

# Shanny Jean Maney



**Bio:** Shanny Jean Maney is a performance poet and teacher. She is a glasses-wearing monchichi who has a sweet tooth and lives with her husbo and two puppidogs, Snotface\* and Stinko\*. With poet and fellow Write Bloody author Robbie Q. Telfer, she co-founded The Encyclopedia Show, a radical literary reading/spectacular which now runs in venues all across the globe. She and Telfer

continue to curate the original show in Chicago.

\*These are not their real names.

## **About the Book:** I Love Science!

Due out Spring 2012.

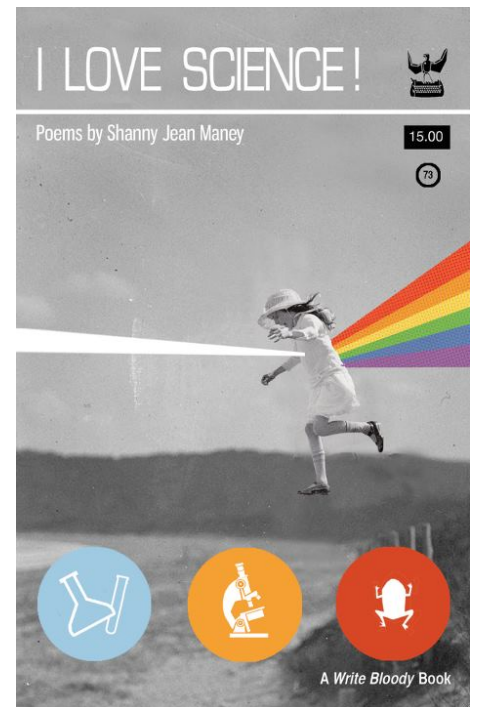
Humorous and thought provoking, *I Love Science!* effortlessly combines subjects that have previously been thought too diverse to have anything in common. In this book, science, poetry and Jeff Goldblum form covalent bonds that put the poetic fire underneath our bunsen burners. A Lab Tech of words, Maney turns language into curious, knowledge-hungry poetry.

## **Interview:**

**WB:** Whose writing has influenced you?

**SJM:** No one. I am a groundbreaking genius unto myself.

...Hahaha! Aren't I hilarious? Lynda Barry, Sarah Vowell and Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz were the first lady writers I ever read that made me belly laugh. Especially Lynda Barry, who was the first writer I ever read that made me think that I didn't have to pretend to be a stuffy old dead dude to have things worth saying. My world changed when I read their stuff. I'm not saying I haven't been influenced by men, because that's a lie. Writing-wise, I was raised by sensitive, hilarious, brilliant men. And let's not discredit the hundreds of lady writers whose work I've devoured that weren't particularly funny. But finding women in the world who were somewhat like me AND writers? That made me think it was possible.



**WB:** What keeps you writing?

**SJM:** Once, I moved away from my writing community and thought, "Well, maybe I just won't write anymore." I tried, and it started tearing me up inside. I started getting really mad, like some awful toddler at a Ponderosa buffet. The world was filled with things I wanted to say things about, but no one had time to listen to every thought I ever had. So I made a big production to my husband, a composer, that I haaaad to start writing again. It didn't go great immediately. My friend Robbie told me to read the poem, "A True Account of Talking to the Sun at Fire Island" by Frank O'Hara. I know it's corny to say the sentence, "That poem is why I write poetry," but that poem is why I even bother trying to write poetry. It's a perfect poem. I dare you to try not to write after reading it. "Darkly he rose, and then I slept." Shuttup, Frank O'Hara. I love you.

**WB:** What do you hope people take away from I Love Science!?

**SJM:** I did a reading of a bunch of the poems last summer. One of the poems suggests (and I think I can say this without revealing the Surprise Ending... just kidding, there's no surprise ending... Unless there is...) that scientists and poets are basically the same thing. After the reading, a brilliant scientist I know sent me a wonderful email in which he said I am a scientist. So hopefully, that will just keep happening. I want everyone who reads it to feel empowered to be a good version of what they are, and for them to all tell me that I am a scientist.

**WB:** Which Write Bloody author do you think you could beat in a sword-fight? A duel? Arm-wrestling bout?

**SJM:** Are sword fights and duels not the same? I guess not. Duels have guns?  
Sword fight: Jon Sands. I bet he has good form, but I bet I could trick him into giggling, and then I'd stab him in the belly. Not Anis Mojgani, mostly because I think he can fly.  
Duel: Not Ben Clark. His beard alone has won five duels in Cook County. Maybe I'd take on the book, Aim for the Head, the collection of zombie poems. At least I'd know where to shoot. Unless duels are jausting. I'm still unclear on what constitutes a duel.  
Arm-wrestling. It's ON, Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz. I choose her not because I think I'd win, but because if we're arm wrestling, that means we're in the same room, and if we're in the same room, my heart is a happy heart.

### **Specifications**

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# THE GREAT CHICKEN LIMO OF INDIANAPOLIS

It's a bird!  
It's a car!  
It's a birdcar!

CHIIIIIIIIICKEN LIIIIIIMO!

Say you already rode in a limousine?  
When your big sissie got married to Rick?  
Everyone drank Miller Lite in it?  
You got a sip—AND LIKED IT?  
You fell in love with someone at the reception  
but are RELATED TO THEM NOW?

THIS! IS! BETTER! THAN! THAT!

Did that limo have a BIRD HEAD ON IT? (no.)  
Did that limo be completely YELLOW otherwise? (doubtful.)  
Did that limo be THE CHICKEN LIMO OF INDIANAPOLIS?

It's a bird! (parts!)  
It's a plane! (it's not!)  
It's a CHIIIIICKEN LIMO! (usine!)  
and it's gonna show you ALL OF INDIANAPOLIS!

This sweet little chicken world is filled with chickenular vehicles  
The Chicken Car of Los Angeles.  
The Kreckles Chicken Car of Decatur, IL.  
Uncle Herb's Wacky Chicken Stunt Car of I Made It Up, MA

but there is only one Chicken Limo. Don't you let  
those others make you feel insignificant, Indianapolis,  
even if you can't spell your name without "Indiana."  
Don't you let anyone tell you you don't  
have everything, Indianapolis.

You have everything.

## HOW TO MAKE A GIANT COOKIE

You've got a favorite cookie recipe, yeah? Well get it out! I'll wait. OK, read it through. If it calls for something other than butter, burn it on the spot.

You are worth real butter.

Do you have a cast iron skillet? Everyone should have a cast iron skillet. If you own one piece of kitchen equipment, make it a cast iron skillet. They are cheap and strong. You are worth a cast iron skillet.

You've gotta see where this is going. Make the dough. Smack it into the skillet. Bake the skillet 'til the cookie is done. 375°F? 25-35 minutes? You'll know.

Call your honey over. If your cute sweetie doesn't swoon over that yum-cookie smell and smooch you on the spot, think long and hard. Go ahead. I'll wait.

If the butter's not butter, it's not butter.  
If the cookie's not done, it's not good.  
If your sweetie ain't sweet, start over.

Ain't more complicated than that.