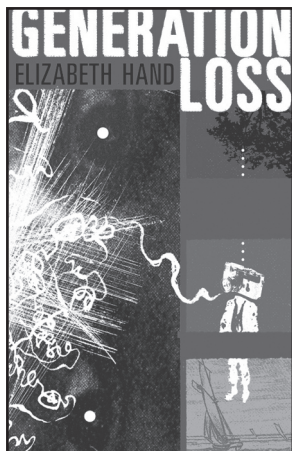




# Small Beer Press

CATALOG No. 4  
APR - AUG 2007

Featuring new titles by:  
John Crowley · Elizabeth  
Hand · Laurie J. Marks ·  
Theodora Goss & Delia  
Sherman



## Generation Loss

Elizabeth Hand

Cass Neary made her name in the '70s as a photographer embedded in the burgeoning punk movement New York City. Her pictures of the musicians and hangers on, the infamous, the damned, and the dead, got her into art galleries and a book deal. But thirty years later she is adrift, on her way down, and almost out. Then an old acquaintance sends her on a mercy gig to interview a famously reclusive photographer who lives on an island in Maine. When she arrives Downeast, Cass stumbles across a decades-old mystery which is still claiming victims, and into one final shot at redemption.

A down-and-out photographer, and relic of the NYC punk scene, finds herself in deep waters when sent to an island off Maine in search of a reclusive and iconic artist.

Praise for Hand's previous novels:

"A literary page-turner... deeply pleasurable.... A delightful waking dream."  
—*People* (★★★★)

"One of the most sheerly impressive, not to mention overwhelmingly beautiful books I have read in a long time."—Peter Straub

"Nothing, Hand convinces us, is quite as mysterious as art."  
—*Washington Post Book World*

After seeing Patti Smith perform, Elizabeth Hand flunked out of college and became involved in DC and NYC's nascent punk scenes. From 1979 to 1986 she worked at the Smithsonian Institution's National Air & Space Museum; she was eventually readmitted to university to study cultural anthropology, and received her B.A. She is the author of many novels, including *Winterlong*, *Waking the Moon* (Tiptree and Mythopoeic Award-Winner), *Glimmering*, and *Mortal Love*, and a collection of stories, *Saffron and Brimstone*. She has also been awarded a Maine Arts Commission and an NEA Fellowship. A regular contributor to the *Washington Post Book World* and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, Hand lives with her family on the Maine Coast.

- » 20,000 first printing.
- » National and local advertising.
- » Galleys available.

lcrw.net/hand  
www.elizabethhand.com

## An excerpt from *Generation Loss*:

There's always a moment where everything changes. A great photographer—someone like Diane Arbus, or me during that fraction of a second when I was great—she sees that moment coming, and presses the shutter release an instant before the change hits. If you don't see it coming, if you blink or you're drunk or just looking the other way—well, everything changes anyway, it's not like things would have been different.

But for the rest of your life you're fucked, because you blew it. Maybe no one else knows it, but you do. In my case, it was no secret. Everyone knew I'd blown it. Some people can make do in a situation like that. Me, I've never been good at making do. My life, who could pretend there wasn't a big fucking hole in it?

I grew up about sixty miles north of

the city in Kamensic Village, a haunted corner of the Hudson Valley where three counties meet in a stony congeries of ancient Dutch-built houses, farmland, old-growth forest, nouveau-riche mansions. My father was—is—the village magistrate. I was an only child, and a wild thing as the privileged children of that town were.

I had from earliest childhood a sense that there was no skin between me and the world. I saw things that other people didn't see. Hands that slipped through gaps in the air like falling leaves; a jagged outline like a leafless branch but there was no branch and no tree. In bed at night I heard a voice repeating my name in a soft insistent monotone. *Cass. Cass. Cass.* My father took me to a doctor who said I'd grow out of it. I never did, really. ☞

*generation loss: the loss of quality between subsequent copies of data, such as sound recordings, video, or photographs.*

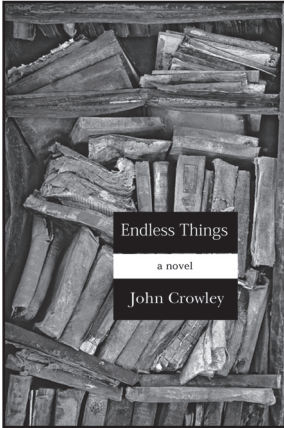
I took an introductory photography class in high school, and was encouraged to take more.

I never did. I quickly learned what I needed to know. I liked a slow lens; I liked grainy black-and-white film. I liked the detail work of creating my own photographic paper, of processing then developing the film myself in the school photo lab. I loved the way the paper felt, soft and wet in the trays; then the magical way it dried and turned into something else, smooth and rigid and shining, the images a mere byproduct of chemistry and timing.

I didn't care if the pictures were over-

or under-exposed, or even if they were in focus. I liked things that didn't move, dead trees, stones. I liked dead things; the fingerless soft hand of a pheasant's wing, mouse skulls disinterred from an owl pellet, a cicada's thorax picked clean as armor by tiny green beetles. I liked portraits of my friends when they were sleeping. I've always watched people sleep. When I babysat, I'd go into the children's rooms after they were in bed and stand there, listening to their breathing, waiting until my eyes adjusted to the soft glow of nightlight or moonlight. I liked to watch them breathe.

☞



## Endless Things

### A Part of Aegypt

John Crowley

This is the fourth novel—and much-anticipated conclusion—of John Crowley’s astonishing and lauded *Ægypt* sequence; a dense, lyrical meditation on history, alchemy, and memory. Spanning three centuries, and weaving together the stories of Renaissance magician John Dee, philosopher Giordano Bruno, and present-day itinerant historian and writer, Pierce Moffitt, the *Ægypt* sequence is as richly significant as Lawrence Durrell’s *Alexandria Quartet* or Anthony Powell’s *Dance to the Music of Time*. Crowley, a master prose stylist, explores transformations physical, magical, alchemical, and personal in this epic, distinctly American novel where the past, present, and future reflect towards each other.

Twenty years in the making, *Endless Things* is the capstone and conclusion of a particularly American epic. Crowley began the *Ægypt* sequence in 1987 with the publication of the first part, *Ægypt*. The second part, *Love & Sleep*, was published in 1994, followed by *Dæmonomania* in 2000.

In fall 2007, Overlook Press will begin publishing the series in trade paperback.

John Crowley was born in the appropriately liminal town of Presque Isle, Maine. His most recent novel was *Lord Byron’s Novel: The Evening Land*. He teaches creative writing at Yale University. In 1992 he received the Award in Literature from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. He finds it more gratifying that almost all his work is still in print.

- » 15,000 print run.
- » National review attention.
- » National and local advertising.
- » Galleys available.

The stunning conclusion to an American epic.

Praise for the *Ægypt* sequence:

“A dizzying experience, achieved with unerring security of technique.”—*New York Times Book Review*

“A master of language, plot, and characterization.”—Harold Bloom

“The further in you go, the bigger it gets.”—James Hynes

“The writing here is intricate and thoughtful, allusive and ironic.... *Ægypt* bears many resemblances, incidental and substantive, to Thomas Pynchon’s wonderful 1966 novel *The Crying of Lot 49*.”—*USA Today*

“An original moralist of the same giddy heights occupied by Thomas Mann and Robertson Davies.”—*San Francisco Chronicle*

lcrw.net/crowley  
crowleycrow.livejournal.com

## An excerpt from *Endless Things*:

The weather was beautiful in that season of that year, endless hot golden stasis of possibility and sweetness: everyone remembers. In New York City the World's Fair was open, "Building the World of Tomorrow," and Axel Moffett went out with Winnie Oliphant in late September, along with Winnie's brother Sam and Sam's new wife Opal. There was a special subway train that took them out from Grand Central, an express that stopped at its own brand new station right at the Fair's gate. Tickets to the Fair cost seventy-five cents, but Axel noted that you could spend as much as five dollars for a book of tickets to all the big shows, and a lunch too. "Let's just get in," said Sam.

Sam and Opal, living in Kentucky, hadn't met Axel Moffett before; he had been courting Winnie for some time, and she had been writing funny little disparaging notes about him to Sam in Kentucky, who said to Opal that he thought maybe the lady doth protest too much. Axel lived in Greenwich Village, and had met Winnie in Union Square, near where he worked and she was trying business school. They both liked to get a frank from a cart for lunch on nice days. Sam and Opal had come north in Sam's old Buick so Opal could meet the Oliphant family. Opal was pregnant already. "I hope it's a girl," she said when Winnie touched the dove-gray gabardine over her stomach.

Axel bought a guide book, whose cover showed the Trylon and Perisphere, and a white city, and crossing searchlights illuminating little airplanes. He searched in its pages, falling behind the others and then hurrying to catch up on his oddly small and well-shod feet. They came to the center, the Theme Center. "The only all-white buildings at the Fair," Axel read, and they looked up and up, shading their eyes, at the impossibly slim, impossibly aspiring thing. Inside

the great white sphere there was a model city of the time to come, a small World of Tomorrow inside the big one. The line of people who had come from all over the country and the world to see it wound up the white ramps and bridges and stairs in their hundreds to the little door that gave into the sphere. "Too long," said Sam.

"We came on too nice a day," Opal said. "We should have come in the rain." They all laughed, because rain seemed so unlikely here; here the sky would always be this azure.

"Well, it is the Theme Exhibit," Axel said wistfully. He read from the guidebook: here in the "Democracy" exhibit we are introduced to the tools and techniques necessary to live full lives in the world to come.

"Well, we'll just have to take our chances, I guess," Sam said. "Where now?"

"I'd like to see the Kentucky exhibit," Opal said loyally.

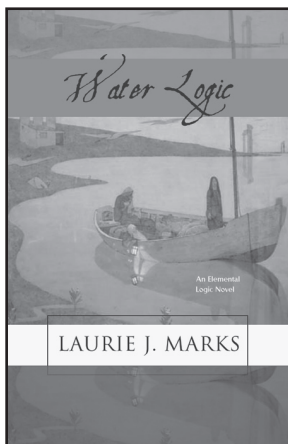
"I don't think there is one," Axel said. "Not every state has one."

Everywhere they wandered they saw things vastly oversized, as though brought back from some titanic elsewhere by explorers, like King Kong. The cash register that counted the visitors to the Fair, as big as a cottage; an auto piston, working away obscenely; the world's largest typewriter; a giant bank vault door; the enormous worker with his flame held aloft atop the tower of the Russian building. "USSR," said Sam. "Not Russia."

"So what do you think?" Opal asked Sam, taking his arm and glancing back at Winnie and Axel coming along behind.

"Well," said Sam. "I don't think he's the marrying kind."

It was the cleanest public place they had ever been in. The thousands of well-dressed people walked or rode in little teardrop-shaped cars or took



## Water Logic An Elemental Logic Novel

Laurie J. Marks

*By water logic a cow doctor becomes a politician. A soldier becomes a flower farmer. A lost book contains a lost future. The patterns of history are made and unmade.*

Amid assassinations, rebellions, and the pyres of too many dead, a new government forms in the land of Shaftal—a government of soldiers and farmers, scholars and elemental talents, all weary of war and longing for peace. But some cannot forget their losses, and some cannot imagine a place for themselves in an enemy land. Before memory, before recorded history, something happened that now must be remembered. Zanja na'Tarwein, the crosser of boundaries, born in fire and wedded to earth, has fallen under the ice. Now, by water logic, the logic of patterns repeated, of laughter and music, the lost must be found—or the found may forever be lost.

Marks's series is a triumph of politics, fantasy, world-building, and intelligent design: of character, world, and magic.

Laurie J. Marks teaches at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. Author of five previous novels, Marks's first two Elemental Logic novels (*Fire Logic* and *Earth Logic*) won the Gaylactic Spectrum Award and received multiple starred reviews. She is a recipient of the Fairy Godmother Award (James D. Tiptree, Jr. Award) and a founding member of Broad Universe.

» National and local advertising.

» National review attention.

» Galleys available.

» Marks is the Guest of Honor at the Memorial Day WisCon convention in Madison, WI.

» Postcards at ALA Midwinter.

» World rights available.

Praise for previous Elemental Logic novels:

"A deftly painted story of both cultures and magics in conflict."—Robin Hobb

★ "Glow[s] with intelligence, and the passionate, fierce, articulate, strong, and vital characters are among the most memorable in contemporary fantasy."

—Booklist (starred review)

★ "Marks has created a work that is filled with an intelligence that zings off the page."

—Publishers Weekly (starred review)

★ "Marks is an absolute master of fantasy."

—Booklist (starred review)

"Will delight existing fans as surely as it will win new ones."

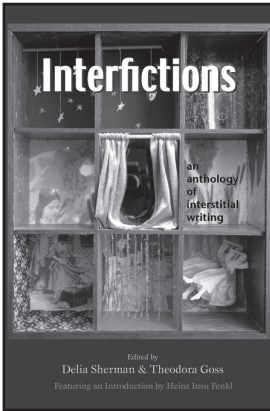
—Publishers Weekly

"An original, skillfully written, powerfully imagined novel of war and intrigue."

—Amazon.com

"Truly understands the complex forces of power, desire, and obligation."—Nalo Hopkinson

lcrw.net/marks  
lauriejmarks.com



## Interfictions

### An Anthology of Interstitial Writing

Delia Sherman & Theodora Goss, Eds.

*Nineteen writers dig into the imaginative spaces between conventional genres—realistic and fantastical, scholarly and poetic, personal and political—and bring up gems of a new type of fiction: interstitial fiction.*

#### What is interstitial art?

Work that falls in the interstices—between the cracks—of recognized commercial genres. Interstitial Art wanders across borders without stopping at Customs to declare its intent.

#### So who are you and what are you doing?

The Interstitial Arts Foundation is dedicated to bringing together readers, writers, scholars, critics, listeners, musicians, viewers, artists, performers, audience and participants to celebrate and further explore work that resists categorization.

#### What are the rules of craft-Interstitial work?

Interstitial Art is a moving target, it's work that demands you engage with it on its own terms. Interstitial artists don't make rules—we debate and interrogate them.

Interstitial fiction is an umbrella term for a wide variety of writing that does not preclude or discount the use of other terms. The IAF is not creating a new movement; we're a barometer, measuring (and celebrating!) what already exists.

lcrw.net/iaf  
interstitialarts.org

Interstitial fiction is the literary mode of the new century, a reflection of the complex, ambiguous, and challenging world that we live in. These nineteen stories, by some of the most interesting and innovative writers working today, will change your mind about what stories can and should do as they explore the imaginative space between conventional genres.

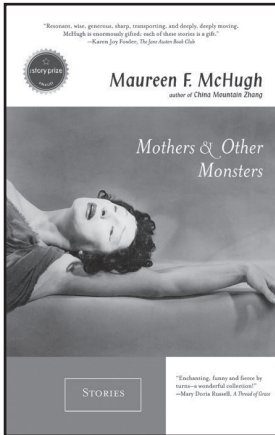
The editors garnered stories from new and established authors in the USA, Canada, Australia, and the UK, and also fiction translated from Spanish, Hungarian, and French.

Features an introduction by Heinz Insu Fenkl and fiction from Christopher Barzak, Colin Greenland, Holly Phillips, Rachel Pollack, Vandana Singh, Anna Tambour, Catherynne Valente, Leslie What, and others.

Delia Sherman was born in Tokyo, Japan and brought up in New York City. She earned a Ph.D. in Renaissance Studies at Brown and taught at Boston University and Northeastern. She is the author of the novels *The Porcelain Dove* (Mythopoeic Award winner), and *Changeling*. Sherman cofounded the Interstitial Arts Foundation, dedicated to promoting art that crosses genre borders.

Theodora Goss was born in Hungary. She teaches at Boston University, is completing a PhD, and is introducing classes on the fantastic tradition in English literature. She is the author of a short story collection, *In the Forest of Forgetting*.

- » National ads: *Conjunctions, A Public Space, Locus, Rain Taxi.*
- » National review attention.
- » Prelaunch publicity at AWP/exam copy discount offer.



## Mothers & Other Monsters

Maureen F. McHugh

Maureen F. McHugh's debut collection, a book club favorite, was a finalist for the second annual 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.

McHugh lives in Austin, TX.

“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

“Unpredictable and poetic work.”  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*  
(Recommended Summer Reading)

“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. A book group looking for something a little different to read would find in this collection plenty of fodder for discussion.”

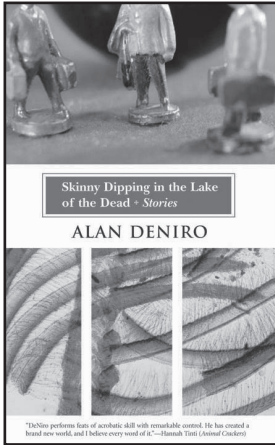
—Lois Powers, Toadstool Bookshop, Milford, NH

» **Readers Guide includes an interview, questions, and an essay by the author.**

- » Book Sense Notable Book.
- » Six stories available free online.
- » Hardcover 7/05 · 1-931520-13-5
- » World rights available (Turkish rights sold).

1-931520-19-4 · trade paperback · \$16  
978-1-931520-19-5





## 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 debut fiction collection, including stories published in *Fence*, *One Story*, *Crowd*, *Strange Horizons*, and *3rd Bed*. These stories are gently surreal, grappling with issues of identity, family, gender, and politics. (Think Aimee Bender or George Saunders.)

DeNiro also connects with readers on an emotional level: Even in the oddest of these stories, DeNiro's 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.

"Refreshing, imaginative, funny-scary stuff."  
—Ray Olson, *Booklist*

"Thoughtful, ambitious writing and truly transformative reading."—*Small Spiral Notebook*

"A writer to watch."—*Publishers Weekly*

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](http://www.goblinmercantileexchange.com)

- » Title story shortlisted for the O. Henry Award.
- » One-third of the stories available free online.

1-931520-17-8 · trade paperback · \$16  
978-1-931520-17-1

### A Book Sense Pick

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

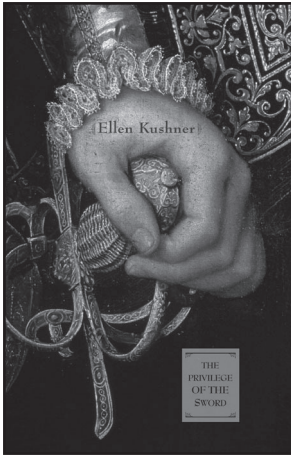
"I'm thrilled to see him in bookstores at last."  
—Jonathan Lethem  
(*Fortress of Solitude*)

"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](http://lcrw.net/deniro)  
[goblinmercantileexchange.com](http://goblinmercantileexchange.com)



## The Privilege of the Sword

Ellen Kushner

Raised far from the city and its schemes, Katherine is pleasantly surprised when her uncle, Alec Campion, the Mad Duke Tremontaine, asks her to live with him. 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 marvelous tale of love, betrayal, scandal, and secrets, crackling with energy, wit, and wonders.

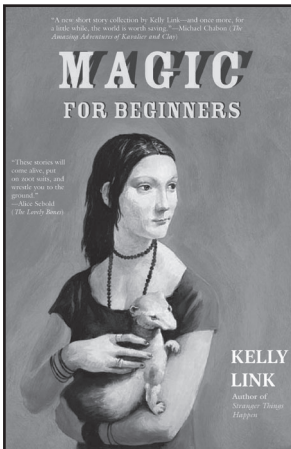
"Witty and wonderful, with characters that will provoke, charm and delight."—Holly Black (*Valiant*)

» TPB Bantam Spectra 7/06

ellenkushner.com  
lcrw.net/kushner

Host of PRI's *Sound and Spirit*, Ellen Kushner 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.

1-931520-20-8 · limited hardcover · \$35  
978-1-931520-20-1



## Magic for Beginners

Kelly Link

Engaging and funny, this 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*. She is the recipient of an NEA grant.

Each story is illustrated by Shelley Jackson. Link lives in Northampton, MA.

**Best of the Year:** *Time Magazine, Salon, Book Sense*

"Dazzling. . . One to savor."  
—*Entertainment Weekly* (A-)

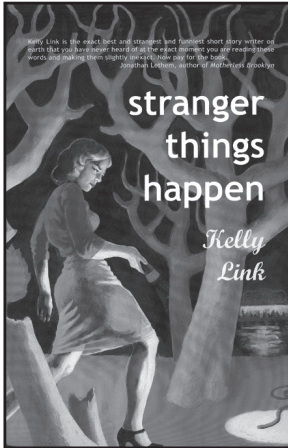
kellylink.net · lcrw.net/kellylink

- » World rights available through Jenny Meyer Literary Agency (sold to UK, Germany, Japan, Italy, Russia).
- » Film rights sold on "The Faery Handbag".
- » Harcourt Harvest trade paperback · 0156031876 · 9/06.

1-931520-15-1 · hardcover · \$24  
978-1-931520-15-7

## Stranger Things Happen

Kelly Link



"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

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

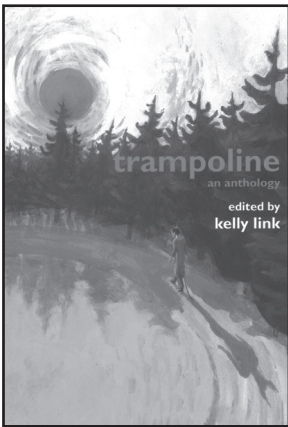
"Fresh perspectives and fantastic possibilities."  
—*Publishers Weekly*

- » World rights available through Jenny Meyer Literary Agency (sold to Japan, Italy, Russia, Argentina, Hungary).
- » Taught all over the USA.
- » Fifth printing.

1-931520-00-3 · trade paper · \$16  
978-1-931520-00-3

## Trampoline

edited by Kelly Link



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

"Exceptional visions."—*F&SF*

lcrw.net/trampoline

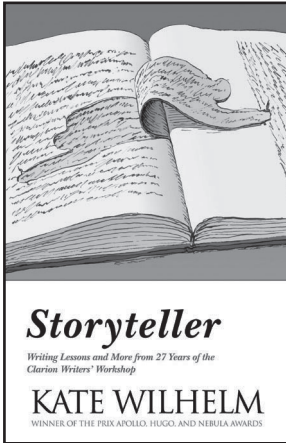
Twenty astounding and surprising stories by Jeffrey Ford, Karen Joy Fowler, Glen Hirshberg, Samantha Hunt, Shelley Jackson, Christopher Rowe, Vandana Singh, Rosalind Palermo Stevenson, & others.

"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: 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*.

1-931520-04-6 · trade paper · \$17  
978-1-931520-04-1



## 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. Wilhelm 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.

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.

- » Hugo Award Winner
- » Locus Award Winner
- » Includes a special section of writing exercises and advice.
- » An alternate selection of the Science Fiction Book Club.

"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*

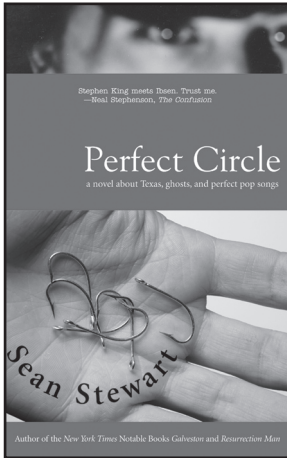
"A useful, compact, and entertaining guide to writing that is neither bound to a particular genre or market."—*Locus*

lcrw.net/wilhelm  
katewilhelm.com

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.

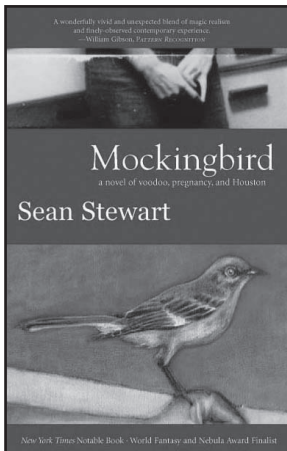
The answer we arrived at was a qualified yes.



★ "All-around terrific."  
—*Booklist* (starred review)

Best of the Year: *Booklist*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Locus*

"Perfectly hilarious."  
—*Texas Monthly*



Features a new Afterword by the author.

"Wonderfully vivid."  
—William Gibson (*Pattern Recognition*)

## Perfect Circle

Sean Stewart

Sean Stewart's breakout novel *Cathy's Book* has his fans looking for more. *Perfect Circle* is the perfect fit.

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.

- » Excerpted on Salon.com · Book Sense Notable Pick.
- » Free copies of the original companion mini-comic, *Family Reunion*, by Sean Stewart & Steve Lieber available.
- » Rights: Martha Millard Literary Agency.

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## Mockingbird

Sean Stewart

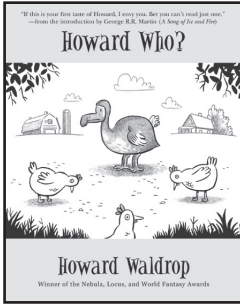
Elena Beauchamp used magic the way other people used credit cards. Now she's dead and her daughters have a debt to pay. Set in modern-day Houston, Texas, this is a funny and moving novel of voodoo, pregnancy, and family ties.

"*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

- » *New York Times* Notable Book · Nebula Award Finalist
- » *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Locus* Best Book of the Year.

Sean Stewart is the author of nine novels, including *Cathy's Book*, and *Galveston*. He helped create the web games associated with *A.I.* and *Halo 2*. His novels have won the Aurora, Sunburst, Arthur Ellis, and World Fantasy Awards. He lives in Davis, California, with his wife and two daughters.

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“The resident Weird Mind of his generation.”—*The Washington Post Book World*

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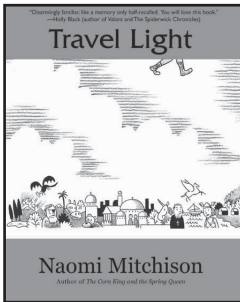
## Howard Who?

### Howard Waldrop

Acclaimed short-story writer Howard Waldrop puts his capacious, encyclopedic knowledge of superheroes, 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.

This is the 20th anniversary—and first paperback—edition of Waldrop’s seminal debut collection and features an introduction from George R.R. Martin.

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



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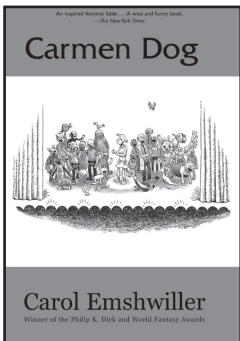
## Travel Light

### 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, and T. H. White’s *The Sword in the Stone*.

“Read it now.”—Ursula K. Le Guin (*Voices*)

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



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Peapod Classics No.1

## Carmen Dog

### Carol Emshwiller

Emshwiller’s genre-jumping debut novel 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.

“Canny and frequently hilarious insights.”—*Publishers Weekly*

“The cruel humor of *Candide* with the allegorical panache of *Animal Farm*.”—*Entertainment Weekly*

## From the Introduction to *Howard Who?* by George R. R. Martin

Let's begin with some riddles. What do Dwight David Eisenhower and the dodo have in common? How are Japanese sumo wrestlers like Disney cartoon characters? What's the common link between Izaak Walton, Abbott & Costello, and George Armstrong Custer? If you ran into a gorilla in a powdered wig at a tractor pull, what would that remind you of? And while you're pondering all that, just who was that masked man anyway?

The last one is easy. The masked man is Howard Waldrop, a short squinty-eyed fellow with an atrocious accent and a wardrobe like Mork from Ork. He was born in Mississippi, grew up in Texas, and has bounced around the Lone Star State most of his adult life, from Arlington to Grand Prairie to Bryan to Austin, where he now resides. He knows everything there is to know about B movies, he can sing fifties rock and TV theme songs all night long (and often does), he likes to fish, and he just happens to be the most startling, original, and entertaining short story writer in science fiction today.

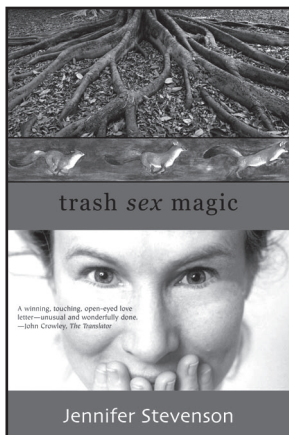
The word *unique* is much abused these days, but in Howard's case it applies. We live in a derivative age, and nowhere is that more apparent than in the books we read. Every new horror writer is compared to Stephen King. Our fantasists all seem to write in the tradition of J.R.R. Tolkien, Robert E. Howard, or Stephen R. Donaldson. The hot young talents in SF are routinely proclaimed as the next Robert A. Heinlein, the new Isaac Asimov, the angriest young man since Harlan

Ellison, unless they happen to be female, in which case they are dutifully likened to Andre Norton, Ursula K. LeGuin, and Marion Zimmer Bradley. If you listen to the blurb-writers, these days it seems that everybody writes like somebody else.

Howard Waldrop's short fiction is squarely in the tradition of Howard Waldrop. There's never been anyone like him, in or out of science fiction. His voice is his own; singular, distinctive, quirky, and—once you've encountered it—more than a little addictive. I'm tempted to say that the only thing that's like a Howard Waldrop story is another Howard Waldrop story, except that it wouldn't be true. Howard's stories differ as much from each other as from your run-of-the-mill SF and fantasy. The only thing they have in common is that they're all a little bit different.

Howard doesn't like to write the same thing twice. Well-meaning friends keep telling him that the best way to get rich and famous is to write the same thing over and over and over and over again, to keep frying up those robot duneburgers of gor and serving them to a hungry public, but Howard keeps wandering off and getting interested in Groucho Marx, Chinese proletarian novels, and the mound-builder Indians. Suddenly books start piling up in his office, a maniacal gleam lights his tiny little eyes, and he begins to talk incessantly about a strange new story he's going to write. Meanwhile, he consumes those piles of books during breaks in his daily regimen of building bookcases and watching old movies on television. Then, when all of his friends are just about ready to skin him alive, out it comes all in a rush: the latest Waldrop wonderment.

GR



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

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Jennifer Stevenson

A tender, joyful, raunchy, sprawling, radiant love story. 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.

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

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## Kalpa Imperial: The Greatest Empire That Never Was

Angélica Gorodischer

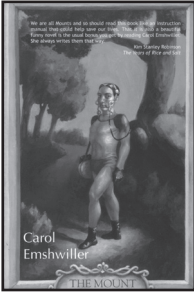
Translated by Ursula K. Le Guin

★ "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)

In this 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.

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Philip K. Dick  
Award Winner

## The Mount

Carol Emshwiller

Both a coming-of-age story and a political fable, Emshwiller's novel looks at what it means to be human. Charley, a boy raised to serve an alien master, must choose between comfort and freedom, vengeance and a new future.

"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*)

Best of the Year: *Book Magazine*, *Locus*, *Village Voice*  
Reprinted by Penguin Firebird



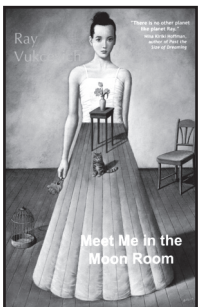
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## Report to the Men's Club

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 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.



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## Meet Me in the Moon Room

Ray Vukcevic

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*

## An excerpt from *Endless Things*:

(continued from p.5)

pictures of one another in front of gleaming buildings of white and pale pink and citron. Best dressed of all were the Negroes, in groups or couples, bright frocks and spectator shoes and wide hats like flowers. Opal took Sam's hand and glanced up at him and they were both thinking (not in words) that there really was going to be a new world.

"Where now?" said Sam.

There were a hundred maps of the World of Tomorrow, all of them a little different. Some showed the buildings standing up in perspective, the spire and sphere, the strange streamlined shapes. Others showed the plan of colors, how each sector had its special color, which grew deeper the farther you got from the white center, so you always knew where you were. There were maps engraved on stone and maps on the paper placemats of the restaurant, blotted by the circles of their frosted glasses.

"Maybe Axel and I should head over to the Congress of Beauties," said Sam, who had taken Axel's guidebook and bent back the cover as though it were a *Reader's Digest*. "A tribute to the body beautiful," he read. "In a formal garden and woodland, there is room for several thousand people to view the devotees of health through sunshine."

"Sam," said Opal.

"It's okay," he said, grinning at Axel. "I'm a doctor. I'd be there if you fainted, too."

In the AT&T building they took a hearing test and tried the Voice Mirror that let them hear their own voices, which sounded thin and squeaky in their own ears, even Axel's, which was studiously rich and low. In the Demonstration Call Room, Opal was chosen by lot to be one of those allowed to make a telephone call to anywhere in the United States, no part of it unreachable any longer.

"Oh that's too funny," Winnie said. Opal stepped up to the operator in uniform and head-phone and gave her the number of the county clerk of Breshy County, Kentucky, who lived in the town of Bondieu. The operator turned to her switchboard and put through the call. Everyone in the Demonstration Call Room could hear the call make its way through the national web, from operator to operator, as lights lit up on a great map of America.

Central, said the operator in Bondieu, and the people in the Demonstration Call Room in Long Island made a small sound of awe.

The World's Fair operator gave her the number of the county clerk.

Oh he ain't home, said Central. (Her name was Ivy. Opal felt a stab of homesickness.)

"Please put the call through," they heard the operator say.

I can tell you he ain't home, said Central. I just now seen him out the winder, on his way to the drug store.

Now people in the Demonstration Call Room were starting to laugh.

"This call is coming from the New York World's Fair," the operator said, as primly, as mechanically as she could. "Please connect."

Well all right, said Ivy. But yall gone get no satisfaction.

Everyone but the operator was laughing now, listening to the phone ring in the empty house far away; laughing not in an unkind way, but only to show they knew that the World of Tomorrow might be a little farther off than it seemed to be here, which was no surprise really, and reflected badly on no one, not the backward little town or the flustered uniformed lady in her swivel chair. It was just time, time passing at different rates everywhere over the world, faster or more slowly.



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