

RUSSELL SCOTT VALENTINO

EDITOR'S NOTE

For perspective, we begin with the obituaries. Then we reach, fingers and tongues, ears, toes, and eyelashes (think orgy as metaphor), as far as we can for the sense of it all. A wrong move, I know, like asking, what are all those people doing in that train station? The answer that fits all is the most inane. Only looking into each can even begin to satisfy, if it can.

And so Geoffrey G. O'Brien's catalogues of order and meaning (mostly failed) and "values day puts a boot through." And so Timothy Donnelly's rumored existence, our own "access to upwards of a dozen sherbets," and looking murderously hard at complicity, being alone, being all one. That hanging bird, those islands beyond the horizon, sounds that tickle and sting, what happens in war and what after and through it, the story and the loop, and the gaps, the enormous embarrassing gaps of sense we patch up in the end the best we can. With physical therapy, brackets, tearful humor. A strawberry.

A hearty thank you to Michael Fauver, *TIR*'s outgoing associate fiction editor, and to Emily Liebowitz, *TIR*'s outgoing associate poetry editor, who kept our station buzzing and whose exemplary work helped make our switch between editors and formats work like a well-oiled engine. Michael and Emily, you may have cleared your desks off, but we see you sitting at them still, working away. Come visit.

For those who haven't visited *TIR*'s revamped website, please have a look—www.iowareview.org. And, as ever, don't hesitate to drop us a line with comments or suggestions: iowa-review@uiowa.edu.

1