

FALL 2015



BIBLIOASIS

—Ordering Information—

For more information, or for further promotional materials, please contact:

Daniel Wells, Publisher

Phone: 519-968-2206

Email: dwells@biblioasis.com

Grant Munroe, Publicity

Email: gmunroe@biblioasis.com



www.biblioasis.com

biblioasis.blogspot.com

on twitter: [@biblioasis](https://twitter.com/@biblioasis)

Biblioasis

1520 Wyandotte Street East

Windsor, ON N9A 3L2

Canada

Orders:

info@biblioasis.com

Phone: 519-968-2206

Fax: 519-252-0008

Distribution:

University of Toronto Press

5201 Dufferin Street, Toronto, ON, M3H 5T8

Toll-free phone: 800 565 9533 / Fax: 800 221 9985

email: utpbooks@utpress.utoronto.ca

Sales Representation

AMPERSAND INC.

2440 Viking Way

Richmond, BC V6V 1N2

Phone: 604-448-7111 / Toll-free: 800-561-8583

Fax: 604-448-7118 / Toll-free 888-323-7118

www.ampersandinc.ca

BRITISH COLUMBIA/ALBERTA/YUKON/NWT

Cheryl Fraser

Phone: 604-448-7165

cherylfr@ampersandinc.ca

Ali Hewitt

Phone: 604-448-7166

alih@ampersandinc.ca

Dot Middlemass

Phone: 604-448-7168

dotm@ampersandinc.ca

Mark Penney

Phone: 604-448-7170

markp@ampersandinc.ca

VANCOUVER ISLAND

Lorna MacDonald

Phone: 250-382-1058

Fax: 250-383-0697

lornam@ampersandinc.ca

ALBERTA, MANITOBA & SASKATCHEWAN

Judy Parker

Phone: 204-837-4374

Fax: 866-276-2599

judyp@ampersandinc.ca

EASTERN ONTARIO/QUEBEC

Mark Penney

Phone: 604-448-7170 / Toll-free: 800-561-8583

Fax: 604-448-7118

markp@ampersandinc.ca

ONTARIO/NUNAVUT

Suite 213, 321 Carlaw Avenue

Toronto, ON, M4M 2S1

Phone: 416-703-0666 / Toll-free: 866-736-5620

Fax: 416-703-4745 / Toll-free 866-849-3819

Saffron Beckwith

Ext. 124

saffronb@ampersandinc.ca

Karen Beattie

Ext. 120

karenb@ampersandinc.ca

Vanessa DiGregorio

Ext. 122

vanessad@ampersandinc.ca

Scott Fraser

Ext. 121

scottf@ampersandinc.ca

ATLANTIC PROVINCES

Ali Hewitt

Phone: 604-448-7166 / Toll-free: 800-561-8583

Fax: 604-448-7118

alih@ampersandinc.ca

RETURNS POLICY

UTP will accept returns for publications provided they are returned in resalable condition, and received not prior to 3 months from the invoice date and before 12 months after the shipping date. Invoice copies or an invoice number must be included for all returns. Books shipped to us erroneously will be returned at the customer's expense.

BIBLIOASIS

FALL 2015

NEW FICTION

Anakana Schofield
Martin John / 4

Kevin Hardcastle
Debris / 8

NEW NONFICTION

Mark Kingwell
Measure Yourself Against the Earth / 10

Marius Kociejowski
Zoroaster's Children / 12

Ian McGillis
Higher Ground / 14

Bob Duff
50 Greatest Red Wings / 15

Herb Colling
Ford City / 15

BIBLIOASIS INTERNATIONAL TRANSLATION SERIES

Samuel Archibald
Arvida / 16

Larry Tremblay
The Orange Grove / 16

RESET BOOKS

Kathy Page
Frankie Styne and the Silver Man / 18

Norman Levine
Canada Made Me / 18

RECENTLY RELEASED / 20

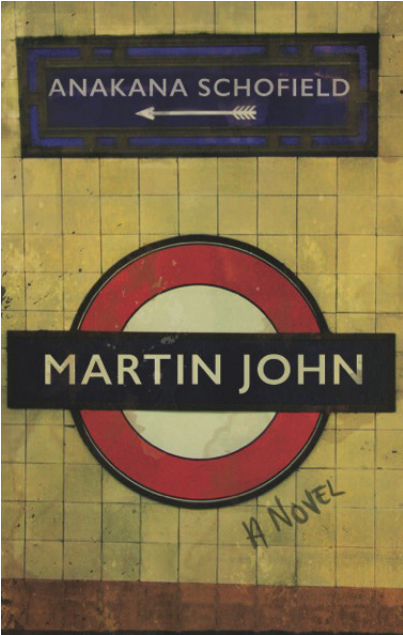
BACKLIST HIGHLIGHTS / 22

Biblioasis acknowledges the ongoing financial support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Council for the Arts, Canadian Heritage, the Canada Book Fund; and the Government of Ontario through the Ontario Arts Council and the Ontario Media Development Corporation.

MARTIN JOHN

ANAKANA SCHOFIELD

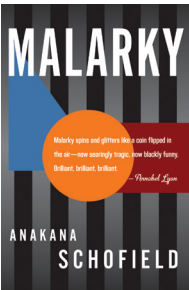
COVER NOT FINAL



September 2015 | Novel
5.25 x 8.25 | 282pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-034-2
\$19.95 CAD
eBook: 978-1-77196-035-9

By the same author:



Malarky
Anakana Schofield

Trade Paper
5.25 x 8.25
978-1-926845-38-8
19.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-926845-39-5

Martin John is not keen on P words. He isolates P words from the newspapers into long lists. For you, so you know he’s kept busy, so you don’t have to worry he might be beside you or following you or thinking about your body parts. So you don’t have to worry about what else he has been thinking about.

From Anakana Schofield, the brilliant and unconventional author of *Malarky*, comes a dark and uncomfortable novel circuiting through the mind, motivations, and preoccupations of a character many women have experienced, but few up until now have understood quite so well. The result confirms Schofield as one of the bravest and most innovative authors at work in English today.

ANAKANA SCHOFIELD is an Irish-born writer, who won the Amazon.ca First Novel Award and the Debut-Litzer Prize for Fiction in 2013 for her debut novel *Malarky*.

ADVANCE PRAISE FOR MARTIN JOHN

“Profane, strange, hilarious, and necessary, *Martin John* is a beguiling triumph.”—Patrick deWitt, author of *The Sisters Brothers*

“This is literature serving its most essential function: illuminating the darkest recesses; dragging the unspoken and suppressed to the foreground . . . throwing light across the blackest of humanity’s vistas. This is writing at its most fearless: visceral and searing, yet textured and nuanced; the darkest of comedy and the deepest of insight.”—Donal Ryan, author of *The Thing About December* and *The Spinning Heart*

“This is a very moving and terrific book.”—Daniel Handler

“Innovative in form, and challenging in subject, *Martin John* is singular in contemporary literature as a deeply imagined, almost operatic view of marginal characters trapped in the absurdities and perversions of systems: mental, social, and familial. Anakana uses devastatingly specific prose that conversely portrays the poetry of human suffering. *Martin John* is a sexual deviant, and the novel follows the circuits of logic and distraction that both contain him and allow him to continue. As those circuits and refrains close in, his mother and the strangers and neighbors he encounters all must find a way to bring him to some sort of a stand still. *Martin John* is moving, profoundly human and insightful, and darkly humorous.”—Thalia Field, author of *Bird Lovers*, *Backyard*

A NEW NOVEL BY THE WINNER OF
THE 2012 AMAZON.CA FIRST NOVEL AWARD

from *Martin John*

Mam repeatedly asks whether or not he can hear her—can you hear me Martin John? Because we can assume she doesn't feel heard. She doesn't want to hear what it is he would say, if he were to speak the truth. She saw a man on telly once. She has seen plenty men on tv, but this one frightened her. She has seen many men on the television who frighten her. But he frightened her in a particular way. He frightened her the way when she sees someone lash out at a dog—it frightens her. In actual fact, she's not a woman easily frightened. The dark, insects, vermin, death, moths in the flour—none bother her. But a glance, a moment, in which there's an indication of what might be the truth of a person sits longer at her. A rat would run under the cupboard sooner than look at you. A man or woman who lets a boot fly at a dog or throws an item at a chicken, under their feet or in their way, has a raw and sealed-in-something that she's convinced can never be dislodged. That man on the television made her afraid because she recognized something of her son in him. There were many who talked of their crimes in that programme. They talked like they were uncomfortable ingredients in a recipe. Something hard to shop for like chopped walnuts, pre-ground lemon rind, tamarind. They used the names of the crime, I murdered, I raped, I killed, I punched. Not him. The details are gone. He talked above

and around his crime. He remained oblivious or chose oblivion. He was unsure why he was in here. He did not say he hadn't done it. He did not say it was a mistake. He merely said nothing either way. They showed this man beside a man with a long ponytail, who said he had opted for chemical castration and then physical castration. He was the only one in that prison program who had availed of it. She thought of a small boy, being born, riding a trike, building a fort and then flash-forward all these years. She wondered if that boy building an' deploying could ever image-forward to the man they might grow up to be. Was it that she thought criminals should suffer unto perpetuity? She thought maybe it was.

Then she pushed it all aside. It was distressing that a stranger, in another time zone, filtered through a televisual tube, could induce this in her. She returned to it being a mistake, a misunderstanding, messing gone wrong, {boys get up to stuff} which it was. Martin John was young it was only messing.

If people coming down a televisual tube were going to disturb her it would be a long disturbance.

What about it?

Marketing Plan:

- 600 copy North American ARC mailing
- North American print and online advertising including *Bookforum*, *New York Review of Books*, *The Walrus*, *The Millions*, *Storyville*, *Electric Literature*, *Paris Review*
 - Author events in Eden Mills, Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Windsor, Calgary, Edmonton, Victoria, Vancouver and elsewhere
 - Co-op available
 - Online and social media campaign
 - 10,000 copy print run

*She did not like the idea she had a role in it.
You would not like the idea you had a role in it.
Did she have a role in it?
Have you had a role in it?
Do you have a role in this?*

These are some of the questions a mother may ask herself.

Another interview, the Tuesday morning radio this time, had her by the ear. An interview with a former drug-addicted mother, who wondered if the fact she was an addict was the reason her son grew up to become a drug dealer and robbed a post office in Kiltimagh. It was a strange place to rob a post office, the priest, who happened to be in the post office at the same time, also being interviewed agreed. They wondered if her son did it because he'd been watching too much American television. The mother admitted the son glamourized his violence and boosted his profile with the words that the "feds" were after him. The mother admitted she thought the "feds" was a parcel company. I thought he thought he was being chased by the post office. I see different now. How did he get there? The priest on the panel asked. He took the bus, the radio mother said. The woman interviewing them all said words like now I realize this is very difficult for you all. Except it wasn't difficult for the priest. He was not at fault. Nor was it difficult for the Minister of Justice who was on the line. The only person it was difficult for was that mother with the veins from which her son had grown and robbed a post office. There was an advert where the radio-mother spoke to tempt the audience to keep listening "*I botched up motherhood*" her voice said. Find out after the break did she botch up motherhood? Annunciated the presenter. Martin John's mam turns the radio off.

As Martin John's Mam heard the former drug-addicted mother puzzle it out, she recognizes

there are many mothers out there puzzling things out. She will have to be a mother who puzzles. Except she is not the type who puzzles. She prefers to head, bang to a conclusion. In this case: I was not that mother. I am not that mother. I didn't raise my son to rob a post office. So what did she raise him to?

She prays hard. She incants for him. Once she prayed to St. Jude, a man who fell in his own way so he'd understand this overwhelming need to keep her son straight. I can't afford no three-time-cock-crowing with Martin John, one more crowing and it's prison he'll be.

Everything I do and have done is to keep him on the outside. Sure if it's in he goes, they'll kill him. Plain and simple. They'd eat him alive, they don't spare the like of him. Someday he'll come home to me. He'll come home when he's failing or an old fella and I'll be waiting.

*

She's probably lying.
She doesn't want him near her.

Ever again.

Some days she dreams/imagines/fantasizes he might be killed. Shot or run over by a bus.

Like them fellas you read about in the papers.

Sometimes they kill men like him. Others do it. They hunt and they kill them.

Sometimes they wait 'til they're inside. Sometimes they leave a note on them.

Martin John's not as bad as the ones they kill. She reminds, comforts herself.

Martin John's mam hasn't factored her own aging into it.

She'll never age, only waits on him to come home to her.

Three times a year she summons him. Always by ferry: Sealink, not B&I. She doesn't trust anything with a B in it. B&B never, B&Q—won't go near it. She even wavers over BBC. B gave me



trouble my whole life is all she'll say. That's what she'll say on B.

We can suspect Martin John's father's name began with the letter B. Was he Brendan or Brian or just a simple Bob. A simple, disappearing Bob.

*

There will be five refrains. The index tells us there will be five refrains. We can conclude these five refrains may or may not take us into the circuits.

1. Martin John has made mistakes.
2. Check my card.
3. Rain will fall.
4. Harm was done.
5. It put me in the Chair.

There may be subsidiary refrains: I don't read the fucken *Daily Telegraph*. We will do as the Index tells us this time. There could be involuntary refrains, about which alas not much can be done, unless you take a pencil to them. When will she tell us exactly what they mean? She may not since the mother may not ever know why he did what he did, or why it was her son and not the woman up the road's son. There are simply going to be things we won't know. It's how it is. As it is in life must it be unto the page. There's the known and the unknown. In the middle is where we wander and wonder.

*

Sometimes he said he hadn't a clue, but he'd think about it. It was the difference between Martin John and the others. He offers to think about it when she asks him. A man who was pure evil wouldn't make any such offer, would he?

He did hear her. Yes, he understood. He understood whatever it was he did, he would not do it again.

What was it? She wanted to know. What was it? Tell me what it was?

I have no clue, he said honestly, I've no clue at all. But he promised he would think about it.

*

Was that refrain number 1 or 2?

There's no refrain called *I have no clue*. This is an interruption.

Martin John does not like interruptions.

(Part 2)

The newspaper will always matter to Martin John. He won't be a day without it and it won't be a day without him.

It mattered before the 'difficult time' and it matters today. The stability of it, the regularity, the women, sustain him.

It's why he calls into Euston on his way to work, or first thing every morning if he's not working he'll cross to the newsagents on Tower Bridge Road. The *Irish Times* he gathers each day at Euston, except Sunday, and a second British broadsheet, the choice of which he rotates, based on the headlines or the pictures of the columnists. There are a few frumpies he has no time for. There are photos and headlines and certain words that worry Martin John and he will not buy what worries him, because his mother has warned him not to.

Martin John how many times have I told you, give up the papers when they're worrying you, you cannot be in them if they're worrying.

He never buys a newspaper if he notices a headline has petrol in it. Or pervert he's not keen on P words.

*

The first page he reads is the letters page: to see did any of his letters get through? In John Menzies at Euston, amid the wefty drift of chips and cooking croissants from next door, he takes thoughtful time to select exactly the newspaper he wants, unhurried by the arms reaching around to grab the pink and flush *Financial Times*, or those who fold the newspaper abruptly, stare.

The second thing he checks: the crossword clues. If they're terrible—determined by reading 3 across and only 2 of the down—they're always weaker on the down—then he chooses a different paper. The newspaper determines many things in Martin John's daily life.

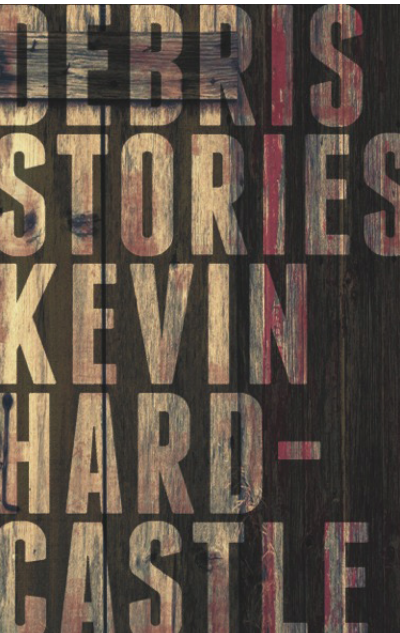
You'll only depress yourself his mother has warned him. *This country is gone to the dogs. It's beyond the dogs, there's not even the brick of a dog track left. Sure they've lifted the dirt from under our feet.*

She never says specifically what's wrong with the country, only offers the hint of cutprice-air-fares and suited-up Bucket-Air-gobshites and the price and rush of everyone. She blames it all on a man called Tony.

DEBRIS

KEVIN HARDCASTLE

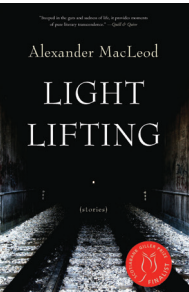
COVER NOT FINAL



September 2015 | Short Fiction
5.25 x 8.25 | 200pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-040-3
\$19.95 CAD
eBook: 978-1-77196-041-0

Also of Interest:



Light Lifting
Alexander MacLeod

Trade Paper
5.25 x 8.25
978-1-897231-94-4
19.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-926845-21-0

Reminiscent of Donald Ray Pollock’s *Knockemstiff* and Daniel Woodrell’s *Winter’s Bone*, Kevin Hardcastle’s debut *Debris* introduces a powerful new voice into the country-noir tradition: these are stories about rural, working-class characters at the fringes of society. Brimming with violence, this collection explores the struggle against poverty, loneliness, mental illness, and marginalization. Written in a lean, muscular style, Hardcastle’s debut collection unveils the blood and guts and beauty of life in our flyover regions.

KEVIN HARDCASTLE’s stories have been widely published and anthologized. He lives in Toronto, Ontario.

PRAISE FOR KEVIN HARDCASTLE

“*Debris* carves straight to a reader’s gut, and more importantly to their heart. Kevin Hardcastle knows the characters who populate his stories intimately—their troubles, their fears, whatever’s ticking deep at their cores. This collection thrums with subtle power and grit, but also a well-earned measure of hope.”—Craig Davidson, author of *Rust and Bone*

“Mr. Hardcastle’s stories are written in a powerful, brawling style: they possess courage and heart. He’s an artist who gives the impression he will break down barriers to arrive at the Truth of things. And no Truth, no spec of humanity, is too small for his keen, sympathetic eye.”—Cort McMeel, author of *Short*

“Kevin Hardcastle has all the hallmarks of a mature writer: restraint, self-assurance, and elegance. His characters step forth from the page, while the author fades into it, to tell you directly their devastating and heartfelt story. This is a writer whose interest is in bringing the story to readers so that each and every one of them makes it his or her own.”—Tamas Dobozsy, author of *Siege 13*

from *Debris*

OLD MAN MARCHUK

When Constable Hoye pulled up to the scene he saw the one-ton tipped over in the ditch, shrapnel and shards of windowglass that shone like stars by the light of the cruiser’s headlamps. Marchuk was leaning up against the side of his own truck, one foot crossed over the other, cradling his shotgun in the crook of his arm. The old man put one hand

“THE WRITING IS TERRIFIC.”
—A.F. MORITZ, AUTHOR OF *THE SENTINEL*

up against the headlights. Constable Hoye got out of the car with his hand on his pistol. He flicked the safety off as he stood. Marchuk just waited there, taking the air as the constable came over. Plains wind travelled warm and gentle through the pass. The faint sound of ambulance sirens called out from afar.

“Set your firearm down on the ground and step away,” Hoye said.

Marchuk frowned at him. Hoye had to pull his pistol and let it hang before the old man knelt and laid the weapon down on the tarmac. The constable waited until Marchuk stepped clear and then he gestured for him to keep going.

“Put your hands on the hood of your truck,” he said.

“Son, you are wastin’ my time,” the old man said.

“Put your fuckin’ hands on the hood I said. And stay put.”

Marchuk sauntered over and did it, slapping his palms down like a showy child. He stood there in his coveralls, sandpaper beard and huge, crooked nose. Hoye passed him and stepped down into the ditch. Took his flashlight out of his belt and turned it on. When he shone the beam over the ditchhill he saw pieces of the truck’s upholstery scattered across the turf like cottongrass, a full section of door siding with thin furrows in the mould. Then he saw the two shot men. One was on his side in the ditchbasin, his legs shuffling. The other lay starfished against the hillside in his bandit-blacks and he didn’t move at all.

“Jesus fuckin’ Christ,” Hoye said.

He started to go for the men and then he stopped and levelled his pistol at Marchuk. The old man took his hands off the hood and put them up until Hoye barked at him to put them back. The

constable came back into the road and took out his cuffs and braceleted the old man’s bony wrists.

“Just what the fuck are ye doin’, son?” said Marchuk.

“You shot those men?”

“They were robbin’ me.”

“Your farm is fuckin’ three miles thataway,” Hoye said, nodding south.

The old man stared at him soufaced. The back of his scraggly head lit up in colours. An EMT wagon crested a rise in the roadway and coasted toward them. Hoye stepped out into the lane and waved it down.

[. . .]

The two young burglars didn’t die but came about as close to it as they could. The driver lost one of his feet and the meat of his right triceps and he had nerve damage throughout. The other burglar flatlined three times during surgery and that was after he’d almost bled out in the ambulance. They were under police guard and would be until they were fit for trial. But not their trial. They had pled guilty by proxy and were sentenced to community service and probation. The trial they awaited was Marchuk’s. The old man had been arraigned and pled not guilty before cussing out the court and the sitting judge.

The old man had lands and money enough to post his bail-bond, high as it was, but some folks from that township and those that bordered somehow anted up the cost and posted for him. On a pretty autumn day Marchuk left the stationhouse shaking his head and then he drove back to his farm in his old Dodge. There he took back the tending of his property from cousins who had driven in from north-interior British Columbia. They didn’t go back. Instead they shackled up with him and awaited the trial.

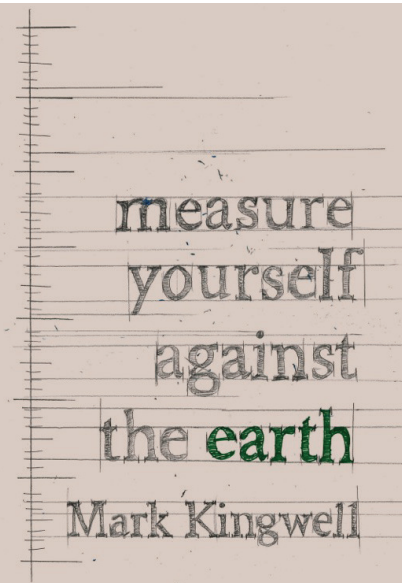
Marketing Plan:

- 300 copy North American ARC mailing
- North American print and online advertising including *The Walrus*, *TNQ*, *Maisonneuve*, *This Magazine* and elsewhere
 - Author events in Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, Waterloo, Windsor and elsewhere
 - Online and social media campaign
 - Co-op available
 - 3000 copy print run

MEASURE YOURSELF AGAINST THE EARTH

Essays
MARK KINGWELL

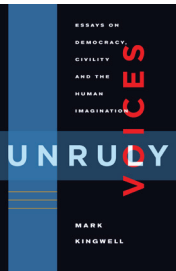
COVER NOT FINAL



October 2015 | Nonfiction
5.75 x 8.75 | 296pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-046-5
\$22.95 CAD
eBook: 978-1-77196-047-2

By the Same Author:



Unruly Voices
Mark Kingwell

Trade Paper
5.75 x 8.75
978-1-926845-84-5
21.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-926845-85-2

Mark Kingwell is the rare philosopher who is as at home discussing *Sex and the City* as he is civility, who can find the Plato in pop culture, and sees in idleness a deeply revolutionary gesture. In *Measure Yourself Against the Earth*, he brings his heady mixture of critical intelligence and infectious enthusiasm to bear on film, aesthetics, politics, and more, and confirms his place as one of our leading cultural theorists and philosophers.

After some years of graduate education in Britain and the United States, MARK KINGWELL found a form of idling for which he could get paid as a professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto.

PRAISE FOR MARK KINGWELL

“Illuminates on almost every page.”—*The Los Angeles Times*

“The writing is elegant, often poetic. It appeals to the thoughtful reader who thrives on insights into the way humans interact.”
—*Globe and Mail*

“Smoothly splicing together personal narrative, philosophical inquiry and historical analysis, frequent *Harper’s* contributor [Mark] Kingwell . . . wears his learning lightly.”—*Publishers’ Weekly*

“Kingwell’s style is to gather glittery scraps from the cultural miasma swirling about him to punctuate his arguments . . . His references are high brow, low brow, and entirely left field . . . [yet] broad-minded . . .”—*The Rumpus*

from *Measure Yourself Against the Earth*

READING, WRITING, AND CONSCIOUSNESS: THE FUTURE(S)

The issue of reading’s future is almost always framed, these days, as a question about technology. When will e-book sales render hard copies obsolete? Will print magazines and newspapers survive? Must I blog? Can I monetize my Twitter hashtags? Whither Kobo, Kindle, Kickstarter? Is there a living to be made when editors everywhere expect to get quality, on-time copy for the standard rate of zero cents a word? Above all, are we approaching the literary equivalent of the Singularity, namely

“[KINGWELL PROVIDES] AN ORIGINAL APPROACH TO WHERE WE ARE AS A CIVILIZATION.” — *THE WASHINGTON POST*

the moment where every human being on Earth will, in fact, have written the book they have in them?

You will forgive me if I set these standard, and mostly boring, contemporary questions off to one side. It’s not technophobic or Luddite to recognize that the techie questions are largely beside the point. The scope of their effects lies on a time scale that none of us can foresee, thus creating not genuine questions but opportunities for self-serving prediction. Those predictions are either wildly optimistic or comprehensively gloomy, depending on your interests, age, mortgage payments, and health plan. More importantly, these of-the-moment technology-driven concerns do not get us closer to the heart of reading, which is a matter of human consciousness.

I emphatically do not mean that technology is neutral here. Yes, you can use Facebook or Twitter for social activism as well as casual hook-ups, just as you can use a gun to topple a tyrant or to exact personal revenge. But a spectrum of possible uses is not the same thing as neutrality; all technologies have built-in tendencies, if not outright teleologies. You can use both a pillow and a gun to kill a person, but nobody sane would say that the pillow stands in the same relation to murder as does the gun. Guns don’t kill people, maybe, but people with guns kill more people than people with pillows. Marshall McLuhan was correct: sometimes the medium really is the message.

McLuhan himself could be bold, sometimes wacky on the subject of reading. “As an extension of man,” he said in a 1969 interview with *Playboy* magazine, the typeset codex-style book “was directly responsible for the rise of such disparate phenomena as nationalism, the Reformation, the assembly line and its off-spring, the Industrial Revolution, the whole concept of causality, Cartesian and Newtonian concepts of the universe, perspective in art, narrative chronology in literature,

and a psychological mode of introspection or inner direction that greatly intensified the tendencies toward individualism and specialization.”

That is all good fun, after its fashion—though it does raise the awkward question of which features of the modern world weren’t spawned by moveable type. Hoop skirts? Wigs for gentlemen? Monster truck rallies? Ambient techno? Martin Heidegger analyzes the question concerning technology with both more wisdom and more prescience. The task is not to understand the function of this or that tool, he argues, but rather to examine the way technology comes to dominate every aspect of existence. This enframing, as Heidegger calls it, which places everything within the ambit of possible use and disposal, is the real meaning of technology.

You could not hope to find a clearer example of this than the current debate about the future of reading. The first task, then, is to recognize how we ourselves are enframed. As long as we continue to think about reading in the context of technology, we will fail to see any deeper meanings, including the possible effects of our own self-imprisonment.

What are these alleged deeper meanings? Alas, here lurks another standard misconception of the question, which is that there is a single form of reading in question, and a single future for it. Current debates are overwhelmingly premised on the false idea that ‘reading’ in its highest or best form means reading books, most often realist novels of the middle-class condition that have dominated the modern age. But reading has always offered us a host of experiences, from the mundane to the spiritual, and including the dipping, skimming and hyperlinking that now seems to worry people so. The specific concern for the future of the bound-page book should be seen for what it is: a form of fond special pleading whereby a particular (how I like to read) masquerades as a universal (reading!).

Marketing Plan:

- North American print and online advertising including *The Walrus*, *Literary Review of Canada*, *49th Shelf*
 - National radio campaign targeting CBC and talk radio stations across the country
- Online and social media campaign, including LibraryThing and Goodreads giveaways
 - Author events in Toronto, London, Windsor and elsewhere
 - Co-op available

ZOROASTER'S CHILDREN

and Other Travels

MARIUS KOCIEJOWSKI

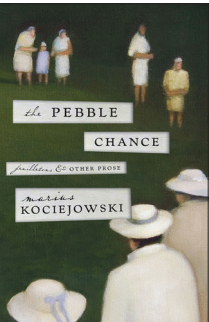
COVER NOT FINAL



October 2015 | Nonfiction
5.25 x 8.25 | 200pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-044-1
\$22.95 CAD
eBook: 978-1-77196-045-8

By the same author



**The Pebble
Chance**
Marius Kociejowski

Trade Paper
5.25 x 8.25
978-1-927428-77-1
22.95 CAD

eBook
978-1-927428-76-4

Zoroaster's Children brings together the best of Marius Kociejowski's travel writing. A companion volume to last year's critically acclaimed *The Pebble Chance*, these essays, conceived somewhere between "a waning moon and the nerves behind a flayed man's face," evince the deep absorption in a people and place which are the hallmark of the great travel writers.

MARIUS KOCIEJOWSKI is the award-winning author of four collections of poetry, two celebrated travel memoirs, and a collection of his best essays, *The Pebble Chance*. He lives and works as a bookseller in London, England.

PRAISE FOR MARIUS KOCIEJOWSKI

"Kociejowski draws on all the aspects of his life in these engaging, idiosyncratic personal essays . . . [that] proffer the reader equal measures of autobiography, insight and quirky charm." —Michael Dirda, *The Washington Post*

"Here the charm is deep, the splendour unlaboured; the colours of history, reckoned afresh, saturate singular people, in whom passion is lucid again . . . here is one who collects his extraordinary resources, and strides." —Christopher Middleton

"It is a testament to the power of this superb book that I felt not despondency, but . . . elation." —Adam Thorpe, *The Times Literary Supplement*

"Treasures are revealed . . . with a formidable erudition, and at their best they gleam with an enameled splendour." —Ken Babstock, *The Globe and Mail*

"Kociejowski writes beautifully . . . unusual, poetic, and thought-provoking." —*Library Journal*

from *Zoroaster's Children*

At the main bus station in Teheran, a shabbily dressed man stopped in front of me and ran a finger across his throat. 'Iran no good,' he whispered. I wanted to ask him why, find out what his story was, but already he was gone. All I can remember now is a terrible blankness in his face and then the back of his head as he slipped into the crowd until, seconds

“A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE TO THOSE WITH AN AFFINITY FOR SPIRITUAL MATTERS, THOSE SEEKING A BALANCE BETWEEN MIND AND HEART.”—BOOKS IN CANADA

later, I could no longer tell which one was his. Almost exactly the same thing would happen to me in Isfahan—a scarecrow of a figure standing beneath a concrete bridge—same words, same gesture. When I stopped to say hello, pretending I hadn’t understood him, he repeated the sentence over and over, as if it were a mantra drained of significance, his deadened eyes fixed upon some point further than I’d ever be able to see.

Should one describe a country in terms of its extremes? I could just as easily have begun by relating any number of kindnesses, but even these, as I moved from formal pleasantries to serious discourse, often had their sorrowful edges. Although my journey would take me, in a sense, from darkness towards light, what struck me most about the Iranians was their tragic demeanour. They seem to lack what the Arabs have in abundance—a sense of irony, and with it a capacity for easy laughter—they suffer endlessly, deep within themselves. ‘One does not laugh too loudly here,’ I was told, ‘for fear of upsetting one’s neighbour.’ If a cold shaft of steel runs through people’s lives, this is not at odds with their extraordinary hospitality—rather, it serves to explain it, as if there were nothing else to do but huddle together for warmth before a small fire.

Nearly the whole of history has been, as contemporary Iranians see it, one blow after another. One can almost smell the tears on the breeze. Still they speak of invasions, first that of the Arabs, this uncouth desert people who brought with them, on the tip of a sword, their new and majestic faith. I met even devout Muslims who spoke of the Arab invasions with more than a tinge of

regret in their voices. They complained of how heavily their neighbours, destroying everything as they went, had struck at the Persian psyche. ‘The Arabs, even now, refer to us as *ajam* “they who do not speak the language.”’ At the same time they boasted of having given the Arabs, in their architecture and literature, the greater culture. There is a sense, though, in which the winged symbol of Ahura Mazda still hovers above the people. A merchant in Shiraz told me, ‘Scratch any Iranian and you’ll find a Zoroastrian beneath the skin.’ I think this helps explain why in a country that has so often persecuted religious minorities, particularly the Baha’is, the surviving Zoroastrians have been given more latitude than most. If the Muslims are tolerant of the Zoroastrians it is perhaps because they remember what they themselves once were.

Some six hundred years after the Arabs came the first of the Mongol hordes. A shudder runs through people when they speak of this. Almost the entire population of Isfahan was slaughtered by Tamerlane, who had the skulls of his victims heaped in pyramids. The Orient is a place where news stays news, something that we in the West ought to bear in mind when scratching our heads at, or when seeking to remedy, ancient grievances. The Iranians are quick to see imperialistic designs in every movement, in every shade. Another merchant spoke, almost with admiration, of the English, whom he feared for their intelligence more than he did the Americans, who, he said, are more honest but infinitely more naïve. ‘A hundred years ago, the English gave us the opium trade,’ he laughed, ‘and now there are warehouses in Isfahan full of the stuff, all of it destined for Europe.’

Marketing Plan:

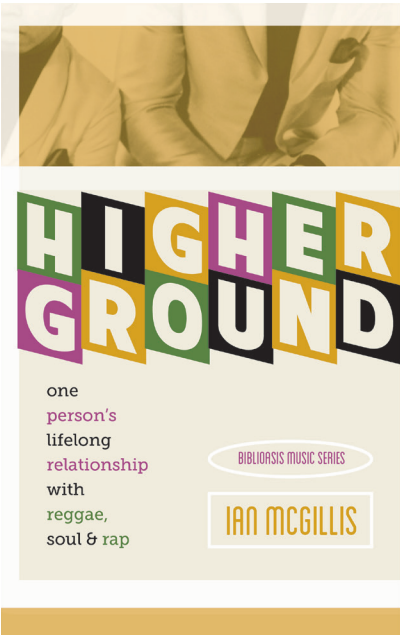
- National advertising in *The Walrus*, *Literary Review of Canada*, *CNQ: Canadian Notes and Queries*
 - Online and social media campaign
 - National and radio media campaign
- Author events in Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, Windsor and elsewhere
 - Co-op available

HIGHER GROUND

One Person's Lifelong Relationship with Reggae, Soul and Rap

IAN MCGILLIS

COVER NOT FINAL



September 2015 | Fiction

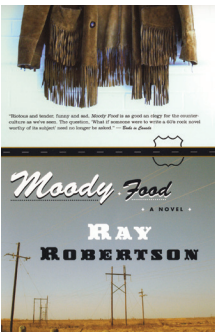
5.25 x 8.25 | 224pp

Trade Paper: 978-1-77196-048-9

\$19.95 CAD

eBook: 978-1-77196-049-6

Also of Interest



Moody Food

Ray Robertson

Trade Paper

5 x 8

978-1-897231-64-7

19.95 CAD

eBook

978-1-926845-04-3

Ian McGillis may well have grown up in the whitest place in North America: Edmonton, Alberta in the 1970s and '80s. Yet, through a series of fortuitous accidents, he became exposed to the world of black music—first soul and Motown, then reggae, then hip-hop—and it became a lifelong passion.

In three parts—built around Stevie Wonder's *Innervisions*, The Congos' *Heart of The Congos*, and Nas' *Illmatic*—*Higher Ground* recounts his love affair with each form. McGillis does not shy away from the tough questions: What is the line between sincere appreciation and cultural appropriation? Can a white person truly understand soul, reggae, and hip-hop? Can a black form “cross over” without losing its essence? His answer to each of these questions, and many more, are thoughtful and illuminating, and may well leave the reader rethinking some of his own assumptions.

Reminiscent of the best writing of Greil Marcus and John Jeremiah Sullivan, and mixing memoir, cultural history, and musical and cultural theory in a fresh and readable way, *Higher Ground* offers up a real life *The Commitments* and a life-study in musical appreciation.

IAN MCGILLIS resides in Montreal, is the author of the best-selling novel *A Tourist's Guide to Glengarry*, and writes a weekly books column for the *Montreal Gazette*.

PRAISE FOR IAN MCGILLIS

“. . . in a genre which too often cedes artistic integrity to cliché, [McGillis] refrains from playing the judgement card like a phony.”
—Andrew Steinmetz, *Books in Canada*

“Sad and exhilarating at the same time—sadness for time's march, exhilaration for such rare expression”—*Globe and Mail*

“Deep, psychologically dead-on, minutely observed yet worldly—and very funny.”—Yann Martel

Marketing Plan:

- 300 copy North American ARC mailing
- Select excerpts in advance of publication
- North American print and online advertising in *MRB*, *Maisonneuve*, *LRC*, *The Walrus*, *Music Works* and elsewhere
 - Promotional bookmarks and chapbooks
- Author events in Toronto, Montreal, Edmonton, Calgary, Windsor and elsewhere
 - Co-op available

50 GREATEST RED WINGS

BOB DUFF

COVER NOT FINAL



Howe, Yzerman, Fedorov, Lindstrom, Lindsay and Shanahan: Bob Duff's *50 Greatest Red Wings* is the definitive list of Hockeytown's heroes. Including members of the famous Production Line and The Red Army, this attractive hardcover features images, full statistics and in-depth player analysis. With rarely seen photos and astonishing anecdotes, this book is essential to all real Red Wings fans. From the author of *Original Six Dynasties* and *Marcel Pronovost: A Life in Hockey*.

Currently the sports columnist for the *Windsor Star*, BOB DUFF has covered the NHL since 1988 and is a contributor to *The Hockey News*.

October 2015 | Hockey | 8.5 x 9 | 232pp
Trade Cloth: 978-1-77196-058-8 | \$32.95 CAD

FORD CITY

HERB COLLING

COVER NOT FINAL



Ford City was a town steeped in the history of the auto industry. Companies including Ford, E.M.F, Studebaker, Chalmers and Chrysler all called Ford City their home of Canadian operations. But it was more than just an industrial town. It was a rumrunning hub, host to the Polish army in WWII, and a thriving cultural centre for the people of the Border Cities. From the town's inception, through amalgamation, to the revitalization of the Ford plant in the 1990s, *Ford City* is the story of the industrial heart of Windsor.

HERB COLLING has written several books about Windsor and Essex County including: *Pioneering The Auto Age* (1993); *99 Days: The Ford Strike In Windsor, 1945* (1995) and *Turning Points: The Detroit Riot of 1967, A Canadian Perspective* (2003). He is a retired CBC Radio Windsor broadcaster.

October 2015 | Nonfiction | 8.5 x 9 | 224pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-062-5 | \$22.95 CAD

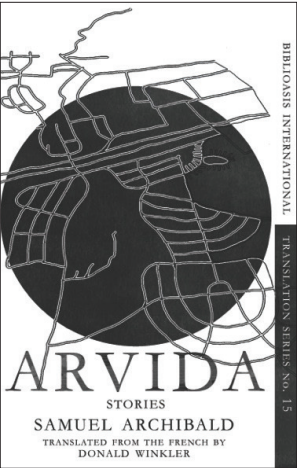
BIBLIOASIS INTERNATIONAL TRANSLATION SERIES

ARVIDA

SAMUEL ARCHIBALD

TRANSLATED BY DONALD WINKLER

COVER NOT FINAL



A 25,000-copy bestseller in Quebec, *Arvida*, with its stories of innocent young girls and wild beasts, attempted murder and ritual mutilation, haunted houses and road trips heading nowhere, is unforgettable. Like a Proust-obsessed McCarthy, Samuel Archibald's portrait of his hometown, a model town designed by American industrialist Arthur Vining Davis, does for Quebec's north what William Faulkner did for the south, and heralds an important new voice in world literature.

SAMUEL ARCHIBALD teaches contemporary popular culture at the University of Quebec in Montreal, where he lectures on genre fiction, horror movies, and video games, among other subjects.

September 2015 | Short Fiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 296pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-042-7 | \$19.95 CAD

Marketing Plan:

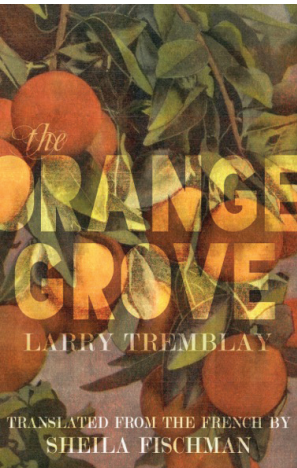
- 100 copy ARC mailing
- Select excerpts in advance of publication
- Advertising in key online and print venues
- Promotional bookmarks and chapbooks
- Author events in Montreal, Toronto, Windsor, Vancouver and elsewhere

THE ORANGE GROVE

LARRY TREMBLAY

TRANSLATED BY SHEILA FISCHMAN

COVER NOT FINAL



War plagues the nameless Middle Eastern nation where Amed and Aziz, two twin boys, live in the sanctuary of their family's remote orange grove. But when a bomb kills their grandparents, vengeance is demanded and their paths are cleaved—leading one boy to enlist as a suicide bomber and the other to flee to Canada, where he's haunted by the fate of his twin. Morally complex, harrowing, and ultimately redemptive, Tremblay's gorgeously spare prose transforms a timely story into an eternal narrative about revenge, brotherhood, and the yearning for peace.

LARRY TREMBLAY is a writer, director, actor and kathakali specialist. Translated into a dozen languages, his acclaimed theatrical works have been produced in many countries. He has published a collection of stories, *Piercing* (2006), and his novel *The Bicycle Eater* (2002) was a finalist for the Governor General's Literary Award. His plays, *The Dragonfly of Chicoutimi*, *The Ventriloquist*, *Abraham Lincoln Goes to the Theatre*, and *The Ax*, are considered classics. Tremblay's novel *The Obese Christ* (2012), was a finalist for the Prix littéraire des collégiens and *The Orange Grove* won the 2015 Prix des libraires du Québec in its original French.

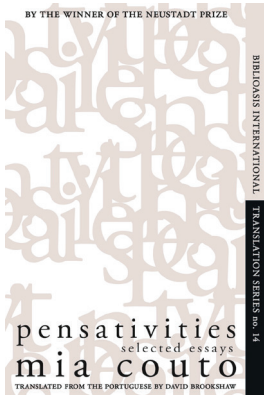
September 2015 | Novel | 5.25 x 8.25 | 224pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-036-6 | \$19.95 CAD

Marketing Plan:

- 100 copy ARC mailing
- Select excerpts in advance of publication
- Advertising in key online and print venues
- Author events in Montreal, Toronto, Windsor, Vancouver, Kingston and elsewhere

BIBLIOASIS INTERNATIONAL TRANSLATION SERIES

Committed to the idea of translating from the margins, the Biblioasis International Translation Series is dedicated to publishing world literature in English in Canada and the US. The editors believe that translation is the life-blood of literature, that a language not in touch with other linguistic traditions loses its creative vitality, and that the worldwide spread of English makes literary translation more urgent now than ever before.



PENSATIVITIES

MIA COUTO

Finalist for the 2015 Man Booker International Prize
Winner of the 2014 Neustadt Prize
Winner of the 2014 Camões Prize

“Subtle and elegant.”—*Wall Street Journal*

978-1-77196-007-6
Nonfiction | Trade Paper
\$21.95 CAD

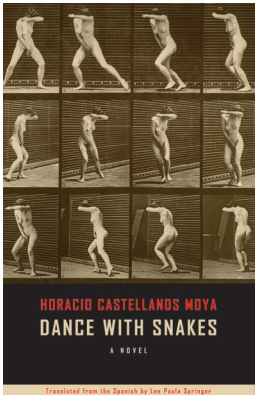


GRANMA NINETEEN AND THE SOVIET'S SECRET

ONDJAKI

Longlisted for the 2015 Best Translated Book Award
from the Winner of the 2013 José Saramago Prize

978-1-927428-65-8
Fiction | Trade Paper
\$18.95 CAD

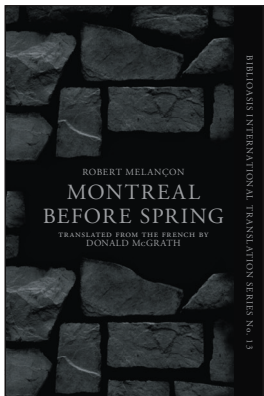


DANCE WITH SNAKES

HORACIO CASTELLANOS MOYA

“The acid humour of Horacio Castellanos Moya, resembling that of a Buster Keaton movie or a time-bomb, threatens the hormonal stability of imbeciles.”—Roberto Bolaño

978-1-897231-61-6
Fiction | Trade Paper
\$17.95 CAD



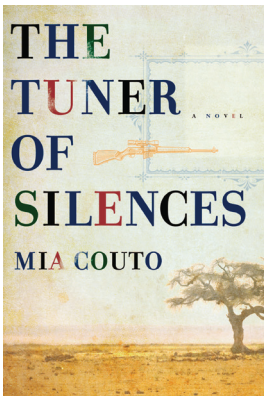
MONTREAL BEFORE SPRING

ROBERT MELANÇON

“Rich and deceptively simple ... one of Quebec’s major poets.”—*Globe and Mail*

“Poems of acute observation: Melançon’s invention is impressive.”
—*Montreal Review of Books*

978-1-77196-011-3
Poetry | Trade Paper
\$18.95 CAD



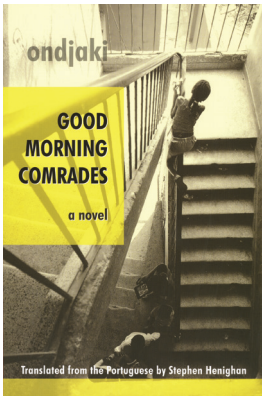
THE TUNER OF SILENCES

MIA COUTO

Finalist for the 2015 Man Booker International Prize
Winner of the 2014 Neustadt Prize
Winner of the 2014 Camões Prize

“Subtle and elegant.”—*Wall Street Journal*

978-1-926845-95-1
Fiction | Trade Paper
\$19.95 CAD



GOOD MORNING COMRADES

ONDJAKI

Longlisted for the 2015 Best Translated Book Award
from the Winner of the 2013 José Saramago Prize

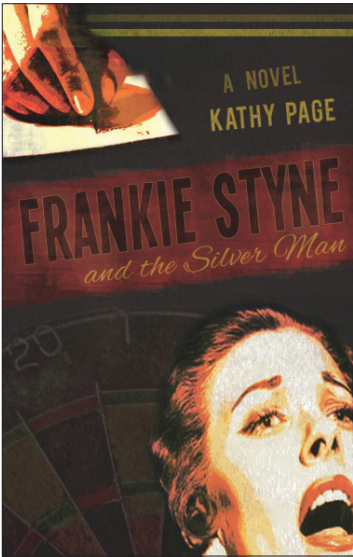
978-1-897231-40-1
Fiction | Trade Paper
\$15.95 CAD



FRANKIE STYNE AND THE SILVER MAN

KATHY PAGE

COVER NOT FINAL



Frankie Styne, the physically deformed author of a series of violent best-selling novels, understands that in ugliness lies power. Nominated for a top literary prize, his intensely private life is exposed, and he hatches a revenge plot from his own novels targeting his agent. Set into motion, it changes not only his own life but that of the young woman and her near-brain-dead, but beautiful, son next door in an unexpected way. A novel of literary revenge and celebrity culture and the power of beauty in an ugly world, *Frankie Styne* is unforgettable.

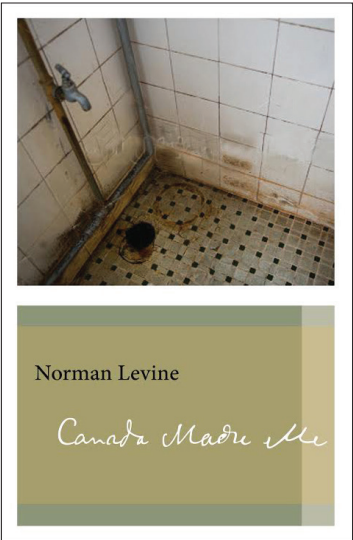
KATHY PAGE is the author of seven novels and several story collections.

October 2015 | Novel | 5.25 x 8.25 | 256pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-038-0 | \$19.95 CAD

CANADA MADE ME

NORMAN LEVINE

COVER NOT FINAL



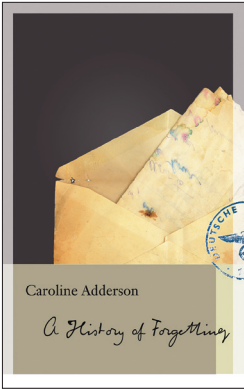
Norman Levine's *Canada Made Me*, a bitter, critical reassessment of the moral and cultural values of 'the polite nation,' proved so shocking it took 21 years—despite initial acclaim when released in 1958—to see a Canadian edition. A record of his three-month journey from coast to coast, Levine's vision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

NORMAN LEVINE (1923-2005) was the author of eight short story collections, two novels, and a memoir, among other works. He was raised in Ottawa's Lower Town, served overseas in the RCAF during WWII, and attended McGill University.

October 2015 | Nonfiction | 5.25 x 8.25 | 224pp
Trade Paper | 978-1-77196-060-1 | \$19.95 CAD

RESET BOOKS

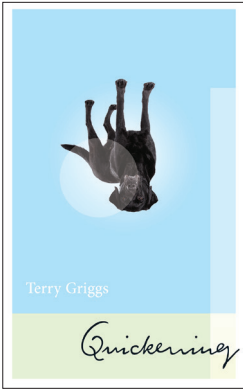
Devoted to reintroducing the best in lost, out-of-print, and unjustly forgotten Canadian works, ReSet Books are distinguished by their elegant series design, their collectability, and their curatorial vision. Our mandate is to publish and promote lively books that entertain and quietly challenge readers.



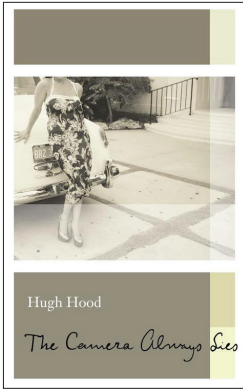
CAROLINE ADDERSON
A History of Forgetting
fiction
978-1-77196-021-2
Trade Paper • \$19.95



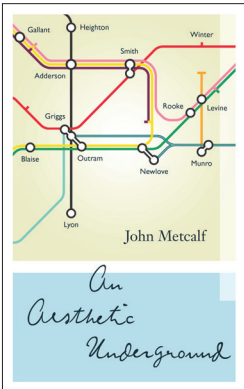
CLARK BLAISE
Lunar Attractions
fiction
978-1-77196-001-4
Trade Paper • \$19.95



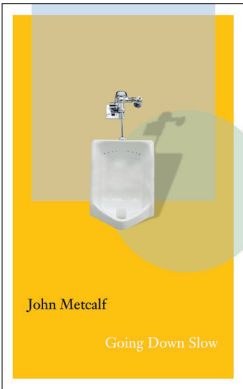
TERRY GRIGGS
Quickening
short fiction
978-1-77196-009-0
Trade Paper • \$19.95



HUGH HOOD
The Camera Always Lies
novel
978-1-77196-025-0
Trade Paper • \$19.95



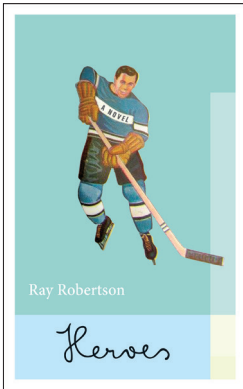
JOHN METCALF
An Aesthetic Underground
memoir
978-1-927428-95-5
Trade Paper • \$19.95



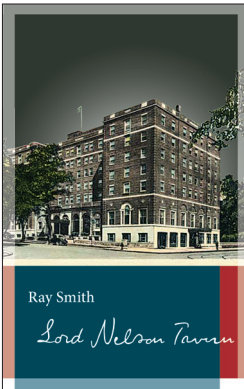
JOHN METCALF
Going Down Slow
novel
978-1-77196-010-6
Trade Paper • \$19.95



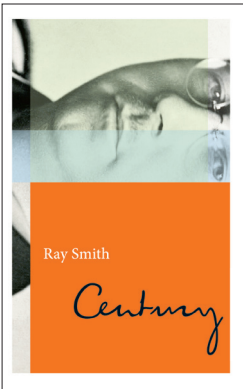
KATHY PAGE
Alphabet
novel
978-1-927428-93-1
Trade Paper • \$19.95



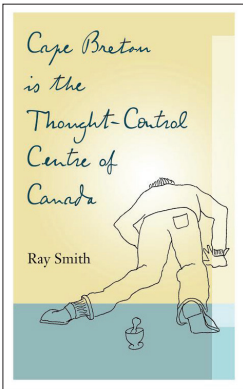
RAY ROBERTSON
Heroes
fiction
978-1-927428-99-3
Trade Paper • \$19.95



RAY SMITH
Lord Nelson Tavern
novel
978-1-927428-97-9
Trade Paper • \$19.95

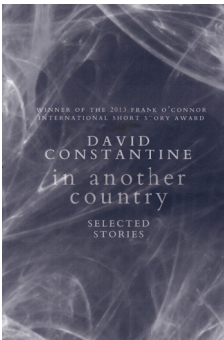


RAY SMITH
Century
novel
978-1-77196-008-3
Trade Paper • \$19.95



RAY SMITH
Cape Breton is the Thought-Control Centre of Canada
short fiction
978-1-77196-027-4
Trade Paper • \$19.95

RECENTLY RELEASED



978-1-77196-017-5

Trade Cloth | \$28.95 CAD

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

David Constantine

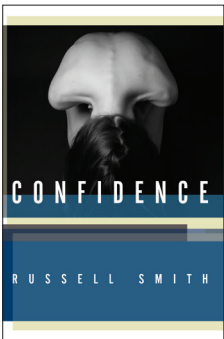
In Another Country brings together seventeen of Constantine’s best stories, gathered from four books and over three decades. These are stories of people caught in moments of defiance, whether in the face of intolerable everyday pressures or things otherworldly. In the title story, “In Another Country,” an elderly couple’s marriage is shaken by the arrival of a letter detailing the discovery of the husband’s lost love; in “The Cave,” a couple travels to a hidden cavern to lose themselves in the rumblings of a hidden waterfall; and in “The Loss,” a corporate executive’s soul escapes from his mouth during a sales presentation, leaving him without the ability to weep.

CONFIDENCE

Russell Smith

In the stories of *Confidence*, there are ecstasy-taking PhD students, financial traders desperate for husbands, seedy massage parlours, infestations of rabid raccoons, experimental filmmakers who record every second of their waking lives, and mommy-bloggers who publish insults directed at their partners. Whether in private clubs, crowded restaurants, psychiatric wards, or your own living room, everyone is keeping a secret.

Sharpened to a razor’s edge by Smith’s trademark satirical sensibility, and with a dark and unexpected vulnerability at its core, *Confidence* confirms its author as one of our nimblest living stylists.



978-1-77196-015-1

Trade Paper | \$19.95 CAD



978-1-77196-028-1

Trade Paper | \$22.95 CAD

ARMS: THE CULTURE AND CREDO OF THE GUN

A.J. Somerset

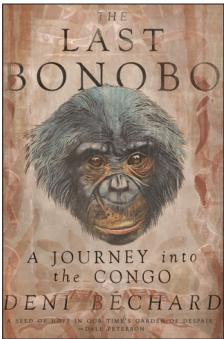
Arms: The Culture and Credo of the Gun offers up one of the first looks at the gun as the pre-eminent cultural symbol of power in North America and asks how it got that way. Sharp-eyed and ascerbic, sure-handed and sportive, *Arms* presents an intellectual and cultural history that is certain to enrage, entertain and provoke debate, while showing that the gun cultures of Canada and the United States may not be so different after all.

THE LAST BONOBO: A JOURNEY INTO THE CONGO

Deni Béchard

When Deni Béchard learned of the last living bonobos—the matriarchal great apes who are, alongside chimpanzees, our closest relatives—he began exploring ways to reverse their alarming decline. Upon arriving in war-ravaged Congo, Béchard connected with the Bonobo Conservation Institute (BCI), a small organization that has done more to save bonobos than any of its larger counterparts. Witnessing BCI’s activities firsthand, Béchard realized that its approach offers a unique, inspiring, post-colonial model of conservation that is saving the bonobo by helping rebuild and revitalize Congolese communities devastated by war and chronic unemployment.

Part history, part travelogue, part environmental manifesto, *The Last Bonobo* forces us to reexamine established modes of conservation—while blazing a path toward new, sustainable solutions to our most urgent environmental issues.



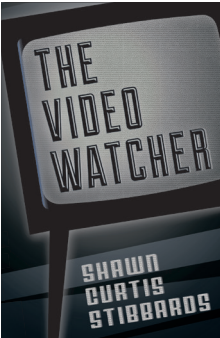
978-1-77196-033-5

Trade Paper | \$22.95 CAD

RECENTLY RELEASED

THE VIDEO WATCHER

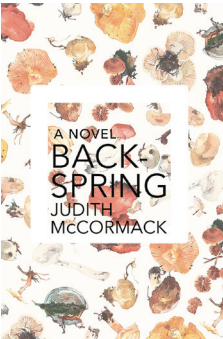
Shawn Curtis Stibbards



978-1-77196-019-9

Trade Paper | \$19.95 CAD

Listless, bored, alienated, and mistrustful, Trace Patterson has finished his first year of university and is living with his drunken aunt. He divides his nights between slasher films and high-school house parties. However, when two old buddies resurface—one in a psych ward, the other on a paranoid bender—Trace, careless-if-not-carefree, 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.



BACKSPRING

Judith McCormack

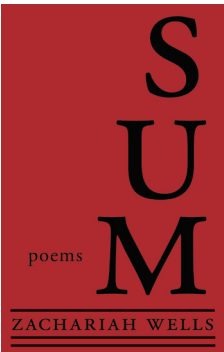
Eduardo, an architect from Lisbon, has come to Montreal to be with his wife Geneviève. Geneviève researches fungi and likes to catalogue her orgasms. But when Eduardo is caught in an explosion and rumours of arson begin to circulate, both his marriage and his fledgling architecture firm verge on collapse.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

978-1-927428-87-0

Trade Paper | \$19.95 CAD

SUM

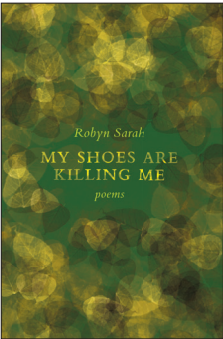
Zachariah Wells



978-1-77196-030-4

Trade Paper | \$18.95 CAD

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.



MY SHOES ARE KILLING ME

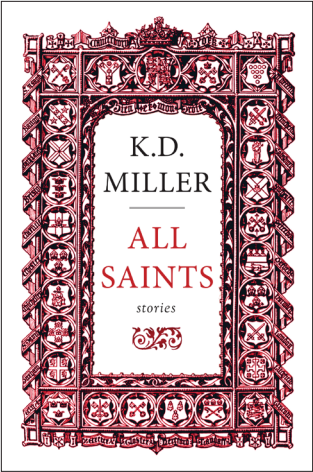
Robyn Sarah

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.

978-1-77196-013-7

Trade paper | \$18.95 CAD

BACKLIST HIGHLIGHTS



978-1-927428-63-4 | Trade Paper
\$19.95 CAD

ALL SAINTS

K.D. Miller

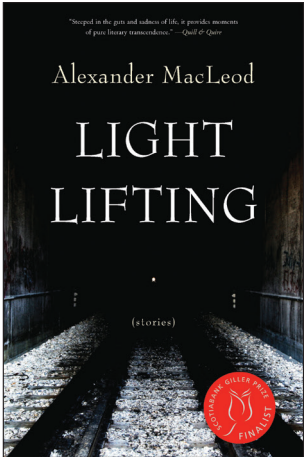
Finalist for the 2014 Rogers Writers' Trust Fiction Prize
A *Globe and Mail* best book of 2014

In a linked collection that presents the secret small tragedies of an Anglican congregation struggling to survive, *All Saints* delves into the life of Simon, the Reverend, and the lives of his parishioners: Miss Alice Vipond, a refined and elderly schoolteacher, incarcerated for a horrendous crime; a woman driven to extreme anxiety by an affair she cannot end; a receptionist, and her act of improbable generosity; a writer making peace with her divorce. Effortlessly written and candidly observed, *All Saints* is a moving collection of tremendous skill, whose intersecting stories illuminate the tenacity and vulnerability of modern-day believers.

LIGHT LIFTING

Alexander MacLeod

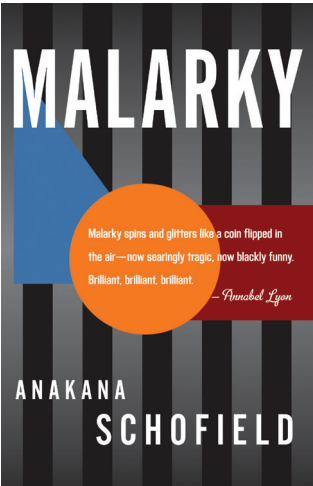
A National Bestseller
An American Library Association Notable Book of 2012
Atlantic Book Award Winner
Finalist for the Giller Prize and the Frank O'Connor Award



978-1-897231-94-4 | Trade Paper
\$19.95 CAD

“Engrossing, thrilling and ultimately satisfying: each story has the weight of a novel . . . The choice of words is spare, simple and unaffected, and the rhythm is perfect . . . stunning work. Mr. MacLeod’s next contribution will be eagerly anticipated.”—*The Economist*

Set in Windsor and Detroit, *Light Lifting* is a bestselling collection in the tradition that, since Sherwood Anderson, has used the short story to explore community life. Its distinctly masculine voice earns comparisons with Stuart Dybek and Thom Jones, and its tender, muscular tone has won hearts across the country.



978-1-926845-38-8 | Trade Paper
\$19.95 CAD

MALARKY

Anakana Schofield

A National Bestseller
Amazon.ca First Novel Award winner, 2013
A Barnes & Noble Discover Great New Authors Selection, 2012
Winner of the Debut-Litzer Prize for Fiction, 2013

“Quirky, raucous and utterly unconventional.”—*Reader’s Digest*

“Delightfully offbeat . . . Schofield shows a deft—and altogether welcome—comic touch.” —*The National Post*

Our Woman: Farmwife. Teapot-wielder. Sexual Outlaw. Anakana Schofield’s story of an eccentric Irish widow coming to terms with her son’s homosexuality has enraptured readers from Dublin to Vancouver.

BACKLIST HIGHLIGHTS

ABOUT LOVE: 3 STORIES BY ANTON CHEKHOV

Translated by David Helwig, Designed and Illustrated by Seth

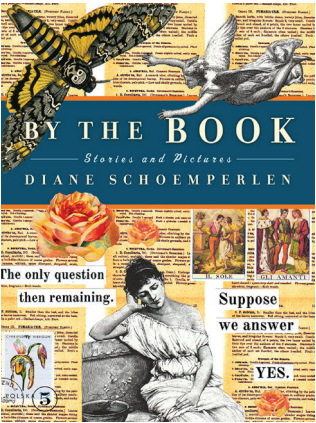
Written in France toward the end of his career, these stories are Chekhov's only attempt at the linked collection. The first is a grotesque Gogolian comedy; the second a narrator's impassioned response; and the third a poignant story of failed love. Together the stories of *About Love* comprise three virtually unknown works by one of the greatest short story writers in world literature.

A 5.5 x 7.25 hardback with two-colour printing throughout, illustrated by the internationally recognized cartoonist whose drawings grace the cover of *The New Yorker*, *About Love* makes a perfect gift for Christmas or Valentine's Day.



978-1-926845-42-5 | Trade Cloth

\$14.95 CAD



978-1-927428-81-8 | Trade Cloth

\$28.95 CAD

BY THE BOOK

Diane Schoemperlen

“[Schoemperlen] breaks her readers out of the present to give them more insight into who they are and how they live . . . A meditative, poetic journey . . .”
—Stacey May Fowles, *Globe & Mail*

Once touted as compendiums of human knowledge, the encyclopedias and handbooks of bygone eras now read quaintly, if not comically—yet within their musty pages are often found phrases of uncanny evocative power. Scrupulously stitching such fragments together, in a sequel to the Governor General's Award-winning *Forms of Devotion*, *By The Book* is a collection of verbal and visual collages whose alchemies transform long-dead texts into tales of enduring vitality. With visually witty full-colour artwork, Schoemperlen's irreverent and ironic brand of nostalgia combines vintage kitsch with comic, creepy, unexpectedly moving yarns.

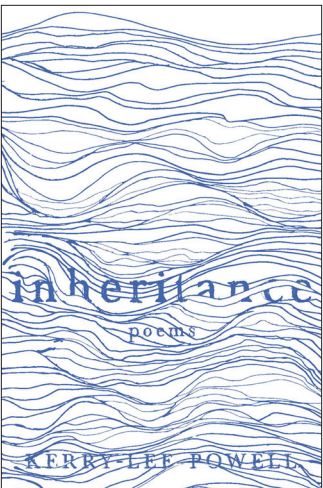
INHERITANCE

Kerry-Lee Powell

Finalist for the 2015 Gerald Lampert Memorial Award

“Kerry-Lee Powell uses her personal history like a spring board. Watch as she jack-knives into your thoughts. These poems stay with you. The jack-knife in this case isn't the dive. Powell actually cuts into you, leaves a mark.”—Michael Dennis

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



978-1-927428-79-5 | Trade Paper

\$18.95 CAD



**NO
EXIT**

A decorative sign with a stained glass pattern. The sign is rectangular with a semi-circular top and a decorative base. The background is a light green color, and the text is in a bold, black, serif font. The sign is set against a light green background.