

EDITORIAL II

Editorial work is a difficult pleasure. Last Spring, when we were assembling the current issue of *Poetry Salzburg Review*, we proceeded in different ways and with a healthy variety of editorial desires. Here in the Eastern half of the Middle West of the United States, the difficulty and the pleasure were further shared among five of us, ensuring in the process that my particular field of editorial desire was open to those of five very different young writers at Beloit College. Two of the authors in the following pages, in fact, had submitted work that I was disinclined to accept. In each case, a student heard something that I had not heard. It was the last week of classes, the end of a long day, and Sarah had been quietly, carefully reading every poem, including those that I had mentally rejected. When, equally quietly, she read one group of poems to all of us seated around the seminar table, we realized that the music was unique, the images surprising, the language taut. And when Max took another author's poems from the "No" pile, saying that he thought there might be something here, we were even more skeptical. Listening as he read aloud, we heard the originality of the deceptively old-fashioned, rather formal poem. One point to be made, I suppose, is that of the virtue of reading aloud. We all do this when we write and when we read poems that we love, but it is easy to let that process go by the wayside in the face of a mountainous stack of submissions and a deadline. Inviting others to contribute their ears and eyes (and voices) made the editorial process less linear; we did a fair bit of "going around and around" certain manuscripts aurally and verbally. Which made, ultimately, for a wonderfully rich, varied selection of poems from those read in Beloit, Wisconsin in the late Spring of 2001.

As for my own delights and predilections, readers will probably find my reviews in this issue to speak loudly and clearly on that score. Poems churned out as so many items on a curriculum vitae – often accompanied by just such an impressive list of credentials and publication credits – were, incidentally, universally recognized as such by my younger editorial assistants. It is both unsettling and exiting to note that the freshest, strongest work seems to be coming from outside the academy. More expressively than my reviews, and more variously, the poems by Magdalena Zurawski, Marie Slaight, Bob Vance and others in pages to follow help illuminate what I mean by

freshness and strength. I hope you enjoy the difficult pleasures afforded by such poems.

Lisa Fishman