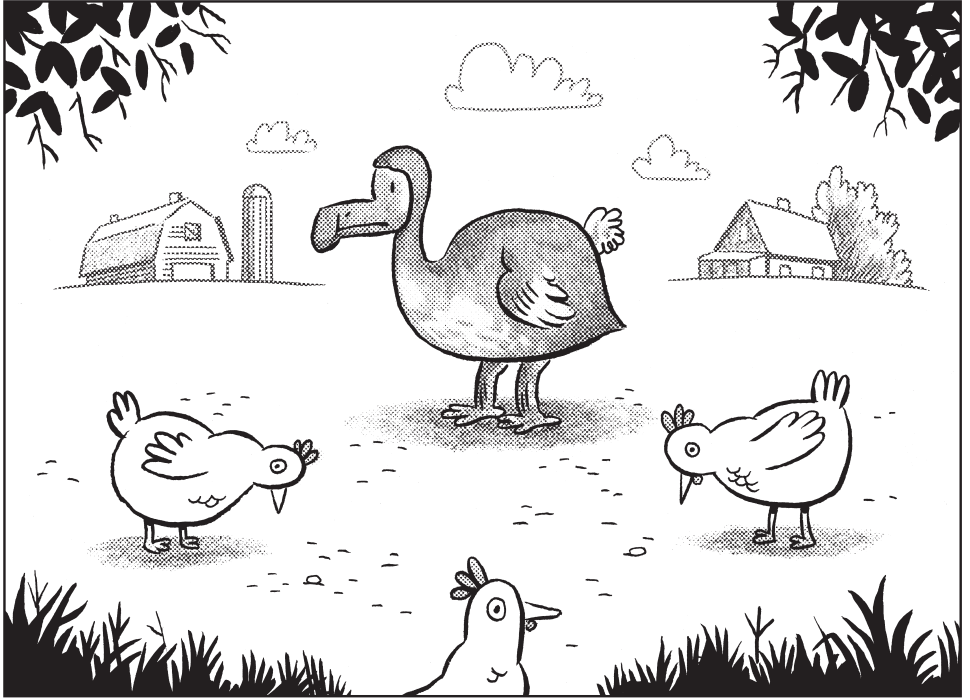
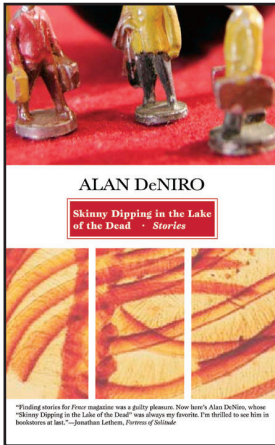


Small Beer Press

CATALOG No. 3, SUMMER 2006



Featuring titles by: Alan DeNiro · Carol Emshwiller
Angélica Gorodischer · Ellen Kushner · Ursula K.
Le Guin · Kelly Link · Maureen F. McHugh · Naomi
Mitchison · Jennifer Stevenson · Sean Stewart · Ray
Vukcevic · Howard Waldrop · Kate Wilhelm



Skinny Dipping in the Lake of the Dead

Alan DeNiro

Skinny Dipping in the Lake of the Dead is Minneapolis-based poet and writer Alan DeNiro's wide-ranging and assured debut fiction collection. DeNiro's stories have been published in magazines including *Fence*, *One Story*, *Crowd*, *Strange Horizons*, and *3rd Bed*. These stories are gently surreal, using a toolbox of genres including science fiction and fantasy to grapple with issues of identity, family, gender, and politics. (Think Aimee Bender or George Saunders.)

DeNiro's work is frequently funny, surreal, or even slapstick, but his stories also connect with readers on an emotional level, in unexpected and surprising ways. Even in the oddest of DeNiro's stories, his characters are real people grappling with real relationships, real heartbreaks, the small, cruel, pinprick absurdities of a universe which is larger and stranger than most writers ever realize.

Alan DeNiro has published two poetry chapbooks and co-founded an anthology series. He received his MFA in poetry from the University of Richmond. He is working on a novel, *Rubicon Girl*. He lives outside St. Paul, MN, and keeps a blog at www.goblinmercantileexchange.com

Surprising and funny debut collection from a multi-talented Midwest author.

"I'm thrilled to see him in bookstores at last."
—Jonathan Lethem
(*Fortress of Solitude*)

"A lively, lovely collection from a memorable talent."
—Karen Joy Fowler
(*The Jane Austen Book Club*)

"You can't help but stop and take real notice."
—Jonathan Carroll
(*Glass Soup*)

"Wholly original, carefully crafted tales."
—Jeffrey Ford
(*The Girl in the Glass*)

lcrw.net/deniro
goblinmercantileexchange.com

- » National and local advertising.
- » National review attention.
- » Title story shortlisted for the O. Henry award.
- » DeNiro has literary and community connections in Minneapolis—which should garner reviews and coverage.
- » Galleys available.
- » Readings: Minneapolis, Madison, Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, and New York.
- » Launch party in Minneapolis.
- » Postcards to bookstores, mailing list and zine subscribers.
- » One-third of the stories available free online.
- » MP3s of author readings distributed free online.
- » World rights available.

OUR BYZANTIUM

An excerpt from *Skinny Dipping in the Lake of the Dead*

In your absence, the Byzantines infiltrate our city. Several circumstances give the Byzantines a tactical advantage. It is a college town, relatively small, away from any significant airport or interstate, nestled in the Allegheny foothills. It is early June; most of the students—the only real hope for able-bodied defense—are in their hometowns. Finally, a hot azure hangs over the squat buildings of the town, making clear and rational thinking nearly impossible. It was easy for the Byzantines to send a contingent by riverboat and mountain road and assume control.

Where are you?

Yes, you reside in this story, even if you never appear.

You are in Pittsburgh, visiting Todd, your almost ex-boyfriend. I say almost because, although Todd has been cheating on you, you don't want to cut the cord. On a Thursday night, he called. Unbidden yet compelled, you decide to drive up to the city of three rivers, to unplug the damage that hasn't already burst through. To fuck and fight until the two are indistinguishable. You'll come back to the city with more questions unanswered, to hash out with me.

On that night, after your phone call, you leave my apartment (my efficiency) without giving me a sigil or sign to work with. The moon is a barn owl's face smoothed over by warm wind. Five minutes before you leave, I am already waiting for your return, feeling sick for you. Can I hear the armies coming?

Move backward a few hours, before you storm out. We are naked; it is five minutes before midnight, we make Pop Tarts. You are already in exile from yourself, already your body mills over Todd's

pleading for understanding.

Though we have showered, we didn't touch or wash each other during our showering, though I imagine that technically, water ricocheting off your shoulder and hitting my breast—or a thousand other discrete packets of skin—would constitute washing each other.

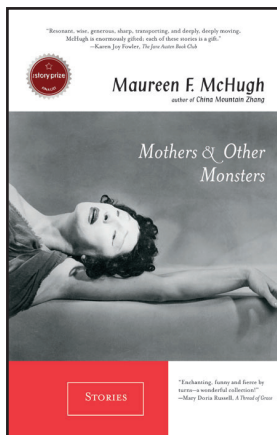
That water, however would have been unintentional, a “cognitive misunderstanding.” Similar to the penumbra, or glister, that surrounds you. This is literal; don't construe this as a metaphor. The literal halo rests about two to three inches from your naked body. Your nipples are still hard. We haven't had sex in actuality, yet, or ever.

At this moment, I can hear the canter of horses descend from the foothills and green caves. Eating, I see pasted on my kitchen wall a picture of a mosaic of Empress Theodora and her attendants. Faces in gold and taffeta gazing at us like court stenographers. You tore this out of a National Geographic, and gave it to me when we first started pawing and not-fucking, told me that I needed a moral compass.

“I'm going back to him,” you say, and your back sags, and the canonized light around you creaks with it. I have come to accept these minor miracles of yours, drive off my own doubts, keeping angry at myself for entertaining doubts.

Theodora, pasted above me, doesn't look bemused.

“But we were going to go hiking tomorrow,” I say. A simple task, involving putting one leg in front of the other. I have the intense desire, always, to climb with people. For people to climb me.



Mothers & Other Monsters

Maureen F. McHugh

Maureen F. McHugh's debut collection, already discovered in hardcover by book clubs, was a finalist for the second annual \$20,000 Story Prize.

McHugh, author of four acclaimed novels and winner of the Hugo, Tiptree, and Locus Awards, is an expert craftswoman who brings her clear-eyed vision (and empathy) to the relationships at the heart of our lives. Her stories are relevant, insightful, and beautifully written: she uses her deceptively simple prose to illuminate the unexpected chasms that open between generations.

In the story "Oversite," a woman watches over both her radio-tag implanted daughter and senile mother. In "Ancestor Money" a woman who has spent her afterlife quietly in Kentucky, travels to Hong Kong to collect an offering from a descendent. In "Frankenstein's Daughter" a teenaged boy looking after his younger sister—the clone of a sister who died tragically—finds his fractured family increasingly difficult to take.

McHugh lives in Cleveland Heights, OH.

"Gorgeously crafted stories."—Nancy Pearl, NPR's *Morning Edition*

"Enchanting, wistful, funny and fierce by turns."—Mary Doria Russell, (*A Thread of Grace*)

"Wonderfully unpredictable stories."—Ursula K. Le Guin, (*Changing Planes*)

"My favorite thing about her is the wry, uncanny tenderness of her stories."—Dan Chaon (*Among the Missing*)

China Mountain Zhang:
—NYTimes Notable Book
—Winner of the Tiptree, Lambda, and Locus Awards

Nekropolis:
—★ "Exquisite."—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)
—NYTimes Notable Book

lcrw.net/mchugh
maureenmcq.blogspot.com
my.en.com/~mcq

"Hauntingly beautiful, driven by the difficult circumstances of their characters' lives—slices of life well worth reading and rereading."—*Booklist*

"Wise and thoughtful; these stories left me deeply affected and unable to put many of them out of my mind. A book group looking for something a little different to read would find in this collection plenty of fodder for discussion."

—Lois Powers, Toadstool Bookshop, Milford, NH

- » Book Sense Notable Book.
- » National and local advertising.
- » Galleys available.
- » Six stories available free online.
- » Hardcover 7/05 • 1-931520-13-5
- » World rights available (Turkish rights sold).

ANCESTOR MONEY An excerpt from *Mothers & Other Monsters*

In the afterlife, Rachel lived alone. She had a clapboard cabin and a yard full of gray geese which she could feed or not and they would do fine. Purple morning glories grew by the kitchen door. It was always an early summer morning and had been since her death. At first, she had wondered if this were some sort of Catholic afterlife. She neither felt the presence of God nor missed his absence. But in the stasis of this summer morning, it was difficult to wonder or worry, year after year.

The honking geese told her someone was coming. Geese were better than dogs, and maybe meaner. It was Speed. "Rachel?" he called from the fence.

She had barely known Speed in life—he was her husband's uncle and not a person she had liked or approved of. But she had come to enjoy his company when she no longer had to fear sin or bad companions.

"Rachel," he said, "you've got mail. From China."

She came and stood in the doorway, shading her eyes from the day. "What?" she said.

"You've got mail from China," Speed said. He held up an envelope. It was big, made of some stiff red paper, and sealed with a darker red bit of wax.

She had never received mail before. "Where did you get it?" she asked.

"It was in the mailbox at the end of the hollow," Speed said. He said "hol-ler" for "hollow." Speed had a thick brush of wiry black hair that never combed flat without hair grease.

"There's no mailbox there," she said.

"Is now?"

"Heavens, Speed. Who put you up to this," she said.

"It's worse 'n that. No one did. Open it up."

She came down and took it from him. There were Chinese letters going up and down on the left side of the envelope. The stamp was as big as the palm of her hand. It was a white crane flying against a gilt background. Her name was right there in the middle in beautiful black ink.

Rachel Ball

b. 1892 d. 1927

Swan Pond Hollow, Kentucky

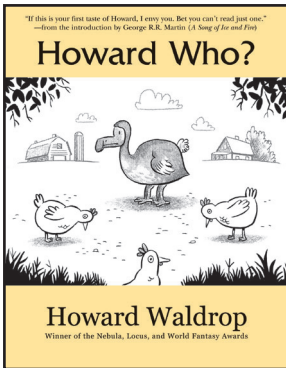
United States

Speed was about to have apoplexy, so Rachel put off opening it, turning the envelope over a couple of times. The red paper had a watermark in it of twisting Chinese dragons, barely visible. It was an altogether beautiful object.

She opened it with reluctance.

Inside it read:

Honorable Ancestress of Amelia Shaugnessy: an offering of death money and goods has been made to you at Tin Hau Temple in Yau Ma Tei, in Hong Kong. If you would like to claim it, please contact us either by letter or phone. HK8-555-4444.



Howard Who?

Howard Waldrop

Acclaimed short-story writer Howard Waldrop puts his capacious, encyclopedic knowledge of superheroes, baseball players, Mexican wrestlers, world wars, long-dead film stars, oddball television shows, pulp serials, radio plays, fairy tales, scientific expeditions, extinct species, and knock-knock jokes to good use in his long-out-of-print debut collection.

His stories are sophisticated, magical recombinations of the stuff that our pop-culture dreams are made of.

Never before published in paperback, the extremely collectible *Howard Who?* is Waldrop's seminal debut collection and the third Peapod Classics title.

A landmark collection of maverick science fiction.

Praise for Howard Waldrop:

"If this is your first taste of Howard, I envy you. Bet you can't read just one."
—George R. R. Martin (*A Song of Ice and Fire*)

"The resident Weird Mind of his generation and he writes like a honkytonk angel."
—*The Washington Book World*

"Clever, humorous, idiosyncratic, oddball, personal, wild, and crazy."
—*Library Journal*

"An authentic master of gonzo sf and fantasy."
—*Booklist*

"Wise and funny."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"Erudite and gonzo."
—*Science Fiction Weekly*

peapodclassics.com
www.sff.net/people/Waldrop

Iconoclast Howard Waldrop lives in Austin, Texas. He won the Nebula and World Fantasy Awards for his story "The Ugly Chickens".

- » Updated introduction from bestselling author George R. R. Martin.
- » First time in paperback long out of print, and extremely collectible—good condition copies run \$50-150.
- » Think debut collections (Ted Chiang's *Stories of Your Life and Others* and Kelly Link's *Stranger Things Happen*) and reprints such as Theodore Sturgeon's *More Than Human* and *Virtual Unrealities: The Short Fiction of Alfred Bester*.
- » National and local advertising.
- » Galleys available.
- » Advance publicity at AWP in Austin, TX, March '06.
- » Book launch parties in Boston July '06 and Austin Nov. '06.
- » Postcards available.
- » Two stories available free online at SciFi.com and one at StrangeHorizons.com.
- » World rights available.

Peapod Classics is a new line of numbered, uniformly-designed trade paperbacks bringing classic works of fantastic fiction back into print. All feature cover art by rising comics star Kevin Huizenga.

The Ugly Chickens

An excerpt from *Howard Who?*

My car was broken, and I had a class to teach at eleven. So I took the city bus, something I rarely do.

I spent last summer crawling through The Big Thicket with cameras and tape recorder, photographing and taping two of the last ivory-billed woodpeckers on the earth. You can see the films at your local Audubon Society showroom.

This year I wanted something just as flashy but a little less taxing. Perhaps a population study on the Bermuda cahow, or the New Zealand takahe. A month or so in the warm (not hot) sun would do me a world of good. To say nothing of the advance of science.

I was idly leafing through Greenway's *Extinct and Vanishing Birds of the World*. The city bus was winding its way through the ritzy neighborhoods of Austin, stopping to let off the chicanas, black women, and Vietnamese who tended the kitchens and gardens of the rich.

"I haven't seen any of those ugly chickens in a long time," said a voice close by.

A grey-haired lady was leaning across the aisle toward me.

I looked at her, then around. Maybe she was a shopping-bag lady. Maybe she was just talking. I looked straight at her. No doubt about it, she was talking to me. She was waiting for an answer.

"I used to live near some folks who raised them when I was a girl," she said. She pointed.

I looked down at the page my book was open to.

What I should have said was: "That

is quite impossible, madam. This is a drawing of an extinct bird of the island of Mauritius. It is perhaps the most famous dead bird in the world. Maybe you are mistaking this drawing for that of some rare Asiatic turkey, peafowl, or pheasant. I am sorry, but you are mistaken."

I should have said all that.

What she said was, "Oops, this is my stop," and got up to go.

My name is Paul Linberl. I am twenty-six years old, a graduate student in ornithology at the University of Texas, a teaching assistant. My name is not unknown in the field. I have several vices and follies, but I don't think foolishness is one of them.

The stupid thing for me to do would have been to follow her.

She stepped off the bus.

I followed her.

I came into the departmental office, trailing scattered papers in the whirlwind behind me. "Martha! Martha!" I yelled.

She was doing something in the supply cabinet.

"Jesus, Paul! What do you want?"

"Where's Courtney?"

"At the conference in Houston. You know that. You missed your class. What's the matter?"

"Petty cash. Let me at it!"

"Payday was only a week ago. If you can't ..."

"It's business! It's fame and adventure and the chance of a lifetime!"

The Privilege of the Sword

Ellen Kushner

Cover
to be
finalized

Torn from the life she knew, honed as a weapon, she's lost all her privileges except one . . . one that will turn her into something the world has never seen before.

The Riverside Series:

Swordspoint

The Privilege of the Sword

(set ca. 20 years later)

The Fall of the Kings

(with Delia Sherman; set ca. 40 years after *Privilege*, 60 after *Swordspoint*)

"One of the most gorgeous books I've ever read: it's witty and wonderful, with characters that will provoke, charm and delight."—Holly Black (*Tithe*)

"A magical mixture of Dumas and Georgette Heyer. The dialogue dazzles and so does the swordplay."—Kelly Link (*Magic for Beginners*)

» TPB Bantam Spectra 7/06

ellenkushner.com
lcrw.net/kushner

Small Beer's limited edition hardcover release of Ellen Kushner's new novel complements Bantam's simultaneous trade paperback edition.

Riverside is a labyrinthine city of intrigue where society's rules only loosely apply. Katherine is the niece of Alec Campion, the Mad Duke Tremontaine. Raised far from the city and its schemes, Katherine is pleasantly surprised when she told she is to go and live with her uncle. She imagines her new life will be rich and breathtaking, but her dreams soon crash down to earth when she discovers her uncle's designs: he wants her to be something unique, something never seen before: a swordswoman.

The Privilege of the Sword is a novel of love, betrayal, scandal, and secrets. Set between Kushner's backlog favorite, *Swordspoint*, and her collaboration with Delia Sherman, *The Fall of the Kings*, *Privilege* is an marvelous tale crackling with energy, wit, and wonders.

Ellen Kushner is the host of PRI's *Sound and Spirit*. She is the author of *Swordspoint*, *Thomas the Rhymer*, and, with Delia Sherman, *The Fall of the Kings*. Her novels have won the World Fantasy, Spectrum, and Mythopoeic Awards, and been chosen as a *School Library Journal* Adult Book for Young Adults. She lives in New York City.

Praise for Ellen Kushner's previous novels:

"Elegant and beautiful . . . a magical tour de force shot through with strange melodies. I loved it."—Neil Gaiman (*Anansi Boys*)

"Not to be missed."—Harriet Klausner (Amazon.com)

"At once traditional and bold. . . Richly imagined scenes of Faerie, elegant and incongruous as the films of Cocteau."—*Locus*

"Immensely appealing, intelligent, and great fun."—*Kirkus Reviews*

"Gives every indication of having been conceived and executed in joy and delight."—Rachel Manija Brown, *Green Man Review*

"A tour-de-force."—Terri Windling, *The Wood Wife*

An excerpt from *The Privilege of the Sword*

No one sends for a niece they've never seen before just to annoy her family and ruin her life. That, at least, is what I thought. This was before I had ever been to the city. I had never been in a duel, or held a sword myself. I had never kissed anyone, or had anyone try to kill me, or worn a velvet cloak. I had certainly never met my Uncle the Mad Duke. Once I met him, much was explained.

On the day we received my uncle's letter, I was in the pantry counting our stock of silverware. Laden with lists, I joined my mother in the sunny parlor over the gardens, where she was hemming kerchiefs. We did these things ourselves, these days. Outside, I could hear the crows cawing in the hills, and the sheep bleating over them. I wasn't looking at her; my eyes were on the papers before me, and I was worrying about the spoons, which needed polishing, but we might have to sell them, so why bother now?

"313 spoons," I said, consulting the lists. "We're short three spoons from last time, Mother."

She did not reply. I looked up; my mother was staring out the window and gnawing on one end of her silky hair. I wish I had hair like that; mine curls, in all the wrong ways. "Do you think," she said at last, "that we should have that tree taken down?"

"We're doing silver inventory," I said sternly, "and we're short."

"Are you sure you have the

right list? When did we count them last?"

"Gregory's coming-of-age party, I think. My hands smelt of polish all through dinner. And he never even thanked me for it, the pig."

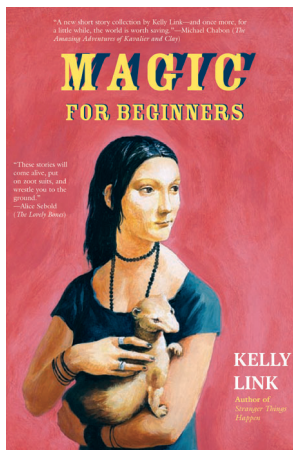
"Oh, Katherine."

My mother has a way of saying my name as though it were an entire speech. This one included *When will you* and *How silly* and *I couldn't do without you* all at once. But I wasn't in the mood to hear it. While it must be done and there is no sense shirking, counting silver is not my favorite chore, although it ranks above fine needlework and making jam.

"I bet no one likes Greg there in the city, either, unless he's learned to be nicer to people."

There was a sudden jerky movement as she set her sewing down. I waited to be chastised. The silence became frightening. I looked to see that her hands were clutching the work down on her lap, regardless of what that was doing to the linen. She was holding her head very high, which was a mistake, because the moment I looked I knew from the set of her mouth and the wideness of her eyes that she was trying not to cry. Softly I put down my papers and knelt at her side, nestling in her skirts where I felt safe. "I'm sorry, Mama," I said, stroking the fabric. "I didn't mean it."

My mother twisted her finger in a lock of my hair. "Katie . . ." she breathed a long sigh. "I've had a letter from my brother."



Magic for Beginners

Kelly Link

Selected as a Best Book of the Year by both *Time Magazine* and *Salon*, Kelly Link's engaging and funny second collection riffs on haunted convenience stores, husbands and wives, rabbits, zombies, weekly apocalyptic poker parties, witches, superheroes, marriage, and cannons—and includes several new stories.

Link's stories have been published in *A Public Space*, *One Story*, *McSweeney's*, and *Conjunctions*, and have been translated in Japanese, German, Czech, Korean, French, and Greek. Her stories have been awarded the Tiptree, Hugo, Nebula, Locus, and World Fantasy Awards.

Link is an original voice: no one else writes quite like this.

Each story is illustrated by artist Shelley Jackson. Jackson's cover is modeled on Leonardo Da Vinci's painting "Lady with an Ermine."

Link lives in Northampton, MA, although she can often be found driving across the country.

Best of the Year: *Time Magazine*, *Salon*, *Village Voice*, *Boldtype*, *Capitol Times*, *Book Sense Highlights*, *San Francisco Chronicle*

"Dazzling.... One to savor."
—*Entertainment Weekly* (A, Editor's Choice)

"Link's stories are delightfully playful."—*Boston Globe*

"Advanced alchemy."
—*The Believer*

"Sinister and sublime."
—*Boston Phoenix*

"Exuberantly eccentric."
—*Time Out New York*

"The most darkly playful voice in American fiction since Donald Barthelme."
—Michael Chabon (*The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier and Clay*)

"These stories will come alive, put on zoot suits, and wrestle you to the ground."—Alice Sebold (*The Lovely Bones*)

kellylink.net · lcrw.net/kellylink

★ "Highly original fantasies."
—*Publishers Weekly* (Starred Review)

"A wonderful rattlebag of fantastic tales."
—Rich Rennicks, Malaprop's, Asheville, NC

"If she only parcelled out one elegant sentence at a time I would beg for each one."—Pam Harcourt, Women & Children First, Chicago, IL

- » Harcourt Harvest trade paperback forthcoming.
- » World rights available through Jenny Meyer Literary Agency (sold to Japan, Italy, Russia).
- » Film rights sold on "The Faery Handbag".
- » "The Faery Handbag" won the Hugo and Locus Awards.
- » "Stone Animals" reprinted in *Best American Short Stories: 2005*.
- » Book Sense/Best of the Year Book Sense Highlight Pick.
- » 2nd printing.

The Hortlak

An excerpt from *Magic for Beginners*

ERIC WAS NIGHT, AND BATU WAS DAY. The girl, Charley, was the moon. Every night, she drove past the All-Night in her long, noisy, green Chevy, a dog hanging out the passenger window. It wasn't ever the same dog, although they all had the same blissful expression. They were doomed, but they didn't know it.

The All-Night Convenience was a fully stocked, self-sufficient organism, like the *Starship Enterprise*, or the *Kon-Tiki*. Batu went on and on about this. They didn't work retail anymore. They were on a voyage of discovery, one in which they had no need to leave the All-Night, not even to do laundry. Batu washed his pajamas and the extra uniforms in the sink in the back. He even washed Eric's clothes. That was the kind of friend Batu was.

All during his shift, Eric listened for Charley's car. First she went by on her way to the shelter and then, during her shift, she took the dogs out driving, past the store first in one direction and then back again, two or three times in one night, the lights of her headlights picking out the long, black gap of the Ausible Chasm, a bright slap across the windows of the All-Night. Eric's heart lifted whenever a car went past.

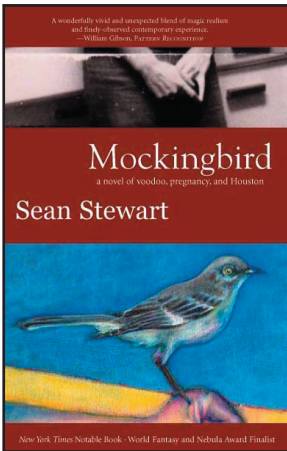
The zombies came in, and he was polite to them, and failed to understand what they wanted, and sometimes real people came in and bought candy or cigarettes or beer. The zombies were

never around when the real people were around, and Charley never showed up when the zombies were there.

Charley looked like someone from a Greek play, Electra, or Cassandra. She looked like someone had just set her favorite city on fire. Eric had thought that, even before he knew about the dogs.

Sometimes, when she didn't have a dog in the Chevy, Charley came into the All-Night Convenience to buy a Mountain Dew, and then she and Batu would go outside to sit on the curb. Batu was teaching her Turkish. Sometimes Eric went outside as well, to smoke a cigarette. He didn't really smoke, but it meant he got to look at Charley, the way the moonlight sat on her like a hand. Sometimes she looked back. Wind would rise up, out of the Ausible Chasm, across Ausible Chasm Road, into the parking lot of the All-Night, tugging at Batu's pajama bottoms, pulling away the cigarette smoke that hung out of Eric's mouth. Charley's bangs would float up off her forehead, until she clamped them down with her fingers.

Batu said he was not flirting. He didn't have a thing for Charley. He was interested in her because Eric was interested. Batu wanted to know what Charley's story was: he said he needed to know if she was good enough for Eric, for the All-Night Convenience. There was a lot at stake.



Mockingbird

Sean Stewart

Elena Beauchamp used magic the way other people used credit cards, and now that she's dead, her daughters Toni and Candy have a debt to pay. Set in modern-day Houston, Texas, this is a funny and moving novel of voodoo, pregnancy, and family ties. While Toni sorts out the mess that Elena left behind, she must also come to terms with her childhood and with the supernatural and dangerous gift that she has inherited from her mother.

Like Stewart's *Perfect Circle*, *Mockingbird* is located in Houston, Texas, and there's a lot of enjoyable local color, as well as a first-person narrator with a strong regional voice. Stewart spent much of his childhood in Texas with his mother's family. He's a fantastic, witty, personable reader and interview subject.

Sean Stewart is the author of nine novels, including *Galveston*, *Passion Play*, and *Perfect Circle*. He helped create the innovative web games associated with the film *A.I.* and the *Halo 2* tie-in "I Love Bees." His novels have won the Aurora, Sunburst, Arthur Ellis, and World Fantasy Awards. He lives in Davis, California, with his wife and two daughters.

"*Mockingbird* is hands down the best novel I have read in 2005, and one of the best I've ever had the privilege to read."

—Park Road Books, Charlotte, NC

"Reads like a shot of whiskey—sweet, fiery swirls in the throat that linger on."

—Mary-Jo, Powells.com

Features a new Afterword by the author.

"Stephen King meets Ibsen. Trust me."—Neal Stephenson (*The Confusion*)

"A wonderfully vivid and unexpected blend of magic realism and finely-observed contemporary experience."—William Gibson (*Pattern Recognition*)

"A gentle, funny, affirming novel. . . . Like a poet with a cattle prod, he crafts his phrasing carefully, then rocks the reader back on his heels with an insight or an insult."
—*San Diego Union-Tribune*

"Humor and a Southern sauciness. . . . [Stewart's] poignant take on voodoo among middle-class women makes for delicious fun."—*Publishers Weekly*

"A work of genuine brilliance."—*Locus*

"Earthily charming."—*Booklist*

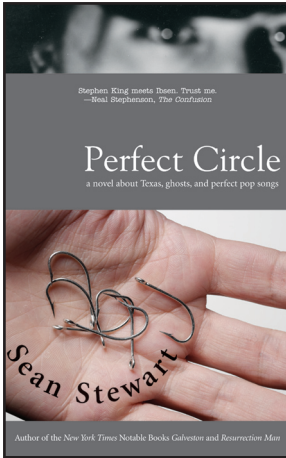
seanstewart.org
lcrw.net/seanstewart

» *New York Times* Notable Book.

» *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Locus* Best Book of the Year.

» World Fantasy and Nebula Award Finalist.

» *Mockingbird* is designed to go on the shelf with Stewart's break-out page-turner, *Perfect Circle*.



Perfect Circle

Sean Stewart

Sean Stewart's breakout novel *Perfect Circle* keeps finding new fans.

William "Dead" Kennedy in trouble. He's 32, still in love with his ex-wife, and has just lost his job at Pet-Co (for eating cat food). His A/C is broken, there's no good music on the radio, and he's been dreaming about ghost roads again.

When his cousin calls about a dead girl haunting his garage, helping out seems like an easy way to make a thousand dollars. But nothing is ever that simple, especially when family is involved.

Sometimes a guy is haunted for a really good reason.

"If Oprah read science fiction. . . . Funny and thought-provoking!"

—Carol Schneck, Schuler Books & Music, Okemos, MI

"Great prose (Stewart has some of the best metaphors going) and a melancholy mood, like music half-remembered."

—MaryElizabeth Hart, Mysterious Galaxy, San Diego, CA

» Excerpted on Salon.com.

» World rights available through Martha Millard Literary Agency (sold to UK, Finland).

» Book Sense Notable Pick.

» 2nd printing.

» *Publishers Weekly* Article 6/7/04.

» Free copies of the original companion mini-comic, *Family Reunion*, by Sean Stewart & Steve Lieber available to booksellers and readers.

A dark, funny, fast-moving novel of Texas, family, and perfect pop songs.

★ "All-around terrific."

—*Booklist* (starred review)
Best of the Year: *Booklist*, San Francisco Chronicle, *Locus*

"Perfectly hilarious."

—*Texas Monthly*

"Heartbreaking and hilarious."

—*Locus*

"An irreverent Texas treat."

—Stewart O'Nan (*The Night Country*)

"A perfect read."—Joe

Lansdale (*Sunset and Sawdust*)

"A ghost story for grown-ups, frightening, funny, and finally redemptive"—Harley Jane

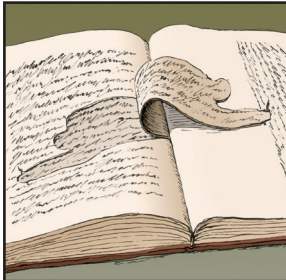
Kozak (*Dating Dead Men*)

"I read it all in one gulp, by turns fearful and joyful for Stewart's likable loser protagonist."—Cory Doctorow, (*Someone Comes to Town, Someone Leaves Town*)

seanstewart.org

lcrw.net/seanstewart

Sean Stewart is the author of nine novels. He wrote much of the innovative web games associated with the film, *A.I.* and *Halo 2*. He is the winner of the Arthur Ellis, Aurora, and World Fantasy awards. He lives in Davis, CA, with his wife and two daughters.



Storyteller

Writing Lessons and More from 27 Years of the
Clarion Writers' Workshop

KATE WILHELM

WINNER OF THE PRIZAPOLLO, HUGO, AND NEBULA AWARDS

- » An alternate selection of the Science Fiction Book Club.
- » Wilhelm is Guest of Honor at WisCon, a literary convention in Madison, WI, 5/06.

"Wilhelm really knows students and knows how to teach them to craft a professional story."—*The Oregonian*

"A lovely book. . . . Wilhelm fills *Storyteller* with lessons about how to write, and just as important, how not to write."—*Strange Horizons*

"This book should be on the reference shelf of every aspiring writer."—*SF Revu*

"A useful, compact, and entertaining guide to writing that is neither bound to a particular genre or market."—*Locus*

"Full of pithy, relevant advice for writers, amusing recollections of the field's current giants during their early days, and the fullest published account to date of how a revered program was established."

—*SciFi Dimensions*

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katewilhelm.com

Storyteller: Writing Lessons and More from 27 Years of the Clarion Writers' Workshop

Kate Wilhelm

For 27 years, Kate Wilhelm and her husband, Damon Knight, taught at the Clarion Writers' Workshop, an intensive and ambitious six-week writing program for novice writers, known to participants as "boot camp for writers."

Part memoir, part writing manual, *Storyteller* is an affectionate account of the program's history and Kate and Damon's years there as mentors and instructors. She relates how Clarion began, explains why workshop participants feared "The Red Line of Death" and rejoiced at the sight of water guns, what she learned, and how she passed a love of the written word on to generations of writers.

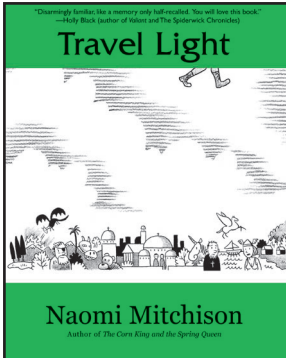
Storyteller includes a special section of writing exercises and advice.

Wilhelm has been awarded the Prix Apollo, Kurd Lasswitz, Hugo, Nebula, and Locus Awards. She has written 30+ novels, including two successful mystery series. Her work has been adapted for TV and film. She continues to host monthly workshops at her home in Eugene, OR.

From *Storyteller*:

One of the questions we returned to often was simply this: Can writing be taught? There are many writers who say emphatically that the answer is no. I see their point. High school and college creative writing classes are too often a joke, taught by non-writers without a clue about the real world of publishing and what makes for a publishable story in contemporary markets. For most writers struggling alone, the learning curve from the first attempt to write to becoming an accomplished writer is very long, years in many cases. And all the while they are being taught by rejection slips, by trial and error; they are learning what works for them and what doesn't. Even after they have published a few stories, often they can't see why one story was accepted and not another.

The answer we arrived at was a qualified yes.



Travel Light

Naomi Mitchison

From the dark ages to modern times, from the dragons of medieval forests to the bustling port city of Constantinople, the protagonist of *Travel Light* makes a fantastic and philosophical fairy-tale journey which will appeal to fans of Harry Potter, Diana Wynne Jones, Ursula K. Le Guin, and T. H. White's *The Sword in the Stone*.

Naomi Mitchison is the author of over 70 books including *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*, *The Conquered*, and *Memoirs of a Spacewoman*.

A young woman is transformed by a magical journey.

"No one knows better how to spin a fairy tale."
—*The Observer*

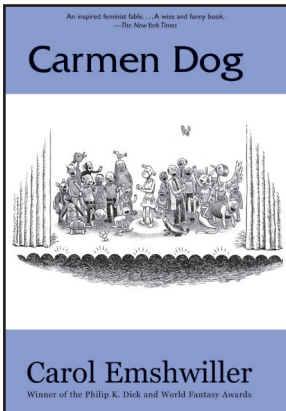
"A gem."—*Strange Horizons*

peapodclassics.com

"A 78-year-old friend staying at my house picked up *Travel Light*, and a few hours later she said, 'Oh, I wish I'd known there were books like this when I was younger!' So, read it now—think of all those wasted years!"—Ursula K. Le Guin (*Gifts*)

"You will love this book."
—Holly Black (*Valiant, Spiderwick Chronicles*)

8/05 · 1-931520-14-3 · trade paper · \$12



Carmen Dog

Carol Emshwiller

The debut title in our Peapod Classics line (all of which have cover illustrations by rising comics star Kevin Huizenga) is Carol Emshwiller's genre-jumping debut novel. *Carmen Dog* amazed readers when it first came out (*New York Times*: "Wise and funny") and still amazes them now (*Bitch Magazine*: "A rollicking outré satire"). It's a dangerous, sharp-eyed look at men, women, and the world we live in. It's also the funny feminist classic that inspired writers Pat Murphy and Karen Joy Fowler to create the James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award. We are very pleased to publish it as the debut title in our new Peapod Press reprint line.

"Combines the cruel humor of *Candide* with the allegorical panache of *Animal Farm*."
—*Entertainment Weekly*

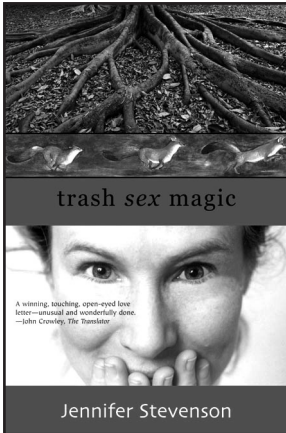
"Imagination and absurdist humor."—*Booklist*

"Pure essence of Emshwiller."
—Connie Willis (*Passage*)

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"Her fantastic premise allows Emshwiller canny and frequently hilarious insights into the damaging sex-role stereotypes both men and women perpetuate."
—*Publishers Weekly*

» World rights available.



Trash Sex Magic

Jennifer Stevenson

A tender, joyful, raunchy, sprawling, radiant novel of two people who fall in love. Imagine *The Metamorphoses* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream* transported to the woods of Illinois. When a development company clears the meadow across from the river, cuts down a beloved tree, and tries to drive out Raedawn Summer's family, strange things start to happen.

"Engaging . . . deeply charming, and its best scenes lodge in the reader's memory."—*Washington Post*

"Refreshing . . . it will be exciting to see what she comes up with next."—*Bookslut*

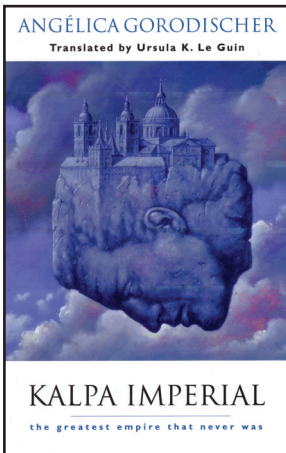
"Raunchy, funny, and disturbing . . . full of bewitching weirdness."—*Chicago Reader*

"This just absolutely rocks. It's lyrical, it's weird and it's sexy."—Audrey Niffenegger (*The Time Traveler's Wife*)

"An unforgettable debut by a promising author."—*Booklist*

» World rights available.

1-931520-12-7 · trade paper · \$16



Kalpa Imperial: The Greatest Empire That Never Was

Angélica Gorodischer

Translated by Ursula K. Le Guin

★ "The dreamy, ancient voice is not unlike Le Guin's . . . this collection should appeal to her fans as well as to those of literary fantasy and Latin American fiction."—*Library Journal* (Starred Review)

Kalpa Imperial is a celebration of storytelling. Gorodischer and acclaimed poet, writer, and translator Ursula K. Le Guin are a well-matched, sly and delightful team of magician-storytellers.

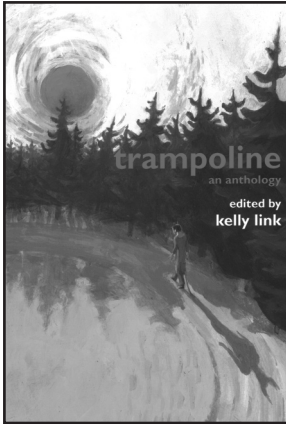
Multiple storytellers tell of a fabled nameless empire which has risen and fallen innumerable times. Fairy tales, oral histories, and political commentaries are woven tapestry-style: beggars become emperors, democracies become dictatorships, and history becomes legends and stories.

New York Times Summer Reading Pick

"Buy this Book!"—*Lucus*

"[A] remarkable collaboration."—*Bridge Magazine*

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“A collection on the cutting edge of modern genre fiction.”—Peggy Hailey, Book People, Austin, TX

“Exceptional visions.”—*F&SF*

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Trampoline

edited by Kelly Link

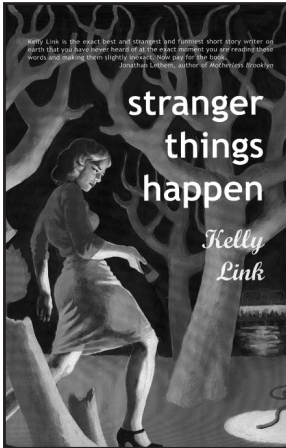
Twenty astounding and surprising stories by Jeffrey Ford, Karen Joy Fowler, Glen Hirshberg, Samantha Hunt, Shelley Jackson, Christopher Rowe, Vandana Singh, Rosalind Palermo Stevenson, & more.

“Fabulous tales.”—*Washington Post*

“No unblinkered, gloveless reader can resist the stream of associations unleashed by Ford’s story and the rest of *Trampoline*: influences as disparate as science fiction, magic realism, pulp, and *Twilight Zone* morality plays.”—*Village Voice*

- » World Fantasy Award winner: Greer Gilman, “A Crowd of Bone.”
- » Karen Joy Fowler’s “King Rat” and Richard Butner’s “Ash City Stomp” reprinted in *The Year’s Best Fantasy & Horror*.
- » Susan Mosser’s “Bumpship” reprinted in *The Year’s Best SF*.
- » Christopher Barzak’s “Dead Boy Found” reprinted in *Best New Horror*.
- » World rights available.

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Stranger Things Happen

Kelly Link

Kelly Link’s debut collection is still finding new readers. These eleven stories are funny, spooky, and smart. They all have happy endings. They were all especially written for you.

Best of the Year: *Salon*, *Locus*, *Village Voice*, *San Francisco Chronicle*. Firecracker Award Nominee. Includes Nebula, World Fantasy, and Tiptree Award-winning stories

“An alchemical mix of Borges, Raymond Chandler and ‘Buffy the Vampire Slayer.’”—*Salon*, Best Books of the Year

“Fresh perspectives and fantastic possibilities.”
—*Publishers Weekly*

“A delightful collection.”—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*

“Witty, beautiful, funny, and startling.”—*Rain Taxi*

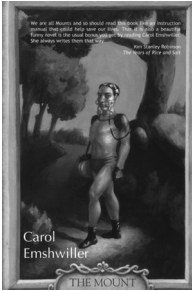
“My favorite fantasy writer.”
—Alan Cheuse, NPR,
All Things Considered

kellylink.net · lcrw.net/kellylink

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The Mount

Carol Emshwiller



I-931520-03-8 • \$16

Philip K. Dick Award Winner

Charley wants to be painted crossing the finishing line, in his racing silks, with a medal around his neck. Charley lives in a stable. He knows how to be a good mount. Now he has to learn how to be a human being.

“I had to keep putting it down because it was so disturbing then picking it up because it was so amazing.”

—Paul Ingram, Prairie Lights Bookstore, Iowa City

“A wicked book. Dystopian, weird, comedic.”

—Luis Alberto Urrea (*The Hummingbird's Daughter*)

“Terrific.”—Glen David Gold (*Carter Beats the Devil*)

Best of the Year: *Book Magazine*, *Locus*, *Village Voice*

Reprinted by Penguin Firebird

Report to the Men's Club & Other Stories



I-931520-02-X • \$16

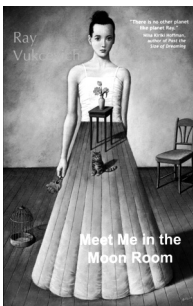
Includes the Nebula Award Winner “The Creature”.

“Carol Emshwiller's stories are wonder-filled, necessary, and beautifully crafted.”—Samuel R. Delany (*About Writing*)

What if the world ended on your birthday—and no one came? What if your grandmother was a superhero? What if the orphan you were raising was a top-secret weapon, looked like Godzilla, and loved singing nursery rhymes? What if poet laureates fought in stadiums—to the death? Emshwiller's stories play with our favorite genres and conventions—science fiction, Western, romance, postmodern, tabloid, literary—including some that haven't even been invented yet.

Meet Me in the Moon Room

Ray Vukcevic



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Fantastic, surreal short stories. • Philip K. Dick Award Finalist

“What other writer could make you start laughing halfway down the first page of a story about a man putting on a sweater? Thurber maybe, a long time ago. Buy this book.”

—Damon Knight (*Humpty Dumpty, An Oval*)

“Eccentric short stories, which frequently give everyday life a loopy twist.”—*Book Magazine*

“Vukcevic is a master.”—*Review of Contemporary Fiction*

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