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Postscript

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Postscript

AWARDS AND NOTICES

We are pleased to announce that the Tim McGinnis Award (\$500) goes this year to Albert Goldbarth for “The Great Ones” and “Library” in 29/1, “Apology” and “Astronomy” in 30/3, and we may as well say for two poems forthcoming in our December issue. Really this award is for Goldbarth’s astonishing richness of invention and range of modes and tones over a long time, comic yet serious, often sorrowful and heartfelt, and always wonderfully observant of all sorts of social matter and generous of spirit.

At the same time, the Iowa Award (\$1000), which seeks to select one item of the past year as the most singular contribution to our issues, goes to Steve Tomasula for “C-U See-Me,” also in 30/3, a tale of our times, inventive in substance and in form, and surely the one piece that has summoned the most response from readers.

Congratulations also to Margaret Gibson, Laura Kasischke, and Laurence Goldstein whose recent poems have been selected for two award anthologies:

For *Pushcart Prize XXIV* (2000), Gibson’s “Archaeology” (30/2) and Kasischke’s “Bike Ride with Older Boys” (30/3).

Whereas *The Year’s Best Fantasy and Horror* will include Goldstein’s “Meeting the Graiae” (30/1). Last year the corresponding volume carried “Washed in the River” by Beckian Fritz Goldberg (29/3). How much do small patterns of this sort influence subsequent editorial selecting? A question to be asked; stay tuned.

OTHER MATTERS

I don’t know what to make of this, whether it is coincidence or not, but I have long charted our own progress, not in competition with, but in friendly and interested relation to three magazines edited, more than that, invented, by college friends. These are *Ploughshares* (DeWitt Henry though he has since

relinquished the reins), *Witness* (Peter Stine), and *ZYZZYVA* (Howard Junker). The way these men wrestled the raw materials of a magazine into initial being and have sustained each of them bravely and inventively for many years has always put a check on my own occasional feelings of being put upon, by circumstance, by the endlessness of the work, or by the seeming indifference of the world, for I have always had—whatever else I have sometimes felt—the underlying support of a substantial university and its literary community.

At a *ZYZZYVA* sponsored weekend in San Francisco over a year ago, I got to see Peter again for the first time in many years. He had gone off to Berkeley in the 60s, getting arrested about as soon as he stepped off the bus, he told me, and so I had a better sense of his enduring *Witness* to social issues. He also read some short shorts that bowled me over so that I remind him every few months to send me several.

At this moment though I'd like to call your attention to recent achievements of Howard and DeWitt. A double issue of *ZYZZYVA* (59/60, fall and winter of 2000) was given over entirely to Howard's "Corporate Autobiography" which I find hard to put down. As an editor I admire the Shakespearean complexity of tone to so many of his official and semi-official utterances—rejection notices, contracts with writers, cheerfully quarrelling exchanges with the famous (occasionally) the recognizable (more often) and the unknown. Howard is serious, graceful, generous, good humored, and feisty—all at once, a model I shall never match. Then there's the story of *ZYZZYVA* itself, an improbable, counter-corporate, entrepreneurial endeavor, as unlikely from the start as, say, Microsoft, but running in the opposite direction. It's a long tale written against our times, as well as with them, and for that I love it. Interwoven with all that is a fragmentary autobiography of a man I've known since college but whose story I haven't known until now. Not the full story, still, but one that mixes the good-humored with the harrowing, and that is no overstatement. My! too, the places he has been, the paths he has crossed.

Howard was much the superior student in college, and so he leapt ahead from it. I've always suspected that I'm the professor now since I didn't get it then and had to back up and prove to myself that I could, more or less, which meant graduate school, which meant, it seems, that I cannot really graduate until I retire. Meanwhile, for a slice of our literary world, for a portrait of how

a thoroughly intelligent and always thoughtful magazine operates, for a sense of its sustaining “corporate” cheerfulness, and for a glimpse into how one man with literary devotions invents and sustains a niche for himself that casts good not harm on others, it would be hard to do better than this small book. You may have to haunt used bookstores now to find it, though I suppose you could write ZYZZYVA, P.O. Box 590069, San Francisco CA 94159-0069. On the cover it says eleven dollars.

This autumn will also bring out DeWitt Henry’s *The Marriage of Anna Maye Potts*, the first winner of the Peter Taylor Prize for the Novel awarded by the Knoxville Writers’ Guild and the University of Tennessee. It will be published by the University of Tennessee Press. Peter Taylor moved into the office I moved out of when I left graduate study at Virginia. We spent most of one morning chatting more than moving our boxes, and that was a highlight of my five years in Charlottesville. I cannot think of a writer whose name could honor DeWitt more. Once in these pages an essayist began with, “This isn’t written, as the French say.” He quoted a Russian editor’s rejection of a “slapdash” offering by Lenin. No one who has ever read Henry would accuse him of “not writing” in that sense, of not making something in words page by page. If you need evidence, see “Gravity” in the present issue or “Improvisational” in 28/2. We look forward to *The Marriage of Anna Maye Potts*.

Two companion journals ended their runs this year: *The Prose Poem* at Providence College, founded and edited by Peter Johnson, did not quite make its tenth year though it ended with a very fine *Best of* volume; then Wayne Dodd’s *The Ohio Review*, after thirty years at Ohio University, ended its longer run in a similar fashion, with two double-sized volumes of new work mixed with selected hits. We lament the passing of both.

Readers of our interview with Gerald Stern in this issue should know of an earlier one in 19/2 (1989). They may also wish to locate a fine and extensive recent interview conducted by John Rodden and printed in his collection, *Performing the Literary Interview: How Writers Craft Their Public Selves* (Nebraska 2001), which also includes interviews with Camille Paglia, Isabelle Allende, Richard Howard, Marge Piercy and Frank Conroy.

OUR WEB

I should like to direct you again to <www.uiowa.edu/~iareview> for the collection of electronic literature gathering on it. This is due mostly to Brian Lennon, our web editor. "Is it an accident," asks N. Katherine (Kate) Hayles, "that the Web version of *The Iowa Review* regularly publishes the most cutting-edge work in the field of electronic literature? If so, the god of serendipity smiles with unusual frequency on this splendid site. Check it out if you are curious about the potential of electronic literature and want to read the best of the field."

REVIEWS ON OUR WEB

Accumulating there also is a growing archive of reviews about which there is nothing particularly electronic beyond the convenience of their presentation. Reviews are awkward in a journal that appears only three times a year. A book comes out, someone wishes to review it, months pass in the doing, then the review comes our way. Assuming we like it, and assuming also we had no way to anticipate its arrival, which is usually the case, it may wait another year before we can put it in print. By which time. . . . With the Web, however, we can present it within a week or so of receiving the work. Consequently, we plan to place new reviews and review-essays there and call attention to them in these back pages. So far you will find:

Zed Ander, "Really Fictional Fiction" (Elizabeth MacKiernan, *Ancestors Maybe*).

Laurence Goldstein, "Coruscating Glamour: Lynda Hull and the Movies."

Tom Hansen, "A Review Of Robert Clinton's *Taking Eden*."

Marilyn Krysl, "Two Reviews" (Adrian Oktenberg, *The Bosnia Elegies*; Laure-Anne Bosselaar, *The Hour Between Dog and Wolf*).

Brian Lennon, "Two Novels by Arno Schmidt."

Sarah Manguso, "Where Is That Boy?" (Mark Strand, *Blizzard of One*).

Geoffrey G. O'Brien, "Cyan Ideas" (Joshua Clover, *Madonna anno domini*).

Sarah Ruden, "Thoughts on Mda, Ndebele and Black South African Writing at the Millennium."

Clifford Thompson, "Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone."

Angus Woodward, "On Jacques Servin" (Jacques Servin, *Aviary Slag*).

We will be adding more.

NEW WORKS BY FORMER STAFF MEMBERS

Marvin Bell. *Nightworks* (poems 1962-2000). Copper Canyon, 2000.

Julianne Buchsbaum. *Slowly, Slowly Horses* (poems). Ausable Press, 2001.

Ethan Canin. *Carry Me Across the Water* (novel). Random House, 2001.

Michael Cunningham. *The Hours* (Pulitzer Prize winning novel to movie with Claire Danes, Ed Harris, Nicole Kidman, Julianne Moore, and Meryl Streep; directed by Stephen Daldry). Expected out this year.

John D'Agata. *Halls of Fame* (lyric essays). Graywolf, 2000.

Robert Grunst. *The Smallest Bird in North America* (poems). New Issues Press, Western Michigan University, 2000.

Juan Felipe Herrera. *Giraffe on Fire* (poems). The University of Arizona Press, 2001.

Brian Lennon. *City: An Essay* (winner of the AWP Award for Creative Nonfiction). Georgia, 2001.

Sarah Manguso. *The Captain Lands in Paradise* (poems). Alice James, 2002.

Matthew Rohrer. *Satellite* (poems). Verse Press, 2001.

Laurie Shek. *Black Series* (poems). Knopf, 2001.

Rebecca Wolff. *Manderley* (National Poetry Series Winner). Illinois, 2001.

Fredrick Woodard and Shari Davis. *Reasons to Dream* (poems and paintings). Arbor Gallery Press, 2001.

Touches of all this work must have rubbed off on me, for *Deep River: A Memoir of a Missouri Farm* comes out from the University of Missouri Press in October.

D.H.