

**EDITOR'S  
NOTE**

From the moment we announced the *Therapy!* issue, we knew that it would be a hugely popular theme. Not with readers, mind you, but with writers. Indeed, we had no shortage of contributors addressing their submission “To The Editors, For the therapy issue . . .” The allure of pure madness aside, as well as the attendant delusion that asylum is a larval spa vacation, writers tend to cast themselves on the neurotic end of the sanity spectrum. As poetry editor, Renée Ashley, hollered at me from the other end of a long hallway—in response to my request last summer that she give me some of her own work to publish—“there’s no real choice, Minna, it has to be for *Therapy!* That’s where I fit in best.”

We are all casting our dreams as word pictures, building castles for our inner child, and, as Frank Bidart (interviewed in these pages) would say, *still* wrestling with Mother.

The inception of this theme came from a student thesis paper delivered at the summer session of Fairleigh Dickinson’s MFA program. “Is therapeutic poetry, therapy, or poetry?” she asked. And then proceeded to present a selection of poems about incest, some of which were great works of art and others of which were piteous, yes, but had the aesthetic vigor of a shopping list. We then made the assumption that it would be a delightful and worthwhile endeavor to find the therapy in the art, rather than the other way around. Which engendered responses from our contributors, like that from Mary Rose O’Reilly: “Carl Jung could curl up in the bathtub with these poems til the waters rose, though none are explicit about therapy.”

Perfect!

And so, what to do with a theme that articulates the underlying mood of most creative expression, while avoiding the shopping lists and the bearded doctors settling back into plush leather armchairs? Go nuts, of course, and just include everything else.

Curl up in a bathtub and enjoy our selections. We promise, you will not be cured.

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