

Editor's Note

Dear readers,

Words are not magical. It is easy to romanticize the acts of word making and art making, but the words are not enchantments to ward off evil. Having the right words is not even the limits of our world, I think, as much as I would like Wittgenstein and the film *Arrival* to be right.

And yet words are doing something, right? They make an impact of some kind. It has long been postulated that man is a story-making being, and I think that's right. Whatever we are doing when we make and are exposed to art, it is a profoundly human activity.

Words are not spells; works of art are not talismans. And yet when we participate in the human activities of meaning making and meaning finding, something within us is sated or soothed, for a little while at least. I believe art is akin to a thimble—something small to keep our edges from getting stung. It won't stop bullets, but participating in what it means to be human helps.

In other words, as *The Legend of Zelda* puts it, "It's dangerous to go alone. Here, take this!" Thank you, reader, for letting me give you a thimble. And thank you, contributors, because it takes a village to make one.

I love you all.

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