

SPRING 2011

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE

My dad told me the other day that he was tired of breathing. As if he were announcing his intention to move to San Diego. Not exactly off hand, but also without surprise or drama, a slight question in his eyes. I was in the middle of proofing Pam Houston's "Contents May Have Shifted," which is probably appropriate (though it occurs to me that many of the pieces in this issue might have been just as appropriate), and it took me a moment to understand what he was saying. It should have been her part about the air funeral in Tibet (got the name of that wrong, I know), but his timing has been off ever since he stopped playing music because of his hearing loss: Dad played in the Glenn Miller band when he was in the service. I don't know which is worse, a player who can no longer hear, or a wind man who can barely breathe.

ON OUR COVER

The photograph on our cover is excerpted from the series *Realizing Edward Hopper* by Stephen J. Crompton, who is now completing his MFA in Film and Video Production at the University of Iowa.