



Books 2021

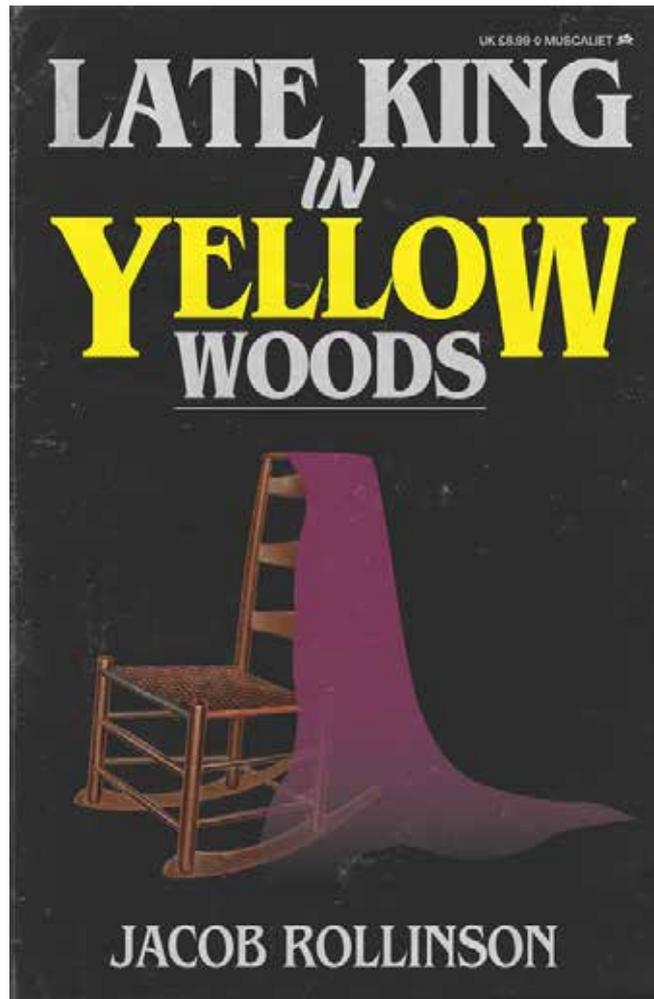
MUSCALIET PRESS



Latest Publications

2021





LATE KING IN YELLOW WOODS

JACOB ROLLINSON

RRP £8.99 | ISBN 978-1-912616-12-1 | SHORT FICTION
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 68PP

Sam, a brooding and reactionary academic, feels left behind by politics and culture in the internet age. As he travels through the New England woods to meet a dying relative, he starts composing an essay on popular horror.

Pursued by guilt and lured by nostalgia, he hopes to write his way to vindication in the face of real and imagined enemies. But the mind is treacherous, and the culture wars are all-encompassing, and the woods are full of traps...

Jacob Rollinson's sharp and hilarious debut novella draws on classic Stephen King and popular horror fiction. Interwoven with scrappy drafts of academic thought, the story of Sam's short stay at the ultra-religious and borderline eerie Sassenach family home rapidly tailspins into ruminations on identity politics and flights of grotesque fantasy. How will Sam redeem himself in the eyes of his activist cousin? Can he hide a coke comedown from his unsuspecting relatives? Will he ever manage to finish his essay on Stephen King...?

LATEST PUBLICATIONS 2021

LATE KING IN YELLOW WOODS

According to David Palumbo-Liu, who has adopted this idea in his analysis of world literature, otherwise formless feelings become *possible*—in terms of expression, recognition, perhaps even embodiment—only when they are attached to “objects of knowledge.” Objects of knowledge can be produced by the discourses of economics, politics and culture.

To apply this idea—that of the “object(s) of knowledge”—to a textual analysis of the work of King, we must find suitable sites on which to anchor it—that is, suitable “objects” that can be understood to manifest within the range of stylistic elements familiar from close reading practice: subject, image, trope, theme, etc.

[DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU
ARE TALKING ABOUT]

The complication that Palumbo-Liu’s interpretation of affect adds to this analysis is that it requires a careful consideration of the contribution made by the reader. The plane is banking. Grip the seat. And the reader’s contribution is molded by their understanding of the text’s place overall—as well as that of its constituent stylistic elements—in the economic, political and cultural discourses. Pressure drops. My ears. Telepathy—

[ADD SOMETHING, ANYTHING
TO MAKE THIS WORK]

*

Of course, this is where it all falls apart. Palumbo-Liu uses Ricoeur’s notions of “affect pool” and “objective culture” because he wants to talk about something called “World Literature.” And by World Literature, he means serious books that span different cultures and try to represent otherness

-12-

JACOB ROLLINSON

(other countries, other cultures, other languages) for their readers, or which consider the problem of representing otherness. Which is precisely the kind of book I should be discussing with my students. And my students know this (more instinctively perhaps than explicitly); and this is why they practically groaned when I introduced King’s *On Writing* into their syllabus. This is why my student feedback, which I collected and parsed and decoded and transcribed and anonymized, and duly, meekly delivered over to my supervisor, uncensored, included the line “I expected to engage with serious ideas and do not think Stephen King is an appropriate author for a course with this reputation.”

My supervisor has said nothing so far—but I found myself coloring that silence with reproach in recent weeks. And in answer to this growing sense of reproach, real or imagined, from my students and colleagues (and certain friends and neighbors, and people on the Internet), I’ve been trying to think up a way to save Stephen’s ass (and mine) for the past week, on and off; and then all of last night, when I got the long-anticipated call about Cal Sassenach and got my flights booked and realized there was no sense sleeping if I was going to catch the red-eye and made that inevitable call to My Guy; and I was still at it, thinking away, for the first half of the flight, before the beers (dawn beers above rosy-fingered clouds!) downshifted my mental gears.

And now my plane is descending, and I suppose I will have to put off dealing with the Stephen King problem for twenty-four hours or so, until I am released from my family obligations.

The plane jerks around in the clouds, and then the landscape appears as a patchwork of coniferous green and dead deciduous brown, scarred by infrastructure and jeweled

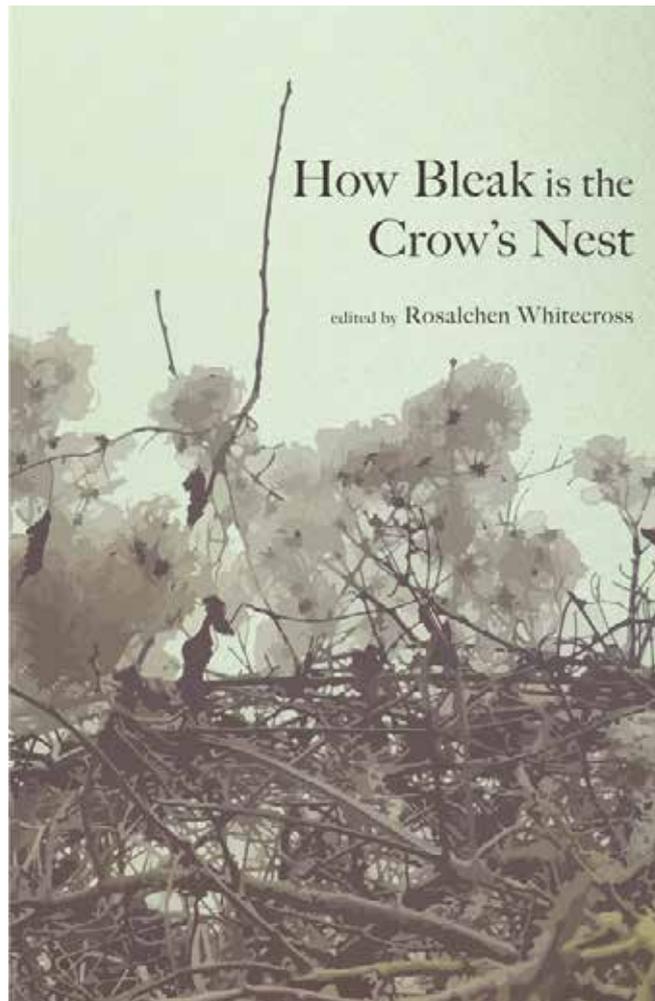
-13-

“A taut surprise of a book that lures the reader, with wit and playful form, into the woods of the contemporary psyche. By turns spiky and sincere, Rollinson is an utterly original writer, and unafraid to plunge into our thorny cultural moment – in bravura style.”

– Henrietta Rose-Innes, author of *Green Lion* and *Nineveh*

“Rollinson packs more into this novella than many books ten times its length. A darkly comic masterpiece that captures the fragmentation of modern America, told in a voice that assures you from the first page that you are in the hands of a rare talent.”

– Paul Cooper, author of *River of Ink* and *Our Broken Idols*, creator of *Fall of Civilisations* Podcast



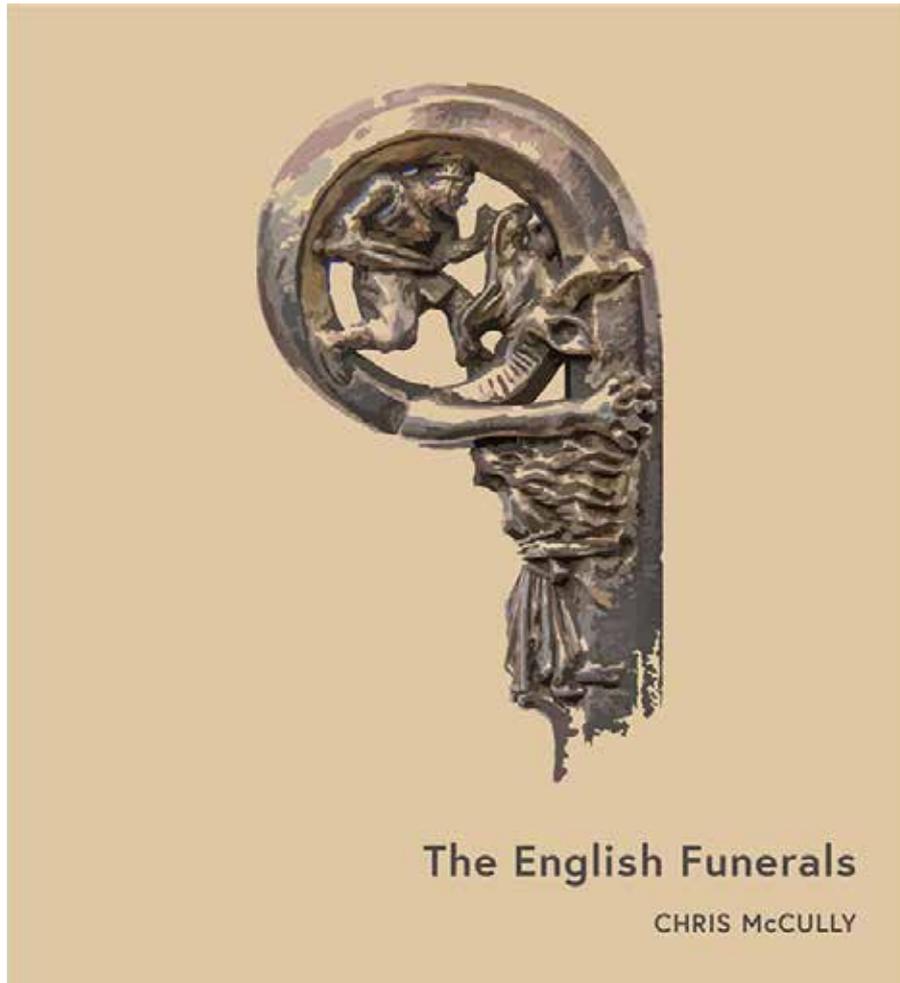
HOW BLEAK IS THE CROW'S NEST

EDITED BY ROSALCHEN WHITECROSS

RRP £10 | ISBN 978-1-912616-10-7 | ANTHOLOGY
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 88PP

The aperture through which we view prisons is narrow, distorted, and often boarded up. Life on the inside is shown to us through fleeting glimpses: in mainstream media, crime novels, and TV shows. This impersonal representation — a ‘lopsided story’ — is not only a poor likeness of prison life; it is, in the case of women’s prisons and prisoners, an empty landscape. Drastically under- and misrepresented, their voices are drowned out by the focus on the much larger male prison estate.

In *How Bleak is the Crow's Nest*, Rosalchen Whitecross anthologises the writing of 18 women prisoners at HMP Downview and HMP East Sutton Park in 2018; writing their own stories told in their own words. In doing so, this anthology writes into ‘the silence of the lived experiences’ of women prisoners, opening an important space for us to better understand prison life for women, and the treatment of women prisoners, in the UK’s criminal justice system. The women writers in this anthology use pseudonyms to protect their identities.



THE ENGLISH FUNERALS

CHRIS McCULLY

RRP £10 | ISBN 978-1-912616-09-1 | PROSE POETRY
TILE (175MM X 160MM) PAPERBACK, 60PP

The English Funerals is a collection of ten-line prose poems which embody an exploration of ‘epic’ verse and instantiate epic themes: the crossing of water, the consultation of oracles, descents into under- or otherworlds; the presence of miraculous beasts, and the immanence of death. Each short text allusively or explicitly contains three such themes and they are presented in a variety of voices – some old, some contemporary.

The effect is that of an aural mosaic: each poem (tile) itself represents an epic fragment, but is juxtaposed with other tiles which themselves yield another story, another fragment of the epic whole – a disconcerting geography, whose voices and histories are present only briefly on the rim of extinction.

All those years ago, landing at Heathrow. It was the first week of May: hawthorn igniting the verges of motorways. How then an England? In the sound of running water the sound of collared doves the sound of wind rattling in black poplars; in the timing of the hatches of insects the timing of rape fields the timing of the first swifts scything; in the absence of warmth on the skin the absence of cicadas, of malice, of grails; saturated westerlies; tribal DNA: the geography of it.

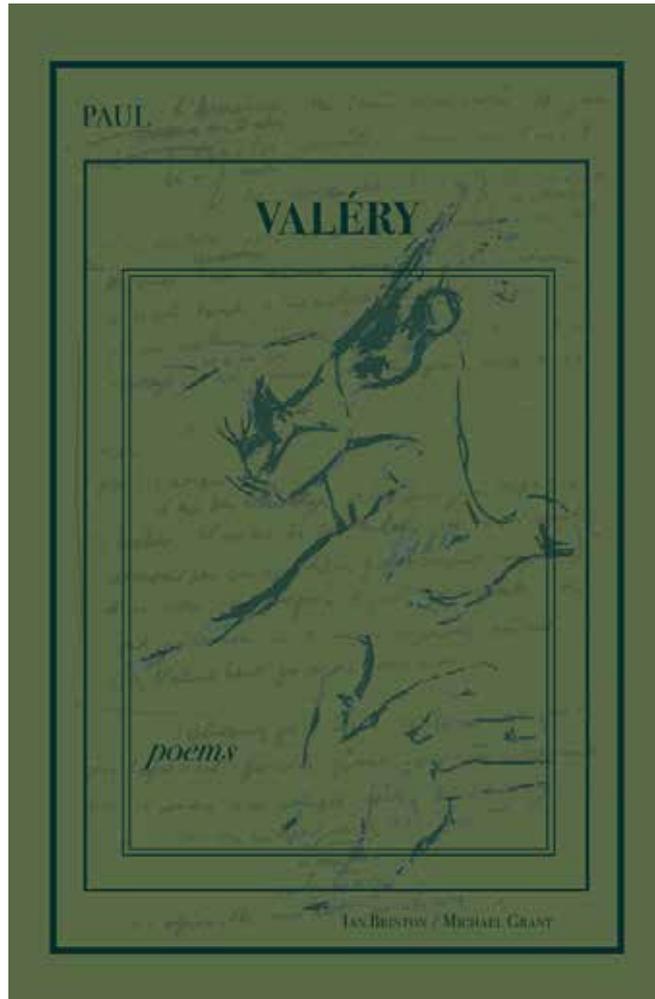
Always *I come back to the geography of it* but this isn't this is the blown rose gone leggy on the doorframe the speedwell at the root of drystone the drought filled with wasp-grub. And there also in the geography of time Sir Bors seen from afar and always a hand lifted in greeting. So many bridges still to cross and so many waters, and each year flaring on its fuse of saints' days. Gone now *the black louver and the red cock hackle and the drake dyed yellow*. On a coach to Reading.

★

-49-

“The most startling and original prose poems since Mallarmé, and a definitive statement of where we are, now. Buy it, or steal it.”

– Philip Terry, author of *Tapestry*, *Quennets*, and editor of *The Penguin Book of Oulipo*



POEMS – PAUL VALÉRY

TRANSLATED BY IAN BRINTON AND MICHAEL GRANT

RRP £10 | ISBN 978-1-912616-11-4 | POETRY; TRANSLATION
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 39PP

A rich selection of Paul Valéry's poetry from translators Brinton and Grant. From the bountiful imagery of 'Palm Tree' to the meditations of 'The Mariners' Graveyard', the breadth of Valéry's poetic talent is shown anew with precision and zeal.

This companion edition to Stéphane Mallarmé *Poems* is an unmissable contribution from his poetic successor.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS 2021

Chosen by the darkness
Can never stop their search
Before they reach the entrails of the earth,
Seeking those deep waters
The summits have called out for.

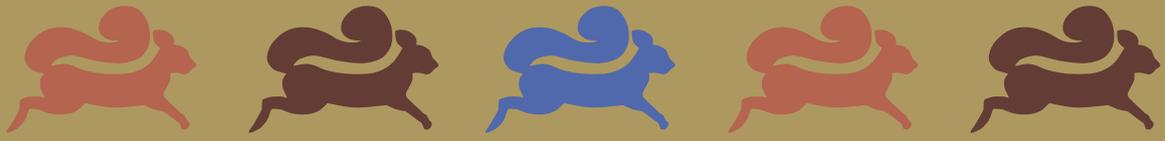
Patience, patience,
Patience in the sky!
Each silent atom
Is the seed of a ripe fruit!
The fortunate surprise will come:
A dove, a breeze,
The sweetest tremor,
A leaning woman,
Can release the rain
At which we kneel!

Though a nation falls apart
Here and now, irreversibly
Dispersed in dust across the wealth
Of heaven . . . the palm-tree
Will lose nothing of these times,
If despite its wild abandon
It holds as poised a beauty
As those whose thought
And soul consolidate themselves
In increase of their gifts!

-21-

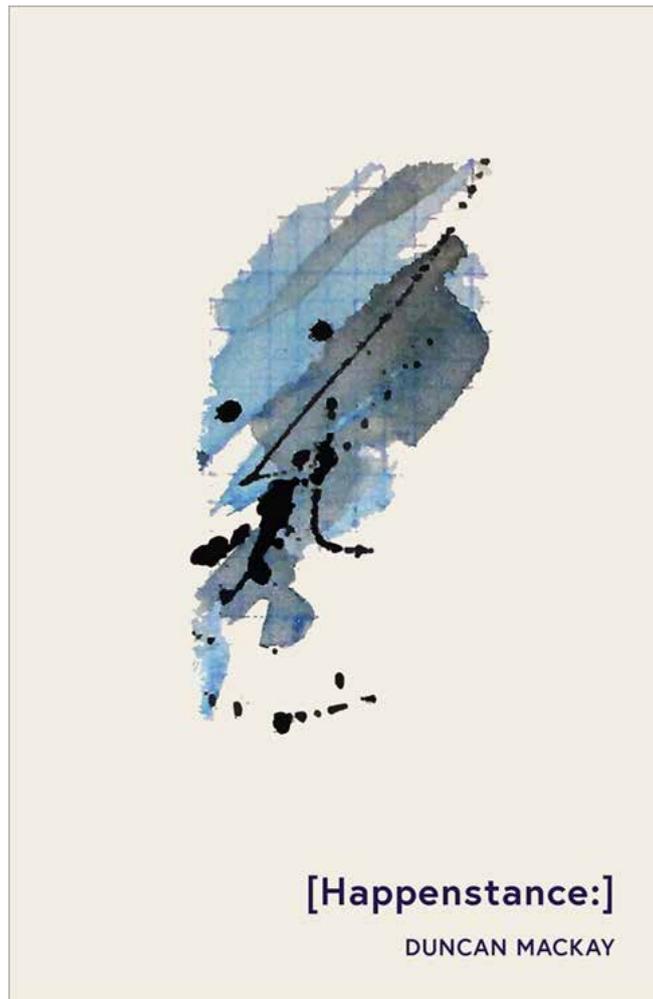
“Brinton’s and Grant’s translation exhibits a precision of diction while offering up an ‘incomprehensibility’ (Valéry’s word of sublime approbation), in which clusters of images never quite achieve resolution but rather leave the reader speechless before a verbal structure in which every word and nuance has been accounted for.”

– Michael Heller, poet and essayist



Other Publications





[HAPPENSTANCE:]

DUNCAN MACKAY

RRP £10 | ISBN 978-1-912616-07-7 | POETRY
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 84PP

What happens happens, whether it's the political madness of 2016 when most of these poems were written, or the way the words fall (or fail to fall) on to the page. If anything, *[Happenstance:]* is a journal; if anything else, it's a random mix of action and reflection.

As Charles Bernstein puts it: "the poem said in any other way is not the poem." So it is with *[Happenstance:]* in which, in the words of 'Sit Crooked Think Straight': "writing follows its own bloodied nose."

"Having read that situation
having taken due counsel
this singular subjective first
personal pronoun is ready." (from 'Nuts & Bolts')

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

[HAPPENSTANCE:]

OUTSIDE EYE

Make no mistake

into the great divide a PM's pledge must fall
even Mourinho now is gone

wrap up

remember the impact of Xerox on the availability of information

left with no real choice
but blessed with a fortunate convergence of voices
why struggle alone

being rooted in a point of time & placed at an Olsonian confluence
to compute an answer is not to understand

at the roadside perhaps one iota of clarity

the particular problem of a loose connection
clouds that trace wind solutions that fail

what language is doing all the time

one hopes

it's not a case of which is worse
nor changing tack
each variant drifting off

but look what they do

wary of perverse political logics to fit the sensibilities of now
if Bowie can get more radical with age
why not the rest of us
take a few chances

in this explosion of the present moment

Mina Loy's arrangements by rage of human rubble
are still with us seventy-five years later

midnight still empties selected streets.

-13-

“A sustained exploration of writing as an enactment of cognition; perception through the materiality of language.”

– Robert Hampson, author of *Reworked Disasters*

“Breath-taking.”

– Nancy Gaffield, author of *Meridian* and *Continental Drift*



SHELLEY DROWNS

JOHN WORTHEN

RRP £10 | ISBN 978-1-912616-05-3 | CREATIVE NONFICTION; BIOGRAPHY
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 82PP

Shelley Drowns is an account of the last three weeks of the life of the romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley. Through a day-by-day recovery and detailed examination of the surviving evidence, John Worthen reaches an extraordinary conclusion: that the most likely cause of the poet's death was suicide.

The probability that 'Shelley drowns Shelley' not only offers to correct all previous biographies (including his own, recently published major work) but to change perceptions of Shelley for ever.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

GONE

The most commonly accepted (and widely reported) account of Percy Bysshe Shelley's last moments comes in the journal entry made by Clarissa Bramston, who will tour Italy with her father in 1826 and meet up with people who knew Shelley. She will describe how an Italian captain apparently offers Shelley and his companions assistance that afternoon:

A shrill voice, which is supposed to have been Shelley's was distinctly heard to say NO. The Captain, amazed at their infatuation continued to watch them with his Telescope. The Waves were running Mountains high – a tremendous surf dashed over the boat which to his astonishment was still crowded with sail – “If you will not come on board for God's sake reef your sails or you are lost” cried a sailor thro' the speak trumpet – One of the gentlemen (Williams it is believed) was seen to make an effort to lower the sails – his companion seized him by the arm as if in anger.

That is where the quotation normally ends, and very few people have questioned it. Richard Holmes's conclusion – that ‘The “Don Juan” went down . . . under full sail’ – has been hugely influential, and can be found everywhere. Shelley has been awarded a passionate, quintessentially romantic death, for which Clarissa Bramston is the source.

In fact she offers the kind of hearsay inadmissible in a court of law or in reputable biography. It consists of her memorial reconstruction of what she says she heard the unreliable John Taaffe recalling – more than four years after the event – what *he* had once heard an Italian captain saying. What is more, Clarissa Bramston completed her diary entry with a sentence omitted from the printed version which everyone uses:

Oh what a moment for two such men to be summoned before the Judgement Seat of God! – It was their last . . .

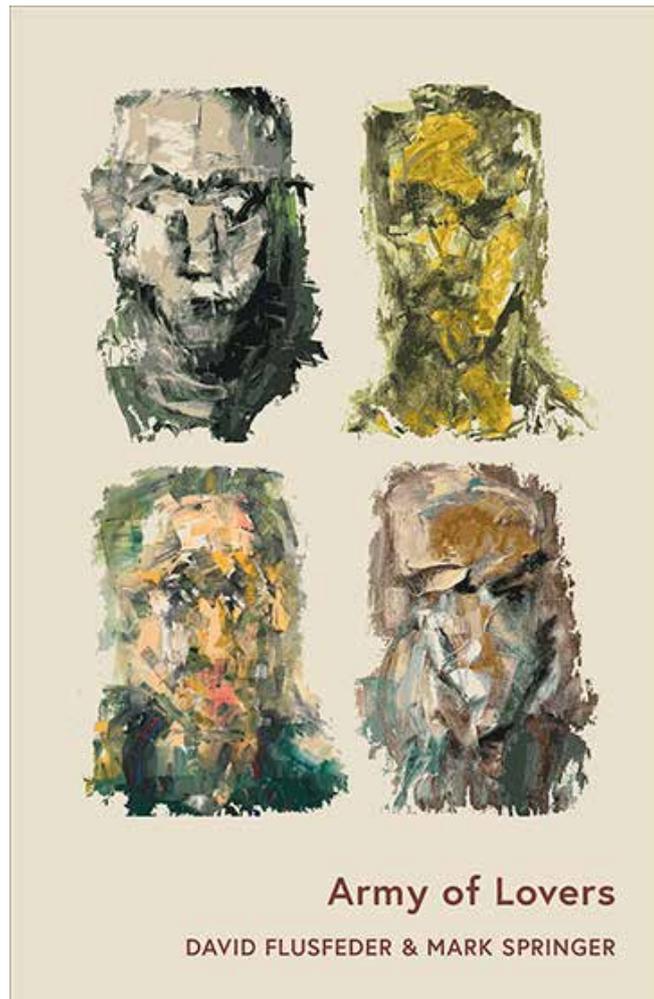
That is the point towards which her account has been heading: she is constructing a judgement upon Shelley as a notorious atheist, and his (presumably) equally atheistic companion, and has been piling

-65-

Andrew Motion calls Worthen's *D. H. Lawrence: The Life of an Outsider* ‘quick-paced and elegantly compressed, while retaining a proper sense of deep scholarship and reliability’.

Jeremy Nicholas comments that, in *Robert Schumann: Life and Death of a Musician*, ‘Worthen has marshalled an amazing amount of research into a perceptive study that reads like a good novel’.

L. L. Johnson describes Worthen as ‘An accomplished biographer who knows how to go straight to the issues’.



ARMY OF LOVERS

DAVID FLUSFEDER & MARK SPRINGER

RRP £10 | ISBN 978-1-912616-06-0 | LIBRETTO; DRAMA; LITERARY CRITICISM
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 48PP

Army of Lovers is the first opera collaboration between the novelist David Flusfeder and the pianist/composer Mark Springer. It draws from the legend of the Sacred Band of Thebes, as documented by Plutarch: 150 pairs of male lovers who were the crack fighting troops of the Theban army. *Army of Lovers* is a drama of love and patriotism, eros and identity, belonging and faith.

Included here is an extract of Plutarch's original text; the libretto of the opera along with selections from the score; an essay on the Sacred Band's place in queer history by Professor David Leitao; and afterwords from the writer, composer, and the director of its first UK production, at The Playground Theatre, London.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

Was I ever that young?
I was never so young
Did I ever believe
So conclusively?

Why this silence?
Why this silence?
Why this silence?
Answer me please

Was I ever that strong?
I was never so strong
Did I ever believe
So conclusively?

What would you have me do?
What would you have me do?

Was I ever that bold?
I was never so bold
Did I ever believe
So conclusively?

Why this silence?
Answer me please

LAIUS is resolved. For the good of the Army, he will take a lover. He unties the black mourning ribbon, folds it up.

LAIUS TO YOUNG LOVER :

We shall dress for war together
We shall hold our place in line
I will not touch you
Nor be touched by you
You will not touch me at all

-25-

325 TENOR ARIA.

21

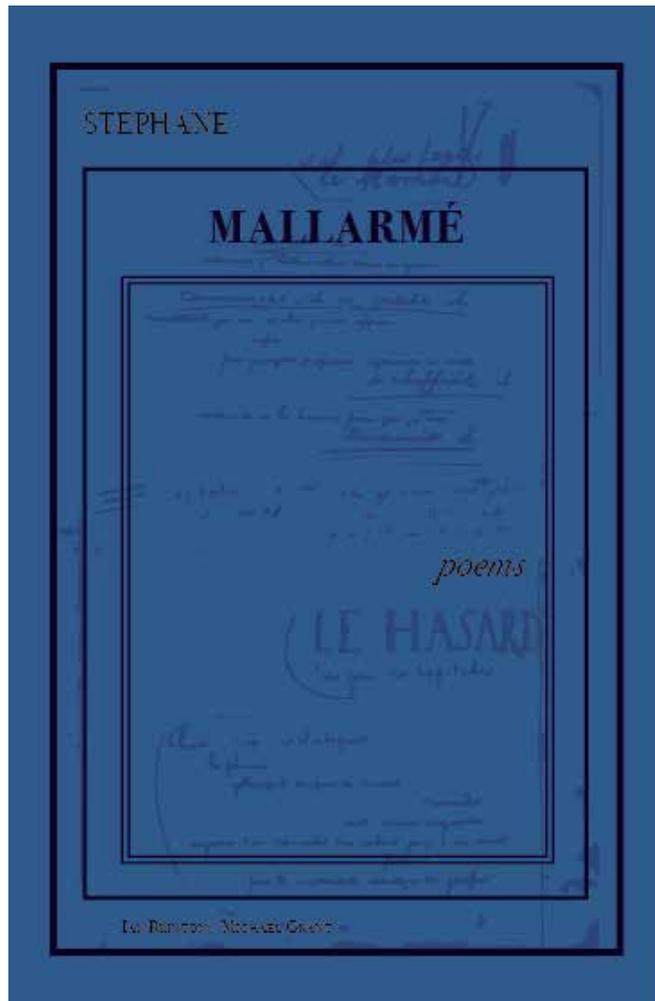
C.T.
T.
BASS
D. BASS
PIANO

SACRIFICE INNOCENCE
SACRIFICE INNOCENCE
SACRIFICE INNOCENCE
SACRIFICE INNOCENCE

335

C.T.
T.
BASS
D. BASS
PIANO

WAS NEVER SO STRONG DID I EVER BELIEVE



POEMS – STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

TRANSLATED BY IAN BRINTON AND MICHAEL GRANT

RRP £8.50 | ISBN 978-1-912616-04-6 | POETRY; TRANSLATION
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 54PP

Translators Ian Brinton and Michael Grant revisit fourteen poems by the 19th century French poet, Stéphane Mallarmé, in this freshly produced, resonant translation. This collection features a new, full, typeset translation of 'Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard' ('A Roll of the Dice'), one of Mallarmé's most famous and striking experimental poems.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

THE NUMBER

WERE IT TO EXIST

other than as a dying agony's hallucination

WERE IT TO BOTH BEGIN AND END

emerging yet denied, hidden when apparent

at last

by some profusion spread in rarity

WERE IT TO BE NUMBERED

evidence of the whole however small

WERE IT TO SHED LIGHT

CHANCE

falls

the feather

rhythmic suspension of an accident

to be entombed

within the first waves

from which it leapt up lately in delirium to a peak

withered

by the gulf's identical neutrality

“This poetical work of decisive innovation still astonishes after many years; and the presentation made here rises to its self-imposed challenge with steady, acute insight.”

– J. H. Prynne, poet



A BELFAST CHILDHOOD

PHILIP TERRY

RRP £8.50 | ISBN 978-1-912616-03-9 | POETRY
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 94PP

A Belfast Childhood explores the form invented by Joe Brainard in his book *I Remember*, and taken up by Georges Perec in France. Here the form is subject to an additional constraint, which emerges from the title: the first 26 memories are arranged alphabetically; subsequently, the alphabetical entries are permuted according to a sestina of order 26.

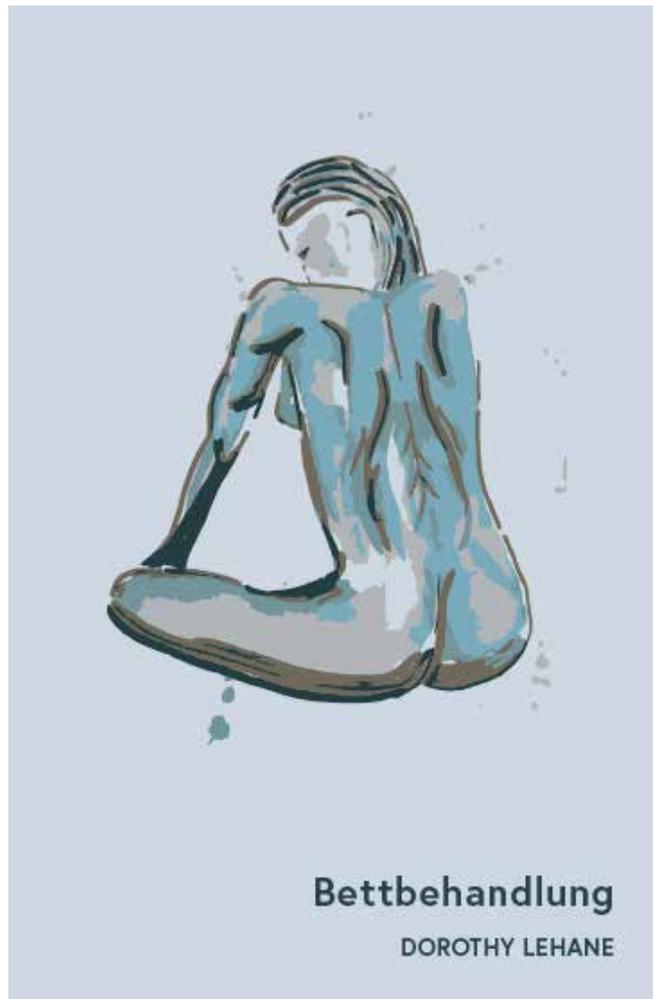
OTHER PUBLICATIONS

- 1
I remember that we lived at 42 Annadale Avenue.
- 2
I remember being afraid of the bogeyman.
- 3
I remember cat piss in sandpits.
- 4
I remember dandelion clocks.
- 5
I remember Eric's, the butcher's.
- 6
I remember Clarke's Commandos.
- 7
I remember British Bulldog.
- 8
I don't remember the name of the Belfast hotel (The Hilton?)
that kept getting bombed, but I think it'll come back to me.
- 9
I remember Red Indians.
- 10
I remember *The Belfast Telegraph*.
- 11
I remember Kimberley biscuits.
- 12
I remember the Lagan.
- 13
I remember that the headmaster at Fullerton House was called
Mr R.

-9-

“Hell as it is, and as it shall be.”

– poet Tom Raworth on *Dante's Inferno*



BETTBEHANDLUNG

DOROTHY LEHANE

RRP £8.50 | ISBN 978-1-912616-02-2 | POETRY
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 44PP

Bettbehandlung is a feminist re-visioning of historical and medical treatments of 'hysterical' female subjects and performative spaces of illness. It focuses on historical acts of diagnosis and the shifting of bodily propriety, alongside issues of dependency and witnessing.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

they removed your teeth | force fed you through
the tooth gap | unhappy in your bed | over the
fashioning of brooches | hiding in the hospital
complex | they have taken all your wires | high-
tech low-human-droning-on | St. Gerard Majella is
a saint you can sit down & chat to | on his ribbon
of road | an infant saint | a prodigy | no lash of
tongue | lance torn | tender boy | bite down
now | my runaway | god save your mouth | your
mouth & this ward | to kill you with brightness |
to kill the final throbs | of personality | time
outside time | when will the cure come | the most
tranquil of all of us | hoping for pardons | oaths
exacted

-23-

“Through the relentless accumulation of visceral lyric fragments and shreds of found text, *Bettbehandlung* breaks apart the traditional modes of confessional and elegiac poetry to reveal the constructed nature of the pathologised and stigmatised ‘female’ somatic and psychological experience.”

– Eleanor Perry, poet

“With singular candour, these poems interrogate the social and cultural damage wreaked by gender, family, religion and medicine as they collectively pathologise the individual female body. The writing is uncomfortable, beautiful and never less than compelling.”

– Jeff Hilson, poet



FOUR PLACES

CHRIS McCULLY

RRP £8.50 | ISBN 978-1-912616-01-5 | CREATIVE NONFICTION
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 62PP

Four Places consists of four essays that explore place, culture and history; they consider how time past and its words and cultures survive into time present. The localities in question are peripheral spaces—two very different islands, an isthmus and a causeway. How does cultural change either colonise such liminal spaces or spread from them? And for the observer, what and whom is it that one sees—and who is doing the seeing?

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

ELECTRIC STAR

III: A RAVEN FOR AN EPILOGUE

On the green metal picnic table in Nuuk you spread out the Saga Map of Vesterbygden—the Western Settlements. To the east of you is Ameralik, the fjord to which the Norse ships gave the name Lysefjord, the Fjord of Lights. The sun rises, double-haloed, over Nunatarssuaq and the mountains to the east. The sun sinks behind the stern of a longship whose prow aims eastward to churches scattered into time. Light happens on a rubble of late summer icebergs. To the north there are the twin islands of Storø (Big Island) and Bjørneøen (The Island of Bears). To the south is the Præstefjord, the Priest's Fjord, and the Buksefjord, the Fjord of the Deer. Here there were farmsteads, barns for grain, precious caches of root for burning. There were the compulsions of religious conversion, measured against the fates allotted by the older, colder gods. On cross-shafts, Christ outfaces Woden. On combs, or cut into a ruined lintel, there are occasional runes, the angular scratches of ownership, assertions of self etched across the grain of stone or bone or wood. 'Ani made this.' But the hearths and granaries didn't last more than four centuries. The climate became colder; farms were finished. The bishops from Iceland no longer visited; there were no more ships. By the end of the 14th century the Western Settlement, and its trade in pelts and soapstones, had been abandoned. There were only the pathetic green funeral mounds, the paltry crosses disappearing into the summer rivers, and ice cracking open the foundations.

You put the binoculars back in their case, screw back the top of the Thermos. The ship has gone. The Toyota pick-ups have been re-loaded with trestles and trinkets; have driven away to the new housing estate. It's an early September evening and already it's getting cold. As you walk past Nuuk's market you watch, briefly, while the fish buckets—rock cod, charr, salmon from Kapisillit—are re-filled and the seal-meat stashed in boxes. The reindeer hang still from their rack and bleed slowly from their eyes.

Tomorrow you'll fly north, back over Dronning Ingrid Land. Twenty thousand feet and 20,000 years below, the valleys are full of grasses. The unremitting sandstones and dales of granite are savannahs, prairies. There are still bison, still the wolf. There are mammoths, camels. There are birch and willow trees. Charr run the temperate rivers, and salmon. Red lichen dries in the lee of stones growing saxifrage. And then, north of Nuuk, the cloud will break up, and with it the brief glimpse of the Pleistocene. You look down at a 21st century tundra. A glacier courses from the ice-cap, so full of mud that it looks like an industrial accident.

Zeros of feet below you, the raven bisects another silence. Centuries collect, time collides, icebergs litter. Against them you set the guarantee

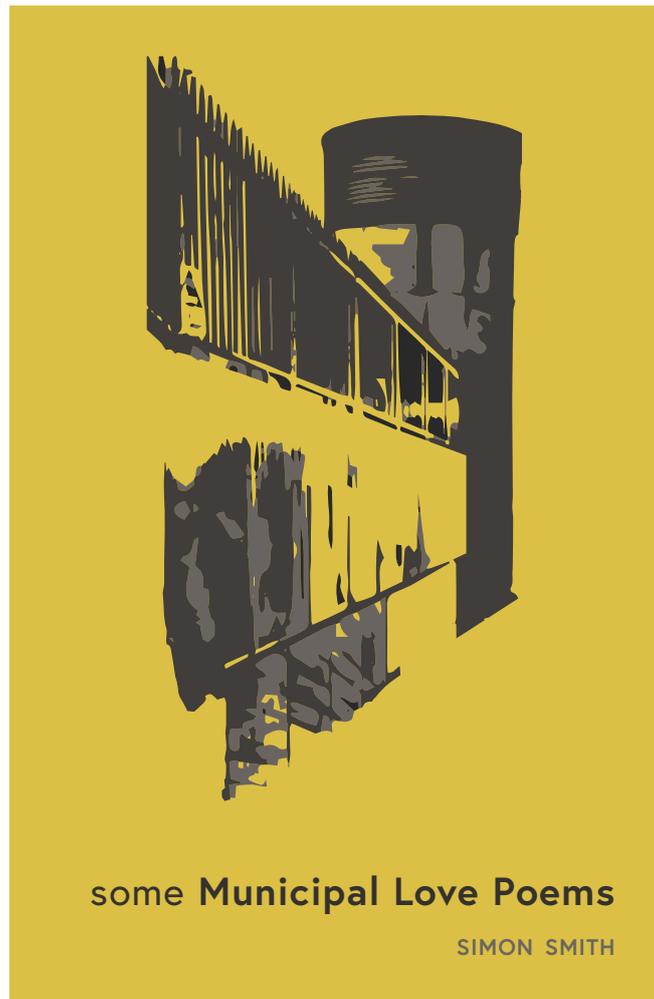
-15-

“Evocative, engrossing and always beautifully crafted, *Four Places* delves in gentle ways into how we seek to truly know our most cherished landscapes. A real triumph.”

– James Canton, author of *The Oak Papers* and *Ancient Wonderings*

‘[A] singular collection from a singular voice in English poetry.’

– Philip Quinlan (on *Serengeti Songs*)



SOME MUNICIPAL LOVE POEMS

SIMON SMITH

RRP £8.50 | ISBN 978-1-912616-00-8 | POETRY
B FORMAT (UK) PAPERBACK, 56PP

After the Paris attacks, the migration crisis, the Brexit vote, the election of Trump and installation of May, and war in Syria, one question might be how have these events changed what is meant by public and private space. Perhaps something as ‘useless’ as poetry could open a space from where answers might appear.

Some Municipal Love Poems comprises two sequences, ‘General Purpose Love Poems’ and ‘Song Book: Series of Songs’, the former a sequence of long essay-like poems and the latter, shorter song-like poems, which form new spaces, public and private, as call and response, as spaces to think in and with.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

GENERAL PURPOSE LOVE POEM

this poem has passed the turn
cornered where it could be
a sonnet & twice as sweet

as fourteen pence of change
as fourteen sous of change
as fourteen bits all in a row

the fourteen lines of chance
& the six degrees of knowing

on London streets
along the boulevards of Paris

not an earthly
art without a heaven
not without chance

micrometer right
to the exact fit

& not without dance
Love is this logical

there's fun to be had out there
there there & there

waiting for the freebee waiting
for the end

of the barrel to settle
& sneak a half

there's a fizz in the glass
& the pleasure is mine
& ideological

like a guitar with L|A|N|G|U|A|G|E printed all along the
fret board

-5-

'The occupants of Simon Smith's poems are names for contemporary urban detail ratcheted up to experiential intensities that actually open (rather than shut down, as all too customary) the reader's senses of place and person. A rare pleasure found so succinctly in the telling.'

– Bill Berkson

'The Jack Lemmon of English poetry.'

– Geraldine Monk



Index & Contact



INDEX

Book Title	Author's Name	ISBN	RRP	Format	Pages
A Belfast Childhood	Philip Terry	978-1-912616-03-9	£8.50	B (UK)	94
Army of Lovers	David Flusfeder & Mark Springer	978-1-912616-06-0	£10	B (UK)	48
Bettbehandlung	Dorothy Lehane	978-1-912616-02-2	£8.50	B (UK)	44
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