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Letter from Editor

Connie Shen

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I am not too fond of writing beginnings. I usually blunder into them without quite knowing where they're leading to, if I'm going in the right direction, if I should just stop at the nearest gas station and push away my pride to ask if anything will even come from this journey at all and if not which way should I go next? It's the same with endings. They're sad, that's for sure, but what's so unnerving about The End is that A New Beginning is coming shortly after without any regard for our crying and our fear and our displeasure with the fact we can't stay stagnant forever.

I'm unsure of how to give a succinct yet meaningful introduction for a magazine that has been so close to my heart during the past three years. After moving up from being Poetry Editor to the highly-desired Assistant Editor position (although I vied for the more important Editor-in-Chief position against my good friend Patrick Kay, but I digress), I have had the pleasure of reviewing pages of beautiful poetry, glossy images of sculptures that I don't quite understand but enjoy anyway, and screenplays that involve sex and death and drugs or what have you, and I mean it when I say I have loved it all. I have loved the experience of working long hours alongside Patrick in the office, receiving e-mails expressing thanks or joy or threats to never submit to this publication again, stapling posters to trees and billboards and elevators, of driving to get eight cardboard boxes brimming with copies of our publication just hours before the launch party is supposed to take place. I have treasured it all.

It is 2:43 on March 5th, 2016, that I end this beginning with a strange bittersweetness that feels like indigestion mixed with mania. I am so grateful to all of you who have supported us by submitting your work, attending our events, or sent copies of our publication home to your parents or friends or partners. I am also especially grateful to our wonderful staff, Jami, Craig, and Laurie, this year, who have done their jobs without complaining, or at least have complained behind closed doors when Patrick and I are not around. Moreover, I am exuberantly grateful to Mr. T, who has not only sorted out all of our mistakes, but has also dropped by our parties to eat a cookie or two before rushing out the door again, on to find some other desperate souls to save. Lastly, I am overwhelmed with gratitude for my colleague and friend, Patrick Kay, with whom I have shared laughter, misery, and artistic as well as personal growth with throughout my undergraduate career. Thank you for letting me be your secretary.

I hope you all think as highly of these pieces as I do. This is the end of my introduction. I don't have any more to say.

Connie Shen
Assistant Editor