



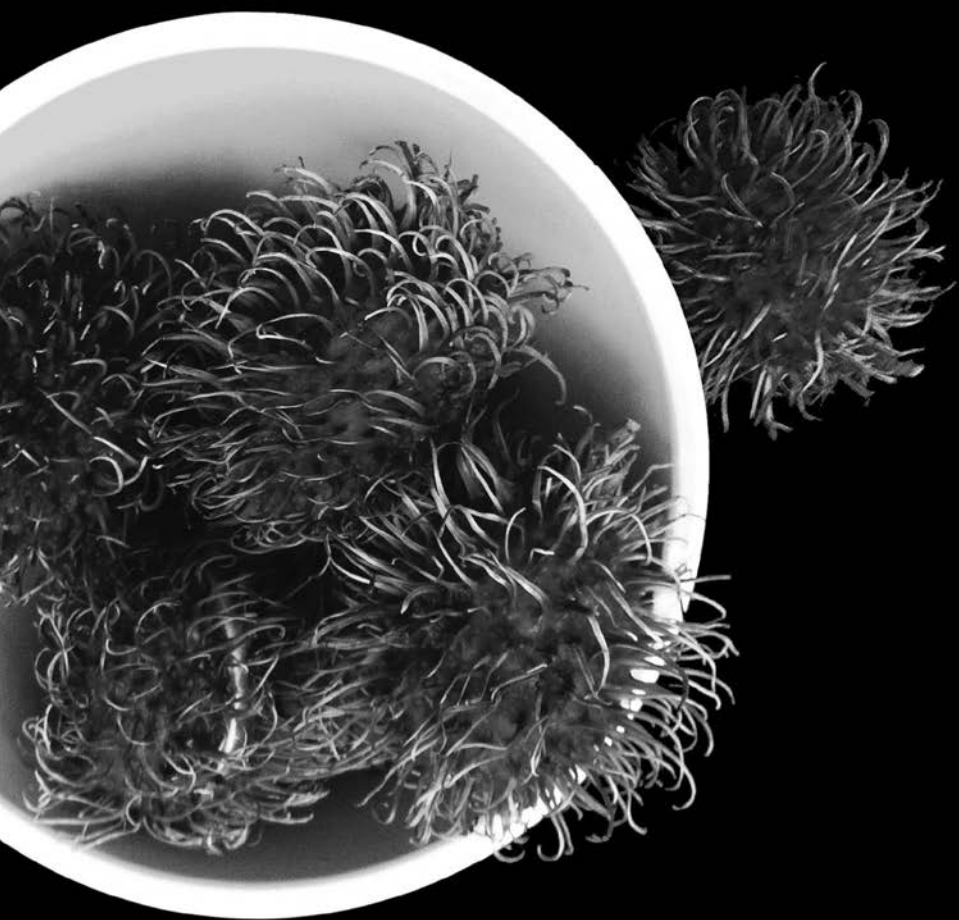
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POSTHOC
CATALOGUE
GASPEREAU PRESS
FOR THE YEAR
MMXIV



UNDER THE SIGN OF THE MIRTHFUL G
FORTY-SEVEN CHURCH AVENUE
KENTVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA



Peeling Rambutan

GILLIAN SZE

\$19.95 9781554471331 POETRY

*Printed offset on laid paper making 80 pages trimmed to
5 x 8 inches; Smyth sewn, bound in a paper cover and
enfolded in an offset printed jacket. Typeset in Rialto.*

A poetic travelogue, Gillian Sze's *Peeling Rambutan* meditates upon the rifts between immigrant parents and their Canadian-born children and the struggle of overlapping values which sometimes arises when we view the complexity of our heritage through the lens of the present. Rooted in Sze's first experience of Asia, these poems mingle the familiar spaces of her childhood home in Winnipeg with impressions of the distant villages of her parents' origins. The result is a complex exploration of the relationship between identity, place and history. In the world described in *Peeling Rambutan*, the traveller is never wholly certain whether she is discovering an unexplored world or descending into memory, but Sze's lyrically-driven poems navigate confidently, mapping new terrain while remaining sensitive to the claims of the past.

GILLIAN SZE is the author of two previous collections: *The Anatomy of Clay* and *Fish Bones*. Her work has appeared in a number of national and international journals, and has received awards such as the University of Winnipeg Writers' Circle Prize. Originally from Winnipeg, Sze now resides in Montreal.

👉 Shortlisted for the 2014 A.M. Klein Poetry Prize 👈

EATING FRUIT

While you are writing to me about the first snow, I am in a van bumping along the backbone of Malaysia, stopping only at roadside stands to buy durian, soursop, dragon fruit. In my mother's language, if one does not have a taste for a food, one does not *know* it, as in to comprehend, or have the knowledge of how to eat. Eating has become a test of intimacy, to gauge the extent a mouth can work around a seed. In the evenings, after dinner, we eat fruits, and with each newly encountered fruit, my family watches, waits for my reaction. At first, the spikes of the rambutans warned me not to touch, but I did, and they slackened beneath my fingers, turned lissom like new grass. And dragon fruit, chemical-pink, shone with tiny black seeds. But a brailled slice tasted subtle as melon, as if its flavour dimmed at the close of my lips. So while you are writing to me about snow, I am driving to Bahau, past streaming fields of pitaya cacti. Through the window, I imagine the palette of your November washing the landscape monochrome. You ask when I will return, if I am ever coming back. When I do, I will bring with me and show you the persuasion of pulasans. The maybeness of roseapples.

HOW TO SING A MALACCAN FOLK SONG

I forbid myself mention of sex imagery from all walks of life found in folk songs. Suffice it to mention a few: the *water-pail in the well*, the *plot of land*, the *boatman*, the *monk*, etc. LIN YUTANG

If you were to sing me a folk song, neglect not the water-pail in the well, the plot of land, the boatman, and the monk. Begin with the shade thrown over Malacca River and sing to me of the water, mucid and still, or the waitresses passing fugitive smiles as they balance chilled glasses of lime juice. Since I am here, do not omit the chrysanthemum flowers, or the perspiring mango trees, or even the cows grazing by the billboards. I want your voice to rise and fall, like the dishes tossed from one coloured plastic tub to another, cleansed in the sudsy hands of a row of squatting women. If you were to sing me a folk song, sell it with kaya jam, papaya, coconuts, sugar cane, and clams. Finish it lightly and linger, like the girl in the bakery whose fingers were dusted in white flour; she asked, *Is that everything you want? Can I get you anything else?*



Circa Nineteen Hundred & Grief

TIM BOWLING

\$19.95 9781554471348 POETRY

*Printed offset on laid paper making 80 pages trimmed to 5 × 8.5 inches;
Smyth sewn, bound in a paper cover and enfolded in a letterpress-
printed jacket on handmade paper. Wood engraving
by Wesley Bates. Typeset in Poliphilus.*

In childhood, the world seems vast, mysterious and unsettling as we attempt to meaningfully locate ourselves in its midst, and what belonging we find in adulthood is often but a veneer covering that irresolvable desire to understand “the desperate invocations of your little wanting heart.” In his poems, Tim Bowling writes with unapologetic honesty about our complex consciousness of the world and of the increasingly disconnected state of human experience, seeking always to snag on something elemental— “... something in the forest / and the self—a hunger—/like a barbed hook in the jaw/of the salmon whose life,/ in full light, we will take,/after this long patience/and silence—”

TIM BOWLING has published over a dozen books of poetry including *The Annotated Bee & Me*, *Fathom*, *The Memory Orchard*, and *Selected Poems*. He has also published a memoir, four novels (including *The Bone Sharps* and *The Tinsmith*) and a creative work on book collecting and poetry entitled *In the Suicide's Library*. Bowling lives in Edmonton, Alberta.

In the Suicide's Library—\$27.95 FICTION 9781554470891

The Annotated Bee and Me—\$18.95 POETRY 9781554470860

The Bone Sharps—\$27.95 FICTION 9781554470358

Fathom—\$18.95 POETRY 9781554470167

WHERE WE WORKED,
AND WHAT WE WORKED FOR

Sunset. Wolf-torn throat of stag.
We go down. Heron and eagle
over us—Cain and Abel—
but the blood that spills
is not between them.
The only breeze is off their wingbeats.
We go down, past the brine-eaten
canneries and owl-faced barns
circa nineteen-hundred and grief
that birth-bloodied quilt
pulled right up to our throats.
Our heads keep still, frozen
in Dantean ice. But
already our eyes
coin-heavy with constellations
turn and blink. Sea's edge.
A Japanese naked from
the waist enacts a flowering
lotus on a sandbar
brittle as a rib. His shadow
drives the piston
in the eagle's thought.
The sea. Time, crying,
carries its blurred charcoal drawing
of a killer whale
home through the salt storm.
The guy-ropes
of the crab traps disattach.

We rise
lighter with every five-pound death
purer for our sweat
below the single ivory bead
on the abacus,
we are rising—each swell
carved and held up close
to the worker's eye, and breath—
added to the tonnage of the catch.

Washington William Jones
Liamas Polly Jones Benjamin
Edwarda Lucy Ragan John
Sammy Cooper John Woodhouse
Reada Paul Woodhouse Edith
Susan Bailey Abraham
John Jones Joseph Keyes
Wilkins Letty Wakefield Rags

And I Alone Escaped to Tell You

SYLVIA D. HAMILTON

\$19.95 9781554471362 POETRY

Printed offset on laid paper making 96 pages trimmed to 5.5 × 8.5 inches;

Smyth sewn, bound in a paper cover and enfolded in a letterpress-printed jacket on handmade paper. Typeset in Huronia.

The settlement of African peoples in Nova Scotia is a richly layered story encompassing many waves of settlement and diverse circumstances—from captives to ‘freedom runners’ who sailed north from the United States with hopes of establishing a new life. The poems in *And I Alone Escaped to Tell You* endeavour to give these historical events a human voice, blending documentary material, memory, experience and imagination to evoke the lives of these early Black Nova Scotians and of the generations that followed. This collection is a moving meditation on the place of African-descended people in the Canadian story and on the threads connecting all of us to the African diaspora.

SYLVIA D. HAMILTON is a filmmaker and writer whose awards include a Gemini and the Portia White Prize. Her poetry has been published in *The Dalbousie Review*, *West Coast Line*, *The Great Black North* and *Untying the Apron: Daughters Remember Mothers of the Fifties*. She was a contributor to, and co-editor of, *We’re Rooted Here and They Can’t Pull Us Up: Essays In African Canadian Women’s History*. She lives in Grand Pre, Nova Scotia.

DINAH'S LETTER TO HER SISTER

Shelburne, 10 November 1784

Daphne

I write to you though I know your tired hands may never touch this paper. We been here ten year now. An agreeable place sometimes. A boychild came last year after much labour. Makes us five. Granny Hannah thought the ancestors might take him and he would not look into my face, the caul was thick thick. Instead Amos mother joined them in her 85th year. By sea one day we will journey far and Amos take Samuel's caul from its secret place to protect us. Sleep visits not often after the lash. They all spoke ill of me in court. You remember Thomas Robertson and that Mrs. Hayes.

The two stood together against me. Their friends in the jury box would not hear my words, guilty they said. Saturday last a day of first snow my body counted to one hundred before my spirit lifted me up and the jailer lashed one hundred more. Joshua, my first born, overtook the jailer from behind before they jump him force him to the ground. He just a boy but they make him lie in that wet cold jail. Rats wait in every corner. He throw the rotten food in their face. I pray God he will not suffer the lash. I hear him singing quiet quiet. As sun rises, my body will swallow fifty more. This time Amos promise to hide my babies in the church house. Granny Hannah give me her special ribbon for my mouth. Now the night releases itself I must go prepare.

Dear sweet sweet Daphne, I long to see your face again.

Always with love
Your sister Dinah

TRACADIE

21 July 1790

1.

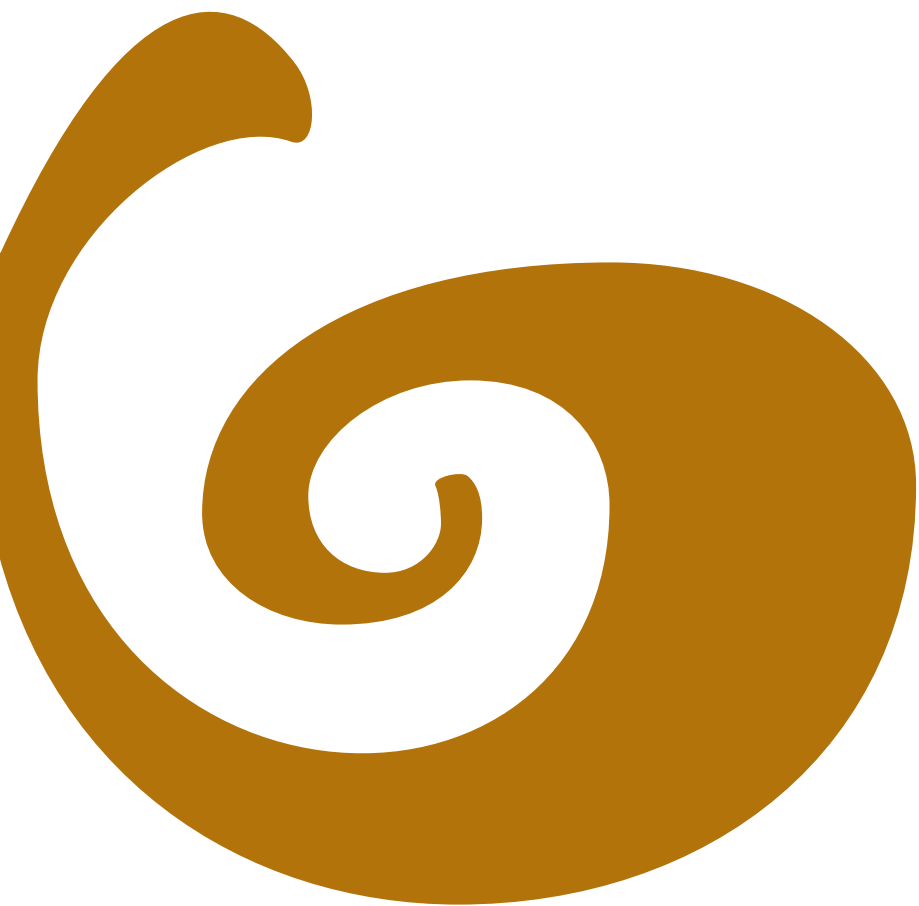
The warm summer breeze arrived at the 7th hour.
See the young emerald green pheasant
strutting across the path in front of my door.
Above me pastel blue, almost white sky,
puffy clouds, the kind Jesus will surely step out from.

Dying on the longest day of the year.

A longer death or longer
to remember my death.

2.

This land does not forgive. We cut our way
in tangled forests. Backs ache, hands, feet bruised
bodies broken. Ma name me Manuel. He call me John.
Write my name on his death paper with his bed,
pinchbeck watch, gold seal, silver spectacles—one glass missing.
He pass on my body to his son, not my spirit.
It already asleep with the ancestors.



Generations Re-merging

SHALAN JOUDRY

\$18.95 9781554471355 POETRY

Printed offset on laid paper making 64 pages trimmed to 5 × 8 inches; Smyth sewn, bound in a paper cover and enfolded in a letterpress-printed jacket. Typeset in Electra.

“Each generation must make their own / journey through a thick terrain” starts *Generations Re-merging*, a collection of poems which explores the complex tangle of intergenerational relationships and cultural issues encountered by a Mi’kmaw woman in the modern context, “where every moment / is the loss of something.” Alert to the fragility of community and culture, and to the pervasive threats against the natural and social environments which have traditionally fostered them, Shalan Joudry writes with lucidity of the challenge of confronting these global issues personally on her home ground, and of honouring the hope of past generations by renewing it in the present.

SHALAN JOUDRY is a writer, performance artist and storyteller whose poetry has appeared in *The Nashwaak Review* and *Mi’kmaq Anthology II*. She works as a cultural interpreter and community ecologist at Bear River First Nation, Nova Scotia, where she lives with her two daughters. This is her first book.

FISHING

40

he led me to a brook
and i believed we were just fishing

neither of us counting
the fish heads on the moss

there was a prayer under his breath
although i could not hear it

this here is my prayer
wela'lioq
to the current and the line
to what brought the fish and i together

these things bringing me back

wela'lioq : thank you (all)

THE VIEW

41

on the trail
when the climb upward goes on
when our lead-filled feet stagger
when our thoughts become subtleties
there will come a moment
and it still surprises us
although we knew it was coming
we're there

suspended
like kitpu's distant relative
watching over
those other living things

ego leaves the body
so that something takes its place
at that point
that stoppage
the land challenges us to shift
to see some other dimension
the world's other truths

kitpu : eagle



Like Any Other Monday

BINNIE BRENNAN

\$27.95 9781554471386 NOVEL

Printed offset on laid paper making 224 pages trimmed to 5.3 × 8.5 inches; Smyth sewn, bound in a paper cover and enfolded in a letterpress-printed jacket on handmade paper. Wood engraving by Wesley Bates. Typeset in Ronaldson.

After breaking up the family act in 1916, Keatonesque comedic performer Billy Pascoe retreats to Muskoka to consider his prospects as a solo performer. Instead, Pascoe discovers an unlikely partner and straightman in Lucinda Hart, one half of a disbanded song-and-dance sister act. While still wrestling to mesh their vastly different experiences of rehearsal and performance, Pascoe & Hart hit the vaudeville circuit, perfecting their act, gaining each other's trust and winning over audiences. Brennan's portrayal of the intimate, often tenuous interactions underlying the collaborative creative process reminds us of the stage's kinship with everyday life, where limits must be tested and risks taken in the pursuit of greater dreams.

BINNIE BRENNAN is the author of a collection of short fiction, *A Certain Grace*, and a novella, *Harbour View*, which was shortlisted for an Atlantic Book Award in 2010. She lives in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she plays the viola with Symphony Nova Scotia.

audience to tears, but before they can applaud you start a cool-down, stretching your feet one after another. I go on bended knee to one side of you, and when I look up to see if you accept my proposal, I discover you've switched sides. You don't even know I'm there. So I run around to the other side and do it all over again, same result. You haven't even seen me."

"Will I notice you at some point?"

"Not before you notice there's something wrong with your shoe."

"Maybe a ribbon has come loose," Lucinda says.

"Perfect. You go down on one knee to tighten the ribbon, and I'm walking around in a circle; I've given up. Then—and we'll have to time this part perfectly—just as I walk toward you, you look up, still on bended knee, and our eyes lock ..."

Lucinda sits up on the edge of her seat and finishes his sentence.

"And you think I'm proposing to you!"

"Exactly! Then I react and pull a laugh out of the audience."

"And then you take me by the wrist and lead me offstage. Oh, Billy, it's brilliant!"

"You'll give it a try?" Billy is pleased to see Lucinda so animated.

"Yes, of course!"

"We'll walk through it Monday morning at the hall."

Son-of-a-gun

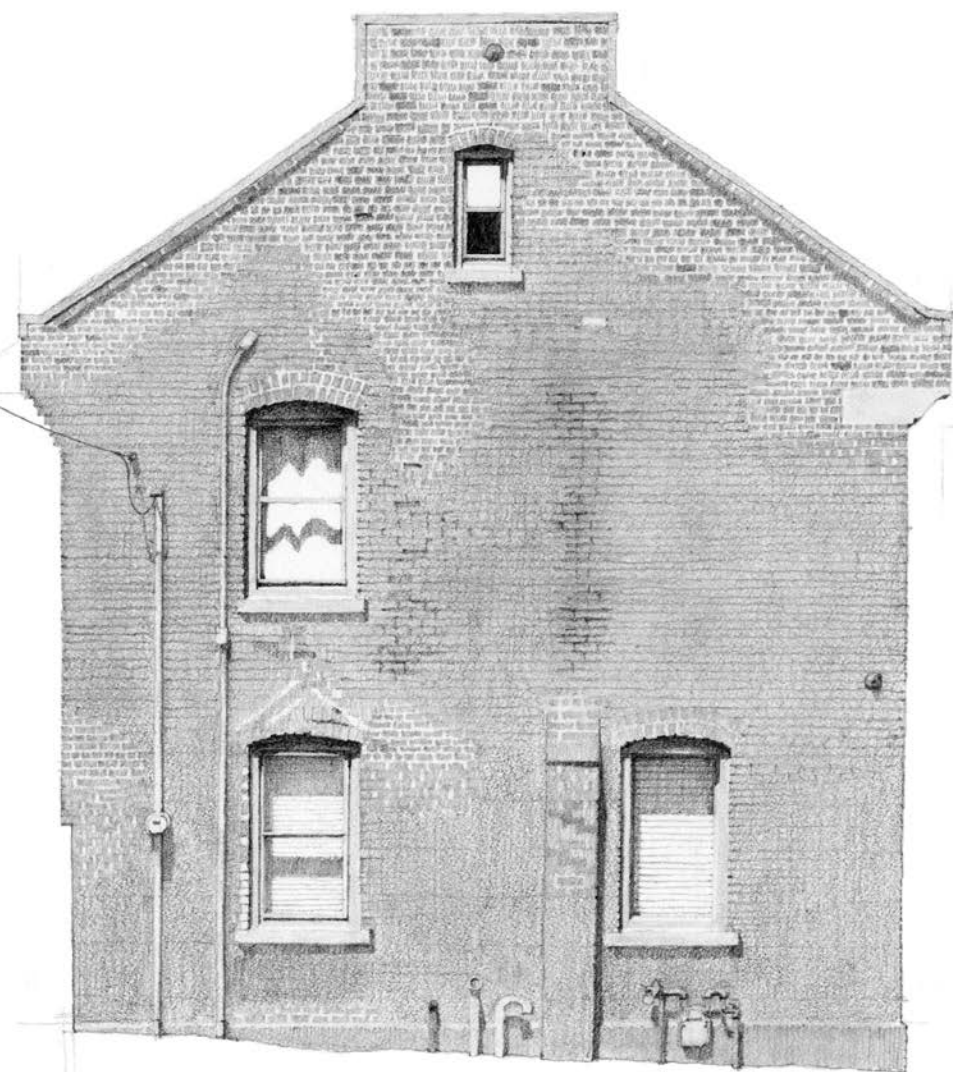
NOTICE TO PERFORMERS

Don't say "slob" or "son-of-a-gun" or "hully-gee" on this stage unless you want to be cancelled peremptorily. Do not address anyone in the audience in this manner. If you have not the ability to entertain Mr. Black's audiences without risk of offending them, do the best you can. Lack of talent will be less open to censure than would an insult to a patron.

Billy steps into the properties room, which has the familiar look of countless other prop rooms he's made use of over the years. There are kitchen chairs, a landscape painting hanging on the wall next to a photo portrait of a severe-looking woman in a black bonnet, and a dining table with two smaller tables and a desk lamp stacked atop it. Draped over an armchair there is a polar bear rug, and a bottomless galvanized bucket hangs from a hook by the door. To one side a barrel holds three brooms and two crutches.

"Harry Stanby, is that you?" Billy sets the barre pieces on the floor and holds out his hand to the props manager who is grinning around the cigarette between his lips.

"If it isn't Billy Pascoe!" he says, rheumy eyes peering



The House with the Parapet Wall

JOHN TERPSTRA

\$24.95 9781554471393 MEMOIR

*Printed offset on laid paper making 160 pages trimmed to
5 × 8 inches; Smyth sewn, bound in a paper cover and enfolded
in a letterpress-printed jacket on handmade paper.*

Illustration by Adam Smith. Typeset in Rialto.

Grieving the diminishment and death of his elderly mother, John Terpstra finds solace in a seemingly unusual place: the stories (both historical and fanciful) of the nineteenth-century houses in his Hamilton neighbourhood and of the families which have inhabited them. With a well-honed knack for the circuitous route, Terpstra tackles weighty questions like ‘Why must we die?’ by following his imaginative curiosity into the bricks-and-mortar matters of our daily lives, understanding that the dwellings we construct do more than just shed the weather, but are also physical manifestations of our notions of ‘family’ and ‘home’.

JOHN TERPSTRA is the author of many books of poetry, most recently *Brilliant Falls* (2013). He is also the author of three prose projects: *Falling Into Place*; *The Boys, or, Waiting for the Electrician’s Daughter* (shortlisted for the Charles Taylor Prize); and *Skin Boat*. Terpstra lives in Hamilton, Ontario.

Brilliant Falls—\$17.95 POETRY 9781554471232

Two or Three Guitars: Selected Poems—\$19.95 POETRY 9781554470266

Falling Into Place—\$24.95 NON-FICTION 9781554471102

Skin Boat—\$25.95 NON-FICTION 9781554470792

The Boys—\$25.95 NON-FICTION 9781554470112

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD that Anna and her siblings cycled from to go to the cottage on Ameland was a compact arrangement of one-and-a-half storey row houses with mansard roofs and dormers.

When the city outgrew the area defined by its ring canal, it did not spill over into the countryside but was carefully ladled out. At some point in their history these people had learned to huddle together for protection — and got used to it. Density was in their bones. This was also before the car came along, of course.

Before any of the new lots were sold or houses built, the city installed sewer and water lines, and established a design code for builders. The new homeowners would not be living on top of each other, as many of them did inside the old city, but they would still be living cheek-to-jowl.

BUILDING CONTROLS were more lax, or relaxed, on this side of the ocean. In terms of construction there was no collective pool of building experience to draw on, because there was no history of building. The only previous settlements in the area were the longhouse villages of the First Nations people, which were located on top of the escarpment. The site itself had never hosted a settlement.

The town-site was a fork on a First Nation's path, a path from Niagara that had grown to become a well-travelled roadway for refugees and settlers after the American Revolution, and for soldiers during the War of 1812. Someone smelled opportunity where the path split into three branches, and built a tavern, with a small inn.

A few years later, someone drew a map.

It was all about filling in the blanks created by the map.

FILLING IN the blanks of this neighbourhood are one storey cottages, with a front door in the middle and a window on either side, and one-and-a-half storey houses, tall and narrow, with the front door and living room window on the first floor, two bedroom windows above, and a peaked roof like a hat, pulled low enough over its eyes that the slope of the rafters is part of the bedroom ceiling.

There are two storey houses, equally narrow, but taller, on which the hat rides higher and the roof slope is not part of the ceiling, and two-and-a-half storey houses, taller yet, with an attic window in the gable peak.

These are the common designs. There are variations and anomalies.

The houses may be single (detached), double (semi-detached) or row houses. They may have parapet walls. Some cottages have a small peak with a window in it, above the door. This design has been called classic, old Ontario. Some of the brick houses are in a bay-and-gable style, with a bay window bump-out that extends up two-and-a-half storeys, and has a peaked roof.

There are houses built in every decade from the 1850s, and earlier, to the present. There is a house completed this past year, on a narrow lot where a one storey frame cottage had stood for a century and a half. These small frame cottages are the true heritage buildings of the neighbourhood,



Merging: Contemplations on Farming & Ecology from Horseback

SOREN BONDRUP-NIELSEN

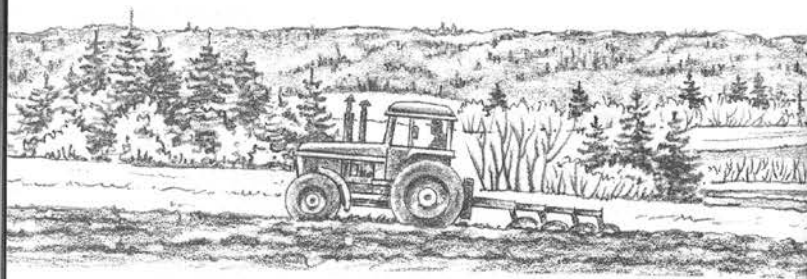
\$28.95 9781554471379 MEMOIR / ECOLOGY

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Illustrations by Jack McMaster. Typeset in Goluska.

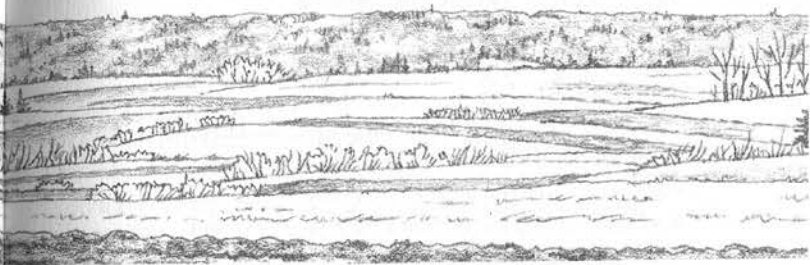
Merging is a book about relationships and the way our perspective shifts as we become attuned to the workings of the natural world, merging with our surroundings and the creatures we share them with. Working in the tradition of Henry David Thoreau and Aldo Leopold, Soren Bondrup-Nielsen catalogues the rich biodiversity of his own backyard, exploring the fields, dyke roads and woodland trails that surround his home in the agricultural heartland of Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley. Framed as a single day's horseback ride which begins on a spring morning and ends in the dusk of autumn, the narrative engages subjects such as the relative merits of large-scale and small-scale farming and forestry practices, the challenge of fostering sustainable economies in rural communities and the impact our consumer choices have on the natural and economic health of the places we live.

SOREN BONDRUP-NIELSEN is currently a professor of biology at Acadia University where he teaches ecology and conservation biology. He is the author of two memoirs, *Winter On Diamond* and *A Sound Like Water Dripping: In Search of the Boreal Owl*.



Bucephalus is looking intensely off to the southwest. Following his line of sight, I discover his keen eyes have spotted a tractor pulling something in a far field. I take a moment to survey the landscape spread out before me. Sitting on Bucephalus, I am slightly elevated and I can take in more than when I am on foot.

Earlier in the spring before this field had been cultivated, I heard a commotion from my neighbour's backyard while out riding; their free-range chickens were squawking and there was a dog barking. I didn't think too much about it until Bucephalus suddenly stopped. Following his gaze, I caught sight of a dog running across the field with what appeared to be a chicken in its mouth. Had I not been mounted on Bucephalus, I would not have seen the dog. I put Bucephalus into a gallop and charged after the dog. Even though the dog saw us approaching, it could not manoeuvre quickly with the chicken in its mouth. We were able to close in swiftly and were nearly on top of the chicken-thief when he let go of the bird. The chicken was



not dead but clearly stunned. Bucephalus slid to a stop and I jumped off and grabbed the chicken before it knew what was happening. It was bleeding but there were no broken bones, as far as I could tell. I cradled the bird in my left arm and tried to get back on Bucephalus. This turned out to be difficult as Bucephalus was skittish because of the chicken squawking and trying to escape, but with some effort I managed to get back in the saddle and we trotted over to my neighbour's. Margo had heard the commotion and was out counting her flock. She was happy to get her chicken back; it was a young rooster and in time it recovered. The owner of the dog ended up tethering his animal.

Another time when Bucephalus was in the paddock I saw him looking intently out over my hayfield. I looked in the same direction and saw the grass swaying unnaturally. Suddenly I saw the tips of four pink ears. Each year we raise a couple of pigs. We get them as weanlings. The piglets had escaped and were resolutely heading for the neighbour's cornfield. Who knows whether I would have found the

AND
DR
EWO
SMOKE
STEF
EVES

Essays on Literary Publishing, Printing & Typography

Smoke Proofs: Essays on Literary Publishing, Printing & Typography

ANDREW STEEVES

\$24.95 9781554471416 ESSAYS

Printed offset on laid paper making 160 pages trimmed to 5 × 8 inches;

Smyth sewn, bound in a paper cover and enfolded in a letterpress-printed jacket on handmade paper. Illustrated. Typeset in Quadraat.

Why do we accept shoddy books? This is the question at the heart of *Smoke Proofs*, a collection of six essays and one interview which takes a frank look at the state of the art of literary publishing, printing and book design in Canada. Ranging from the philosophical and the historical to the nuts and bolts of making books and getting them to market, *Smoke Proofs* argues for an approach to trade publishing which returns to its print-erly roots, one in which the characteristics of various tools and techniques are considered alongside the broader implications of their use in the culture. Whether he's discussing ebooks, the de-professionalization of typography, the design of poetry books, the fetish for colour pictures on book covers, or our complicated relationship with the notion of 'beauty', Steeves continually points the reader back to his or her own responsibility for the preservation and use of that amazing, wily and robust cultural tool—the book.

ANDREW STEEVES is a writer, typographer and literary publisher, and one of the co-founders of Gaspereau Press. He has won 42 citations for excellence in Canadian book design from the Alcuin Society, and his firm has three times been voted best 'small press' by the Canadian Booksellers' Association.

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