



**LESSONS IN  
RELATIONSHIP  
DYADS**



*Lessons in Relationship Dyads*

Stories by Michael Mirolla

ISBN 978-1-59709-427-6

Binding: Tradepaper

Size: 5 x 8; Pages: 200

Price: US \$15.95

Pub Date: October 15, 2015



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Award-winning Canadian writer Michael Mirolla produces another work of captivating experimental fiction in this moving collection on family dynamics and the intricacies of love.

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Mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, friends—they all get into the act in Michael Mirolla's *Lessons in Relationship Dyads*. Harsh lessons, sweet lessons, bitter lessons, faux lessons—these are tales that probe not just the primary relationships all humans “enjoy” but also the relationships involved in the act of storytelling itself. These stories rise from fiction to metafiction without ever forgetting that the central beat, the central electrical pulse, in any tale must come from the heart.

## **Praise for *Lessons in Relationship Dyads***

“This collection of stories could have been entitled *The Centrifugal Forces of Relationships*. Michael Mirolla has stitched a network of characters connected by some fiber of association. Sister to sister, brother to brother, sister to brother, son to father and mother, daughter to father and mother, husband to wife, friend to friend: this intricate fabric of voices is intelligently woven into a complex pattern that will not shrink after repeated readings. Here is a writer who handles language like a master tailor his needle and thread. *Lessons in Relationship Dyads* is a colorful mosaic of men and women and the fears, desires, hatreds, and loves that darn their lives.”

—Antonio D’Alfonso, award-winning poet, novelist and translator

“*Lessons In Relationship Dyads* exposes the emotional landscape of family, replete with landmines and oases. Together these stories have the power and mystery of poetry. They’re jam-packed with imagery, insight and literary playfulness.”

—Marianne Ackerman, author of the best-selling novel *Jump*

## **Biographical Note**

Michael Mirolla’s publications include a punk-inspired novella, *The Ballad of Martin B.*; three novels: *Berlin* (a Bressani Prize winner); *The Facility*, which features among other things a string of cloned Mussolinis; and *The Giulio Metaphysics III*, a novel/linked short story collection wherein a character named Giulio battles for freedom from his own creator; a short story collection, *The Formal Logic of Emotion*; and three collections of poetry. His story “A Theory of Discontinuous Existence” was selected for *The Journey Prize Anthology*, featuring the year’s best short stories, while “The Sand Flea” was nominated for the US Pushcart Prize.



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## From *Lessons in Relationship Dyads*

Zurich, 1941. As he lay dying. *Addio terra, addio cielo*. Remnants of the basso-baritone operatic strains ringing out.

He must have remembered.

Surely.

He must have remembered his daughter. His one and only daughter. Who danced in Triestine Italian—*adatazjon, lontananza, ofuscar*—before the still figure of a father wrapped in mummified words. Danced out her free-form destiny. The swishing of mentally-unstable veils. The footfalls of purged ghosts. The immortal dawn of a particular day in a particular city. Strong whiff of the River Liphe. Between lucidity and limpness. Towards a brooding Valhalla horizon where druids awaited, strong Celtic forearms extended, yet growing more distant by the hour. He must have remembered.

*Do you, dear daddy? Do you remember me? Maybe now that you have time to consider? Maybe now that you are not so relentlessly present? And I not so relentlessly diaphanous?*

Does God remember all his creations? Or only those who [that] show promise? Those who [that] come through for Him? What is His position on weak-kneed dancers? Syllogism-lacking logicians? Mute, sign-language singers? Thumbless and/or one-eyed carpenters? Painters forced to hold the brush in their mouths?

Zurich. As he lay in a coma. As he called for his wife and son. As he crooked his finger in one last gesture of creation. With one weak eye fluttering in its lifelong blur. Does he remember?

*I remember you*, she says, in a sharp, clear voice, a voice arising out of stupor and fog, out of ice baths and electric prodding, out of the daily pencil markings for lobotomy, out of the inevitable rape of both flesh and spirit. *I remember . . .*