

ADVANCE WORDS

Getting To One is a quirky collection of vignettes that examine solitude, and lace it with wry humour, left turns, philosophy, colonialism, war, and strong spirits. These tales are linked through a bar where patrons must drink alone. Art echoes the loneliness and unexpected connections in the fictions. Killing Eve meets Casablanca in this entertaining and contemplative collection where a kiss could be a kiss or a poisonous jelly fish or a blood soaked mirror or the strongest alcohol in the world.

—**Amanda Earl, author of *Beast Body Epic* and *The Vispo Bible* and editor of *Judith: Women Making Visual Poetry***

In *Getting To One*, Eileen R. Tabios delivers the reader into the lives of irregular regulars who each, for their own colourful variant of happenstance, end up at One, a bar where patrons must drink alone. These brief glimpses into One's Sartrean limbo, deftly echoed by offbeat visuals by Harry K Stammer, serve it strong with a side of dark humour that effectively obliterates the canned laughter of *Cheers*. After all, at One, nobody knows your name.

—**Sacha Archer, author of *cellsea* and *Empty Building***

"From those formative years, he grew to invent "One," a bar where each patron must drink alone. After hiring redhead bartenders and waiters because their hair was colored by passion, he became the bar's most frequent patron."

Getting to One is a riveting sequence of adventures in thickly textured narrative vivid in detail and philosophically inventive. Harry K Stammer's artwork complements the text by Eileen R. Tabios in a vivid and imaginative way. This volume is supercharged with smart contemporary references that open a host of philosophical challenges. Replete with solo Sundays, spies, extinct perfume, Polish 192-proof vodka, jellyfish, "Peacekeeper American Bourbon Whiskey that you'd bought for its bottle shaped like a mobile ICBM missile" and, nonfungible speculative comparisons of tequila consumption and "the amount of saliva a human produces in a lifetime—a volume sufficient to fill two swimming pools."

A universe of de facto orphans facing isolation and urgent habitual self-protection is flavored by rich lifelike detail relaying internal combat and the buildup of personal myth each *one* seeks to recite, proclaim, share. Does *One* connote a destination or a fate, or something altogether more plastic, the antithesis of NFTs "working as Pokemon cards"?

—**Sheila E. Murphy, author of *Permission to Relax*, *Sostenuto*, and *October Sequence (Sections 1-51)***