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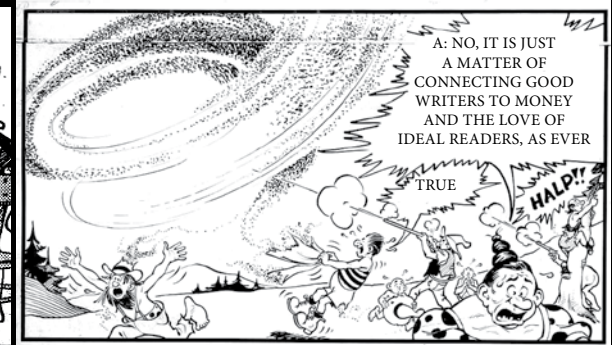
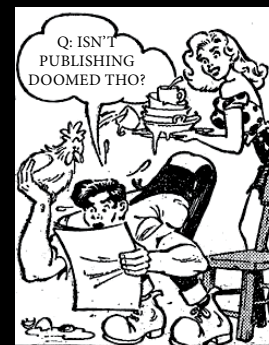
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WE HUMBLY PRESENT OUR TITLES FOR 2014–2015

(information about **THE BLACK EMERALD** on rear cover)

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SHARING

Book One of The Fold
Miracle Jones

In the dead of night, six children are abducted from an orphanage by a fantastical flying creature—one that appears to the children as a white unicorn whose horn has been replaced with a long black blade—who brings them to a strange, seething desert that contains only a cathedral, a diner, and hypnotically shifting trees. There, they must learn to

understand one another, or they must die.

Combining the hypermodern, surreal visions of China Mieville and Grant Morrison and the storytelling charge of Charles Dickens himself, *Sharing*—the first installment in *The Fold*, the forthcoming seven-volume slipstream masterwork from underground legend Miracle Jones—tells the story of what those children do there, whom they meet, and how—and if—they escape.

JANUARY 2015
ISBN 978-0-9904528-1-2



THE THINGBODY

A Hybrid Verse Memoir, Sounding & Illuminated
Clare Louise Harmon

In the wake of an act of focused violence, a woman experiences an obsessive-compulsive breakdown that leads her into treatment, leaving her to assemble disparate elements—musical performance, feminist phenomenology, Herman Melville, and more—into a map of her escape route. Blending a radical approach to rhythm and language with experiments in typography, aleatory, and the limits of textual form, Clare Harmon's debut collection *Thingbody* charts her titular heroine's journey from trauma and self-destruction toward a sustainable mode of being.

MARCH 2015
ISBN 978-0-9904528-2-9

VIDEOGAMES FOR HUMANS

edited by merritt kopas

Behind the fluorescent veil of modern AAA video games, a quiet revolution is happening using a tool called Twine. Taken up by nontraditional game authors—queer community members, trans women and men, those without prior knowledge of programming, and more—the growing body of Twine work is allowing those who have previously been voiceless within games culture to tell their own stories and invent new myths and visions for the twenty-first century. *Videogames for Humans*, curated and introduced by Twine creator and games theorist merritt kopas, puts key instances of this work into a new context and puts Twine authors in conversation with one another's work directly, starting the discussions that will define the Twine community of tomorrow.

APRIL 2015
ISBN 978-0-9904528-4-3



HOTWRITING VOL. 0

Todd Anderson

Working at the conjunction of words, sounds, projector art and performance poetry, Todd Anderson brings together the best of his *Hotwriting* pieces, painting a surreal image of a hypermodern America beset with James Brown lines, drunken Santas, sex revolutionaries and dance breakdowns forever. (Includes access to an interactive, re-mixable web version—a portable poetry arcade.)

"Hotwriting combines my loves of music, poetry, and technology to make a more engaging poetry performance. . . . I believe poetry should be engaging, challenging and surprising, not some sort of mental cod-liver oil you're supposed to consume because it's good for you."—Todd Anderson

MAY 2015
ISBN 978-0-9904528-3-6



Excerpt from SHARING by Miracle Jones

"The forward drive of the narratives stems in part from Jones' feverish imagination and sick humor. . . . The opening chapters of Sharing are truly dark and unsettling, and create an emotional undertow that sloshes through both books [of the Fold] like a bad childhood dream."—Tom Moody, www.tommoody.us

Charlotte didn't remember much about that first month. She remembered exploring the cathedral with sensitive Preston and surly Hunter as the older children—Cody, Brandy, and Crystal—debated what to do. She remembered climbing to the very top of one of the onion-domes and staring out over the orange wasteland, seeing nothing but flat sand in every direction. The sand pulsed into the Hole, converging in front of the cathedral like a swarm of ants disappearing into a mound. There was nothing but sand, the purple sky, and those strange trees that slowly warped into sharp new shapes before her eyes, restlessly changing form along with the suck of the burning ground.

Although there was plenty of light, the sky here held neither sun nor stars nor clouds. Instead of a sun, the sky itself glowed as if it were a purple sheet illuminated by a bonfire. The air was cool and pleasant, even though the sand below felt like smoldering coals.

. . . They had their first big feast in the diner's bright electric light. Pea soup, collard greens, chopped steak. Charlotte also remembered sitting for hours on the diner floor, so bored that she made a whole city out of empty food cans, while Hunter sulked, picking his nose, and while dreamy Preston constructed a scale model of the empty cathedral that loomed before them right outside the diner's grimy windows.

It WAS better here than St. Andrew's, though. Nobody denied that. It had been so long since they'd had enough to eat, and now there was plenty of food. Enough for everyone. And variety! They could talk to each other without getting cuffed, pinched, or slapped. There were no heavy-fingered old wardens here, looking down their shirts or trying to coax them into dark rooms alone. They could spread out. They could relax. But even Charlotte couldn't shake the feeling that they didn't belong in this place.

When they finally slept, they slept in the booths on the green plastic diner cushions. They told each other that it would only be one night here. They told each other that soon they would be rescued. Only Charlotte didn't want to be rescued.

Cody and Brandy slept in one another's arms in a diner booth by themselves. Crystal wouldn't stop fondling Charlotte, asking over and over again if she was warm and comfortable and telling her not to worry.

"I'm not worried," said Charlotte.

SHARING • January 2015 • ISBN 978-0-9904528-1-2

Excerpt from THE THINGBODY by Clare Louise Harmon

One hundred feet away a TV blares a sonic saturation a rapevision PTSD clusterfuck horror. Escape to southfacing window while the others the others they watch and play. . .

. . . Thingbody waits longing in burn of afternoon desiring comforts of home the desire never sated never sated never sated never ever sated and sometimes someone said this is farce. Sated simple sometimes said farce said farce sometimes simple night-nurse sometimes said nightnurse sometimes said who sometimes said who takes her job seriously takes seriously the rulesofthisplace to the point of absurdity but sated simple sometimes sated Thingbody never sated sometimes said never said takes seriously the rulesofthishospitalplace takes seriously and forces down simple sandwiches processed cheese and mealy melonhued tomatoes.

If you don't eat processed cheese you cannot leave must remain for detestable group therapy the worst therapy you have ever endured the therapy in a room of brutal sage walls cloudcover veneer over fluorescents and a goddamn piano fucking upright outoftune brokeass Baldwin.

Brokeass Baldwin upright piano in the hospital old junkything old junky clangingthing old junky clanging Wozzeck bar-roomthing needs tuning every single fucking impulse every single one every single fucking impulse an imperative: Thingbody moveyourfatass getupoutofthischair sitatthebench play fucking Chopin the prelude learned the one the one the one that one learned hoped never to forget the one hoped the one hoped and learned hoped never to forget.

Pound the keys pound them press the keys press them keys break them break the goddamned piano break the fuckingthing the fuckingthing break it and scatter orphaned ivories through wards and surgeries through bodies cordoned by curtains. . .

THE THINGBODY • March 2015 • ISBN 978-0-9904528-2-9



THE BLACK EMERALD

Stories
by Jeanne Thornton

A high schooler finds her drawings corrupted by a haunted stone she inherits from a suicidal underground cartoonist. A video game addict discovers a vast, hidden dimension to colonize in the walls of his girlfriend's apartment. A philosophy student seeks anonymous Craigslist sex with the ubiquitous devil that stalks

her. In this new collection from Jeanne Thornton, author of *The Dream of Doctor Bantam* (a Lambda Literary Award finalist in 2012), reality and relationships blur, creating a queer pulp experience with a literary sensibility, a hallucinatory journey into despair—and, possibly, toward hope.

September 16, 2014

ISBN 978-0-9904528-0-5

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