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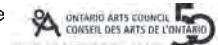
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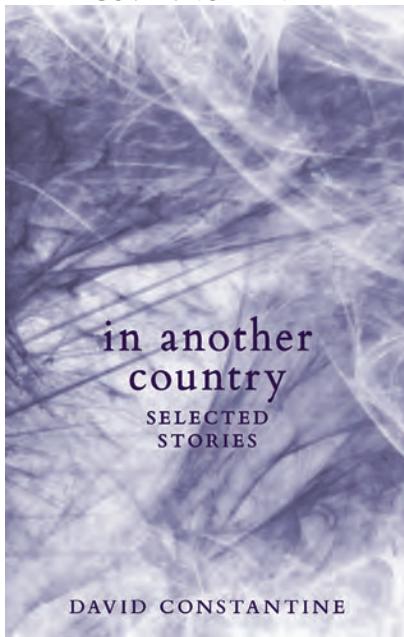


IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

Selected Stories

DAVID CONSTANTINE

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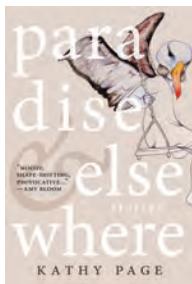


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The first North American publication by one of the greatest living fiction masters, *In Another Country* spans David Constantine's remarkable 30-year career. Known for their pristine emotional clarity, their spare but intensely evocative dialogue, and their fearless exposures of the heart in moments of defiance, change, resistance, flight, isolation, and redemption, these stories demonstrate again and again Constantine's timeless and enduring appeal.

DAVID CONSTANTINE is an award-winning short story writer, poet and translator. His collections of poetry include *The Pelt of Wasps*, *Something for the Ghosts* (shortlisted for the Whitbread Poetry Prize), *Nine Fathom Deep*, and *Elder*. He is the author of one novel, *Davies*, and has published four collections of short stories in the UK, including the winner of the 2013 Frank O'Connor Award, *Tea at the Midland and Other Stories*. He lives in Oxford, where until 2012 he edited *Modern Poetry in Translation* with his wife Helen.

PRAISE FOR DAVID CONSTANTINE

"After reading David Constantine's story 'In Another Country,' which the Canadian publisher Biblioasis passed along to me, I can't figure out why a US press hasn't caught on to his work... Thankfully, Biblioasis will publish a selection of his stories next year."—Nicole Rudick, *The Paris Review*

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WINNER OF THE 2013 FRANK O'CONNOR INTERNATIONAL SHORT STORY AWARD

from *In Another Country*

THE LOSS

Nobody noticed. Apparently they never do. Or if they do, they misunderstand. It might be one of those sudden pauses—a silence, a gap—and somebody will say: An angel is passing. But it is no such thing. It is the soul leaving, flitting ahead to its place in the ninth circle.

Mr. Silverman looked up, looked round. All the men were still there, the men and the one or two successful women, all still there. He resumed his speech. Perhaps he had never faltered in it. He continued, he reached the end. He invited questions, some needed answers almost as long as a speech. Then it was over, he saw that he had been successful. They were smiling, they wanted what he wanted. One after the other they came and shook him by the hand, called him by his first name, congratulated him, wished him a safe journey. Seeing them dwindle—soon fewer than half remained—Mr. Silverman became fearful and, in some degree, also curious. Truly, had nobody noticed? He feared they had, and all the world henceforth would be gilded with pretence. Or he feared they had not, and he must go on now in the fact, enclosed in the fact, and nobody noticing. He took a big man by the sleeve and turned with him to the window in an old gesture of confidence. The big man—whose name was Raingold,

who liked to be addressed as Ed—inclined to him, listening, frequently nodding, bespeaking friendliness with every fibre of his suit and with every pore of his naked skin where it showed in his hands and in his large and dappled face. But Mr. Silverman, speaking quietly, aware that at his back there were others waiting to wish him on his way—Mr. Silverman felt that it was too warm in the room and too cold outside in sunny Manhattan and that the plate glass between the warm and the terrible cold was surely quite impermeable. Mysterious then, the loss, the quitting. Would an adept be able to see his loss, like the dusty shape of a bird against the glass? It must be that the molecules of glass give way for the passage of a soul intent on reaching hell.

They were very high up, somewhere in the early hundreds. The surrounding towers of steel and glass seemed to be swaying slightly or rippling like a backcloth, but it was only an effect of light and shadows and clouds and reflections in the freezing wind. The towers were quite as stable as before. Yes, said Mr. Silverman, tugging at the good cloth of Ed Raingold's sleeve, went very well, I should say. What would *you* say? Went *very* well, Ed Raingold said. And he added, beaming down, You can do it, Bob. In Mr. Silverman's wonderment, in his

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honest puzzlement, there was a fine admixture of contempt. Had nobody noticed? Did it really not matter whether he had a soul or not?

At death, as is well known, the body lightens by a certain amount: twenty-one grams, in all cases. Aha, we say, that must be the weight of the human soul. The cadaver varies greatly. I saw a teenager the other day who must have weighed twenty stone. It was in the new mall at the old Pier 17. The food in there is on an upper floor and she stood at the foot of the escalator, wondering did she dare ascend or not. She wore a decoration in her hair, like antennae, such as elves and fairies are seen wearing in Victorian prints. On the other hand, one of those infants in, say, Ethiopia, can't weigh more than a pound or two. But the loss at death, apparently, will be the same.

But waking next morning Mr. Silverman did not feel lighter. On the contrary, he felt heavier. Imagine a blob of lead implanted in you overnight; or that some organ, roughly kidney-sized, has been converted to lead during your sleep. So it was. Hard to say where exactly: at the back of the head, in the region of the heart, in the pit of the belly? It seemed to shift. Wherever he pressed his hand, there it was not. Perhaps it could dissolve and occupy him thoroughly, like a heavy flu. He dozed and dreamed.

Shaken awake again by his early-morning call—he had an aeroplane to catch to Singapore—Mr. Silverman sat on the bed and tried to weep. He shook, he strained, he sobbed, but the tears that came were not much more than the wetness of a few snowflakes on his cheeks. No relief. He took a shower, he wandered naked around the overheated room. Again and again, touching, he received little shocks, from doorhandles, switches, a metal frame—quite sharp little shocks. They startled him, in little jolts they frightened him through his fingers to his heart. He collected them, each time giving forth a small yelp, until the room was dead. Then he looked out of the window. He was high, in the nineties, the sun was visiting the upper reaches of the towers. Down below—Mr. Silverman looked down—all the silent hurry was

deep in shade. Which was worse? The measurement of remoteness in no company but his own? Or proof of it when he clutched at Ed Raingold? Mr. Silverman foresaw an icy interest in the ways and means and relative degrees of horror.

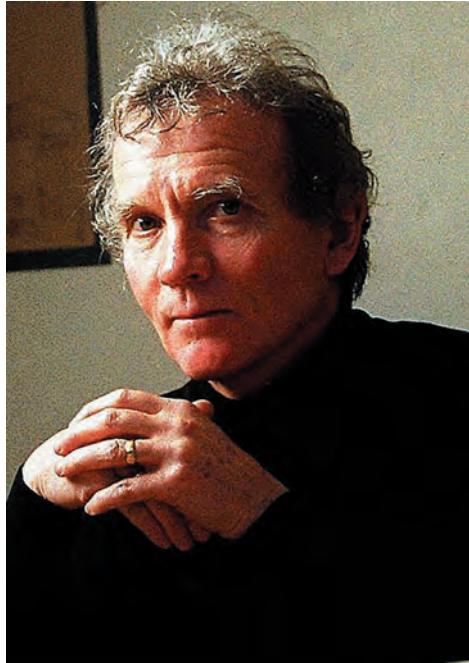
Car. Airport. Aeroplane. Singapore. Passing—so muffled, steady, multitudinous the tread—towards Baggage Reclaim, Mr. Silverman saw an extraordinary thing. There was carpet, glass, more and more glass, and falling from everywhere like vaporized warm piss, there was the usual music: but the extraordinary thing was a bird, a common sparrow by the look of it, high up against a ceiling,

perhaps only an inner ceiling, of sunny glass, beating and fluttering. Natural that the creature should seek the light and whatever sustaining air was still available outside, but incredible that it should ever have got where it was now. Nothing living ever came in there, blind-dogs or bomb-dogs perhaps in the service of humans, but nothing else that lived, except the humans in transit. Perhaps not even microbes got in there, only the humans, marching in their gross forms, but never a bird, certainly never a common sparrow, but there it was, fluttering, beating its life

out against the sunny glass. That was the last pure astonishment in Mr. Silverman's remaining years. A sparrow against the glass ceiling on the way to Baggage Reclaim! It was also, he acknowledged later, the last occasion on which he might have wept. Yes, he said, had I stepped aside and gone down on my knees on that thick carpet and bowed my head into my hands, knowing the bird against the ceiling high above me, then, God be my witness, I could have wept, the tears would have burst through my fingers, I might have cupped my hands and raised them up like a bowl, brimful with an offering of my final tears. Mysterious, the after life, lingering a while between New York and Singapore, between landing and Baggage Reclaim, an after life in which he might have wept.

[...]

He was met at Heathrow by his wife, Mrs. Silverman. He looked her in the eyes, to see would she notice. She seemed not to. He kissed her with



some force on the lips. Was it palpable there on the lips, as a shock of cold perhaps? Apparently not. She had brought the two children with her. It was easier than finding someone to look after them. She asked him had he had a successful trip. Yes, he said, very; watching, would she notice? Then he asked after her life in the interim. Busy, she said, and detailed the difficulties. Then husband and wife were silent, driving in dense traffic, and the children on the back seat were silent too. He sensed his wife returning to her own preoccupations and he saw beyond any doubt that what had happened to him would never happen to her. She was fretted to the limits of her strength, she had days, weeks, being almost overwhelmed; but below or beyond all that there was something continuing in her for which it was indeed required that she have a soul. Bleak, the few insights in Mr. Silverman's remaining years. Before a man struggles to retain his living soul he must first be persuaded that he needs one.

Mr. Silverman began to notice other men and women to whom the loss had happened. Angels wandering the world in human disguise are said always to recognize one another. Likewise the clan to which Mr. Silverman now belonged. In one gathering or another, to his mild surprise, he knew and was known by his desolate kind. They were from all walks of life. At least, he met them in the few walks of life that he and Mrs. Silverman had any knowledge of. Successful people. For example, at a Christmas party somewhere just outside the M25 he was introduced to a successful academic. They saw, each in the other, the fact of it. What to say? Nothing really. There was no warmth between them. They stood side by side, their backs to the company, looking down a garden at the fairylights in a dead tree. The academic, a Dr. Blench, said: Most of what we know about the ninth circle comes from Dante, of course. And he had an axe to grind. But the ice must be true, wouldn't you say? Mr. Silverman hadn't read Dante, didn't know about the ice, but at once acknowledged, after a few more words from Dr. Blench, that what Dante reported on the ice must indeed be true. The thing I haven't quite worked out, Dr. Blench continued, is why he says it is traitors that it happens to. I mean, are you a traitor? I don't think I am. So perhaps he got that wrong, even if the ice is right.

Driving home round the M25 Mr. Silverman thought about treachery. Was he a traitor? Was he even a liar? Whom had he betrayed? Whom had he ever lied to? He glanced at his wife. She was concentrating on her driving among all the lights

in a good deal of rain and spray. But he thought again: it will never happen to her. When she can relax a little she will revert to her own concerns, and for those a soul is necessary. Still he did not think that his worst enemy or the Recording Angel could assert with any truth that he had betrayed his wife. Two or three times on his business trips he had been with a prostitute. In Tokyo they sent one up to his room on the 141st floor, without his asking, as a courtesy. But always he told Mrs. Silverman when he came home, said how sorry he was, how joyless it had been. He could not honestly say that she had forgiven him. He would have to say she had made him feel there was nothing to forgive. She appraised him, shrugged. She lingered over it briefly, as though it were a strange but characteristic thing. She seemed to be gauging whether it touched her or not, and to be deciding, with a shrug, that it did not. For a while he had even sustained a sort of affair, with a woman in Frankfurt, a secretary at several of his presentations. She told him he was a very persuasive man. They had sex together for a while whenever he flew in. But he confessed that also to Mrs. Silverman, said it was nothing very much, and she contemplated him and the fact of it briefly and seemed to concur: it was nothing much. So he was not a traitor, he was not a liar, not to her at least, his wife, his closest companion on the upper earth. To whom else then?

[...]

Mr. Silverman thought a good deal about the ice. He connected it with his inability to weep—and rightly so. One evening in the lift, ascending very rapidly to the 151st floor in Manhattan or Tokyo or Frankfurt or Singapore, he found himself the sole companion of another of his kind, a bigger man than himself, in a suit of excellent cloth, wearing a confident loud tie and a very big signet ring on his left little finger. The man—Sam's my name, he said—told him at once about a particularly bad ending (if it was an ending) that had just come to his knowledge. The doors opened, Sam and Mr. Silverman stood together on the hushed corridor. Sam continued. The man in question—he must surely be one of us—had taken an ice-axe to his own face, raised it in desperation against himself, in the firm belief, so the story went, that his face, indeed his entire head, was enclosed in a bulky helmet of ice, in the desperate illusion raising the ice-pick against himself, to make a way through to his eyes, to give exit to the tears that were, so he believed, welling up in there, hot melting tears welling up and not allowed to flow.

PENSATIVITIES

Selected Essays

MIA COUTO

TRANSLATED BY DAVID BROOKSHAW

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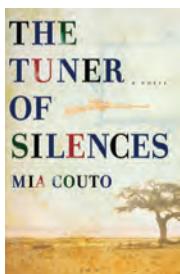


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Author Hometown: Maputo, Mozambique

By the same Author:



The Tuner of Silences
Mia Couto
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What would Obama's 2004 campaign have looked like if it unfolded in an African nation? What does it mean to be an African writer today? How do writers and poets from all continents teach us to cross the *sertão*, the savannah, the barren places where we're forced to walk within ourselves? Bringing together the best pieces from his previously untranslated nonfiction collections, alongside new material presented here for the first time in any language, *Pensativities* offers English readers a taste of Mia Couto as essayist, lecturer, and journalist—with essays on cosmopolitanism, poverty, culture gaps, conservation, and more.

MIA COUTO, an environmental biologist from Mozambique, is the author of 25 books of fiction, nonfiction, and poetry. His work has been translated into 20 languages worldwide. In 2007 he was the first African author to win the Latin Union Award for Romance Languages, in 2013 he was awarded the €100,000 Camões Prize for Literature, and in 2014 he received *World Literature Today's* \$50,000 Neustadt Prize for Literature

PRAISE FOR MIA COUTO

"One of the greatest living writers in the Portuguese language."
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"To understand what makes António 'Mia' Emílio Leite Couto special—even extraordinary—we have to loosen our grip on the binary that distinguishes between 'the West' and 'Africa.' Couto is 'white' without not being African, and as an 'African' writer he's one of the most important figures in a global Lusophone literature that stretches across three continents."—*The New Inquiry*

WINNER OF THE 2014 NEUSTADT PRIZE FOR LITERATURE AND
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from *Pensativities*

THE FLY OR THE SPIDER

What can a writer say on a theme such as the one proposed: “The Globalization of Computer Technology”? A number of things occurred to me as I thought about the subject. I was preparing this address in the silence of an old room, when I happened to see a spider’s web in a corner of the ceiling. This little creature hadn’t planned and built a house to live in, but a trap to hunt its prey. The English call this weaving together of threads a web. The translation of this term is ambiguous—it can mean a network, but it can also be a cobweb. This same ambiguity triggered an old concern of mine. I would like to share my disquiet with you.

I am worried by the way we are being tempted to view technology as the global antidote to our many evils. Many of us believe that technological advance is going to rescue us from poverty. This belief leaves us vulnerable to a few sellers of magical products. The future may not just be better—as the slogan tells us—but easier, as easy as pressing a key. For us to be like them, the developed world, it will be enough for us to fulfil certain indicators within the criteria presented by our advisors, and hey presto, we’ll join the club.

We know this isn’t true. I don’t know why we want so much to be like “them,” and not ourselves, following our own routes to destinations that we have invented for ourselves. What separates us from wealth involves, above all, questions of nature rather than technology. It involves attitudes, wishes, political determination and a stance with

respect to the question of culture. Digitalization won’t convert us into modern beings. Putting our ear to a cellphone isn’t going to turn us into producers of anything at all. If we don’t exercise any independence in acts that are, at heart, acts of culture, we shall enter the universe of what we call the digital society, but as a minor player, a secondary partner from the periphery.

But this is a dance one joins without warning and without an invitation. We’re already there, dazzled by the lights and the sound of the orchestra. But we’re not dancing to our own music, nor are we swaying to a rhythm that belongs to the body of our History.

We have all entered the dance hall: if we were supposed to pay for a ticket, then someone else has paid for us. Tomorrow, we’ll have to pay off the debt with interest. And we shall discover the bitter taste of a hangover (or, as we call it here, a *babalaze*).

I don’t intend to make excuses for anything. After all, it’s inevitable that we should embrace the lustre of all these digital innovations. But I would just like to be sure that we are thinking about our place in this world, we who are a nation profoundly influenced by orality. And that we are working out how we may stand to gain if we develop our own project, capable of introducing changes and innovations into the projects of others. I would like to know whether we are sufficiently aware of how much we shall lose from this network of relationships to which we belong in the public space of our everyday lives. Rumours

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- Excerpts to appear in select print and online publications
 - 2500 copy print run

about unofficial markets, gossip concerning unofficial bus services: aren't these the invaluable "web-pages" of the Mozambican internet?

I'm not an advocate of "traditionalist" solutions, but I worry about the easy availability of magic wands, fantastic solutions that we arrive at as if they were "downloaded." Technical and scientific discoveries are presented to us in a messianic way in the pages of magazines—the genome is a new Christ able to save us from all illnesses. Cloning is a passport to eternity. The idea hasn't changed ever since the green revolution was heralded in the 1970s as a way to salvage agriculture in poor countries. The green revolution has faded in colour, but other magical packages of countless colours are still being exported to the Third World.

Until a few years ago, the frontier between the civilized and indigenous was to be abolished by the latter's integration into European culture. Now, a new frontier may be emerging—on the one hand are the digitalized, and on the other, the ex-indigenous destined to become the indigent and indigitalized. A new plan for citizenship is being drawn up. And, once again, we shall dwell on the periphery.

And so the web is a network but also a cobweb. In this cobweb that we have joined of our own accord, we shall be the spider as long as we develop a strategy. We shall be the fly if we persist in thinking with the mind of others.

An Episode Evoked

I am going to tell you an episode that really happened, and which may illustrate what I have been talking about. We were in the middle of the floods, the great inundations of the year 2000, when we were discovered by the international television channels (it's incredible how only disaster turns the poor into a topic). At that point, the Polana Hotel

suddenly became a global telecommunications hub, an operational base for the BBC, CNN and other stations vying with each other over the tragedy. I'm not saying this was a bad thing. If it wasn't for this intervention, then the drama of the floods wouldn't have gained any visibility, and we would have received far less support. These latest floods were, in fact, an example of how the negative tendency of scratching around for disaster can sometimes work in our favour, to benefit those who are the eternal victims.

During those days, we were the centre of the universe. Many people in this world, which aspires to be a global village, were seeing the name and face of Mozambique for the first time. It wasn't just Rosita who was born in unusual circumstances (in the canopy of a tree). For a large swathe of television viewers throughout this vast world, the image of ourselves as a country was being born.

We were in the middle of all this uproar when I got a telephone call from London requesting a live television interview. And worse still, it would have to be in English. I was nervous. Speaking live on the BBC and in English is to be catapulted into a terrain that is doubly unfamiliar and foreign.

We arranged for it to be at 10:30 at night and for me to go to the Polana Hotel. On the agreed night, I arrived and they told me to get into a "chapa" (which, as you know, is an unofficial vehicle for transporting passengers), and along with a team of journalists I set off on a nightmarish journey through the suburbs of Maputo. The journalists were all kitted out in uniform—khaki suits that were part military, part neo-ecological. I don't know whether journalists assigned to work in the tropics always invest in this mythical attire. But those accompanying me in the old chapa had assumed the posture and the behaviour of new and somewhat debonair Rambos, garbed at some branch of the Safari Store.

[...]

As I drew near and advanced through the crowd, I noticed there was a discussion taking place. Different opinions jostled with each other:



– *Is this a cinema, are they making a film?*
– *No, others said, it's an operation to fill the hole.*
– *Wow! The government's doing a good job, the hole was only opened up yesterday, and the engineers are already here with their machines.*

When I crossed the yellow tape, it was as if I suddenly became someone from another world. All eyes were focussed on me, and a deep silence descended. I had breached the forbidden line and penetrated an illuminated world. Suddenly, a youngster jumped up and pointed to me, shouting:

– *Hey, folks! Didn't I say this was a cinema? That guy over there is Chuck Norris!*

This gave rise to an immediate lively ruckus. Chuck Norris—a kind of 007 for the underdeveloped world—was right there in the middle of Polana Caniço? At first, some remained sceptical. But then, there was general clamour. And the crowd shouted at me, waving their arms, showing me their children. Some more daring youngsters weaved vigorous karate blows, freeing themselves from invisible enemies, showing me that my martial art skills didn't just figure on the cinema screen.

The interview was about to begin and technicians were attaching wires, microphones and earphones to me—when the programme's producer realized it would be impossible to record anything in the middle of such an uproar. In a panic, they asked me to address the crowd and ask them to be quiet. I walked over to the people and asked them not to make a noise. Their reaction was immediate:

– *Wow! The fellow speaks Portuguese! Hey, Chuck Norris pal, ask those guys to fill in this hole!*

Then, there was a flood of requests. The road needed repairing, they needed a health centre, a school, houses. I should put an end to all the robberies round here, I could do that in the twinkling of an eye. Everything needed to be done urgently. I couldn't undo the illusion. I left any explanations for later. For the time being, we urgently needed silence. And this was obtained thanks to a surprising misunderstanding that conferred upon Norris a level of respect not shown to mere mortals. I went back into the circle of light and they loaded me down out again with all the technology. Once again, there were the wires, the earphone, the lights, the camera test. We were already connected to London and I was having a preparatory chat with the interviewer when, in the middle of the crowd, a young man with a bottle of beer in his hand, got up and shouted:

– *Hey, brothers! That guy there isn't Chuck Norris. I know that fellow: it's Mia Couto.*

In an instant, the chaos resumed. Everyone debated my true identity at the tops of their voices. Yet again, the British freed me from my wires and begged me to ask for silence once more. Over to the edge of the lit area I went again, and like a preacher, uttered my appeal. But it was an almost impossible mission. Someone asked me:

– *Mia Couto, why were you pretending to be Chuck Norris?*

At this point, a tall boy carrying a backpack, emerged from the mass of human beings and waving some sheets of paper, challenged me:

– *Mister Writer, do you want me to make sure everyone's quiet? Leave it to me. But you'll owe me a favour afterwards.*

There was nothing else for it but to accept. But I needed to know what I was agreeing to. When I asked him, the young fellow explained:

– *The favour I want is for you to correct this book I've written.*

Our agreement was signed and sealed immediately. The lad must have had some influence over all the others because everyone stopped talking when he waved his arms. Then, he stepped forward with great care so as not to tread on anyone and handed me a sheaf of handwritten papers. On the cover was written: *The Panel Beater's Manual!*

I tucked the papers under my arm and went back to the spot where I was going to be interviewed. The journalists were in a state of panic, and there was no time for rehearsals, instructions, preliminaries, anything. It was a question of hitching me up to the wires and starting. It must have been the worst interview I'd ever given in my life. Surrounded by a cloud of crickets that had been attracted by the lights, hugging the future *Panel Beater's Manual*, and still glimpsing one or two youngsters waving to me or practising kung-fu, I wasn't even aware of whether I was really speaking English.

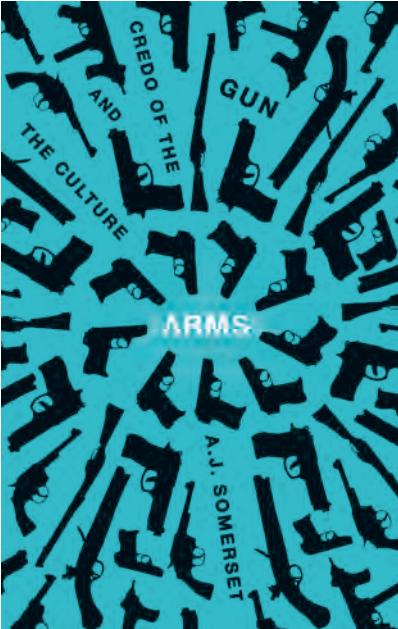
Today, as I recall this episode, I think about that place, in the middle of the suburban shanties, about that frontier between light and darkness, and how it symbolized the dividing line between two worlds—the real world and that other, digitalized world. And there I was hopping across this dividing line like a smuggler. But only I and one or two Mozambican technicians were able to cross it. The others were prisoners within this frame of invisibility and silence. The same lights that illuminated me within that virtual space, cast the surrounding world into darkness, obscuring that place where the deep heart of Mozambique pulsates.

ARMS

The Culture and Credo of the Gun

A.J. SOMERSET

COVER NOT FINAL

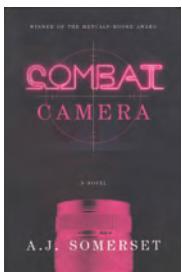


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6 x 9 | 352pp

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Author Hometown: London, ON
Local Bookstores: Oxford Book Shop
Friends & Family: London, ON; Toronto, ON
Events: London, ON; Toronto, ON; Windsor, ON

By the Same Author:



Combat Camera
A.J. Somerset

Trade Paper
5 3/4 x 8 1/2
978-1-897231-92-0
19.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-926845-23-4

In *Arms: The Culture and Credo of the Gun*, novelist, sports shooter and former army reservist A.J. Somerset offers up one of the first looks at the gun as the pre-eminent cultural symbol of power in North America and asks how it got that way. Touring through the various cultural battlefields of 19th- and 20th-century Canada and the United States, including film, literature, music, video games, and history, Somerset charts how the gun went from a tool in the hands of the earliest North American pioneers, used to defend the homestead and put food on the table, to a kind of totem, instantly capable of dividing communities. Sharp-eyed and ascerbic, sure-handed and sportive, *Arms* presents an intellectual and cultural history that is certain to enrage, entertain and provoke debate, while showing that the gun cultures of Canada and the United States may not be so different after all. If guns, as the NRA often exclaims, do not kill people, Somerset shows how it is that the idea of the gun has become one many have believed worth dying for.

A.J. SOMERSET'S non-fiction has appeared in numerous outdoor magazines, and his first novel, *Combat Camera*, won the Metcalf-Rooke Award.

PRAISE FOR A.J. SOMERSET

"A one-time soldier, [Somerset] paints a convincing picture ... Yet he maintains a consistent sense of humor—self-deprecating, gruff, curmudgeonly."—*Globe & Mail*

"Rambling, tragic, and surprisingly funny."—*Quill & Quire*

from *Arms*

"You pretty good with that shotgun?"
The Bride lies on her side on the floor, sighting down the slide of her pistol, her face sheened with sweat. Karen Wong, sister to the woman she has been sent to kill, stands but fifteen feet distant. She is holding a pump-action shotgun with an eighteen-inch barrel, pointed directly at the Bride's head.

"Not that I have to be at this range, but I'm a fuckin' surgeon with this shotgun."

In the world of Quentin Tarantino, as in the public imagination, the muzzle of a twelve-gauge shotgun projects a broad cone of death that destroys everything in its path.

[...]

FROM THE WINNER OF THE 2010 METCALF-ROOKE AWARD

But the world of Quentin Tarantino, lest we forget, is not reality. A shotgun shell contains a plastic cup, or wad, which holds an ounce or more of lead pellets. On leaving the muzzle, the wad drops away and the pellets begin to spread, forming what we call the pattern. If you shoot through a door, point-blank, the pattern is still dense enough that the hole in the door will be scarcely wider than a man's thumb; shooting across the width of a hotel room, your pattern might spread to only a hand's span.

The distribution of pellets in the pattern is not even, as in the scene from *Kill Bill, Vol. 2*; the pattern is always denser in the centre. If you want to geek out over it, the spread of pellets in the pattern follows a Gaussian normal distribution, which places two thirds of the pellets within one standard deviation from the mean—perhaps a space the size of a man's palm, in The Bride's hotel room. And given that the preferred load of the likes of Karen Wong—00 buckshot, or “double-ought buck”—contains only a dozen pellets, this means that in place of Tarantino's 18-inch circle of death, evenly filled with deadly pellets, we have eight pellets in a four-inch space, with another four pellets grouped tightly around them.

[...]

Imagine that you are armed with a 12-gauge shotgun and standing sixteen yards behind a trap machine—that is, a machine that throws clay targets. When you call “Pull,” that machine will launch a four-inch spinning clay disc at an unpredictable angle, at 60 kilometres an hour. By the time you see that small orange disc and react by pointing your shotgun at it, it will be thirty-five yards distant. You are shooting a 1-1/8 ounce load of number 7-1/2 shot, a shell containing some 380 tiny pellets. You may find it comforting to know that the centre of your pattern, the zone within which your pattern is so dense that a broken target

is guaranteed, is about twenty inches wide at thirty-five yards. You may be less comforted to know that, at that range, twenty inches is about the size of the circle hidden by the muzzle of your shotgun.

[...]

This is the game of trap. It is as far removed from the world of Quentin Tarantino as one might possibly be. Originally created as off-season practice for the upland game bird hunter, it has become a game for competitive perfectionists. Trap is, in the words of outdoor writer and shotgun authority Bob Brister, “the most precise of shotgun sports.” In a round of trap, you shoot twenty-five targets, and in a competition you may shoot four or eight rounds of twenty-five—100 or 200 targets. Winners do not miss.

A shotgun must point where you look, and so it must fit naturally to your body and your shooting stance. The vertical distance between the sighting rib atop the barrel and the spot where your cheek fits to the stock, called drop at comb, must correspond to the distance between your eye and the pocket below your cheekbone. The drop at heel, which is the vertical distance between the rib and the top of the butt, must fit to the length of your neck. And the length of pull, which simply put is the length of the stock, must be enough that the recoil does not drive your thumb back into your nose. In the simplest terms, clumsy fit leads to clumsy shooting.

[...]

But when people think of shotguns, they will not, for the most part, think of trapshooting. They will think instead of the stereotypical double-barreled shotgun in the hands of some stereotypical farmer, leveled at a trespasser in the dark of night, or they will think of the riot gun in the hands of a police officer. They will think of a cone of death flung from the barrel. They will think of *Kill Bill*.

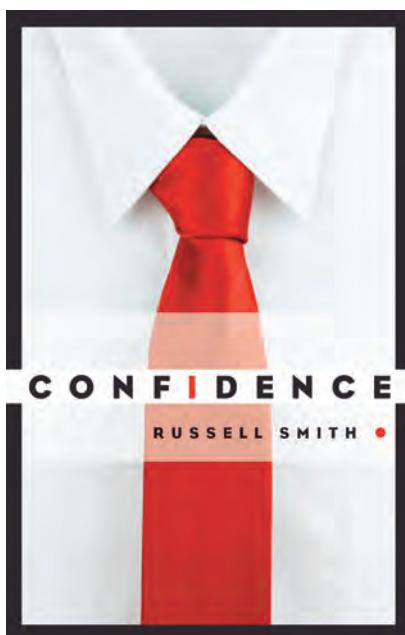
Marketing Plan:

- 500 copy North American ARC mailing
- North American print & online advertising including *The Walrus*, *Literary Review of Canada*, *49th Shelf*, *Ontario Out of Doors*, *Outdoor Canada*
 - National radio campaign targeting CBC and talk radio stations across the country
 - Online and social media campaign, including, LibraryThing and Goodreads giveaways
 - Co-op available
 - 5000 copy print run

CONFIDENCE

RUSSELL SMITH

COVER NOT FINAL



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5.25 x 8.25 | 224pp

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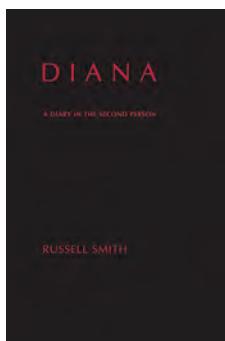
Author Hometown: Toronto, ON

Local Bookstore: Type Books

Friends & Family: Calgary, AB; Guelph, ON, Halifax, NS; Kingston, ON; Montreal, QC; Vancouver, BC; Windsor, ON

Events: Calgary, AB; Guelph, ON, Halifax, NS; Kingston, ON; Montreal, QC; Toronto, ON; Vancouver, BC; Windsor, ON

By the Same Author:



Diana:

A Diary in the Second Person

Russell Smith

Trade Paper
5 ½ x 8 ½
978-1-897231-39-5
19.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-897231-69-2

In Russell Smith's darkly brilliant new collection of short stories *Confidence*, the reader will be introduced to ecstasy-taking PhD students; financial traders desperate for husbands; owners of failing sex stores; violent and unremovable tenants; aggressive raccoons; seedy massage parlours; experimental filmmakers who record every second of their day; wives who blog insults directed at their husbands. There are cheating husbands. There are private clubs, crowded restaurants, psychiatric wards. Every character has a secret of some kind.

RUSSELL SMITH is one of Canada's funniest and nastiest writers. His previous novels, including *How Insensitive* and *Girl Crazy*, are records of urban frenzy and exciting underworlds. He writes a provocative weekly column on the arts in the national *Globe & Mail*, and teaches in the MFA program at the University of Guelph. He hates folk music.

PRAISE FOR RUSSELL SMITH

"A poisonously funny portrait of the so-hip-it-hurts fashion, food, and bar scene."—*Maclean's Magazine*

"Smith writes some of the most luminous prose in Canadian fiction ... He mines and refines the best of what has come before on the way to making it his own. Also, Smith is entirely credible when writing female characters ... One catches quiet echoes of Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf."—*The Gazette* (Montreal)

"Smith has an insider's knowledge of what the targets are and the outsider's sense of where the absurdities lie. *How Insensitive* is astute and welcome."—*The Globe and Mail*

"...a valuable addition to the Canadian canon, rivaling the early work of another skilled satirist of the urbane and urban, Mordecai Richler."—*Ottawa Citizen*

"We need writers like Smith to remind us of the grim truth of this strange country ..."—*Books in Canada*

"[Russell Smith is] something of a literary heir to Margaret Atwood."—*The Toronto Star*

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN RAVE CULTURE GETS A REALITY CHECK?
NASTY AND BRILLIANT NEW WORK FROM THE GOVERNOR
GENERAL'S AWARD-NOMINATED AUTHOR OF *HOW INSENSITIVE*

from *Confidence*

TXTS

At first he thought it was from Angelika. No one else would text him but Claude, and Claude had already sent him three messages that evening reminding him of insanely dull yet stressful tasks that were in no way urgent (“*did u contact claire m re liqor lic 4 watch event sept 7?*”). But Claude certainly wouldn’t write “*how r u? will I c u tonite? X*”, which had just appeared on his screen.

There was a fractional pleasure, or at least a rush of blood to the diaphragm, on seeing it and anticipating Angelika’s number attached to it, but he knew even before he scrolled up that it couldn’t be from her. Indeed, the number was unfamiliar. He went through his address book, there at the bar, his thumbs blue over the screen, just to make sure, but the sequence was not part of his numerical universe; it might as well have been random numbers from space, like those signals you can pick up on short wave. He was the recipient of an erroneous flirtation. Or possibly nefarious spam, a robot hook jiggling for live phone numbers in the wide sea of swirling digits.

[...]

It was carelessly, then, that he switched on the phone the next morning, in defiance of his own policy, before he was even dressed. It was Saturday; there was no reason to switch it on at all. He was yawning over his sink when he saw it sitting on the table, and he shuffled over with a glass pot of water in his hand and he just tapped the power button without thinking. He heard it tinkle to life as he was sluicing the water into the coffee maker. He didn’t think anything of his action until he was back at the table and there it was flashing demonically at him and making impatient music-box tunes.

It was that feeling you have in the split-second

after you burn yourself by grabbing a pot that’s been sitting on a red burner: why the hell did I do that?

One from Claude, of course. *We need to chat today.* Instantly deleted.

Then the strange number again. It was a long one. *what happened to u? i waited for 60 mins and so did the others. It would nt have been difficult to tell me wher u were.*

This one had been sent around midnight. There was another from an hour later:

I was embarrassed, I told M and jen F u wuld b there.it shows a lack of respect that u told me u would show up and then left me waiting.

There was no message from his date, which was not surprising, of course, she wouldn’t text him. She would email him, or not.

He sent a reply to the last anonymous message that said *STOP TEXTING ME I DON'T KNOW YOU.*

Now there was nothing to do except studiously ignore Claude until the late afternoon, just to make him wait. He should have set up a squash game. He turned off the phone and tried to read the paper.

His phone chimed mischievously.

New text message.

baby! u kill me!

Leo actually laughed at this. He put the phone aside.

But he couldn’t read the paper. “All right,” he said aloud.

He picked up the little metal brick and hit “reply”. At length, he spelled out, *I’m sorry. I’ll see you tonight.*

Then he erased the last sentence and wrote it as *i’ll see u tonite.*

He sent it.

Marketing Plan:

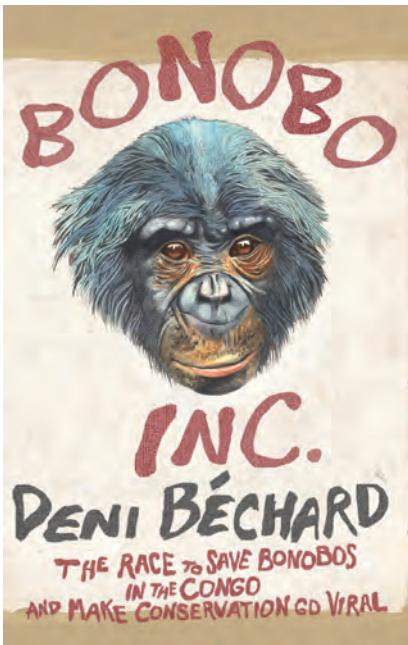
- 300 copy North American ARC mailing
- North American print and online advertising including *Globe & Mail, DailyXY.com, Toronto Life, Hazlitt, Little Brother*
 - Online and social media campaign targeting rave culture
 - LibraryThing and Goodreads giveaway
 - Co-op available
 - Video book trailer and hour-long DJ mix sampler give-away
 - 3000 copy print run

BONOBO, INC.

The Race to Save Bonobos in the Congo and Make Conservation Go Viral

DENI BÉCHARD

COVER NOT FINAL

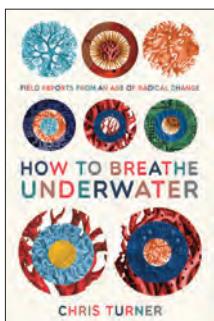


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eBook: 978-1-77196-033-5

Author Hometown: Montreal, QC
Events: Edmonton, AB; Montreal, QC; Ottawa, ON; Toronto, ON; Vancouver, BC

Also of Interest



How to Breathe Underwater
Chris Turner

Trade Paper
5.75 x 8.75
978-1-927428-75-7
22.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-927428-76-4

When acclaimed author Deni Béchard learned of the last living bonobos—matriarchal great apes which are, alongside chimpanzees, our closest relatives—he was astonished. How could we accept the disappearance of this majestic species, along with the rainforest it calls home? Determined not to sit by and do nothing, Béchard began investigating the problems facing the bonobos—industrial and urban encroachment, aggressive resource extraction by foreign companies, the civil war and genocide which had wreaked havoc on the Congo intermittently or more than a century, the trade in bush-meat—and in the process discovered one small organization, the Bonobo Conservation Institute, which had done more to save the bonobos than many much larger organizations. In BCI Béchard recognized a unique post-colonial model for conservation initiatives which, if replicated, might provide one of the only hopes for making the world a far better and more equitable place.

Part polemic, part travelogue, part natural history, *Bonobo Inc.* offers a moving story of how a few committed people can affect great and lasting change, while point out the path which may allow us to emulate them.

PRAISE FOR DENI BÉCHARD

“Here is the matter of conservation given profound explanation—a searching and knowing consideration that enables an important social and political and cultural struggle in Africa to become a needed lesson for us who live elsewhere to ponder, take to heart.”
—Robert Coles, Pulitzer Prize-winning author, MacArthur Fellow, and recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom

“Béchard offers us an inspired, poignant and seriously researched look at a subject of profound importance, the protection of bonobos and of the rainforest. He reveals the crucial role that local indigenous knowledge and traditions can play in addressing what is truly the greatest threat to humanity: the degradation and destruction of our ecosystems. In a story at once captivating and shocking, he shows us that Western scientific experts do not have all of the answers and cannot simply impose programs developed in the US and Europe, but that committed, visionary individuals who are ready to make sacrifices and listen to the voices of the forest can also have a profound and lasting impact.”—Wade Davis, *National Geographic* explorer-in-residence, and author of *The Serpent and the Rainbow*

**“A SURPRISINGLY UPLIFTING STORY ABOUT A RADICALLY
DIFFERENT AND SUCCESSFUL CONSERVATION PROGRAM.”**

—DAVID SUZUKI

“We are about to lose one of our closest cousins, like us a primate. How many more cousins can we afford to lose before we are alone? And when we’re alone will we still be human—or a diminished animal ourselves? This dramatic account of heroic conservation efforts to save the bonobo, “our closest living relative alongside the chimpanzee,” is at once riveting, emotional, historical, and scientific, full of vignettes that disclose human and animal conflicts, sexuality, political and economic realities, psychological insight, and compassion. Into the Congo, this adventure reveals not a heart of darkness but a rich world of light, shade, and imperiled life, a connection between the human and the great circle of being, on whose circumference near us sits—if we help it—the bonobo, and the great rain forest it inhabits.”—James Engell, Editor of *Environment, An Interdisciplinary Anthology* (Yale University Press, 2008) and Faculty Associate of the Harvard University Center for the Environment

“Reading *Bonobo Inc.* brought me nearly to tears of despair for the desperate, desperate situation of bonobos, the world’s most endearing and endangered great apes—and then again to tears of joyful admiration for the brave and smart people working to save them in the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Buy this book, and you will discover a seed of hope in our time’s garden of despair.”—Dale Peterson, author of *The Moral Lives of Animals* and *Jane Goodall: the Woman who Redefined Man*

“Deni Béchard in *Bonobo Inc.* has accomplished no less than a tour de force in recounting the improbable and inspiring efforts of a small non-governmental group, the Bonobo Conservation initiative, that together with local indigenous leaders in the Democratic Republic of the Congo is working to save one of the world’s most important rainforests and the living creature genetically closest to humankind, the bonobo. With literary flair, he offers a gripping account of the complicated and war-torn historical, political, and social context of conservation efforts in one of the most challenging

places on earth—and makes a convincing case for hope. It is a story that movingly illuminates the time we live in, a tale of an emblematic struggle in which the fate of all of us and our future on this planet are at stake.”—Bruce Rich, Visiting Scholar, Environmental Law Institute, Washington DC, and author of *Mortgaging the Earth: The World Bank, Environmental Impoverishment, and the Crisis of Development*, and *To Uphold the World: The Message of Ashoka and Kautilya for the 21st Century*

“Deni Béchard’s *Bonobo Inc.* is the embodiment of the type of reporting that we dream of reading, but all too rarely encounter—intelligent, engaged, and above all, astonishingly perceptive. Here is a portrait of a nation and the conservationists trying to protect it, rendered with all the necessary complexity to make this book joyously alive.”—Dinaw Mengestu, MacArthur Fellow and author of *The Beautiful Things that Heaven Bears* and *How to Read the Air*

“*Bonobo Inc.* offers us a vision of a truly non-colonial approach to conservation, one that respects both the rights and knowledge of local people, and engages with them as equal partners in conservation. As we work toward the UN Millennium Development Goal of ensuring environmental sustainability, this book has much to teach us about how we can save the earth’s wildlife and rainforests.”—Philip Bonn, Director-General of World of Hope International, Special Consultative Status to United Nations ECOSOC (Economic and Social Council)

“*Bonobo Inc.* is an emotionally-enthraling, nuanced voyage into the conundrums of bonobo conservation. Béchard evokes both the eye-popping culture of these peaceful great-apes and the inspiring community-conservationists collaborating in their survival. I highly recommend this absorbing, well-researched, and compassionate book to both environmentalists and general readers.”—William Powers, author of *Blue Clay People: Seasons on Africa’s Fragile Edge*

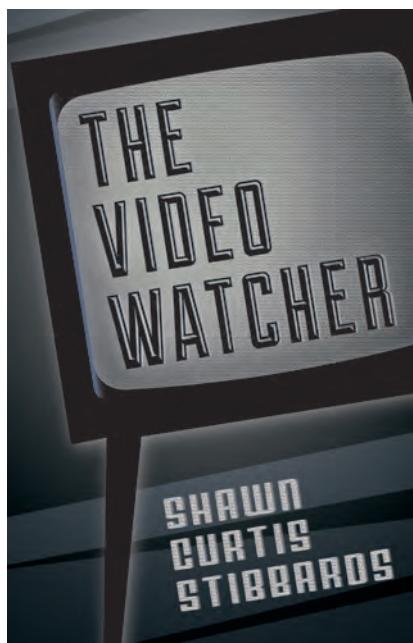
Marketing Plan:

- 100 copy Canadian ARC mailing
- National advertising in *The Walrus*, *Literary Review of Canada*, *Canadian Geographic*
- Online and social media campaign
- National and radio media campaign
 - Co-op available

THE VIDEO WATCHER

SHAWN CURTIS STIBBARDS

COVER NOT FINAL



May 2015 | Fiction
5.25 x 8.25 | 176pp

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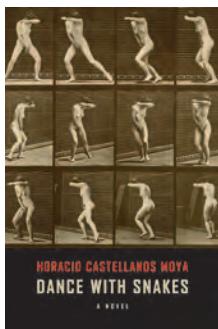
Author Hometown: North Vancouver, BC

Local Bookstore: 32 Books

Friends and Family: Edmonton, AB; London, UK; Merritt, BC; New York, NY; Salt Spring Island, BC; San Francisco, CA; Santa Barbara, CA; Seattle, WA; Toronto, ON; Victoria, BC; Washington, DC.

Events: Edmonton, AB; Seattle, WA; Toronto, ON; Vancouver, BC; Victoria, BC

Also of Interest



Dance with Snakes

Horacio Castellanos Moya

Trade Paper
5.25 x 8.25
978-1-897231-61-6
17.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-926845-03-6

Listless, bored, alienated, and mistrustful, Trace Patterson has finished his first year of university and is living with a drunken aunt in North Van. He divides his nights between slasher films and high school house parties. When two old buddies resurface, however—one in a psych ward, and the other on a paranoia bender—Trace’s careless-if-not-carefree existence becomes paralyzed by self-doubt. Does he actually want to help his friends, or is he secretly hoping they’ll go over the edge? With its cast of brutally shallow characters, *The Video Watcher* is an *American Psycho* for the age of social disaffection.

SHAWN CURTIS STIBBARDS lives and works in Vancouver. This is his first novel.

from *The Video Watcher*

When Damien had called near the end of May, he’d wanted me to guess where he was, and I’d thought of where he could be, then realized that it was a joke, a reference, an allusion to what he said the first time he called me from the psychiatric unit.

I hadn’t heard from him again, and had assumed that he was out of the hospital. But a week after Alex’s party, he called.

“Guess where I am?”

“Still?”

“I’m going to be out soon. Maybe another week or so. What are you doing tomorrow night?”

“Nothing. Do you want me to drop by?”

“Can you bring a six pack?”

“Are you allowed?”

“Get me whatever’s on sale... Molson Canadian... TNT... whatever.”

The next night, after stopping at the cold beer and wine store for beer, I went to visit him. The evening was clear and warm, and it reminded me of the time I had previously visited him there, one year before. It had been the night he and I were supposed to be attending our grad.

I remembered the walk down the glassed-in corridor, the evening light grainy and soft filtering through the long bank of unwashed windows. I remembered being surprised that the nurse on-duty that night—a *psychiatric* ward nurse—

RAYMOND CARVER MEETS BRET EASTON ELLIS IN THIS VOYEURISTIC ACCOUNT OF A LIFE AT THE EDGE OF SOCIOPATHY

knew who my friend was. I remembered waiting in the lounge area, hearing glass breaking, joking to myself someone had gone crazy—not actually thinking anyone had gone crazy, just thinking someone had dropped something. I remembered Damien’s mother running down the hallway, remembered her shouting, “He’s broken the window! He’s broken the window! Help—please!” And I remember the excitement I felt, and the guilt I felt later for feeling that excitement.

Damien was sitting on the edge of the bed, his headphones on. The music was loud and I could tell the song was Sabbath’s “Paranoid.” He banged his head in time with the music and slapped the drumbeat on his thighs. Around him on the bed were Slayer and Nirvana CDs, and on the bedside table, *An American Nightmare*, Jeffrey Dahmer’s biography.

I was standing just inside the room when he noticed me. “Hey,” he said. He turned off his Discman and pulled out the ear buds.

“Should you be reading this?” I said. I’d gone over and picked up Dahmer’s biography.

“What?” He smiled sheepishly. “It’s interesting.”

I replaced the book.

“Are we going somewhere? I got the beer.”

Damien got up, and took a bag of Drum tobacco and a Zippo lighter from his green jacket on the chair.

As I waited for him to stretch on the paper slippers they gave him in place of his shoes, I noticed his roommate standing by the window, a lanky guy about our age. He wore a purple tracksuit with its hood up and its sleeves pulled over his hands, and he appeared to be wearing black woollen mittens.

I nodded in greeting, but I don’t think he saw me.

I was suspicious when Damien said he was allowed out of the hospital, but I didn’t argue with him. When we got to the car, the beer was still cold. He cracked the first one open, and turned the radio to a station playing Young’s “Cinnamon Girl.”

When I glanced at him, I got the feeling he didn’t want to talk.

The fresh leaves on the alders, the sun setting over the city, the amber skies greying—the evening was identical to that evening a year ago, and the idea that time never began and never ended came into my head.

“Have I showed you this?”

Take it easy, don’t think about it.

“Trace?”

He held the Zippo with the Playboy insignia. “My dad got it in the duty-free, coming home from San Diego.”

“Is he home now?”

“He’s in Hawaii. Or maybe Maui, I can’t remember.”

The sun was shining in my face. I sighed, lowering the visor.

“Kris isn’t home either.”

“Where is—Are you okay?”

“What?” He was staring at me.

“Yeah—I don’t know,” I said, looking back at the sunset. *Take it easy*, I told myself. “Somewhere in the States, She’s flying around looking at...” I shrugged. “Condos?”

“Are you going to have a party?”

I shook my head, then asked, “Who would I invite anyway?”

Damien didn’t respond.

“Maybe we should invite your roommate.”

“Vincent?” He half-laughed.

“Is that his name?”

“Uh huh,” he said and finished his beer. He set the empty can on the floor and pulled off another one.

“I bet he gets a lot of action.”

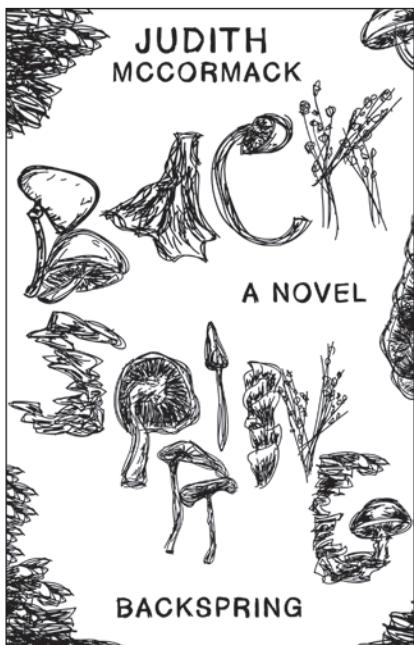
Marketing Plan:

- 200 copy North American ARC mailing
 - Select print and online advertising
- Online and social media campaign targeting rave culture
 - LibraryThing and Goodreads giveaway
 - Co-op available
 - 2000 copy print run

BACKSPRING

JUDITH MCCORMACK

COVER NOT FINAL

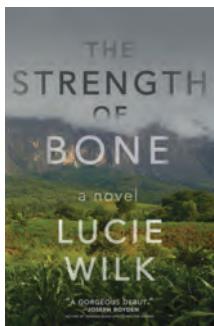


May 2015 | Fiction
5.25 x 8.25 | 256pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-927428-87-0
\$19.95 CAD
eBook: 978-1-927428-88-7

Author Hometown: Toronto, ON
Local Bookstore: Type Books
Family & Friends: Grand Manan, NB; Kelowna, BC; Ottawa, ON; Toronto, ON
Events: Toronto, ON; Montreal, QC

Also of Interest:



The Strength of Bone

Lucie Wilk

Trade Paper
5.5 x 8.5
978-1-927428-39-9
19.95 CAD

Eduardo, an architect from Lisbon, has come to Montreal to be with his wife Geneviève. Geneviève researches fungi and likes to catalogue her orgasms. But when Eduardo is caught in an explosion and rumors of arson begin to circulate, both his marriage and his fledgling architecture firm verge on collapse. Gorgeous, colourful, and richly described, *Backspring* is a sensual taxonomy of desire.

JUDITH MCCORMACK's first short story was nominated for the Journey Prize, and the next three were selected for the *Coming Attractions* anthology. Her collection of stories, *The Rule of Last Clear Chance*, was nominated for the Commonwealth Writers Prize and the Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Award, and was named one of the best books of the year by *The Globe and Mail*. She lives in Toronto. *Backspring* is her first novel.

PRAISE FOR JUDITH MCCORMACK

"A wonderfully and uniquely gifted storyteller."—*Midwest Book Review*

"McCormack's own language is sharply honed without being studied or precious ... (and) captures the details of daily routine in a way that gives immense life to her narratives."—Phillip Marchand, *The Toronto Star*

"Judith McCormack writes with the fluidity and confidence of a natural, and her stories are a joy to read."—Nino Ricci

"Devastatingly good."—John Metcalf

"The characters in Judith McCormack's [work] are human beings rich in spirit...laced with humour and wit... McCormack commands the English language the way Pascal Roget handles piano keys—with an apparent effortlessness in which technique is so solid as to be a given."—*Books in Canada*

Marketing Plan:

- 100 copy North American ARC mailing
 - Select print and online advertising
- Online and social media campaign including LibraryThing and Goodreads giveaway
 - Co-op available
 - 2000 copy print run

ZACHARIAH WELLS

COVER NOT FINAL



March 2015 | Poetry
5.25 x 8.25 | 64pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-030-4
\$17.95 CAD
eBook: 978-1-77196-031-1

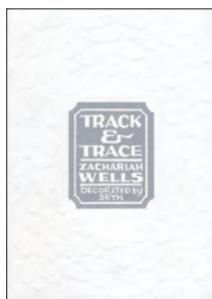
Author Hometown: Halifax, NS

Local Bookstore: Bookmark

Friends & Family: Charlottetown, PEI;
Dartmouth, NS; Edmonton, AB; Fredericton,
NB; Halifax, NS; Hamilton, ON; Iqaluit, NU;
Kingston, ON; London, ON; Moncton, NB;
Montreal, QC; Ottawa, ON; Saskatoon, SK;
St. John's, NL; Toronto, ON; Vancouver, BC;
Victoria, BC; Windsor, ON; Winnipeg, MB

Events: Halifax, NS; Hamilton, ON; Kingston,
ON; Montreal, QC; Ottawa, ON; Toronto, ON;
Windsor, ON

By the Same Author:



Track & Trace

Trade Paper
5.25 x 7.5
978-1-897231-58-6
17.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-296845-09-8

Nimble slipping between personae, masks, and moods, the prosody-driven poems of *Sum* weigh the volatility and mutability of the self against the forces of habit, instinct and urge. With homages to Hopkins, Graves, Wisława Szymborska, Paul Muldoon, and more, and in allusion-dappled, playfully sprung stanzas, this third book from poet and critic Zachariah Wells both wears its influences openly and spins a sound texture all its own, in a collection far greater than its parts.

ZACHARIAH WELLS is the author of two collections of poetry and a book of criticism (*Career Limiting Moves*, 2014). He is also the author, alongside his wife Rachel Lebowitz of the children's book *Anything But Hank!*

PRAISE FOR ZACHARIAH WELLS

“Zachariah Wells is a Maritime poet of direct speech and muscular lexicon.”—*Quill & Quire*

“What Wells offers is a thematic survey on formalist grounds, a sort of sleight of hand that makes the collection immediately familiar and intelligible but also, as his insightful notes on each poem show, rigorous in its aesthetic evaluations and thoughtful in its attention to details of prosody. As an editor and commentator, Wells is incredibly perceptive and mercifully concise.”—Jared Bland, *The Walrus*, on *Jailbreaks*

“Playful, snarky, sharp-witted, intelligent and polemical.”—Michael Bryson, *The Underground Book Club*

“One of Canada’s most vocal and pugnacious critics of poetry ... adept at setting words down with incredible precision and maximum impact. [Wells] reminds us about the strengths—and the dangers—of standing behind one’s opinions. Of being honest. Of being clear. And of loving a good fight.”—*Free Range Reading*

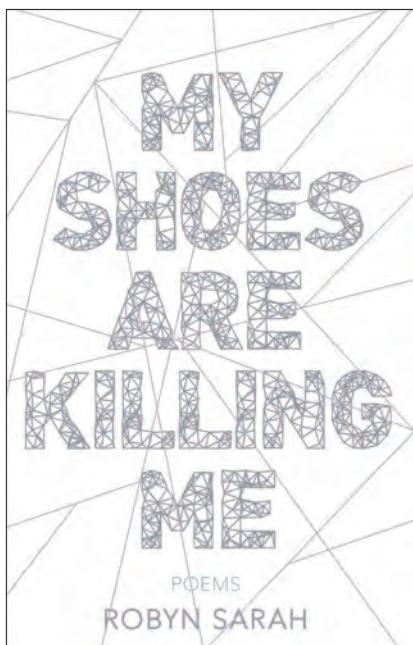
Marketing Plan:

- Select excerpts in advance of publication
- Advertising in key online and print venues including *The New Quarterly*, *ARC Poetry*, and *CNQ*
- Promotional bookmarks and broadsides
 - Co-op available

MY SHOES ARE KILLING ME

ROBYN SARAH

COVER NOT FINAL



March 2015 | Poetry
5.25 x 8.25 | 64pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-013-7
\$17.95 CAD
eBook: 978-1-77196-014-4

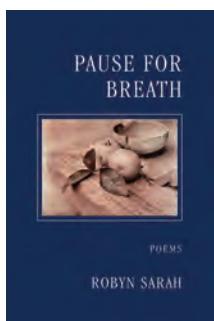
Author Hometown: Montreal, QC

Local Bookstore: The Word

Friends & Family: Fredericton, NB; Halifax, NS; Kingston, ON; Ottawa, ON; Toronto, ON; Vancouver, BC; Victoria, BC; Winnipeg, MB

Events: Hamilton, ON; Kingston, ON; Montreal, QC; Ottawa, ON; Toronto, ON; Windsor, ON

By the Same Author



Pause for Breath

Trade Paper
5 x 8.25
978-1-897231-59-3
17.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-926845-82-1

In *My Shoes are Killing Me*, poet Robyn Sarah reflects on the passing of time, the fleetingness of dreams, and the bittersweet pleasure of thinking on the “hazardous ... treasurehouse” that is the past. Natural, musical, meditative, warm, and unexpectedly funny, this is a restorative and moving collection from one of Canada’s most well-regarded poets.

ROBYN SARAH is the author of nine previous collections. Ten of her poems have appeared on *The Writer’s Almanac*, and her work has been anthologized in Garrison Keillor’s *Good Poems for Hard Times* (2005), *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (2005), and *The Bedford Introduction to Literature* (2001).

PRAISE FOR ROBYN SARAH

“So assured and musical is the hand that shaped them that these poems tend to memorize themselves, as though they had always formed part of our experience.”—Eric Ormsby

“The cool delight of her poetry is to turn those subjects of routine forgetfulness into words that quiver in the heart ... Sarah knows the language: its pressure points, its traditions, its crevices. Trained as a musician, she also understands flow and timing, when to sing and when to keep silent.”—*Montreal Gazette*

“The vigour gets into Sarah’s rhythms and rhymes, as always, but they play here against a melancholic sense, as in blues music.”—*Canadian Literature*

“Her precise descriptive siftings ... promote a vision of abundance as composed of luminous bits and pieces that never take up more room than they need.”—*ARC Poetry Magazine*

“[Sarah’s] biggest gift is her ability to weave a number of complex themes into a seemingly straightforward yarn ... She can take a perfectly ordinary event and transform it into something magical. Again and again.”—*New Canadian Magazine*

Marketing Plan:

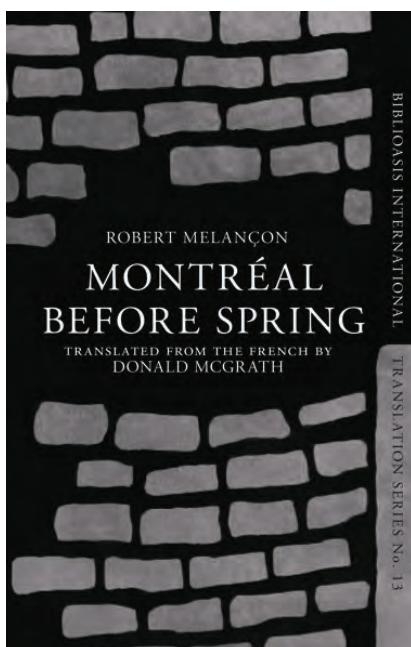
- Select excerpts in advance of publication
- Advertising in key online and print venues including *The New Quarterly*, *ARC Poetry*, *TLS* and *CNQ*
- Promotional bookmarks and broadsides
 - Co-op available

MONTRÉAL BEFORE SPRING

ROBERT MELANÇON

TRANSLATED BY DONALD MCGRATH

COVER NOT FINAL



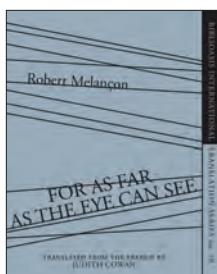
March 2015 | Poetry
5.25 x 8.25 | 64pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-011-3
\$17.95 CAD

eBook: 978-1-77196-012-0

Author Hometown: North Hatley, QC
Friends and Family: Edmonton, AB; Kingston, ON; Montreal, QC; Ottawa, ON; Toronto, ON; Victoria, BC
Events: Hamilton, ON; Kingston, ON; Montreal, QC; Ottawa, ON; Toronto, ON; Windsor, ON

By the Same Author:



For as Far as the
Eye Can See

Trade Paper
5.75 x 7.25
978-1-927428-18-4
19.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-927428-19-1

Telephone wires, dark as a line in a schoolboy's notebook against the dawn; paint flakes from houses drifting down like dust; the hulking shadow of a desk that emerges, stock-still as a cow, in the moment of waking. Join poet Robert Melançon for a quiet celebration of his city, its inhabitants, and the language that gives it life.

*You go forth, drunk on
the multitudes, drunk
on everything, while
the lampposts sprinkle
nodding streets with stars.*

ROBERT MELANÇON, former poetry columnist for *Le Devoir*, is a recipient of the Governor General's Award, the Prix Victor-Barbeau, and the Prix Alain-Grandbois.

PRAISE FOR ROBERT MELANÇON

"Rich and deceptively simple ... one of Quebec's major poets."
—*Globe & Mail*

"Poems of acute observation: Melançon's invention is impressive."
—*Montreal Review of Books*

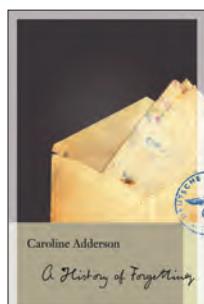
"Poetry, in Melançon's hands, is a way of seeing."
—*GoodReports*

Marketing Plan:

- Select excerpts in advance of publication
- Advertising in key online and print venues including *The New Quarterly*, *ARC Poetry*, and *TLS*
- Promotional bookmarks and broadsides
 - Co-op available

A HISTORY OF FORGETTING

CAROLINE ADDERSON

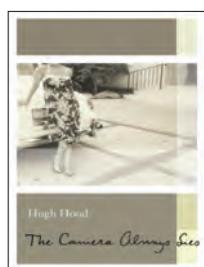


Malcolm, an aging hairdresser, is reclusive and bitter. Alison, a salon apprentice, is dismissed by Malcolm for her embarrassing innocence. When their colleague is murdered by neo-Nazis, however, the two embark on an unplanned pilgrimage to Auschwitz. A moving and sharp-edged novel by the award-winning author of *Ellen in Pieces*.

May 2015 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 200pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-021-2 | \$19.95 CAD

THE CAMERA ALWAYS LIES

HUGH HOOD

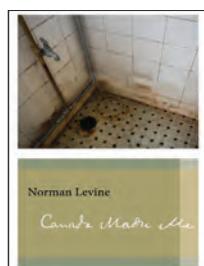


Filmmaker Rose Leclair is beautiful, famous, and happily married. But when her star actress begins commanding unwelcome amounts of attention—even, reportedly, from Rose's own husband—her life of privilege unspools. First published in 1967, *The Camera Always Lies* is an absorbing novel of Hollywood politics, and one woman's struggle to survive them.

May 2015 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 224pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-025-0 | \$19.95 CAD

CANADA MADE ME

NORMAN LEVINE

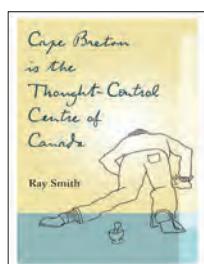


Norman Levine's *Canada Made Me*, a bitter, critical reassessment of the moral and cultural values of 'the polite nation,' proved so shocking it took 21 years—despite initial acclaim when released in 1958—to see a Canadian edition. A record of his three-month journey from coast to coast, Levine's vision of Canada's seedy and unpleasant underworld is now a laconic classic.

June 2015 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 304pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-023-6 | \$19.95 CAD

CAPE BRETON IS THE THOUGHT CONTROL CENTRE OF CANADA

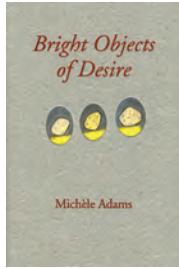
RAY SMITH



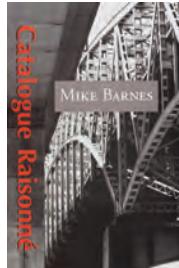
Sophisticated, playful, crafted, self-referential and extremely funny, *Cape Breton is the Thought-Control Centre of Canada* begins the career of one of Canada's best humourists and innovative story-tellers. Featuring the adventures of Patchouli the Passionate, Sweet William, Paleologue, Passquick, Purlieu, Jasper, and Angus, with guest cameos by G.K. Chesterton and painter Raphael Santi, these odd Acadian episodes are sure to delight.

June 2015 | Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 200pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-027-4 | \$19.95 CAD

Fiction



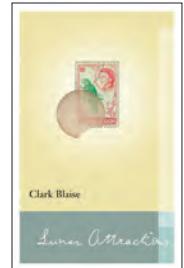
MICHÈLE ADAMS
Bright Objects of Desire
short fiction
978-0-9738184-1-3
Trade Paper • \$23.95



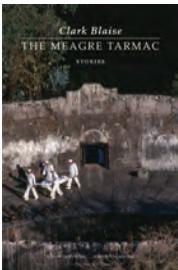
MIKE BARNES
Catalogue Raisonné
novel
978-0-9735971-9-6
Trade Paper • \$24.95



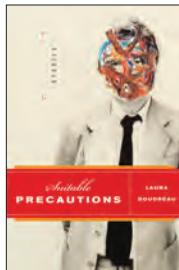
MIKE BARNES
*The Reasonable Ogre:
Tales for the Sick and Well*
short fiction
978-1-926845-44-9
Trade Paper • \$19.95



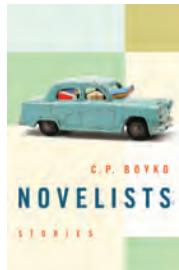
CLARK BLAISE
Lunar Attractions
fiction
978-1-77196-001-4
Trade Paper • \$19.95



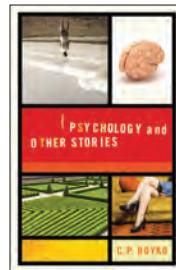
CLARK BLAISE
The Meagre Tarmac
short fiction
978-1-926845-15-9
Trade Paper • \$19.95



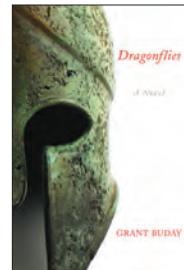
LAURA BOUDREAU
Suitable Precautions
short fiction
978-1-926845-29-6
Trade Paper • \$19.95



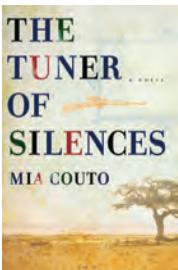
C.P. BOYKO
Novelists
short fiction
978-1-927428-71-9
Trade Paper • \$19.95



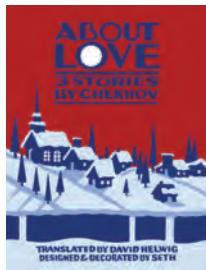
C.P. BOYKO
*Psychology and Other
Stories*
short fiction
978-1-926845-50-0
Trade Paper • \$19.95



GRANT BUDY
Dragonflies
novel
978-1-897231-47-0
Trade Paper • \$19.95



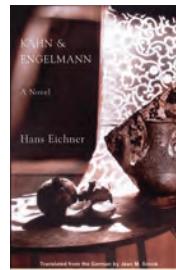
MIA COUTO
The Tuner of Silences
novel
978-1-926845-95-1
Trade Paper • \$19.95



ANTON CHEKHOV
About Love
short fiction
978-1-926845-42-5
Trade Cloth • \$14.95



NANCY JO CULLEN
Canary
short fiction
978-1-927428-14-6
Trade Paper • \$18.95



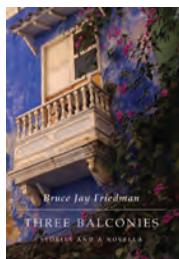
HANS EICHNER
Kahn & Engelmann
novel
978-1-897231-54-8
Trade Paper • \$21.95



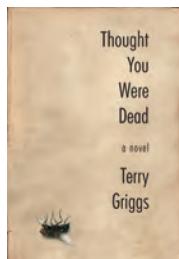
CYNTHIA FLOOD
The English Stories
short fiction
978-1-897231-56-2
Trade Paper • \$19.95



CYNTHIA FLOOD
Red Girl Rat Boy
short fiction
978-1-927428-41-2
Trade Paper • \$18.95



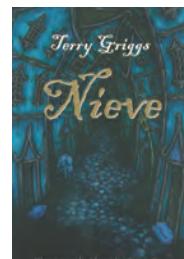
BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN
Three Balconies
short fiction
978-1-897231-45-6
Trade Cloth • \$26.95



TERRY GRIGGS
Thought You Were Dead
Illustrated by NICK CRAINE
novel
978-1-897231-53-1
Trade Paper • \$19.95

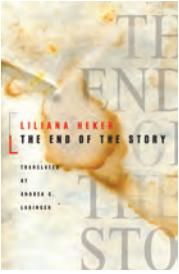


TERRY GRIGGS
Quickenings
short fiction
978-1-77196-009-0
Trade Paper • \$19.95



TERRY GRIGGS
Nieve
young adult
978-1-897231-87-6
Trade Paper • \$14.95

—Backlist—



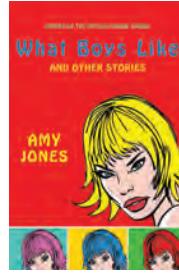
LILIANA HEKER
The End of the Story
novel
978-1-926845-48-7
Trade Paper • \$19.95



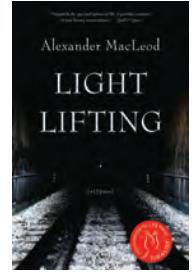
DAVID HELWIG
Salisea
novel
978-1-897231-10-4
Trade Paper • \$28.95



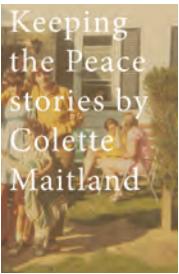
LORNA JACKSON
Flirt: The Interviews
short fiction
978-1-897231-38-8
Trade Paper • \$16.95



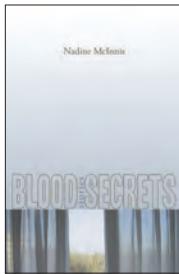
AMY JONES
What Boys Like and Other Stories
short fiction
978-1-897231-63-0
Trade Paper • \$19.95



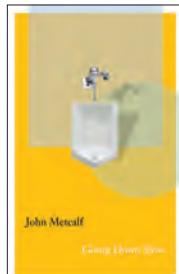
ALEXANDER MACLEOD
Light Lifting
short fiction
978-1-897231-94-4
Trade Paper • \$19.95



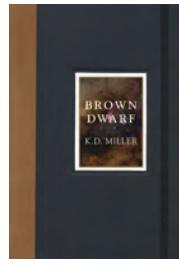
COLETTE MAITLAND
Keeping the Peace
short fiction
978-1-926845-92-0
Trade Paper • \$19.95



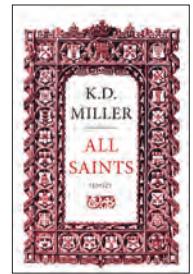
NADINE MCINNIS
Blood Secrets
short fiction
978-1-968425-93-7
Trade Paper • \$19.95



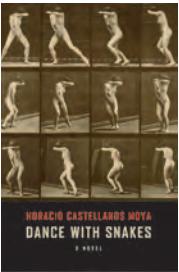
JOHN METCALF
Going Down Slow
novel
978-1-77196-010-6
Trade Paper • \$19.95



K.D. MILLER
Brown Dwarf
short novel
978-1-897231-88-3
Trade Paper • \$17.95



K.D. MILLER
All Saints
short fiction
978-1-927428-63-4
Trade Paper • \$19.95



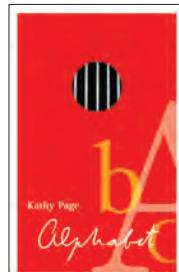
HORACIO CASTELLANOS MOYA
Dance with Snakes
novel
978-1-897231-61-6
Trade Paper • \$17.95



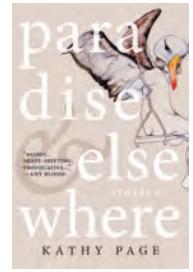
ONDJAKI
Good Morning Comrades
novel
978-1-897231-40-1
Trade Paper • \$15.95



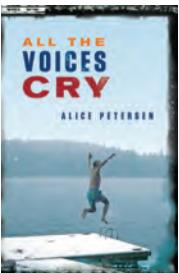
ONDJAKI
Granma Nineteen and the Soviet's Secret
fiction
978-1-927428-65-8
Trade Paper • \$18.95



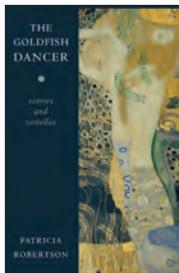
KATHY PAGE
Alphabet
fiction
978-1-927428-93-1
Trade Paper • \$19.95



KATHY PAGE
Paradise & Elsewhere
short fiction
978-1-927428-59-7
Trade Paper • \$18.95



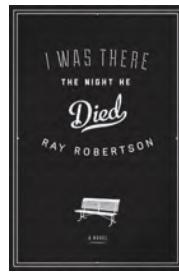
ALICE PETERSEN
All the Voices Cry
short fiction
978-1-926845-52-4
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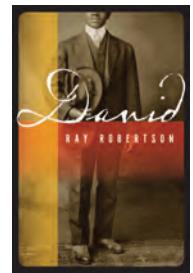
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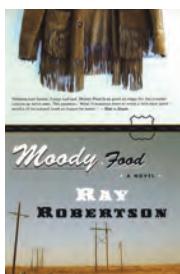


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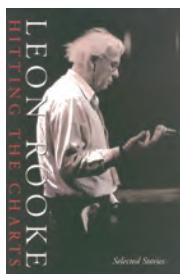


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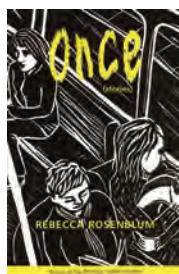
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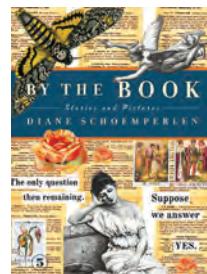
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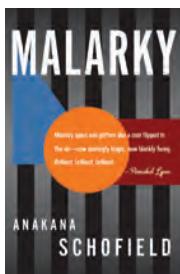
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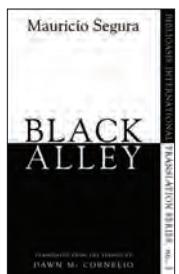
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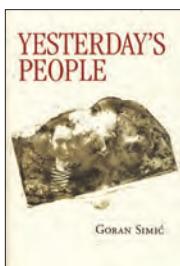
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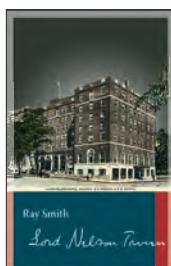
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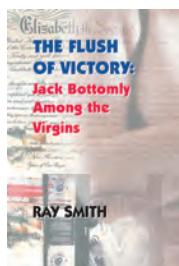
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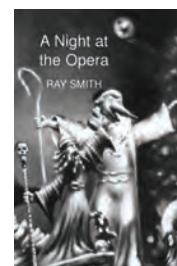
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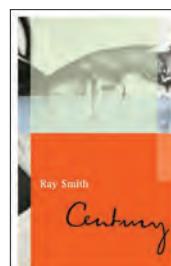
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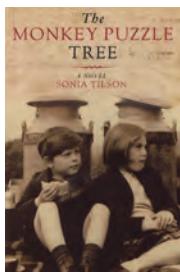
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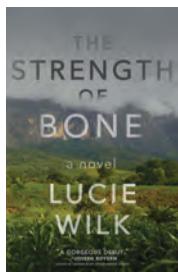
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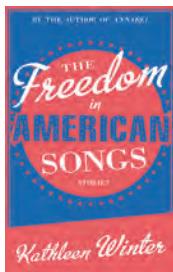
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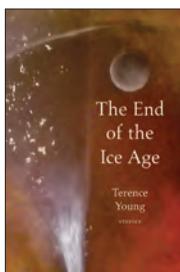
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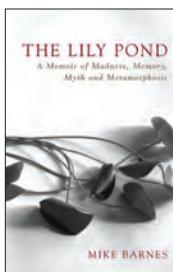


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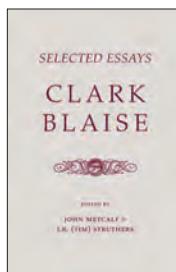


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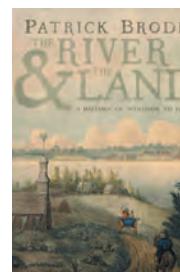
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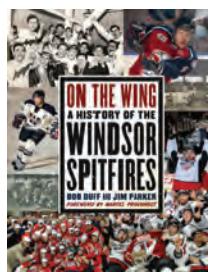
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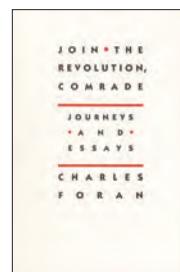
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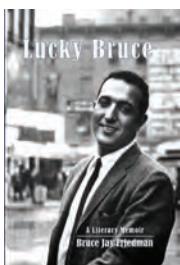
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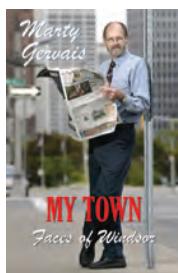
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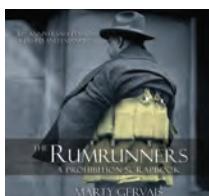
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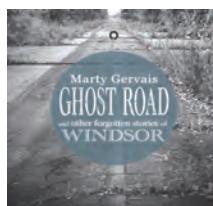
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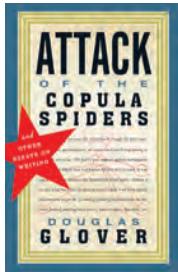
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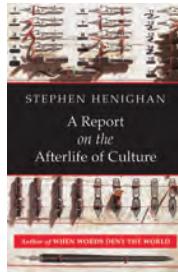
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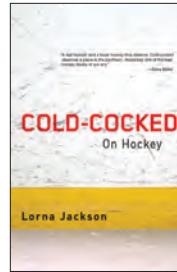
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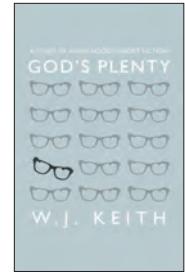
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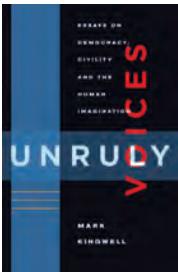
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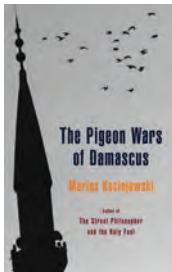
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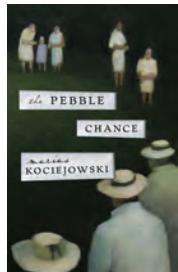
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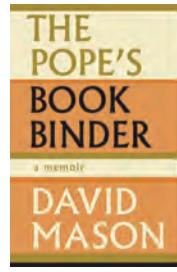
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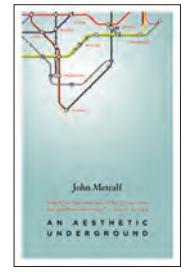
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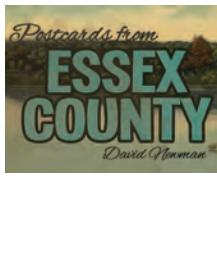
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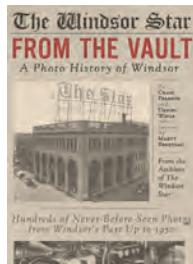
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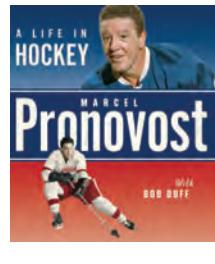
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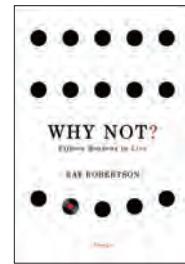
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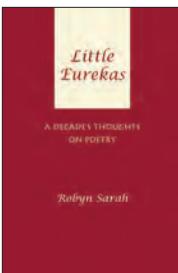
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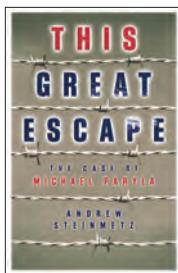
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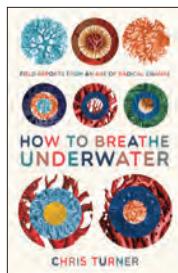
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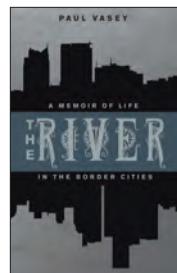
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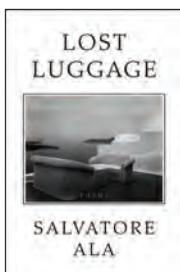


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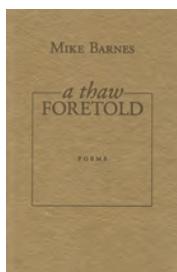
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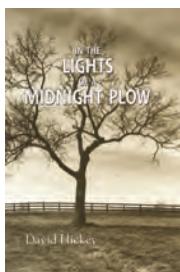
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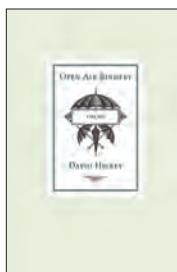
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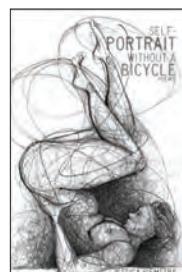
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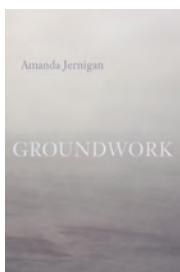
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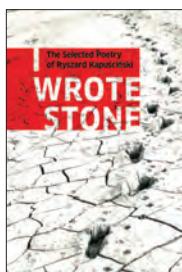
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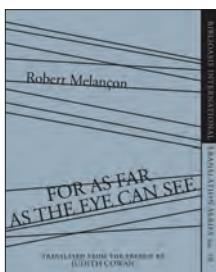
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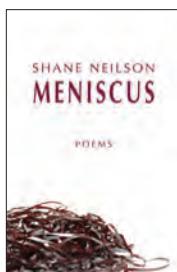
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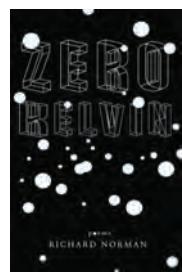
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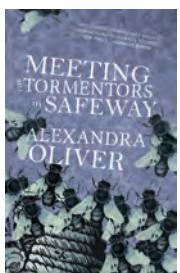
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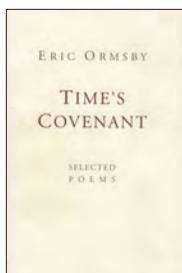
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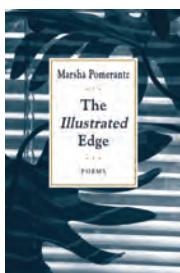
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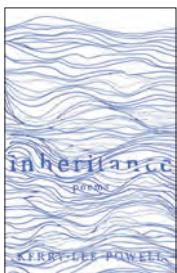
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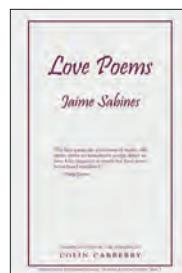
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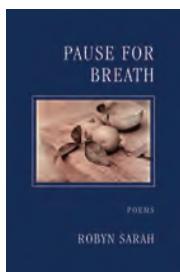


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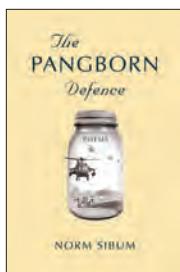


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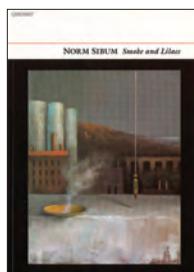
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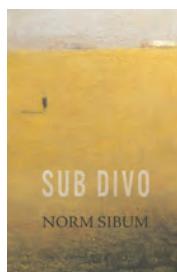
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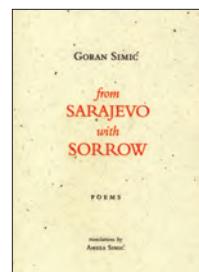
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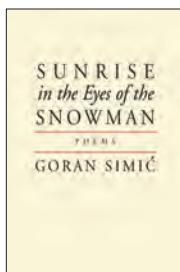
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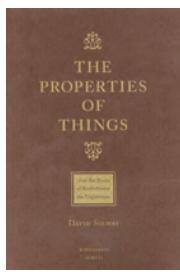
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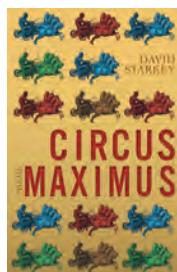
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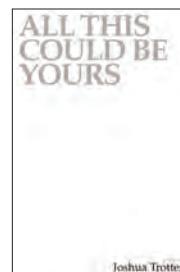
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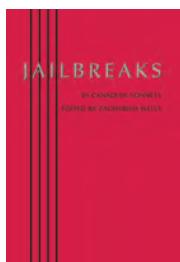
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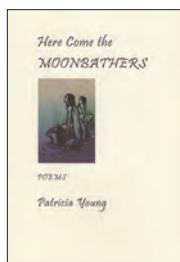
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