

A NOTE ON THIS EDITION

This edition of *Can't You Get Along With Anyone?* is self-published. The company name on the copyright page, Bandito Books, is me. There are no corporate offices (or any offices), no employees. Just a P.O. Box, plus my websites (aweisbecker.com and the adjunct site to this book, cygawa.com).

Due to a letter received by my almost-UK publisher, Humdrumming, threatening a lawsuit, there was no UK edition, although a limited number of Advance Reading Copies (ARCs) were printed and circulated.

As evidenced by the typo-rife condition of the UK ARC, I had no editor for that edition and after the first freelance editor I tried to hire ripped me off for \$750 (Arthur Yorinks is his name), and after another one wanted \$30,000 before even looking at the manuscript/book, I said Fuck it and did my own edit. My apology if this shows. (I also now have a *way* greater respect for editors: good ones as opposed to demented ones.)

My plan for getting a U.S. publisher (as outlined in Chapter One of Part Seven) – like most of my life's designs – came to nought. Apparently, I had underestimated the degree of *non grata*-ness that my sorry ass writer *persona* harbors. One example: My old *Cosmic Banditos* editor at Random House refused to accept a copy of the UK ARC for perusal. He didn't want it cluttering his office, I guess. Also: Through a writer friend whose last book was published by a megahouse, I managed an entre to a senior editor there and sent him a UK ARC. After six months of no response to polite emails asking for a verdict, I sent him one that said this and only this: "Fuck you." I couldn't help myself.

In spite of the commercial successes of my other two books, in my 32 submissions to mid-size houses only one bothered even to respond, a house that publishes children's books I'd mistakenly queried that sent me a humorless note saying that my book didn't appear to be of that genre.

You gotta laugh at stuff like that.

For some of those 32 mid-size houses, had they signed me, I would have immediately become their bestselling author, just on the record of my first two books. Yet no one had the courtesy to even write a note of rejection.

One literary agent to whom I managed to get a copy read Part One (my bashing of a big house) and said, "Great book but I'm not going near it."

Point being, though: my name really is mud in U.S. publishing.*

* By the way, the expression was originally "My name is Mudd." Samuel Mudd was the doctor who treated John Wilkes Booth's broken leg after Booth assassinated Abe Lincoln.

This book is a one man show.

Although I don't actually print the book myself, I'm doing just about everything else, especially including promotion.

So look. What I went through in the living of the events depicted and the writing about them and the publishing of the book is not important. What *is* important is what you think, how you feel, about my book. If your thoughts and feelings are positive, I ask for your help in my mission of getting it read.

Word of mouth is everything.

But aside from telling people that my book is a good book, there are other ways you can help me. If you're willing to do this, go to my website, cygawa.com, and I'll make some suggestions. (You can subscribe to my free newsletter for updates on how things are going, including the *Cosmic Banditos* movie project.)

But again, thank you for coming this far with me. Thank you for your *time* and *attention*.