

A CATALOGUE OF NEW
TITLES FOR FALL 2009 FROM
Gaspereau Press & Printers & Publishers

LITERARY OUTFITTERS AND
CULTURAL WILDERNESS
GUIDES



UNDER THE SIGN OF THE G
Kentville, Nova Scotia

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TERMS OF TRADE

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What place has literature in a society whose economy is in crisis? I've been posed this question countless times, usually by bureaucrats deflecting question of my own about their indifference toward cultural issues, or by citizens who equate the word *literature* with *luxury* or, worse, with something unpleasant administered for educational purposes. The question takes many shapes. The bureaucrat asks, How can government invest in culture when we need jobs, roads, hospitals and schools? The citizen asks, What can the poet tell me about the real world? Well, as a matter of fact, plenty, as this catalogue demonstrates. Consider the range and relevance of the issues engaged by our four fall titles: the residual effects of war on a returned soldier's family; the endurance of faith and religious communities in modern society; age-old philosophical questions of what can be taught or known; and the effects of racism and poverty and their consequences for individuals and their communities. And these themes only scratch the surface of what these books, and literature in general, bring to the table. Literature, after all, is the space in which we do our best thinking about the things that matter, where we rehearse answers and test their truth. Without it, who can understand the true economy of our lives? This is not luxury. This is not didactic, nor escapist, nor entertainment (though by turns it may adopt those garbs). This is who we are and how we understand ourselves and our world. This is literature.



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the Canada Council for the Arts, and the Nova Scotia
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The Sentimentalists

JOHANNA SKIBSRUD



Being a new novel to be published in October 2009; to be printed offset on a laid paper making 224 pages trimmed to 5.3 × 8.5 inches; to be Smyth-sewn, bound in paper covers and enfolded in a paper jacket printed offset.

\$27.95 9781554470785

Johanna Skibsrud's debut novel connects the flooding of an Ontario town, the Vietnam War, a trailer in North Dakota and an unfinished boat in Maine. Parsing family history, worn childhood memories, and the palimpsest of old misunderstandings, Skibsrud's narrator maps her father's past.

Napoleon Emerson lives with Henry in the town of Casablanca, Ontario, on the shores of a man-made lake beneath which lie the remains of the former town. Henry is the father of Napoleon's friend Owen, who died fighting in Vietnam. When her life comes apart, Napoleon's daughter retreats to Casablanca and is soon immersed in the complicated family stories that lurk below the surface of everyday life. With its quiet mullings and lines from Bogart, *The Sentimentalists* captures a daughter's wrestling with a heady family mythology.

"The real beginning of this story," says Skibsrud, "was a summer that I spent working on Flagstaff lake, a lake that covers four

now submerged townships in northern Maine, and served as the inspiration for the lake and the buried town in my book. That fall, with the beginnings of a story in my head, my father began to speak for the first time about his experiences in the Vietnam War. I am still not sure exactly why he told me his story when he did, but I think it had to do – it was 2003 then – with the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, which had been for some time stirring in him a deep anger toward a government willing to repeat the mistakes of the past at the expense of innocent people; soldiers as well as civilians.

My mother thinks that my father told me his stories because he knew that I would do something with them – what I did write, though, was not my father’s story, but my own. And it is not a true story. At its root, though, there are two true things. One is my father’s testimony following Operation Liberty II in 1967, in which he spoke out against the murder of a civilian woman by the Captain of his squad. The other is the feeling I got floating over the buried towns of Flagstaff Lake: a feeling of the way that everything exists in layers, that nothing disappears; it just gets hidden sometimes.”

↳ JOHANNA SKIBSRUD’s first poetry collection, *Late Nights With Wild Cowboys*, was published last spring by Gaspereau Press and was shortlisted for the Gerald Lampert Award. Originally from Scotsburn, Nova Scotia, Skibsrud lives in Montreal, where she is working on her Ph.D. *The Sentimentalists* is her first novel.



THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT FROM JOHANNA
SKIBSRUD’S NOVEL, *THE SENTIMENTALISTS*:

ON THE DAY the boat was taken from the barn, Helen and I climbed into the upper loft where, years before, it had been relegated in order to afford room below for the increasing number of objects which collected there. With the help of two neighbours, along with my father, who wheezed in the wings and shouted directions to us through the barn's wide doors, we lowered the boat very slowly to the ground. From there we were able to move it easily onto Henry's old boat trailer, which we had borrowed for the occasion, and there it roosted, after having made the effort on untried wings and after many years: outdoors. As though it had never doubted itself at all. As though it had, in fact, very little to do with my father, or even with my mother, who sat fuming in the kitchen, in order that she would not cry. As though it had nothing to do with human beings at all. With keeping things, or not keeping things. With patterns, or with the systems of memory that we construct: the arrangement of object to object, one against the other, in our lives.

My father, as he leaned against the boat, catching his breath for the thousandth time, looked as though he were a hundred years old. So small, suddenly, beside the boat that everything seemed reversed somehow. As if it was the boat that had been waiting for him, and not he for it. And it was only at that moment that I realized. That I felt it, in the pit of my belly, as if it were my own: the great wound that was opening in my mother's heart, as my father caught his breath and leaned against the boat's side, and my sister Helen tied the straps to the boat with panache, and Henry, looming from his chair by the car door, surveyed everything with unquiet eyes, as though sensing something in the wind.

HELEN, with her practical sense of things, had, throughout the weeks of a lingering feud, said only, "This is driving me crazy.

It's a fucking boat." Not realizing, or choosing to overlook, that the heart of the matter lay in that very thing: that it was not the significance, but rather the *insignificance* of that boat that mattered. The way that it had come, for my mother, to represent through its very blankness that secret, unknown quantity with which she had one day hoped to solve the problem of our lives.

But there was no formula that day, and even my sadness I kept to myself and did not allow to blend or to combine in any way: with the sadnesses of my mother, for example – also isolate – as she came out bravely from the house and walked to the end of the drive, to stand beside the window and to kiss my father on the lips, with tears standing in her eyes, though she did not acknowledge them. That by not brushing them away she perhaps intended were not there.

Thinking all that time, not now of the boat, which had perhaps in this moment realized most completely what my sister and I had hoped for it – its object-ness – but of my father, who was suddenly, unbearably, old. And that, in all probability, it had come only to this, that this was the ultimate reach of the story which they had made of their lives. That no matter how variously they had dreamt the end, it had arrived, and there was nothing to be undone, and nothing to be retained.

Or of the sadnesses of my father. Who, though he was in a jovial mood (slapping Henry on the back, and opening his third can of beer that morning, after my mother had stepped back from the car), must have contained it as well.

No, it was only a small and a personal sadness which I harboured in me then, I could no better. A sadness which could at that time have no outlet, because of the position that we had taken, Helen and I: that it would be possible for the boat to be reduced in such a way, to its object form, alleviated of twenty-five years, and all they had contained. Of the great and always ill-fitting imposition of meaning on form. That it could be set

free, as we ourselves, on that afternoon, believed that we might. As Helen snapped pictures of the boat disappearing from the dirt track of my grandmother's road, and Henry and my father and I began our drive away – from the safety of my mother's keeping – all the way to Ontario, and the boat's bow puffed like the throat of a bird who, in lifting itself from the ground, had already forgotten that it had ever been held there, and had cut all ties.

WE ARRIVED back at the government house on a Tuesday, but it wasn't until Friday afternoon that we managed finally to transfer the boat from the trailer into Henry's garage. Following my father's instructions, we constructed two blocks on which the boat could rest, and from which position it would be possible to properly begin.

It took us those three whole days just to get the boat off the ground, and when we did my father celebrated by drinking eight beer in a row, and falling into a semi-coma, slumped over at the kitchen table.

So that, on the fourth day, he did not get out of bed at all, and later in the afternoon telephoned Gerry in Fargo.

"Well, it's time, old man," I heard him say.

Gerry, as well as being my father's sponsor and long-time friend, had also been a carpenter and had worked with my father over many years and in that time they had often spoken together of completing the boat one day. But I knew nothing of that at the time and heard only my father's lingering pause as the unprecedented Gerry – in an unintelligible tongue (which sounded, through the telephone line, like a low electric hum) – mysteriously entered the story. Heard my father, the interpreter of mysteries, decipherer of unfamiliar tongues, say, "No look, it's just going to sit around here, really. If you can make it out, it's yours."

And just like that, my father took the boat away from us, just as my mother had said that he would.

IN TRUTH, there was a part of me that was relieved. The boat had been, in this way, given up before I myself might be required to do so. But still, there was another part of me. Which felt a bit like how, I might imagine now, my mother felt on the day the boat was uprooted from the barn. Or like Owen had, when one day he'd told his grandfather that he'd given up the dam. As though it was he himself, in his complicity, who had let the water in.

BECAUSE NEITHER my father nor my mother had any idea where the original blueprints, which I had thought to be so extraordinary in my childhood, had been lost, my father had found a plan on the internet and printed it off. For weeks, before the project was halted with my father's telephone call, we had gazed on them. And to me, their intricate delineations seemed to express a form more exquisite, and consisting of many more dimensions, than the simple diagram of the completed Petrel, which had been drawn into my father's book. Or than would later be indicated to me as a possibility by the hull that sat, untouched, on its wooden blocks where Henry and I had lifted it – waiting all through the rest of that final summer for a fourth, and peripheral, character, to take it away.

But even then my father, always a house carpenter, did not admit defeat.

“Gerry’ll fix it up in no time,” he’d say. “You bet. Then we’ll all go out together. Sail it out on Grass Lake. We’ll take your mother along.”

🔗 ALSO AVAILABLE BY JOHANNA SKIBSRUD 🔗

Late Nights With Wild Cowboys (poetry)

\$18.95 9781554470525 SEWN PAPERBACK 96 p

Skin Boat: Acts of faith and other navigations

JOHN TERPSTRA



Being a new memoir to be published in August 2009; to be printed offset on a laid paper making 160 pages trimmed to 5 × 8.5 inches; to be Smyth-sewn, bound in paper covers and enfolded in a paper jacket printed letterpress.

\$25.95 9781554470792

“I have thought every thought about how I would rather be somewhere else, anywhere else. I have thought that there is no place on earth that I would rather be. I have asked myself, *Why do I persist?*”

Skin Boat is John Terpstra’s frank reflection on faith and church in a secular era. In the contemplative but direct prose style of his previous works of prose, Terpstra draws on his daily interactions with friends, neighbours and fellow congregation members, his work as a carpenter and cabinetmaker, and the stories of St. Brendan and St. Cuthbert. Turning over words like *worship*, *praise* and *maker* – mainstays of the Christian lexicon – Terpstra prods at vocabulary too often glossed over by believers and nonbelievers alike, approaching faith as equally an intellectual as instinctual and physical act.

“As this book began to grow,” says Terpstra, “I knew that I

wanted to work the story lines of two medieval saints into it. The one, Cuthbert, had been rattling around in my brain for twenty years or so. It wasn't his life or achievement that interested me most, but his uncorrupted body. He was exhumed a decade after burial, but his flesh had not decayed and he appeared to be only sleeping. He slept on, and became a spiritual tourist attraction for centuries afterward. Brendan, my second saint, was famous for a sea voyage. He may have been the first European to set foot on North America – in the sixth century. I had read an account of a modern re-enactment of his fabled journey: a gripping high-adventure, a kind of North Atlantic *Kon-Tiki*. What I found when I turned to the original medieval account of the journey was mesmerizing, mysterious, contradictory, open-ended and, well, as strange as Cuthbert's uncorrupted body. I thought I would hook my sail to their boats and see where they took me."

Over the course of the book, Terpstra considers the religious tradition in which he was brought up, his and his wife's decision to leave that tradition, the evolution of their adoptive church community, and occasional visits to other denominations. Conversations with members of his congregation, friends and co-workers illuminate and complicate any provisional conclusions reached en route. Ultimately, it is this degree of honesty and perplexity, too often missing from contemporary examinations of faith, that set *Skin Boat* apart as a thoughtful inquiry into its persistence.

↳ JOHN TERPSTRA has published seven books of poetry, including *Disarmament* (2003), which was shortlisted for the Governor General's Literary Award in 2004. He has also published two prose works. *Falling Into Place* (2002) is a creative biography of the Iroquois Bar – a giant glacial sandbar which lies beneath one of Canada's busiest transportation corridors. *The Boys* (2005) tells the story of his wife's three brothers, who lived with muscular

dystrophy until their early twenties. It was shortlisted for the Charles Taylor Prize. John Terpstra lives in Hamilton, Ontario.



THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT FROM
JOHN TERPSTRA'S SKIN BOAT:

FOR EACH person there are at least three communities: the community of home, the physical community of neighbourhood or town, and the community of work.

For many people the number is much greater than three. There are the various circles of friend and acquaintance, social and recreational involvement, and volunteer activity. There is also the circle of strangers we may find ourselves in by chance or circumstance.

The number increases exponentially.

One of these communities *may* be a spiritual community.

There are more communities in the world than there are individual people. Why does this surprise me?

THERE ARE good people outside the church and there are bad people. There are good people inside the church and there are bad people. It doesn't make any difference. The only thing a church is good for is community.

I was speaking with someone born and raised in the same religious tradition as myself. She tells me that her opinion of the church and lack of attendance are troublesome to her mother. Her mother tells her that she prays for her.

Thank you, Mom.

On the occasions when her mother pursues the topic, the conversation will end with her mother in frustration saying, *But aren't you afraid of not going to heaven?*

The daughter laughs. So *that's what this church thing is all about?*

A FRIEND SAYS simply that she and her husband do not have the *church gene*.

She and he are an example of the kind of people I grew up believing could not exist: non-church-going people who are and do good within their community.

Here is the line of reasoning. A person can only truly do good if they do it for the right reason. We have the right reason. If others do good it is by accident. It is also not truly good, but only appears that way. And, in the end, it doesn't matter. It doesn't count. *It won't get them into heaven.*

She will laugh when she reads this. I can hear her laugh carry over the houses from her neighbourhood to my own.

HER HUSBAND is also a carpenter, and the two of us teamed up for a time. He and I worked well together partly because we both wanted to do a good job, and we had both worked with carpenters who had other priorities. But that was not the only way that our perspectives overlapped. Ultimately, I was impressed by the rules of his world, and how they extended from his work to his family and into the wider community.

You're a very religious person, I said. I was thinking *religio*, having to do with ligaments, the living ties that bind the various bones of this body of humankind together. But I did not tell him that. Really, I was baiting him, knowing that he did not like the word, *religious*.

Bible-thumper, he replied.

Touché.

HE HAS LATELY been fixing up a house their family owns as a rental property. The grown children of the former owner, who

had died, left whatever was in the house for him to keep after they cleaned out their father's effects. They lived far away and didn't want to deal with what remained. Friends and neighbours were invited to tour the house and take whatever furniture and knick-knacks they wished. Afterward he did a final clear-out, and found a kettle no one had claimed sitting on a top shelf in the kitchen. He thought he could use it to make tea at work. He lifted its lid and found four thousand dollars in cash rolled up inside.

Keep the money, everyone said. It's yours.

They were right. He'd been told specifically by the previous owners that anything they left behind was his to save, give or throw away.

You'd be a fool to return it, everyone said.

He returned the money. He said keeping it would be bad karma.

KARMA is the Hindu belief that a person's actions in this life determine their fate in the next life.

You could say that my friend was hedging his bets, that this is a variation on the theme of getting into heaven by being good. But I don't believe him about karma. I think he was explaining his behaviour by using a word from an eastern religion that has virtually no cultural baggage here and is more acceptable than our own Judeo-Christianity.

He simply wanted to do the right thing.

It is sometimes possible to identify the right thing because it is counter-intuitive; it is the opposite of what everyone around you advises. It seems ludicrous to others, even offensive.

THE RELIGIOUS CARGO I haul with me became apparent when the two of us were working together. I made a carpentering error of the measure-once-cut-twice variety, and launched into a brief but powerful bout of verbal self-flagellation.

You're too hard on yourself, he said. You scare me.

I thought: isn't that the point? Did I miss something, or did it just get so permanently screwed around in my mind as a child that even now I don't know the difference? Can we ever be as hard on ourselves for our imperfections, our wrongdoings, as G-d has every right to be, and will be, unless we are so hard on ourselves that we cease our error-laden ways?

DOG, spelled backwards, is a contraction of the word, *good*. I wish I were as good as my dog spelled backwards thinks I am.

THE TWO CARPENTERS I am currently teamed up with, and I, were having lunch one day in one of our homes, because it was close to the job site. Our companion's two young sons were at the table. The conversation turned to original sin. Now there's a light lunch-time topic. It boils down to wondering if we, and all Creation, are good, down to the bones, or fatally flawed and possibly a huge mistake.

We realized that we were speaking over the boys' heads and jokingly asked the older of the two if he knew what we were talking about. He became instantly bashful but had, it seems, been listening. He'd certainly caught the gist.

What were we talking about? *Punky-poo*, he said.

⇨ ALSO AVAILABLE BY JOHN TERPSTRA ⇨

The Boys, or, Waiting for the Electrician's Daughter (Memoir)

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Two or Three Guitars: Selected Poems

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Plato as Artist

JAN ZWICKY



*Being a new work of philosophy to be published in October 2009;
to be printed offset on a laid paper making 112 pages
trimmed to 6 × 8 inches; to be Smyth-sewn, bound
and enfolded in a paper jacket printed letterpress.*

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\$45.95 CLOTH 9781554470761

“The purpose of this essay,” writes Jan Zwicky in her introduction, “is not to adumbrate a new theory about Plato, nor to develop a new approach. Plato is old; he is famous; my Greek is sketchy – there is nothing revelatory I am competent to say. And yet I wish to say something; in particular, I wish to say something about his dialogue *Meno*. Years ago, I became convinced that it was as close to a philosophical jewel as anything was likely to get. It sparkled; it had, I sensed, a kind of geometrical perfection that I couldn’t quite put my finger on. I turned to the commentators, and learned much. But I also learned that no one was quite as impressed with the dialogue as I. Many thought it significant, some thought it central, but none, it seemed, was convinced it was a work of philosophic art – a complex ecology of argumentation, a survey of Plato’s central views in very small compass, an exquisitely nuanced report of both his idealism and his despair. And like other works of art, provocative, ambiguo-

ous, tantalizing. The purpose of this essay, then, is simply that: to record my astonishment at the beauty of this made thing; to praise; to express my delight and wonder, and my gratitude; to attempt to clarify, for myself, what continues to perplex me, and perhaps must, now that there is no one who speaks Plato's Greek as fluently as he."

Plato's *Meno* begins with the question of whether virtue is teachable. Meno is an aristocrat, a visitor to Athens, and, as it turns out, not a quick study. Zwicky examines the dialogue in terms of the progression of an argument, and as a dramatic work. For as a philosophical exercise the *Meno* dialogue has often been thought to be entirely inconclusive. Taking under consideration the dialogue's dramatic elements, the asides, the dynamic between Meno and Socrates, and Socrates' rhetorical technique as he leads the discussion from virtue to innate knowledge and learned knowledge, we are encouraged to read for the insight it can provide into Plato's presentation of Socrates and into argument as art.

Translating key turning points in the dialogue into contemporary language with corresponding stage directions, Zwicky draws out some of what makes the philosophy tick when we approach it as drama, exposing some of the seams of Socrates' rhetorical technique. By stepping outside of what goes on in the dialogue and asking also *why* it goes on, we approach a wider plane of possible meaning.

↳ JAN ZWICKY is a musician, philosopher and award-winning poet. Her most recent collection of poetry is *Thirty-seven Small Songs & Thirteen Silences* (2005). Her critically acclaimed book of philosophy, *Wisdom & Metaphor*, was reissued in hardcover by Gaspereau Press last year and will be joined by a new edition of its long-unavailable predecessor, *Lyric Philosophy*, in 2010.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT FROM
JAN ZWICKY'S PLATO AS ARTIST:

“CAN YOU TELL ME, Socrates, is virtue teachable?” the dialogue begins – no scene-setting, no contextualization, as bald and unadorned an opening as the most anti-literary reader could wish. It’s not unlike the opening of Brahms’s Third Symphony: the most cursory of upbeats, and we are plunged into the main theme. Or no: almost immediately, via a confession that Socrates cannot answer since he cannot give an account of the subject – virtue, or human excellence – we are turned to a second, and surely more major theme: What is human excellence? But then, because it turns out Meno cannot give a Socratically satisfactory account either, we are led to a third question: How do we search for what we do not know? Here, Socrates is suddenly willing to admit he is on solid ground: priests and priestesses have convinced him that we search for what we don’t know by looking inside ourselves. Our disembodied souls have “seen all things” before birth, and, “as all nature is akin” (συγγενοῦς), we have to remember only one piece of what we saw, and it will all come back.* Meno, astonished, requests evidence that this is so, and Socrates obliges by walking one of Meno’s attendants, an uneducated slave, through a visual proof that a square that is double the size of a given square is built on the given square’s diagonal. (It is difficult to express this thought clearly in a succinct sentence. Yet what we mean is not difficult to see.)† Meno tentatively, and without really committing himself, accepts that Socrates seems to have shown that the boy knew something that he wasn’t taught, and Socrates, for his part, retreats from his claim to have proved we have epistemic access to truths we (think we) do not know, repeating something he has said before: that he is convinced we are “better, braver and less indolent” for engaging in the search. In sum, an inquiry into the

*Notes are
found on
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nature of human excellence has led us deeply into mathematics, and the experience of mathematical truth has confirmed our commitment to becoming more virtuous human beings.

The dialogue might well have ended here, but it doesn't. Meno, apparently having forgotten that the point of the demonstration with the slave was to convince him that he and Socrates should search for a satisfactory account of excellence, pushes for a return to the original question, "Is virtue teachable?" Socrates, after a complex reproof that plays on the reversal of the traditional roles of pursuing lover and pursued beloved[‡] ("But you do not even attempt to control yourself, so what can I do?"), agrees to discuss the teachability of virtue. He begins with a sketch of something he calls "the method of hypothesis" (which, because it echoes key moves in *Republic* and is nowhere given a full treatment, has much exercised the commentators). Its aim seems to be to establish an equivalence between teachability and knowability. The question thus becomes "Is virtue knowable, that is, some kind of knowledge?" There follows a brief, somewhat technical argument reminiscent of Protagoras, which – no surprise, given Plato's apparent commitments elsewhere – concludes that virtue is knowledge (and therefore teachable). But almost before the words are out of his mouth, Socrates retracts this, the expected conclusion, on the empirical grounds that there are demonstrably no teachers or pupils of virtue. Since virtue is valuable, if it could be taught, presumably it would be. Thus, on the previously assumed equivalence between teachability and knowability, it follows that virtue can't be knowledge. (The passage is famous for its dramatic details: Anytus, one of Socrates' accusers in 399 and a friend of Meno, has joined the conversation. Socrates riles him, it seems deliberately, with talk of sophists – Anytus misses various ironies – and also by casting aspersions on the ability of "Athenian gentlemen" to raise gentlemanly sons.) Well, but if it isn't knowledge, what can it be? Socrates asks and immediately

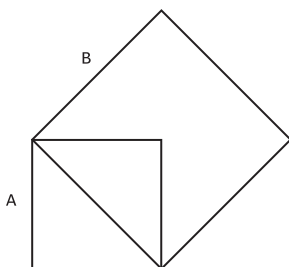
proposes that it must be true opinion – hearsay that happens to be right, a lucky guess, in short, a gift from the gods. Meno, perhaps, perhaps not, made as dizzy as the reader by the sudden shifts in argumentative direction, happily concurs. And so the dialogue ends.

What in all this is there of jewel-like perfection? It sounds more than a little chaotic – thematically disjointed, argumentatively distracted, philosophically inconclusive. And the dialogue is indeed routinely classed among Plato's 'early' aporetic works. But this picture is the result of focussing in the mid-range – on the outlines of the philosophical plot, as it were – and neither on the dialogue's overall gestalt, nor on the fine details of its composition, the way the individual sentences carry, display, express, and challenge their overt 'content'. Those details confirm that we are meant to notice several things: that the question "What is teaching?", though philosophically central, is never explicitly asked; that Socrates is, in a way, toying with Meno in the second part of the dialogue – "You want to play it your way? Okay, we'll play it your way"; that Meno does not notice this, nor does Anytus; and that, most importantly, we are in fact given an array of tools for tackling and ultimately answering the core questions posed by the dialogue. There is much that is unvoiced in the writing; but it is latent, as a conclusion is latent in its premisses. When we regard Plato not only as a purveyor of arguments but as a consummate philosophical artist, when we take every move, every sentence to be carefully and deliberately crafted to support the dialogue's thematic preoccupations, when we therefore regard every detail as worthy of our concentrated philosophical attention, the work's essential unity begins to emerge. When we focus on how the dialogue is made, we are led to ask the right questions. When we ask the right questions, its meaning springs to life.

NOTES

* OED: Anamnesis ... [Gr. ἀνάμνησις remembrance, n. of action f. ἀναμνα- stem of ἀνα-μνή-σκ-ειν to remember, f. ἀνά back + μνο- call to mind, f. μέν- ος mind] The recalling of things past; recollection, reminiscence.

† Square B is twice the area of Square A.



‡ For an account of the protocols governing Greek homosexual love see K.J. Dover, *Greek Homosexuality*, Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1978.

§ OED: Aporetic ... [a. Fr. aporetique ... ad. Gr. ἀπορητικ-ός, f. ἀπορέ-ειν to be at a loss, f. ἄπορ-ος impassable, f. ἀ priv. + πόρος passage.] Inclined to doubt, or to raise objections.

📖 ALSO AVAILABLE BY JAN ZWICKY 📖

Wisdom & Metaphor (Philosophy)

\$41.95 9781554470549 CLOTH 320 p

Thirty-seven Small Songs & Thirteen Silences (Poetry)

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Execution Poems

GEORGE ELLIOTT CLARKE



Being a new edition of Gaspereau's most popular title; to be published in August 2009; to be printed offset on a laid paper making 48 pages trimmed to 5.3 × 8.5 inches; to be Smyth-sewn, bound in paper covers and enfolded in a paper jacket printed letterpress.

\$14.95 9781554470815

After nine years and nine trade printings, Gaspereau Press is issuing a revised and redesigned second edition of its most popular title. Originally released in 2000 in a limited edition of 66 books handset and printed letterpress in a folio format, *Excution Poems* has gone on to sell over 6000 copies. It was the winner of the 2001 Governor General's award for poetry and took first place in the poetry category of the 2001 Alcuin Awards for Excellence in Canadian Book Design.

Execution Poems is a suite of poems about Clarke's cousins, George and Rufus Hamilton, who were hanged in July 1949 for the murder of a Fredericton, New Brunswick, taxi driver. In this startling work, Clarke reminds us of racism and poverty and of their brutal, tragic results, blurring the line between the perpetrator and the victim – a line we'd prefer to be simple and clear. As all true poetry should, Clarke's embodies both damnation and redemption, offering convoluted triumphs alongside tragedy.

↳ GEORGE ELLIOTT CLARKE was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia. His poetry books include *Whylah Falls* (1990), recipient of the Archibald Lampman Award for poetry; *Beatrice Chancy* (1999); and *Blues & Bliss: The Poetry of George Elliott Clarke* (2008), winner of the Eric Hoffer Book Award for poetry. Clarke was awarded the Portia White Prize in 1998 and the Pierre Elliott Trudeau Fellows Prize in 2005. In 2001, he won the Governor-General's Literary Award for *Execution Poems*. He is currently the E.J. Pratt Professor of Canadian Literature at the University of Toronto, and owns land in Three Mile Plains, Nova Scotia.



THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT FROM
GEORGE ELLIOTT CLARKE'S EXECUTION POEMS:

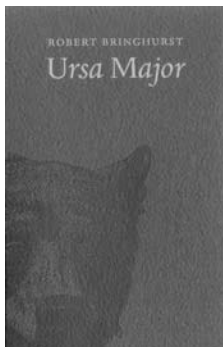
◇ *Talkin Jesus Blues* ◇

Geo: Say, Jesus, dapper lady-killer Jesus,
with your snazzy, brash, burnt-sienna skin,
your crispy hair like black fire – or a sun, or a halo,
whatcha doin cruisin Three Mile Plains?

Mary be late at the smoky synagogue
of the tavern, with loud Philistines and poets,
and our ugly whoremasters who charge too much.
(Their silver's dirty; their bootleg's deadly.)

So, whatcha doin, Christ, loungin
in Nova Scotia, with seaweed at your feet,
and April rain, rain, rain, in your eyes?
(Is it because Three Mile Plains
still remains
when all is said and done –
even for the Son of the Sun?)

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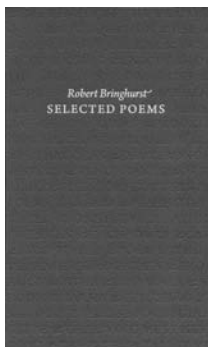


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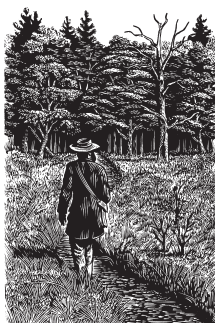
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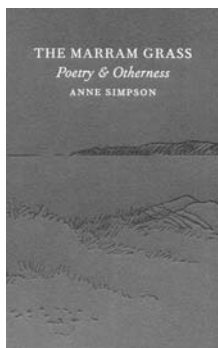


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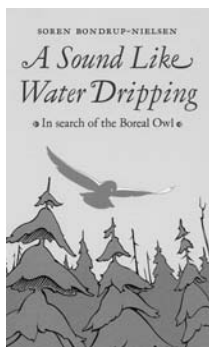


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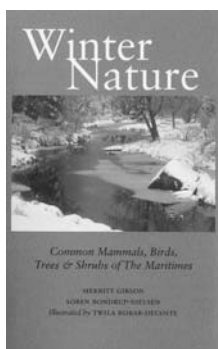
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