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**CATALOG No.5**

RYMAN · ROSENBAUM · PARZYBOK



## Couch: A Novel

Benjamin Parzybok

A hacker, a confused clairvoyant, and a con man rescue their ratty, old couch from an apartment flood and find they can't abandon it. At first they think they'll be able to drop it on any street corner but the world seems to conspire against them putting it down anywhere. Can there be something more going on here than furniture moving? Parzybok's exuberant debut is an entertaining trek into one weird corner of the American dream.

This Ken Kesey-esque modern American quest is the first novel Small Beer Press has published from the slush pile—and what a find it is!

Three guys who have never been among the chosen.

Three guys trying to carry a couch across the country.

Three guys on an important mission involving furniture.

It's just a couch, right?

Maybe. Maybe not.

lcrw.net/parzybok  
ideacog.net  
sanchopanchez.net

Benjamin Parzybok created a journal published through gumball machines (*Gumball Poetry*) and a city-wide mystery/treasure hunt (Black Magic Insurance Agency). His previous jobs include: ghostwriter for the Governor of Washington state, web developer, Taiwanese factory technical writer, asbestos removal janitor, potato sorter, and congressional page. He lives in Portland, Oregon, with the writer Laura Moulton and their son.

- » Author tour: Portland, OR; Seattle, WA; San Francisco, CA; Los Angeles, CA; Boston, MA; New York, NY. Parzybok is well-known in the Portland area, a literary hotbed where *Tin House*, Powell's, and many other literary organizations are based.
- » Parzybok is the brain behind numerous eccentric and successful projects that have become nation-wide phenomena, including *Gumball Poetry*, which places poetry gumball machines in cafes, bookshops, and galleries around the country.
- » Strong internet presence: Parzybok's micro-agency ([www.ideacog.net](http://www.ideacog.net)) is home to art experiments, activism resources, and a web development enterprise.
- » Excerpted in *Eleven Eleven* magazine.
- » Galleys (and a gumball machine!) at PNBA—all this *and* a caper at BookExpo.
- » Web sites devoted to the book: [sanchopanchez.net](http://sanchopanchez.net).
- » Competitions for photos of couches in weirdest place.
- » Local and national ads.
- » Debut novel by a fresh and funny voice in American fiction.
- » Rights: World.

## An excerpt from Chapter Two of *Couch*:

The disaster came late on Sunday night. Erik was asleep on the couch and Thom and Tree were in their rooms but the apartment above thumped with activity. An inebriated romantic encounter between a gymnast and a horse jockey had gotten a bit too creative. A table next to a waterbed was upturned. A lit candle from the table rolled next to the bed catching a small pile of newspapers, dirty laundry and a book of matches on fire. The fire licked at the underside of the waterbed, burning a hole which drowned the small fire. Fate lent a push, however, and several powerful pneumatic jostlings by the pair atop the waterbed opened the hole wider and pushed the water out with a great throbbing force until the couple noticed they were sinking in a waterless waterbed. By the time they had their wits about them, half the bed had leaked onto the floor. They ran for towels—which proved fruitless against the massive flood of water—then gathered a meager collection of pots and pans which could not hold the gallons still flowing from the bed in biblical proportions.

Erik woke startled and flailing from a dream in which a horse had been pissing on him. He leapt from the couch and flipped on the light switch to see their apartment turned into a waterfall. Frantic pounding footsteps sounded from the apartment above. Water bowed the sheetrock in the center of the ceiling and had broken through the plaster. The green shag rug had taken on the appearance of a swamp.

“Tree! Thom! Ho-lee shit!”

He ran down the hallway, pounded his fists on each of his roommate’s doors—“Wake the hell up goddamnit!”—and gathered all the towels out of the bathroom. He let the towels drop from his hands as he realized he didn’t have the faintest idea what he was going to do with them.

Thom appeared in the hallway, his eyes wide as searchlights. Tree emerged a moment later.

“What? What did you do?” Thom said, staring over Erik’s shoulder at the wreckage of the living room.

“I didn’t do anything!”

“Wow,” Tree said, “this is really . . . really.” He tapped his temple with his forefinger repeatedly.

A rapid, angry banging came from the door. Erik sloshed across to open it and found that the swollen rug had sealed the door shut. He put his foot against the wall, his hands firmly around the doorknob, and pulled with all his might. The door knob dislodged from the door and he landed on his back in the swamp water. He got up and managed to yank the door open a crack, letting water into the hallway. A very stout, enraged woman shook her fists and yelled at him to *Turn his goddamn water off, he was sinking them back to the fucking stone age!*

“It’s upstairs, upstairs!” he said breathlessly and pointed at the ruined ceiling. She pounded off, presumably toward the upstairs.

“Extension cords!” Thom yelled.

Tree jumped in the air like a stung fish, curving and turning, and landed on his back on the edge of the television, hurling it to the floor and pulling its extension cord from out of the socket, stopping the electricity from surging through the water.

“Holy shit!” Erik waded toward Tree to help him up.

“I’m looking for more extension cords,” Thom yelled and rushed around the apartment, a great spray of water leaping up from each footfall. He unplugged two more and saw that the downpour was beginning to slow. Thom scooped all of his belongings up from the floor and piled them on his desk. They were mostly dry.





## The Serial Garden: The Complete Armitage Family Stories

Joan Aiken

This much-anticipated complete collection of Joan Aiken's Armitage family stories is a rich and hilarious treat (with unicorns, ghosts, and troublesome cousins) from the author of the bestselling novel *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase* and is the **debut title** in our new Big Mouth House imprint for younger readers.

*The Serial Garden* features introductions by Joan Aiken's daughter Lizza Aiken and bestselling author Garth Nix as well as Joan Aiken's own prelude to the stories from *Armitage*, *Armitage*, *Fly Away Home*.

The Armitage family stories come from seven different collections and, most excitingly, include four stories published here for the first time.

The first complete collection of the Armitage stories—including four published here for the first time.

Praise for Joan Aiken:

"Joan Aiken is a marvel."  
—Philip Pullman

"A writer of wild humor and unrestrained imagination."  
—*Oxford Companion to Children's Literature*

"This year can boast one genuine small masterpiece. . . . *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase* . . . is almost a copy-book lesson in those virtues that a classic children's book must possess."  
—*Time Magazine*

"With its fine-tuned combination of folklore and fun, [*A Necklace of Raindrops*] is a good source of imaginative tales to read alone or aloud."  
—*Booklist*

"Whether scary, satiric, or poetic, Aiken's tales [in *Shadows & Moonshine*] have strong settings, memorable characters, insight, and humor."  
—*School Library Journal*

lcrw.net/aiken

Best known for *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase*, Joan Aiken (1924–2004), daughter of the writer Conrad Aiken, wrote over a hundred books. After her first husband's death, she supported her family by copyediting at *Argosy* magazine and an advertising agency, then began publishing fiction. She went on to write for *Vogue*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Vanity Fair*, *Argosy*, and *Women's Own*. Aiken's work received the Lewis Carroll Shelf Award, the Edgar Allan Poe Award, and the Guardian Award, among others.

- » A Junior Library Guild Selection.
- » Chapbook of "Don't Go Fishing on Witches' Day" and Lizza Aiken's introduction for distribution at BookExpo, ALA, etc.
- » A natural for school and library collections.
- » Galleys available.
- » Outreach to children's bookstores and book bloggers.
- » Aiken has over twenty books in print in the U.S. In 2008, there will be Aiken reprints from Sourcebooks and David R. Godine. In 2007, Harcourt reprinted five Aiken titles.
- » Cover by Beth Adams.
- » We intend to reach out very widely with this title. Aiken was a long-time favorite of many booksellers, authors, and readers and we intend to reach as many of them as possible.
- » Rights: Brandt & Hochman Literary Agents, Inc.

## An excerpt from the story “Don’t Go Fishing on Witches’ Day”

Mark whistled as he cycled along the narrow country road through the cool early-morning air. The tune he whistled was well known in his village—“Don’t go a-fishing on witches’ day, on witches’ day, on witches’ day, Don’t you go fishing on witches’ day unless you take me along too...”

But when is Witches’ Day? Mark wondered. Hallowe’en? St Wenceslas? St Swithin’s? Midsummer? And who was the “me” in the song?

Harriet would be sure to know, he thought. His sister Harriet was into all that kind of stuff, she did courses in curses, in philtre-making, potion-brewing, astrology, incantation and hoodoo, her ambition was to graduate into witchcraft like some old great-aunt on Dad’s side of the family. Harriet would have come along with him this morning had it not been for a radio programme on BBC I3 about blessings and curses and ever-filled purses that she specially wanted to catch; the witchcraft programmes on BBC I3 were always at five o’clock in the morning. Mark was not normally up this early but he wanted to get to Herringbloom Ponds and cast an eye—and a fishing-line—over them before his father went and bid for them at an auction which was due to start at nine o’clock.

“Three beautifully situated carp ponds with adjacent ruined mansion,” said the Estate Agents’ brochure, under a picture of a blue stretch of water reflecting the branches of green arching willow trees.

“Bless my soul!” Mr Armitage had exclaimed at breakfast the day before. “Bless my soul, my dear, see here in the local paper, Herringbloom Ponds come up for sale at last. Great-aunt Marianna’s curse must have run out at last. Or lifted, or whatever curses do when they die down.”

His family, munching toast, looked

at him with interest.

“Great-aunt Marianna? Who was she?”

“My father’s aunt. Lived with her cousin Victoria in Herringbloom Lane, beyond Froxfield. And there was some quarrel with Marianna’s brother Wilfred—he was younger, but he claimed he should have inherited the ponds.”

“Why?” asked Harriet.

“Because he was a male. And because he said they were witches, not eligible to own aquatic properties. There was a great family feud about it. But Wilfred mysteriously vanished. And, after that, the old ladies’ house burned down.”

“What happened to Marianna and Victoria?”

“Died in the fire. But Marianna was heard to say with her expiring breath that, because of Wilfred’s un-brotherly behaviour, no man should ever cast a fly over the ponds without incurring doom and dole—or some such tarradiddle—she laid a curse on the water and foretold that anybody who fished in it should something-or-other—”

“Would what?”

“I really forget. Fish in peril of his life, perhaps.”

“And did the curse work?” asked Harriet eagerly.

“Well I don’t believe the ponds have changed hands more than a couple of times in the last fifty years,” Mr Armitage said. “Old Miss Shelmerdene bought them from the estate but she did nothing with them—I’m sure she never went fishing—she never lived in the house, it became more and more of a ruin—and then Sir Robert Pope-Nottingham bought the land—come to think, *he* hasn’t been around for the last fifteen years—”

“So perhaps the curse is still working?” Harriet looked hopeful.





## The King's Last Song: A Novel

Geoff Ryman

A novel of epic scope weaving together the tale of a twelfth century Buddhist king with the present-day story of a young motoboy and an ex-Khmer Rouge agent who must rescue their mentor and retrieve an ancient manuscript.

"Geoff Ryman has the true novelist's gift—he takes the reader inside other lives and other cultures, and makes them live with the utmost vividness. Another masterpiece by one of the greatest fiction writers of our time."  
—Kim Stanley Robinson

"A sweeping and beautiful portrait of Cambodia . . . every character in the swarm has a distinct face and voice, and the complex story tears the veil from a hidden world."  
—*The Sunday Times*

"Inordinately readable... extraordinary in its detail, colour and brutality."  
—*The Independent*

"A fantastically exhilarating read."—Ian McMillan, Radio 3

"A marvellous book about the making of souls."—*Time Out*

lcrum.net/ryman

When archaeologists discover a book written on gold leaves at Angkor Wat, everyone wants a piece of the action. But the King, the Army and the UN are all outflanked when the precious artefact is kidnapped, along with Professor Luc Andrade, who was accompanying it to the capital for restoration. Luckily for Luc his love and respect for Cambodia have won him many friends, including ex-Khmer Rouge cadre Map and the young moto-boy William. The book contains the words and wisdom of King Jayavarman VII, the Buddhist ruler who united a war-torn Cambodia in the twelfth century and together with his enlightened wife created a kingdom that was a haven of peace and learning. His extraordinary story is skilfully interwoven with the tales of Luc, Map and William to create an unforgettable and dazzling evocation of the spirit of Cambodia and her peoples in all their beauty and tragedy.

Geoff Ryman is a Canadian living in the United Kingdom. His first book based on events in Cambodia, the award-winning *The Unconquered Country*, was published in 1985. *The King's Last Song* was inspired by a visit to an Australian archaeological dig at Angkor Wat in 2000. He has been a regular visitor since and has taught writing workshops in Phnom Penh and Siem Reap. In Britain he produced documentaries for Resonance FM on Cambodian arts. He has published nine other books and won fourteen awards. He teaches creative writing at the University of Manchester.

- » Comprehensive new afterword.
- » One of the first major novels to explore this subject.
- » Ryman is known for his ability to move between forms, and has wide appeal among numerous and varied readerships.
- » Potential adoption for Cambodian/Southeast Asian Studies courses.
- » Galleys at BEA and ABA.
- » Ryman's most recent novel, *Air* (9780312261214, 2004, Clarke and Tiptree Award winner), had a strong build and has revitalized his U.S. readership.
- » Rights: Trident Media Agency.

## An excerpt from *The King's Last Song*

*You could very easily meet William.*

Maybe you've just got off the boat from Phnom Penh and nobody from your hotel is there to meet you. It's miles from the dock to Siem Reap.

William strides up and pretends to be the free driver to your hotel. Not only that but he organizes a second motorbike to wobble its way round the ruts with your suitcases.

Many Cambodians would try to take you to their brother's guesthouse instead. William not only gets you to the right hotel, but just as though he really does work for it, he charges you nothing.

He also points out that you might need someone to drive you to the baray reservoir or to the monuments. When you step back out into the street after your shower, he's waiting for you, big for a Cambodian, looking happy and friendly.

During the trip, William buys fruit and offers you some, relying on your goodness to pay him back. When you do, he looks not only pleased, but also justified. He has been right to trust you.

If you ask him what his real name is in Cambodian, he might sound urgent and threatened. He doesn't want you to think he has not told the truth. Out comes the identity card: Ly William.

He'll tell you the story. His family were killed during the Pol Pot era. His aunt plucked him out of his mother's arms. He has never been told more than that. His uncle and aunt do not want to distress him. His uncle re-named him after a kindly English aid worker in a Thai camp. His personal name really is William. He almost can't pronounce it.

William starts to ask you questions, about everything you know. Some of the questions are odd. Is Israel in Europe? Who was Henry Kissinger? What is the relationship between people in England and people in America?

Then he asks if you know what

artificial aperture radar is.

'Are you a student?' you might ask.

William can't go to university. His family backed the wrong faction in the civil war. The high school diplomas given by his side in their border schools are not recognized in Cambodia.

William might tell you he lived a year in Phnom Penh, just so that he could talk to students at the Royal University, to find out what they had learned, what they read. You may have an image of him in your mind, shut out, desperate to learn, sitting on the lawn.

'My uncle want to be monk,' he says. 'My uncle say to me, you suffer now because you lead bad life in the past. You work now and earn better life. My uncle does not want me to be unhappy.'

This is how William lives.

He sleeps in his uncle's house. It's on stilts, built of spare timber. His eldest cousin goes to bed late in a hammock under the house, and the candle he carries sends rays of light fanning up through the floorboards. The floorboards don't meet so that crumbs can be swept through them.

There is a ladder down to the ground. There are outbuildings and sheds in which even poorer relatives sleep. There is a flowerbed, out of which sprouts the spirit house, a tiny dwelling for the animistic spirit of the place.

William and two male cousins sleep on one mattress in a room that is partitioned from the others with plywood and hanging clothes.

William is always the first awake.

He lies in the dark for a few moments listening to the roosters crow. The cries cascade across the whole floodplain, all the way to the mountains, marking how densely populated the landscape is. William is himself in those moments. At every other time of the day he is working.



## The Baum Plan for Financial Independence and Other Stories

John Kessel

An ex-con finds himself falling, once more, under the spell of a seductive, amoral woman. A hidden door in the closet of a summer house leads to a land of plenty. The life of an inventor converges with the pulp fiction he reads in “Powerless.” In “Pride and Prometheus,” the Bennett sisters encounter Victor Frankenstein and his monster. And, in his acclaimed and award-winning *Lunar Quartet*, John Kessel explores the gender dynamics, politics, and long-term sustainability of a matriachal lunar colony.

By turns satirical, horrific, funny, and generous, *The Baum Plan for Financial Independence and Other Stories* is an astonishing collection that ranges from science fiction to the uncanny to the surreal while intersecting with Frank L. Baum’s *Oz* and the characters of Flannery O’Connor, Mary Shelley, and Jane Austen.

John Kessel co-directs the creative writing program at NC State in Raleigh. A winner of the Nebula, Locus, Sturgeon, and James Tiptree, Jr. Awards, his books include *Good News from Outer Space*, *Corrupting Dr. Nice*, and *The Pure Product*. His story collection, *Meeting in Infinity*, was a *New York Times* Notable Book. Most recently, with James Patrick Kelly he edited the anthologies *Feeling Very Strange: The Slipstream Anthology* and *Rewired: The Post-Cyberpunk Anthology*. Born in Buffalo, NY, Kessel has a PhD in American Literature, has been an NEA Fellow, and for twenty years has been one of the organizers of the Sycamore Hill Writers Workshop. He lives with his wife and daughter in Raleigh, North Carolina.

“A sustained exploration of the ways gender dynamics can both empower and enslave us. Kessel’s wit sparkles throughout, peaking with the most uproariously weird phone-sex conversation you’ll ever read.” A—*Entertainment Weekly*

“Dark, wacky, wide-ranging short stories.”—*Charlotte Observer*

“These well-crafted stories, full of elegantly drawn characters, deliver a powerful emotional punch.”—*Publishers Weekly*

“Stories of subversive eloquence. . . . One of the best collections of the year.”—*Locus*

Cover art by Nathan Huang.

[www4.ncsu.edu/~tenshi/index2.html](http://www4.ncsu.edu/~tenshi/index2.html)  
[lcrw.net/kessel](http://lcrw.net/kessel)

- » A Book Sense Pick.
- » Three stories podcast online.
- » Dustjacket surprise.
- » Readings throughout North Carolina; KGB Bar, NYC (7/16); Buffalo, NY; Boston, MA; Denver, CO.
- » Rights: Ralph M. Vicinanza, Ltd.
- » Released online under a Creative Commons license.



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## An excerpt from “The Baum Plan for Financial Independence”

When I picked her up at the Stop 'n Shop on Route 28, Dot was wearing a short black skirt and red sneakers just like the ones she had taken from the bargain rack the night we broke into the Sears in Hendersonville five years earlier. I couldn't help but notice the curve of her hip as she slid into the front seat of my old T-Bird. She leaned over and gave me a kiss, bright red lipstick and breath smelling of cigarettes. “Just like old times,” she said.

The Sears had been my idea, but after we got into the store that night all the other ideas had been Dot's, including the game on the bed in the furniture department and me clocking the night watchman with the anodized aluminum flashlight I took from Hardware, sending him to the hospital with a concussion and me to three years in Central. When the cops showed up, Dot was nowhere to be found. That was all right. A man has to take responsibility for his own actions; at least that's what they told me in the group therapy sessions that the prison shrink ran on Thursday nights. But I never knew a woman who could make me do the things that Dot could make me do.

One of the guys at those sessions was Radioactive Roy Dunbar, who had a theory about how we were all living in a computer and none of this was real. Well if this isn't real, I told him, I don't know what real is. The softness of Dot's breast or the shit smell of the crapper in the Highway 28 Texaco, how can there be anything more real than that? Radioactive Roy and the people like him are just looking for an exit door. I can understand that. Everybody dreams of an exit door sometimes.

I slipped the car into gear and pulled out of the station onto the highway. The sky was red above the Blue Ridge, the air blowing in the windows smoky with the ash of the forest fires burning a hundred miles to the northwest.

“Cat got your tongue, darlin'?” Dot said.

I pushed the cassette into the deck and Willie Nelson was singing “Hello Walls.” “Where are we going, Dot?”

“Just point this thing west for twenty or so. When you come to a sign that says Potters Glen, make a right on the next dirt road.”

Dot pulled a pack of Kools out of her purse, stuck one in her mouth, and punched the car's cigarette lighter.

“Doesn't work,” I said.

She pawed through her purse for thirty seconds, then clipped it shut. “Shit,” she said. “You got a match, Sid?” Out of the corner of my eye I watched the cigarette bobble up and down as she spoke.

“Sorry, sweetheart, no.”

She took the cigarette from her mouth, stared at it for a moment, and flipped it out her opened window.

Hello window. I actually had a box of Ohio Blue Tips in the glove compartment, but I didn't want Dot to smoke because it was going to kill her someday. My mother smoked, and I remember her wet cough and the skin stretched tight over her cheekbones as she lay in the upstairs bedroom of the big house in Lynchburg, puffing on a Winston. Whenever my old man came in to clear her untouched lunch he asked her if he could have one, and mother would smile at him, eyes big, and pull two more coffin nails out of the red-and-white pack with her nicotine-stained fingers.

One time after I saw this happen, I followed my father down to the kitchen. As he bent over to put the tray on the counter, I snatched the cigarettes from his shirt pocket and crushed them into bits over the plate of pears and cottage cheese. I glared at him, daring him to get mad. After a few seconds he just pushed past me to the living room and turned on the TV.

That's the story of my life: me trying to save the rest of you—and the rest of you ignoring me.



## The Ant King and Other Stories

Benjamin Rosenbaum

This debut comes from one of science fiction's brightest stars and spans the oddest and most energetic intersections between literature and science fiction. Rosenbaum explores family, loyalty, and memory in this dazzling, post-modern collection. A writer of alternate histories defends his patron's zeppelin against assassins and pirates, a woman transforms into hundreds of gumballs, and an emancipated collective of children go house hunting.

*The Ant King* will be published simultaneously in hardcover and paperback editions.

"A terrific range of tales, showcasing an active, playful mind and a gleeful genre-blender."—Aimee Bender

"No weirder than your average Flaming Lips album. . . . Rosenbaum's imagery will surely embed itself in the invisible architecture of your own memory banks."  
—Dave Iztzoff, *New York Times Book Review*

"Among our most interesting writers today one finds a growing number—Kelly Link, Elizabeth Hand, Aimee Bender, Jonathan Lethem, Benjamin Rosenbaum—working the boundary: "sometimes drawing the line," as Hyde writes of Trickster; "sometimes crossing it, sometimes erasing or moving it, but always there," in the borderlands among regions on the map of fiction."  
—Michael Chabon

"Urbane without being arch, sweet without being maudlin, mysterious without being cryptic."—Cory Doctorow

benjaminrosenbaum.com  
lcrw.net/rosenbaum

Benjamin Rosenbaum's stories have appeared in *Asimov's Science Fiction* and *McSweeney's*, *F&SF* and *Nature*. They have been translated into fourteen languages, and listed in *The Best American Short Stories* 2006. Shortlisted for the Hugo and Nebula awards, Rosenbaum's work has been reprinted in *Harper's* and *The Year's Best Science Fiction*. He lives in Switzerland with his family.

"Rosenbaum is one of the freshest and finest voices to appear in science fiction in many years."  
—Jack Womack (*Random Acts of Senseless Violence*)

- » Rosenbaum's stories have been translated into fourteen languages including Swedish, Italian, Finnish, Bulgarian, Romanian, French, Croatian, Japanese, Spanish, Chinese, and Czech.
- » Podcasts available on *Escape Pod* and *Beam Me Up*.
- » Part of the collection is online under the Creative Commons license.
- » Rosenbaum's stories have been reprinted in *Harper's*, *Feeling Very Strange: The Slipstream Anthology*, *The Year's Best Science Fiction*, *The Best Science Fiction and Fantasy of the Year*, *Science Fiction: The Best of the Year*, *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror*, and *Fantasy: The Best of the Year*.
- » Rosenbaum is the author of an art book, *Anthropic*, with Ethan Ham (The Present Group).
- » Cover art by Brad Holland.
- » Rights: World.

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## An excerpt from *The Ant King: A California Fairy Tale*

SHEILA SPLIT OPEN AND THE air was filled with gumballs. Yellow gumballs. This was awful for Stan, just awful. He had loved Sheila for a long time, fought for her heart, believed in their love until finally she had come around. They were about to kiss for the first time and then this: yellow gumballs.

Stan went to a group to try to accept that Sheila was gone. It was a group for people whose unrequited love had ended in some kind of surrealist moment. There is a group for everything in California.

After several months of hard work on himself with the group, Stan was ready to open a shop and sell the thousands of yellow gumballs. He did this because he believed in capitalism, he loved capitalism. He loved the dynamic surge and crash of Amazon's stock price, he loved the great concrete malls spreading across America like blood staining through a handkerchief, he loved how everything could be tracked and mirrored in numbers. When he closed the store each night he would count the gumballs sold, and he would determine his gross revenue, his operating expenses, his operating margin; he would adjust his balance sheet and learn his debt to equity ratio; and after this exercise each night, Stan felt he understood himself and was at peace, and he could go home to his apartment and drink tea and sleep, without shooting himself or thinking about Sheila.

On the night before the IPO of gumballs.com, Sheila came to Stan in a dream. She was standing in a kiddie pool; Stan and his brothers and sisters were running around splashing and screaming; she had managed to insert herself into a Super-8 home movie of Stan's family, shot in the late 70s. She looked terribly sad.

"Sheila, where are you?" Stan said. "Why did you leave me, why did you become gumballs?"

"The Ant King has me," Sheila said. "You must rescue me."

Stan woke up, he shaved, he put on his Armani suit and drove his Lexus to his appointment with his venture capitalists and investment bankers. But the dream would not leave him. "Ant King?" he asked himself. "What's this about a goddamn Ant King?"

On the highway, near the swamp, he pulled his Lexus over to the shoulder. The American highway is a self-contained system, Stan thought. Its rest stops have video games, bathrooms, restaurants, and gas stations. There's no reason ever to leave the interstate highway system, its deadness and perfection and freedom. When you do reach your exit, you always have a slight sense of loss, as when awakening from a dream.

Stan took off his shiny black shoes and argyle socks, cuffed his Armani suit pants above the knees, and waded through the squidgy mud and tall reeds of the swamp. He saw a heron rise, flutter, and soar into the midmorning sky. Ant King, Ant King, he thought.

Miles underground, the Ant King was watching an old episode of "Charlie's Angels" on cable.

"Which one do you identify with?" he asked Sheila. "The blonde one, or the pretty brunette one, or the perky, smart brunette one?"

"Stan may come rescue me, you know," Sheila said.





## Endless Things

### A Part of Ægypt

John Crowley

The fourth novel—and much-anticipated conclusion—of John Crowley’s astonishing and lauded Ægypt sequence; a dense, lyrical meditation on history, alchemy, and memory. Spanning three centuries, and weaving together the stories of Renaissance magician John Dee, philosopher Giordano Bruno, and present-day itinerant historian and writer, Pierce Moffitt, the Ægypt sequence is as richly significant as Lawrence Durrell’s *Alexandria Quartet* or Anthony Powell’s *Dance to the Music of Time*. Crowley, a master prose stylist, explores transformations physical, magical, alchemical, and personal in this epic, distinctly American novel where the past, present, and future reflect towards each other.

*Endless Things* is the capstone and conclusion of a particularly American epic: *Ægypt* (1987), *Love & Sleep* (1994), *Dæmonomania* (2000). In fall 2007, Overlook Press began publishing the series in trade paperback.

John Crowley was born in the appropriately liminal town of Presque Isle, Maine. His most recent novel was *Lord Byron’s Novel: The Evening Land*. In 1992 he received the Award in Literature from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. He teaches creative writing at Yale University.

“One of the finest, most welcoming tales contemporary fiction has to offer.”—*Book Forum*

“Gracefully written, beautifully characterized, moving, and thought-provoking.”—*Locus Notable Books*

“The perfect ending to a true master work which offers a densely detailed exploration of the connections between story and history, the fictions which inspire our imagination and the desires which inspire our visions of the future. At its heart, however, *Endless Things* is a love story about books and readers, and such is a treasure trove for any reader who wishes to delve into the timeless mysteries of books and stories.”

—*Green Man Review*

» Rights: Ralph M. Vicinanza, Ltd.

“Ægypt confirms that he is one of our finest living writers, period.”—*Michael Dirda*

“A beautiful palimpsest as complex, mysterious and unreliable as human memory.”—*Seattle Times*

“A work of great erudition and deep humanity that is as beautifully composed as any novel in my experience.”  
—*Washington Post Book World*

“Crowley dismantles the machinery while dazzling us, showing how each part gleams.”—*Los Angeles Times*

“A highly ambitious meditation on fantasy and desire, mythopoeia, secret histories, and the greater significances (if any) behind the texture of everyday life.”  
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

Paperback rights to the Ægypt series went to Overlook Press:

*The Solitudes* (10/07)  
*Love & Sleep* (1/08)  
*Dæmonomania* (5/08)

lcrw.net/crowley  
crowleycrow.livejournal.com



## Water Logic An Elemental Logic Novel

Laurie J. Marks

Marks's Elemental Logic series continues in this third novel, a triumph of politics, fantasy, world-building, and intelligent design: of character, world, and magic.

Amid assassinations, rebellions, and the pyres of too many dead, a new government forms in the land of Shaftal—a government of soldiers and farmers, scholars and elemental talents, all weary of war and longing for peace. But some cannot forget their losses, and some cannot imagine a place for themselves in an enemy land. Before memory, before recorded history, something happened that now must be remembered. Zanja na'Tarwein, the crosser of boundaries, born in fire and wedded to earth, has fallen under the ice. Now, by water logic, the logic of patterns repeated, of laughter and music, the lost must be found—or the found may forever be lost.

By water logic a cow doctor becomes a politician. A soldier becomes a flower farmer. A lost book contains a lost future. The patterns of history are made and unmade.

Praise for Marks's previous Elemental Logic novels:

"A deftly painted story of both cultures and magics in conflict."—Robin Hobb

★ "Glow[s] with intelligence, and the passionate, fierce, articulate, strong, and vital characters are among the most memorable in contemporary fantasy."  
—*Booklist* (starred review)

★ "Marks has created a work that is filled with an intelligence that zings off the page."  
—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

★ "Marks is an absolute master of fantasy."  
—*Booklist* (starred review)

"Truly understands the complex forces of power, desire, and obligation."—Nalo Hopkinson

lcrw.net/marks  
lauriejmarks.com

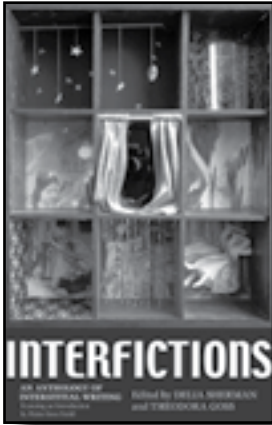
Laurie J. Marks teaches at the UMass Boston. Author of five previous novels, Marks's first two Elemental Logic novels (*Fire Logic* and *Earth Logic*) won the Gaylactic Spectrum Award and received multiple starred reviews. She is a recipient of the Fairy Godmother Award (James D. Tiptree, Jr. Award) and a founding member of Broad Universe.

★ "How gifts from the past, often unknown or unacknowledged, bless future generations; how things that look like disasters or mistakes may be parts of a much bigger pattern that produces greater, farther-reaching good results—such is the theme of Marks' sweeping fantasy."  
—*Booklist* (Starred Review)

"Finely drawn characters and a lack of bias toward sexual orientation make this a thoughtful, challenging read that belongs in most adult fantasy collections."—*Library Journal*

"Rich with insight into human nature and motives."  
—*Publishers Weekly*

» Rights: World.



## Interfictions An Anthology of Interstitial Writing

Delia Sherman & Theodora Goss, Eds.

This is the first in a series of anthologies from the Interstitial Arts Foundation who with this anthology lay a solid foundation for their claim that interstitial fiction is the literary mode of the new century: a reflection of the complex, ambiguous, and challenging world that we live in. These nineteen stories, by some of the most interesting and innovative writers working today, will change your mind about what stories can and should do as they explore the imaginative space between conventional genres.

Features an introduction by Heinz Insu Fenkl and fiction from Christopher Barzak, Colin Greenland, Holly Phillips, Rachel Pollack, Vandana Singh, Anna Tambour, Catherynne M. Valente, Leslie What, and fiction translated from Spanish, Hungarian, and French.

Delia Sherman earned a Ph.D. in Renaissance Studies at Brown and taught at Boston University and Northeastern. She is the author of the novels *The Porcelain Dove*, and *Changeling*. Sherman cofounded the Interstitial Arts Foundation, dedicated to promoting art that crosses genre borders.

Theodora Goss teaches at Boston University. She is the author of a short story collection, *In the Forest of Forgetting*.

“Odd, Deep, Delightful”—*Atlanta Journal-Constitution*

“This idea of playing with genre conventions is interstitiality’s charm and what makes it a movement for the hypertext age. We want words to do more now and for our time not to have been spent with just one idea.”

—Adrienne Martini, *Baltimore City Paper*

“A very nice collection of strange stories.”—*Strange Horizons*

“If you like literary fiction, weird fiction, or more simply: to read; then pick up this anthology!”

—Rick Kleffel, *The Agony Column*

» Second volume in preparation for 2009 publication.

### What is interstitial art?

Work that falls in the interstices—between the cracks—of recognized commercial genres. Interstitial Art wanders across borders without stopping at Customs to declare its intent.

### So who are you and what are you doing?

The Interstitial Arts Foundation is dedicated to bringing together readers, writers, scholars, critics, listeners, musicians, viewers, artists, performers, audience and participants to celebrate and further explore work that resists categorization.

### What are the rules of crafting Interstitial work?

Interstitial Art is a moving target, it’s work that demands you engage with it on its own terms. Interstitial artists don’t make rules—we debate and interrogate them.

Interstitial fiction is an umbrella term for a wide variety of writing that does not preclude or discount the use of other terms. The IAF is not creating a new movement; we’re a barometer, measuring (and celebrating!) what already exists.

lcrw.net/iaf  
interstitialarts.org



## Generation Loss

Elizabeth Hand

Cass Neary made her name in the '70s as a photographer embedded in the burgeoning punk movement New York City. Her pictures of the musicians and hangers on, the infamous, the damned, and the dead got her into art galleries and a book deal. But thirty years later she is adrift, on her way down, and almost out. Then an old acquaintance sends her on a mercy gig to interview a famously reclusive photographer who lives on an island in Maine. When she arrives Downeast, Cass stumbles across a decades-old mystery which is still claiming victims, and into one final shot at redemption.

A down-and-out photographer, and relic of the NYC punk scene, finds herself in deep waters when sent to an island off Maine in search of a reclusive and iconic artist.

"Cass is a marvel, someone with whom we take the difficult journey toward delayed adulthood, wishing her encouragement despite grave odds."—*Los Angeles Times*

"Hand's terse but transporting prose keeps the reader turning pages until Neary's gritty charm does, finally, shine through."  
—*Entertainment Weekly*

★ "Hand explores the narrow boundary between artistic genius and madness in this gritty, profoundly unsettling literary thriller."  
—*Publishers Weekly*  
(starred review)

"A riveting page-turner."  
—*Valley Advocate*

lcrw.net/hand  
www.elizabethhand.com

Elizabeth Hand is the author of the novels *Winterlong*, *Waking the Moon* (Tiptree and Mythopoeic Award-Winner), *Glimmering*, and *Mortal Love*, and a collection of stories, *Saffron and Brimstone*. She has also been awarded a Maine Arts Commission Fellowship. A regular contributor to the *Washington Post Book World* and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, Hand lives with her family on the Maine Coast.

» Shirley Jackson and Believer Book Award Finalist.  
» Rights: Martha Millard Literary Agency.

"Intense and atmospheric, *Generation Loss* is an inventive brew of postpunk attitude and dark mystery. Elizabeth Hand writes with craftsmanship and passion."  
—George Pelecanos

"Expertly ratchets up the suspense until it's at the level of a high-pitched scream."—*Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*

"Although *Generation Loss* moves like a thriller, it detonates with greater resound."—Graham Joyce, *Washington Post Book World*

"With darkly inventive polish, Hand reveals a character so deeply disordered, she's both unlikable and compelling."  
—*Time Out Chicago*

"Cass is a marvel, someone with whom we take the difficult journey toward delayed adulthood, wishing her encouragement despite grave odds."—*Los Angeles Times*

"This smart, dark, literary thriller will keep you up at night!"  
—Megan Sullivan, Pick of the Week, *Boston Globe*



trade paper · \$15  
978-1-931520-11-9

New from  
Running Press, May '08:  
*Cathy's Key*

## Perfect Circle

Sean Stewart

William “Dead” Kennedy is 32, still in love with his ex-wife, has just lost his job, and he’s been dreaming about ghost roads again. When his cousin asks for help with a ghost, it seems like easy money. But nothing is ever that simple, especially when family is involved.

Best of the Year: *Booklist*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Locus*

★ “All-around terrific.”—*Booklist* (starred review)

“Perfectly hilarious.”—*Texas Monthly*

- » Excerpted on Salon.com
- » Book Sense Notable Pick.
- » Free copies of the original companion mini-comic, *Family Reunion*, by Sean Stewart & Steve Lieber available.
- » Rights: Martha Millard Literary Agency.



trade paper · \$16  
978-1-931520-16-4

**Hugo Award Winner**  
**Locus Award Winner**

## Storyteller

**Writing Lessons and More from 27 Years  
of the Clarion Writers' Workshop**

Kate Wilhelm

Wilhelm and her husband, Damon Knight, taught together at the Clarion Writers' Workshop: an intensive, ambitious six-week program for novices, known as “boot camp for writers.” Part memoir, part writing manual, *Storyteller* is at once an affectionate account of the program’s history as well as an illustration of how Wilhelm passed a love of the written word on to generations of writers.

- » Includes a special section of writing exercises and advice.
- » Rights: World.



trade paper · \$16  
978-1-931520-19-5

**Story Prize finalist**

## Mothers & Other Monsters

Maureen F. McHugh

McHugh, author of four acclaimed novels and winner of the Hugo, Tiptree, and Locus Awards brings her clear-eyed vision (and empathy) to the relationships at the heart of our lives. Relevant, insightful, and beautifully written, McHugh uses her deceptively simple prose to illuminate the unexpected chasms that open between generations. McHugh lives in Austin, TX.

“Gorgeously crafted stories.”—Nancy Pearl, NPR

- » Readers Guide with interview, questions, and an essay.
- » Book Sense Notable Book.
- » Hardcover 7/05 · 978-1-931520-13-3
- » Released online under a Creative Commons license.
- » Rights: World. (Turkish sold).





trade paper · \$16  
978-1-931520-00-3

New Collection:  
*Pretty Monsters*  
(Viking, October '08)



trade cloth · \$24  
978-1-931520-15-7

**Best of the Year:** *Salon*,  
*Time Magazine*, *Book Sense*



trade paper · \$17  
978-1-931520-04-1

## Stranger Things Happen

Kelly Link

Kelly Link's debut collection is still finding new readers. These eleven stories are funny, spooky, and smart. They all have happy endings. They were all especially written for you.

Best of the Year: *Salon*, *Locus*, *Village Voice*, *San Francisco Chronicle*. Firecracker Award Nominee. Includes Nebula, World Fantasy, and Tiptree Award-winning stories.

"An alchemical mix of Borges, Raymond Chandler and 'Buffy the Vampire Slayer.'"—*Salon*, Best Books of the Year

- » 6th printing, 50,000+ Creative Commons downloads.
- » Taught at schools including: Bard, Brown, U. of Iowa, etc.
- » [kellylink.net](http://kellylink.net)
- » Rights: Jenny Meyer Literary Agency. Sold to 9 countries.

## Magic for Beginners

Kelly Link

Engaging and funny, this collection riffs on haunted convenience stores, husbands and wives, rabbits, zombies, weekly apocalyptic poker parties, witches, superheroes, marriage, and cannons—and includes several new stories. Link's stories have been published in *A Public Space*, *One Story*, *McSweeney's*, and *Conjunctions*. She is the recipient of an NEA grant.

Each story is illustrated by Shelley Jackson. Link lives in Northampton, MA.

"Dazzling. . . One to savor."—*Entertainment Weekly* (A-)

- » Rights: Jenny Meyer Literary Agency. Sold to 11 countries.
- » Film rights sold on "The Faery Handbag."
- » Harcourt Harvest trade paperback · 0156031876 · 9/06

## Trampoline

edited by Kelly Link

Twenty astounding and surprising stories by Jeffrey Ford, Karen Joy Fowler, Glen Hirshberg, Samantha Hunt, Shelley Jackson, Christopher Rowe, Vandana Singh, Rosalind Palermo Stevenson, & others.

"Fabulous tales."—*Washington Post*

- » World Fantasy Award: Greer Gilman, "A Crowd of Bone."
- » Karen Joy Fowler's "King Rat" and Richard Butner's "Ash City Stomp" reprinted in *The Year's Best Fantasy & Horror*.



trade paper · \$14  
978-I-931520-18-8

“The resident Weird Mind of his generation.”—*The Washington Post Book World*

Peapod No.3

## Howard Who?

Howard Waldrop

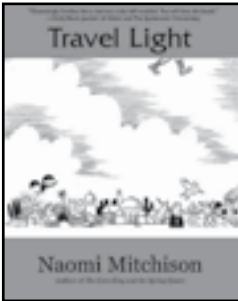
Acclaimed Texan short-story writer Waldrop puts his capacious, encyclopedic knowledge of superheroes, Mexican wrestlers, world wars, long-dead film stars, oddball television shows, pulp serials, radio plays, fairy tales, scientific expeditions, extinct species, and knock-knock jokes to good use in his long-out-of-print debut collection. These stories are sophisticated, magical recombinations of the stuff our pop-culture dreams are made of.

“Read the work of this wonderful writer, a man who has devoted his life to his art.”—Michael Dirda, *Washington Post*

» Introduction by bestselling author George R.R. Martin.

» “The Ugly Chickens” won both the Nebula and World Fantasy Awards.

» Rights: World. (Russian sold.)



trade paper · \$12  
978-I-931520-14-0

Peapod No.2

## Travel Light

Naomi Mitchison

From the dark ages to modern times, from the dragons of medieval forests to the bustling port city of Constantinople, the protagonist of *Travel Light* makes a fantastic and philosophical fairy-tale journey which will appeal to fans of Harry Potter, Diana Wynne Jones, and T. H. White's *The Sword in the Stone*.

“Read it now.”—Ursula K. Le Guin (*Voices*)

“No one knows better how to spin a fairy tale.”—*The Observer*



cute trade paper · \$14  
978-I-931520-08-9

Peapod No.1

## Carmen Dog

Carol Emshwiller

Emshwiller's genre-jumping debut novel amazed readers when it first came out (*New York Times*: “Wise and funny”) and still amazes them now (*Bitch Magazine*: “A rollicking outré satire”). It's a dangerous, sharp-eyed look at men, women, and the world we live in. It's also the funny feminist classic that inspired writers Pat Murphy and Karen Joy Fowler to create the James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award. We are very pleased to publish it as the debut title in our new Peapod Press reprint line.

“Canny and frequently hilarious insights.”—*Publishers Weekly*

“The cruel humor of *Candide* with the allegorical panache of *Animal Farm*.”—*Entertainment Weekly*

» Rights: World. (Japanese sold.)



lcrw.net/stevenson  
jenniferstevenson.com

## Trash Sex Magic

Jennifer Stevenson

A tender, joyful, raunchy, and radiant love story. When a development company clears the meadow across from the river she lives beside, cuts down a beloved tree, and tries to drive out Raedawn Summer's family, strange things start to happen.

"This just absolutely rocks. It's lyrical, it's weird and it's sexy."—Audrey Niffenegger

"Full of bewitching weirdness."—*Chicago Reader*

» Del Rey publishes Stevenson's new series in 2008: *The Brass Bed* (April), *The Velvet Chair* (May), and *The Bearskin Rug* (June).  
» Rights: World.

trade paper · \$16  
978-1-931520-12-6



*New York Times*  
Summer Reading Pick

"Buy this Book!"—*Locus*

"[A] remarkable collaboration."  
—*Bridge Magazine*

lcrw.net/kalpa  
ursulaklequin.com

## Kalpa Imperial: The Greatest Empire That Never Was

Angélica Gorodischer

Translated by Ursula K. Le Guin

★ "The dreamy, ancient voice is not unlike Le Guin's . . . this collection should appeal to her fans as well as to those of literary fantasy and Latin American fiction."—*Library Journal* (Starred Review)

In this celebration of storytelling Gorodischer and acclaimed poet, writer, and translator Ursula K. Le Guin are a well-matched, sly and delightful team of magician-storytellers. Multiple storytellers tell of a fabled nameless empire which has risen and fallen innumerable times. Fairy tales, oral histories, and political commentaries are woven tapestry-style: beggars become emperors, democracies become dictatorships, and history becomes legends and stories.

trade paper · \$16  
978-1-931520-05-8



*The Privilege of the Sword*  
Ellen Kushner

limited HC · \$35  
978-I-931520-20-1

“Witty and wonderful.”  
—Holly Black (*Ironside*)

*Locus* and *Romantic Times*  
Reviewers Choice  
Award Winner

Tipree Honor List

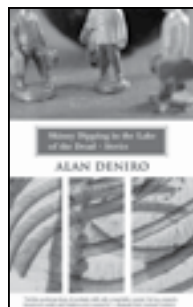


*Mockingbird*  
A Novel  
Sean Stewart

trade paper · \$14  
978-I-931520-09-6

*New York Times*  
Notable Book

World Fantasy and  
Nebula Award Finalist



*Skinny Dipping in the Lake of the Dead: Stories*  
Alan DeNiro

trade paper · \$16  
978-I-931520-17-1

Book Sense Pick

“I’m thrilled to see him in  
bookstores at last.”  
—Jonathan Lethem  
(*Fortress of Solitude*)

» Rights: world.



*The Mount: a Novel*  
Carol Emshwiller

trade paper · \$16  
978-I-931520-03-4

Philip K. Dick  
Award Winner

★“Deserves to be read  
and cherished.”  
—*Publishers Weekly*  
(starred review)



*Report to the Men's Club  
and Other Stories*  
Carol Emshwiller

trade paper · \$16  
978-I-931520-02-7

“A daring, eccentric, and  
welcome observer. . . . A  
startling, strong fourth  
collection.”  
—*Kirkus Reviews*

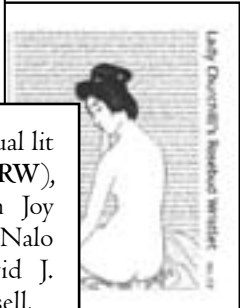


*Meet Me in the  
Moon Room: Stories*  
Ray Vukcevic

trade paper · \$16  
978-I-931520-01-0

“Eccentric short stories,  
which frequently give  
everyday life a loopy  
twist” — *Book Magazine*

» Rights: world.

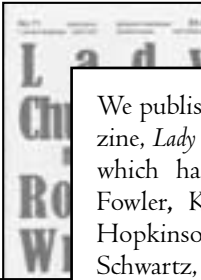


We publish and distribute a twice-annual lit zine, *Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet*, (LCRW), which has featured work by Karen Joy Fowler, Kirstin Allio, Jeffrey Ford, Nalo Hopkinson, Carol Emshwiller, David J. Schwartz, John Kessel, and Karen Russell.

Del Rey recently published *The Best of Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet*, edited by Kelly Link and Gavin J. Grant (9780345499134)

LCRW is available from our website ([lcrw.net/lcrw](http://lcrw.net/lcrw)) and is carried by many wonderful book stores such as: Atomic Books (Baltimore), Book Cellar & Quimby's (Chicago), Borderlands (San Francisco), Broadside Books (Northampton), Downtown Books & News (Asheville), Powell's (Portland), Prairie Lights (Iowa City), Room of One's Own (Madison), Shaman Drum (Ann Arbor), St. Mark's & McNally Robinson (NYC), Elliot Bay Books (Seattle), Dreamhaven and Magers & Quinn Books (Minneapolis), Pandemonium and Porter Square Books (Cambridge), Amherst Books (Amherst), Raconteur (Metuchen).

We would be happy to add more book-stores. Terms are 5+ copies/40% discount.



# Small Beer Press

Since its founding in 2000, Small Beer Press books have been selected as Best Books of the Year by *Time Magazine*, *Salon*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Village Voice*, *Book Magazine*, &c., have received the Philip K. Dick, Hugo, and Locus Awards, and been finalists for the Story Prize and Believer Book Awards among others.

All our books are printed on at least 50% post-consumer recycled paper.

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For updates see [lcrw.net/wordpress](http://lcrw.net/wordpress).  
Thanks for reading.

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