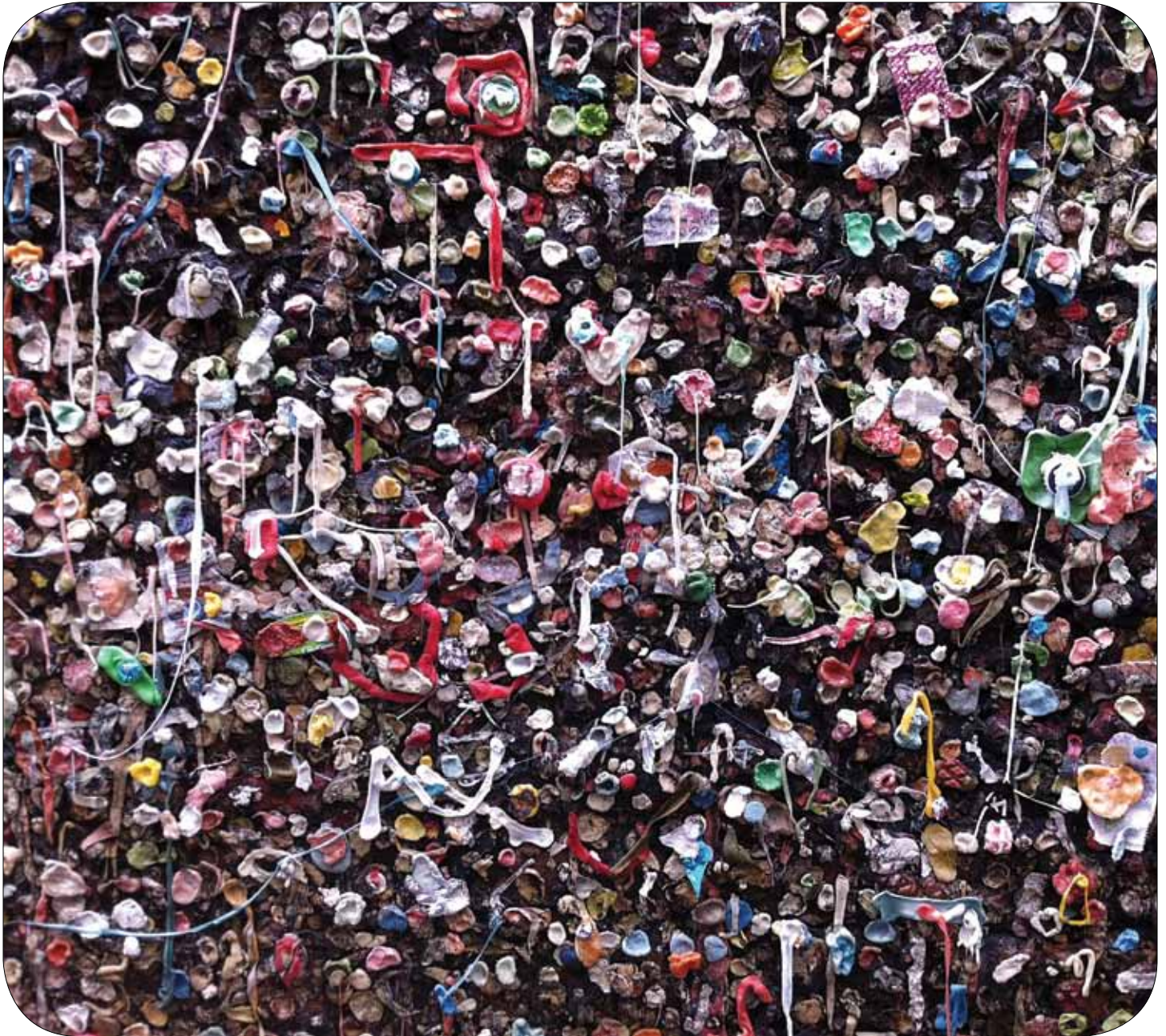


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FALL 2014

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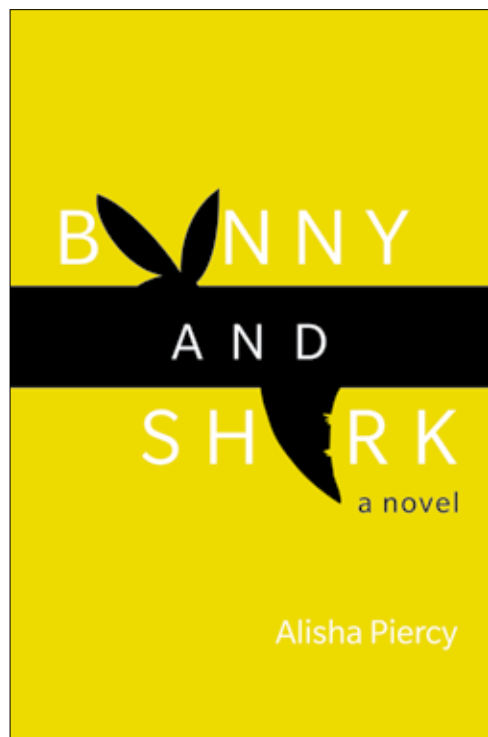
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October 2014 | Fiction
 8x5.25 inches | 160 pages

Trade Paper: 9781771660518
 \$20.00
 EPub: 9781771660624
 Author Hometown: Montreal QC
 Local Bookstore: Drawn & Quarterly

Bunny and Shark

Alisha Piercy

From award-winning artist Alisha Piercy comes *Bunny and Shark*, a middle-aged coming-of-age story-cum-shark-adventure that reveals and celebrates women's power in the trenches. An ex-Playboy Bunny in her mid-forties re-envision her 'Bunny Power' as she seduces young men in secret, and gets her foot bitten off by the same shark that had intended to kill her. Eking out an impoverished, hidden existence on the island where she and her husband once ruled as real estate barons, Bunny still considers herself to be precious, a miracle, and 'dolphin-saved,' as she merges with, and ultimately becomes, an extension of the landscape: she is the mood of the ocean at night as she swims blindly in it, and the protective coolness of the jungle by day as she recovers from a loss of limb; the interiors of stolen sailboats or vacant luxury villas as she attempts to reinhabit her old life, all become embodied states. With a strong sense of adventure, fatedness and daring, *Bunny and Shark* takes readers on a voyage intense with myth and mystery, with a story that invokes more than a little bit of magic in the telling.

Praise for Alisha Piercy's previous work:

Alisha Piercy's stunning debut collection pivots between the tumult of lust, the freakishness of the extrasensory, and the menace of our interior worlds. Her prose has the fierce exactitude of dying words, and yet it lulls, beguiles, and winks with its sultriness. It can be sly. It can be horrifying. It can be funny. To hypnotic effect, Piercy achieves that rare feat of capturing the collective strangeness of the human experience. I will never see a crow, an ear, or an island the same way. I will carry this book in my breast pocket. I will read it again and again. Brilliant.

— CLAUDIA DEY

Also of Interest:



A
 André Alexis
 fiction
 Trade Paper
 7.5x5
 9781927040799
 \$15.00



Chris Eaton, a Biography
 Chris Eaton
 fiction
A Top Book of 2012: *National Post*, *Toronto Star* & *The New Quarterly*
 Trade Paper
 9x6
 9781927040645
 \$25.00

from *Bunny and Shark*

You fall. Clumsy-bodied, running through the air, as if there might actually be some place to go other than over the cliff and into the sea.

Your clothes puff out and a sandal falls. You kick off the other shoe underwater and grasp for the surface. For which end is up within all that deep, green blackness. The night is dark but there is a sliver of moon.

"You bastard!" you scream but it's through water. Your face pushes up through the surface, ragged and salted, and it occurs to you where you are, and what you've been thrown to.

You scream out loud this time. You see him in double, and fuzzy, through the black eye he dealt you. Above, unsteady on the rocks, his white shirt blowing and his knife hung low at his side, it slices its way towards you as if you are still in front of him. Knees bent, terrified, he is making his way to the edge. He looks over, afraid. That now you might not die.

Swim out of this, swim away. Or go deeply underwater. You aren't sure because no matter what you do, he's up so high, he'll see you doing it.

You fall into the dawning horror of having been dropped into the sea where it sits at a right angle to a wall of cliff. Striations of brown-black rock run in endless lines all leading upwards to the bastard who won't help you. The stern sweep back down to the pitch surface of sea conceals so many ways you could now die. You cry out in one final burst: "Help me!" Then you thrash for murder, carving the sea with all your limbs. Your clothes claw at you. Your face bleeds in aimless strings. You scream and whine and choke, then beg softly, your mouth speaking in half to the sea. You give the bastard your swan song.

Then you rest, blowing bubbles.

No more bubbles. Don't breathe so hard. Go softer. Go still. Count to ten. And sink slowly under.

For some reason, being underwater makes everything stop for a moment. You feel the quiet of airless entombment, like you are caked in warm wax.

You pray he believes it.

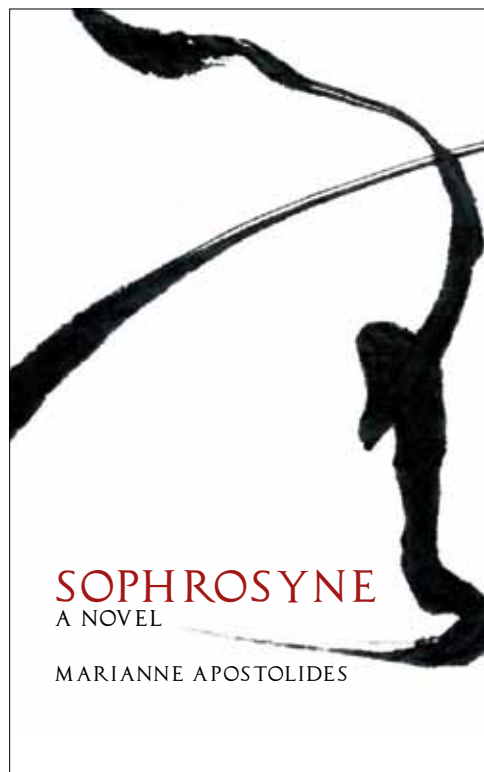
Swim as hard as you can in any direction deep underwater. Hold your breath. Longer, if possible, then crouch, arms paddling at your sides to stop you from floating up through the surface, you come up anyhow in no time fighting primal urges: don't choke or gasp for air. Don't see me, please don't see me. Just barely holding. Above: see-through wall of water. Your mouth: also punched and swollen but somehow controllable, shapes itself to the surface to breathe through a straw-sized O. Salt-stings as you stare through the two-inch film of green ocean glaze to see if he still sees you. You hope you seem dead. Your breath shallows to nothing as the bastard turns into a ripple of white on the cliff, looking, squinting to see, the rocks skidding under him and kicking over the edge. Play dead. Don't corpses go dead-man-float? he'll be thinking. He won't be sure.



photo: Sonia Halpern Bazar

Alisha Piercy is a Montreal-based writer, artist, and painting conservator. Studies in literature, art conservation and print media influence her creative practice, which ranges from drawing installations to sculptural bookworks to the writing of novellas. Her work has been exhibited in various galleries in eastern Canada, with international projects in Iceland and Mexico. Her chapbook *You have hair like flags* - won the bpnichol Chapbook Poetry Award in 2010. Her artwork is represented by Galerie Youn in Montreal. Find Piercy at www.alisha-piercy.com or connect with her on Facebook <https://www.facebook.com/alisha.piercy/>.

COVER NOT FINAL



September 2014 | Fiction
 8x5 inches | 180 pages

Trade Paper: 9781771660501
 \$20.00
 EPub: 9781771660631
 Author Hometown: Toronto ON
 Local Bookstore: Another Story

Sophrosyne

Marianne Apostolides

Sophrosyne, the provocative new novel by acclaimed author Marianne Apostolides, is about desire and restraint in a digital age. The story delves deeply into the human condition via the intense and disturbing relationship between a mother and her son, as recollected by the main character, Aleksandros. Alex doesn't know the specifics of his mother's past. And because he doesn't know, neither does the reader. Instead, the reader is drawn into an amorphous, indefinable undercurrent of love and violation that marks their relationship. This dark tone is created by the rhythm and movement of Alex's thoughts, by his frustrations, recognitions, and struggles with self-control and sexuality. Consistent throughout is an idiosyncratic mind whose language curves and leaps, as befitting the unspeakable ideas Alex is attempting to convey. This fifth book by Apostolides speaks to the author's attempt to usher in a new movement in literature, posthumanism, which moves toward a new way of conceiving of the human animal through language. Infused with the same liquid medium as Anne Carson's *Autobiography of Red* and Denis Johnson's *Fiskadero*, *Sophrosyne* is both sensual and intellectual, decidedly dark yet highly erotic; its ideas are balanced only by the sexiness of the writing. Rhythmic and unpredictable, the novel asks readers to surrender themselves to its logic, language, and intoxication.

Praise for Marianne Apostolides:

Voluptuous Pleasure opens a window onto Marianne Apostolides' house of unruly memories. These stories – memory-events that unfold through unflinching honesty – reveal that truth lies in the act of telling and – yes – the haunting pleasure of sharing it.”

— SMARO KAMBOURELI

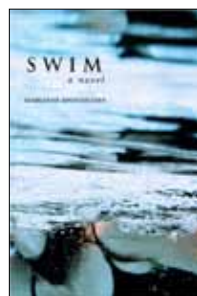
In vivid language, *Voluptuous Pleasure* examines tensions between the exploration of personal memories and the construction of engaging narratives.

— QUILL & QUIRE

Apostolides is a kind of fan dancer among thematic imponderables: the realms of memory, longing, fear, loss, redemption and, of course, the two sullen enormities between which all literary tensions must eventually find both flight and denouement, injustice and survival.

— THE GLOBE & MAIL

By the Same Author:



Swim
 ficiton

Trade Paper
 8.75x5.5
 9781897388389
 \$18.00



Voluptuous Pleasure
 The Truth About the Writing Life
 short ficiton / memoir

A *Globe & Mail* Top 100 Book of 2012
 Trade Paper
 7.5x5
 9781927040034
 \$23.00

from *Sophrosyne*

And I'm trying to slow it all down. Because I'm lying on the dirt, hidden from the path, and my back presses down as I breathe. My bare back and shoulders, my palms and fingers, because this soil is loamy. Fertile, loamy, and filled with decay. But it cushions me, this soil. It holds me as I breathe, as I press, and it's slower now. My blood, its beat, because I've been running for hours. Raging through the wooded preserve, but now I can feel my breath slower. Here, on the dirt, as I look at the trees that look like columns. Four dead trees, directly beside me, and all of it reminds me of you.

“Come here, my love,” you said. And you lifted one languid arm toward me, inviting me to climb on top. Because I'd been reading while you cleaned the kitchen. Cooking, cleaning, tidying our tiny apartment, ensuring that all was in place. And now you were lying on the couch, gathering yourself before you left for work.

“Bring the book,” you added and I eagerly obeyed. I brought the book and climbed on top. I lay on your body, stretched full on the couch, and my cheek was on your chest.

“I love this book,” you said. And you nuzzled me, your lips on my skin, because your daddy gave you a book, you said. A book about the ancient Olympics, just like the one we were reading. “I loved that book when I was a girl.”

“That was a long time ago,” I said, and you laughed.

“It was another world ago... another life ago.” And you stroked my hair, your hand in that coarse thicket. And you told me about the book. Because sport encompassed everything for the Greeks, you said. “Art and ethics, virtue, desire...” And every essential aspect of Greek culture could be displayed in the role of sport. “The role, more specifically, of the athlete's body.”

And I felt your body breathing. My belly on yours, my cheek on your chest and my arms tucked, curled so one thumb brushed against my lips. But only sometimes. Only when you breathed deep and I breathed, too, and our inhales intersected in a certain way. Only then would my thumb touch my lips, supremely light. And you spoke about the wrestling schools, the ancient palaistra, because wrestling schools were built for athletics but they became the great academies. And this was important, you said. Because ‘Plato’ and ‘Aristotle’ are mythic names, but these were men. “Real men who built the first universities anywhere on earth.” And they did so beside the palaistra. “Beside and within...” Because each absorbed the other: sport and thought, physicality, agony: knowledge. All were absorbed into one.

“Do you understand, my love?”

And I fluttered my eyelids to make myself cuter. “Does that mean yes?”

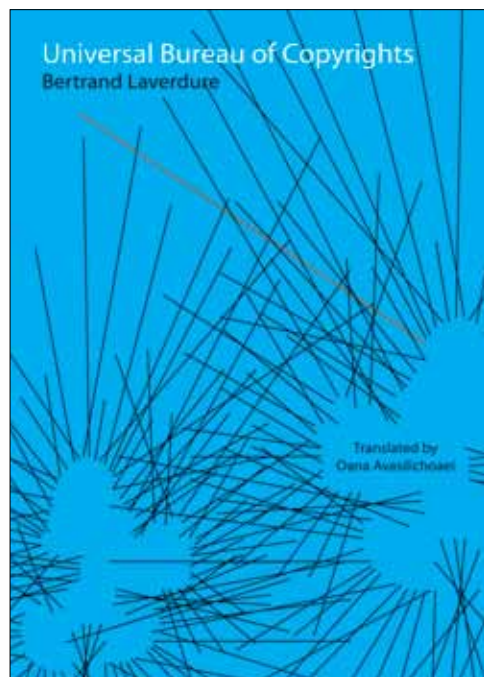
And I fluttered even more.



photo: Jorjas Photography

Marianne Apostolides is the author of five books and one play. She's a recent recipient of the Chalmers Arts Fellowship; her previous book, *Voluptuous Pleasure: The Truth About the Writing Life*, was listed among the Top 100 Books of 2012 by Toronto's *Globe & Mail*. She lives in Toronto with her two children.

COVER NOT FINAL



Universal Bureau of Copyrights

Bertrand Laverdure

Translated by Oana Avasilichioaei

From multidisciplinary artist Bertrand Laverdure comes *Universal Bureau of Copyrights*, a story that's bold, strange, and wholly compelling in its vision of a world where free will doesn't exist and an unnameable global corporation sells and buys all the copyrights of things that exist on earth, including unreal and fictional characters. Laverdure is our tour guide to the "hole of the living." No one knows exactly why the hole exists or where the hole leads or ends. But once inside, everyone tries to keep busy, so as to avoid thinking about it. Part-narrative poetry, part-sci-fi dystopian fantasy, readers become acquainted with the main character, a man who deconstructs himself the further down the hole he falls. Having no control over his environment, time continuum, or body, he is a puppet on strings, an icon in a video game and, as he eventually discovers within the bowels of the *Universal Bureau of Copyrights*, the object of countless copyrights. With touches of Vonnegut's *Breakfast of Champions* and Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, *Universal Bureau of Copyrights* packs a multitude of modern cultural references – realistic and improbable objects; literary, art, and film references; floods and calamities; rescues, repairs, bonus stages, levels, and reboots; labyrinthine doors, corridors, and rooms; "scenery, scenery, and more scenery" – into an audacious exploration of identity and one's place in the world.

October 2014 | Fiction
 7x5 inches | 160 pages

Trade Paper: 9781771660525
 \$18.00
 EPub: 9781771660648
 Author Hometown: Montreal QC
 Local Bookstore: Drawn & Quarterly

Bertrand Laverdure is an award-winning poet, novelist, literary performer, and blogger. His poetry publications include *Rires* (2004) and *Sept et demi* (2007). He has written four well-received novels, *Gomme de xanthane* (2006), *Lectodôme* (2008), *J'invente la piscine* (2010), *Bureau universel des copyrights* (2011). *Lettres crues*, a book of literary correspondence with Quebecois author Pierre Samson, was published in the fall of 2012. Most recently, he published a YA poetry collection, *Cascadeuse* (2013). Awards include the Joseph S. Stauffer Prize from the Canada Council for the Arts (1999), and the Rina-Lasnier Award for Poetry for *Les forêts* (2003). *Les forêts* was also nominated for the Emile-Nelligan Award for Poetry (2000), while *Audioguide* was nominated for the Grand Prix du Festival International de Poésie de Trois-Rivières (2003), and *Lectodôme* for the Grand Prix littéraire Archambault (2009). Find Laverdure on his blog, <http://technicien-coffeur.blogspot.ca/>, follow him on Twitter @lectodome, or connect with him on Facebook <https://www.facebook.com/bertrand.laverdure>

Oana Avasilichioaei's previous translations include *Wigrum* by Quebecois writer Daniel Canty (2013), *The Islands* by Quebecoise poet Louise Cotnoir (2011) and *Occupational Sickness* by Romanian poet Nichita Stănescu (2006). In 2013, she edited a feature on Quebec French writing in translation for *Aufgabe* (New York). she has also played in the bounds of translation and creation in a poetic collaboration with Erin Moure, *Expeditions of a Chimera*, (2009). Her most recent poetry collection is *We, Beasts* (2012; winner of the QWF's A.M. Klein Prize for Poetry), and her audio work can be found on Pennsoud. She lives in Montreal. Learn more about Avasilichioaei at www.oanalab.com.

Also of Interest:



Flowers of Spit
 Catherine Mavrikakis
 fiction

Trade Paper
 8x5.5
 9781897388884
 \$18.00

from *Universal Bureau of Copyrights*

I am alone in a movie theatre flanked by a narrator and her soothing voice commenting on a report whose soundtrack has been cut.

Then the horde arrives.

Out of everything, the ceiling, the screen, the walls, the floor, blue creatures swarm. An infestation, a plague of locusts of Biblical proportion, hundreds of Jokey smurfs surge from all the surfaces. In a few seconds the entire theatre is invaded by this gang of lowlifes. My bewilderment quickly turns to righteous horror. My narrating neighbour disappears, crushed beneath the weight of fifteen laughing revellers.

The loaded packages start exploding here and there, giving off an acrid stench of gunpowder. I knock out at least thirty cartoonish renegades, who have suddenly become terribly passive in their beetlesque carnival. Just as I think the nightmare is about to end, three of these maniacs have the presence of mind to transform me into a target for their presents. Three explosive boxes hit me.

Blackout.

I come to in a busy street in Brussels. My body lies between two horseshoe bike racks planted in the curbstone. A slim man, sporting a ruby sweater and shoulder-length hair, is smoking. He has the lanky, nimble appearance of Brussels people. A limp cigarette hangs between his sticky lips. Spreading his thumb and index finger, as methodically as a sun-baked gecko, he grabs his tube of nicotine, which simultaneously obstructs his face. A simian habit that makes the man look like Siddhartha under his tree.

Some passersby act as a temporary veil between us. An ideal sparseness, managed by a director with a fair eye.

A stagnant cloud of smoke, colonizing his nose and cheeks, gives me the impression he's trying to mime a faint conversation. I am delighted by this kinetically stable apparition. Which takes my mind off the chaotic gestures of the blue losers.

I pat and examine myself. I'm in one piece. Well, I'm happy to note all the patching up is still there and the rest of my body perseveres in its state.

By the Same Author:



Expeditions of a Chimera
 Erin Moure and Oana Avasilichioaei
 poetry

Trade Paper
 8x6
 9781897388470
 \$20.00

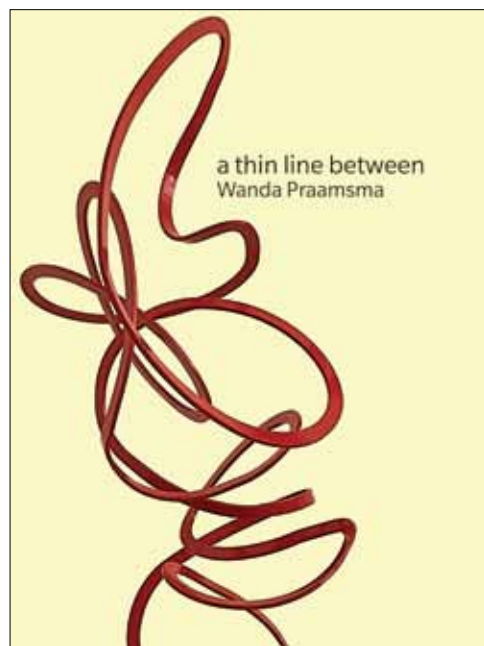


photo: Pascal Lysaught



photo: Anthony Burnham

COVER NOT FINAL



a thin line between Wanda Praamsma

In what can be described as a verse-novel for its lyricism and rhythmic structure, Wanda Praamsma crafts a story that transcends geographic boundaries and time periods, by weaving together lives from her own family's past, including her famous writer-grandfather, Bert Schierbeek, and sculptor-uncle, Michiel Praamsma. Subtle in its life lessons, *a thin line between* works at 'peeling away the I's' to explore concepts of self and family in flux. What emerges is a poignant, and at times humorous, portrait of a Dutch-Canadian family and a close look into a young woman's exploration of her own being and creative life. Praamsma's writing draws comparisons to popular Canadian writers like Elizabeth Bachinsky, Phil Hall, and Daphne Marlatt, and will appeal to readers in their 20s and 30s who are coming to terms with issues of parenting and family, as they negotiate the spaces for their own individual lives and their creative selves.

Praise for Wanda Praamsma:

Few books are so gracefully themselves: *a thin line between* accomplishes an atmosphere that seems enigmatically familiar, complex and unassuming. It is, in part, an intimate and oblique portrait of a major Dutch poet, but even more so, it's an exploration of how we should live. The doors in this poem lie between inner and outer worlds, family members, places, life and art – and the speaker's curiosity and candour leave them wide open.

— SADIQA DE MEIJER

Mixing shapes, genre and line break into a multi-layered poem (long poem and dozens of little poems), *a thin line between* is within and without, it opens like a door, and moves through family, love, "the mysterious he," language, and all those other lives we have lived. It conveys the beauty of crafting our own selves, edits and all, and asks the questions: "What is this place i come from?" "Where is it i am going?" and most importantly, "How am i going to write about it?"

— KATHERENA VERMETTE

Conversational, associative on many levels, Wanda Praamsma's long poem pulls a reader in to what is both said and unspoken. *a thin line between* probes the dualities of resemblance and difference, here and there, leaving the door of her heart ajar in its testing of interconnections within this highly creative Dutch family.

— DAPHNE MARLATT

a thin line between balances the intimacy of personal narrative and memory with a sweeping meditation on experience and language. By reflecting on the relationship and inherent tensions between "without" and "within," it locates the hidden pause within even the most fleeting, seemingly ordinary, moments.

— JOHANNA SKIBSRUD

October 2014 | Poetry
8x6 inches | 96 pages

Trade Paper: 9781771660532
\$18.00
EPub: 9781771660655
Author Hometown: Wolf Island, ON
Local Bookstore: A Novel Idea

Also of Interest:



I Don't Feel So Good
Elizabeth Bachinsky
poetry

Trade Paper
8.5x5.5
9781927040546
\$16.00

from *a thin line between*

my mom says when she was little
she would whistle and play games with the lines on the sidewalk
and her brother
would walk five steps behind her

on a bridge
a woman in a scarf
hovers
whispering to the damp air
watching the tram rumble by
like the loudest of snakes
silently she shifts her weight and the wheels of her cycle roll
down the hill
again she hovers
waiting waiting
for cars to pass
an elegant left turn
she's headed to the leidseplein
and I follow
until my road veers right
and she decides to disappear

nico comes for dinner and we all scramble
michiel makes *boerekool* and anita makes onion gravy
and craig and I make soup
nico wears four layers maybe five
an undershirt and a collar shirt
a sweater another collar shirt another sweater
all of them only one guilder (he means euro) each

he tells us how he beats the system
on the tram
with the new automatic peep cards
it's so expensive, he says

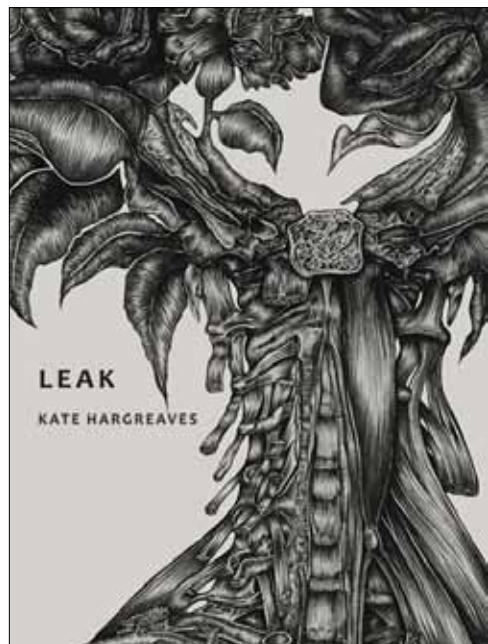
so he goes into one tram going in the wrong direction
he peeps
then rushes out
crosses the street
and waits for the tram going in the right direction
he waits
gets on
then peeps again
and effectively
goes nowhere



photo: James Winkel

Wanda Praamsma grew up in the Ottawa valley in Clayton, Ontario. Her poetry has appeared in *Ottawater*, *17 seconds*, and *Feathertale*, and several literary non-fiction pieces have appeared in the *Toronto Star*, where she worked for several years as an editor. She has worked, studied, and lived at various points in Salamanca, Spain, Santiago, Chile, and Amsterdam, The Netherlands, and has travelled to many places in between and beyond, including Cuba, India, and the Balkans. Praamsma currently lives on Wolfe Island in Ontario, and is working on an MFA in Creative Writing through the University of British Columbia. *a thin line between* is her first book of poetry. Find Praamsma at www.whywandawrites.com, or connect with her on Facebook <https://www.facebook.com/wpraamsma>.

COVER NOT FINAL



October 2014 | Poetry
 8x6 inches | 96 pages

Trade Paper: 9781771660563
 \$18.00
 EPub: 9781771660686
 Author Hometown: Windsor, ON
 Local Bookstore: Biblioasis

Also of Interest:



Enter the Raccoon
 Beatriz Hausner
 poetry

Trade Paper
 8x6
 9781927040386
 \$18.00

Leak

Kate Hargreaves

Readers will be delightedly sickened by *Leak*, the latest text from Canadian writer Kate Hargreaves. Following on Hargreaves' intriguing look into roller derby culture in *Talking Derby* (2013), *Leak* uses disjunctive poetic techniques, listing, sorting, organizing of language, as well as a shifting subject, to represent the relationship between language and the body, where bumps and bruises become new ways of understanding the borders and leaks of our everyday existence. In *Leak*, bodies lose pieces and fall apart, while words slip out of place and letters drop away. Emergency room signage becomes incomprehensible, the census requests bodily measurements, a cyclist confuses oil with her own blood. Such textual gaps and overlaps contribute to *Leak's* intentional sense of unfinishedness, reflective of the impossibility of signifying one coherent mind, body, or text. With nuances of Susan Holbrook's *Joy is So Exhausting*, Nikki Reimer's *[sic]*, and Jenny Sampirisi's *Croak*, this visceral deconstruction of the body and its multiple representations will appeal to those readers who appreciate thinking that tests the boundaries of body politics – pathologically, emotionally, and lyrically.

Praise for Leak:

Inside Kate Hargreaves's stunning new book, words bite and yawn and breathe the page, chipping away at the dictionary, diagnosing the alphabet. A tour de aperture, these poems will leak from your tongue into your brain, gushing pleasure: pleasure: pleasure: pleasure.

— NICOLE MARKOTIĆ

With deliberate caprice, Kate Hargreaves executes, deranges, disentangles, fractures, accidenting language into dazzling constellations.

— ROSEMARY NIXON

Leak is an exciting poetic debut which performs a relentless and passionate anatomy through syntax that spills, kicks, craves, bloats, sheds, and spits. Hargreaves reminds us that, for worse and for better, parts of speech and speaker tend to gurgle beyond their notional grammars. Read it and gush.

— SUSAN HOLBROOK

from *Leak*

Stems

1.
I've got the best legs in poetry.
The audience at the open mic took a vote
my calves most worthy of macramé leggings and a mini skirt
from our generous local sponsor,
the girl with the hook, third row from the stage
send her stats after the show
thigh circumference with a shoelace and a metre stick
subtract a few centimetres
(for good measure)
2.
Cowboy hat at the karaoke bar thinks I've got
Nice stems (baby)
green and waxy
feet like cut flowers
thorny and brown
A guy can't tell a girl he likes her legs? Maybe you should wear a longer skirt.
Cover up my stems?
heels sink into mud
root me to the ground
cowboy tips his hat i turn
on one wedge, a thorn
in his boot
3.
On primetime, "having" legs, arms, ears, fingernails means
having limbs
in a jar
a meat locker
in a plastic garbage bag at the bottom of the lake
i've got the smoothest legs, the right one in a bag of wool, top shelf of
the closet
waiting for winter
the left behind the wok in the pots and pans drawer
the pinkest ears chill in the fridge
the thinnest wrists in my typewriter case
the thickest toenails between the pages of *Spin* magazine
the softest soles strung on the backyard washing line
two lips in the garden compost
a pinky finger on top of the microwave
and one eyebrow caught under the back-door shoe rack.



photo: Dana Seguin

Kate Hargreaves is a poet, fiction writer, book designer and roller derby skater. Her first book, *Talking Derby: Stories from a Life on Eight Wheels* (2012), is a collection of short prose vignettes inspired by playing women's flattrack roller derby. Hargreaves' poetry has been published in literary journals across north America, including *Descant*, *filling Station*, *The Puritan*, *Drunken Boat*, *The Antigone Review*, *Canada and Beyond*, *Carousel*, and *Rampike*, and has also appeared in the anthologies *Whisky Sour City* (2012) and *Detours* (2012), and the *Windsor Review's* "Best Writers Under 35" issue. Hargreaves was the recipient of a Windsor Endowment for the Arts emerging Literary Artist award in 2011 and a Governor General's Gold Medal in Graduate Studies at the University of Windsor in 2012, where she obtained her Bachelor's and Master's degrees in English & Creative Writing. Kate grew up in Amherstburg, Ontario, but now lives in Windsor, where she works as a publishing assistant and book designer at Biblioasis. Follow her on Twitter @TalkingDerby and connect with her on Facebook www.facebook.com/TalkingDerby.

COVER NOT FINAL



Afterletters

R. Kolewe

Lovers wrote letters. Letters crossed absence, longing, joy, passion, loss and heartbreak. Sometimes letters were answered. sometimes not. And sometimes not for years. In 1948, in the exhausted aftermath of WWII, the poets Paul Celan and Ingeborg Bachmann met in Vienna and began a difficult and intense but intermittent relationship. Celan, a German-speaking Jew whose parents had been murdered in Nazi labour camps, had escaped from the rising communist regime in Romania and was on his way to Paris, where over the next 22 years he would write the poems that transformed, shattered, and (perhaps) redeemed the German language “after Auschwitz.” Bachmann, the daughter of a member of the Austrian Nazi party, was writing her dissertation on the philosophy of Heidegger at the University of Vienna. Along with Celan, she would go on to become one of the most important writers in the German language in the mid-20th century, confronting the persistence of fascism, the limits of language, and the almost-erased “death styles” women are subject to in patriarchal society. Bachman and Celan’s relationship went on until the early 1960s, documented in the letters they exchanged, only broken off when Bachmann could no longer deal with Celan’s increasing mental instability. Despite the break, the relationship continued to haunt both of them: Bachmann’s last published work, the novel *Malina*, written after Celan’s suicide in 1970 and before Bachmann’s tragic death in 1972, contains a haunting portrait of their connection. In *Afterletters*, R. Kolewe has used fragments of letters and other works of these two 20th century poets to give us a stunning sequence of lyric poems that explore something every reader can relate to: the traces of loss and love in language that breaks, recombines and scintillates, “star-crossed, star-covered, star-thrown.”

Praise for *Afterletters*:

Quiet like a thundercloud
 — CHRISTINA BAILLIE

October 2014 | Poetry
 8x6 inches | 96 pages

Trade Paper: 9781771660549
 \$18.00
 EPub: 9781771660662
 Author Hometown: Toronto, ON
 Local Bookstore: Type Books (Queen Street)

Also of Interest:



Tracelanguage
 Mark Goldstein
 poetry

Trade Paper
 7.5x5.25
 9781897388556
 \$20.00



Meditations on George de La Tour
 Paal-Helge Haugen
 Translated by Roger Greenwald
 poetry

Trade Paper
 9x6
 9781927040638
 \$18.00

from *Afterletters*

But as he read it was all plain

In the farthest near-meaning lose
 your father, your mother, your lover.
 Child, wife, friends. The unclear burning off.
 Lose your self and all your books, your hours.

Make a list of dates or rivers from memory.
 Hide silence-mad in other lives.
 Say there’s living yes
 pared down here. say as if,

fog-stars topping the hills and licking down
 night to dark water tending your lost wounds.
 It should have been warmer, that swiftsure tongue.

One hour, or two

I have never been
 but I know the story
 you know the story.

Begin with poppies which
 elsewhere, might be forgetting,
 be fire, wounds, more than red.

Sleep with now
 most of all, precisely.

You know me, I always want
 to know everything very precisely.



photo: R. Kolewe

R. Kolewe was born in Montreal. Educated in physics and engineering at the University of Toronto, he pursued a successful career in the software industry for many years, while living in a picturesque village in southwestern Ontario. Always a reader, he began to devote his time to writing not long after returning to Toronto in 2007. His work has appeared online at *ditch*, *e-ratio*, and *The Puritan*, and he has been associated with the online magazine of Canadian poetics, *influncysalon.ca*. He also takes photographs. Find Kolewe’s work online at <http://r.kolewe.net> <http://hudsonpoems.net> or follow him on Twitter @rkolewe.

COVER NOT FINAL



Metaphysical Licks

Gergoire Pam Dick

Metaphysical Licks, a hybrid prose-poem/novella riffing on the lives and works of Austrian poet Georg Trakl and his sister, Grete, is the restless new work by writer and translator Gregoire Pam Dick [a.k.a., Mina Pam Dick, Jake Pam Dick et al., author of *Delinquent* (2009)]. Featuring a mix of high and low, tragic and comic, abstract and concrete, artifice and confession, Dick's playful writing takes risks: New York City meets Vienna and Berlin, with urban moments following reflections on early 20th century histories and philosophical remarks, while the inventive, androgynous, sexually loose (and intermittently incestuous) persona of Greta expresses itself through the dark, surreal and haunted imagery of Trakl's poems. Readers will be drawn to Dick's combination of punk/genderqueer/girl rebelliousness and deep, questioning thought, in a text that brings lyrical focus to some of the world's philosophical masters, including Nietzsche and Wittgenstein, where creativity alone offers escape, solace, freedom, and exultation.

Praise for *Delinquent*:

In her audacious and accomplished 2009 debut *Delinquent*, transgressor extraordinaire Mina Pam Dick lovingly travestied the lingo and conceptual frameworks of analytic philosophy, particularly the works of Ludwig Wittgenstein... Her self-dismantling, erotically-charged writing speaks in an undeniably 21st century argot.

— JOHN BEER AND JUDITH GOLDMAN

Mina Pam Dick's *Delinquent* laughs, calls my adjectives weaklings, and references The Who, amidst Wittgenstein, Kierkegaard, Kant. I underline my mind makes me up, because indeed, it is my own mind, my own embedded mind inside a head that creates the world around me, with language, with thoughts, with concepts, with words...

— JANICE LEE

October 2014 | Poetry
 8x6 inches | 160 pages

Trade Paper: 9781771660556
 \$20.00
 EPub: 9781771660679
 Author Hometown: New York
 Local Bookstore: McNally Jackson

Also of Interest:



Fieldnotes, a forensic
 Kate Eichhorn
 poetry
**Shortlisted for the 2011
 Governor General's Award**
 Trade Paper
 8x6
 9781897388662
 \$18.00



The Rose Concordance
 Angela Carr
 poetry
 Trade Paper
 8x6
 9781897388464
 \$18.00



fur(l) parachute
 Shannon Maguire
 poetry
 Trade Paper
 8x6
 9781927040607
 \$18.00

from *Metaphysical Licks*

Slightly Bluish Very Pale Gray Notebook

But still the truth. The world when it's invented.

They say the language doesn't touch but it touches. Like sister and brother.

There is nothing but language. It touches itself. One hand pressed to the other. Or one chest to. Too many buts? But but is the supreme metaphysical connective.

My brother Ludvik brought me a beautiful olive-toned notebook from the italic war-dressed mountains which were not Alps. He wanted me to live in it. It was austere, minimal, silent like a tower. He obsessed over the stitches, the leather of the cover, the paper. But I wanted to live in my own book, which was slim, flimsy, imperfect. I stole it from the 5-and-10, because girls are kleptos. I stole that thought phrasing from my younger self of paragraph. Although some boys or brothers or friends or lovers who are young men also steal. Mostly thoughts or sentences. Ludvik admitted that he himself did. Do I do it because I am so androgynous?

I went into the kitchen to reheat my philosophy. Each time it tastes more bitter, but I keep reheating it.

It is how to stay awake. Sleeping is death. There exists a fear of it. Dream of reproaching the negligent father.

Antonius?

Then sex with a smooth-skinned shining girl. She said slow down. In a grand hotel somewhere in a European capital such as Oslo or Vienna. But the room had to be switched. Or it couldn't be found, or I did not want to live in it with Ludvik. Also I could not slow down, so I felt bad.

My notebook is light gray, the cover is made of thicker paper. The notebook is unrulid. it smells like gray philosophy.

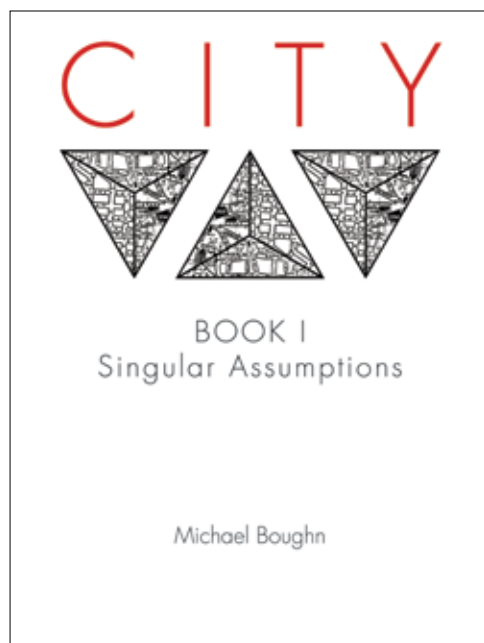
He said, There is nothing left for you to do. Why don't you write music? I said, The lyrics are philosophy. Music is philosophy with truth lyrics and notes of metaphysics.



photo: Oana Avasilichioaei

Gregoire Pam Dick (a.k.a., Mina Pam Dick, Jake Pam Dick et al.) is the author of *Delinquent* (2009). Her writing has appeared in *BOMB*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Aufgabe*, *eOAGH*, *Fence*, *Matrix*, *Open Letter*, *Poetry is Dead*, and elsewhere, and has been featured in *Postmodern Culture*; it is included in the anthologies *The Sonnets* (2012) and *Troubling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry and Poetics* (2013). Her philosophical work has appeared in a collection published by the international Wittgenstein symposium. Her translations, co-translations, and transpositions from German and French can be found in *Telephone*, *Dandelion*, and *Aufgabe*; her own writing has been translated into Dutch, French, and German. A native New Yorker, Dick lives in New York City, where she is currently doing work that makes out and off with Büchner, Lenz, Hölderlin, and Walser.

COVER NOT FINAL



City: Book I: Singular Assumptions

Michael Boughn

Taking as its instigation Charles Olson's "Poem 143 – the Festival Aspect," Michael Boughn's *City* attempts to navigate the visionary registers that animate the city and its moods. A long poem in three books, each book is set up to explore a different dimension of the city. Combining observations and commentary on current affairs with references to and considerations of traditional texts by Dante, Augustine, Fra Carnevale, Weber, Bachelard, Whitehead, Benjamin, Agamben, and a host of others, *City* weaves multiple threads together into a tapestry of urban experience that is always both here and beyond. *Book I: Singular Assumptions* moves through the depths of the city's incarnation, mapping the often obstinate resistance to any further amplification of the city's possibilities that jams it up like rush hour on the 401. Boughn is well known for his subtle and intelligent writing, and readers familiar with his prolific career will find new and exciting perspectives in and on the city.

Praise for Michael Boughn:

Boughn's lines blend Eros and erudition, humor and critique.
— HOA NGUYEN

Boughn starts out as if he's just fooling around, and then he sneaks in a major long poem for our time . . .
— GEORGE BOWERING

...this celestial romp, with its poems called Joys of Gravy, Freedom Fries and Hoochy Koochy equivocations, never completely escapes (if you'll forgive the pun) the force of gravitas, and it manages to be both "mock" and "epic" at the same time.
— PAUL VERMEERSCH, GLOBE AND MAIL

October 2014 | Poetry
8x6 inches | 96 pages

Trade Paper: 9781771660570
\$18.00
EPub: 9781771660693
Author Hometown: Toronto
Local Bookstore: Type Books (Spadina)

By the Same Author:



Cosmographia
poetry
**Shortlisted for the 2011
Governor General's Award**
Trade Paper
9x6
9781897388693
\$20.00



22 Skidoo/
SubTractions
poetry
**Winner of the
Friggin Prize**
Trade Paper
6.75x5
9781897388341
\$18.00



Great Canadian Poems
for the Aged
poetry
Trade Paper
9x6
9781927040379
\$20.00

from *City: Book I: Singular Assumptions*

The War on the Car

War and car don't rhyme
though you'd never know it
by looking. Having formed

every square and passage to its
wheels, asphalt and cement sock
sewn tight, imposed angular

bound vision into knotted
contortions leave limbs
wrenched, dislocated, cramped

shadows of known reach, each inch
twisted out of vehicular
contractions of morphogenetic

plenitude into rigor of its
intersections, each one timed out
of squared seconds stacked laterally

across expanses of imagination's
former self, dark formulations
of encounter rising from ashes

of place, declarations of war ring
with sardonic amplifications
of victorious erasure's contempt

for the loser who looks first
right, then left (except in England's
green pastures) and steps

into it. Sometimes it's a river of
asphalt. When the shape
of water is lost, the war enters

a new phase, waxing gibbous
in pedestrians' minds and the dreams
of commuters waiting

for the light to change. [...]

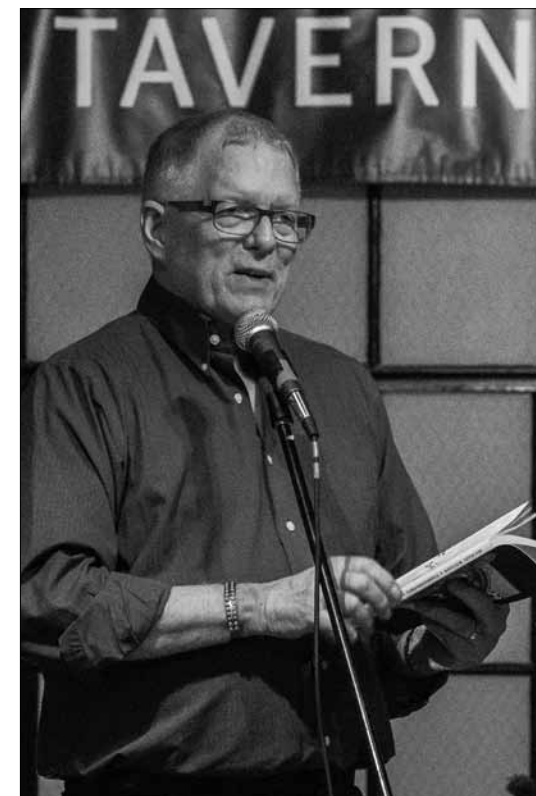
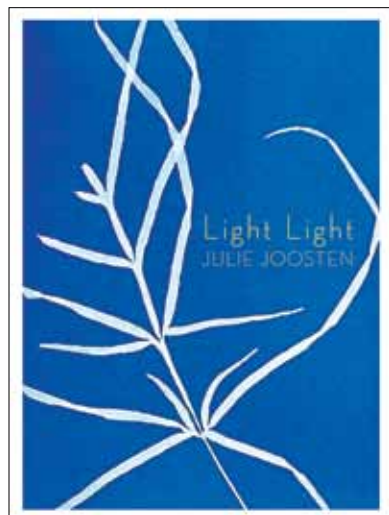


photo: R. Kolewe

Michael Boughn worked in the Teamsters for nearly ten years before returning to university to earn a PhD in 1986 after studying with poets John Clarke and Robert Creeley. He is the author of ten books of poetry, including *Iterations of the Diagonal*, *Dislocations in Crystal*, *22 Skidoo / SubTractions*, *Cosmographia: A Post-Lucretian Faux Micro-Epic* (short-listed for the Governor General's Award for Poetry in 2011), and most recently, *Great Canadian Poems for the Aged Vol. 1 Illus. Ed.* (2012). He has also published books for young adults, including the Maple Award nominated *Into the World of the Dead*, a mystery novel, and a descriptive bibliography of the American poet, H.D. He recently edited (with Victor Coleman) Robert Duncan's *The H.D. Book* for the University of California Press. He has taught courses at the University of Toronto since 1993, recently focusing primarily on American writing with special emphasis on the innovative writers of the 20th and 21st centuries.

NOTABLE TITLES

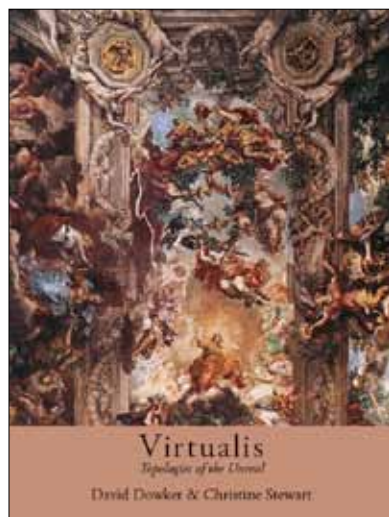


SHORTLISTED FOR THE 2014 GERALD LAMPERT MEMORIAL AWARD

Light Light
Julie Joosten
9781927040836
\$18.00

The 19th-century Romantic poets rhapsodized about nature as separate from humankind; in this era of climate change, Joosten reminds us there is no separation.
— BARBARA CAREY, THE TORONTO STAR

These poems read like very educated sermons from a service for a religion we have yet to discover.
— MICHAEL DENNIS



SHORTLISTED FOR THE 2014 STEPHAN G. STEPHANSSON AWARD FOR POETRY

Virtualis: Topologies of the Unreal
David Dowker & Christine Stewart
9781927040621
\$18.00

This book weaves a kind of lexical magic as threads of stunning lyricism and metaphysical fantasia so vibrant it feels like a synesthetic dream.
— CHRIS MORAN, HTML GIANT

In their collaborative blend of ideas and language, the poems in *Virtualis: Topologies of the Unreal* work through the abstract, deliberately ungrounded, embracing sound.
— ROB MCLENNAN



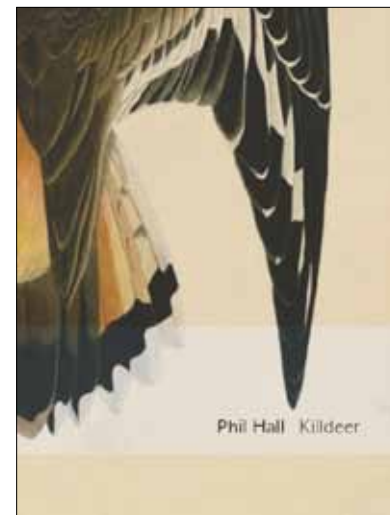
SHORTLISTED FOR THE 2013 OTTAWA BOOK AWARD
SHORTLISTED FOR THE 2013 ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN AWARD
SHORTLISTED FOR THE 2013 RELIT AWARD

Conflict
Christine McNair
9781927040058
\$18.00

McNair is a one-woman fireworks spectacle.
— GRADY HARP VIA LITERARYAFICIANADO.COM

McNair takes us through poetry that forms together, while simultaneously breaking free from itself and forcing us to focus on our own loves and limitations.
— CASSIE LEIGH VIA GREYBORDERS.BLOGSPOT.CA

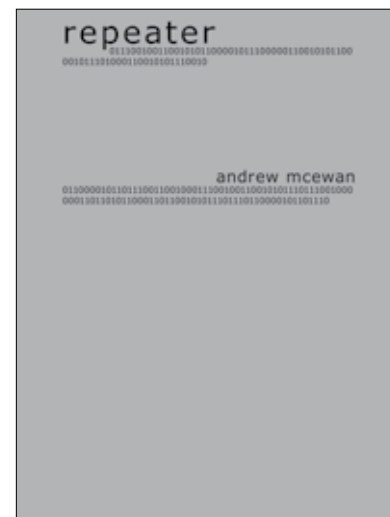
NOTABLE TITLES



WINNER OF THE THE 2011 GOVERNOR GENERAL'S AWARD FOR POETRY
WINNER OF THE THE 2012 TRILLIUM BOOK PRIZE
WINNER OF AN AWARD FOR DESIGN FROM THE ALCUIN SOCIETY 2012
NOMINATED FOR THE 2012 GRIFFIN POETRY PRIZE

Killdeer: Essay Poems
Phil Hall
9781897388815
\$18.00

Hall manages to rescue the lyrical essay from its recondite excesses and turn it into something that's as adventurous as it is readable. [T]his book charts [Hall's] development as a writer, but it also demonstrates and furthers that development.
— PAUL VERMEERSH, THE GLOBE AND MAIL.



SHORTLISTED FOR THE 2013 GERALD LAMPERT MEMORIAL AWARD

repeater
Andrew McEwan
9781927040072
\$18.00

Toronto's Andrew McEwan presents an accomplished and original debut in *repeater*.
— JONATHAN BALL, THE WINNPEG REVIEW

What is revealed in these iterations are the uncanny links between human and computer, between animate and mechanical, between expressive language and functional code.
— MELISSA DALGEISH, CANADIAN LITERATURE



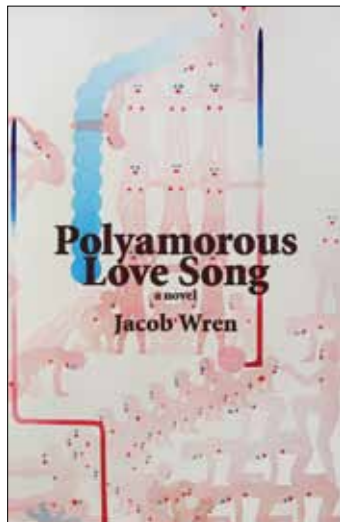
SHORTLISTED FOR THE 2014 LEIPZIG BEST BOOK DESIGN IN THE WORLD

Form of Forms
Mark Goldstein
9781927040065
\$25.00

"One of the finest examples of the relationship between form and content I've ever read."

R E C E N T T I T L E S

FICTION



Polyamorous Love Song

Jacob Wren
9781771660303
\$23.00

[*Polyamorous Love Song* is] an art manifesto ... at once thoughtful, thrilling, terrifying, comedic and disturbing.

— SHANNON TIEN FOR CULTMTL

Polyamorous Love Song sets up every human being as an artist – oversexed, furry and holding a gun – to play through wicked palindromes of sex performance and political protest. This book notably asks: Are we all pretending? Wren mines the ethical implications of both hidden literature and mass entertainment. Reading it, I wondered why I wasn't more afraid.

— TAMARA FAITH BERGER



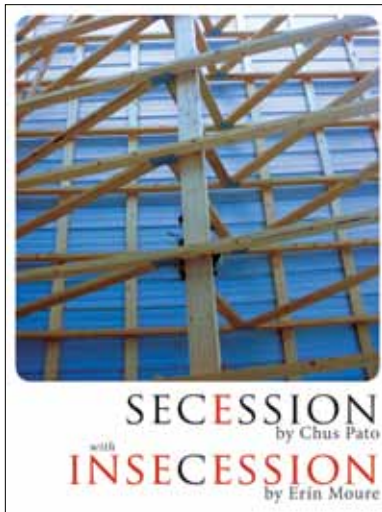
Air Carnation

Guadalupe Muro
9781771660310
\$23.00

Somewhere between the startling intimacy of Marguerite Duras and the fragmentary wit of Renata Adler lies Guadalupe Muro's quietly luminous *Air Carnation*. Like a photo album brought to life, these vignettes weave personal anecdotes with meditations on poetry and art, the surreal with the banal, and wry humour with almost disarming candor. A brave, delightful, haunting book.

— PASHA MALLA

TRANSLATION · BIOPOETICS · MEMOIR



Secession / Insecession

Chus Pato & Erin Moure
9781771660341
\$23.00

Chus Pato writes to wound the reader, to pierce the skin of whoever reads.

— EDITORIAL GALAXIA, ON SECESSION

Chus Pato, Jan Lauwereyns & Tomaz Salamun are 3 reasons why this is a great age for poetry.

— RON SILLIMAN

Moure makes each reader a witness to the unspeakable.

— ARC POETRY MAGAZINE, ON THE UNMEMNTIOABLE

R E C E N T T I T L E S

POETRY



THOU

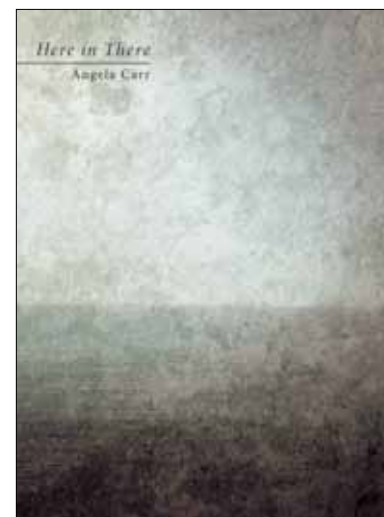
Aisha Sasha John
9781771660334
\$20.00

To read this book is to experience the poem happening to you – and to want in.

— GILLIAN JEROME FOR 49TH SHELF

Aisha Sasha John is a poet of centrifugal energy, or reverberant intimacy

— MICHAEL NARDONE

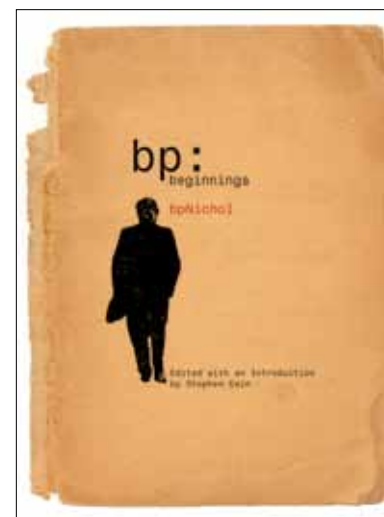


Here in There

Angela Carr
9781771660327
\$20.00

Carr's work succeeds where so much poetry fails through its formal understanding of the way poetic language makes a reader feel their own body, or experience the "bodiliness" of language. Carr achieves an exquisite balance of sensual fleshiness, confession and conceptual abstraction.

— SONNET L'ABBÉ, THE GLOBE AND MAIL



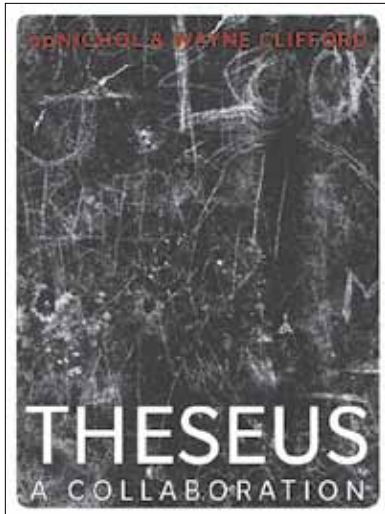
bp: beginnings

bpNichol, Edited with an Introduction by Stephen Cain
9781771660358
\$23.00

bp: beginnings brings together his pre-*Martyrology* materials in one comprehensive collection. These sequences show Nichol developing his talents in both visual poetry and lyricism, pointing the way towards the union of the two forms in the later *Martyrology*. Combined with *The Captain Poetry Poems* (published by BookThug in 2011), *bp: beginnings* now makes all of Nichol's major poetry sequences available to both the avid Nichol specialists and to aficionados of innovative poetry everywhere.

R E C E N T T I T L E S

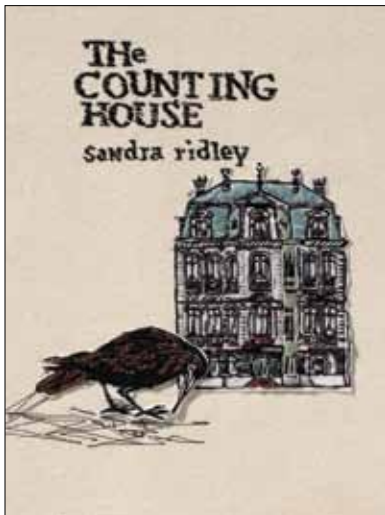
POETRY



Theseus: A Collaboration
bpNichol & Wayne Clifford
9781771660365
\$18.00

The rewards are many as you follow the multiple threads of wordplay, pun and dialogue, both interior and exterior, where at the heart of things is all encompassing love; the you, the me, the us.
— BRIAN DEDORA

Their dialogue, years after Nichol's death, is unexpected, wondrous and truly extraordinary.
— LOLA L. TOSTEVIN



The Counting House
Sandra Ridley
9781927040843
\$20.00

In language that soothes and bites word by word, *The Counting House* is a book that lives fiercely in the complex in-between of love and punishment, pleasure and pain, coo and cry.
— JENNY SAMPIRISI

The diversity of language is marvelous, and Ridley's deeper humanistic concerns – about devalued subjects crashing forward into a condition of self-declaration – emerge through these poetic sequences intensely, and bravely.
— MARGARET CHRISTAKOS



Life Experience Coolant
Colin Fulton
9781927040850
\$18.00

There is a generosity in this writing, a refusal to mask any of the intimacy of the numerous exchanges it reports. "This isn't chic LA performance art, this isn't what you'd call a 'safe place,' this is a poem."
— TIM LILBURN

Those who love experimentation will be drawn in by Fulton's ability to play freely among the signifiers and push the notion of form through typography.
— BERT ALMON FOR MONTREAL REVIEW OF BOOKS

B A C K L I S T

FICTION (DEPARTMENT OF NARRATIVE STUDIES)

___ ALEXIS, André: *A* ISBN 9781927040799 | \$15.00 | F
___ APOSTOLIDES, Marianne: *Voluptuous Pleasure* ISBN 9781927040034 | \$23.00 | NF
___ APOSTOLIDES, Marianne: *Swim* ISBN 9781897388389 | \$18.00 | F
___ BLOUIN, Michael: *I Don't Know How To Behave* ISBN 9781927040805 | \$24.00 | F
___ COLLIS, Stephen: *The Red Album* ISBN 9781927040652 | \$24.00 | F
___ DICKSON, Jason: *Glenn Piano by Gladys Priddis* ISBN 9781897388532 | \$17.00 | F
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___ EATON, Chris: *Chris Eaton, a Biography* ISBN 9781927040645 | \$25.00 | F
___ FASTRUP, Karen; CHACE, Tara, Trans. *Beloved of my 27 Senses* ISBN 9781897388204 | \$25.00 | F
___ GULDAGER, Katrine Marie: *Copenhagen* (Per Brask, trans.) ISBN 9781897388433 | \$20.00 | F
___ H.D.; BOUGHN, Michael, Ed. *Narthe & Other Stories* ISBN 9781897388969 | F
___ HAYDEN, Tyler: *OHMHOLE* ISBN 9781897388952 | \$20.00 | F
___ MAVRIKAKIS, Catherine, Nathanël, Trans. *Flowers of Spit* ISBN 9781897388884 | \$18.00 | F
___ McCAFFERY, Steve: *Panopticon* ISBN 9781897388914 | \$18.00 | F
___ QUARTERMAIN, Meredith: *Recipes From the Red Planet* ISBN 1897388659 \$18.00 | F
___ SZCZEPANIAK, Angela: *The QWERTY Institute (Annual Report)* ISBN 9781897388822 | F

POETRY

___ ALLAND, Sandra: *Blissful Times* ISBN 9780978158767 | \$20.00 | P
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___ BETTS, Gregory: *If Language* ISBN 0973718161 | \$20.00 | P
___ BISSETT, bill: *RUSH: what fuckan theory; a study uv language* ISBN 9781927040416 | \$20.00 | P|NF|F|
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___ BOUGHN, Michael: *Cosmographia: a post-lucretian faux micro-epic* ISBN 9781897388693 | \$20.00 | P
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___ BOUGHN, Michael: *22 Skidool/Subtractions* ISBN 9781897388341 | \$18.00 | P
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___ BRADLEY, Daniel f.: *A Boy's First Book of Chlamydia* ISBN 0973718102 | \$15.00 | P
___ BUDDE, Rob: *declining america* ISBN 9781897388440 | \$18.00 | P
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