## FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

## New Hope for the Dead: Uncollected William Matthews

Poems edited by

Sebastian Matthews and Stanley Plumly

New Hope for the Dead: Uncollected William Matthews is the last of poet William Matthews' posthumous collections, following Search Party: Collected Poems (Houghton Mifflin) and The Poetry Blues: Essays & Interviews (University of Michigan Press), all edited by son Sebastian Matthews and close friend and fellow poet Stanley Plumly.

New Hope for the Dead features the best of Matthews' remaining uncollected work, including over 30 poems spanning Matthews' prolific but tragically cut-short career. But unlike the first two collections, New Hope for the Dead features Matthews' unheralded talents as a short story writer, food writer and diarist as well as providing more cogent interviews, witty and truculent essays and more. With subjects ranging from the Roman poet, Marshall, to Emerson's life of leisure in the Adirondacks to Matthews' old standbys—jazz, sport and the pleasure of friends—Matthews proves to be a erudite, articulate and surprisingly versatile guide.



New Hope for the Dead: Uncollected William Matthews Poems edited by Sebastian Matthews and Stanley Plumly

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## Biographical note:

**Sebastian Matthews** is the author of the poetry collection *We Generous* (Red Hen Press) and a memoir, *In My Father's Footsteps* (W. W. Norton). He co-edited, with Stanley Plumly, *Search Party: Collected Poems of William Matthews*. Matthews teaches at Warren Wilson College and serves on the faculty at Queens College Low-Residency MFA in Creative Writing. Matthews co-edits *Rivendell* and serves on the editorial board of Q Ave Press, makers of handmade poetry chapbooks.

Praise for New Hope for the Dead:

"New Hope for the Dead creates a new occasion to recall the pleasures of Matthews' poetry and the quotability of his essays and interviews...If you are already a Matthews aficionado, then simply having more of his work on hand is a reason to celebrate."

-Ron Slate

"William Matthews was a ubiquitous, humane and regal presence in American poetry for thirty years, and the room is sparser since he left. His famous melancholy and droll wit, diversely represented here, were larger than life, and warmer."

—Tony Hoagland