



FALL 2011

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE

There's a definition of the modern novel somewhere—I think it's in Bakhtin but don't quote me—that says it relies on a kind of lifting the carpet on people's private lives. The examination of all the stuff swept under there, according to someone else somewhere—sorry, I've left all my reference sources at the office—allows us to see our own lives anew, to refresh what has become automatic, and, as a result, superficial. If someone comes to clean my couch every day and one day doesn't come but I think he does, it's as good as if he does. That's the automatic in practice. It can make you sick with all those germs it leaves behind.

ON OUR COVER

Photos from the series *State Fair* by Angela Regas, who recently received an MFA in photography from the University of Iowa. Four more photographs from *State Fair* are featured starting on page 42, and the full series can be viewed online at www.angelaregas.com.