

Media Kit

1942. War rages in Europe. Pearl Harbor still smolders. And alcoholic private eye Nicholas Bishop wakes up on a hotel room floor with two slugs missing from his .38 revolver. The cops think he's murdered lounge singer Pearl DuGaye, mobsters think he saw something he shouldn't have, and Bishop remembers nothing...

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About the Author

Stephen G. Eoannou is the author of the novels *After Pearl* (SFWP 2025), *Yesteryear* (SFWP 2023), *Rook* (Unsolicited Press 2022), and the short story collection *Muscle Cars* (SFWP 2015). He has been awarded an Honor Certificate from The Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators, the Best Short Screenplay Award at the 36th Starz Denver Film Festival, and the 2021 International Eyelands Award for Best Historical Novel. Eoannou holds an MFA from Queens University of Charlotte and an MA from Miami University. He lives and writes in his hometown of Buffalo, New York, the setting and inspiration for much of his work.



Praise for Stephen G. Eoannou's work

"Yesteryear is a wild ride told in the style of radio dramas of the era: Fran is cursed by a madam, the gangsters keep tommy guns stowed in trombone cases... Fran, the real-life creator of the Lone Ranger, steals the show. Eoannou gives readers a novel that is just as dramatic as it is fun."

— *Electric Literature*

"With gangs, forbidden jewelry, curses and more taking over the plot, Eoannou's novel is the perfect read to cozy up with on a cold day, and surely will not disappoint."

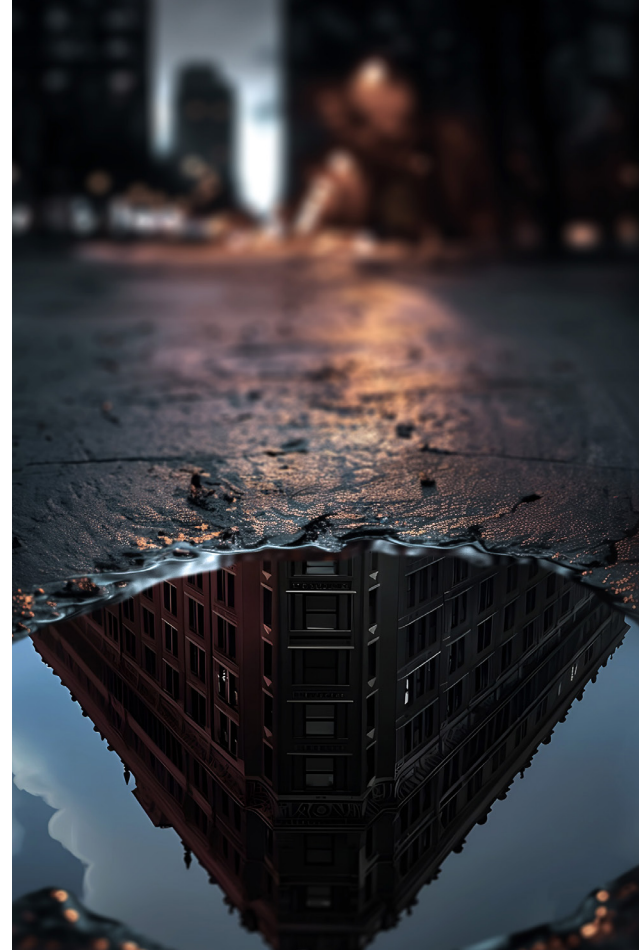
— *Books of Brilliance*

"Eoannou's Yesteryear is not only a moving, powerful story, it's a gritty, lovely, wonderful world. The past comes alive not only through Eoannou's characters, but in the scenes he so masterfully creates. His language is colorful, musical, majestic. Magic. A beautiful book from a brilliant writer."

— *Kim Chinquee, author of Pipette*

"This is one of the most entertaining novels I've read in years, with memorable characters and an outstanding plot on so many levels. It's so much more than a page-turner; it will capture your imagination and not let it go!"

— *Fred Leebron, author of Welcome To Christiania*



Scheduled Coverage and Events

The author is very aggressively planning stops on the local and national news circuit. As an author whose previous books had strong ties to Buffalo, NY, he has cultivated standing relationships with several TV, radio, newspaper, and podcast outlets with coverage already expected at:

TV

- "Unknown Stories of WNY" (WGRZ)
- Mind Dog TV

Radio and Podcasts

- "On Target With Penny Wolfgang" (Audacity—WGR AM 550 and syndicated nationally)
- The Author Show Podcast
- Crime Reel Podcast
- Crime Café Podcast

Newspaper

- The National Herald (article)

The author has planned several spin off essays, listicles, articles, and interviews and will be working with contacts at The Millions, LitHub, Electric Lit, The Rumpus, Barrelhouse, BuzzFeed, and several regional and national media outlets.

The author has planned an extensive tour with stops confirmed or currently being planned at:

Buffalo, NY

- Book Launch at The Lafayette Hotel
- Reading — Westside Stories Books
- Reading — Fitz & Waffles Books
- Reading — Talking Leaves Books
- Reading — Dog Ear Books
- Reading — Orchard Park Library
- Reading — 20th Century Book Club
- Reading — Buffalo Club Book Club
- Panel – Burchfield Penny Art Center Book Club
- Buffalo Book Corner Mystery Night
- Q&A — Sweet Home Book Club

Grand Island, NY

- Reading — Grand Island Library

Rochester, NY

- Reading — Bookeater Books

Mechanicsburg, PA

- Reading — Mechanicsburg Mystery Bookshops

Auburn, NY

- Panel — Author Expo
- Q&A — Auburn Book Club

Washington, DC

- Reading — Politics & Prose

Greenville, SC

- Reading — M. Judson Books

Charleston, SC

- Panel — Buxton Books

Boone, NC

- Reading — Foggy Pine Books
- Reading — Antlers & Acorns Festival

Book Fairs

- AWP — Los Angeles, CA
- Albany Book Festival — Albany, NY
- Books Books Books Festival — Lancaster, PA
- Murder As You Like It — Mechanicsburg, PA


In addition, the author plans on a four-week virtual tour aimed specifically at mystery and crime influencers. This tour will include:


- 5+ reviews scheduled as blog posts, social media posts, or promotion sites (Amazon, BN, Goodreads, BookBub)
- 2 scheduled guest posts
- 2 Interviews
- 5 (minimum) social media posts

Ongoing Marketing and Publicity

Global distribution via IPG

National author tour

 @steve.eoannou (760 followers)

 @StephenGEoannou (3,300 followers)

Blog sgeoannou.com (3,600 followers)

All of these accounts will comprise his primary social media platform for book promotion. Potential plans include participating in Q&As and live-chats, boosting pre-order links and re-sharing previously published essays (or excerpts).

Author website: sgeoannou.com

Continued outreach to literary publications and podcasts

Outreach to author community



Contact Information and Rights Availability

Publisher Contact

Andrew Gifford
Santa Fe Writers Project
agifford@sfwp.com
505-428-9045

Book Information

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Rights Contacts

Linda Migalti, Rights Director
Audio & Translation
linda@schulmanagency.com

Susan Schulman
Film & Television
susan@schulmanagency.com

Susan Schulman Literary Agency
454 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036
212-713-1633

Rights Availability

All Rights Available Worldwide





From the Cover

1942. War rages in Europe. Pearl Harbor still smolders. And alcoholic private eye Nicholas Bishop wakes up on a hotel room floor with two slugs missing from his .38 revolver. The cops think he's murdered lounge singer Pearl DuGaye, mobsters think he saw something he shouldn't have, and Bishop remembers nothing...

Together with his indomitable assistant Gia Alessi, who he may or may not have fired, a WWI vet who often flashes back to 1918, and a one-eyed female dog named Jake, Bishop tries to piece together the events that took place during his disastrous five-day bender. Along the way, he stumbles across a dirty politician, a socialite and her unfaithful husband, and a cabal of American Nazis who are undoubtedly up to no good.

Written in the spirit of classic noir, Eoannou adds his own unique voice and flair to the genre in this, the first action-packed outing of the Nicholas Bishop Mysteries...

Excerpt from *After Pearl*

Nicholas Bishop named the one-eyed dog Jake even though she was female. Jake seemed like a good name for a pup missing an eye. He couldn't remember where the mutt had come from. When he awoke on the floor of his room at The Lafayette Hotel, she sat close by, giving him a single eye stare. Strong odds said he stole the dog. She didn't weigh much, maybe ten pounds, easy enough to scoop under his arm as he staggered home.

He struggled to a sitting position and waited for the room to stop teetering. Vertebrae ground together as he rolled his head, hoping that would end the pounding between his ears. It didn't. He massaged his closed eyelids. The corneas felt swollen beneath his fingertips. Jake watched all this, never once taking her eye off him.

Bishop took inventory when the world righted itself. Rubbing his chin, whiskers whispered against palm. He tried to guess how long it'd been since he'd shaved. Two days? Three? His shirt cuff was dirty and frayed. He pushed it higher on his arm. The Bulova was still on his wrist, the crystal cracked, hands frozen at 2:30. His pewter-handled cane was on the floor next to an empty bottle of Four Roses. The pain in his right foot stabbed sharper than usual. He wondered if it would swell when he unlaced his shoe. No memory of reinjuring it came to him. He patted his suitcoat and felt his wallet in the inside pocket and the .38 Detective Special holstered near his heart. The wallet was empty. There were four slugs in the snub nose. Not six. He sniffed. It had been fired.

He crawled to bed and pulled himself on the mattress, not bothering with his clothes. Jake hopped up, circled twice, then settled by the footboard, keeping her eye on Bishop as if her doubts about him were increasing now that he was conscious.

Memories were slivered as he tried to recall when he had fired the gun:

Day drinking at the Kitty Kat.

The revolving bar at The Chez Ami.

Perfume.

A blonde.

A car ride.

No recollections about a one-eyed dog or gunshots.

He checked the .38 again. Who had he fired at? Had he hit them? Killed them?

The ringing phone was an ice pick to his ear. The only way to stop the pain was by answering.

"Hello," Bishop said, his voice raspy.

"Coppers."

It took a heartbeat for the desk clerk's voice to register. The line died. When it did, Bishop slammed the receiver into its cradle and swung his legs to the floor. The world again tottered. He swallowed bile until his swollen eyes teared. His damaged foot bore weight but each metatarsal sent ripples of agony with each step. He retrieved his cane and hat from the floor without toppling, something he considered miraculous, and felt grateful to the angel or demon in charge of keeping crippled detectives upright.