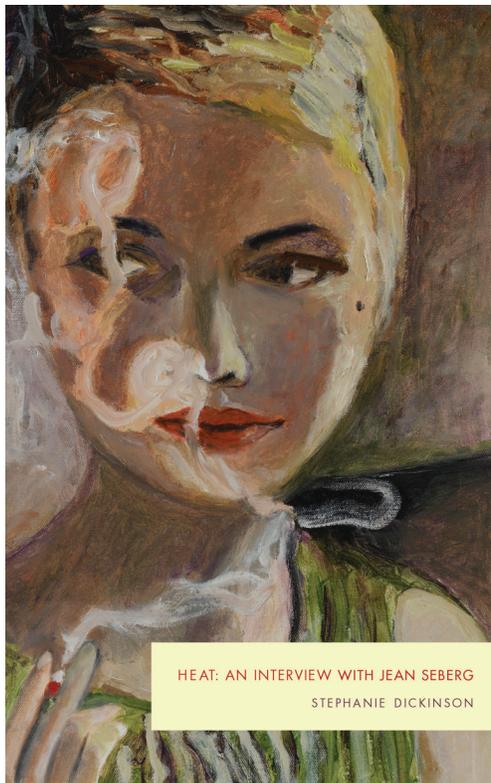


PRESS RELEASE

NEW MICHIGAN PRESS IS PLEASED to announce the release of Stephanie Dickinson's *Heat: an Interview with Jean Seberg*.

Life's an existential journey for Jean Seberg. It's not easy being a seething adolescent sexpot, a free-love heroine of French New Wave films and Black Panthers, a mother, not to mention Joan of Arc burning at a funeral pyre under the direction of Otto Preminger. A film director or critic cuts through the fine façade between life onstage and off—killing and resurrecting. "What's real is make-believe..." just as this interview is. Dickinson's great talent lies not in writing about Jean Seberg but in occupying that space between her spirit and her flesh. Dickinson speaks Seberg, sees Seberg, savors the humiliation of brutish critics until it sours, has felt heavy make up melting on her face, heard the sobs of butterflies alighting in her body's crevices, felt the heat rise from her torched costume, been trapped in a sack, taken to the anvil, hammered. Even then, says Seberg-Dickinson, "I'm deep in the sky. Alive." — MARIA LISELLA

NMP, 2013. Perfect-bound, 80pp. ISBN 978-1-934832-41-7. Available by mail, at excellent independent booksellers, Amazon, or from our storefront at newmichiganpress.com/nmp. For information & for bookstore orders, email us.



HEAT: AN INTERVIEW WITH JEAN SEBERG
STEPHANIE DICKINSON

15 OCTOBER 2013

SEBERG: MIDWEST NAIFF

Q: Iowa is an unlikely place for a celebrity to come from. While Marilyn Monroe is considered a mythic Los Angeles symbol, you're the Midwest's Muse. Tell us about the town that borders the Bible belt where you were raised.

SEBERG: Every place seems as unlikely as the next. You can't escape Marshalltown was the unsaid caution. When you swim in the forbidden sandpits the hydra growth invades and the town watches your white foot ease into hundreds of mouths. Marshalltown had the landlocked foursquare light of smoldering hymnals. It shone from the red maples and elms, the green dripping emeralds from branches. I left the town trees. Family. I eloped from tractor chug and roads of nowhere to go. Everything was thirst. Everyone knows your nightgown's color when you arrive in the funeral parlor.

You want Marshalltown. I buried my daughter there. Go find the graves of my parents and brother, and you'll see she's with them. Nina. I flew her from Paris in a glass coffin. Trinket-thing. Mourning doves nest and ditch lilies spring from her. Orange petals that shiver from human touch.

Night swims.

The waning town drowns.

I've drunk myself sober on darkness.

Each year on the anniversary of my baby's stillbirth I attempt suicide. Have I any flesh left? Seven months pregnant I swallowed barbiturates thinking we'd both die, but then I survived.

ORDER FORM

Yes! We love you, Stephanie Dickinson! Please send me [] copies of *Heat* at \$9 per copy + \$2 for postage (in USA). I've enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to *New Michigan Press*. Please send my book(s) to: