

Prose Fiction

Romans et nouvelles





Title | Titre *The Man Who Killed*

Designer | Conception graphique
Peter Cocking

Author | Auteur *Fraser Nixon*

Publisher | Maison d'édition
Douglas & McIntyre

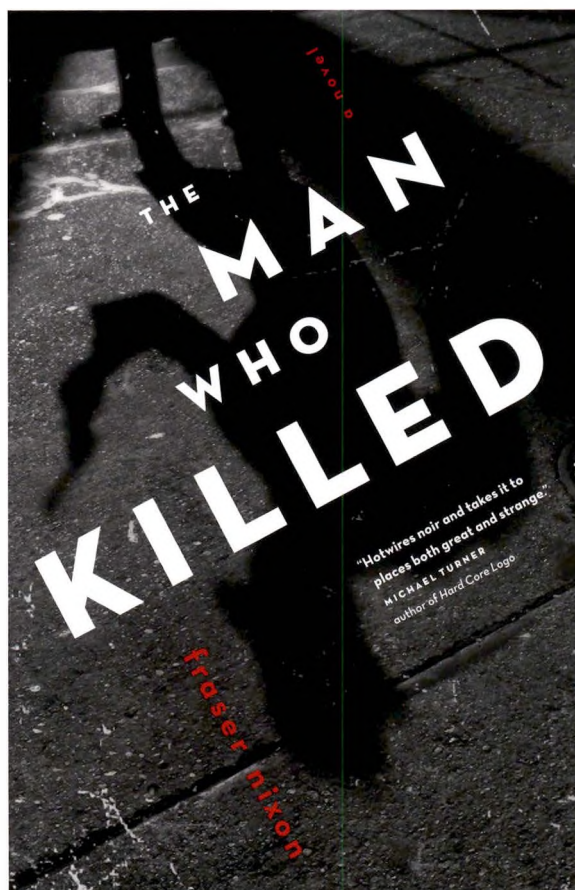
Photographer | Photographie
John Sherlock

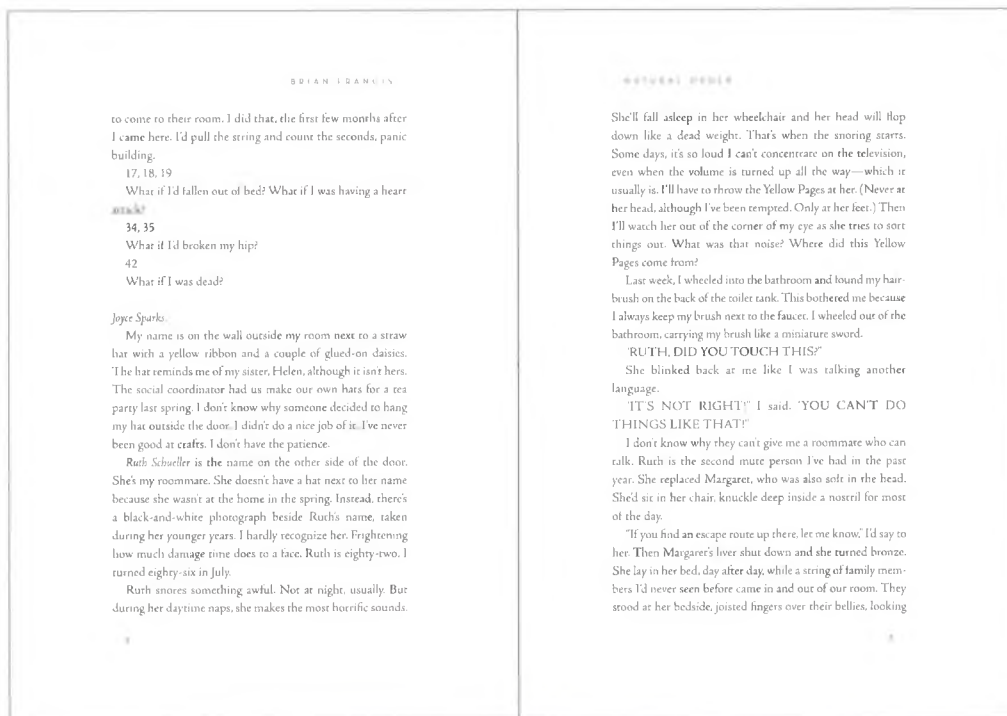
Printer | Imprimeur *Friesens*

Typeface | Police de caractères
Electra, Neutraface

Trim Size | Format massicoté
22 × 14 cm

ISBN 978-1-55365-569-5



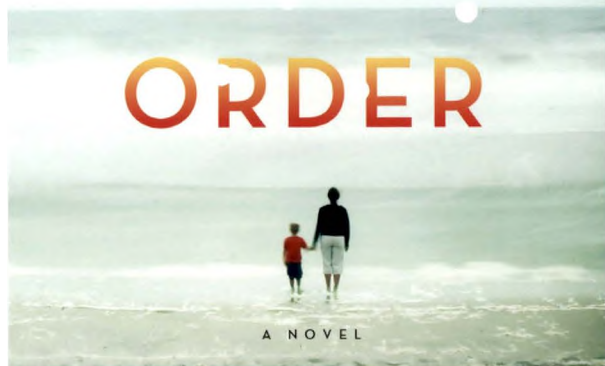


BRIAN FRANCIS

"Honest, tender and mesmerizing, *Natural Order* is a must-read."

AMI MCKAY, author of *The Birth House*

NATURAL
ORDER



Title | Titre *Natural Order*

Designer | Conception graphique
CS Richardson

Author | Auteur *Brian Francis*

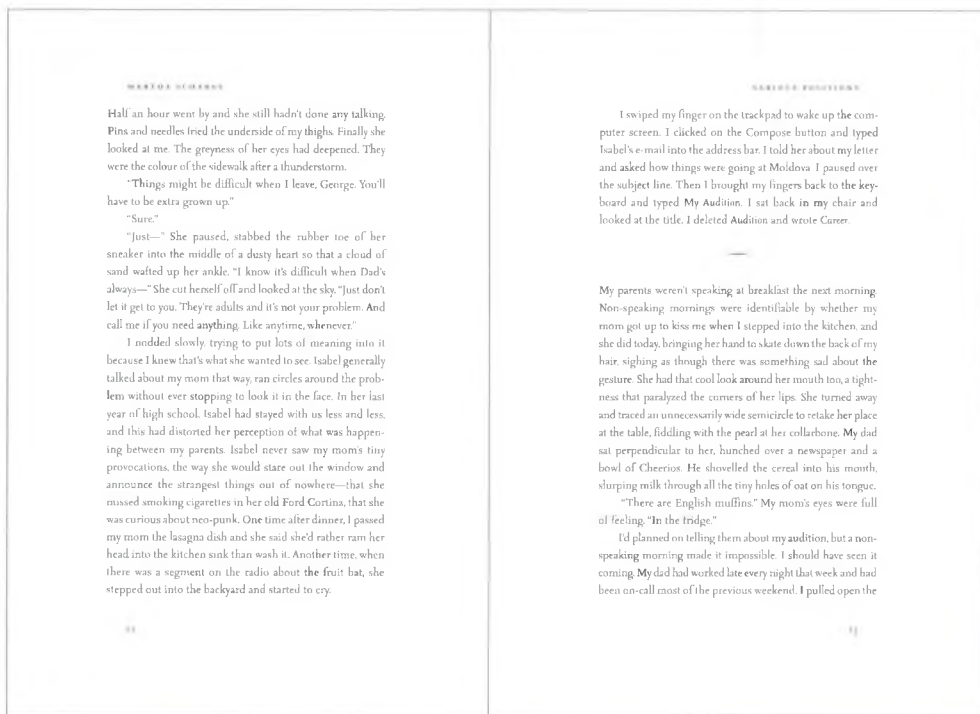
Publisher | Maison d'édition
Doubleday Canada

Printer | Imprimeur
Berryville Graphics

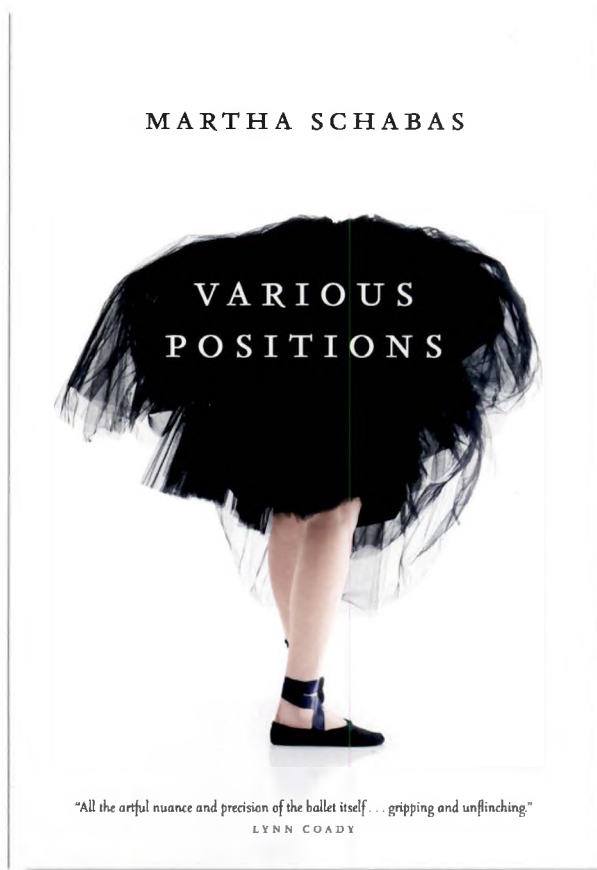
Typeface | Police de caractères
Adobe Jenson, Neutraface Display

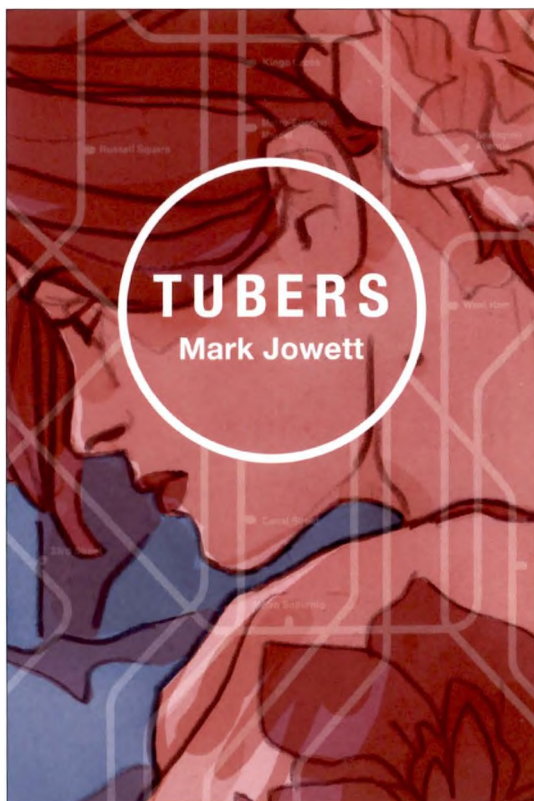
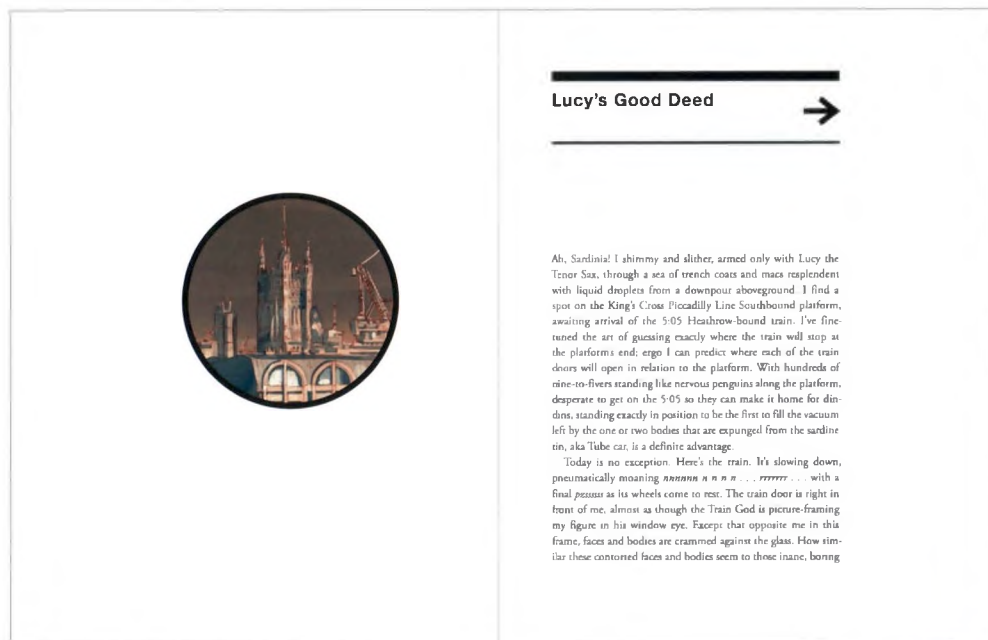
Trim Size | Format massicoté
21 × 14 cm

ISBN 978-0-385-67153-8



Title | Titre *Various Positions*
 Designer | Conception graphique
 CS Richardson
 Author | Auteur *Martha Schabas*
 Publisher | Maison d'édition
 Doubleday Canada
 Printer | Imprimeur
 Berryville Graphics
 Typeface | Police de caractères
Seria
 Trim Size | Format massicoté
 21 × 14 cm
 ISBN 978-0-385-66876-7





Title | Titre *Tubers*

Designer | Conception graphique
Leigh-Anne Mullock

Author | Auteur *Mark Jowett*

Publisher | Maison d'édition
Read Leaf

Illustrator | Illustration
Matthias Lechner

Printer | Imprimeur *C & C Offset*

Typeface | Police de caractères
Helvetica Neue, Adobe Garamond Pro

Trim Size | Format massicoté
23 × 18 cm

ISBN 978-1-897476-26-0



Title | Titre À toi

Designer | Conception graphique
Marike Paradis

Authors | Auteurs
Kim Thúy & Pascal Janovjak

Publisher | Maison d'édition
Libre Expression

Photographer | Photographie
Sarah Scott

Printer | Imprimeur
Marquis imprimeur

Typeface | Police de caractères
Filosofia

Trim Size | Format massicoté
23 × 13 cm

ISBN 978-2-7648-0559-6



Tropical Night

I feel as if I know that man sitting on a bench in Saint-Pierre Square, the little plaza by the hotel. He seems so absorbed in his reading. His hair has grayed, but he has that familiar way of stroking his cheek with his fingertips. He is the only person I ever saw read poetry in an algebra class. He was drinking in Alcool; a single verse of it soon had me inebriated. I went to his house and stayed until I had read all the poetry books in his father's library. His family read nothing but poetry. Without ever wanting to write any, as his father said proudly, I touch him on the shoulder. He raises his head and without as much as a smile makes room for me next to him. He is still reading Apollinaire.

His father died in prison. They destroyed his library, supposedly because it concealed communist books. The man who hated communists because he suspected them of not liking poetry suffered a blow to the head and died of a cerebral hemorrhage a few days later at the military hospital. My friend wasn't at the house when the regime's henchmen visited. Alcool is the only book that wasn't destroyed that day because he had it, as always, with him—he never weaned himself off Apollinaire. And he never wanted to leave the country despite the appeals of his uncle who lives in Madrid and reads nothing but García Lorca.

He is working as a proofreader for the book pages at Le Neveuliste. Just enough to survive. He could have been a literary critic, but he'll have nothing to do with other people and reads but a single poet ("humble as I am who am nothing worth while"). He still lives in the little room he had when I first met him. He closed off the other rooms the day a friend who works at the palace informed him of his father's death. Ever since he's been adding alcohol to poetry. He works at the paper in the morning and spends his afternoons reading on this bench, waiting for nightfall.

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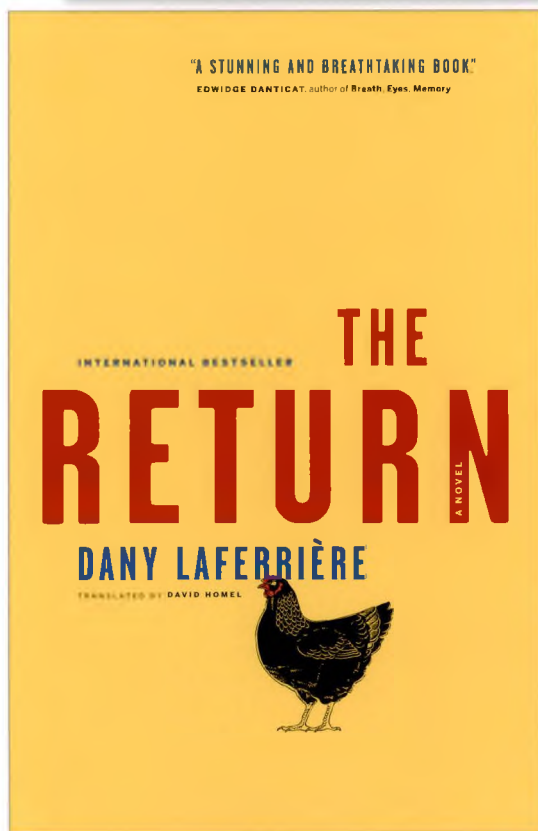
Night falls so suddenly in the tropics.
Night black as ink.
Surprised by the darkness all around me
I walk behind the man slowly
reciting Apollinaire.
The smell of ilang-ilang
uses the darkness
to spread over
this poor district.

We slip silently between
two rows of lamps.
The melodious voices
of the women whose silhouettes
are sketched upon the market walls.
Their sung stories were my childhood lullaby
on summer evenings.

The indolent gait
of a cow
on her evening stroll.
The night becomes
a Chagall painting.

Those nubile young girls from the poor parts of town
wearing flimsy sandals slip like geishas
over the asphalt still warm from the sun
on their way to the movie house near the market.
Soon their lovers will meet them.
Young tattooed handits they kiss
all along their way.

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Title | Titre *The Return*

Designer | Conception graphique
Peter Cocking

Author | Auteur *Dany Laferrière*

Publisher | Maison d'édition
Douglas & McIntyre

Printer | Imprimeur *Friesens*

Typeface | Police de caractères
Quadraat, Benton Sans, Garage Gothic

Trim Size | Format massicoté
22 × 14 cm

ISBN 978-1-55365-808-5