

## To Our Readers

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May I take a moment to stand in awe of the writers you are about to encounter in the pages that follow? May I allow myself an awful pun—I *love* puns—and refer to these diverse folks as awe-thors? Thank you.

In one sense what I am about to say is a continuation, with a twist, of comments I made in this space last time around (Winter 2009). There, I spoke about our editorial efforts to orchestrate the contents within any given issue, and I noted that some writers—Albert Goldbarth was my example, since he was the subject of a special feature in that number—make such interweaving relatively easy because they give us so many threads with which to work. Then, in a mood that combined a lot of curiosity, a bit of generosity, and what some readers probably took to be some amount of silliness, I invited everyone to send me letters describing and explaining their takes on how Winter 2009 does or doesn't hold together—and I offered the prize of three *Georgia Review* subscriptions (for self and two friends) to the composer of the best letter.

Life is odd. To my surprise, nobody entered the “contest”—a fact that could mean so many different things, I won't even try to lay them all out here. To my greater surprise, the one response I did receive was a twenty-two-page handwritten letter—that's twenty-two legal-pad pages—from a reader who had set out to accept my challenge, but then discovered that “this exercise expanded beyond connections between the articles—to connections that were personal, human, emotional, even visceral.” What he ended up with was something he wanted to share with me but was “not a contest entry.”

I honor this reader's wish to remain both noncompetitive and anonymous, but I also want to honor what he wrote, because he took my “assignment” to a level I had not anticipated. He offered some comment on *everything* in the issue, *and* he reflected on why each work did or didn't tie in with the Albert Goldbarth feature. So, I will allow myself to offer up one more quote: after wondering why and how Jay Rogoff's essay-review of books on dance fit into the issue, the letter's author quotes Rogoff—“dancing won't hold still”—and decides, “In many ways, I think that comment could be made about poetry, painting, music, photography, etc.”

Indeed. I think I'm going to ask this non-entrant to please accept those subscriptions as special non-prizes.

But, now, back to my opening words, which were inspired by the time I've just spent—in preparation for this editorial—reexamining the order I chose a couple of weeks ago for these particular essays, stories, and poems: the cohesiveness of this issue, and therefore I'm sure of just about any issue, is almost entirely attributable to the works themselves. (What's that old saying . . . Ninety percent authoration, ten percent editoration?) The connections and intersections—of outlooks, of subjects, of words—are there, right *there*, for the grasping.

And so is something else, something that runs deeper to support and sustain those outlooks and words—something I'll call passion:

Reg Saner boldly and humbly endeavoring to stare at—and stare down?—the cosmos while wondering, “How many gods are currently in service throughout this galaxy-rich universe?” while Lola Haskins ponders those who ponder the intricacies of fruit flies;

Gary Gildner watching deer listen to Frank Sinatra, and Laura Sewell Matter trying to crack the bizarre aesthetic nut of Franz Schubert's deathbed urge to read James Fenimore Cooper;

Anna Solomon and Jack Driscoll chasing phantoms of youth and violence and guilt—Solomon by boat on a freezing ocean, Driscoll by motorbike across sun-baked midwestern hills;

Anne Goldman rummaging through six centuries to remind herself and us of the deep, life-affirming importance of reading, William Heyen excavating the same truth from glances at a mere two centuries, and Diane Seuss locating it in a single work;

Linda Pastan and J. Allyn Rosser honoring, respectively, Wallace Stevens and William Butler Yeats with new poems fashioned in homage to masterpieces by those master poets.

Just as these artists (and all the others in this issue) seek to be somehow equal to the realms they contemplate and, in their particular ways, adore, so must we as readers and seers be equal to their efforts. Anne Goldman, emerging at one point from Dante's *Inferno*, says “A breeze fans my skin, recalling me to the body from which I have slipped away. I look up from a paragraph and watch the moving leaves transmute the invisible world, for a moment, into something seen.” Stephen Dunn's voice walks a street and speaks of a

much different body, one “catcalled / by boys who feared a girl / who seemed to promise / exactly what they had dreamed.” But Walt Whitman, who had much to say about both leaves and bodies, would have gotten the connections here—and so must we, as we rise at the end of the performance to clap and to shout—to insist on—“Awe-thor! Awe-thor!”

S.C.

THE GEORGIA REVIEW

wishes to congratulate

ANN PANCAKE

whose story “Arsonists” (Summer 2009) has been chosen for inclusion in *New Stories from the South 2010*

and the following poets whose work, originally published in our pages, has been chosen for inclusion in *The Best American Poetry 2010*:

TODD BOSS

“My Dog Has No Nose” ( Summer 2009)

DAVID CLEWELL

“This Poem Had Better Be about the World We Actually Live In” (Spring 2009)

J. ALLYN ROSSER

“Children’s Children Speech” (Spring 2009)

We also congratulate LORRAINE LOPEZ, former *Georgia Review* graduate assistant, who was a finalist for the PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction.

NOTICE OF RATE CHANGES

Effective with our Spring 2010 issue, subscription rates for *The Georgia Review* will be as follows:

\$35 for one year, \$60 for two years, \$80 for three years, and \$95 for four years