

Selections from the Daily Palette

Our name, *The Iowa Review*, implies our rootedness in a particular geographical location. But are we? We publish submissions from around the country and globe; we mail out subscriptions just as far afield. So what is our connection to Iowa, apart from our phone and desk at a university that also bears our state's name, our third-floor window with its daily installment of Iowa's cranky—and occasionally placid—weather? Like the Internet, we can seem to exist nowhere, as a community of far-flung minds, rather than neighbors.

Back in 2004, Web-savvy colleagues in the University of Iowa's Intermedia Area launched a site that showcases a different Iowa-identified artist every day. Two years later we jumped on their coattails and added writers to the mix. Since then, more than 350 writers have been featured on the Daily Palette, from schoolchildren to state poets laureate, from the Iowa-born to writers who have just arrived. The next few pages contain a sampling. Visit dp.uiowa.edu to see them all—or just today's entry. I've become ever more convinced that place still matters in an age of globalized information as I've seen how, from this webular no-place, a sense of place has emerged: the walnut trees, screen doors, night highways, and human landscapes of Iowa that writers carry with them into the world.

—Lynne Nugent