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Editor's Note

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"A slavish concern for the composition of words is the sign of a bankrupt intellect," roared the Humbug, waving his cane furiously.

—Norton Juster, *The Phantom Tollbooth*

I came back to *Humbug* this spring after a winter off term during which I really didn't write as much as I told myself I would. And so in the Sanborn Poetry Room on the first Thursday of the term, I was forced to consider what it is about writing, and *Humbug*, and especially writing with *Humbug* that means so much to me.

After nine weeks of musing over this question, I believe the answer can be summed up in a word, and that word is "community." Writing is more than stringing one unit of language along after another; writing is about people, human interaction and emotion. Just so is *Humbug* not merely a collection of people, but a community.

This truth became especially apparent in the absence of my dearly missed co-editor-in-chief, Isabelle. I would be amiss if I did not thank dearly those editors who stepped up to help keep the workshops running and the words flowing, but there is a larger point I have to make here, and it is that *Humbug* is not dependent on any one person—not her founders who are now graduated, not Isabelle, and not me. *Humbug* is what happens when a bunch (or even just a few) of creative, thoughtful, often tired minds come together to write outside the demands of academic rigor.

The intent of this chapbook is to display some small part of our process and our community, and I hope, dear reader, that you may come to love it as I do.

Much love,
Madeleine Waters