that if we wanted to do more than survive—if we wanted to thrive, to publish the best books we possibly could, to do well by our authors and to find them, often one by one, the readers that they deserved—we'd have to learn just what the hell we were doing, and fast. Both our failures and our successes of the last ten years offer attestation to this long apprenticeship.

But nor did we have to go it alone. I remember picking up the phone at some point in early 2005, when I realized that I couldn't sell all 500 copies of *Straight Razor* in my own shop, to enlist the help of other booksellers. One of the first people I called was Judith Mappin, at The Double Hook, who put forward an exciting (if somewhat sobering) mix of advice, encouragement and realism. She herself didn't buy any copies, since she had decided only weeks before to close the Double Hook, but many others did. Wonderful indies like The Book Keeper and Words Worth and the Bookshelf and Different Drummer and Another Story and Nicholas Hoare and Bryan Prince and Pages and This Ain't the Rosedale Library and Munro's and the Bookmark (Halifax and Charlottetown editions both): these were the first, along with many others, to stock our books. They continued to stock our books as the years accumulated, as our list grew, and we began to develop some semblance of both an audience and an identity as publishers. If I didn't quite realize at the time how much of a gift that early support was, I do now. We wouldn't be here without you. So on behalf of all of us at Biblioasis, authors and editors and typesetters and designers and publicists and publisher, thank you.

This tenth anniversary catalogue contains more than 130 front and backlist titles and offers testament to the care and passion and taste which has animated Biblioasis from the very beginning, and which will carry us into the future. We still keep alive that back-of-the-bookshop enthusiasm with which we started, and which we know you share. This catalogue also represents a decade of work, of which all of us here at the press are both immensely proud, and for which we are equally grateful. We promise that the next decade will be even better, and we look forward to working more closely with each and every one of you to bring great literature to the world.

Yours sincerely,

Daniel Wells, Publisher.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? THE REPRINT SERIES CONTEST

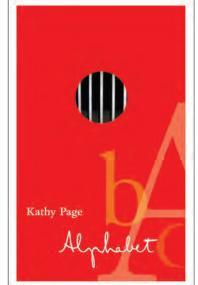
It started as the Renditions Series back in 2006, with *Cape Breton is the Thought-Control Centre of Canada*. The vision? A reprint series that would revive some favourite titles, which had, thanks to neglect or bad luck or both, lapsed out of print. The dream was to introduce these works to a new generation of readers, and to return them to those readers who might just have missed them as much as we did. And while we liked the name *Renditions*—after all, a 'rendition' can be a translation, an interpretation, a new representation, or a tribute (*Render unto Caesar!*), and it ultimately means "to give back"—we decided the word was, after a certain government made widespread use of the practice to "give back" suspected terrorists to countries where they could be tortured with impunity, perhaps a little *soiled*. We wanted a fresh name to better reflect the scope, range, and power of a series that we hope will, one day, many dozens of books from now, be a new kind of New Canadian Library, international in vision and ambitious in its content. But the question remained: what to call it?

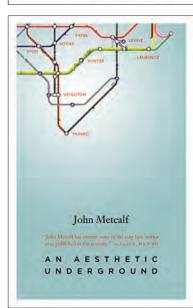
We tried about every desert, oasis, and *Don Quixote* metaphor you can imagine. We tried punning with prefixes (Re-Pressed Editions), and we even got a little profane (The GFB—Great Fucking Books—Library). We tried Lazarus metaphors, phoenix metaphors, bad pennies, and boomerangs. And once we broke out the whisky, well ...

As of today we're officially canvassing for a series name as sexy as our gorgeous new redesign, which you see here for the first time. The lucky winner will get a prize which we promise will be commensurate with the importance of your contribution. Have a thought? Tweet us @biblioasis, post it to our Facebook page, or send us an email (info@biblioasis.com). We can't wait to hear from you!









"Kathy Page is a massive talent: wise, smart, very funny and very humane." —Barbara Gowdy, author of *Helpless*

Simon Austen has the names people have called him tattooed all over his body. Dumb Cunt. Waste of Space. A Threat to Women. Murderer. Simon Austen has strangled his girlfriend. For the next thirteen years, Simon Austen will be serving life. *Alphabet*, originally shortlisted for the Governor General's Award in 2005, is the story of Simon's uncertain and oftenharrowing journey towards rehabilitation.

Kathy Page is the Orange-Prize nominated author of seven novels and two short story collections (including *Paradise & Elsewhere*, Biblioasis 2014).

September 2014 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 304 pp Trade Paper: 978-1-927428-93-1 | \$19.95 CAD

AN AESTHETIC UNDERGROUND

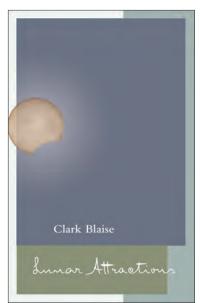
JOHN METCALF

"John Metcalf has written some of the very best stories ever published in this country."—Alice Munro

The Argus-eyed editor; the magisterial prose stylist; the waggish, inflammatory cultural critic; the mentor and iconoclast. John Metcalf is a Canadian legend, whose memoir maps the literary underground he laboured so tirelessly to establish.

John Metcalf was Senior Editor at the Porcupine's Quill until 2005, and is now Fiction Editor at Biblioasis. He is the author of more than a dozen works of fiction and non-fiction, including *Standing Stones: Selected Stories, Adult Entertainment, Going Down Slow* and *Kicking Against the Pricks.*

> September 2014 | Nonfiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 352 pp Trade Paper | 978-1-927428-95-5 | \$19.95 CAD



LUNAR ATTRACTIONS

CLARK BLAISE

"Engaging, stirring, and hard to put down."-New York Times Book Review

First published in 1979, *Lunar Attractions* is the story of David Greenwood, a whimsical boy from the backwaters of Florida, whose shocking sexual awakening propels him into the world of murder and extortion that roils beneath the surface of 1950s America.

Clark Blaise is the author of 20 books of fiction and nonfiction. Internationally recognized for his contributions to the field, Blaise has received an Arts and Letters Award for Literature from the American Academy (2003), and in 2010 was made an Officer of the Order of Canada. Blaise now divides his time between New York and San Francisco, where he lives with his wife, American novelist Bharati Mukherjee.

> September 2014 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 304 pp Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-001-4 | \$19.95 CAD

LORD NELSON TAVERN

Ray Smith

"Offers bite and insight, charm and sentimentality, in stylish, wildly funny prose."—Charles Foran

Lord Nelson Tavern presents seven dizzying and carnivalesque sequences that sketch the lives of Ti-Paulo (painter), Paleologue (poet), and friends. Recalling the interlocking narratives of Harry Mathews or Georges Perec, this is an exceptional early work from Smith's experimental period.

A native of Mabou, Cape Breton, to which he has returned, Ray Smith lived in Montreal for forty years, where he taught English literature at Dawson College. His books include *A Night at the Opera* (winner of the 1992 Qspell Hugh MacLennan Prize for Fiction), *Cape Breton is the Thought-Control Centre of Canada*, and *Century*, all published by Biblioasis.

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HEROES

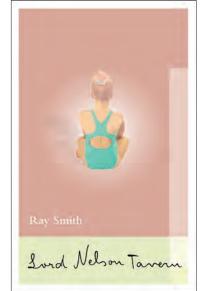
RAY ROBERTSON

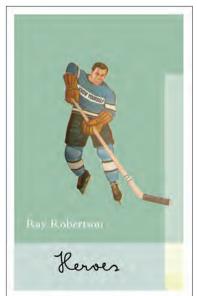
"Ray Robertson is an irrepressible voice, with brass balls, and a heart of gold."—Jonathan Evison

Peter Bayle—heavy drinker, philosopher, scholar, anemic lover—is in Kansas, writing a feature on middle America's newfound love for hockey. There he meets a morphine-injecting reverend, a reviled reporter, and a drug salesman; obsessed by his self-destructive new friends, Bayle abandons the project and returns home to confront a future and a girlfriend he may no longer want.

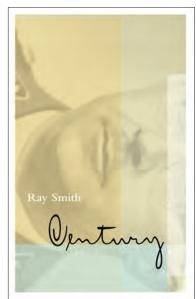
Ray Robertson is the author of seven novels and two collections of awardnominated nonfiction. He has been shortlisted for the Hilary Weston Prize and The Trillium Prize.

> September 2014 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 352 pp Trade Paper | 978-1-927428-99-3 | \$19.95 CAD





CENTURY Ray Smith



"The prose equivalent of a symphony."—Steven Beattie

Century begins with the nightmare visions of a young woman named Jane Seymour, and this catched the reader in a family chronicle that moves from Austria, America and Africa, to Edinburgh and Venice, through the Paris of La Belle Époque and forward to 1923 Germany. Terrifying, powerful, slashing and satiric, *Century* remains the most important work of Ray Smith's *ouevre*.

A native of Mabou, Cape Breton, to which he has returned, Ray Smith lived in Montreal for forty years, where he taught English literature at Dawson College. His books include *A Night at the Opera* (winner of the 1992 Qspell Hugh MacLennan Prize for Fiction), *Cape Breton is the Thought-Control Centre of Canada*, and *Lord Nelson Tavern*, all published by Biblioasis.

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Shortlisted Terry Grigg in the last inventive, though the Terry Grig nominated three novel 100 pick,

QUICKENING Terry Griggs

Shortlisted for the Governor General's Award, these first short stories from Terry Griggs herald one of the most original voices to appear out of Canada in the last several decades. The stories in *Quickening* are eccentric, wildly inventive, whimsical and fantastic. Her narrative energy sweeps us along, though the real delight of these stories is the gorgeousness of the writing.

Terry Griggs is the author of the *Cat's Eye Corner* trilogy which has been nominated for multiple children's writing awards. She is also the author of three novels for adults, including *Thought You Were Dead*, listed as a *Globe* 100 pick, and the Roger's Trust–nominated *Rogue's Wedding*. She lives in Stratford, Ontario, with her family.

May 2015 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 176 pp Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-009-0 | \$19.95 cad

GOING DOWN SLOW

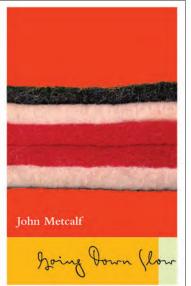
JOHN METCALF

"A comic writer, a satirist and a sensitive recorder of human passion." —Russell Smith

Going Down Slow is an intense and very funny novel about one man's attempt to maintain his sanity, and his sense of humour, in the face of mounting odds. David Appleby is a cultured (if libidinous) young schoolteacher just over from Britain, whose exploits pit him against prejudices and temptations that are generations old. Sharp and biting satire.

John Metcalf was Senior Editor at the Porcupine's Quill until 2005, and is now Fiction Editor at Biblioasis. He is the author of more than a dozen works of fiction and non-fiction, including *Standing Stones: Selected Stories, Adult Entertainment, An Aesthetic Underground* and *Kicking Against the Pricks.*

> May 2015 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 176 pp Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-010-6 | \$19.95 cad

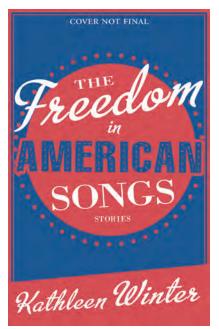


Quickenin

THE FREEDOM IN AMERICAN SONGS

KATHLEEN WINTER

COVER NOT FINAL



September 2014 | Short Fiction 5.25 x 8.25 | 176pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-927428-73-3 \$19.95 CAD eBook: 978-1-927428-74-0 Author Hometown: Montreal Local Bookstore: Paragraphe Events: Austin, Calgary, Kingston, Montreal, New York, Toronto, Vancouver, Windsor, Winnipeg

By the Same Author:



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eBook 978-1-897231-66-1 Meet Xavier Boland, the untouchable cross-dresser, whose walk is loose and carefree as an old Broadway tune. Meet barmy Miss Penrice, clambering up a beechnut tree at the age of seventysix. Meet a Zamboni mechanic turned funeral porteur, Madame Poirer's lapdog (and its chastity belt), a congregation of hardsinging, sex-crazed Pentecostals, and more. With *The Freedom in American Songs*, Kathleen Winter brings her quirky sensuality, lyrically rendered settings, and off-key humour to bear on a new short story collection about modern loneliness, small-town gay teenagers, catastrophic love, gut-wrenching laughter in the absolute wrong places, and the holiness of ordinary life.

KATHLEEN WINTER'S debut novel, *Annabel*, was nominated for the Orange Prize, the IMPAC Dublin Award, the Giller Prize, the Govenor General's Award and The Writers' Trust Award; it won the Thomas Head Raddall Award (2011) and an Independent Literary Award (2010); it was selected as a *New York Times* Editor's Choice for 2011, became a #1 Canadian bestseller, and has been translated around the world. Winter's first story collection (*boYs*, Biblioasis, 2006) also won numerous Canadian awards. Born in the UK, Winter now lives in Montreal after spending many years in Newfoundland.

PRAISE FOR KATHLEEN WINTER

"Utterly original."—O, The Oprah Magazine

"Absorbing, earnest ... Beautifully written."—The New York Times Book Review

"Her lyrical voice and her crystalline landscape are enchanting." *—The New Yorker*

"A sprawling book filled with musical prose."-The Walrus

"Read it because it's a story told with sensitivity to language that compels to the last page, and read it because it asks the most existential of questions. Stripped of the trappings of gender, Winter asks, what are we?"—*The Globe and Mail*

By the Author of Annabel, Winner of The Thomas Head Raddall Award, and Shortlisted for The Giller Prize, The Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize, The Governor General's Award, The Orange Prize and more.

from The Freedom in American Songs

In 1976 Kerry Fallon had daily wished his mother had not called him Kerry, at least not in Creek Bend. His mother had been innocent: she had been thinking of Irish things, though she was not Irish and had called her other son the normal name of Steve. All Kerry knew was that his name hampered his wish that his grade ten classmates at Dearborn Collegiate High School would stop calling him queer, or a girl. He wished this all the more since he himself suspected he might be at least partly gay. What other explanation could a person have for getting weak in the chest every time Xavier Boland passed by on his way to the only pink locker outside Mr. Stockley's chemistry classroom? How had Xavier got away with it? Xavier had somehow managed to get the painters to leave his locker the old pink shade that had covered all the second-floor lockers prior to the summer of 1975, without Roland Artufi or Kenneth Handler or their friends beating him to a pulp. Maybe you had to be a raging queen for them to leave you alone. Maybe being unsure of what you were was a worse sin in the eyes of the Rolands and Kenneths.

Kerry was sure of some things though. He was sure that he loved, more than anything else in the world, singing harmony. In the Tongues of Flame Pentecostal Assembly everyone knew how to weave in and out of a major chord, and that place felt to him like the home of angels, and he was excited to attend even if his comfort there was tarnished by Pastor Best warning that to be homosexual meant a person was certain to be left behind on the day of the rapture, and not only that, the person would know a punishment that had no end. But this punishment would wait until Kerry was dead if the rapture did not come first, and before then, if he were lucky, he would have figured out some way to make peace with god, and with his raging sexual excitement in the proximity of Xavier Boland.

But the Assembly met only three times a week, and only one of those times, Sunday mornings, had an hour given over to choruses, and, he had to admit to himself in all honesty, there were songs he'd far rather sing than "Alive, Alive" or "Let the Anointing Fall on Me." For his own enjoyment, he had changed some of the words to "I Keep Falling in Love with Him Over and Over Again" so that instead of "Oh what joy between the Lord and I" the chorus spoke of joy with a certain other person, and likewise he altered the words to "I've got a Longing in my Heart for Jesus." This he did as he walked home from school, making sure no one was close behind, especially not his brother Steve, who specialized in spying on people. But the songs he was really interested in were not these adaptations, nor were they the top ten from CFTO Radio, Your Voice of Reason in the Valley. The songs he loved were songs he had learned from his American cousin Poppy, the summer she had come up from North Carolina to get her illegitimate baby out of her system. The baby had been born by the time Poppy came to stay; born and given away in an adoption process somewhere north of North Carolina but not as north as Creek Bend. He'd been eight and Poppy had to him looked like any normal girl, and he had found it hard to envision her as Clothed in Stain's Disgrace. By the time she arrived at his house Poppy had forgotten her disgrace enough to begin singing, if she had ever stopped, and she took it for granted that he, Kerry, would be her singing partner on the back steps under his mother's clothesline.

American songs were different. American songs had sunshine in them. They had sunny sides of the street, and riversides, and mockingbirds. They had not only two-part harmony but two-part verses and words, which, overlaid one on another, created a complex lattice that had harmony added to it by-the-way, as if a bird had come to visit and begun singing a third element. There was land in American songs; there were wildwood flowers and bright mornings and sweet little Alice-blue gowns. It was as if everyone in America was getting dressed for a never-ending riverside dance, and sometimes the Americans would sail downriver or fall in love or even murder their lovers and bury them in the reeds, but there was always fresher air than here, and a shining sun, and there were ringlets. Kerry knew in his heart that this was ridiculous and that America was not like that at all, but the songs were joyful and had all these things in them; the songs were a kind of America of their own, and he and Poppy brought it into being with the words and the music and their voices.

"You have a good voice," Poppy said, and he suspected it was truemaybe the songs made his voice even nicer than it was in church, and this was one of the things that sustained him once Poppy had long gone and he was without a singing partner in the world outside church. It sustained him and he saved a dollar a week out of his lunch money and he bought himself a Panasonic cassette tape player, into which he recorded himself singing the melody lines of all the songs Poppy had taught him. When his mother was at Bible study and his dad at the plant and Steve out

playing hockey, he played his own voice back to himself and practiced harmony with it. He loved this activity, and the longing he had for a friend with whom to sing did not feel quite so painful.

He began to grow his hair a bit longer and to wonder if Xavier Boland might not be so unapproachable after all. Xavier was only one year older than Kerry, and there were friendships that crossed that boundary between grades ten and eleven: Loretta Howell and Gwen Payne, for instance, or Roderick Forestall who had won two peewee curling trophies and the boys on the grade eleven senior team.

There was something of the beauty of America in the way Xavier Boland's locker stood

the colour of a wild rose in the otherwise greygreen corridor, and there was something joyful and carefree, like the freedom in American songs, in the very way Xavier Boland moved; not all crunched up and restricted like everyone else, but with his arms loose and long, and his legs too, so they sort of swayed a bit whenever Xavier was on his way somewhere. Kerry began experimenting to see if he too could let his limbs move free and easy like this. At first he did it on his walks home and in the hallway between his bedroom and the kitchen, and then he sneaked a swaying movement or two into his step in the corridor which passed Xavier's locker.

There is energy between people when they

have never spoken but have noticed each other's presence, and between Xavier Boland and Kerry this energy existed, but Kerry could not tell its exact meaning. From himself, he knew, came energy that admired, that longed for even a tiny recognition, that felt scared. Now that he had consciously given his own body echoes of the way he believed Xavier Boland walked and moved, this energy of Kerry's felt more exposed and dangerous. He restrained it, but he could not resist lingering whenever he passed the rose locker in case Xavier should come to retrieve

his chemistry book or his scientific calculator. And one Thursday Xavier did come—Kerry was on his way to this Most Hated of Classes, gym class, when Xavier Boland, alone in the corridor because the bell had rung and they were both late, clicked his combination lock off and reached for a binder off his top shelf.

Kerry suddenly needed to see if Xavier Boland had anything decorating his locker. He might have a music poster, and wouldn't it be amazing if Kerry could know what kind of Music Xavier Boland loved the most. He slowed down and looked. Incredibly, there was that sepia Jesus peering soulfully, the one everyone knows even if they are Pentecostal and not given to

images of Jesus as much as to flames and doves and bare crosses with light coming off them to show how Jesus is not here any more but has risen to become the firstfruits of all creation. But the Jesus in Xavier's locker had not yet been on the cross. He was praying to his father, his hair long and goldy-brown. He was wearing a pink robe and around him hung ruby red glass beads, a rosary. Xavier Boland, Kerry realized, was either being sarcastic in his locker décor, or he was a practicing Roman Catholic. The only thing Kerry knew about Catholics was that they could get away with anything. They could sin to their hearts' content and then go confess it to the intermediary, the priest. Pentecostals had no intermediary but the Holy Spirit who did not, Kerry's mother said, oppress and terrify the people like Catholic priests did. But still, Kerry knew, before becoming terrified the Catholics could do what they wanted. They could have babies as his cousin Poppy had done and they could parade those babies around in their own homes and even in their church, and all would be forgiven. Even, Kerry felt this flash through him, kissing another boy, loving another boy, instead of a girl... if you were Catholic...

"Are you having a good look?" It was the first time Xavier Boland had spoken to Kerry. His tone was not unkind.

"I was just..."

Xavier Boland lived with his grandmother. She had stucco ceilings with sparkles in them, and her bathroom had a matching pink shag rug and toilet cover and she kept the toilet paper inside a doll with a crocheted skirt. She had a cat and a miniature Hammond organ and over the organ hung her own picture of Jesus holding in his hand his own heart which looked something like a cupcake with wings or flames and a cross sticking out of it. But instead of terror or any other bad feeling connected with priests or churches of any kind including his own, Kerry felt in Xavier's grandmother's house a feeling of the greatest comfort he had ever known. He supposed it was a feeling he had heard and read about but not felt-a feeling of unconditional love. This became more apparent as Kerry observed more and more of Xavier's and his grandmother's life together. Had Kerry's parents caught Kerry with

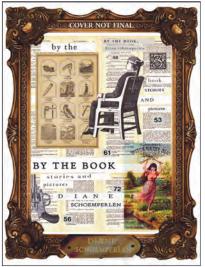
some of the clothes Xavier stored openly in his bedroom, for instance, they would have... what would they have done? Would his father have taken him down to the basement and given him the belt as he had done when Kerry had stolen a Bounty bar from Tammy's Convenience when he was eight? Or would they have telephoned Pastor Best and had him come over or sent one of his Youth Leaders over to lay hands on Kerry and cast out demons like they had done to Mildred Stevenson the time Mrs. Tilford and her Ladies' Spirit Association decided that Mildred had the spirit of witchcraft in her? Or would his mother have hidden the clothes from his father-might she have destroyed them and made Kerry promise never to bring home anything like that again or his father would... what would his father do? Perhaps living with your grandmother made new things possible. Kerry surveyed the white bell-bottoms and the other clothes and even purses that Xavier displayed openly in his room, slung over the chairback and hanging out of the drawers. Laid out on the bed was a makeup case with mascara and eye pencils in it.

"Call me Kay," Mrs. Boland said, but Kerry couldn't even though she did look like a Kay and she said, "I can't stand being called Mrs. this and Madam that." His own mother made homecooked meals but they were dry pieces separate from each other on the plate, whereas everything Mrs. Boland cooked was smothered in gravy, or if it was dessert, in warm custard or cream or chocolate sauce. Sometimes she made fried chicken and she didn't put gravy on that but the batter was twice as thick as the batter on any fried chicken Kerry had ever tasted, and Mrs. Boland did not formally invite him to supper, she just put an extra plate out as if Kerry belonged to the family. There was no accusation of any kind in the air, unlike the atmosphere at his own house, and he kept fearing that his mother would put a stop to his visits to the Bolands, but she never did. It almost made him wonder if his mother was glad to have him out of the house. The only person at home who said anything about his new friendship was Steve, who warned if Kerry brought that fag home here even for five minutes, Steve would personally rip both their fucken balls off-"and don't think I'm not watching you and that little fucker's whereabouts."

BY THE BOOK Stories and Pictures

DIANE SCHOEMPERLEN

COVER NOT FINAL



September 2014 | Short Fiction 6 x 8 | 224pp | 73 colour collages

Trade Cloth: 978-1-927428-81-8 \$28.95 CAD eBook: 978-1-927428-82-5

Author Hometown: Kingston Local Bookstore: Novel Idea Events: Calgary, Eden Mills, Kingston, Saskatoon, Toronto, Vancouver, Windsor, Winnipeg

Also of Interest:



Century Ray Smith

> Trade Paper 5.5 x 8.5 978-1-77196-008-3 19.95 CAD

eBook 978-1-926845-60-9 Once touted as compendiums of human knowledge, the encyclopedias and handbooks of bygone eras now read quaintly, if not comically—yet within their pages are often found phrases of uncanny evocative power. Scrupulously stitching such fragments together, in a sequel to the Governor General's Award-winning *Forms of Devotion, By the Book* is a collection of verbal and visual collages whose prestidigitations have transformed long-dead texts into vital tales. With stories like "What Is a Hat? Where Is Constantinople? Who Was Sir Walter Raleigh? And Many Other Common Questions, Some With Answers, Some Without," and "Consumptives Should Not Kiss Other People: A Handy Guide to the Care and Maintenance of Your Family's Good Health," Schoemperlen's irreverent brand of nostalgia combines vintage kitsch with comic, creepy, unexpectedly moving yarns.

Born and raised in Thunder Bay, Ontario, DIANE SCHOEMPERLEN has published several collections of short fiction and three novels: *In the Language of Love* (1994), *Our Lady of the Lost and Found* (2001), and *At A Loss For Words* (2008). Her 1990 collection, *The Man of My Dreams*, was shortlisted for both the Governor General's Award and the Trillium. Her collection *Forms of Devotion: Stories and Pictures* won the 1998 Governor General's Award for English Fiction. In 2008, she received the Marian Engel Award from the Writers' Trust of Canada. In 2012, she was Writer-in-Residence at Queen's University. She lives in Kingston, Ontario.

PRAISE FOR DIANE SCHOEMPERLEN

"There is no mistaking a Schoemperlen story—devoted to form, faithful to the mysteries of the everyday."—*The Globe and Mail*

"Schoemperlen's inventive language and narrative structures encourage readers to be free 'from the prison of everyday thinking."—*The New York Times Book Review*

"Lovely, clever [and] imaginative."-The Wall Street Journal

New from the Winner of the Governor General's Award for English Fiction and the Writers' Trust of Canada Marian Engel Award

from By the Book

By the Book or: Alessandro in the New World

Now Alessandro was ready to find himself a good wife. Much as there were several young women back in the Old Country of whom he'd been quite fond, not a single one of them had truly made his heart sing. They were good girls, all of them, many he'd known since childhood and maybe that was half the problem. They were more like sisters, a few more like mothers. They had all professed to love him (some profusely, tearfully, relentlessly) but he, in all honesty, could not say the same. They were not like lovers at all. In fact, he could not bring himself to say the word *lover* aloud when thinking of any of them. He had to admit he was looking for someone smarter, sleeker, sexier. He had to admit





he was looking for a New World woman who would be the ideal complement to his reinvention of himself as a New World man.

The book, not surprisingly, was quite promising in this regard. It gave him every reason to believe that he would indeed find her here: the woman of his dreams. For starters, it contained five whole pages of the conjugation of the regular verb **to love**.

I shall love. She will love. We shall love. You will love. They shall love. I should love. She would love. We should love. You would love. We should have loved. We might have loved. You may have loved.

Do I love? Does she love? Do we love? Do you love? Did she love? Did they love?

Let us love!

There was also a thirty-page section called **Love Letters.** How could he possibly go wrong? Having tended to the practical matters of life in the New World, Alessandro was ready now to turn his attention to the sublime. He already had someone in mind.

There was an attractive young woman he watched every evening as she walked her little white dog past the rooming house. The sight of her little



dog gave him a pang of missing his own smelly dog, Suzy. Sitting in his armchair by the window, he could admire her secretly from his third-floor perch. He especially liked the look of her curly long blonde hair lifted gently by the breeze, her round calves plumped up by the high heels in which she so gracefully navigated the uneven sidewalk, the stirring and worship-worthy shape of her behind as she walked away from him. Lovingly familiar though he had become with the endearing sight of the top of her head, he couldn't see her face clearly from his bird's-eye view vantage point. But he was sure she was beautiful. And intelligent too. And obviously she too was a dog-lover. Already they had so much in common! On rainy evenings when she did not appear, he was bereft.

One evening he followed her (discreetly, of course) and discovered that she lived in a building just around the corner. He ran back to his room, grabbed the book, and turned to the letter called **To a lady entirely unknown.** He noticed that his great-great-great-grandfather had marked it with three exclamation points in the margin. He transcribed the letter word for word in his very best handwriting.

Miss:

I am at a loss as to how I shall address a lady unknown to me. My first duty is to apologize for writing this letter. I know that only by some fortunate circumstance I may be introduced to you, but that I have not! I am irresistibly impelled by the deep impression which you have made upon me. For several weeks I have seen you passing by and every time I have gazed upon you, have been more intensely desirous of seeing you again. At first I have seen you gladly; after I have longed for the minute I could see you pass, and now I am at your mercy!

Please allow this letter to commence a friendship which, no doubt, will make me more happy than I can say, and trusting to receive a few lines from you I am,

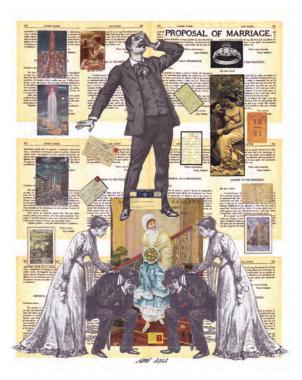
Yours very sincerely, Alessandro.

He put this missive immediately into an envelope marked with his return address, licked the flap with hope and longing, hurried back to her building, and slipped it in the mailbox. That night he couldn't sleep for wondering what would happen next.

The book provided the young woman with two alternate replies. Of course, Alessandro was hoping she would select the second option:

Mr. Alessandro:

Your kind letter reached me at this moment, and I am not sure that I should answer it at all, and certainly I should not. Yet by the meaning



of your words I am certain I am corresponding with a gentleman, who will never take advantage of an innocent girl. If the friendship you desire, can make you happy I will the same.

More than this I cannot need to say, and will only add that I am,

Yours sincerely, Miss Louisa C.

Oh, my lovely Louisa! Alessandro cried. He lay awake all night imagining her arms, her charms, the grand house they would live in someday, the cherubic children they would have, and the little white dog they would henceforth walk together through the city streets.

Early the next morning an envelope was slipped under his door. He leapt out of bed and scooped it up. Sadly she had chosen the first option instead.

Sir:

I am very reluctant to reply to your letter, I only do so in order that you may not have the least pretext for mistaking my feeling on the subject. For no reason will I permit you to write me again, and any insistance on your part, will be considered as an affront and an affront will be your letter.

Miss Louisa C.

Alas, alas, my lovely Louisa! Alessandro cried. Heart broken, hopes dashed, he spent the rest of the day in bed.

In fact, he never saw his lovely Louisa again. Either she had moved away to avoid him or she had decided to do her dog-walking elsewhere.

from "Cry Havoc And Let Slip The Dogs Of War: A Handbook For The Advanced Study Of Sentences And Paragraphs"



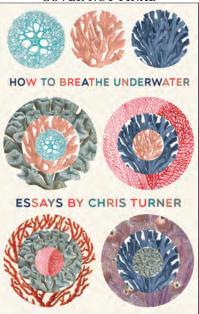
from "Consumptives Should Not Kiss Other People: A Handy Guide to the Care and Maintenance of Your Family's Good Health"



HOW TO BREATHE UNDERWATER Essays

CHRIS TURNER

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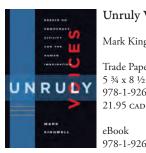


September 2014 | Nonfiction 51/4 x 81/4 224pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-927428-75-7 \$19.95 CAD eBook: 978-1-927428-76-4

Author Hometown: Calgary Local Bookstores: Pages on Kensington Events: Calgary, Edmonton, Toronto, Vancouver

Also of Interest:



Unruly Voices

Mark Kingwell Trade Paper $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ 978-1-926845-84-5

eBook 978-1-926845-85-2 From The Simpsons to Cyberjaya, the multimedia supercorridor of Malaysia; from Pepsi's failed breakfast beverages to a climate crisis seen through scuba goggles; from dotcom bubbles to the Great Bear Rainforest, the essays of Chris Turner's How to Breathe Underwater exhort us to meet the challenges of sustainability-ecological, economic, and cultural—with innovation instead of lamentation.

CHRIS TURNER is one of Canada's leading writers and speakers on sustainability and the global cleantech industry. He is the author of The Leap: How to Survive and Thrive in the Sustainable Economy (Random House Canada 2011). He is also the author of the 2007 bestseller The Geography of Hope: A Tour of the World We Need (Random House), a Globe and Mail Best Book of the Year and a finalist for the Governor General's Award for Nonfiction, the Alberta Literary Award for Nonfiction and the National Business Book Award.

Turner's first book was the international bestseller *Planet Simpson:* How a Cartoon Masterpiece Documented an Era and Defined a Generation (Random House 2004). His feature writing has earned seven National Magazine Awards and appeared in Fast Company, Time, Utne Reader, The Walrus, The Globe and Mail, Canadian Geographic and many other publications. He is a featured blogger at MNN.com. He lives in Calgary with his wife, the photographer Ashley Bristowe, and their two children.

PRAISE FOR CHRIS TURNER

"Chris Turner's revealing book should be required reading." —David Suzuki

"An urgent book that anyone who cares about Canada-the idea, the nation, the democracy-should read."-John Vaillant, Author of The Tiger

"One of the most arresting arguments for building a green economy yet in print ... I greatly admire Turner's contagious enthusiasm and recommend his book as a compelling menu for energy reform."-The Globe and Mail

"A tremendously important book and you owe it to your country to read it."-The National Post

"An argument of considerable reach and subtlety ... well researched, well written and persuasive. Its wide dissemination would do us all a favour."-Canadian Geographic

From the author of *The Leap*, *The Geography of Hope*, and *Planet Simpson*; Finalist for the Governor General's Award, The Alberta Literary Award for Nonfiction, and the National Business Book Award

from How to Breathe Underwater

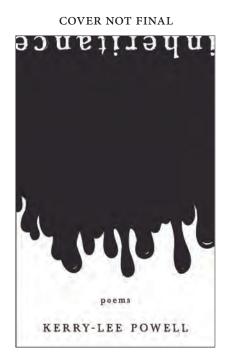
The history of diving is a kind of shadow history of the industrial age, mostly incidental to the primary arc of the story but wholly dependent on it, culminating in the serendipitous development of the demand regulator out of wartime motoring necessity. The first diving suits were produced in the 1850s from canvas rendered waterproof by a layer of mixed rubber and naphtha (a by-product of oil refining). The breakthrough in medical science that would eventually make diving safethe discovery of the cause of the bends and how to prevent them-came a quarter century later, during the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. The bridge's workers toiled on its foundations in "caissons"-giant, bottomless wooden boxes sunk into the bed of the East River and pumped full of compressed air to hold back the water. Several workers died and dozens more were gravely injured before doctors figured out that their patients needed to readjust more slowly to the lower air pressure at the surface to avoid decompression sickness. Another half-century later, in 1930, neoprene, the preferred material for modern wetsuits, became the first synthetic rubber ever invented when DuPont developed it for use in automobile gaskets and hoses. And so on, from the tempered glass of the dive mask to the polyurethane in the stiff, distended toe of the standard diving fin. Scuba's raw materials were the by-products and afterthoughts of the great industrial powers' quest for bigger and better bridges and cars and war machines.

In the towering shadows cast by this everexpanding industrial order, another parallel history emerged. It began, more or less, with Henry David Thoreau's sojourn at Walden Pond—a deliberate, principled rejection of industrial society as a whole. Contemporary environmentalism traces a direct line of descent back through Greenpeace, Rachel Carson, and John Muir to Thoreau's handmade cabin in the Massachusetts woodlot owned by fellow Transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson, and among its strongest links to Walden has been an enduring anti-industrial bias. With good cause, of course. The culprit in almost every environmental crisis the movement has tackledfrom the despoiling of animal habitat to Carson's DDT-poisoned birds to reef-killing greenhouse gas emissions-has been the resource-devouring, waste-belching march of modern industry. Thoreau's cause was righteous, his critique of industrial society trenchant, and it'd be no stretch to argue that the acidification of the world's oceans is a sort of ultimate proof of Walden's profound, prophetic truths.

If, however, the goal of environmentalism in the Thoreauvian tradition was to halt the march of rapacious industry, that same pH imbalance might best be understood as the litmus test of the movement's failure. After more than a century of advocacy and action employing Thoreau's frame, the earth's natural wonders have never been closer to collapse. "Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again, but expecting different results"-so goes a widely cited aphorism attributed alternately to Ben Franklin, Albert Einstein, and Chinese proverb (it appears actually to originate with the American mystery novelist Rita Mae Brown). What if, instead, we followed the lead of another nineteenth-century prophet, a writer whose work predicted the advent of an eye-popping world of air conditioning, space travel, the helicopter, andmost famously-the untrammelled exploration of the subaquatic realm?

INHERITANCE

Kerry-Lee Powell



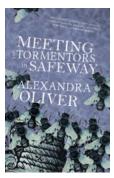
September 2014 | Poetry 5.5 x 8.5 | 64pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-927428-79-5 \$18.95 cad eBook: 978-1-927428-80-1

Author Hometown: Moncton

Events: Calgary, Charlottetown, Fredericton, Halifax, Kingston, Moncton, Montreal, Ottawa, Saint John, Toronto, Waterloo, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Also of Interest



Meeting the Tormentors in Safeway

Alexandra Oliver

Trade Paper 5 ½ x 8 ½ 978-1-927428-43-6 17.95 CAD

eBook 978-1-927428-44-3 Inspired by a shipwreck endured by Powell's father during the Second World War, and by his subsequent struggle with post-traumatic stress disorder and eventual suicide, *Inheritance* is a suite of lyric poems that explores violence, trauma, and mental illness.

Ship's Biscuit

After mother scarpered it was ship's biscuit with shrapnel sparkles. It was hot spurts and gristle and cold snaps with a wet towel for stealing a puff from dad's fag or sneaking a peek at his titty mags. But we buggers deserved no better. It was us that made her run off, with our bickers and our bungles. It was our bloody cheek. It was his bleeding knuckles.

Born in Montreal, KERRY-LEE POWELL has lived in Australia, Antigua, and The United Kingdom, where she studied Medieval and Renaissance literature at Cardiff University and directed a literature promotion agency. Her work has appeared in journals and anthologies throughout the United Kingdom and North America, including *The Spectator*, *The Boston Review*, and *The Virago Writing Women* series. In 2013, she won *The Boston Review* fiction contest, *The Malahat Review's* Far Horizons Award for short fiction, and the Alfred G. Bailey manuscript prize. A chapbook entitled "The Wreckage" has recently been published in England by Grey Suit Editions. A short fiction collection and novel are forthcoming from HarperCollins. *Inheritance* is her first book.

PRAISE FOR KERRY-LEE POWELL

"Quiet, powerful ... full of dark nostalgia."—Nathan Englander

"This is ... the gaze that spies out the heartbreaking cycle of human cruelty."—Alissa York

The first book of poetry by the winner of the 2013 Boston Review Fiction Contest and the 2013 Malahat Review Far Horizons Award



from Inheritance

The Lifeboat

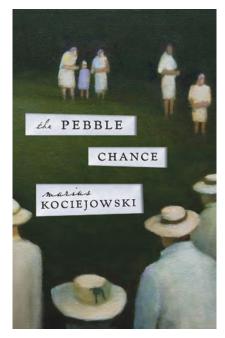
All night in his lifeboat my father sang to keep the voices of the other men who cried in the wreckage from reaching him, he sang what he knew of the requiem, of the hit parade and the bits of hymns, he sang until he would never sing again, scalding his raw throat with sea-water until his ribs heaved, until the salt wept from his eyes on dry land, flecked at his lips in his squalling rages, streaked the sheets in his night sweats as night after night the reassembled ship scattered its parts on the shore of his bed, and the lifeboat eased him out again to drown each night among singing men.

The Wreckage

If all is wrecked between us, it's because a pair of wing tips on the other side of the world closed in prayer to make this small breath, like the breath of a child blowing a candle-wish, that only gathered salt and squalls as it grew swift. They say it often begins like this. The ends of the earth are littered with our fragments like flocks of terns on an arctic ice-cliff or words on torn-up sheets of paper in a language that I try not to remember, spelled out again like moths around the flicker of your face that often flares at me in strangers. Look how I make the most of what's at hand, a match-girl out for kindling in a windy land.

THE PEBBLE CHANCE Feuilletons and Other Prose MARIUS KOCIEJOWSKI

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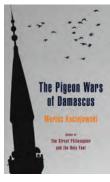


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Trade Paper: 978-1-927428-77-1 \$19.95 cad eBook: 978-1-927428-78-8

Author Hometown: London, UK Events: Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Windsor

By the Same Author:



The Pigeon Wars of Damascus

Trade Paper 978-1-926845-02-9 21.95 cad

Trade Cloth 978-1-897231-97-5 29.95

eBook 978-1-926845-22-7 In the game of bocce, no matter how intensely you study the world's surface, there's always a chance an unseen pebble will knock your ball in an unexpected direction. In *The Pebble Chance*, poet, travel writer, and bookseller Marius Kociejowski explores those moments—in literature and life—when skill and providence collide. Includes encounters with Bruce Chatwin, Javier Marías, and more.

MARIUS KOCIEJOWSKI, poet, essayist and travel writer, lives in London. He has published four collections of poetry, *Coast* (Greville Press), *Doctor Honoris Causa*, and *Music's Bride* (both Anvil Press). *So Dance the Lords of Language: Poems 1975-2001* was published in Canada by Porcupine's Quill in 2003. Most recently, he published *The Street Philosopher and the Holy Fool: A Syrian Journey* (Sutton Publishing), *The Pigeon Wars of Damascus* (Biblioasis), *God's Zoo* (Carcanet) and an anthology, *Syria Through Writers' Eyes* (Eland).

PRAISE FOR THE PIGEON WARS OF DAMASCUS

"Kociejowski writes beautifully ... An unusual, poetic, and thoughtprovoking introduction to Arab culture."—*Library Journal*

"The Canadian travel writer/poet Marius Kociejowski's *The Pigeon Wars of Damascus*, published this year by Biblioasis, fulfills its promise to amuse and amaze ... Kociejowski reminds me of the erudite, brittle English travel writer of the 1930s, Robert Byron, whose *Road To Oxiana* and *First Russia, Then Tibet*, remain classics of the genre ... offering information coupled with fine writing."—*National Post*

"*The Pigeon Wars of Damascus* is a fascinating and at times challenging book that reminds us, 'We cannot feed on the picturesque alone."—*Winnipeg Review*

PRAISE FOR THE STREET PHILOSOPHER AND THE HOLY FOOL

s "It is a testament to the power of this superb book (destined, to my mind, to become a travel classic) that I felt, not despondency, but the same kind of elation as when, in the final chapter, we leave Sulayman crouched in front of a Kelvin digital temperature-controller, making gold."—Adam Thorpe, *Times Literary Supplement*

"The book indicates what a remarkable writer Kociejowski has become."—*PN Review*

"A wonderful experience to those with an affinity for spiritual matters, those seeking a balance between mind and heart."—*Books in Canada*

from The Pebble Chance

I should relate how it was Javier Marías and I first came to speak, although we had met quite a few times before. When, in the late '70s and early '80s, I was working for the antiquarian booksellers, Bertram Rota, I always insisted my desk be at the entrance to the shop, where I could be sufficiently far enough away from my colleagues and yet close enough to anyone of interest coming in off the street. A number of lasting friendships were made there, in that sacred space of mine, where, unobserved, I might dawdle a while. I sat in the shade of an indoor tree that occasionally shed leaves on me. For almost a year, perhaps two, this young man, Mediterranean in looks, dressed in a dark blue he calls 'azul marino' and with all the arrogance of a bullfighter would come in and always, as he passed the desk, glare at me. Sometimes he would stop there, in profile, as if challenging me. And from behind the Alhambra of my huge manual typewriter I would glare back at him. It was a measured hostility such as usually exists between two wild animals straying into a new, unpissedupon, space. This has very little to do with actual dislike and probably a great deal to do with forces of attraction. We walked metaphorical circles around each other for perhaps two years. We never, as far as I can remember, actually spoke.

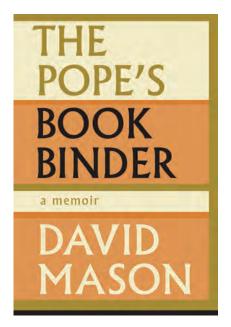
I would notice the books he purchased and, for the life of me, I could not get an angle on his literary tastes. A bookseller can do this usually and act upon that knowledge but not in this case. Clearly, though, he was going down some of literature's more hidden avenues. At one point he was buying the works of John Gawsworth, a poet wholly forgotten to the world, whose heyday, if

he ever had one, was in the 1940s. I should add that Gawsworth had been, in the past, a familiar figure in the shop and probably benefited more than he should have from Bertram's kindly nature. A German woman said to have been his girlfriend once used to come into the shop and sell me the occasional book. We always spoke, but I sensed in her such a world as I would not dare intrude upon. We discussed opera and books instead. She threw a steady beam of intelligence. I wonder now if she and my Spaniard were ever in the room at the same time. And now, getting back to our subject, here, in this foe of mine, was somebody I could at least respect for being a true book collector and for whom literary fashion was of absolutely no consequence. As a customer he was and still is wholly inscrutable.

One day Javier Marías (I knew his name by then, as a buyer of literary curiosities) walked into the shop and instead of going to look at the books he came up to me and spoke. He told me he had been living in England for those two years and that now he would be returning to Spain and that he did not want to go without saying goodbye to me. I was, of course, wholly disarmed. What's more, I liked him immediately. I had no idea he was a writer, of course. It was only later, when glancing through an anthology of new writers, that I chanced upon a short story of his. And in the story, although he was given the name of George Lawson, who was, in fact, one of the directors at Bertram Rota, there at the front desk of the fictional shop called Bertram Rota was my fictional double. It was not a particularly flattering sketch of me, although naturally I was delighted to be cast in a villain's role.

THE POPE'S BOOKBINDER A Memoir DAVID MASON

Now in paperback, with new material

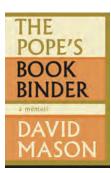


October 2014 | Autobiography/Book History 5.5 x 8.5 | 424pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-005-2 \$24.95 cad eBook: 978-1-927428-16-0

Author Hometown: Toronto, ON Local Bookstore: Ben McNally

Also of Interest:



The Pope's Bookbinder

Trade Cloth 5.5 x 8.5 978-1-927428-17-7 37.95 CAD From his drug-hazy, book-happy years near the Beat Hotel in Paris and throughout his career as antiquarian book dealer, David Mason brings us a storied life. He discovers his love of literature in a bathtub at age eleven, thumbing through stacks of lurid Signet paperbacks. At fifteen he's expelled from school. For the next decade and a half, he will work odd jobs, buck all authority, buy books more often than food, and float around Europe. He'll help gild a volume in white morocco for Pope John XXIII. And then, at the age of 30, after returning home to Canada and apprenticing with Joseph Patrick Books, David Mason will find his calling.

Over the course of what is now a legendary international career, Mason shows unerring instincts for the logic of the trade. He makes good money from Canadian editions, both legitimate and pirated (turns out Canadian piracies so incensed Mark Twain that he moved to Montreal for six months to gain copyright protection). He outfoxes the cousins of L.M. Montgomery at auction and blackmails the head of the Royal Ontario Museum. He excoriates the bureaucratic pettiness that obstructs public acquisitions, he trumpets the ingenuity of collectors and scouts, and in archives around the world he appraises history in its unsifted and most moving forms. Above all, however, David Mason boldly campaigns for what he feels is the moral duty of the antiquarian trade: to preserve the history and traditions of all nations, and to assert without compromise that such histories have value.

Sly, sparkling, and endearingly gruff, *The Pope's Bookbinder* is an engrossing memoir by a giant in the book trade—whose infectious enthusiasm, human insight, commercial shrewdness, and deadpan humour will delight bibliophiles for decades to come.

PRAISE FOR THE POPE'S BOOKBINDER

"A witty raconteur and compulsive gossip, Mason has written a book that will delight anyone who loves literary scuttlebutt."—*The Globe and Mail*

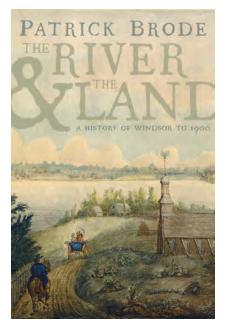
"Early on in this rambling, easygoing account of his career, Mason mentions three outstanding classics of that tiny subgenre: Charles Everitt's *The Adventures of a Treasure Hunter*, David Randall's *Dukedom Large Enough* and David Magee's *Infinite Riches. The Pope's Bookbinder* belongs on the same shelf."—*The Washington Post*

"A sweeping tour of the bookselling industry through the eyes of a man who has been at the heart of it for decades."*—The Toronto Star*

THE RIVER AND THE LAND A History of Windsor to 1900

Patrick Brode

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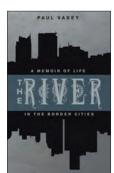
PATRICK BRODE was born in Windsor, Ontario. He was called to the Ontario Bar in 1977 and has practiced law ever since. He has written four works on the history of law in Canada, including *Sir John Beverley Robinson: Bone and Sinew of the Compact*, which was a finalist for the City of Toronto Book Award in 1985, and *The Odyssey of John Anderson*, a finalist for the Trillium Award in 1990.

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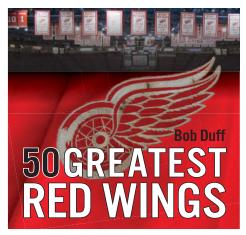
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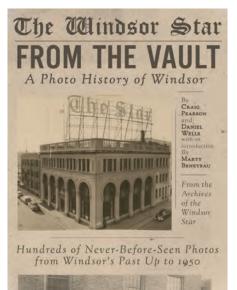
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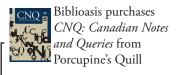
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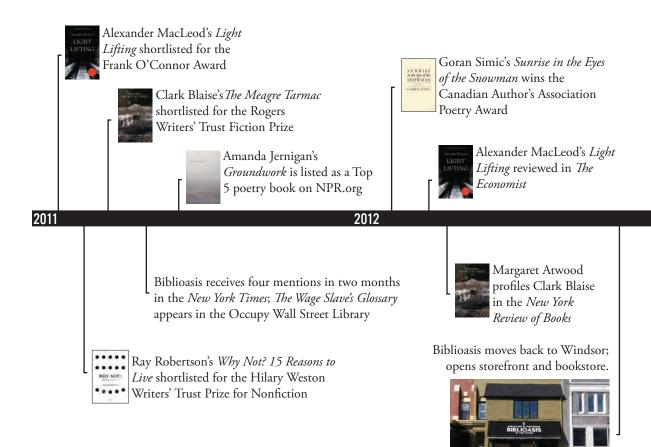
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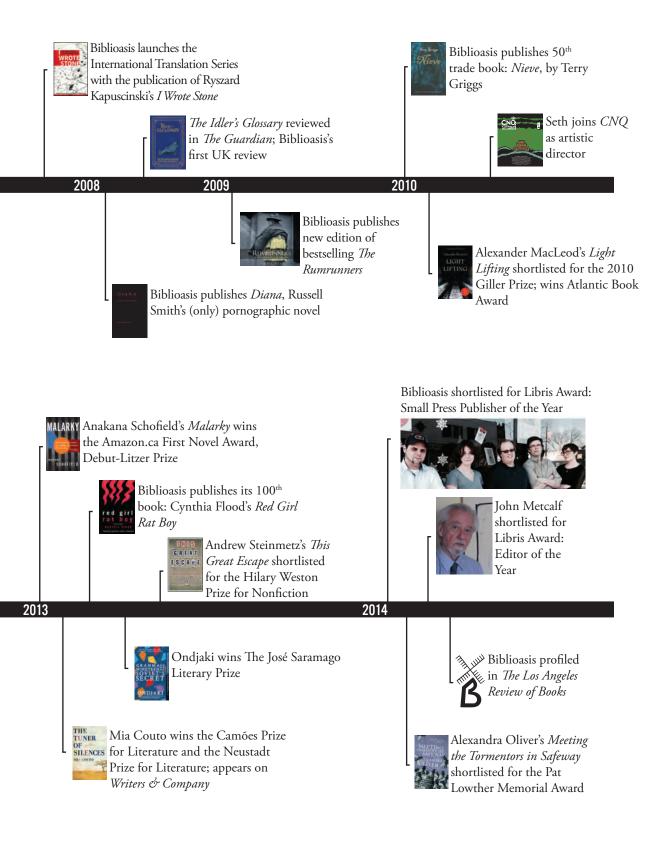
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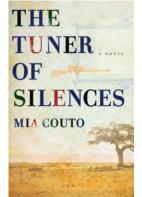


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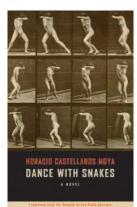
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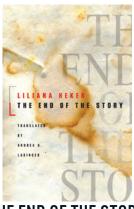
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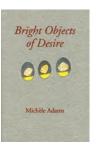


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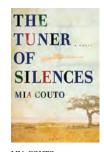
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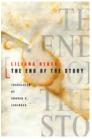
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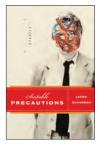
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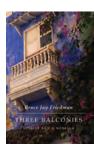
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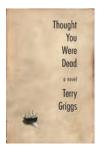
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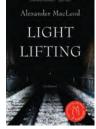
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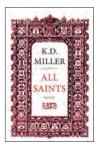
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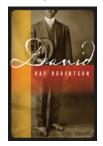


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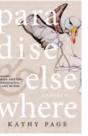


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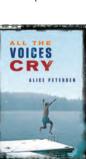
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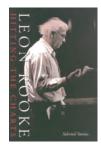
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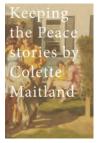
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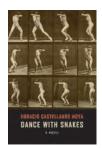
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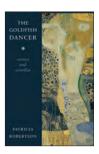
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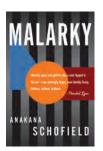
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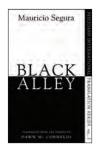
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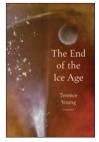
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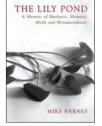


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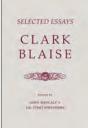


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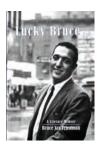
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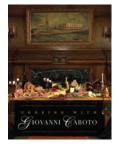
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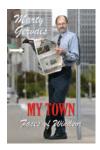
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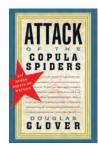
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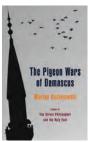
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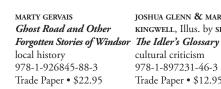
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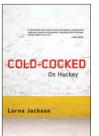
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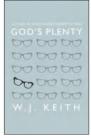
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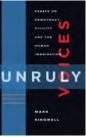
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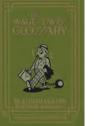
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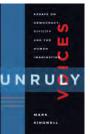


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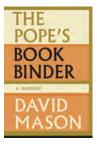
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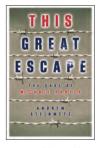




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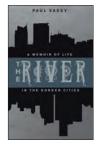




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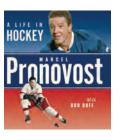
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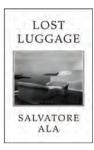


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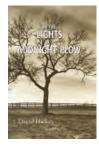
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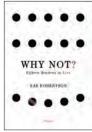
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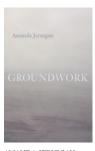


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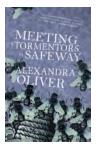


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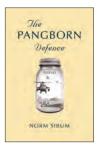
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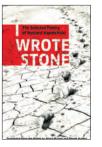
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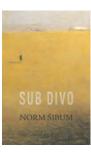
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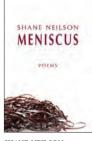
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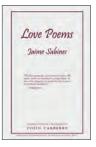
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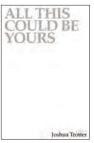
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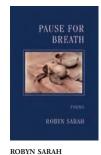
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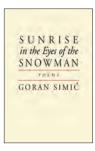
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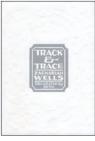
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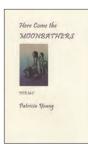
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