

## Editorial

IN THE SPRING OF 1996 when I moved to Halifax from Kingston, Ontario, I noticed a strange phenomenon regarding the weather and the odd relationship many of the Haligonians I met in those early days had with it. Many people appeared to me to feel somehow responsible for the (at times, rather gloomy) spring weather. For the first couple of months, people would actually apologize to me for the weather. But their apologies were not mere apologies. They were attempts to explain, or at least justify, the state of the weather. Apart from the obvious sense I developed that said: “If you are responsible for this weather, why do put up with it as it is?” I found myself noticing all the more how odd the explanations actually were. No matter if it rained, misted, drizzled, Atlantic coastal fogged (a term I only learned upon moving here), clouded and threatened to rain, or even, very occasionally, was almost sunny, the refrain of the explanation was invariably expressed in the same sentence: “It’s not usually like this.” But since this explanation accompanied almost every kind of Maritime weather, I could not help but wonder, “If it’s not normally like everything, then what is it normally like?”

The issue of the weather was finally summed up for me by my colleague, Andy Wainwright, noted scholar of Canadian literature, poet and novelist, and valuable contributor to the Dalhousie Faculty Association. Andy retires this summer and his daily presence in the business of the department and Dalhousie life in general will be missed. However, his contribution to my understanding of Maritime weather will stay with me. He told me one day in late April or early May: “It will be like this until one day in June when you will wake up and it will be summer and it will be glorious.” And while it can be trying to endure the many days of “like this” that pass for spring in the Maritimes, when we arrive at that day in June when summer seems quite suddenly to begin, which is where we have finally arrived as I write this, it truly is glorious.

The dramatic change in the weather that marks the beginning of summer in Halifax is an appropriate introduction of a slight change we have undertaken for this year’s summer issue of the *Dalhousie Review*. In amongst the articles, stories and poetry are two long poems—one by Patricia Alford and the other by Christopher Levenson. Each poem offers a longer and more varied consideration of a theme than is usually available in the

length of poem we usually publish. This relationship between variety and continuity is, of course, characteristic of the relationship that contributes to the narrative that invariably develops within an issue. A lot like the seasons of the year.

On the subject of variety and continuity, we have the great pleasure to welcome back to the ranks of our associate editors, the now-happily-retired Robert Martin, whose long-standing and valuable contributions to the *Review* only improve it. As our friends retire but thankfully maintain their presence in our lives, we cannot help but be a little nostalgic about the changes in the seasons. Can't help but also be thankful that we have finally reached summer in Halifax.

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