

DEMON THEORY

A psychological tale of cinematic horror.

On Halloween night, following an unnerving phone call from his diabetic mother, Hale and six of his med school classmates return to the house where his sister disappeared years ago. While there is no sign of his mother, something is waiting for them there, and has been waiting a long time.

Written as a literary film treatment littered with footnotes and obscure nuances, *Demon Theory* is even parts camp and terror, combining glib dialogue, fascinating pop culture references, and an intricate subtext as it pursues the events of a haunting movie trilogy too real to dismiss.

There are books about movies and movies about books, and then there's *Demon Theory*—a refreshing and occasionally shocking addition to the increasingly popular "intelligent horror" genre.

From the author

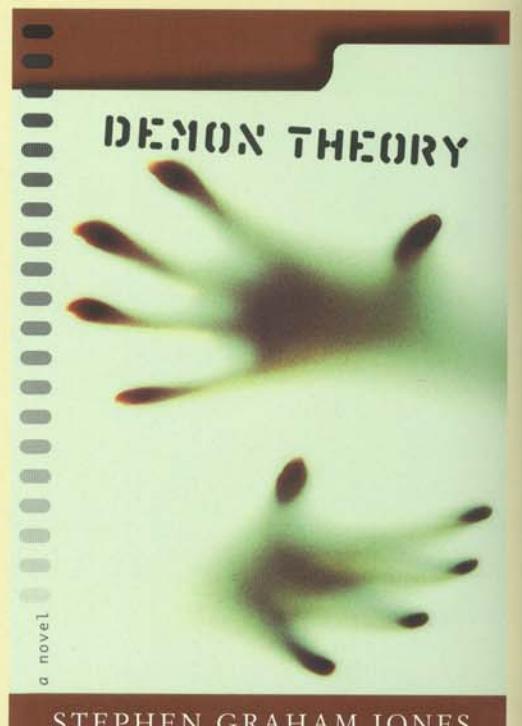
Demon Theory is the second novel I ever wrote. I was twenty-seven and racing hard for that final page, holding my breath, not sleeping, nothing. Just *Demon Theory*. Because I loved it and hated it and was dreaming it and breathing it, yeah, but also because I could feel a door creaking shut: my whole life, when people would ask why I was doing whatever thing I was doing, I'd shrug, tell them I wasn't going to live past twenty-seven anyway, right? So what did it matter.

In 1999, though, it mattered. I had new and important things to live for, and it seemed to me that maybe, just maybe, if I bled enough of myself onto the page, then I could just live there. In *Demon Theory*.

During the first part of writing it, I was pushing a hand truck in a warehouse. There were some wonderful, beautiful days when I didn't have to talk to anybody for hours, I could just write in my head. But then a refrigerator left me in the hospital, and I had to get a desk job, so I finished the last part of *Demon Theory* in a library. It was more perfect than I could have designed; my job was cataloging videos. And I had my own computer. And it faced the wall.

That year I stole Thanksgiving week to finish *Demon Theory*, and when it was done, I was ready for whatever. The better part of me was in Hale, and Con, and Seri and Nona and Egan and Virginia and Markum. In *Demon Theory*. It still is.

Excerpt: page 24



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Stephen Graham Jones is the author of *All the Beautiful Sinners*, *The Bird Is Gone: A Manifesto*, *The Fast Red Road: A Plainsong*, and *Bleed into Me: A Book of Stories*. He is an associate professor of English at Texas Technical University.

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