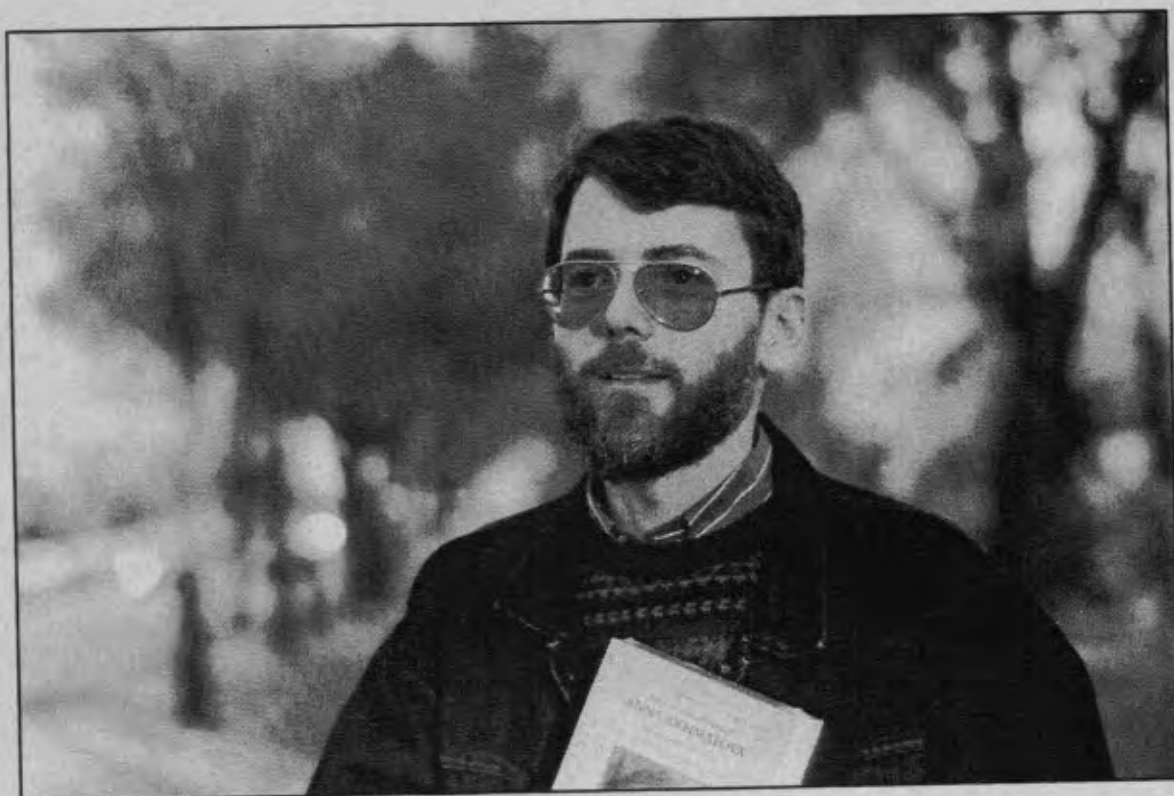


Remembering Ed Hogan



1950–1997

Remembering Ed Hogan



1950–1997

Compiled and produced by Leora Zeitlin and Robert Smyth (Yellow Moon Press), with help from (and many thanks to) , Jim Kates and Harvey Steiner (Art Related Technology) and especially to Len Anderson (American Speedy Printers) for printing this book.

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This booklet was compiled to remember and honor Ed Hogan, champion of independent publishing for 28 years, writer, editor, designer, typesetter, spirited traveler, cycling enthusiast and devoted friend and relative.

We begin the booklet with a letter that Ed wrote on September 28, 1997, to his long-time friend Marty LaBare, who received it on the day Ed died. We have reprinted it with the permission of both Marty and June Gross. Ed had just returned from a trip to the United Kingdom to attend a memorial for Marty's husband, Mike McEvoy, in New York City. We understood from reading this letter the kind of service Ed would have wanted, and we learned how he was taking stock of his life last fall. We hope that the memorial for Ed, this booklet, and the memories we share in both, will become, as Ed wrote, a "living embodiment."

Contributions that follow are placed in roughly the order that the authors met Ed, but not strictly so. The first come from members of Ed's family; then friends and roommates from his years as editor of *Aspect* (1969-1980). We follow those with tributes, poems and memoirs from his colleagues and friends associated with his work as a book publisher, and several pieces from authors whose books were published by Zephyr Press. The last section of tributes come from those Ed came to know as he delved into the world of Russian and Ukrainian literature, in the last decade or so of his life.

At the back of the booklet we have reprinted Ed's "Aspect Memoir," first published as one of several introductory pieces to the *Aspect Anthology: A Ten-Year Retrospective* (Zephyr, 1981). We felt that Ed's own words of those formative years in his life, and in Boston's literary community, present a significant historical record.

Leora Zeitlin & Jim Kates
April 1998



Sunday, Sept. 28, 1997

Dear Marty,

There could not have been a more fitting tribute to Michael. My heart was lifted as I joined a living embodiment of friends and family. The photographs you mounted in the hall were wonderful. (I want to ask: will they stay?) I love the one of him sheltering that larger than life statuary woman somewhere in postwar Europe. As I commented on it to a dark-haired woman, she told me she was Mike's sister.

Outside, someone who introduced himself as Jeff was telling your mom about the Roeblings and the Bridge. She mentioned the Eads Bridge (I told her the new St. Louis trolley line was using it now) and I, the bridges and aqueducts of Thomas Telford I had just seen in Scotland. I reflected that in a world of more time, M. and I might have created a fine book on the Brooklyn Bridge - which seemed vividly present above us in that evening's perfect clarity.

This gathering was a priceless gift of, and to, Michael's memory. I am so grateful to have been able in that way to become acquainted with many of those he touched. The man we knew and loved was more than evoked; it seemed that for those two hours we almost got him back.

I regret very much that, ~~I was~~ in a fog despite the evening's clarity, I wasn't able to find my voice. If I had, I might have spoken then, as I did afterward to Eve, of his clarity: how despite his own struggles, he always sought to connect, straight away, with what mattered, "as if there wasn't much time," she responded.

I always felt his attentiveness to what mattered in my life. This was his gift to each of us.

Those "precise, urgent directions - as if our lives depended on it" that someone spoke of were another talisman of his caring. At the beginning, unfamiliar, I followed them to the letter! All and all, in the large and the small, New York is most distinct for me in Michael's life. It will always be so.

In contrast to the indirection of the English manner, or the endless storytelling of the Irish that so often masks real connection between people, there was something very Russian about Michael - in his desire to get to the heart of things. I wonder, did you notice this during your trip there? The philosophy of travel you shared is so well expressed in what he told me were the two most interesting things he did: ice-skate in Gorky Park and visit the Leningrad blockade museum. (Though I'm fascinated by the siege and how people coped with it, I still haven't made it to that museum.)

Living with eyes open is something I learned a lot about from June. I'm sure Michael had many issues he struggled with, and that you struggled with together. But I respect and admire the vessel you both created that carried you through so many rough waters. I now truly appreciate how precious such a vessel, such a relationship is. I often wonder whether June and I could have kept ours afloat if we had been able to open our eyes more fully, or keep them open. Right now, I feel as if I were standing on a fault line,

less certain than I have been about my choices. I wonder about the opportunities we lost, or failed to create. But that's another story. The heart's book is never fully closed.

I've also often felt, over the years, the ache of missed opportunities with you and Mike... ~~After~~ but he always made the moments we had count. After a late train from Boston or a day of running hither and yon in New York - and still often getting sabotaged after all these years by the subway that M. seemed to know like the back of his hand - it has always been a blessing to make my way to Fulton Street in happy anticipation that, even if you had both turned in, there would always be a lamp burning beside a little bedside table of His Recommended Reading. Then to awake to the bright clarity of a sunny day, to walk up the hill with him for coffee and pastry, and return to carry on the conversation over the newspaper.

To fight the good fight, then to leave the mean streets and be looked after... in my jet-lagged state ~~last~~ ~~Sunday~~ it seemed too childish a thought. But it was his gift that he looked after us all in special ways that we will never forget. That's what I wanted to say last Sunday night.

Love,

Ed

March 31, 1998

Ed's love of camping and traveling probably had its start when he was about 5-1/2 and our family camped, for the first time, at Roland Nickerson State Park on Cape Cod. That developed into a camping and traveling habit that took us all up and down the east coast, Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritimes in Canada. We also traveled west to Michigan and, in 1967, all the way to the west coast in a 16' travel trailer.

Ed was my navigator on that trip and I learned how much you need one for such an endeavor. He knew where we were all the time and kept looking ahead for things to see or places to stop, always aware of the fact that I did not want to go too far off of the route or lose too much time due to time and distance constraints.

Probably, the two best illustrations of his value on this trip were the suggestions that we stop at the four corners. That is the only place in the country where 4 states come together in one place. My usual "how far off of the road" was answered "with "about 1/2 mile." He knew the question was coming and had the answer ready. A few miles further on he suggested that we stop at Mesa Verde National Park, again just off of the route.

I leveled the trailer on the side of a small mountain with one back corner on the stone ground and from the right front corner about 4' in the air, so the gas refrigerator would work. We then saw most of the park, including ranger-conducted tours of a number of the cliff dwellings, got back to the trailer after dark, ate slept and left in the morning.

I had no idea how important a navigator was till I was treated to his performance on that trip. He had the travel bug ever since and used all the means at hand, foot, bike, car, train, plane, whatever it took. His enthusiasm for world travel started there — on Cape Cod.

Clement J. Hogan
Ed's Father
Somerville, Mass.

As adults, we knew Ed as a purposeful, dedicated, focused man. There is a side of Ed that most of you have not seen, and that I want to celebrate here. Ed was a wonderful uncle to my daughters (and to his nephews). He never lost his love of "being a kid," rough-housing unselfconsciously, giving shoulder rides, playing hide-and-seek and making silly faces, complete with voices to match. When he had conversations with them, he brought his intense focus to their concerns and interests, never condescending to them. And, for my younger daughter especially, Ed is the measure of anyone or anything tall, as in "Is he as tall as Uncle Ed?".

I cannot put to words the abiding sense of loss we feel at his passing. The high esteem he enjoys among his colleagues is heartening. But we miss our tender, supportive, fun-loving brother and uncle.

Sinead Napoli
Ed's Sister
North Carolina

REMEMBERING

It was Hallowe'en. I was going with Katya to an All Hallows/New Moon ritual. I felt compelled to go. I tried to convince my mother to come too, but she felt tired and didn't want to. I was wearing festive pagan finery, a long colorful quilted skirt, white shirt, black velvet vest.

The ritual was in a big roomy church, in a darkened room with wood floors. I liked the cavelike quality of the room, that kind of space is like being out in atmospheric twilight indoors.

I immediately felt comfortable here. Glad I had come with Katya for support. I immediately liked the people there, they were wearing my kind of clothes, and the atmosphere encouraged looking at them deeply, into their core selves, not just their surface ones.

We danced the dance of Persephone, and Demeter, but mostly the maiden Kore, who for Demeter and Persephone walked through the Fire. The fire of life, and passion. Persephone couldn't because she was caught by death. Demeter couldn't because she was frozen by grief. And so Kore danced around the fire letting it bathe her with its fiery glow and power. Then she walked through, strong, the fire burning away at her old self, fear and grief and all that until all that was left was fascination and the possibility of transcendence. She walked through to her new self, still unclear, and unformed, but stronger.

A color of fire is red, and red is a favorite color, a color that expresses the passion, blood and guts of my inner self. My color of agony and turmoil, red is charged with my history of pain and and my grandmothers. If I ever get married, I want to do it in a red dress carrying a sprig of fresh rosemary, in the woods.

I began to dance nearer to the warmth of the fire, in the presence of the women here and now, and also Persephone and Kore and Demeter. Tonight the veil between the world lifts, between life and death, the spiritual and the material. And I know to invite you, Ed, to dance with me is right. I walk into the fire with you nestled inside of me. I refuse to be caught by death or be frozen with grief, I will walk through the fire with you.

It had been hard for me, unlike my mother I didn't have a healing magical connection with the dead. I didn't feel any contact with Ed's spirit. What I was having were

intense dreams. In one dream I had superhuman powers and was able to save him Olenka and Kostya. When I awoke I was very sad to realize this hadn't really happened. In the another one he helped me to find the right path through a perilous place.

.....

Months later at Eleusis, the center of the cult of Demeter and Persephone, I realized that when I invited Ed into my body, it wasn't just for a little while, but for always. In a way, he is not dead for me because a part of him resides in my body, in a part of me that I am not usually aware of. But when I need him, I just invoke him into being with me on a much fuller level. He sees through my eyes, hears through my ears.

I had invited him to shine like the sun in my blood and to grow like a tree in my bones and he had. I was filled with the raw power of it and most important, the far reaching love.

Viesia Novosielski
Ed's step-daughter
Somerville, Mass.

NOTES ABOUT THE TABLE DISPLAY

Sometimes I'm afraid I didn't love and appreciate Ed like I should have, and I didn't tell him I loved him enough or what he meant to me.

After I graduated from high school I was given an amazing ritual which affirmed me as a person and praised my accomplishments and showed me how much I was loved, respected, even admired. It hurts me that Ed was never given that in life (at least not by me).

And so this is a way for me to make a halting attempt at doing that for him in death.

I wish to express how complicated and faceted a person he was.

He loved trains as well as book publishing, and so I've gathered various train memorials. He loved small press books even if he didn't publish them. But I can't bring his whole book collection over here but it may well be that I will appreciate them more now that he is gone.

And there are things (at least now) that I feel will always cause me pangs, like a card he gave me that I misunderstood. He was not being snide when he added to a card that said "may the Goddess be with you," "except when I am," that he was being loving and protective.

And the present he brought back from England for me that he never got a chance to give to me, which I found still wrapped. And which I hated opening though it was a lovely present he was supposed to be here to give it to me.

And the painting too, to remember Ed had a sad and troubled side, like we all do. That sad side of him only rarely shined through in glimmers. But whatever his mood or circumstances his own personal integrity always was evident.

Love Viesia

Written for the table display that Viesia set up at Ed's memorial in October, 1997.

THE ROSE BEYOND THE WALL

Near shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding it's sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength
with never a thought of fear or pride,
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light , the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before,
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing it's fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint and fall?
Nay! Let us faith and hope receive--
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forevermore.

From the writings of
A. L. Frink

Read by Doris Hogan, Ed's mother, at his memorial in October, 1997.

Traveling with Ed

When I think of Ed, I think of the shapes he filled: a postcard, his coat, his bike, the first *Aspect* office (his childhood bedroom), 13 Robinson Street, the small press world of literature. Ed was an innovator and an explorer. His words and the words he so lovingly ushered into print have filled volumes. Ed was a conduit through which voices, from Cambridge to California, from Glasgow to the Ukraine, spoke from the page. His books fill our minds and souls.

When I first started working on *Aspect* magazine in 1975, I couldn't believe that Ed was operating out of his bedroom in his parents' house in Somerville. But the room was more office than sleeping headquarters. Ed would have neatly organized piles of papers spread across his bed within minutes of waking. His room was a veritable museum, piled with little magazines, books to be read, and an amazing, catalogued record collection. A further example of Ed's obsession and honesty, is that he would measure the square inches of his room, subtract the bed, and come up with an exact percentage of professional space to be used for tax purposes!

I learned from Ed to love small press publishing and literary magazines. The democracy of them, their eccentricities, and their editors' pure love of literature; their autonomy, financial struggles, and their incentive to risk, to embrace new voices and break boundaries, including with visual design. On *Aspect*, Ed did everything himself, from selection of manuscripts to distribution, and the editors who worked with him truly collaborated in the whole process. Ed taught me to typeset, first on an old IBM composer and later introduced me to the first computer-based equipment at Typo-Tech, where I worked for a while full-time. I used to love working the night shift with him in the basement of the New England Free Press or collating pages on the ex-bowling alley counter at Design Workshop, but truthfully, Ed had more patience than I did for the details and all the dirty work of production. He was at home with everyone: writers, editors, printers, booksellers, and he could talk into the night.

Ed knew his history, and he created it. Read his intro to the *Aspect Anthology*.^{*} His continuing work with Zephyr, with international collections, and the ultimate — *The Complete Poems of Anna Akhmatova* — shows his enormous contribution to independent publishing. He was as much a pioneer as Margaret Anderson, James Boyer May, and James Cooney, editors whose paths he traveled.

For some reason I picture Ed in a coat and trousers that are always too short for him. He's smiling with a group of us on the back cover of *Aspect* 66, having breakfast beside me at some old dive in the South End, and giving me a hug good-bye. Perhaps he didn't fit neatly into the shapes he occupied. Perhaps his love for form was tied to his desire to push the boundaries. Ed was a pioneer, traveling the globe in the great walking tradition of Thoreau, filling it with his words.

Jeff Schwartz, March 15, 1998

^{*}Note: The *Aspect* memoir is reprinted in this booklet, as is the photo described above.

Fill It

for Ed

We ... were suddenly naturalized there and presented with the freedom of
the lakes and the woods.

—Henry David Thoreau on reaching Moosehead Lake, July 24, 1857

you went for the record
number of words on a postcard
once a thousand
cramming the strangers you met
money saved publishing events not to
mention the sights
you knew compression
but you could be prolix too

one winter morning
in New Hampshire
as you told the stories of several
hundred photos
I remember
drifting with the wood smoke
trapped & delighted
as an unwitting fare
during your cabbie days
treated to a free
narrative history of Boston

if there were a slower way
you took it
preferring the bicyclist's eye view
or the landscape from a train window
where hadn't you cycled in Europe
Canada the Ukraine your beloved New England

in a canoe over-packed for a long weekend
you paddled onto Moosehead Lake
where freed like Thoreau's
your voice echoes from the Maine Woods
sadly, invitingly:
meet your life mean as it is
give it a simple shape
fill it with words

Jeff Schwartz, 3/98

"Flashes of that Winning Smile..."

When I first met Ed, the *Aspect* office was a pile of papers in one corner of his tiny bedroom in his parents' Somerville home. *Aspect* was at that time a small folder of pages with a colored-paper cover. Ed was very shy, almost bent into himself with shyness. He would come over to the group house where I lived, sit there and say absolutely nothing. But he also had strong social convictions and commitments, and he acted on them. I remember one candle-light vigil against the war in Vietnam. There was a solar eclipse, and we were going to use this darkness at noon to wake people up about the war. It turned out to be only a partial eclipse. It didn't get very dark — only dusky. There were only seven or eight of us. And the brisk wind kept blowing out our candles. But we were there, a witness for peace in Davis Square.

Ed was very excited when Ellen Schwartz, a poet, joined *Aspect*. He seemed to feel that having a literary board moved the magazine beyond his personal project into a literary world. Slowly, slowly he built it, refining his own tastes, and the magazine became more and more sophisticated, with beautiful covers and graphics.

Ed loved trains, he loved bicycles, and he loved to travel. As he did in naming his press Zephyr, after a train, he managed to find his own ways of combining his loves and making a unique synthesis. He traveled around the country meeting the writers and artists who contributed to *Aspect*. They became his community, and he wove them into a community for one another. He grew more outgoing, more confident. There were many more flashes of that winning smile. With only his battered three-speed and a back-pack, he biked through the hills of Central Pennsylvania as an advance man for George McGovern. He loved wilderness and he loved adventure. He tried every year to take a train trip. He went to Hudson's Bay, and wrote about it for *Aspect*.

One year when I lived in Dayton, Ohio, he persuaded me to take a bike trip with him in the Kentucky hills across the Ohio River from Cincinnati. I didn't realize quite how many hills there were until we were on the road. Ed, on his three-speed, rode steadily, no matter how steep the hill. When my knees just couldn't take it any more, I would get off my bike, and we would take out our wildflower guides and have a wildflower identification break.

Ed loved baseball, too — and that year, his beloved Boston Red Sox, were playing the Cincinnati Reds in the World Series. We had no radio with us. So every morning, we'd get up, bike to the nearest hamlet and purchase the newspaper. While we cooked and ate breakfast on our camp stove, Ed would devour the sports page. At that time, *Aspect* was publishing a piece called "Chicken Fried Kingdom," by Terry Abrams, about the small-town American tradition of plate lunches: hot roast beef sandwich with mashed potatoes, etc. So every day at lunch time, we would stop in a little home-town restaurant, sample the hot lunch special, and watch a bit of the World Series on the television that inevitably hung from the corner of the ceiling behind the lunch counter.

We often ended up pedaling after dark by flashlight to reach the place where we planned to camp. I would panic every time a car's headlights appeared down the road. But Ed would push steadily on, reassuring but stubborn, and there was nothing I could do but keep going.

Every new venture, from starting Zephyr, to publishing Akhmatova, to going to a book fair, to having a drink in an English pub, to planning a camping trip, brought a smile of barely contained excitement to his face. He loved adventure, but he loved it gently, not with brashness or macho, but with the delight he brought to everything.

When I heard of Ed's death, I could just picture that smile, that lanky frame. I pictured him so vividly for weeks. He was so much himself. After the "Oh, No!" when I heard the details of his death, I thought to myself that he died as he lived: finding a way to bring his friends and his love of nature together, seeking beauty and adventure, steadfastly standing by the ship and the people in it — and with a smile on his face.

Judy Petsonk
Highland Park, NJ

A Fragment from the '70s

"If you have done it, and you like it, send it to ASPECT."

* * *

"E.J. Hogan drives for Checker Taxi Co. and meddles in politics, and studies at Northeastern University (sometimes)."

* * *

I copied the two sentences above from ASPECT, volume IX, No. 51 (July-August 1973), the earliest number in my collection. This issue, co-edited by Ed Hogan, Ellen Schwartz, and Gail Braatelian includes my first published poem. At the back of the issue, in the section headed "Small Presses," Ed has reviewed four books published by Something Else Press, The Crossing Press, 1st Casualty Press, and Release Press. Typewriter-offset, fading, stapled, it is a Proustian catalyst, triggering an image of Ed---helmetless on a three-speed bike, dismounting before La Patisserie Francaise in Harvard Square.

* * *

Sixteen women and eleven men appear as contributors in the pages of ASPECT'S summer 1973 issue, reflecting, I think, an editor attentive to feminism, to the exploding women's movement and its claims about the social construction of patriarchy (and publishing!) I met Ed through Ellen Schwartz, his pal and long-time co-editor. I talked to Ed about my girlfriends and he talked to me about his. We argued about where to eat lunch, poems, scout-work, and politics. I was reading women writers and struggling with my identity as a lesbian, a poet, a Jew, a feminist. Perhaps Ed's youthful androgyny made him seem trustworthy to me at a time when few men felt "safe." Perhaps his progressive political views felt reassuring. In any case, he never betrayed me with a homophobic remark or a dismissive comment about feminism. No, Ed wanted to talk---about publishing and politics and travel---right through the wonderful and terrible '70s.

* * *

By 1976, ASPECT was devoting more space to reviews, and Number 68 includes reviews of MOVING OUT: FEMINIST LITERARY and ARTS JOURNAL and SISTER COURAGE, "Greater Boston's Independent Feminist Newsjournal." With Carol Trowbridge, Miriam Sagan, Judy Berman, and Kathryn Van Spanckeren on board as co-editors, ASPECT (No. 69) reviewed two Alice James Press books, Joan Larkin and Elly Bulkin's AMAZON POETRY, and the multi-arts women's magazine CHOMO-URI. ASPECT No. 70 includes Miriam Sagan's review of SINISTER WISDOM, an important lesbian-feminist publication just starting out in 1977, as well as reviews of books by Maxine Chernoff, Joan Michaelson, and Marsha Peterson. I name these journals, presses, co-editors, and poets to illustrate Ed's commitment to women writers.

* * *

"Know what you're doing and do it well."

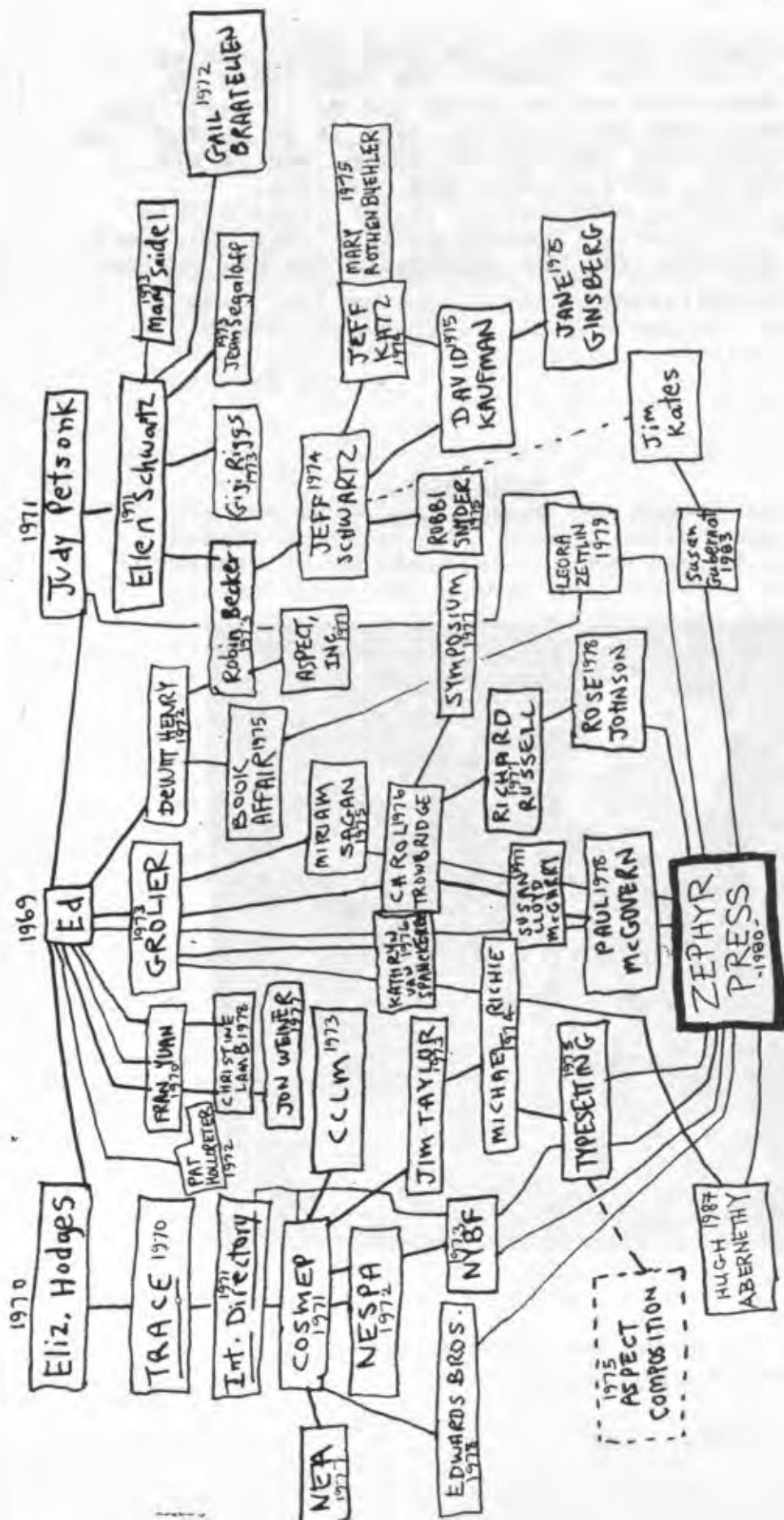
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By the 10th Anniversary issue of ASPECT, the page count was up to 142 and the glued spine proclaimed "ASPECT: TEN YEAR ISSUE NO. 74/75." The sentence, "Know what you're doing and do it well" had replaced "If you've done it and you like it, send it to ASPECT" as editorial comment. Ed Hogan knew what he was doing, and he did it well. He did it with passion, persistence, and political commitment. He credited others, constantly, in the pages of his magazine, and he helped to shape a literary culture that continues. Like many others, I am grateful for his friendship and his vision.

Robin Becker
Pennsylvania



Ed holding the cover art for Aspect No. 60, with members of the editorial staff. This photo appears on the back cover of Aspect No. 66.



Aspect Growth Tree

REMEMBRANCES OF ED

I moved to Boston in February, 1977, shortly after I graduated from college. I lived for six months in an extremely untenable situation with a college acquaintance and three noisy children while I looked for the group house of my dreams. After months of fruitless interviews and numerous rejections from answering roommate ads in the Real Paper, I came up with the idea of starting my own group house. I went on Sunday night to a roommate connection session at 100 Flowers bookstore. There I met a tall, gawky guy with glasses who was also trying to start a group house. This was my first introduction to Ed. We liked each other and decided to try forming a group house together.

Ed was unlike anyone I had ever known. His uniqueness infused our group house. He supported himself doing typesetting out of the house so that he could work on his true love--a literary magazine, Aspect, which was also published out of the house. He worked all hours of the day and night and consequently we got phone calls and visits from Ed's clients and literary cohorts at all hours.

True to his working class roots, and to the horror of his semi-veg roommates, Ed was a true meat and potatoes man who we suspected had never cooked a meal on his own before moving into the house. The meals that he prepared when it was his turn to cook reflected this. The first meal he cooked for us at the group house was pure starch (a concession to us vegetarians). The menu consisted of spaghetti, corn, garlic bread, and pie.

He had a small bicycle (a one speed I think) that he rode everywhere and in all types of weather. One of my enduring memories of Ed is watching him ride off on his bicycle with a stack of Aspects under one arm.

After working in his room for extremely long stretches, Ed would come downstairs into the kitchen and make himself humongous snacks--4 pieces of toast, six eggs and a huge glass of milk. If you happened to run into Ed when he was taking one of his work breaks he would talk incessantly about whatever was on his mind at the moment--usually something literary, but it could also be about a host of other topics--politics, someone he met in the neighborhood, memories from his childhood.

I moved out of the house and away from Boston after five years of being Ed's roommate. I was only in sporadic contact with him after that. I would send him notes during major events in my life like my wedding or the birth of my children. In response, he would send back a note and a copy of his Christmas letter from the most recent year. The Christmas letters were voluminous tomes spanning approximately 20 single spaced pages and describing in detail Ed's work life, literary endeavors, love life, travels, and thoughts for the year. The letters always

Remembrances of Ed
Judy Galat

made me feel like I was having another one of those midnight chats with Ed.

Last April, I unexpectedly got a phone call from Ed. He had seen my husband (and former roommate) Geoff's name in the paper and it had made him think of us, so he had tracked us down in the suburbs of Washington, D.C. We talked for almost an hour about the paths our lives had taken in the fifteen years since we had stopped being roommates. We talked about children, careers and his travels to Russia and elsewhere. We promised to try to get together the next time we were in the same city. It felt good to reestablish this connection. It hits me very hard to realize that I will never get another Christmas letter or unexpected phone call from Ed. Next week, I'll be going to Boston, but instead of seeing Ed, I'll be attending his memorial service.

Judy Galat

Judy Galat

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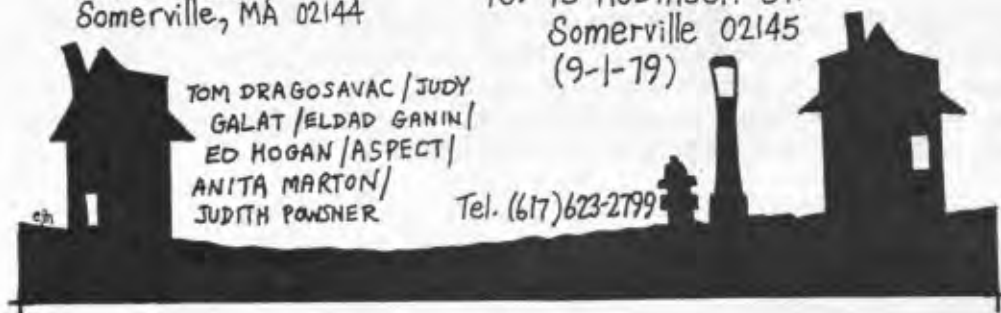
We're Moving 'Crosstown...

1105 Broadway
Somerville, MA 02144

To: 13 Robinson St.
Somerville 02145
(9-1-79)

TOM DRAGOSAVAC / JUDY
GALAT / ELDAD GANIN /
ED HOGAN / ASPECT /
ANITA MARTON /
JUDITH POWNER

Tel. (617) 623-2799



October 10, 1997

I met Ed 20 years ago last month, thru the old Roommate Referral Service called New Community Project at the 100 Flowers Bookstore in Central Square. We has just met and hooked up with Judy Galat, and they and us (myself and best friend Anita Marton) decided to look for a "group house" and 2 more roommates.

We found the house, 12 Rindge Avenue, and the other 2 roommates, Phil Spiro and Geoff Thale. The six of us lived in the large house for over a year. We pro-rated the rent based on the room size (\$80-\$120) and because Ed needed the biggest room (because of his work) and because he was the only one with a real job, he had the \$120 room on the third floor.

We were together, the original 6 for 1 year. Then Geoff moved out, a year later, Phil, but the four of us, Judy, Ed, Anita, and I lived together for another six years. Moved, briefly to a house on Broadway in Somerville (and after losing our lease at Rindge, though we'd significantly and triumphantly won a landlord/tenant dispute) and then to 13 Robinson St., which Ed and Harvey Steiner purchased and in which Judy, Anita, and I had teeny shares!

When news of Ed's death spread among us this week, there were numerous long distance conversations back and forth. Judy and Geoff live in Washington, D.C., Anita's in New York City, and Phil's in North Carolina, so I came, still a Bostonian to honor Ed's memory and bring all their thoughts with me.

They all wanted to express their condolences to Ed's parents and sisters and June and Viesia, and to say how sorry they are not to be here today.

I will never forget the original group of which Ed was, in some ways, the glue that held us together. I will hold his picture in my memory always.

Judith Powsner
Boston, Mass.

"I HAVE MORE TO LEARN FROM ED..."

(This remembrance was originally written to Debra Grossman the day she called Eldad Ganin with the news of Ed's death. He asked us to include it in this booklet.)

We don't know each other, but I would like to share with you my regret that I never appropriately thanked Ed for enriching my life in many ways. My guess is that you will understand how I feel.

I lived with Ed in three different locations: Rindge Ave, Cambridge; 1105 Broadway, Somerville; and finally at 13 Robinson St., Somerville. We shared many good times together, listening to music, moving our stuff from house to house, working on the house, endless discussions about art, politics, literature and travel.

When our old refrigerator died, and we decided to conduct a little experiment to see what would happen if you dropped a refrigerator 20 feet to the sidewalk, Ed worked out the safety issues to ensure that no passing pedestrian or motorist would get hurt by our experiment.

I learned about typesetting from Ed. I later built on this knowledge to work in the typesetting business for most of the 1980s.

I learned about traveling long distances by public transportation from Ed. When I got married, Ed helped my wife and me plan our honeymoon, during which we traveled about 8,000 miles by train.

I learned about being a caring and responsible roommate and friend from Ed. We had many people come and go over the years. Ed was always the one who would make time to help solve a problem or just chat. He always did more than his share of the chores and never complained. I aspire to be such a friend as Ed was to me and our other roommates.

I learned about bringing up children from Ed's parents, Clement and Doris Hogan. When I had nowhere to go for Thanksgiving and other big "family events," they invited me to share the holiday with them. I saw that Ed learned his kindness from his parents' example. I am now trying to teach similar lessons to my own children.

I have more to learn from Ed. I will miss him.
May his soul be bound up in the bond of eternal life.

Eldad Ganin
Sharon, Mass.

Life with Ed on Robinson Street

We lived in the house on Robinson Street in the early '80s. We were one of several couples who met and fell in love there. So that period of our life is very special to us, because it set the stage for everything that has followed — in our case, 10 years of marriage and two wonderful children. The tiny black-and-white kitten we acquired when we lived on Robinson Street is now 16 years old; we still have a photo of Ed, bespectacled and bearded, with that little bundle of fur curled around his neck like a collar.

Ed was the genial avuncular presence who made the tensions that come up in any collective house bearable. Summing up the politics and housework issues that sometimes divided us as roommates, he once said that the biggest debate in the house was over whether *The Guardian* or *In These Times* was a better paper, not over whether people did their dishes or cleaned the bathroom. Being the only "local boy" among us, he also was the one to make nice to the neighbors on what was, at a time when the T [subway system] did not reach Davis Square, our decidedly working-class block. The day before any of our relatively loud and large parties was to take place, Ed would politely go from house to house on the block, warning in advance of the tumult to come and apologizing for any inconveniences. And his honorable, painstaking approach to shared duties, expenses and whatnot in the house was probably what made it work for as long as it did. Well do we recall the detailed log of gas usage Ed compiled whenever he borrowed a car; every eighth of a mile traveled was duly recorded and paid for. Yet his attention to detail stopped just short of being overbearing; in Ed, it merely seemed honorable and good-natured.

Ed was passionate about his interests and we remember listening to, and later, reading in his Christmas letters, the minute details of his bicycle and train trips in various parts of the world and the up-and-down fortunes of Zephyr Press. Though his accounts were always entertaining, we cannot help but indulge in the tiniest of smiles as we recall just *how* detailed these stories were — sometimes just a tad *too* detailed for the average listener's ear.

But the great thing about Ed was how open he was to sharing his *joie de vivre* and enthusiasm for various forms of literary and popular culture, as well as the great outdoors. When I (Beth) moved to Somerville as a 20-year-old college grad with virtually no friends in the area, Ed was willing to *be* my friend, and not just a housemate. Among the outings we shared were a rainy fall weekend spent hiking in the White Mountains together, hearing Allen Ginsberg read his poems in a Cambridge cafe, and watching "Last Tango in Paris" in an arty movie theater. Several years later, we met in London and at his behest, I rented a bicycle and followed him through the crazy traffic and smoggy air of Fleet Street as we headed off to various touristy destinations.

Like everyone in Ed's circle, we were shocked to hear of his death. Impossible, we said at first; Ed was so cautious, such an experienced outdoorsman, so savvy about preparing for his trips. For Ed, of all people, to die this way was simply absurd — Ed was far too careful to fall victim to an accident! We remain especially haunted by the circumstances because we have

summered in Maine for many years and have been on Moosehead Lake many times. Had we been in touch with Ed before his trip, we surely would have warned him away from attempting to canoe there — it is frightening enough when you are in a boat that holds 100 people and a strong wind blows over its vast, empty waters. And knowing Ed, and his reasoned approach to any undertaking, we feel certain he would have at least weighed our advice carefully before going ahead with what turned out to be his final adventure.

We learned of Ed's death when our infant son was a week old, perhaps a reminder that the cycle of life is precious and never-ending. Ed, we will miss you; this world is surely a poorer place without you.

Elon and Beth (Jackendoff) Harpaz
Brooklyn, NY

Ed: My Friend and Partner in Zephyr

(This is a revised version of words delivered at Ed's memorial in October 1997.)

One balmy April evening in 1979, at a literary festival called "A Book Affair" at Harvard University, I met Ed Hogan. He had helped organize the event; I was a newcomer to Boston with a college degree in literature and a vague hope to work in publishing. We struck up a conversation, and Ed invited me to join him and some friends afterwards. I remember walking with him down Mass. Ave., talking about books and writers, and feeling that surge of pleasure when one meets a kindred spirit. That night we began a friendship and literary association that remained uninterrupted until his shocking death.

At the time, Ed and a collective of other editors were publishing the small literary magazine, *Aspect*. He once showed me the very first issue. It was a mimeographed hand-out on plain paper with "Aspect" hand-lettered at the top, produced while he was a student at Northeastern. He published 12 copies in March 1969. That faded hand-out seemed a humble start to his publishing work; but here are his own words about that early history, written 20 years ago:

"From 1970-72, *Aspect* spoke most clearly of my political activity. In 1970... an entire issue was taken with the People's Peace Treaty campaign and Mayday events of 1971. By the end of 1973, we were four people (including two poets) consciously building a literary magazine, though also conscious that this, in a publishing industry increasingly dedicated to the levelling best-seller, is itself a political act."

Twenty-five years ago, Ed had recognized the limitations of commercial books and staked his claim to the more rarefied world of literary publishing.

Those early issues bore the seed of what Ed would devote his life to: publishing work by unknown, promising writers. His work shifted from magazine publishing, to general book publishing, to books featuring emerging from Russia and the Ukraine, but in each phase of his career, Ed provided a venue for new and as yet unheralded talent.

Shortly after we met, Ed trained me in typesetting, paste-up and other production skills, and we worked together for the next several years as partners in his typesetting business, *Aspect Composition*. In 1980, Ed, Ronna Johnson and Miriam Sagan started Zephyr Press, and a few months later, Ed asked me to join as well. From the start, Ed articulated its core values: to publish new literature — both experimental and conventional — in beautifully produced books. He was a master craftsman; he could not let the book go to press, or a flyer go to the printer, or anything leave his hand without meticulous attention to every detail. And his skills were self-taught. Ed never went to design school, nor did he graduate from a fancy publishing course, though he later was invited to speak at them! He learned everything by himself, by paying attention to other books, talking with publishers, studying designs and immersing himself in every chosen task.

He could be exasperating: how many times we sat in the office or at Type-for-U in Cambridge at 2 a.m., working on a new catalogue or brochure. Just as we thought we were done, Ed would start tinkering to fine-tune the kerning between two letters, or the leading on a headline, keeping us there an hour longer. Still, the results were often breathtaking. Two or three times a year, we pulled all-nighters working on grant applications for the Massachusetts Cultural Council or the National Endowment for the Arts and, bleary-eyed, would deliver them the following morning. We worked hard to write those narratives, editing each other's texts late into the night, and then juggling the masses of figures to come up with a viable budget. We did this year in and year out for 15 years. Ed was indefatigable, and, I guess, so was I. Sometimes, he would lie down on the couch in his room for a few moments and close his eyes to gather steam. Then he'd get up, drawing from some hidden reserve, and push on. Once I asked him if he had literary ambitions as a writer. He said: "There are plenty of good writers out there. There are not enough good editors and publishers."

He loved his old IBM composer, what he later described as a "a marvel of basic typesetting technology and the workhorse of many modest publishing efforts." He was loathe to move into photo-typesetting when that technology became standard, and some years later, resisted the switch to desktop publishing. He only adopted each new technology when it could produce work to his standards. Ed prided himself on the fact that our books were always, as he put it, "produced for longevity." Despite the temptation to save money with cheaper paper or bindings, Ed would not — could not — do so. It was a point of pride that Zephyr books would never fall apart, and would outlive us all.

Of course one of the greatest moments in our long association came one morning in December 1989. Ed and I and many other people had labored long to finish the COMPLETE POEMS OF ANNA AKHMATOVA. From the time then editor Susan Gubernat introduced us to Judith Hemschemeyer's marvelous translations, Ed had a driving desire to publish the book. No one knew it would take seven years. The project grew in scope with every passing season; we had to keep fundraising, hire consultants, find new photographs — every new stage generating new obstacles and requiring new decisions. Roberta Reeder came into our circle to edit the texts and notes, and write the introduction. It took many more months to edit, typeset, proofread, design and produce the book.

Then, those last few days increased in pace and we worked around the clock. In the middle of the last night I asked Ed what we were using for jacket copy. He looked at me blankly. We simply had not yet thought about it. While he sat at the light table making scores of tiny corrections throughout the book, I wrote the text for the back covers and flaps. We checked each other's work again and again. Early in the morning, his wife June drove us to the Amtrak station, and I stayed for an hour until Ed left. He hand-carried those four big boxes of mechanicals to the printer in Michigan. "I couldn't insure this for all that it's worth to me and to all of us," he said. "It's safer if I just carry it myself." Of course, Ed didn't consider it a burden: a great enthusiast for train travel, he looked forward to a few days to sit and read while the scenery rolled past. He chose the name of his press, after all, to honor the Zephyr Limited, a train route that traveled this vast country from New York to San Francisco.

Ed's life changed with that book. He developed a passion for Russian literature, and more recently, Ukrainian literature. He eventually abandoned other literary commitments so that Zephyr could focus on the emerging writers from the post-Soviet lands. After I moved away from Boston in 1991, I continued to work avidly with him for three years. But in 1995, I began to phase out my involvement. What continues to amaze me is that despite the many disappointments we suffered, the financial losses, the grants that we didn't get, the slow sales of some titles, and the continuing sense of impending doom in the publishing industry, Ed remained doggedly optimistic. Financial stability was always just a few months away. He never lost hope, and his determination to keep the press going rarely faltered.

Ed had other interests: trains (he knew every route of Amtrak by heart); music (his eclectic taste included classical, folk, ethnic, modern, rock) and all kinds of politics. He knew every Somerville politician, often helping in their campaigns, and stayed abreast of local, national and international issues. Once I found him poring over a full-page article in the *Boston Globe*. The Solidarity movement was just beginning to make waves in Poland. "I haven't followed this closely," he said. "But now I realize this is something huge is happening." He read everything he could to become informed. And, he had the best bathroom reading I know of: there were always issues of *Mother Jones*, the *Progressive*, the *Nation*, off-beat political newsletters, small press literary magazines like *Hanging Loose* and *Ploughshares*, and all sorts of other literature. Ed was incapable of doing "nothing." He kept busy at every moment, in every room.

Money was not Ed's interest. We all know he was never compensated adequately for all his work. He took it as matter of course that he would work a "day" job in order to work on Zephyr another 40 hours a week. He loved his clunky old orange bicycle with that ancient chain lock, and boasted he had ridden — was it 20,000 miles, or 30,000 miles? — on that 30-year-old three-speed.

Ed's annual letters were long, detailed accounts of his work and travels, sometimes recounting major events in his parents' and sisters' lives as well as in his, June's and Viesia's. He always included the books he and June had particularly enjoyed that year, and noted the latest developments in Viesia's reading, writing and artistic talents. Ed was enthusiasm personified.

Regrettably, our relationship centered on our work. I can probably count on two hands the number of times we went out for dinner or to a movie just as friends. But in 1995, he visited me in southern New Mexico, where I now live. I warned Ed in advance that I was not willing to discuss any Zephyr business until his last day; this was his vacation, and a "no-work" policy would be enforced. We took him to the mountains, and to the spectacular natural Stonehenge here called the "City of Rocks," and we delighted in hiking, cooking, biking and celebrating his birthday together. Ed immediately became "Uncle Ed" to my kids, playing with them, talking to them, reading to them, chasing them. I had never seen him so playful. Ironically, our friendship deepened in the last three years when I was no longer actively involved with the press.

A year or two after I moved to New Mexico, I was on the phone with Ed late at night, discussing a grant application. It was probably about midnight here, and 2 a.m. in Somerville. All of a sudden, Ed stopped talking. "Is that a *train* I hear?" he asked. It was, but Ed knew that no passenger train came through Las Cruces. Within a moment he'd figured out, correctly, that it was a freight train using the old Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe lines, a train that runs through our neighborhood several times a day. "Oh, that lonely sound," he said. "That lonely sound of a train whistle at night."

Now when I hear that train I think of him: of the thousands and thousands of miles he rode on the rails to visit friends, family and fellow lovers of the written word; of those countless late nights we collaborated on typesetting projects and the intricacies of running Zephyr Press; and of his final journey into the dark. Godspeed, Ed. I'll miss you.

Leora Zeitlin
Editorial Co-Director of Zephyr Press
Las Cruces, New Mexico



Leora, Ed and Leora's children in Las Cruces, New Mexico, December 1995.

"THICK AS THIEVES"

Ed was one of the first colleagues that I had in publishing. He did the typesetting for all but one of the books I produced at Yellow Moon Press before I bought a Macintosh and began doing it myself. He taught me about T-squares and triangles, light tables and picas, and he always tried to show me how I could do it myself. He helped nurture my love of publishing because it was something he loved — a love that we both often questioned the sanity of, but could rarely ignore.

Over the years, he became someone I could talk to about the struggles as well as the joys of publishing. Someone who knew the joy of getting a book back from the printer. Someone whose commitment & dedication helped me keep going when things looked bleak. When he finally decided that the quality of the output from desktop publishing would meet his standards, I was glad to teach him in turn about desktop publishing and production on the Macintosh. It would be accurate to say that over the years we came to be "thick as thieves," sharing fax machines, printers, and too much work.

And then one October night, in a tent in Tennessee, I sat bolt upright and said to the air, "What's this about?" Got up and walked around unable to figure out what had woken me from a sound sleep. And then all weekend, listened closely to the singing of Shelia Kay Adams, a seventh generation Appalachian ballad singer, whose sweet plaintive ballads soothed the malaise I couldn't shake. Got home and knew from the sound of Leora's voice on the answering machine that it was all about to be explained.

Ed, I pray that as you drifted out of this existence that you knew joy for the book that was about to come back from the printer, knew that you nurtured love of literature in everyone you worked with, knew that your dedication to Akhmatova, in fact, to everyone you published, was a blessing that can be repaid only by nurturing it in others, knew that it was an honor to have had you as a part of my life and that we will always be "thick as thieves" in our love of words that illuminate this world we walk in for a time.

Robert B. Smyth
Publisher, Yellow Moon Press
Somerville, Mass.

SNAPSHOT: ED HOGAN

Ed Hogan is essential to the Boston I know. I moved here over twenty years ago because of the literary life. Ed was intrinsic to that life and remains so. There was something both immensely sophisticated and very naïve in him. He was too broadminded to become part of one of Boston's literary cliques—and he was too independent. He could talk for hours, and yet obviously he listened well enough to publish beautiful and unique work. His enthusiasm and energy were extraordinary, though it may have been lonesome sometimes in the reaches where he sought his challenges, yet his passions embraced community.

I first knew him through *Aspect* magazine. He published my poetry and asked me to read for Zephyr Press a few times at independent press events and a soiree at his house. I remember a long-running debate about the train logo—too obscure? Headed in the right direction? Didn't matter, he loved trains, Zephyr it was. In later years he was often at our house, where my husband ran Yellow Moon Press from the downstairs apartment. He and Ed shared publishers' woes, advice, a fax machine, a printer, and the same kind of hardheaded stubbornness it takes to be an independent publisher. Ed kept his own time, and often from upstairs at midnight we'd hear the front door open downstairs and then the sound of the overhead light clicking on in the room below us. That's Ed, we'd say, and roll over to sleep, happy to know that an angel of the literary life was keeping on keeping on. Days I'd start out in the morning or come home from work to find his bicycle parked on the porch, Ed already in the throes of work. Ed always in the throes of work.

Once I came into the office to speak to Robert, who was engrossed in conversation with Ed. I waited patiently for a break in the talk—which never came. Finally I shook my head and said, "You know, you guys are going to be old men some day with white beards down to your navels and quavery voices and Ed, you'll say, Now what do you think of this new typeface? And Robert will say, Not much, but let's see it on this book cover before we make up our minds." I could picture the conversation going on that long!

Ed's gone, but what he left to us is enormous. It is greater even than the eclectic and extraordinary collection of books Zephyr published—and I notice I think of it as Zephyr, although it was Ed's, he didn't need his name on it—the achievement of the Akhmatova. It is the example of a life lived with passion and dedication to literature. Bless you, Ed, for steering Boston's literary life into avenues it is the better for having traveled down.

Anna M. Warrock
Somerville, Mass.

The Salmon Go All the Way to Death

They are fish. They live in the cold ocean,
breathe water, eat other fish.
They in turn are eaten. What do they know?
They know they are salmon and where
they were born. They live in the cold ocean,
but when it is their turn to die, when it is their turn
to return, they know what to do.
They remember where they were born,
exactly where it is they need to go.
And they go. The female salmon stop
roaming the ocean, eating other fish.
They leave the endless deep and turn
toward the land to find the river mouth
that spit them forth. They enter the mouth,
go upriver. The female salmon travel together.
And the male salmon leave the cold ocean,
the eating of other fish. They seek the land,
find the mouth that spit them forth
from the land's constriction, and enter.
They go back guided by the memory.
They go to make the memory
continue in their way. They go to make
the salmon continue in the old way.
They swim upriver, leap the falls.
The river narrows. Swimming is harder.
The salmon push between the rocks, against the water,
to find the shallows where they were born.
They go to the heart of the land. There they meet
and agree. The female waves her body and lays her eggs
and moves off. And the male waves his body,
sprays his seeds to fertilize the eggs and moves off.
Then the female and the male salmon die.
In the shallows, having given birth
to eggs and seeds, a promise to their memories,
they die. The salmon go all the way upstream.
The salmon go all the way to death.

Anna M. Warrock
Somerville, Mass.

Ed Hogan, friend and colleague

I first remember Ed appearing at my house in St. Paul in 1977 or 1978. He was on bicycle, which was striking, but I just do not remember the details. I was doing a tiny nascent distribution business then called Truck Distribution Service, and had a magazine and press called *Truck*. Ed and I were the same age and were both struggling to create a literary work and an identity at the same time.

We stayed in the same orbit, with different literary tastes but a great deal of mutual respect, for more than 20 years. Ironically, when he died, my relationship to him, as distributor of his books, was virtually the same as it was when we first met.

Ed wrote longer and more well thought out letters about every subject on his mind than almost anyone else I know. He was focused, dedicated, and tough minded, but managed to be so essentially nice and warm that sometimes it was difficult to match the two characteristics. I liked him a great deal and wish we had spent more time together face to face instead of fax to fax or on the phone.

I miss him now, and will not forget him ever.

BREAK POINT

For Ed Hogan

not random but seems so:

this life

time passes
without indifference
an absolutism of definition
begins from a point in time
desire transforms

not linear
never linear

what captures the ear
is so accidental

how do we uncover our history
as we try to imagine a future

find there the heart
of all things the master of nothing
the language of things

direction looping beyond

an image of water broken sunlight
darkness across the sky

struggle itself is indifferent

desire absolute clarity
then this is one way out of many
how a body arcs toward itself
distance being time
enough to know ourselves
what the future brings

the words do not ever stop
even when the heart is stilled

David Wilk
3.14.98
Chicago, Ill.

David Wilk's companies — first, InBook, and more recently, LPC Group —
have been the primary distributors of Zephyr books for many years.

Ed Hogan,

Business Partner, Client, Employee, and Confidant –
But most of all my friend.
I miss Him.

Harvey Steiner

Morty Sklar is a long-time colleague of Ed's in small press publishing. His "Editor's Choice" anthology was one of the first books Ed gave Leora to introduce her to the field. He sent the poem below, and wrote:

Ed is (is feels more correct than was) one of the true Small Press publishers — one who seemed to me to always have as his bottom line the content of what he published, and not financial reward or notoriety. People like him are sometimes the only reason some of us can continue — just his having always held the course.

ENJOYING LIFE

When we enjoy life
it passes so quickly,
which is why we do not forego grief,
or solitude, which is like loneliness
but is more like being alone with the other.

When someone we love dies
or something dies
or anything but the spirit dies
it gives to us its final act of love.
We can't say, "No, thanks..."
the passing is in our arms
like a child in our arms
a stray dog
just in passing beneath our hand,
which reaches down with hardly a thought.

When we lose something,
when our heart separates from the other,
the other becomes like a child,
a stray dog, and comes to us because it
feels our feeling it,
because it feels apart.

But don't fear enjoyment and life's passing,
because fear, unlike grief,
replaces separation from the other
— separation which is like a bridge.

Don't say no to the yes of loss,
which is recognition of the other,
here where time doesn't exist
except when grief comes.

Morty Sklar

The Spirit That Moves Us Press

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Two Tributes

During the nine years that I was coordinator of funding for literary organizations at the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, I came to count on Ed's call about twice a year. It was as constant as the first daffodils that I would spy as I headed to the subway on a sunny April morning or the first hint of color in the maples I could see from my office window.

Over lunch or coffee, Ed would fill me in on the latest news about *Aspect* or *Zephyr*, and, since it was part of my job, I would inquire about the health of his operations. Ed would recount the long hours and tight budget that often accompany a labor of love, but what I will always remember is the unrestrained joy and enthusiasm in his voice when he spoke of discovering an unknown writer or introducing writers from other countries and cultures to new readers. His belief in the power of the printed word was a constant inspiration.

Pat Dixon

Literature Coordinator

Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities
1981-89



I first met Ed in 1978, when we were both freelancing as typesetters out of Typo-Tech in Cambridge. Since our careers in literature and typography often intersected — in fact, he helped me get a job at Type for U where he was working some years later — I got to see first-hand his devotion to literature, from pasting up *Agni* to enthusing about the *Zephyr* logo to discussing Akhmatova translations to typesetting *Ploughshares* when I became managing editor there.

He was certainly the most humble publisher I know of — not self-aggrandising, not a bitter failed writer, just someone devoted to making and publishing good books. This is a terrible loss to the world of writing and writers.

Jennifer Rose

Waltham, Mass.

"His accomplishments great for so short a time..."

Ed Hogan showed up at my place in Paradise, California about twenty years ago. He was hiking and thumbing his way around the country, and he stayed with me a few days helping me print the latest issue of the *Small Press Review* and generally talking publishing and small presses — which were both of our lives then and so remained. I had known Ed at conferences and such, but it wasn't until he stayed with me, and worked with me, that I realized the depth of his dedication to the small press movement, and to literature and writers and poets. It was, obviously, a dedication he maintained all his life.

It's the Ed Hogans of this world that make it a better place, and it's the Ed Hogans of the small presses who have kept the movement honest and pointed in the right direction.

There is now a hole in the fabric of that movement which the rest of us will have to hustle to mend.

Len Fulton
Publisher, Dustbooks
International Directory of Small Presses and Magazines
Paradise, Calif.



I had the pleasure of working with Ed as his distributor in the UK for Zephyr Press. We met only a few times over the ten years we worked together. Recently looking through our files and re-reading Ed's letters brought me a feeling of warmth along with a smile to my face. His warmth, kindness, and enthusiasm evident in every letter. His accomplishments great for so short a time. He will be remembered by the many people he touched.

Beth Grossman
Airlift Book Company
Enfield, Middlesex
England

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ
"WORDSHIP"
141 WOOSTER STREET, 3-C
NEW YORK, NY USA 10012-3163

Dear Leora,

17 March 1998

Sorry that I didn't receive your request for a contribution to a memorial booklet for Ed until today, three days before your deadline, and sorry as well that I won't be in Boston in the 4th; but please consider publishing the following:

Ed Hogan belongs in my pantheon of small-press heroes--guys and gals who early in their adult lives got it into their heads that they should edit and produce a cultural magazine and this ambition came to define their lives. Whereas the amateurs dropped away, Ed became a pro or, better, a pro's pro as a typesetter and designer, which was how I knew him best, one January week twenty years ago, when he produced my book *Twenties in the Sixties* (Greenwood and Assembling, 1969) along with me, working around the clock in his cosy Cambridge attic. I recall talking about books and listening to the best Boston radio as we pasted camera-ready pages in those pre-computer days.

I regretted not collaborating so closely with him again, because that week in January was a heightened experience that is not forgotten. The work he later did to make certain Russian literature available in this country was likewise heroic. Ed typically did everything himself, down to mailing the books.

He will be missed by many more people than I.

In memoriam,


Richard Kostelanetz

THE JOURNEY

Dear Ed, I want to imagine you
as if on a long train ride —
a steam engine pulling the sleek cars
across the steppes
while you look out the window
as the landscape unscrolls
like an endless poem
and you decide the typeface, the font,
the proper degree of kerning,
so everyone can read it.

You taught me how to set type,
to proof, to be patient.
I see your fingers moving
down a page, taking voices
and giving them shape.
You made your work your life,
your life your work.
But, Ed, you didn't need to go so far,
into the vale of soul-making —
your soul was already made.

Sue Standing

Author of *Amphibious Weather*, Zephyr's first poetry chapbook
(1980)

Cambridge, Massachusetts

GENIA & WASSILY

In 1984, I walked into a "small press" exhibit in a loft in New York City. It was my first exposure to what seemed a veritable factory of tables, piled high with books. I had in my hand a privately-published memoir I had written about my husband's parents: "Genia & Wassily" (their names), it was entitled. Someone had told me I might find a press that would be interested in publishing *Genia & Wassily* commercially; that it was interesting enough to merit wider dissemination.

I wandered around, more confused than enlightened, till I saw a table with some books about Russian subjects. Behind it stood Ed Hogan, a tallish, very thin, approachable-looking man. The name of his press was Zephyr. Stumbling over my words, I introduced myself and asked him if he knew of any press that might be interested in handling *Genia & Wassily*.

Ed leafed through the book, saw the generous recommendations on the back cover — Denise Levertov and Aileen Ward, two very good writers and honest critics, and in a very short, few minutes said, "Leave your book with me. I think I might find someone interested in publishing it."

In just weeks after that memorable meeting, Ed wrote saying that Zephyr Press would like to publish it and that it needed some editing.

This was the beginning of a rich and rewarding experience for me. Leora Zeitlin and Ed himself did a marvelous job, a real first for me in small but sharp editorial suggestions. From them, I caught on and learnt how to clarify and phrase more felicitously. And write a new, poetically real — which means vital and vividly real — ending to the book.

Ed chose more photographs for *Genia & Wassily*, which are interspersed through the book, set in where they belong according to the text. He did a wonderful job on the cover photo, framing the pictures of Genia and Wassily with photos of a gate from Leningrad (then and now again called St. Petersburg), their city. He also amended the title to *Genia & Wassily: A Russian-American Memoir*.

Ed Hogan's death is a very perceptible loss to the world of books.

Estelle Leontief

Genia & Wassily: A Russian-American Memoir (Zephyr, 1987)
New York City

“He left his imprint on beautiful books and many beings...”

I am so saddened every passing day by Ed's unexpected passage from this world. Please add my grief and tremendous respect for him to the communal pool.

For many years I knew Ed only by telephone, as astute publisher of my first book of poems. But finally two winters ago I met him in Santa Fe when he passed through along his southwestern trek. I met him downtown on the plaza — we haunted bookstores together and I understood his rare erudition and sensitivity. Later I brought him home for dinner and the whole family enjoyed his easy ways, good stories. Ed and I talked about literature and our personal futures when I drove him, later, to a midnight rendez-vous at the Albuquerque Bus Station.

He was a prince, and I'm happy to know that he left his imprint on beautiful books and many beings.



In a later note, Anne offered this:

Ed's abrupt departure, and Olenka's and her child's, brings the Diamond Sutra mantra one notch closer to those of us left in waiting:

So you must view this fleeting world:
A star at dawn
A bubble on a stream
A flash of lightning in a summer cloud
A flickering lamp
A phantom
And a dream...

Anne Valley-Fox
Author of *Sending the Body Out* (Zephyr, 1986)
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Contemporary
Russian
Literature

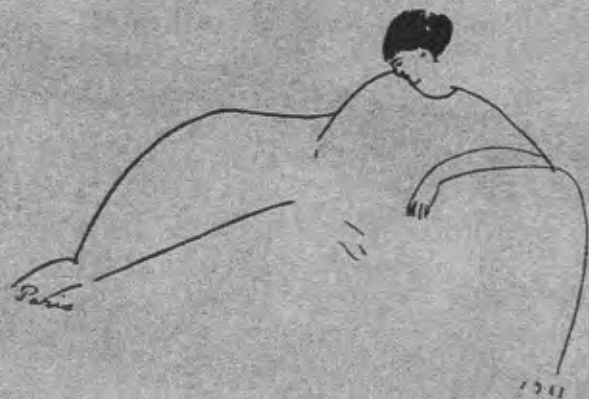


Zeph

Zephyr

**Booklist
1986**

ZEPHYR PRESS
1991-92



New Literary Titles & Complete Backlist
Introducing
The Zephyr Travel Collection

Talent, intellect, vision...

I didn't know Ed well. We had a number of phone conversations; that's all. But they were good conversations. Amiable ones, and often open and warm. He could be that way.

On occasion, catching up with one another before our gab led us to whatever business was at hand, we talked of events in our lives. In this way, I learned of some of his problems at home and at work and came to appreciate how, despite them, he continued to pursue his passions for travel and Zephyr and the Russian world. Ed was a passionate man. That was clear.

I won't say that he was undaunted. In fact, I think the opposite true. I suspect that Ed was pretty badly shaken at times. That he nonetheless went on with his work is one of the marks of the man.

Talent, intellect, vision: these things are largely locked and set in the invisible interplay of DNA and circumstance. Ed possessed them all. Many people do. But, in Ed, because these qualities were so resolutely employed in the service of his dreams, they proved much more than mere abilities. They were aspects of character.

I'd have liked to know him better.

To those who loved and love him and will miss him most dearly, I would offer some comfort. I simply don't know how, except to say that my heart is with you.

Mark Ari

Author of *The Shoemaker's Tale* (Zephyr, 1993)
Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.

**"HE GAVE ME THE FEELING
I COULD ACHIEVE SOMETHING..."**

There are few people who have had as significant an effect on my life as Ed Hogan. Though we only met twice, I had the pleasure of working with him directly on my book, *An Explorer's Guide to Russia*, over several years and sharing with him all the triumphs and disappointments which it brought us.

But the main thing for me is not the fortunes of the book but rather the fact that he gave me the chance to do it. Ed frequently took risks with authors that no one else would have done, and this earned him the respect and admiration of those who worked with him. I feel especially privileged because the *Explorer's Guide* was a major risk for a small publisher, and one which lesser men, I feel sure, would not have taken.

In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that he was the first person who gave me the feeling that I could achieve something in life beyond a regular career. Having been given a lukewarm reception by several publishers in London, I suddenly found myself faced by someone who believed wholeheartedly in what I was doing and was prepared to give me the freedom to write my book almost entirely as I wanted. His belief in the book strengthened my own. My inspiration was such that 1993, the year I researched and wrote it, became the best in my life so far.

Therefore I would like to join with those poets, authors, translators and whoever else feels encouraged and inspired by his presence in their lives, in paying tribute to Ed Hogan.

Robert Greenall

Author of *An Explorer's Guide to Russia* (Zephyr, 1994)
An Explorer's Guide to Moscow (Zephyr, 1995)
London, England

For Ed Hogan

I am so sorry that we met only those rare times you were in Moscow, that I never made it to New England, never saw you on your home ground. All the communication across the ocean we managed in the course of work seems now so hurried, so casual. Too often in the course of it, we never had a chance to remind ourselves of the most important things.

But, from the work we did together, I will always remember your care, your concern, your desire to get things right. Your patience, too, when they didn't always turn out that way immediately. And your dedication in doing something you had set your mind and heart to — even when the going was tough, and the world didn't give you the response it might have done. It will be an example to me, and I'm sure to many others.

Tom Birchenough
Moscow, Russia

Tom Birchenough and Ed collaborated on developing and publishing the EXPLORER'S GUIDE TO MOSCOW, by Robert Greenall (Zephyr, 1995).

A New Way of Bringing People Together

I did not know Ed very well. We met only the one time he came to stay in Paris, and we did not see much of each other that trip because he was so busy rushing around seeing Paris. But of course we talked on the telephone, exchanged letters, faxes and e-mail. He was very supportive of my PEOPLE TO PEOPLE series. He believed in what I was trying to achieve and he did everything he could to make the series a success. The critical reception to the series was excellent.

Alas, the book-buying public did not respond as well as we had hoped. But those who did purchase the books and used them responded with much excitement and positive acclaim. I am still getting letters from people saying that traveling with one of our books enabled them to have the trip of a lifetime. It's a pity that these people do not know that it was Ed's passionate concern for a new way of traveling, a new way of bringing people together and this desire to do something to connect the East with the West that made this series the modest success it was. I will always be grateful to Ed for his support and for his belief in what we were trying to do.

Jim Haynes

Author of the "People to People" travel guides, published by Zephyr: *Poland* (1991) • *Romania* (1991) • *The Baltic Republics* (1993) • *Czech-Slovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria* (1993) • *Russia* (1996) *Paris, France*

March 16, 1998
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Brunswick, OH 44212

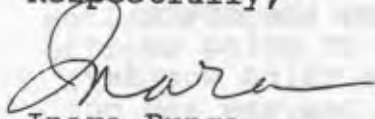
Leora Zeitlin and Jim Kates
400 Bason Drive
Las Cruces, NM 88005

I was shocked to learn of Ed Hogan's death. It seems I just spoke to him over the phone and sent him some books.

Though my contact with him was limited to one or two letters and a few phone calls, the news of his passing jarred me because Ed appeared to be a caring, intelligent, very likeable person. He was interested in Russian travel titles and as we were working on Baltic ones, he was interested in our work too. After we had published our books, he wanted to know how we were doing and to see our work. He was personable and fun to talk to over the phone. He struck me as being very genuine. I am deeply saddened that someone who seemed to have so much energy, drive, thoughtfulness and largeness of heart has lost his life.

I consider myself fortunate to have had some contact with him.

Respectfully,



Inara Punga
Co-author and editor of Bradt's Guide to Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia series

ED IN SUITE 840

I hired Ed Hogan to work with me as my paralegal in a telephone call from the airport at Christmas in 1989. At the time of that conversation my law practice, begun on May 1, 1989, had swept me away in a seven-day-a-week tide of work with payment for most of my cases to be made, in the immortal words of Dr. Seuss, "in ten short years". I was so busy that I lacked time even to think about how to make my workload more manageable until I got to the airport, where I realized that I needed help and also realized that the onslaught of deadlines in whose grip I toiled meant that I had to hire someone I knew, not find time for a "hiring process". What I needed was meaningful assistance on a flexible schedule for short pay, and when Ed consented to give it I got on my flight with a tremendous feeling of relief that I would no longer be facing alone the sea of troubles that is a law practice.

When I left the government I had envisioned my first office as having "a window on an airshaft". In fact, at my desk in a tiny room in Suite 840 of an old office building in downtown Boston, I could see out of the end of the airshaft a bit of a beautiful round-ended building in Liberty Square.

The only seat I could offer Ed was a musical-chairs turn in my own. Over the course of 1990, when Ed arrived on Tuesdays and Thursdays, he and I took turns sitting at my desk in front of my computer, with the other one of us either occupying the spare secretarial desk out front or the conference room or going on some out-of-the-office mission. On Saturdays, his third workday, things were a little easier because the other two lawyers and our receptionist took weekends off.

Ed cheerfully took part in this submarine "hot bunking" system, and organized files, compiled information, took charge of supplies, and helped me put together the bills and billing records for those cases where payment would be eventual. Our movements in the confined space were almost choreographed.

He talked on the phone in an unfailingly constructive manner. One of my clients, whose office nickname was the "Sislow Kid", was a very nice man with five children, a highly-paid executive job, and serious legal problems caused by the bankrupt builder of his house. The Kid was used to being able to solve problems by concentrated work; he was also accustomed to getting quick results. He had a high-anxiety level as well as a high-activity level, professional resources which were unhelpful in his novel and difficult task of enduring the law's delays. One Saturday when Ed and I were working on billing, the Kid could not stay off the phone and called with question after question. I answered several of these calls, and then asked Ed to take the next one. He was a model of calm and good humor as he repeatedly

advised the Kid that the best thing he could do would be to go out in the yard with the little kids and play softball.

Ed was a feminist and a man who was willing to perform for women the material service that Virginia Woolf points out women routinely perform for men: to reflect them back a little larger than life. In the business world, each sex derives prestige from employing the other, and Ed took a completely unironic delight in enhancing mine.

Ed told me several times over the years that the story of his life was the story of strong women. Giving star billing to those women was part of his own effectiveness as well as theirs, just as women have through the ages exercised power by enhancing that of others. But as the sex which still enjoys more societal prestige, males rarely have the virtues of humility and generosity which make such strengthening of others possible. Ed had that rare ability.

On Saturdays Ed and I often worked until ten o'clock at night, making sure that everything was ready for Mondays. The tenacity and energy to do this came in large part from him, and I remember him saying one Saturday, "I like to work." This was offered with a winsome simplicity that anyone who knew Ed will recognize. He also mentioned with pride having kept Zephyr's books for several years to within a penny. Nothing was unimportant to Ed, and he had to offer in full measure the meticulousness which is an essential worker's attribute in a law office.

Yet his meticulousness was in no way crabbed or petty, joined as it was to his greatness of spirit.

1990, the year Ed worked with me, was the year he turned an untarnished forty and the year Zephyr published The Complete Poems of Anna Akhmatova. It was exciting to hear the daily developments in this project, ranging from Ed's trip to New York to see book-review editors to the naming of the book as one of the ten notable books of the year by the Times Book Review. Leah, a single working mother of slender means, bought a copy of the two-volume Akhmatova. My clients who got to know Ed admired him. The spirit which enabled Ed to bring the Akhmatova project to fruition he also gave unstintingly to everything he did.

Leah, our receptionist, and I like cats, as did Ed. Dan, Leah's boss, is dubious about them. One day when Leah and Ed and I were teasing Dan by suggesting in mock-seriousness that all we needed to make life in Suite 840 complete was a cat, Dan blenched, then recovered by saying, "But there's no place to plug a cat in!"

I can still hear the wonderful rich baritone of Ed's laugh in response.

When Leah had her baby at Thanksgiving and I was less able to pay for Ed's help than I had been at the beginning of the year, Ed helped us all out by hiring on temporarily as Dan's secretary, enabling Dan to cover the maternity leave without paying a temporary agency a premium and preserving Leah's job for her. When Leah returned to work in the new year, by mutual consent Ed took a secretarial job at Harvard which in 1991 could offer better support to Zephyr than Suite 840.

Across the street from our office building is the federal courthouse and postoffice, where a huge black-and-white cat comes to work each day with the proprietor of the newsstand. This longhaired beast presides with a lordly air over the marble lobby with its Most Wanted Posters and its stamp machines. When Ed would return from buying stamps or getting a docket from the clerk's office, he would always say, "The best part of going to the post office is seeing Sylvester!"

Now when I go into that lobby it's hard to understand that Sylvester is still alive and Ed is not.

People who have the power to live simply and the ability wholeheartedly to enjoy work and companionship in work as great experiences are uncommon. In what was a minor chapter in his life, his Suite 840 sojourn, Ed enriched the lives of everyone who encountered him. It is a tribute to his saintliness that these small moments were not of small moment to him.

-- Paula Bonnell
March 1998

PAYING ATTENTION

Translating the complete poems of Anna Akhmatova was a dream of mine conceived in 1973, when I first became aware of her poetry. After studying the Russian language for three years, I began work. Then, while I was teaching at Douglass College, I met Susan Gubernat, who at that time was an editor at Zephyr Press. Her enthusiasm, and that of Jim Kates, drew Ed Hogan into the project. It wasn't until Jim Kates introduced me to Ed that I began to foresee the possibility of having my labor of love published. Almost simultaneously with making his acquaintance, I got the Princeton University Hodder Fellowship for 1981-1982. This enabled me to complete the first draft of most of the poems, which, of course, went through many revisions.

Through the almost ten years it took Ed Hogan and Leora Zeitlin and the rest of the Zephyr Press crew to complete this immense project, Ed never deviated from his goal. He already knew how to edit and print, but for the Akhmatova project he had to do it in two languages, one at first unknown to him. He also hunted down sources, poems and photographs, resolved personality clashes, wrote funding grants and personally attended to the minutiae of indexing and footnoting that would have driven most people insane.

The result, for those of you who have seen the 1990 Zephyr Press edition of the *The Complete Poems of Anna Akhmatova*, speaks for itself. I consider it my life's work, and I am still alive. Unfortunately, I am mourning the loss of this dedicated colleague and friend.

The poet Osip Mandelstam once said: "Attention to detail is the mark of a great artist." In his work, book-making, Ed Hogan was such an artist, and we shall not see his like again.

Judith Hemschemeyer
Orlando, Fla.

In the spring of 1992, Ed Hogan and I traveled to Russia. It was his first visit to that country, although he had immersed himself in the study of Russian history and culture for the past seven years, ever since Zephyr Press had taken on the monumental project of turning Judith Hemschemeyer's splendid translations of Anna Akhmatova's poems into the definitive bilingual edition of that poet's work. Ed had taught himself the cyrillic alphabet by the time of our trip, but he knew no Russian beyond *please* and *thank you*.

To the end of his life, Ed's knowledge of Russian remained rudimentary. One evening, when my wife asked him how many stuffed grape leaves he wanted on his plate, he proudly exclaimed, seven! in Russian. She served him seven, and then wondered why he had asked for just that number.

"I really wanted six," he answered, "but I forgot how to say it."

On April 25, we presented ourselves at the newly organized Anna Akhmatova museum, the poet's former apartment at the back of the legendary Fountain House in Leningrad, where Ed had made an appointment to look through their archive of unpublished photographs of Akhmatova and her circle.

We were greeted officially by three women, administrators and curators, as courteous and implacable as the Fates. They ushered us upstairs into a small office with a deal table in it, file cabinets, and not much else.

Sophia Starkina, curator of the photographs, disappeared momentarily and returned holding the Zephyr Akhmatova in her arms. The two plump, lilac volumes bristled with slips of white paper. Not pausing to praise nor even to acknowledge politely the achievement of the work, she said,

"Now, first let me tell you the mistakes you made."

Here I expected a retribution for Ed's hubris, the revenge of the Russian academic soul over the American interloper. I settled down for an hour of tedium at best, of humiliation at worst.

Ed displayed no emotion. He folded back a page of his yellow pad, took the top off his Pilot pen, wrote "CX to ZP Akh. edn. photographs," and drew one characteristic, neat little blue square as an item marker.

Going through thousands of notes and memoranda among Ed's papers after his death, I have found no doodles at all, unless such a note as "IDEA Buy large folder (or use lg. cardboard mailer) to store all this, not out of sight (but not too far out of sight)" – scrawled under a drawing of a lightbulb – can be considered doodling.

"On page 111 of the first volume," Starkina began, "you identified the neighbor

boy with Anna Andreevna in the photograph as Valya Smirnov. This was Vova Smirnov, not Valya."

Ed made a note.

"On page 71, you date the photograph '1915 or 1916.' Akhmatova herself dated it 1915. We think it dates from 1914 or 1915."

Ed noted the dates.

So it went for six more emendations. This photograph or that one was not taken by Moses Nappelbaum, and in "the mid 1920s," not in 1928.

Then Starkina stopped. All the rest were accurate.

Apparently, I was the only one in the room to savor the triumph: From more than three thousand miles away, with no previous knowledge or experience, Zephyr had assembled a collection of a hundred or so photographs and let trivial errors in only eight of them slip into print.

Ed filed the yellow page away for the next edition of the Akhmatova (it lies before me as I write this) and set to work for the next three hours excavating boxes of uncatalogued photographs from early 20th Century Russia. The faces were as familiar to him as if he were noodling through his own Somerville family album. He suggested a couple of identifications that had eluded the curators at the museum.

"If there is an afterlife," Leora said, "then Ed is enjoying himself now with Akhmatova and her friends, right where he would have wanted to be."

"If he's found Akhmatova in the afterlife, I responded, "he's got his yellow pad and his blue pen out, he's marked the page CX for Akh 4th, and he's asking her, 'What does the Pasternak epigraph to Reed mean?' Next, he'll confirm the reading of that line with Pasternak himself, and start looking for someone who can get the notes back to us."

Jim Kates
Editorial Co-Director, Zephyr Press
Fitzwilliam, NH



Ed reviewing photographs at the Akhmatova Museum in St. Petersburg, 1992.

**"THAT KIND OF ENTHUSIASM
IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD"**

Ed was a warm and inspiring man. I met him at a literary party in Cambridge about 5 years ago, and as he and I lived in the same direction, he walked me home, wheeling his large, practical, battered-but-functional bike-with-basket alongside.

I'd just started a magazine, *Button*, and our conversation was about small-press. He was realistic but encouraging, which was helpful. Then I did the math, and realized he'd been in the game for over a decade, and was still eager. That kind of enthusiasm is more precious than gold. What I remember about Ed is his tenacity, his delight in the printed page, and the confidence that came with having a unique vision. Also, that you must ALWAYS have a current project, and a sound sense of "quality control." Zephyr published (and will publish) work that made you feel like an insider when you read it.

My deepest sympathies to Viesia and June, and a prayer and glass of tea raised to Ed.

Sally Cragin
Somerville, Mass.

"Ed's unstinting efforts..."

I knew Ed as my contact person at Zephyr Press and as a visitor to our store. Ed would make all deliveries of *Glas* in person. I recall Ed's abundant enthusiasm, especially about the Ukrainian issue of *Glas*, of which, I could tell, he was especially proud. We'd made a special display of *Glas* one time; Ed had come in to make a delivery one day and was greatly pleased to see it get some prominent attention. The display did indeed give *Glas* a boost in our store.

Ed's unstinting efforts have helped bring Russian literature to an audience of non-Russian speakers who would have been deprived of it otherwise, and also made known to those Russian-speakers among us new works that we could search out and read in the original. It was always a pleasure to deal with Ed. I can still see his tall figure striding towards my desk, with the latest issue of *Glas* and a smile on his face.

Dean Hunt
Schoenhof's Foreign Books
Cambridge, Mass.

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March 18, 1998

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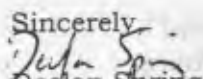
Dear Leora:

Last spring, Ed Hogan came to New Directions to see the office and talk about Russian authors. We had been in contact with him since the beginning of *Glas*: where we first spotted the stories of Victor Pelevin. Later, we were to publish Pelevin to great acclaim.

Ed and I had lunch, and I was struck by his warmth and personality. He was a man who immediately put me at ease. By the end of lunch, we were chatting about not just Danil Kharmis, for whom Ed professed tremendous admiration, and Anna Akhmatova (the prodigious effort he put towards publishing her 860-page *Collected Poems* I know was an amazing feat), but also our love lives and our destinations of travel. I was touched by the sincerity of this wonderful man.

I first heard about Ed in Sven Birket's book, *American Energies*, in which Birket's praised his efforts as director of Zephyr Press. He remained in the back of my mind as an enterprising, one-of-a-kind publisher whom one day I should get to know. When *Glas* started arriving at the New Directions offices, we were aware that something important was happening: that young, Soviet writers now had a voice in this country, and that there was a whole new world of literature out there that we could comb for writers to publish. Finally meeting Ed, after months of correspondence and e-mails, was no disappointment.

Without *Glas*, which contained the announcement of Victor Pelevin's Russian Booker Prize—and the enthusiasm and advice of Ed—we would probably not have published this unique author. His contribution to publishing and to Russian literature was invaluable. Literary publishers such as New Directions depend on people like Ed, who was enthusiastic, knowledgeable, and passionate about his work and his interests. The world will miss him greatly.

Sincerely,

Declan Spring
Editor

"Porch... slam... stark." I can't remember other words, but they surely do exist. Ed's words. They are not just another part of my growing English vocabulary — they are my memory: A bright, sunny morning in Somerville, a quick fag after coffee before we start sorting out Akhmatova photos. Smoking inside is forbidden, so I go outside — a porch. Several times that day, Ed asked what was the word for the place where I smoke. And from then on a "porch" means to me *the* porch of Ed's house, as well as "stark" always being the white wall of a simple church in Novgorod that we saw together in a dim winter daylight. I would not like to say that I will not forget him. He just can't go away from me because of these words.

Now, living in the U. K., I am registered in a British police office as "an alien." I am an alien. From Mars, if not a farther planet. It was similar in the States. Ed was my first contact, my first experience, first everything in this new life. He was the only person who needed my knowledge, help and advice — and that made me feel alive.

I speak with Ed's words, listen to Ed's music — he shared with me Mompou, Eric Satie; and even Shostakovich's Preludes and Fugues came to me from him. I recall America in the images of a book Ed gave me. Somehow, he managed to grasp my bleak mumbling about the highway being the most vivid American impression, and he sent me Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. I live in the quaint (another of Ed's words) England that I saw together with him — it was our British "on the road" experience. I have started learning computers and touch-typing, because I hoped to be useful to Zephyr, even across the distance of the Atlantic. So, when I give it a thought, it appears that Ed was my main stimulus to explore, develop and inhabit the vast emptiness of foreign space away from Russia. Thanks to him, I am alive today.

It was not all sweet and cloudless between us. We argued and quarrelled, often about Zephyr. I remember once, in response to his complaints about poor sales, I suggested publishing an anthology of Russian erotica from Barkov to Limonov. He did not want this, for he thought his mother would not approve. It was obvious, however, that he did not like the idea himself. Why did he always want to do proper things? Still, I could feel that, in spite of this pure American properness, underneath there was a naughty teenager. Otherwise, how could he have driven our car backwards for half a mile, approaching a busy road junction, until the law-obedient Brits called the police?

In 1992 I came to live in a Midwestern university town where all "real" adult Americans lived in neat houses — one lawn for one family. From there, my first phone call was to Ed: "He's not in. Can I take a message? It's his house-mate." I heard "maid" and imagined a grand American publisher who had a maid. Anyway, what Russian, especially in the beginning of the 90s, could imagine that kind of publisher: и швец, и жнец, и на дуде игрец [a tailor, a reaper, and a flute-player: that is, a jack-of-all-trades]. And what sane Russian could accept the idea of Ed's communal life to be fun, as he explained to me later. But somehow the common kitchen and common bathroom in his house had nothing to do with the absurd Petersburg коммунакой.

So, without any intention, Ed ruined one of the Russian myths about America and the "prosperous West." Now I dream that, when and if I find a job in London, I will go for an interview with some picky people who, hopefully, will find me to be a suitable house-mate and finally my western myth will come true. It would not be Ed's house, but for me it would.

No, it was not love after all. But Ed has stayed with me and in me, whatever were his or my infatuations, however far we were from each other. I often talk to him now....

Lena Kuzmina
Derbyshire, England, U.K.

Pahren

Walking in light rain
through silver empty boulevards.
Crossing over black tramtracks
through after-hours corridors.
After a show of breasts
and expensive drinks.
After all the introductions
and handshakings,
words of poetry
and lost love.
After all that searching.
Things done
or indefinitely undone.
To sink in a boat.
In wide-open space.
To expand the horizon
to such depths.
To curry favor – to squirrel paper.
To give us Akhmatova –
to take her back.
After the same
melancholy Russian dream
brought on by winter
and a pain not much worse
than any other
from any other place.
One can ask,
as Lou Andreas-Salomé
asked herself, dying,
after a rich career,
“... my whole life working,
only working.
What for?”
And after the shock of it.
After the housekeeping
and independent analysis,
we understand.
Your soul evaporated.
Perhaps it will find its way back
to walk along the pond
and sit where the devil sat.
Or host a ball naked
like Margarita.
Or play leapfrog
over bronze geese
at Novodevichy Monastery

in late fall.
Return and return
to find that lost love.
Hand-set the compass
and redirect chaos
made of impulse and schemes –
gambling games.
A ventriloquist on a sled
mouths the words,
"Secure your lines
but always have an escape plan."
Suppose there was none.
Suppose you were locked
in that supreme Russian game;
obligatory submission to Fate.
The Muses howl, not beckon
and a storm lifts over
your heavy boat.
If you meant to "Get a life,"
well, you always had one.
Searching was the magic
and life is left for living.

Pahren, Russian for buddy

Maryna Albert
Seattle, Wash.

Maryna Albert wrote: "Ed visited my husband and I when we lived in Russia. We really met through Akhmatova; I bought two sets of the double volume books; one for myself and the other for the library of Foreign Literature in Moscow."

STAR

by Dmitry Bobyshev

What brilliance! Fire and ice, matter
and anti-matter, the void exploding
into reasons I could only understand
by turning into light myself... But how?

I understood things better as a child.
Stars were simple then, candles merely,
in rooms where one might spend the night.
But to think of never waking up -

that was exhausting. As if, somehow,
anywhere at random, a hole might open
and lick those fires up completely...
Meaning another guest had gone to sleep

or into... what? how icy-cold
those little must be. And what
an eternity until dawn! star, destiny,
childhood fuses into a single heartbeat

burn, burn I say!

I will be with you in my mind on April 5-th.
Dmitry Bobyshev

Russian poet Dmitry Bobyshev, a protégé of Akhmatova, provided invaluable editorial assistance in the preparation of the Complete Poems of Anna Akhmatova, and has poems appearing in In the Grip of Strange Thoughts: Russian Poetry in a New Era (Zephyr, forthcoming).



Angel Books

Publisher Antony Wood

3 Kelross Road London N5 2QS telephone 0171 359 3143
fax 0171 226 0598

Zephyr Press
Somerville, MA
fax 617 776 8246

6 October 1997

Dear all

Hazel and I were devastated to hear of Ed's death, from Helen Kurylev.

We have lost a meticulous, creative and inspiring colleague and a wonderful new friend.

Perhaps you could let me know if I can help in any liaising in the UK; for example, with Jamie Byng of Canongate Books, Edinburgh or the translator of Krivulin, Michael Molnar, London, with both of whom Ed was in contact here last month. In a few days I'll suggest another small way in which I might help.

We are extremely upset and sad, as I am sure everyone in Britain who knew Ed will be.

Yours sincerely

Antony Wood

"Hello Again, and Farewell"

When I met Ed Hogan in London it was after he had done his titanic job as publisher of Judith Hemschemeyer's translation of Anna Akhmatova with the Russian in parallel. I remember he came to my small flat where I had assembled ten people interested in Akhmatova, including the translators Michael Molnar and Helen Szamuely. We met on a high note, versed after all in the same poet, and I was able to cut out a photograph of one of the obscurer poets from a book of photographs of the silver age for him.

He seemed to display that sort of rare psychological glasnost which is invaluable in an editor, of which he was the 'hands on' variety. Years were to go by, the one-volume English Akhmatova had come out and I had reviewed it (and well, for it was and is a splendid achievement) for the *Independent*. Ed and I last met in autumn 1997 at the Pushkin translator Anthony Wood's in North London. There were about a dozen people there, all translators and we read round in a circle, not only Russian translations but from other languages too. The poet Alan Brownjohn read from a French play, Anthony Wood read from Boris Godunov, a Pasternak letter was read, I ventured some of my Leonid Aranzon translations.

We all knew that the evening was in honour of Ed Hogan, but we little knew that for all of us, his English friends and colleagues, it was hello again and farewell. On November 5th, Isaiah Berlin, to whom Akhmatova dedicated many poems, died, and at the next Pushkin Club meeting I was able to couple the names of Berlin and Hogan in a brief tribute.

Our hearts go out to his friends and family gathered in Harvard on April 5th, to what Ed achieved for poetry and literature and in his life, and for what he would have achieved. Apart from anything else he was genuine and gentlemanly, qualities which are rare these days in publishing circles.

Richard McKane
Co-chair Pushkin Club London
A translator of Akhmatova

Requiem

for Ed Hogan

Along the paved road, black tree
shadows are a safe lake

intertwined with light, a rustling
of leaves undressing,

eager for winter, the cold they won't feel,
anticipating ground.

I am going nowhere in particular today.
I am three o'clock passing onto four,

among others whose hearts pump anonymously
at their own doorways, that swell

with excitement, occasional adventure —
packed knife, apple forgotten...

I was nowhere, last night, in particular,
breathing in my room, dreaming of you —

taking off your jacket, untying your shoes, for you —
making you lighter,

pushing back the water... Today
leaves scatter without trees,

fallen from autumn skies,
from four o'clock passing onto five,

from anything meant to hold or save us.

Dzvinia Orlowsky

Translator, *From Three Worlds: New Ukrainian Writing*

(Zephyr, 1996)

Cambridge, Mass.

ETERNAL MEMORY OF ED

In the Ukrainian and Russian funeral service the hymn "Eternal Memory" is sung. This is the hymn marking the beginning of Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* that leaves such an imprint on the young Yuri Zhivago in the novel. While it is always a somber moment for those who participate in the service, it is a reflective and beautiful one, too. In the same way that joy and sorrow intertwine in honoring someone with the hymn, it is a joy for me to remember Ed, to sing for him my own hymn of eternal memory — for he was one of the kindest and most cultured human beings I have ever known.

The last time I saw Ed was in mid-July 1997 — a few months before he was taken away from us. He had come with two of his Boston Ukrainian friends — two sisters and their children — to the Ukrainian Youth Festival in Glen Spey, New York in the Catskills. Ed had befriended both of the women, helping them in any way that he could. Yes, sadly, one of the women, sweet freckle-faced, auburn-haired, always smiling Olenka, and her son were later to die with Ed in the cold waters of Moosehead Lake.

Ed had come to Glen Spey for two reasons — to market copies of the newly-printed second edition of *From Three Worlds: New Ukrainian Writing*, which he so lovingly edited and produced; and to take pleasure in canoeing, one of his latest hobbies, on one of the pristine lakes in the area. Ed, as usual, was filled with joy at the thought of this new adventure. He had begun to think of himself as the Irish bridge between Russian and Ukrainian culture. As an outsider to the two cultures he treated them both as equal interlocutors and on equal terms. *From Three Worlds*, just like everything Ed did, was a labor of love for him. I recall with great fondness the many late night calls and emails to question the usage of this or that word. Ed was a perfectionist who wanted things to be just so. He was a marvelous editor with a great facility for finding just the right word. The beautiful cover and pictorial design of *From Three Worlds* were the result of Ed's exquisite artistic vision. Ed's was the guiding hand that moved *From Three Worlds* from the germ of an idea to fruition. The idea was born during a two day visit to Kyiv three or so years ago, a city which he fell in love with immediately.

During those two days at the festival, Ed enjoyed himself, talking to me as he ever-so-gently hawked books at the sales booth. We conversed about the three I's — life, love and literature, and he engaged people as they came up to the booth to peruse or to buy. The most often asked question of Ed was how he had become so interested in Ukrainian literature. I always found it funny that I, with my Ukrainian heritage, was a fanatic aficionado of Celtic music and culture, while Ed had bonded with Ukrainian culture in the opposite direction.

It must have been fated that we should become friends. One immutable law that I have learned in my 44 years of existence is that accidents of fate bring people together and serve to formulate their interests in life. Literature brought Ed together with Askold Melnyczuk, the editor of *Agni*, who knew the Ukrainian poet Oksana Zabuzhko, who hosted Ed for his two-day visit to Kyiv. And Oksana and Askold knew me, both of whom kept telling me that I have to

meet Ed, etc. The rest is history as the lines of fate intersect, each of us enriching the lives of the other. That is what Dr. Zhivago is about. That is what Ed's life was about. We have all been enriched by his presence, as we all will continue to be enriched by our memory of what he meant to us in our lives.



AT MOOSEHEAD LAKE

For Ed Hogan

Paddling toward Mount Kineo
on an Indian Summer afternoon,
three of you teeming
with adventurous joy
and life.

We can only imagine what happened
when the next day
three bodies washed ashore.

By chance I met a park ranger
yesterday,

who told me details
that put me there.

He said:

"Seventy degree water is cold enough
to kill—"

it was fifty-five that day
by all accounts.

Not even the lifejackets
could save you
as you huddled close together
in the water,
as your spirit slowly sank away.

No death is easy.

This one is even harder to bear.

I wish I could have been there
to right the canoe

and pull you from the water.

I would have held out an oar or a hand
to lift your weightless spirit

back into a world

so desolate now without you.

Michael M. Naydan

Guest Editor, *From Three Worlds: New Ukrainian Writing*
(Zephyr, 1996)

University Park, Penn.

"Till Next"

I knew Ed for only one year — nearly precisely one year — but it was the thick, slow, overcomplicated, twentieth year of my life. I could probably replay any one of the hundred or so conversations I had with Ed in my mind. Over the course of the year, we talked, phoned, and wrote e-mails. College student that I am, more often than not I wrote e-mails.

While we were putting together the Zephyr web page, I sensed that Ed had a certain distrust for technology. He was never convinced that our links and printable forms were going to work, that our scanned-in pictures of Akhmatova were going to look just right. And in the end, true to his words, technology had the better of us. The day after Ed's funeral, I got an e-mail message. *I'm eager to hear about your travels*, he wrote. *Have just returned myself from England and Scotland.*

And so for a blissful moment I understood that he had returned himself to Earth, that "England and Scotland" was merely a code name for the beyond that he had sworn not to describe. That I, young and naïve and not at all accustomed to the secrets of death, was simply never told about the power of will, about how determination can bring one back.

Of course he began by asking me about my travels. It only made sense for us both to discuss our journeys. Eager to hear of mine because he could not tell me the truth of his.

He wrote about Princess Diana — how, surprising himself, he signed his name in her consolation book. I knew what I would find if I ever opened that book myself and searched hard enough for Ed's boldfaced handwriting. *Nice to see you, but I'm going back*, it would say. *I have things to do.*

And once he was back he would ask me, "Am I a golem? Is that the Yiddish word?"

And I would tell him that I didn't know, but of course in Chinese he had always been a ghost, and he would smile.

Of course, Ed never wrote a message that wasn't loaded with ideas for new projects, and an update of how the older projects were progressing.

And when I received that last letter from Ed, from what I can only call the beyond, I could not have been more grateful for the few words that he had taken the time to write. It was, after all, a long message written to welcome me back from a long absence. It was an update on his life and work, telling of what was completed and what was yet to be done. Somehow, never one to leave anything unfinished, Ed had sent me his farewell.

I already knew what the last line of the message would be, but of course I could not help staring at it, reading it over and over again in the way that we always stand awestruck when confronted with the greater anomalies of time.

Tonight, I leave for Maine with Olenka and her son, for three days of canoeing, he wrote. Best wishes.

Ed had always signed his messages to me "Till next" or "Take care." This last letter ended with nothing out of the ordinary, but I could not stop thinking that "Best wishes" was a way to sign a letter before parting, without knowing when you might meet again. I suppose that had I received the message sooner, I might have been able to reply. I don't know what I would have said, except Best wishes, my friend. Till next.

Debra Grossman
Cambridge, Mass.

TRIBUTES FROM TWO COLLEAGUES

I was shocked and very sad to learn about Ed. He was very active in the New England Small Press Association (NESPA) way back, as well as, I think, in COSMEP/East [Committee of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers].

One of my fondest memories was a long drive with him through Vermont, to a NESPA meeting, during which we thought we saw Northern Lights. He also taught me how to clean my windshield with newspaper — a hint from his taxi-driving days.

Ed was a hard-working, decent person committed to his beliefs — and it's a great tragedy that he's not around to contribute anymore. I'll miss him.

Diane Kruchkow
NESPA, COSMEP
Editor, Zahir, Stony Hills
New Sharon, Maine

I certainly did consider Ed a good friend, as well as a valued customer. I worked with Ed for eight or nine years, on numerous book projects, and he was a pleasure to work with. His professionalism and ethics were something we don't see much of these days. The project we were working on at the time of his death was a good case in point. He ordered a reprint of *The Complete Poems of Anna Akhmatova* and unfortunately we could not locate the negatives. Rather than blowing his stack, as I would have, he simply went to work without complaint re-compiling the art and photos for the book. I spoke to him the day before he left for Maine, and he was delighted to have all the loose ends of the project put to bed, and he was so looking forward to his trip.

Steven L. Kehoe
Sales Manager
Cushing-Malloy, Inc. (Printers)
Ann Arbor, Mich.

OPENING DAY,
FOR ED HOGAN

Everywhere
the
fields
are
dividing
into
diamonds
again.
Where
every
field
again
and
again.
Where
the
diamonds
are
dividing
where
every
field
every
weary
field
dividing
diamond
every
weary
one
every
where
dividing.

Angels
on
bicycles.
Angels
in
pairs
balanced
on
bicycle
seats,
seats

shaped
like
pears.
All
angels
are
twins,
terrible
twins.
All
angels
fit
on
the
seat
of
a
bicycle.
All
angels
dividing
into
twins
balanced
making
angels
in
the
fields,
making
diamonds
in
the
fields
in
the
snow
in
Kiev
and
every
where,
every
weary
one,
every
balancing
dividing
into
angels

making
angels
on
bicycles
in
Kiev.

Don't
pass
go
the
children
in
the
kitchen
say.
Don't
don't
go
Don't
pass
the
kitchen
Don't
go
don't
go
every
where.
Don't
pass
don't
don't
dividing.
Don't
pass
all
angels
in
Kiev
making
diamonds,
making
the
terrible
fields.
Don't
say,
say

you
don't
say.
Don't
say.
Pass
every
where,
again
and
again.
Dividing
the
diamond
children
go
weary
again
go
in
the
kitchen
in
Kiev,
go
again
on
bicycle
every
where
the
terrible
fields
Say
diamond.
Say
field.
Say
the
fields
pass,
say
go
every
where
again,
again.
Pass
dividing
into

fields
dividing
into
diamonds
say,
pass
into.

31 March 1998

Jeff Katz

Collier-Seminole State Park Lookout
(one of two stands of wild palm in the continental U.S.)

In memory of Ed Hogan

From here there is sawgrass and more sawgrass
and wind off the Gulf of Mexico.
Palmettos toss their heads in it
like horses shaking their manes out
and the cinnamon gumbo limbo creaks
and sheds its papery bark. This is not (the guide book
explains) the poisonous *Metopium toxiferum*
with which it is often confused —
our tree has minute greenish-white flowers
in spring, and a fallen seed like a rose.

Unhandy in wind, a sleek strangler fig
eagerly carresses the gumbo limbo
like a Hindu statue given to extra arms
sprouting other arms — a perfect allegory
for a treacherous, needy kind of love
that kills what it hangs on to.

A blue heron on the fig/limbo, big as a dog
croaks and throws itself into the salty wind
as we find our way back in the parking lot
having missed the royal palms that we came for,
that invisibly skulk in the tangle of hammock.

Driving away do we see them, tantalizing
visible only at a certain remove,
or only imagine how gracefully
the dark slender columns lift their heads
swanlike out of the hammock
and the shiny fronds stir and glisten
head and shoulders above ordinary oak.

ABOUT ED

I met Ed in 1976. I was teaching at Wheaton College full time and had just finished writing my Harvard PhD dissertation and gotten married. I had come back from a session at Naropa Institute all fired up, eager to exchange Harvard's dead poets (and Naropa's disembodied ones) for living writers. Ed was a beacon of sanity, good cheer, and idealism.

I wanted to learn about how poetry worked and had no idea where to start. Ed had put up a note in the Grolier Book Shop inviting people to help edit *Aspect*, so I called this person named Ed Hogan up and volunteered. Ed's voice on the phone welcomed me immediately. The very next day (or so it seemed) I was engrossed in discussing manuscripts. Usually when you meet someone there is some process, but I can't remember getting to know Ed. It seemed I had known him forever, right from the start.

He was glad to hold editorial meetings at my centrally-located fourth floor walk-up apartment on Hancock St. — it was walking distance from Harvard Square's subway stop, and had plenty of free parking. I also had a big dining room table. We could spread out our stacks of manuscripts, and still have space for wineglasses or food. I remember lots of upbeat aesthetic/political/social debates sparked by responses to various poems. The lively, well-informed conversations with Ed, Ellen Schwartz, Miriam Sagan, Jon Weiner, Carol Trowbridge, and others in the editorial collective sometimes took on a life of their own. Sometimes they got heated, but always in good cheer — there was a real spirit of commitment to clarifying issues. We learned how poetry worked, and how to read it (and write it) from these sessions. I remember these friendly evenings even after 20 years, and I remember Ed sometimes despairing of getting through all the submissions.

His hard work to bring unknown writers of talent into print and his commitment to quality over other considerations made a deep impression on all of us. Many times Ed would prefer the work of an unknown writer to that of a name brand author. He never compromised. Many times he organized literary events, such as Book Affair in 1976, which occupied him for months. He took on these involvements for love, not money. For money, he would rather be driving cab, or typesetting.

I left for NYC in 1979, then moved to Indonesia and finally settled in Florida but we kept in touch. I remember many things about Ed — his passion for history, his group house, his love of railroads, his bicycling in Europe and taking the bike on the trains there. His long good letters, which could turn into mini-essays, and which became a Christmas publication all their own. His excitement over the Russian translations, and the beautiful book that seemed to crown so many years of effort. His visit to Tampa, where he and June and Viesia stayed with us and where he gave an inspiring yet nuts-and-bolts talk about editing literary magazines to my students at the University of Tampa. In fact, one student went on to publish a literary magazine — Richard Smythe who just put out ALBATROSS #10. Richard just moved to Everett, MA where he is librarian at an inner city Catholic High School in Boston. If Ed were still alive, I know that he would be a welcoming literary voice to Richard, as he was for me.

Ed's voice always smiled and transmitted energy and enthusiasm — even when he

was incensed at some political or literary folly. Remembering him, his voice stays in my heart. His voice carried over space like an oboe, nasal with those wide open Somerville vowels. It was a terrific and very un-Harvard voice, full of bristles and ideals, and it made me like and trust him immediately. I have a hard time believing he is gone. I have camped by Moosehead Lake, and I know how huge, cold and lonely it is — but for me Ed will always be alive in my ears and in the heart.

I am not sure I can make it to the memorial. I hurt my back in a car accident and am in physical therapy. In case I can't make it I want to say hello to any mutual friends and join them in spirit. If you get to Tampa, look me up — my email is KVSUT@aol.com and I am in the phone book also. (Richard Smythe's email is rsmyth@meol.mass.edu, in case anyone feels welcoming him.) I am collaborating in translating some Burmese poets persecuted in their country (Myanmar) right now, and thinking of Ed, who always encouraged writing's social goals. I join you in remembering and honoring a pure and idealistic spirit, a genuine lover of books, a creative editor and publisher, and a true friend. His life enriched the world of letters.

Kathryn VanSpanckeren
Tampa, Florida

Where Ed Took Me

1.

his room
his room in a maze of rooms
mattress on the floor
poets scattered about
artists with wings-folded
lamp-hanging
& Ed
at the open window
shouting
inviting

2.

in St. Petersburg
with a tram ticket
and a Poloroid
of Lenin and him

he's with an exotic
woman
she's proud

the Russians
preen their eyes
& wonder

who is this person
uncontained
& so American?

3.

the most difficult place
which I deny deny deny
time-crushed
who flies or says
anything?

evil empires
abound

young once back then
before it all blew apart

Tom Anderson

Ed Hogan A Poet of Publishing

Creating and fostering a small press was always very important to Ed during the twenty four years I knew him. Having a small press meant being in touch with literature and its relationship to a broad view of the human condition. Too often academic presses and writers, as well as commercial presses and writers, view a poem or a book as simply another stock option in their portfolio of elitism. The best publishers and writers of all time see their work in relation to the life each human being is given and the multitude of lives, human, plant, and animal that together make up the life of this planet we live on. For me I can say it best saying, Ed Hogan was one of William Blake's Golden builders. Blake spoke of these builders singly and together building a city of visionary life, a place for the realization of the vast possibilities of sentient life on this planet. Ed Hogan dedicated his life to creating a Press that would gather, preserve, and pass on the expressions of the lives of so many people that we could say he created what we call a culture and a literature, which is what a press does and what I believe Ed hoped to do. He held his press to the highest standards. Ed Hogan was not given nor awarded his position of influence and significance. Ed built his Press, Zephyr Press, with his own efforts, with the help of many others too, but most of all because he had the vision, the desire, and the freedom of spirit to build a house for the literature he loved. Each of us may now go into this house, these books of Zephyr Press, and look out of its windows on the landscape of our time.

Dan Carr

A fellow publisher remembers Ed Hogan

Ed Hogan meant the world to me. He was part of my tribe, a many of many hats (editor, designer, publisher, writer) and I had to be here today to celebrate his accomplishments.

As my friend and fellow poet Ethelbert Miller would say, "We measure time by seasons, years and friendships. To share a moment with someone can be very special; to share a period of one's life with someone can only be considered a blessing."

When I started my literary 'zine in Washington, D. C., in 1976, Ed Hogan and Aspect were well established entities, and in short order I came to correspond with and exchange magazines with Ed. Through the years our paths crossed sometimes in Boston, sometimes in D. C. It was Ed who gave me my first walking tour of Somerville. It was Ed who helped me face the world after what at the time seemed to be a devastating article about me in a Washington paper. He was sleeping on my floor attending the A.B.A. and he added his usual good grace to the proceedings. Ed Hogan was skilled at dealing with literary creatures of every stripe — he transcended cliques. And to be as successful as he was, and as well loved

with no bloody ego to speak of - well, that is fairly rare in my experience. It was Ed Hogan who gave my little brother a place to live when he first moved to Boston to attend architecture school. I didn't realize then that my brother was a paranoid schizophrenic. Needless to say, my brother didn't live in Somerville very long. But amazingly Ed forgave me and still spoke to me afterwards — though he never would tell me exactly what had transpired. Which was very wise on all counts.

It was Ed Hogan who took my literary magazine around to shops in Cambridge. He ran a quote from us on the back of *The Aspect Anthology*. I really admired this issue and have always wanted to do something like it. Ed showed up at the reading/launch for *Mondo Barbie* at Chapin Bookshop in D. C. We all know how hard it is to get friends and family to attend an event — but somebody from out of town — impossible.

The last time I saw Ed was in January 1997. I met him at Union Station on Capitol Hill. He was Amtrakking north. Full of stories about new projects, Russian writers, it was great to see him so passionate! I'd always found it took a while to really get Ed to open up — but not this time. The Jacksonville were upsetting Denver in the playoffs, yet it was warm enough in Washington, D. C., to eat at a table outside. The time was too short, he had to catch a train.

I was at Blue Mountain Center in the Adirondacks when Ed passed. I was and am still shocked that he's gone. But I got quite a jolt when I returned to Washington — my business partner Lucinda had already seen the e-mail on the computer and had decided that the reports were wrong, Ed must have survived, somehow — He'd apparently e-mailed me just before going camping.

That took a while to get used to, and then I decided I like that idea a lot. Ed typing away on the other side of this life, hanging with Akhmatova and designing better books.

Sure, why not. That's how I want to remember him — a literary hero who lived a literary life we can all admire.

I will always count our friendship a blessing.

Richard Peabody

co-owns Atticus Books in DC's hip U Street area where he runs a reading series and Gargoyle magazine

Ed Hogan — In Memoriam

Ed Hogan's recent death comes at a moment when death seems to be rushing in at me from all sides. The same day I received a letter about this death, asking me for this little essay, I received a letter from John Bennett about the death of Jack Micheline, Bennett telling me he was putting together a book of essays about Jack and wanted me to be part of it. I myself have been sick for months now, pumped full of medications, hardly knowing where I am most of the time. I called up Richard Morris in San Francisco the other day and his roommate told me he was down to 135 pounds and still losing weight, she put her arms around him the other day and all she could feel was bone. I look at myself in the mirror and I'm gaunt too. It's as if a whole generation, the whole late-Beat-Hippie WORLD, is suddenly evaporating.

Death is practically all I'm writing about these days. Look at the titles of my recent books of poetry: *The Angel of Death Poems* (out from Glass Cherry Press in the fall), *Ghosts, Eternity...*

And here is a piece of the novel (*Salvation*) I'm currently revising, vaguely based on a trip I made to Lisbon last November to visit my daughter and granddaughter. In this scene, we're on a train going from the suburbs (Cascais) to downtown Lisbon, and I'm talking to her about my sense of being encircled by Death:

"I carry a whole boatload of The Dead inside me. Like Jackie Eubanks, a crusading, pro-civil rights librarian at Brooklyn College. I remember going to her apartment every time I'd be in New York and it'd be filled with little black and Chicano kids... I don't know, homeless or almost-homeless... and they'd be sleeping all over the place, playing with computers, watching movies, TV. She'd been a Lesbian most of her life and then 'went straight,' as she put it, started fooling around with guys she'd meet in bars. Died from AIDS about ten years ago. Never let me know she was dying. I found out from a mutual friend. Which kind of hurt. I would like to have been with her at the end, shared her pain with her. Or Ed Hogan, Zephyr Press in Boston. He was printing all these huge volumes of Russian authors. Fancy editions. Libraries in a way *had* to buy what he was publishing. Not just the old classics but twentieth century authors too. Well, he and a girlfriend and her son were up on Moosehead Lake in Maine a couple of weeks ago and their boat went down and they all drowned. Overexposure. November in Maine. You know. And there's Sidney Bernard who used to work for Harry Smith on *The Smith* and *Pulp Smith*. A wild, aging hippie with a pony-tail that made him look like a hippie Tom Paine. Dead from cancer about fifteen years now. I was going to say ten, five... but all of a sudden it gets to be fifteen. Where does Time go. Is there a place somewhere where you can go and find Time and everything it contained still there, a Disneyworld of your own personal past?"

"Maybe. I kind of believe in heaven," she said. "Do you?"

"I'd like to. Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, Limbo... the whole schmear... but I guess I've visited too many places where high civilizations flourished

five thousand years ago, and all that's left is a few stones and, if you dig down far enough, a few skulls and some bones, some pot shards, some earrings, necklaces... maybe a crown... I'm sure that the Egyptian mummies in the Brooklyn Museum never expected to end up there..."

So Ed Hogan was in my work already before I was asked to do this piece.

I first found out about his death when was in Cambridge-Boston in November visiting my daughter, Margaret, and her husband... and a new granddaughter, Rebecca. I am in the process of writing a book I doubt I'll ever finish (*Our Gang: The Last Act*), a book of essays about the writers of the 60's. I made one trip to California before I got sick and visited Len Fulton, Glenna Luschei, Richard Morris, Karla Andersdatter and A.D. Winans, and finished those essays, and in Boston I met up Bill Costley and Jerry Dombrowski... and haven't even begun the essays about them. Only Costley was the one who told me about Ed Hogan, gave me the whole story, then added: "It's a big loss."

And it is.

Something from my archaeologist's point of view, walking through pre-Columbian ruins in Peru, Bolivia, Yucatan, I feel that everything Man does is totally ephemeral, but from the point of view of Hugh Fox, critic-poet, I see it very differently. Ed Hogan was part of a larger cultural thrust that began in the 60's and still (although somewhat diluted) continues today.

Without the whole small press movement, American culture in the last 30-40 years would be one vast wasteland. With it we have had a richness that rivals anything anywhere else in the world. Ed Hogan's death is not only a personal loss for all of us, but a cultural loss for U.S. culture as a whole. My best blessings to Leora Zeitlin and Jim Kates who will, it seems, continue the work that Ed has left behind.

Yah-a-seh shalom. Peace.

Hugh Fox
East Lansing, Mich.

HARVEST FAIR

My neighbor Mike burns trash
in a rusted barrel, flicks his cigar
when I offer him an apple picked
by my own hand. Then he takes it,
props it beside him on the stoop
like a tiny neighbor child he may
rage at later, and devour. Ed Hogan
washed up on shore with a woman and a boy,
all life-jacketed, tipped out of their canoe
the afternoon I was pulling down Northern
Spies, Goldens and Macouns, and fingering
late raspberries until they rolled
into my palms. We ate pounds of them
on the way home while Ed Hogan
drowned, and chose pumpkins propped
up fetchingly in rows. All week the Stan
Laurel shape I picked has bumped and
rolled around in my trunk. The three
overloaded their canoe, said the Boston
Globe. Inexperienced, they froze to death
while I tied my sweatshirt around my waist,
rolled my jeans, slipped tenderly between
the yellowjackets and the bees. Ed Hogan
was careful, obsessive about the littlest things.
God, I hated to watch him weigh and seal
those books he sold. Every shelf labeled,
invoices, sorted, filed, cross-indexed.
The day Ed Hogan drowned we watched
the younger ones, suspended upside down
at the Harvest Fair, spun on sleek chrome
death machines, shriek and plead for fun.
But it was the games of chance that vexed
us until we won stuffed animals.
by betting more than they were worth.
We covered almost all the odds, then
marveled at our inexplicable luck.

Susan Gubernat

Ed Remembered

Ed stayed with us in London for a couple of weeks in the first half of September 1997. One aim of his trip to the UK was to settle the British edition of Zephyr's anthology of new Russian poetry, *In the Grip of Strange Thoughts* and another business aim was to put further shape to a publishing project Ed and I had been corresponding about for some months—a bilingual selection of Pushkin's lyric verse with my translations, which we were planning as an Angel/Zephyr coedition. Ed had got me really fired up about this with successive rounds of comments, both his own and his advisers'. His mounting commitment to the project was infectious, from reactions like being "moved to tears or joy" to "Let's drop this one". He had got some leading American Slavists and Pushkinists to devote time to detailed comments, and these he sent to me, the rough and the smooth: "I hope you don't mind the directness of my reader comments", Ed wrote. I was astonished, honoured, elated, deflated and inspired to receive these comments from some rather famous names. Ed had turned a rather private and isolated project into something more exciting, more important.

The effect of our correspondence was galvanising. I translated more and more Pushkin poems more madly than ever, so as to build up an Ed-sized volume. My previous thoughts about the book had been in the slim and select direction; there now hovered the vision of a possible entry in the Guinness Book of records: the largest single-volume selection of Pushkin lyric poems ever published in English. When Ed arrived to stay with us early in September last, my wife and I didn't know him very well. We had met only about twice before, and he had in fact once briefly stayed with us already. We didn't quite know what to make of him personally, despite the long literary correspondence. It didn't take us long to get to know him much better.

His somewhat reserved, somewhat mysterious manner, which seemed to be his outer covering, soon fell off him, and we found an attentive, curious, passionately engaged person who threw himself with relish into our lives for two weeks less a few days in Scotland and the north of England (Ed seemed to find his way around London and the UK in a hired car with the greatest of ease).

Things soon started to happen, in the same way as on his previous visit, when he had introduced me to some Ukrainian typesetters on our doorstep although I had never been adventurous enough to approach them (soon after the introduction, I did business with them). This time Ed suggested we throw a translators' soirée, which despite the fact that so much of my life is devoted to literary translation, I had never thought of doing before, apart from publication launches. The occasion developed into a full-scale bring-and-read session, but firmly social too, with a combination of Ed's and my friends, acquaintances and clients. It was a very successful event—and not just because some half of those present turned out to be featured or mentioned in *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*. Once again the range of my acquaintance, and Ed's too, was extended.

This was the time when the nation was piling the streets and royal palaces with flowers for Diana. Ed was fascinated and moved by the British public's behaviour and mood. He didn't just watch it all on TV, he went out twice to see the scene in front of Kensington Palace, motivating my wife and myself to go as well. I asked him why he was so drawn into it. He said that though Britain was insignificant in

the world economy, he thought that sometimes what happened there was enormously important for the world: how the country was reacting to Diana's death, for example.

By the time Ed went through my Pushkin translations with me side by side, I had got to know and trust his judgement. If he said something stood out like a sore thumb, I thought he was right and worked on it. If he found something wasn't clear that I had thought perfectly clear for *years*, when I came to and focussed, I found he was right. Conversely, there was one version I liked very much but he didn't; differences between our understandings and values regarding metre were particularly wide here. I asked him to reconsider this translation. He did, saw what I was trying to do, and came round to it.

These are just a few arbitrary and random remarks about things that are very fresh in my memory. I'll finish with the thought that the best editor, like Ed, not only knows what he is looking for and can refine it into effective shape, but he also has the gift of inspiring his collaborator to share his own desire for the best that is possible.

Antony Wood

Publisher of Angel Books, London,
and translator of Pushkin.

An Aspect Memoir

Ed Hogan

Though I knew nothing of the term, I saw my first "little magazine" at age 12. It was edited by Robert Dunn, a friend of my cousin when both were University of New Hampshire undergraduates. Dunn's *Looking Ahead*, a pacifist magazine for young people, featured articles promoting a world consciousness and spirituality.

Several handmade magazines were a part of my childhood. I made a few editions of a little, pencil-drawn newspaper with a friend. There were take-offs on *Mad* magazine. And from age 13 to 14, I did 50 issues of another hand-drawn magazine called *Variety*.

One dubious value of hindsight, however, is that it helps one to see the unlikely as the inevitable. My background was working class, and I had an average public school education. But early on, by 5th or 6th grade, I began to spend less time at large in the neighborhood. I became a quiet one, a reader. When my "bedroom" was still a corner of my uncle's room, he would sometimes read me Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." Though I was

occasionally kicked out of the local branch library for rowdiness in the company of junior high school friends, I also tattered many years of library cards; history was my strongest interest, from war books to biographies. Especially memorable are the figures of Thomas Edison and Andrew Carnegie. Edison's life, using that wooden nickel hindsight again, demonstrated to me, perhaps memorably, the rewards both for youthful independence and for persistence. (Remember the hundreds of filaments, fibers from all over the world, he tried for his incandescent bulb before he was able to produce hours of light with some thread from his wife's sewing basket?) Carnegie earned my permanent remembrance because he spent so much of his fortune, gained from the ill-paid labor of thousands, on the construction of public libraries across the land.

In high school, while I survived Geometry and Algebra, I began to open up to literature, though poetry remained largely lost on me. I entered the history program at Northeastern University with plans to teach, but by my second year had become less definite about career aims. Though my parents despaired, I did not. I gradually gained confidence that the range of involvements I was entering would bear increasing fruit for my life.

I first discovered a potential to write well in a Freshman Comp class taught by a Bible scholar and demanding teacher of the old school. As I slowly transformed D's on essays into A's, I developed a faith in the communicative power of expository prose the limits of which I would only later learn.

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Hogan: ix

Hogan: x

I don't think that Bible scholar ever found out what he helped sire, but several months later, in March of 1969, I began *Aspect*. The magazine was almost as unfocused in its contents as my adolescent hand-drawn one-of-a-kinds had been, and the print run of its first issue was only 12 times larger. But the aim of the magazine was specific: to give myself and other students a chance to write on subjects of our own choosing. There were four charter subscribers; one continued throughout our 11 years of publishing.

Early issues, typed on 8½" x 11" paper with a \$100 Smith-Corona electric and run off at a Cambridge xerox copying shop, were nearly one-man shows until I found more would-be writers. In one issue, I essayed such topics as campus radicalism, baseball, Edmund Burke, and rock & roll. During the first year, less than two dozen copies were produced per issue. The magazine circulated almost exclusively among its small constituency of student writers. By its second year, *Aspect's* run was up to 65. Though one or more poems appeared from the first issue on, the focus during the first three years was more political than literary. My own political essays quickly developed from a tepid liberalism that mildly defended the legitimacy of campus ROTC programs and attacked the wide-ranging demands of student demonstrators for having "the clear potential to . . . cripple the whole process of higher education in the United States" (March 1969), to support for the student left's analysis of the Vietnam War and of the nationalization of raw materials production by Third

World nations (July 1969). As I read more of the post-World War II history of Indochina, I was ready to join the ranks of the angry, the frustrated, and the disillusioned. Some early political poems published in *Aspect*, such as Steve Kellogg's "An Epitaph of America" (August 1969), reflected the same stance:

Stiff-backed
Bostonian women
Vote the party line.

Cigar smoking
Gray-haired men
Vote the party line.

Don't ask where.
Don't ask why.
Vote the party line.

For tomorrow
We all must die.
Vote the party line.

While articles continued to appear on subjects as various as the Reformation, Vichy France, communes, and demography, the Vietnam War remained the major topic. Though the opinions of the editor were clear, I opened the magazine to all viewpoints. The results included a classmate who approvingly quoted Sen. Joseph McCarthy's aide Roy Cohn on the influence of Communism in the universities, and "Jay Whitegate" who asserted that time should not be wasted on support of peace candidates and letters to politicians, since "even if some of these stunts achieved partial success, they still wouldn't

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alter the course of this vicious, oppressive system." I had a job at a public library to which I donated copies of the magazine. Jay Whitegate was the pseudonym of a fellow employee who preferred to conceal his radical views.

In June 1970, I published in *Aspect* five reactions to the Cambodian invasion, and a year later an issue was devoted to the May Day 1971 demonstrations. During this year, I moved from antiwar observer to activist by organizing a local signature campaign for the symbolic People's Peace Treaty, and later helping put together the Somerville Peace Movement, an organization—with a membership including redbaiting pacifists, CP members, and New Left theoreticians—of views nearly as diverse as those found in *Aspect*.

The magazine went bimonthly for the first time in 1972 as I became a full-time organizer in the McGovern campaign. Liberal politics infused these issues. I wrote on McGovern's program, the role of the presidential primary system, and the legacy of John F. Kennedy.

Aspect issues in 1973-74 included essays or book reviews on revisionist history of the Cold War, and articles like "Watergate: The Roots of Corruption Lie in Vietnam," and "Energy Crisis: Fact & Fiction." But by 1973, the major interests of the editors had become literary. Political commentary did not disappear, but it focused increasingly on the politics of literature.

The development of *Aspect* as a literary magazine was paralleled by the evolution of a collective editorship. In the fall of 1971, two University of Massachusetts students became the magazine's first coeditors. The October

issue announced them; and their Back Bay apartment was listed as *Aspect*'s second address.

As was to be true in nearly every subsequent case, the publishing interests of the two new editors were mainly literary. Both were unhappy with the layout, one in which several poems were crowded onto an 8½ x 11 page. At their urging, a smaller page size was adopted which was more suitable for the presentation of poetry.

My own attitude toward poetry by now was best described as unformed but open. When *Aspect*'s first directory listing for writers appeared in a 1970 issue of James Boyer May's grand old littlemag *Trace*, the trend already seen in the contributions of student acquaintances was confirmed by respondents to the listing: I learned that more people write poetry than anything else. I read the poems that arrived, now almost daily, more out of obligation than enthusiasm. I told myself that I was in the midst of obtaining a liberal education, and poetry was part of it.

It was Elizabeth Hodges, my supervisor at the library, who told me about *Trace*. This was the beginning of my initiation into the obscure but honorable tradition of little magazines. It is fair to say that I became a partisan of that tradition sooner than I became a competent literary editor. A desire to make a contribution to the tradition was a further motivation to keep reading those poems. Just as I learned Greater Boston inside and out after four years behind the wheel of a Checker Cab, I came to know and love poetry in the literate company of the many others who have been part of *Aspect* since 1971.

The March/April 1972 issue (#37/38) carried a note that Mss. Yuan and Becker had departed due to "disagreements with *Aspect*'s intent." In hindsight, I realize that they wanted the focused literary magazine that I was not yet ready for in that highly-charged year of presidential and antiwar politics. Ellen Schwartz, whose essay based on her experience as a New York City social worker had appeared in the January issue, and who joined the editorial staff the following month, was more comfortable with both sides of *Aspect*. So was Pat Hollopeter, a veteran, with me, of the fall '72 McGovern campaign in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania. Soon after the election, she moved again from her county hometown back to Boston, where she had been a student, and joined us on the magazine.

Thanks to the *chutzpah* of an *Aspect* editor whose identity will remain concealed, we had the use, on weekends during 1973 and 1974, of a very well-appointed university office for over a year. During this time, we improved our print quality via the office's several carbon-ribbon IBM Selectrics. But the exigencies of the Arab oil embargo led the university to turn the heat off on weekends. Issue #55, featuring William Blum's "Energy Crisis: Fact and Fiction," was prepared in 45° weather.

Ellen Schwartz's contributions to the maturing magazine during the next three years were many. Though we both felt like novices, we struggled to improve the visual impact of the magazine. Gradually, the quality of graphic illustration and design was upgraded. Important to this process was Jean Segaloff, an artist introduced by Schwartz to the magazine. Her distinctive pen & inks and etchings

began to appear in *Aspect* in 1973. She worked closely with me on the first issue of 1975, for which she was the primary artist. Her zebra cover became *Aspect*'s trademark—on brochures, posters, and t-shirts—for several years.

Among others introduced to *Aspect* by Schwartz were Gail Braatlien, a poetry editor for two years; Mary Saidel, whose photographs were published in 1975 and 1976; and Robin Becker, the first of several poets loosely identified with *Aspect* whose work, it has always seemed to me, matured in pace with the magazine.

Also important to *Aspect* was Schwartz's contribution as a feminist. She showed me a feminism soundly integrated into daily life; and we made it a conscious goal to edit a non-sexist literary magazine. The context of 1973, I should point out, was still one in which most little magazines were edited by men, many of whom routinely applied critical standards that denied the value of literary writing which addressed women's experience.

Robin Becker, though she never joined staff, made of *Aspect* a cause, becoming one of our best freelance enthusiasts. When, in 1974, we were first struggling onto local bookstore shelves, she would buy multiple copies of the same issue at Harvard Square's Paperback Booksmith, creating sales at the outset to help insure that the store would take the next issue. Three years later, we would sell nearly a hundred copies of one issue at each of two Cambridge bookstores.

Here, the story of the people who helped build the magazine becomes more convoluted. In 1975, Jeffrey Schwartz became involved through Becker. These two

poets, with Ellen Schwartz, form an important limb in the *Aspect* genealogy, for Jeff Schwartz introduced David Kaufman and Jeffrey Katz.

Jeff Schwartz brought much more to the magazine than his own fine poems. He was one of the most proficient poetry editors to serve on staff and he introduced many accomplished young writers to the magazine. A large share of the credit for the first *Boston Poets Issue* (1976) belongs to him. Jeffrey Katz, now assistant library director in Reading, Massachusetts, published poetry and reviews in the magazine from 1975 until its final issue. Mary Rothenbuehler (Katz) served as publicity director, working on promotion of several benefit poetry readings and codesigning subscription brochures. Coeditor David Kaufman, who then worked at Little, Brown, later moved to New York and St. Martin's Press, leaving *Aspect*.

In 1974, responding to a small notice in the window of the Grolier Book Shop, Len Andersen joined the staff. He left several issues later, partly due to esthetic disagreements, and from 1975-76 he edited his own little magazine, *Butt: A Quarterly*. From 1978 to the present, Andersen has published *The Independent*, a small press review journal. Another who briefly checked us out in 1974 was Don Wellman, who has just published the well-received first issue of *OAR/s*, a journal committed to the literary avant garde, which adds another dimension to the scope of Boston literary magazines.

In 1971, *Aspect* joined the Committee of Small Magazine Editors & Publishers (COSMEP). COSMEP's news-

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letter serves an important function to little magazine editors scattered across the country. With COSMEP began the long building of contacts which tuned me, as *Aspect's* at-large representative, into the lively world of literary publishing. In this world I long experienced all the trappings of a career except an income. But after four years driving a cab nights in Boston I began, in 1975, to work as a literary typesetter.

That new pursuit was one of the outcomes of another chapter in *Aspect's* growth. At a Boston regional COSMEP meeting in 1973, I met Jim Taylor, a member of an artists' collective that published *Warm Neck Funnies*, little booklets of uncaptioned comix. Taylor, who designed the catalog for the first New York Book Fair, taught me many of the basics of graphic design and layout. He also put me in touch with Michael Richie, a young man whose Design Workshop, an undercapitalized and over-ambitious Brighton, Mass., print shop, produced most of the next several years' issues of *Aspect*. By 1977, as a result of the growing stresses caused by the continuing instability of the business, it became impossible to print the magazine there. But in those three years, both *Aspect* and I gained a great deal from the association.

Richie and I shared a lot of life in the shop's drab Commonwealth Avenue space on Boston's Auto Dealer Row. Despite Design Workshop's often unreliable equipment and often transient help, the print quality of the magazine improved strikingly. *Aspect* began to adopt a more solid graphic format. For the first time, I got behind a printer's front counter, learned how to strip up negatives, bind magazines with a saddle-stitcher, and trim them with

a hydraulic paper cutter. I found out how printing worked, and what, reasonably, could be done. Richie had my company many times in the wee hours of the morning as he struggled to get a decent reproduction of a difficult photo for the magazine, or to meet a deadline on someone else's job that could no longer be postponed. Finally, I learned typesetting there; and my apprenticeship to *Aspect* as a graphic designer began in earnest.

The first *Boston Poets Issue*, published at the beginning of 1976, affirmed the success of our new emphasis on visual design begun in the preceding special fiction issue (#64). It also represented the best fruition to date of the editorial collective. The *Boston Poets Issue* included strong early work by Jane Barnes, Robin Becker, Jeffrey Katz, Betsy Sholl, Ellen Wittlinger, Jeffrey Schwartz, and others. Coverage of local poetry readings, and an 11-page news/re-



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Contribution at the door

view/manuscript needs section showed the continued growth of the magazine's longstanding commitment to serve young writers as a lifeline of information. The combination was a notable success: for the first time, we sold out our modest print run.

Still, increasing sales continued to be outstripped by costs. Total sales income was still below \$1000 in 1975, although expenses were \$2400, a figure higher than the total cost of operating the magazine during its first five years.

As circulation—and costs—continued to grow, my own contributions at first made up much of the difference. In 1974, *Aspect* received its first grant from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines (CCLM) in New York, an agency funded primarily by the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA). CCLM support was almost annual thereafter, while grants were awarded *Aspect* by the NEA directly in 1978 and 1980, and by the Massachusetts Council on the Arts & Humanities in 1979 and 1980. For this crucial assistance, we remain grateful.

By the end of 1976, there had been a large turnover of staff. All pre-1975 editors save myself had departed and the magazine began in part to evolve from new beginnings.

As with any organization, new *Aspect* editors would begin in general by listening more than speaking out. The first issue or two was spent becoming familiar with the operation of the collective and its esthetic orientations.

Miriam Sagan joined *Aspect* in 1975, the year she

graduated from Radcliffe, got a teaching job at the New England Conservatory of Music, and had a chapbook of poems, *Dangerous Body*, published by Samisdat. Soon, we all came to value her sharp eye (and ear) for poetry that worked. Her comments on the backs of manuscript envelopes were noted for their conciseness and acuity. She also assumed a major role as a reviewer, especially of feminist literary journals and of books of poetry by women, and began regularly publishing reviews and criticism in other magazines as well.

More traditionally anchored observers have wondered what cements a magazine whose editors come and go. On what standards, then, has *Aspect* stood? Writing in *The Book-Mart* (Oct. 1980), Merritt Clifton, editor of *Samisdat* and small press polemicist whose contentious commentary has occasionally been directed at us, placed *Aspect* with *December* (b. 1958) and *Vagabond* (1966-80) among

the last survivors of the first generation of little magazines run by educated working people, who remained working people by choice rather than climbing the economic ladder. As such, they fairly spoke for an entire generation of Americans who abandoned notions of 'Social Darwinism' and 'upward mobility,' ... turning instead toward cultural independence. This generation no longer accepted the idea that rich people and Harvard graduates automatically possessed superior taste.

Clifton has, I think, identified the impulse behind many of the little magazines begun from the 1960's up to the present. *Aspect* had, in truth, its share of Harvard graduates. However, the sort of clarity we sought tended fre-

quently to steer us away from work, for example, that depended for effect upon a very highly refined cultural sensibility. And contrary to most literary reviews, the greater part of the work we published arrived unannounced, without specific solicitation. We went about editing without undue notice to academic standards or established reputations. Our Contributors' Notes showed fewer writers involved in writing programs or English department careers; they signalled a real difference in the substance between the covers. I like to think we were more open than most to varied sensibilities. As we gained confidence and sophistication, we maintained a central concern for accessibility, directness, lack of pretension, and a belief that these values are not antipathetic to literary excellence. We sought always to avoid adopting the sort of tone that places a cultured literary distance between editor and reader—the kind of tone that I find between the lines in many journals I otherwise admire. I have felt most rewarded when reading the thankful letters of readers who have perceived this difference, too.

All this said, issue #66 (mid-1976) featured our most contrived and obscure literary cover, which was a photo of a woman holding a red rose before a small plaque mounted on brick and inscribed:

Quentin Compson III
June 2, 1910

Drowned in the fading of honeysuckle

a reference to one of three survivors of a decaying Southern aristocratic family in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*

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\$1.50

who, while a student at Harvard, takes his life by jumping into the Charles River.

How much can you tell about a book by its cover? More than once, *Aspect* covers have provided oblique testimony to its editors' evolving standards. A new challenge to our politics and esthetics came with our #67 cover. A Montana "correspondence artist," Peter Whitson Warren, contributed a cover and two interior collages which featured photos of women and images from turn-of-the-century advertising art. The editors were pleased by the graphic clarity of the collages, and also saw an implied commentary on the way women's bodies have long been used in advertising.

However, when we brought the issue to our new printer, the New England Free Press—a collectively-run, I.W.W.-affiliated print shop and publisher of socialist and feminist pamphlets—the woman assigned to the press work refused because she considered the collages sexist. When I learned of the objections, I called the other editors, and we affirmed our opposing opinion. I went down to the shop and had a discussion with the Free Press staff, in an attempt to come to a common working definition of sexism related to our job. Though each of the principals had always—and have always since—respected each others' politics, we could not gain sufficient agreement in this case. Later that day, the shop's staff narrowly voted to go ahead with the job, and a different person did the press work. Issue #67, and others printed by the Free Press, were among our best in print quality.

Featuring poems by Robert Dunn, Marie Harris, Barbara Holland, Jaimy Gordon, Michael Hogan, Joseph

Bruchac, and many others, as well as solid fiction by Walter Cummins and Steven Grant Campbell, #67 was one of *Aspect*'s best. The issue was dedicated to the memory of Dr. James R. Bryant, the minister who had been one of the first to take *Aspect*, then a scruffy proto-magazine, seriously, and to encourage me.

Two new members of the 1976-77 editorial team were Kathryn Van Spanckeren and Jon Weiner. Kathryn, world traveler and English, Mythology, and Creative Writing instructor at Wheaton College, had responded to another of our notices in the window of the Grolier Book Shop. During meetings at her Cambridge apartment, we found discussing manuscripts compelling, but kibitzing oft-times more so. The *Aspect* editorial "salon" often went on past midnight. Jon, too, participated with gusto in these sessions. His arrival on staff depended on slim chance: I met him behind the checkout counter of a Somerville corner grocery store which I seldom entered. Since his time on *Aspect*, Weiner has made promising beginnings as a freelance writer for national magazines.

Beginning in 1976, I trained most of the editors in typesetting after *Aspect* joined a non-profit cooperative which owned an IBM composer, a marvel of basic typesetting technology and the workhorse of many modest publishing efforts. The editors spent many late-night hours producing copy in the small, cinderblock-enclosed basement backroom of the New England Free Press. The room reminded me, when I paused to take in the stark surroundings after hours of concentration, of Poe's setting for "The Cask of Amontillado."

In the spring of 1976, I worked again (as I had the previous year) as a primary organizer of Book Affair, a literary book fair and poetry reading extravaganza. It was a job that took up limitless time and attention for months. During the same period, unremarked by myself or anyone else, we began to accept work at a far more rapid rate than we had space in which to publish it. We continued to grow more choosy, but the number of submissions coming had steadily grown until by then at least a hundred arrived every month. Long delays between acceptance and publication are a frequent problem of small literary publishers, and we were no exception. But now the problem settled in on us as an endemic one.

Issues 68, 69, and 70 consisted primarily of work that had been accepted at least a year prior to publication. Each of the editors new to *Aspect* during this time eventually felt the frustration caused by the lag between reading, discussion, and publication; it limited the creative contribution some editors might have made. I had for some time been urging editors to consider a deeper creative commitment to the magazine, but the opportunities available at this time were fact rather limited, and did not include the freedom to define the magazine. There seemed no way to deal with the problem except to cut back drastically on new acceptances and to concentrate on publishing what we had in hand.

In March 1977, Carol Trowbridge, a Stanford MFA writing student, joined staff. Before long, she was initiating a dialogue with many of those who sent us their short stories. She also effectively pressed us to re-examine our

procedures in dealing with fiction. Now it became firm practice to carefully copy-edit *all* fiction and reviews prior to typesetting. This was for the most part a positive development, although our changes made in the name of copy-editing occasionally meddled with the writer's style or intent. The line between assisting clarity and rewriting thoughts is, however, one every editor unintentionally crosses now and then.

When *Aspect* was unsuccessful, with two applications, in obtaining grant assistance in 1977, we decided to mount a major fundraising event. The Small Press Writers Symposium, held that October, owes its success in particular to Trowbridge's tireless work, which included assembling a mailing list of over a thousand Boston-area writers. The modestly priced, all-day event was more than a financial success. It was an opportunity for us to meet writers and share years of publishing experience, in workshops that covered effective manuscript submission and followup procedures, little-known paying markets for poetry, economics and politics of small press, profiles of the operation of *Aspect* and Alice James Poetry Cooperative, and other topics. Soon after, we gratefully received a substantial contribution from a symposium registrant, one which doubled our income from the event.

We ended 1977 with a sizeable cash surplus, but also having published only two issues of the four scheduled. The backlog problem had receded little if any, and the tensions surrounding it likely had some bearing on Trowbridge's decision to leave at the end of that year. Weiner and Van Spanckeren departed due to career commit-

ments, and by early 1978 several new editors had joined who would remain on staff for most or all of the next two years, and would be crucially involved in the publication of *Aspect*'s finest issues.

These editors were Richard Emmett Russell, Susan Lloyd McGarry, Paul McGovern, and Ronna Johnson. Russell, born in Dorchester and a graduate of Massachusetts College of Art, in particular brought his media and fine arts training to our discussions about how to improve the magazine graphically. One of Susan McGarry's abiding concerns was with excellence of craft in a piece of writing. She took on in earnest the role of fruitful communication with writers. On a magazine whose editors seldom resorted to printed form letters, she, especially, shunned the stock rejection. Paul McGovern shared with McGarry an English/writing background at Bard College. A journalist and later a French instructor and translator, McGovern joined our team of review editors, as we continued to devote much energy to news/critical coverage. After a couple nibbles, Ronna Johnson jumped into the editorial fray with, among other things, a strong commitment to fiction and keen aptitudes for typesetting, pasteup, and the necessary chore of grant-writing.

The reconstituted staff of 1977-78 decided to pull out all the stops for the *Second Boston Poets Issue*. To an extent unmatched previously, the editors collectively assumed responsibility not only for editing, but also for design, promotion, and the general administration of the magazine. This distinct broadening of commitment was spurred in great measure by a key decision: we agreed that, in

order to make the *Second Boston Poets Issue* the most successful showcase possible, it would be edited from scratch. We would not publish poems by Boston poets that were "in stock" as part of our backlog unless they met the criteria of the new staff. The decision to bypass the editorial limitations of the past two years gave the new editors an opportunity to do their best, and the results were stunning.

Nearly every facet of the magazine was scrutinized. Russell and I suggested the switch to a horizontal (5½" high by 8½" wide) format, in part because we felt it would allow greater flexibility in graphic design. Although my inspiration for the change was the British literary magazine *Stand*, I felt then (and still do) that *Stand* scarcely exploits the format's visual possibilities. The horizontal composition allows a two-column, or "panel," layout in which



prose, poetry, and artwork can be easily mixed.

These potentials were effectively explored in the design of the new issue. It was illustrated jointly by Russell and by Deidre Moderacki, a freelance illustrator. Mediums included pen & inks, washes, watercolors, and colored paper cutouts used by Russell for the cover collages. Russell conceived the magazine's distinctive new logo. Changes were also made in typography. We laid out the issue page-spread by page-spread, not following a formula. The artwork was not for the most part intended to illustrate in a literal fashion the poem, or poems with which it appeared. Rather, we hoped the two would work harmoniously on the page, with the artwork amplifying, interpreting, or otherwise enhancing the poem. The result was arguably one of the most visually-focused issues of a poetry magazine ever published. In this light, as well as in its clear break with literal illustration, I think the *Second Boston Poets Issue* was a significant experiment.

Twenty-five poets, including previous contributors as well as *Aspect* newcomers such as Joyce Peseroff, Mekeel McBride, Bill Costley, and Anna Warrock, were represented. The issue was fleshed out with three commentaries—by William Doreski, Kathryn Van Spanckeren, and myself—on the "Boston Poetry Scene" spanning the previous decade, and with extensive reviews of Boston literary magazines and small press books.

The sales—all told, about 80% of the 1000-copy run—were our best ever, and quite unusual for a literary magazine that has not chosen the path of publishing "names" to help boost circulation. At this writing, a few copies of this

issue remain available through Zephyr Press.

There was much editorial interest in conceiving other special focus issues, and each of the last four issues was one, at least in part. In early 1978, Marian Thurm Axelrod joined as work began on the *Double Fiction Issue*. Axelrod had been an assistant fiction editor for Gordon Lish at *Esquire*, as well as a part-time fiction reader for several other publishers. Although the results of the editorial process for the *Double Fiction Issue* were not altogether to her liking—she favored the contemporary story of conventional technique—her work was essential to our success. She first-read perhaps 80% of the several hundred manuscripts we received; I am convinced that our necessarily slow-moving editorial process would have become seriously bogged down by the reams of arriving prose, had we not designated a primary first reader.

As the process advanced, it became clear that we were developing a consensus of interest in moderately innovative work. Whether it was the novella-length ruminative profile "Hanging Tough" by Carol Berge or the fragment-like pieces by Tom Ahern, we found ourselves frequently debating and expanding our ideas of what fiction could be, or what could be fiction.

The *Double Fiction Issue* was supplemented by extensive reviews; a collection of epigraphs on the topic from writers and critics as varied as Willa Cather, T. S. Eliot, and Gilbert Sorrentino; and a partially annotated checklist of small press published fiction, including publisher addresses. One of my aims in assembling this bibliography was to highlight the degree to which small presses—best known for

poetry—were entering into the publication of fiction.

The issue was illustrated entirely by photographs. This was not, however, a move in the direction of more literal illustration but the opposite. The photographs by Paul McGovern and (Richard) Emmett Russell of architectural



and natural details were intended not to suggest, but to complement, the text with which they appeared.

The retail sales of this issue were disappointing—half those of its predecessor. This resulted perhaps from the predominance of poets among readers of little magazines. In its focus on fiction, this was an unusual little magazine issue. It may have needed more ambitious promotion than we found ourselves able to do.

Meanwhile, the backlog problem remained. There

were more tense discussions. When I realized that some editors might actually quit out of frustration, I finally acknowledged the necessity of taking a controversial step. We decided to reconsider all items in the backlog. Those affirmed would be scheduled for one of the next two issues; those rejected would be returned to their authors, with a personal letter describing how this action came about. Made hand-in-hand with that decision was another: to adopt the practice to accept work only for publication in particular upcoming issues, rather than adding it to a general pool of accepted work. We followed this policy of reconsideration of manuscripts with the fiction on hand as we edited the *Double Fiction Issue*, and with poetry for the tenth anniversary number that followed.

Aspect #74/75, the *Ten Year Issue* published in September 1979, was a general number with a section devoted to the theme of editors' commentaries on writers, and writers on editors. Our hope had been to generate, in both our own minds and in those of the respondents to our solicitation, a more self-reflective attitude on the interface between writing and editing/publishing. Though we were disappointed in the small number of responses we considered appropriate and substantial, we did run essays or excerpts by Carl D. Clark, Crad Kilodney, Gail White, and *Aspect* editor Ronna Johnson. Her "Observations & Exhortations of an Editor," included here, brought appreciative comments from many readers.

The *Ten Year Issue* included work by poets Rick Smith, Ellen Wittlinger, Robert Dunn, M. LaBare, Robin Becker, and others familiar to regular readers, and several

strong fictions by newcomers Virginia Kerensky, Frimi Sagan, and Donald Bodey. Sagan's story, "The Laundryman," is itself a tale worth repeating. Editor Miriam Sagan brought it to me one day, saying she liked it a lot, but might be prejudiced, since her mother was the author. I thought it was terrific. Given the obvious difficulty in achieving unbiased consideration, we decided that she should submit the story under her maiden name. Miriam and I would venture nothing until the others' sentiments became clear. All the editors were enthusiastic about this

unknown author and her story, and so we let out our secret. The story has since been frequently praised by readers, and was also the most-nominated contribution to this volume.

A more common, but similar, situation every editor faces is the consideration of writers specifically solicited. Although it is understandable to have higher expectations for work by a writer whose work has previously gained one's respect, one must be ready to reject writing one does not consider up to par. A collective of editors is a check against the pitfalls of nepotism or favoritism, but it does not *per se* insulate against them.

Mrs. Sagan's story gave us another reason to recognize in some way the diverse support of "the mothers of *Aspect*," a group which, to be sure, includes some fathers as well. It includes Sadie and Charles Schwartz and Doris Schwartz, loyal subscribers to *Aspect* for many years and host/esses to this editor during his travels (the latter also served as our distributor to two suburban Cleveland bookstores), James F. and Lloyd McGarry, Helen Johnson (who bought several *Aspects* at a Cambridge bookstore after insisting that the clerk had better look harder when she professed not to be sure that the store carried it), and of course Doris Hogan, whose daily dating of the large volume of our mail that even now arrives at her Somerville address is only the most obvious of many helps she has given. We say thanks to them all.

Both the *Ten Year Issue* and the #76 *Third Boston Poets Issue* occasioned new dimensions in the collective

DOUBLE DOUBLE FICTION ↔ FICTION ASPECT ASPECT

Party to herald the publication of *Aspect* 72-73, a special double fiction issue.

...and an opportunity to meet and talk with the editors about upcoming issues.

At Fiction, Literature, and the Arts Bookstore
318 Harvard Street, Coolidge Corner,
Brookline

Saturday, March 3, 1979
4:30 - 6:00 p.m.

"double the fiction, double the pleasure"

editing process. The former saw most of the editors for the first time up half the night during the last production push, a crazed activity in which I had previously had little company. That night included not only the completion of the pasteup, but also of the cover and frontispiece designs and the writing of an introductory note. The final paragraph, contributed by Susan Lloyd McGarry, summed up our ideal at the peak of its success:

Editing a magazine collectively, as we do at *Aspect*, can be wearisome and trying to the temper. But the magazine gains immeasurably from the strength and energy of individuals who have an investment in all (of its) facets. And finally, we see the fruit of all our arguments: another issue and the knowledge that without the others, that pleasure would not exist.

After the other editors left, I continued until dawn with a friend, finishing the final details. At 7 a.m., we drove nonstop to the Bronx, and I walked several miles, by then lacking the desire or sense to get specific directions to a bus, until I found a Post Office and sent the issue by Express Mail to our printer in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Another issue was ready for birth. A moment recalling many others of pushing another issue to the door, such as the mid-April morning Richard Russell and I emerged from a similar all-nighter, eyes bleary and blinking in the bright sunlight, to catch a bus to Harvard Square on the day the *Second Boston Poets Issue* went to press. For the moment, all that counted was that we *knew* we had a hotshot issue in our hands. The serenity of certain success is one little magazine editors only rarely enjoy.

For the *Third Boston Poets Issue* I was relieved for

the first time of the duties of coordinating editor. This was another milestone: our collective staff had grown strong enough to act without me. Susan Lloyd McGarry hand-held this issue through the long editorial process, during part of which I was absent on vacation. The basic cover design echoed that of the previous BPI, and the entire issue featured the unusual photography of Cynthia Hamburger. This edition included work by previous Boston Poets Miriam Goodman, Mekeel McBride, Jeffrey Schwartz, Joyce Peseroff, and F. A. Austin, as well as several strong newcomers, among them Carole Oles, Camille Norton, and Willa Schneberg. There were also poems by more established voices such as William Corbett, Marge Piercy, and Michael Benedikt. The issue concluded with an interview with Phil Zuckerman of Applewood Books, one of Boston's most strikingly successful independent literary publishers, and another substantial section of reviews of local poets. The issue debuted with a publication party on March 7, 1980 at the Grolier Book Shop.

* * *

Early the following week I spent a day taking the new issue of *Aspect* around to Boston area bookstores. My first visits in Harvard Square revealed that the previous issue had not sold very well, and since it had run to 144 pages, my box got heavier rather than lighter as I collected unsold copies and carried them from store to store. That day in general had been one full of annoyances, one I had simply to ride out in expectation of a better shot

tomorrow. Recent weeks, too, had seen some personal problems. Later, I was talking with the editor of another magazine on the activity of little magazine publishing. Speaking of his own magazine, career, and responsibilities, he stated the obvious: "There's no future in it." It wasn't the first time I had heard him speak such words, and I certainly had never labored under any illusions about a literary magazine's potential to sustain anyone on a practical level. Still, the words had a lightning-rod effect. By the time I got home, my mind had made itself up. That evening, I found myself mulling over a tentative decision to bring the magazine to a close.

Over the next day or two, not really sure I would not change my mind (I had frequently, but not very seriously, considered the idea of closing the magazine for at least a year), I struggled with the "why." At length, I decided that the impulse was one distinct from personal woes of the moment, and that, therefore, it derived not from one of those occasional desponds that would likely recede with the passage of time. Most of all, I was motivated by a desire to decomplicate, to bring a little more control and perspective to a life spread too thin, my life. I felt as if the magazine was running me more than the reverse.

Beyond my personal reasons for the decision, I had for some time been convinced that our collective editorship, quite apart from its distinctive accomplishments, could not go on indefinitely—because of the sustained pressure of an extraordinary level of volunteer commitment placed on its members, and particularly due to the onerous burden of detail imposed on the coordinating editor, a burden increased

in many ways by the collective process. There were, for example, countless editorial, design, and promotion decisions that by now could competently have been made by one or more of us alone, but which—because each included an element of policy—had to be considered by the group. Democracy, as we all know, is not the most efficient way to operate, and one ultimate result of our literary collective would be, I felt, to wear us all down. It had already done it to me.

The news brought a variety of reactions from the staff. Most were willing to accept it; others felt less able to do so. A few months earlier, at the end of 1979, all of us at *Aspect* had felt becalmed, and for a time our efforts had faltered. By March, however, that lapse was largely behind us as we called up the energy to pull together the design and production of the *Third Boston Poets Issue*, and to begin to outline an issue devoted to the theme of cinema and writing. One or two editors questioned my right to close. However, I felt entitled after ten years of work. That decision became firmer as plans began to take shape for a successor to *Aspect* in my life, a new publishing venture.

The following months were spent taking stock as I had hoped. Several weeks later, a number of former *Aspect* editors—Miriam Sagan, Ronna Johnson, Leora Zeitlin (who had recently joined the staff), and I—decided to establish, by the end of 1980, a new small press imprint. By summer, it had been named Zephyr Press.

Zephyr Press will publish primarily literary books, including first poetry chapbooks and fiction of all lengths. We will also occasionally publish out-of-the-ordinary trade

nonfiction titles. Some of the subject areas which interest us are travel, architecture, and popular culture. A major influence on the decision to branch out beyond literary publishing was Richard Morris, whose essay, "Literary Saints and Literary Businessmen"—published in our tenth anniversary issue—should be required reading for small press publishers who depend too heavily on government grants. In it, Morris notes that "writers who could sell a [nonfiction] book to a big publisher are often rejected by one small press after another"; and asserts that if more small presses were willing to supplement their literary titles with forays into other subject areas, they might considerably improve their chances for financial success, which would bring, among other results, the ability to publish more literary books.

Some of the developments described in this memoir are typical of many magazines; others are less so. It struck me that rarely have readers been offered the story of a little magazine. I felt it was a story worth telling. Perhaps, along with the words of Ellen Schwartz, Jeffrey Schwartz, and Richard Russell which follow, it helps to suggest why and how little magazines are founded, and persist.

ED HOGAN

July 26, 1981

Publisher dies in canoe accident

BY BETHANY J. EDWARDS
Journal Staff

Inexperience and an overload of gear is being blamed for the sudden death of an accomplished Somerville publisher who was canoeing with friends near Greenville, Maine, over the weekend.

Edward Hogan, 46, was canoeing Friday on Moosehead Lake with good friend Yelena Lisovich, 41, of Marblehead and her 9-year-old son Konstantin when their canoe capsized and all three drowned.

Lt. Pat Dorian of the Maine Warden Service said Tuesday that the three were apparently traveling to Sandbar Island, but inexperience and an excessive load of gear caused the 15-foot canoe to capsize. All three were wearing life jackets.

"They were traveling to the popular tourist spot 10 miles south of where they put in the canoe at Rock Landing," Dorian said. "Two witnesses saw the group Friday afternoon loading the canoe and [the witnesses] thought there was too much gear for the canoe."

Saturday afternoon, a person boating on the lake found the child's body, still with the life jacket on, washed up on East Moody Island. A mile-and-a-half away, Hogan's and

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HOGAN, from page 1

Lisovich's bodies were spotted by Warden Service Aircraft. The contents of the canoe were spread for a mile along the shore, Dorian said.

"The canoe probably ended up rolling over from waves, or a shift in [body weight] with that amount of gear could have caused it to tip," Dorian said. "They did the right thing by wearing life jackets, but in 50- to 55-degree water temperatures, they most likely succumbed to hypothermia within a half hour or less."

Hogan's mother, father and two younger sisters went to Maine Tuesday to retrieve his belongings.

"My sister and I went to Maine to meet my parents and give them support and help bring back his things," said Sinead Napoli, 44. "The police were very helpful. When we got there, they had packed the car for us and had put the canoe on the car. I was worried about that."

Napoli said Hogan, an avid outdoorsman, had just purchased the canoe over the summer and had been enjoying his new activity for the past few months.

"Ed was a very literate person, and he was very involved with [his work], but when he took any time off, he was very much an outdoor person — he loved hiking, biking and started canoe-

Publisher dies in canoe accident

ing this summer," Napoli said.

As the editor and publisher of a Somerville-based Zepher Press, a company he started in 1980, Hogan was best known for publishing the complete works of Russian poet Anna Akhmatova.

"Over the years he developed a



Hogan

commitment to Russian literature," said Jim Kates, a member of the board of directors of Zepher Press. "It was amazing. He knew no Russian, but he probably knew more about Russia than any scholar because he taught himself."

For six years, Hogan worked on publishing Akhmatova's poetry, both in English and Russian. The third printing of the complete poems is due out in three weeks.

"This is a tremendous historical record," said June Gross, Hogan's wife of 12 years. They had been separated for the past two years. "Akhmatova is considered the greatest Russian poet of the 20th century. [What he published] is still the only complete works available."

Napoli said Hogan's love of publishing began when he was a little boy,

and she always new he would become a success.

"He started with Aspect Inc. when he was 13," Napoli said. "He would have his friends write stories and he would Xerox them. It was 8-1/2 by 11, stapled together. Then he would sell subscriptions to relatives. Each copy was 35 cents."

A Ball Square native and a Somerville High School Graduate, Hogan went to college at Northeastern University, where he began publishing Aspect Magazine when he was 20.

Aspect Magazine was published for 10 years and eventually led to Zepher Press, which published mostly poetry and works from beginning writers.

"He wanted to give writers a chance who wouldn't normally be given a chance," Gross said. "He would be giving writers their first published works. He carved out a place for himself and was very devoted and inspired by becoming an editor and publishing works."

Edwin Hansen, a longtime friend, said Hogan would often spend countless hours working in one of the four rooms in the Robinson Street house where Hogan lived and had his office.

"He could spend entire nights designing pages and books," Hansen said. "He was very special. Very sensitive and very intuitive. He was absolutely devoted to his work."