

letter from the editor

Dear Reader,

Once again you're doing that thing that's most important, reading this literary journal. Some smart people say that print journals are a thing of the past, but I say--as I listen to a blue Radiohead *album*--not so mon frère. Those of us who love paper, who love words, who love the crack of a spine will always reach for a book. Not to disparage all the multimedia at our fingertips. I have a teenage son, I know what's up with all that stuff, and I love being able to slip a tiny electronic device into my carry-on when I'm flying all over this blue marble. Sometimes all I need is to read a poem by someone whose voice I need to hear that day on that island or on that train.

All of this is to say that print matters to me, and perhaps also to you too, and maybe to the remarkable artists herein. This year we are serving up the likes of Joe Hall and Chad Hardy who take us on a voyage of sorts with their collaborative poem, *Airspace DC*. While in Shanghai, China this summer I had the good fortune to drink a bottle or two with some expat editors, poets and fiction writers. They are doing their part to further the works of some really great artists while living in a country that can be a bit, how do I say it--repressive of its artists (ask Wei-Wei if you don't believe me). I applaud their efforts and want to recognize the work of Tom Mangione who runs a reading and print series called United Voices and the editors of the journal, Far Enough East.

We also have poems by the late great Modernist Paul Celan, one of my personal heroes, and Jose Maria Hinojosa's poems translated by Mark Statman in the collection *Black Tulips*. If you haven't read Statman's translation of Lorca's *Poet in New York*, please do so now.

This year we also feature two of our favorite artists who have been featured in our pages once before, Big Sur native, Michele Magdalena, and Paris based painter, Jean-Noel Chazelle. Making his first appearance in *Ping-Pong* is the graffiti artist, The Yok.

I would very much like to thank our copy editor Cassandra Gillig for helping us out this year. Ping-Pong journal acts as a kind of emissary for the magic that happens at the cultural arts center known as the Henry Miller Memorial Library, if you haven't been to the library yet I encourage you to make a pilgrimage there, listen to some music, read a book, or just have a cup of tea.

Hot Frogs,
Maria