Mission

1. To publish great works of international literature in English translation;

2. To foster the art and craft of translation; and

3. To promote a more vibrant book culture and literary community in Dallas and beyond.
About Deep Vellum

Deep Vellum Publishing is a nonprofit publishing house and literary arts organization founded in Dallas, Texas, in 2013.

Diversity—of authors’ genders, countries, languages, continents, viewpoints, sexual orientation, literary styles—is one of the most unique aspects of our books that will resonate with readers. In our first two years of publishing, we have brought new voices to English from sixteen authors, both male and female, from thirteen countries on five continents, expanding our understanding of how the world thinks, feels, loves, and experiences the human condition. Cultures communicate with each other through their literatures, and Deep Vellum was established to broaden cultural connections across the English-reading world by connecting readers with international authors in new and creative ways.

Design is of the utmost importance to us—readers’ eyes will immediately be drawn to the distinctive beauty of Deep Vellum book covers and spines. Our first three seasons’ titles feature striking cover art and beautiful layouts in linked thematic series designed by Anna Zylicz, a renowned American graphic designer who lives in Italy. (www.annazylicz.com)

Operating as a nonprofit means that we rely on the generosity of donors, cultural organizations, and foundations to provide the basis of our operational budget as we seek to give an outlet to the world’s greatest literary voices in English for the first time. We also rely on subscriptions from readers like you to provide an invaluable, ongoing investment in Deep Vellum that demonstrates a commitment to our editorial vision and mission. Subscribers are the bedrock of our support as we grow the readership for these amazing works of literature. The more subscribers we have, the more we can demonstrate to potential donors and bookstores alike the diverse support we receive and how we use it to grow our mission in ever-new, ever-innovative ways.

If you would like to get involved with Deep Vellum as a donor, subscriber, or volunteer, please contact us at deepvellum.org. We would love to hear from you.

Will Evans, Publisher
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**Author: Michèle Audin**

Michèle Audin is a mathematician and a professor at l’Institut de recherche mathématique avancée (IRMA) in Strasbourg, where she does research notably in the area of symplectic geometry. Audin is a member of the Oulipo, and is the author of many works of mathematics and the history of mathematics, and has also published a work of creative nonfiction on the disappearance of her father, *Une vie brève* (Gallimard, 2013), contributed to a collection of short stories, *Georges Perec and the Oulipo: Winter Journeys* (Atlas Press, 2013), and edited and annotated an abecedyar of Oulipo works, *OULIPO L’Abécédaire provisoirement définitif* (Larousse, 2014). *One Hundred Twenty-One Days* is her first novel and was published to universal acclaim in 2014 by the prestigious Gallimard publishing house in France.

**Translator: Christiana Hills**

Christiana Hills is a literary translator who graduated from NYU’s MA program in Literary Translation, and is currently a doctoral candidate in Translation Studies at Binghamton University in New York.

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**Winner of a French Voices Award**

“Audin plays with codes, numbers, and dates to create a fascinating and unsettling story.” — *Le Temps*

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**One Hundred Twenty-One Days**

Translated from the French by Christiana Hills
Debut novel by mathematician Oulipo member layers coded narratives across World Wars unlocking the entangled history of politics and science.

This debut novel by mathematician and Oulipo member Michèle Audin retraces the lives of French mathematicians over several generations through World Wars I and II. The narrative oscillates stylistically from chapter to chapter—at times a novel, fable, historical research, and a diary—locking and unlocking codes, culminating in a captivating, original reading experience.

CHAPTER I — A Childhood (1900s)

I start to write:

Once upon a time, in a remote region of a faraway land, there lived a little boy. And this little boy was filled with an insatiable curiosity and was always asking lots of questions. The faraway land where he lived was in Africa, in the area surrounding a big river called the river Saloum, and the little boy filled the area around this river with his questions.

He asked his father why the Blacks on the plantation were hit with rods and his father beat him with his leather belt; he asked his mother why she didn’t read her Bible by herself and his mother beat him with her two white hands; he asked the village priest why he drank the communion wine during catechism and the priest beat him with his stick; he asked the schoolteacher why the same number, \( p \), was used to measure every circle, big ones and little ones, and the schoolteacher didn’t beat him.

I must tell you, dear one, that some good fairies were watching over this little boy’s cradle. If there were a few evil fairies as well, no one noticed. So there will be no discussion of evil fairies at this point in the tale.

A fairytale is a way of telling a history. The river Saloum, its village, its plantation, its pirogues, and its Flamboyant trees form the setting for this one. The little boy’s parents, his little brother, the fairies, the priest, the schoolteacher, a dog, and a few of the villagers are the characters. The little boy, who lived in this exotic setting at the center of this little world, was named Christian.

What holds the special magic of this text? From its clever construction, and the juxtaposition of its narrative modes...from which emerge the most vibrant, intimate, and passionate voices that tell of sufferings, loves, and pains. A beautiful mosaic work which the reader comes away from moved as if from a dream.”

—France TV, Culturebox
Author: Serhiy Zhadan

Serhiy Zhadan is one of the key voices in contemporary Ukrainian literature: his poetry and novels have enjoyed popularity both at home and abroad. He has twice won BBC Ukraine’s Book of the Year (2006 and 2010) and has twice been nominated as Russian GQ’s ‘Man of the Year’ in their writers category. Writing is just one of his many interests, which also include singing in a band, translating poetry and organizing literary festivals. Zhadan was born in Starobilsk, Luhansk Oblast. He graduated from Kharkiv University in 1996, then spent three years as a graduate student of philology. He taught Ukrainian and world literature from 2000 to 2004, and thereafter retired from teaching. Zhadan’s poetry, novels, and short stories have been translated into over a dozen languages. In 2013, he helped lead the Euromaidan demonstrations in Kharkiv, and in 2014, he was assaulted outside the administration building in Kharkiv, an incident that gained notoriety around the world, including a feature article in The New Yorker. He lives and works in Kharkiv.

Translator: Reilly Costigan-Humes & Isaac Wheeler

Reilly Costigan-Humes is a graduate of Haverford College, where he studied Russian literature and culture. He lives and works in Moscow, and translates literature from Ukrainian and Russian.

Isaac Wheeler received an MA in Russian Translation from Columbia University, and is also a graduate of Haverford College, where he studied Russian Language and English Literature. Wheeler lives in Brooklyn, NY, where he is a professional business and literary translator.
Easy Rider meets Pedro Páramo in this darkly funny, fast-paced road novel that barrels through eastern Ukraine’s ravaged industrial landscape.

A city-dwelling executive heads home to take over his brother’s gas station after his mysterious disappearance, but all he finds at home are mysteries and ghosts. The bleak industrial landscape of now-war-torn eastern Ukraine sets the stage for Voroshilovgrad, the Soviet era name of the Ukrainian city of Luhansk, mixing magical realist themes and an exhilarating road novel in poetic, powerful, and expressive prose.

(Opening of the novel)

Telephones exist for breaking all kinds of bad news. Voices on the phone sound cold and detached. I guess it’s easier to pass along bad news in an official-sounding voice. I know what I’m talking about. I’ve been fighting telephone receivers my whole life, albeit unsuccessfully. Operators all over the world continue to keep track of people’s conversations, jotting down the most important words and phrases. Meanwhile, psalm books and phone directories lay open on hotel nightstands; that’s all you need to keep the faith.

I slept in my clothes—jeans and a stretched-out T-shirt. Upon waking, I roamed the room, knocking over empty soda bottles, glasses, cans and ashtrays, plates with sauce slopped all over them, and shoes. Barefoot and bad-tempered, I stepped on apples, pistachios and dates like oily cockroaches. When you’re renting you are surrounded by other people’s furniture, so you get accustomed to being careful with other people’s things. Like a thrift shop owner, I kept all kinds of junk at my place. I had gramophone records and hockey sticks hiding under my couch, along with some clothes a girl had left there and some large road signs I had somehow gotten my hands on. I couldn’t throw anything away since I didn’t know what belonged to me and what was someone else’s property. But from the very first day, the very first moment that I found myself here, there was a telephone receiver lying right there, on the floor, in the middle of the room. Its voice and its silence filled me with hatred. Before bed I’d cover it up with a large cardboard box and in the morning I’d take that box out to the balcony. The demonic apparatus lay in the center of the room; its jarring, irritating ring heralding that someone needed me after all.

“One of the most important creative forces in modern Ukrainian alternative culture.”
—KulturSpiege
Winner of the Prix Goncourt de la Nouvelle in France

“Since his debut in 1996, Fouad Laroui...has chosen the weapon of humor. A weapon that he uses brilliantly to hide his wounds rather than to ‘serve his anger.’”
— Le Monde

The Curious Case of Dassoukine’s Trousers

Fouad Laroui

Translated from the French by Emma Ramadan

Introduction by Laila Lalami

Author: Fouad Laroui

Fouad Laroui was born in 1958 in Oujda, Morocco. After his studies in the Lycée Lyautey (Casablanca), he joined the prestigious École Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées (Paris, France). He later obtained a PhD in economics and moved to Amsterdam where he is currently teaching econometrics and environmental science. He is also a literary chronicler for the weekly magazine Jeune Afrique and Economia Magazine, and the French-Moroccan radio Médi1. He has published over twenty novels and collections of short stories, poetry, and essays and lives between Amsterdam, Paris, and Casablanca. His novels have been shortlisted numerous times for the Prix Goncourt de la Nouvelle, France’s most prestigious literary prize, and his latest novel was awarded the Grand Prix Jean Giorno. The Curious Case of Dassoukine’s Trousers won Laroui his first Prix Goncourt de la Nouvelle for short stories.

Translator: Emma Ramadan

Emma Ramadan is a graduate of Brown University, received her Master’s in Cultural Translation from the American University of Paris, and recently completed a Fulbright Fellowship for literary translation in Morocco. Her most recent translations are Anne Garréta’s Sphinx (Deep Vellum) and Anne Parian’s Monospace (La Presse), and she has numerous translations forthcoming from Deep Vellum in 2016 and 2017 by Anne Garréta (Not One Day), Fouad Laroui (The Tribulations of the Last Sjilmassi), and Brice Matthieussent (Revenge of the Translator).
This long-awaited English-language debut from Morocco’s most prominent contemporary writer won the Prix Goncourt de la Nouvelle, France’s most prestigious literary award, for best story collection. Fouad Laroui uses surrealism, laugh out-loud humor, and profound compassion across a variety of literary styles to highlight the absurdity of the human condition, exploring the realities of life in a world where everything is foreign.

— Belgium really is the birthplace of Surrealism, sighs Dassoukine, staring into the distance.

I don’t respond because this phrase seems like a prologue—and in the face of a prologue, what can you do but await what follows, resigned. My commensal examines his mug of beer suspiciously, even though we are, after all, in the country that saw the birth of this pretty blonde, sometimes brunette, child—in an abbey, I’m told. The server eyes us. In this superb spot situated on the Grand-Place of Brussels, opposite the Maison du Cyne, we form a trio hanging on this thesis: “Belgium really is the birthplace of Surrealism.” This incipit is still floating in the air when Dassoukine decides to elaborate.

— What just happened to me, in any case, exceeds all bounds.

I restrain myself from adding: “And when boundaries are crossed…”

He begins:

— So, I set out yesterday from Morocco on a very delicate mission. You know the grain harvest is off to a bad start in our country: it has rained, but not a lot. We are in desperate need of flour, but where to find it? Ukraine is in flames, the Russians cling tightly to their crops, Australia is far. There’s only one solution: Europe. The government sends me to buy flour from Brussels. They’ve entrusted this mission to me. The country’s future is at risk. At the airport, in Rabat, they’re all on the tarmac, the ministers standing straight as yews, to bid me bon voyage as if their fate depended on little old me. Well, little…I’m taller than all of them by a head. The prime minister shakes my hand while the airplane engines roar and my eyes blur:

— Get the best price, my boy, the best price! The budget of the state depends on your negotiating skills.
Author: Carmen Boullosa

Carmen Boullosa is one of Mexico’s leading novelists, poets, and playwrights. She has published over a dozen novels, two of which were designated the Best Novel Published in Mexico by the prestigious magazine Reforma—her second novel, Before, also won the renowned Xavier Villaurrutia Prize for Best Mexican Novel; and her novel La otra mano de Lepanto was also selected as one of the Top 100 Novels Published in Spanish in the past 25 years. Her most recent novel, Texas: The Great Theft won the 2014 Typographical Era Translation Award, and was shortlisted for the 2015 PEN Translation Award. Boullosa has received numerous prizes and honors, including a Guggenheim fellowship. Also a poet, playwright, essayist, and cultural critic, Boullosa is a Distinguished Lecturer at City College of New York, and her books have been translated into Italian, Dutch, German, French, Portuguese, Chinese, and Russian.

Translator: Peter Bush

Peter Bush is an award-winning literary translator of Spanish, Catalan, French, and Portuguese from the UK. A former director of the British Centre for Literary Translation, Peter has taught as professor of Literary Translation at Middlesex University and also the University of East Anglia.
A profound and moving coming-of-age novel that explores the end of one woman's innocence in childhood.

*Before* is the story of a woman who returns to the landscape of her childhood to regain her innocence, knowing that in order for her to discover her identity, she must overcome the fear that held her captive as a little girl. This unique exploration of the path to womanhood and innocence lost won Mexico’s most prestigious literary prize.

Where were we before we got to this point? Didn’t they tell you? Who could tell you if you had nobody to ask. And do you yourself remember? How could you remember? Particularly as you’re not here...And if I keep on? Well, if I keep on perhaps you’ll show up.

How would I like you to be? I’d like you to be anyhow! Just warm, not necessarily hot, a piece of dough, to touch, to feel...I’d be happy to feel something, feel it gently, to caress without scratching or hurting and with nothing nothing nothing at all left on my hands...nothing at all...not a single mark...

But nobody’s with me. Nobody, apart from my fear, my panic, my terror... Fear of whom? There’s no way I can be afraid! I’ve shown in a thousand ways how harmless I am, like a duck on the lakeside waiting for children to throw me a scrap of food or leave something in the paper they carelessly leave behind...But they’re disgusted by me, disgusted, disgusted is the word. I dirtied their ‘day out in the country’, dirtied their lakeside breakfast, turned their breakfast haven into a sludgy mess...kids, I’m like you, leave something for me, someone wait for me, stay with me, just for a second, come on, kids!

They leave. Their Dad will take them straight to school now. They didn’t have that disappointed look of wanting to breakfast here...

But I’ll start at the beginning. Sure, I was like those children, I was one of those awkward children and here I am cut off from their world forever. Children! I was like you once!

I really must overcome my fear and start telling my story.

“I don’t think there’s a writer with more variety in themes and focuses in his or her writing. ...The style and range of Carmen Boullosa is unique for its versatility and its enormous courage.”
—Juan Villoro

“Carmen Boullosa writes with a heart-stopping command of language.”
—Alma Guillermoprieto
“If someone in the future asks in frustration, “What has Korean literature been up to?” We can quietly hand him Vaseline Buddha.”
—Pak Mingyu (novelist)

“Reality and fantasy, memories and dreams, Asia and Europe, all are equal partners in this literary meditation.” —Christoph Hartner, Crown Newspaper (Germany)

Vaseline Buddha
Jung Young Moon

Translated from the Korean by Yewon Jung

Author: Jung Young Moon
Jung Young Moon was born in Hamyang, South Gyeongsang Province, South Korea in 1965. He graduated from Seoul National University with a degree in psychology. He made his literary début in 1996 with the novel A Man Who Barely Exists. Jung is also an accomplished translator who has translated more than forty books from English into Korean, including works by John Fowles, Raymond Carver, and Germaine Greer. In 1999 he won the 12th Dongseo Literary Award with his collection of short stories, A Chain of Dark Tales. In 2005 Jung was invited to participate in the University of Iowa’s International Writing Program, and in 2010 the University of California at Berkeley’s Center for Korean Study invited him to participate in a three-month-long residency program. in 2012, he won the Han Moo-suk Literary Award, the Dong-in Literary Award, and the Daesan Literary Award for his novel A Contrived World. His short story collection A Most Ambiguous Sunday and Other Stories was published by Dalkey Archive in 2014.

Translator: Yewon Jung
Jung Yewon was born in Seoul, and moved to the US at the age of 12. She received a BA in English from Brigham Young University, and an MA from the Graduate School of Interpretation and Translation at Hankuk University of Foreign Studies.
A tour-de-force in automatic writing from South Korea’s eccentric, award-winning contemporary master, who delves into subconscious worlds blending reality and imagination.

The funeral of a goldfish named Kierkegaard, the sleepless narrator thwarting a would-be thief outside his moonlit window, a night spent with rats in a Paris hotel—Korea’s Jung Young Moon, often compared to Kafka and Beckett, lets his mind wander in this masterpiece of automatic writing, delving into the subconscious and the imagination to explore the very nature of reality.

One day, when the night was giving way to dawn and everything was still immersed in darkness, I sat on a windowsill in the house I lived in, unable to sleep, thinking vaguely that I would write a story. I didn’t know at all where or what the story, if it could be called a story, would head toward, and neither did I want to know in advance, and for the time being, there was nothing that told me where or what. So for the time being, I was right to think that it could turn into a story, but it was possible that it wouldn’t turn into a story at all.

Anyhow, something happened a little before I began thinking such things, something so trivial that you could hardly say that anything had happened at all; I heard a very small sound coming from outside the kitchen window, and straining my ears for the sound for a moment, I thought it was the sound of raindrops, but it didn’t continue at regular intervals like the sound of raindrops. After a little while, I went to the bedroom windowsill and looked out the window through the curtains but it wasn’t raining, and with a certain thought in my mind, I went to the kitchen where the sound had come from, and hid myself behind a wall, and saw someone climbing up toward my bedroom window. It seemed that he was climbing up the gas pipes, and he looked like a moving shadow. It was an astonishing sight but I didn’t cry out because I felt as if I were dreaming. He was taking great care not to wake the person inside, whom he thought was sound asleep.

After a little while, I saw him trying to open the window, and I stuck my face out quietly so as not to startle him, but at that moment he saw my face and was so startled that he fell to the ground. I hadn’t had the slightest intention of startling him, so I felt terrible, as if I had made him fall even though I hadn’t, and above all, I wondered if he was all right, having fallen to the ground.
Author: Noemi Jaffe

Noemi Jaffe is an award-winning Brazilian writer whose literary career has exploded in the last five years, gaining critical acclaim and momentum worldwide, with her works being translated into nearly a dozen languages. After working as a teacher of Brazilian Literature for more than 20 years and concluding her academic career with a PhD on the poetry of Antonio Cicero, Noemi Jaffe published a poetry volume, her first publication, in 2005 at the age of 43. Presently, Noemi Jaffe writes a monthly column for the newspaper Valor Econômico and for the magazine Harper’s Bazaar. She lives in São Paulo, Brazil.

Translators: Julia Sanches and Ellen Elias-Bursac

Julia Sanches is Brazilian by birth but has lived in New York, Mexico City, Lausanne, Edinburgh, and Barcelona. She is a graduate of Comparative Literature and Literary Translation at UPF in Barcelona, and she completed her M.A. in Philosophy and English Literature at the University of Edinburgh in Scotland in 2010. Her most recent translation is Now and at the Hour of Our Death by Susana Moreira Marques (And Other Stories, 2015). She lives in New York City.

Ellen Elias-Bursac has been translating novels and non-fiction by Bosnian, Croatian, and Serbian writers for thirty years. A contributing editor to Asymptote Journal, she has taught at the Harvard Slavic Department, Tufts University, Arizona Statue, and the New England Friends of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and spent over six years at the ex-Yugoslav War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague as a translator/reviser in the English Translation Unit.
Three generations of women reflect, in their own words, on the Holocaust and bearing witness in Jewish and Brazilian identity.

A groundbreaking use of storytelling to bear witness to the Holocaust features three generations of women's own voices—Liwia's diary written upon liberation from Auschwitz; daughter Noemi Jaffe exploring the power of memory, survival, and bearing witness; and granddaughter Leda, Noemi's daughter, on the significance of the Holocaust and Jewish identity seventy years after the war.

DESTINY

When I arrived at the camp, I was wearing a blue-checkered dress, with a flared skirt. The Germans asked us to undress and made a mound with all our clothes. After delousing, we should get, at random, any garment from that mound. I got precisely my blue-checkered dress.

She plainly believes in destiny. For her, as for all those who believe in it, destiny is a force that determines by anticipation the events in the lives of all beings. Nothing is random. Otherwise, in her opinion, she would not be alive, the strokes of luck that made her survive would not have happened. For her, destiny is not necessarily god, but it also could be. Maybe it is like a divinity; she does not question the statute of that which she simply believes and she doesn’t want to think about it nor discuss it. One does not discuss beliefs. Destiny was challenged by the characters in the Greek tragedies, which were punished for their effrontery. To destiny one must merely submit; neither to think about it, nor to seek to design it autonomously, nor to challenge it. It is already prescribed and will happen, for better or for worse. Destiny is that which one goes through; it is the place one goes to, even if the paths be unknown, undesired, or tortuous. Tragic characters dressed up in goat costumes, thus the name tragedy, from tragos, goat. Their song, odia, is similar to that of a caprine animal in agony, nearing death; a drunken song, dionysiac, of someone whose death does not frighten, due to the state of unconsciousness. It is the scapegoat, which brings about catharsis, feeling of terror or compassion in the one whose guilt is expiated by those who dared challenge what fatally happens: destiny. Thus, tragic spectators, expiated, purged, exit the tragedy cleaner and more fearful of challenging that which happens. Destination, fatality, fact. Destination is a fact and one does not question facts.
Also available from Deep Vellum

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Loosely based on the little-known 1859 Mexican invasion of the United States, Carmen Boullosa’s newest novel Texas: The Great Theft is a richly imagined evocation of the volatile Tex-Mex borderland, wrested from Mexico in 1848. Described by Roberto Bolaño as “Mexico’s greatest woman writer,” Boullosa views the border history through distinctly Mexican eyes, and her sympathetic portrayal of each of her wildly diverse characters—Mexican ranchers and Texas Rangers, Comanches and cowboys, German socialists and runaway slaves, Southern belles and dance hall girls—makes her storytelling tremendously powerful and absorbing. With today’s Mexican-American frontier such a front-burner concern, this novel that brilliantly illuminates its historical landscape is especially welcome.
Two friends, one a budding writer home from abroad, the other an ambitious racketeer, meet in the only nightclub, the Tram 83, in a war-torn city-state in secession, surrounded by profit-seekers of all languages and nationalities. Tram 83 plunges the reader into the modern African gold rush as cynical as it is comic and colorfully exotic, using jazz rhythms to weave a tale of human relationships in a world that has become a global village. With an introduction by Man Booker International-nominated author Alain Mabanckou, Tram 83, Mujilla’s debut novel, evokes the frenzied exploitation of land and people in contemporary Africa.
Thank you all for your support. We do this for you, and could not do it without you.
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